



ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

CHAPTER I.

"MY FIRST YEARS."

I AM a descendant of the world-famed Robinson Crusoe, and it was my father's pride in this fact that led to the choice of the name of Robina for his only daughter. As a matter of course, I had, at a very early age, read the history of my renowned ancestor; and deeply I regretted that my sex precluded me from a seafaring life, which I regarded as the only one likely to gratify the love of adventure, seemingly inborn with me.

One of my favourite amusements was that of forming an imaginary island in a corner of our extensive grounds, and then wandering for hours, in fancy making wonderful discoveries.

Imagine then my delight when my father received an appointment in one of our colonies, and orders were given to us to prepare ourselves for the journey.

I was then about sixteen years of age, my island had long ceased to amuse me;

but, with naturally robust health and abundance of energy, for the exercise of which I thought I had too little scope, the idea of the change perfectly enchanted me.

The voyage was made in safety, and nothing eventful enough to be worthy of record occurred either then or during the four ensuing years.

At the end of that period, two of our friends, an officer and his wife, being about to take a trip to England, and to spend a few months on the Continent, invited me to accompany them; and my parents, thinking it would be beneficial for me in many ways, consented to part with me; and now began, indeed, a life of real adventure, and of danger, seldom if ever surpassed, and a description of which will, I believe, interest my young readers.

We had not yet quitted the tropical zone when a furious storm set in, and, lasting through the whole night, it left the vessel a wreck on a reef of low rocks. At three o'clock in the morning the passengers and crew were ordered to

leave the ill-fated ship and take to the boats, and not having undressed—for who, indeed, could sleep through such perilous hours?—we were soon ready. In the hope of preserving something I loved from destruction, and partly from an instinctive feeling that I too might be entering on a life similar to that of my noted ancestor, I slipped a small volume of Shakespeare into my pocket, placing my Testament for greater security inside the bodice of my dress; the latter instinct urging me to secure my good old-fashioned housewife, by no means small in its dimensions (my belongings were always more useful than ornamental), also a clasp knife and a flask.

Though outwardly calm, I cannot but own I felt considerably agitated; still, when we were assembled on deck, I had sufficient self-possession to encircle my waist with a piece of rope I saw near me, and into it I stuck a knife which was also lying at hand. For a moment something akin to pleasure flashed across me, as I thought, "Is it possible I am about

to realise my childhood's dream of repeating my hero's experience in my own life?" but the memory of home and the loved ones, never more perhaps to be seen, and the dreadful present reality, shut out all other feeling.

I was placed with the rest of the women in the first boat, my friend's husband, Major Lindsay, waiting to go in one of the others, and soon the three were tossing in the turbulent sea; but before many minutes, on rising to the crest of one of the giant waves, we perceived that one of our companion boats had foundered, an awful fate that threatened us also.

How I longed now to be once again on *terra firma*. How I vowed no prospect of adventures the most thrilling would ever tempt me again to cross the ocean! Presently, a stern and rock-bound coast which we were nearing was revealed to our anxious gaze; but alas! at the same moment we found that all trace of the third boat had disappeared; whether it also had foundered or taken another course we knew not, and my

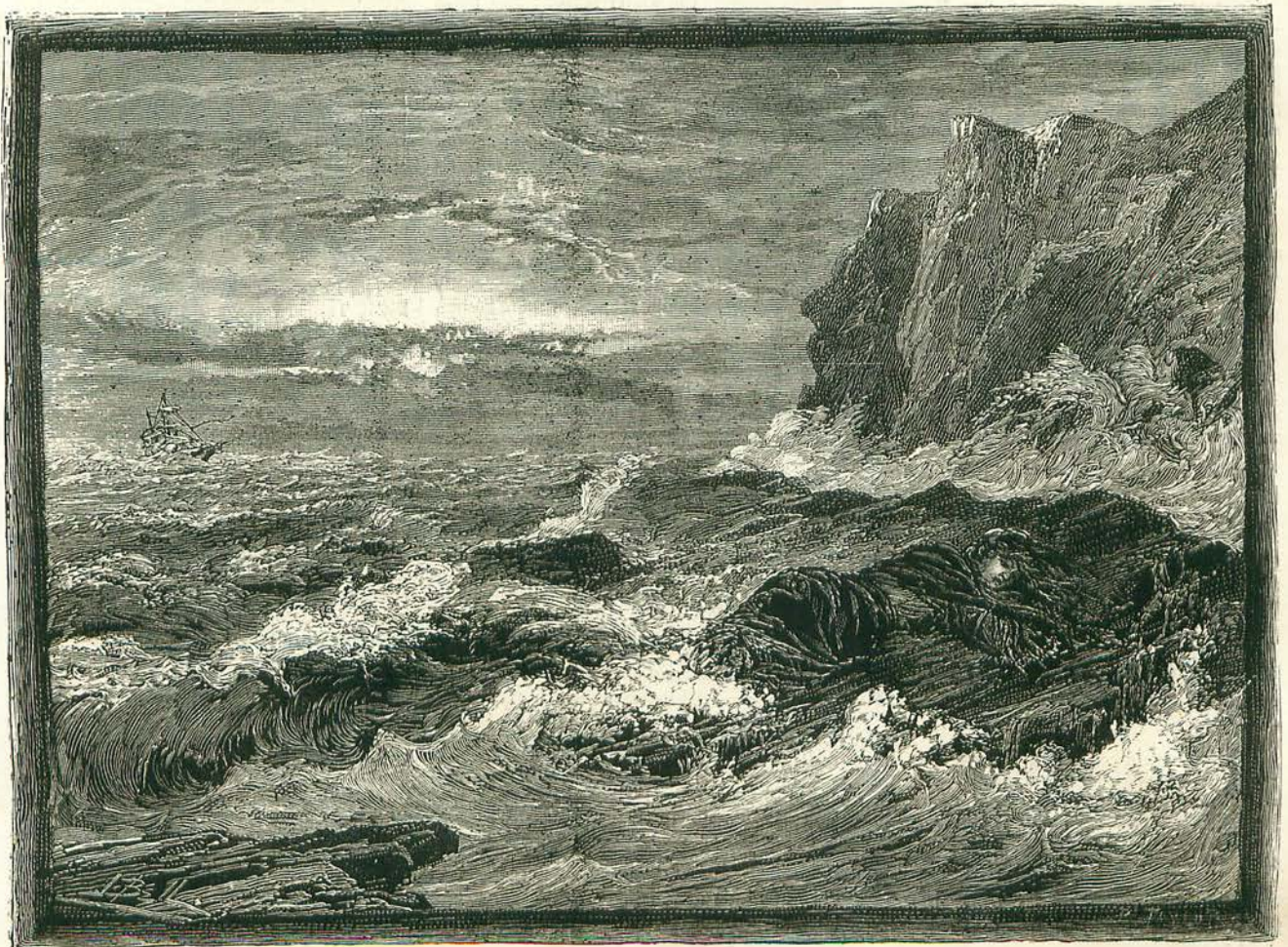
poor friend had to suffer terrible suspense as to the fate of her husband. Ours seemed only too certain, the strength of our rowers was already exhausted, and the waves breaking over us every instant threatened to swamp us. Though hats and shoes were brought into requisition, besides the one available bucket, the means of baling out the water that poured in upon us was sadly inadequate.

Fortunately I could swim well, and Mrs. Lindsay was also an adept in that useful art; we therefore prepared for a last struggle. Knowing that the skirts of our dresses might help to impede our progress, I made use of my knife to cut them off just below the knee; to free ourselves entirely from them was impossible in the over-crowded boat, but I trusted that we should quickly get dis-embarrassed from them and from our loosened shawls when in the water.

We had scarcely finished these preparations when a huge wave broke over us, and in a moment all were struggling for dear life. A few heart-rending

shrieks, pitiable cries for help, and most had disappeared never more to rise. I had succeeded in seizing an oar, and, seeing my friend at no great distance from me, I endeavoured to swim towards her; but to my horror, just before I reached her, she sank before my eyes. No one could live long in such a sea, and I too must have sunk but for the support of the friendly oar to which I had so providentially been able to cling. I alone seemed left alive, and, terror-stricken, I could now see that I was being carried by the tide towards the rocks. Fearing that I should be dashed to pieces, although nearly exhausted, I tried with all the energy of despair to direct my way towards an opening where comparative calm appeared to reign, when suddenly a wave lifted me with irresistible force, and losing my hold of the oar, and, becoming totally helpless, I was deposited upon the flat surface of a rock, and thus saved from being carried back with the retiring tide.

(To be continued.)



"I WAS DEPOSITED UPON THE FLAT SURFACE OF A ROCK."

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.



"THE DISCOVERY OF A CASK OF BISCUITS."

CHAPTER II.
AFTER SHIPWRECK.

How long I remained lying unconscious I knew not, but when I came to, benumbed with pain and cold, the storm had much abated, leaving the sea, however, still very rough. At first I had a difficulty in remembering where I was, but cold and hunger recalled me to a sense of my perilous position. My great anxiety was to learn how far the waves had carried me, and to my delight I found that the rock on which I had been thrown was not sea-girt. It must therefore have been high tide when I was cast upon it, for the waters had receded, and I could descend to the yellow sands which stretched below me. On feeling returning strength, my first act was to give thanks to God for His merciful preservation of my life, for, bitterly as I grieved over the loss of my friends, and sadly as I felt my loneliness and my separation from all whom I loved, I had a feeling of trust that He who had so graciously spared me might yet reunite us, even on earth, and my natural hopefulness and courage helped me to rouse myself. I thought, too, of the name my father had given me, and how he had one day said, half in joke, half in earnest, "My child, if ever you are in a great strait and inclined to despair, remember you are *Robina Crusoe*, and show yourself worthy of the name." Indeed, I was now in a "great strait," and much had I to cause "despair," but that which I dreaded above all things was the possible meeting with some wild creature of my own species!

Hunger began now to assert itself, and I therefore commenced looking for shells, knowing that their inhabitants are

generally the first resource for the shipwrecked. However, my search was rewarded beyond my expectation by the discovery of a cask of biscuits which had been placed in our unfortunate boat. This I rolled as high as I could out of the way of the returning tide, and breaking open the top with a large stone, made a hearty meal of some of the contents and a few shell fish, for the night exposure and exertion had rendered me ravenous. Sipping a little brandy from my flask, I could not but feel thankful that the sea had been content to rob me only of my little volume; for truly just now even my brandy flask seemed more precious than the words of the immortal Shakespeare. Turning out my relics, I found them sadly drenched, and my little pocket Testament looked almost spoiled, but I laid them out on the sand to dry. I myself also was glad to feel the warmth of the sunshine, for my clothes were still heavy with wet. From the position of the sun I concluded it was about

noon, and I began to reflect that if possible I must find myself a resting-place; for how did I know what dangers might lurk around me, or what foes, whether man or beast, shared with me that inhospitable shore?

Looking about to learn something of

my surroundings, I perceived that the coast was rocky; high cliffs were on each side of me as far as the eye could reach, but here and there a wild ravine breaking through the rocks formed an almost inaccessible ascent into the interior. A small island was seen at some little distance from the mainland, but no signs of the wrecked vessel appeared; this was accounted for by the fact that she had struck on the farther side of this island, and therefore was hidden from view. My eyes wandered along the shores in search of any articles which might have been washed up. I could see some objects easily distinguishable from the scattered rocks amongst which they were lying.

My eyes turned with horror from one of these. It was some time before I could summon up courage to go to the beach, for I knew only too well what must there meet my gaze; but duty both to my late friends and myself compelled me to overcome my reluctance, since it appeared that one at least of my poor companions needed a last service at my hands, and also I must not neglect securing all I could against my future necessities.

It was as I feared; stretched lifeless was the body of a woman—not that of my friend, I was really thankful to find, but of a poor sempstress, one of the steerage passengers whom I had often noticed, and to whom I had frequently spoken.



"I SEEMED TO DRINK IN NEW LIFE."

I carefully dragged the body beyond reach of high water, then mounted higher till I got to the foot of the cliffs, and selected a spot where the soil was not too hard, and where I might dig a suitable grave. I had no tools, but the thing must be done, even were I reduced to scraping a hole with my hands; for how could I leave the body of a fellow creature to be buffeted by the waves or perhaps devoured by sharks?

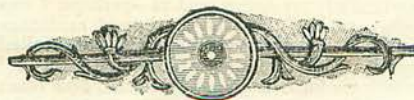
Knowing that I could not accomplish my task in one day, I first reverently prepared the body for burial, hiding it afterwards under a heap of dried seaweed. I kept for my own use the exterior garments and the boots, and several small articles which I found in her pockets, chiefly such things as I had already in my housewife, but of which one in my circumstances could not possess too many. I now commenced the grave, breaking the ground with my large knife, and scooping it out with my hands. I worked, perhaps, for an hour, but the length of time I could only guess, since my watch, though saved, was too much injured to be of any use. I then returned to my search on the beach, leaving to the morrow the completion of my melancholy task.

I was beginning to suffer dreadfully from thirst, and was almost ready to lie down and give up in despair, when I espied the mouth of a ravine. Having made my way to it, those who have experienced the terrible feeling of raging thirst can understand the thankfulness I felt when I found a small stream of fresh water running over the rocks. Stooping and taking some up in the hollow of my hand, I seemed to drink in new life as I took the refreshing draught, afterwards bathing my face in the clear, cool water. Returning to the beach, the first thing I saw was the rudder, showing that the boat had most probably been broken up. I took possession of it, as also of every spar or piece of iron I came upon, not knowing how useful such odds and ends might prove. To my great delight, I next found a small barrel of salt meat, the boats having been well provisioned before leaving the ship. Each article found was carefully carried up to the foot of the cliffs, and stowed in a hole selected for the purpose. I now began to occupy myself in seeking a place of repose, for this my first night passed upon a desert shore. Where I stood was far too exposed, and other cliffs being so high seemed to offer no resource. I might, perhaps, succeed in reaching the top by following up one of the narrow, steep ravines which intersected them every here and there, and many of which were apparently the dry beds of torrents; but I dared not yet venture inland. I therefore determined on examining the cliffs more closely in hope of discovering some nook where I might safely pass the night. I found several, but feeling a repugnance to them continued my search yet longer. At length, easting my eyes upwards, I saw at a considerable elevation what seemed a ledge on the face of a rock. The difficulty was to approach it, but I resolved on the attempt, knowing that this difficulty constituted its greater

security. After an arduous climb I at last gained my object, and found the place even more commodious than I expected. The ledge was at least six feet wide and twice as long, and had an incline inwards which would secure me against all danger of rolling off, whilst the cliff projecting forwards above me would shelter me, not only from rain, but from the observation of any possible enemies. My next care was to carry up my possessions, as the ledge would be my home most probably for some time to come. Many journeys were required for this, it being impossible for me to carry much at a time, as I was obliged to use my hands to help me up the steep ascent; but by tying the clothes which I had taken from the poor woman around me, I managed to convey them to the place I had chosen, and then arranged them so as to form as *soft* a bed as possible! But the meat and biscuit barrels I was obliged to leave, hiding them as well as I could, though I helped myself to some of the contents of the latter for my supper.

Having made my arrangements for the night, I mounted for the last time, feeling much need of rest, but before lying down the thought of my terrible position again forced itself upon me. For the immediate present I had but little fear; the place was almost inaccessible, and could scarcely have been discovered but by one in search of a hiding-place. Were the land full of inhabitants not an eye would be likely to spy me out, guarded as I was by the rocks around me; my anxiety was more about the future, so unprovided was I with absolute necessities. I could not always live on shell fish, and my meat and biscuits would not last very long. No weapons had I wherewith to kill game, even if hunger nerved me for a feat hitherto unthought of. My knife would be useless without the victim could be first secured. But what of a bow and arrows? Surely I should be skilful enough to manufacture these, in some rude fashion though it might be! This idea somewhat revived my spirits, but despondency speedily reasserted itself, and I felt that I must indeed leave myself in the hands of my Heavenly Father; and, committing myself to Him who, since "He careth for the sparrows," would not forget me in my desolate condition, I tried to compose myself for sleep; but this was no easy matter on so hard a couch. As I turned from side to side it seemed to get harder, and I thought how foolish I had been not to bring up a supply of the seaweed that was scattered about in such abundance. A goodly layer of this under the clothes would have helped to make my bed a little more restful. At length, however, "tired Nature" found the repose so sorely needed, and I sank into a sound and heavy sleep.

(To be continued.)



VARIETIES.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A SMILE.—Of all appearances of that human countenance methinks a smile is the most extraordinary. It plays with a surprising agreeableness in the eye, breaks out with the brightest distinction, and sits like a glory upon the countenance. What sun is there within us that shoots his beams with so sudden a vigour? To see the soul flash in the face at this rate one would think would convert an atheist; by the way, we may observe that smiles are much more becoming than frowns. This seems an actual encouragement to good humour, as much as to say, if people have a mind to be handsome they must not be peevish and untoward.—*Jeremy Collier.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—NO. I.

OH! how delightful! now the time is come
For leaving studies and returning home
For rest and leisure, for amusement too;
We laugh for joy, and wish the same to you!

1. A small Swiss village, where brave Switzers made a stand
'Gainst Austrians, long ago, and sav'd their native land.
2. Soldier of Fortune, in America he fought,
Conquer'd, was conquer'd, captive made,
and taught
Adversity; escaping, he returned to Spain,
And plung'd into the broils of civil war again.
A foreign legion gave him strength beyond his own
To place his youthful queen *once more* upon the throne;
Grateful, she raised him to a grandee's dignity
By the auspicious name of Duke of Victory.
3. Such wondrous metamorphoses in Nature rise,
No change can be so great as e'er to cause surprise;
Unightly worms, which stagnant pool within them bear,
Become the brilliant, light-wing'd denizens of air;
Queer, helpless tadpoles to amphibious frogs will grow
And I, once vegetable, am a min'ral now.
4. Those ancient magistrates, whose single word was law
And who were held by even mightiest kings in awe.
5. In this old castle was a captive sov'reign pent,
When his long-banished cousin, full of discontent,
Return'd to claim the lands which, by his father's death,
Were his; and, breaking all the loyal bonds of faith,
Seiz'd on the feeble king, whom he a pris'ner made;
And in this castle was the hapless monarch stay'd.
6. A reigning House: in Europe first its pow'r was known;
Then, reaching o'er th' Atlantic, it has made its own
An empire, where luxuriant dye-wood forests grow,
All precious ores are found, and mighty rivers flow.
7. That powder of the adamantine spar, we use
When oxides make our instruments their smoothness lose.
8. A famous painter, whose ideal beauties seem
A little too substantial for a poet's dream.
Yet what command of colouring! if he liv'd now,
He'd find some fairer model than a stout Dutch vrouw.

XIMENA.



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CHAPTER III.

NO LONGER ALONE.

I WAS awakened the next morning by the sun's rays, although it had not yet risen high, but as the cliff faced eastward I felt the warmth at an early hour.

As I needed no time for making my toilet, I was soon down to my store-room intending to get my breakfast, but just as I was approaching the spot where I had hidden the biscuits, to my terror I beheld a snake coiled near the barrel. Fortunately he slept, or I know not what I should have done in my alarm, not yet being used to such sudden surprises. I regained my nest as quickly as possible, not without fear of meeting with more unpleasant visitors. I could not attack him with my knife—that would necessitate undesirably close quarters, yet dislodge him I must or go without breakfast. Peeping over the edge of the cliff, I saw he was still sleeping where I left him, quite unconscious of the terrified eyes peering at him. The thought suddenly struck me that if I could hurl one of the large stones, of which a few were lying on my ledge, it might kill him; at any rate, it would probably make him move away, and I was out of danger. Lifting



as large a stone as I could raise, I took a careful aim and succeeded in hitting my enemy. I had calculated well, for he gave two or three con-

"SUCCEEDED IN SECURING A FEW EGGS."

vulsive movements of the body and then remained still; the stone had crushed his head. I now descended, and before removing the stone took the precaution of severing the head from the body. Although I then felt safe so far as he was concerned, I had no great inclination to remain in his neighbourhood, not knowing but that more of his kind might be lurking near; so hastily procuring a few biscuits, I was about to leave the spot, when suddenly I thought the skin might be very useful at a future day, and I therefore decided to secure it. The operation was far from agreeable, and I must confess my first morning's work was a very objectionable one, and required a great



"I BEHELD A SNAKE."

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amount of determination on my part to carry it on to completion. However, I persevered, and hung the skin on the rocks to dry.

I then resumed my painful task of yesterday, and about noonday finished the grave. Having wandered about until I had found a few plants growing on the sand amongst the rocks, I transplanted them, hoping thus to obliterate all trace of the newly-turned soil; with the same intention I covered it with dried seaweed, so fearful was I of leaving any sign of my presence; then, kneeling, I lifted my heart in prayer, and wept as I thought of the loss of late companions and my own utter loneliness!

After lingering a short time, I resolved to enter the nearest ravine in search of some kind of wood with which to construct a bow. I had often made them in my childhood's days when *playing* at what had now become a sad *reality*, and doubted not I should manage to produce one that would at least be of some use as a defence. This ravine was, as I expected, the bed of a torrent now dry, and I had some difficulty in climbing the steep ascent amongst stones that rolled from under my feet at every step. I cut a stout stick from one of the few straggling and stunted trees that had got a foothold in this uncongenial soil, and went slowly on my way, keeping a sharp look out for snakes! Gradually the incline became less abrupt, and, the ravine now assumed more the character of a valley, and was tolerably wooded. I judged it wiser to divert my course and direct it to the top of the cliffs, instead of penetrating further inland. I hoped to obtain a glimpse of the wreck from a higher elevation, as well as to gain some idea of the configuration of the land around.

To accomplish my purpose I was obliged to scale the rocks at the side of the ravine, and after many a slip, and one or two falls, I had reached half-way, when feeling tired I was glad to sit down to rest for awhile. But not many minutes had I sat when I distinctly heard the sound of a footstep. Paralysed almost with fright, I crouched behind a piece of rock that jutted out, hoping thereby to hide myself. The steps approached, coming down the ravine from the interior; no doubt the savage, for such I concluded it to be, had caught sight of me from the distance, and was coming to me. In vain I tried to hope he would fail to discover me, hidden as I was. Nearer and nearer drew the soft quick steps; presently they ceased, apparently just about where I had turned aside to mount to my present position. A moment and then again the dreaded sound! Yes—he had evidently traced me! How nimbly he seemed to be leaping from stone to stone! Ah, better, a thousand times better, to have shared the fate of my friend, than have been saved, only to become the prey of some horrible cannibal! Shuddering, I buried my face in my hands. I dared not look up! Nearer and nearer, then a bound, a joyous bark, a large tongue licking my hands and face, and in an instant my arms were round the neck of Wolf, Major Lindsay's faithful hound, and

I was shedding glad tears of joy as I felt myself no longer companionless!

It was not until afterwards I could understand how the poor dog had found his way to land. One day, on walking along the shore, I saw some pieces of wood and a broken oar. When Wolf came to them he stopped and howled piteously, and ran about in an excited manner. I had no doubt then that the boat in which the major had left the vessel had been dashed to pieces here, and the dog, who doubtless had jumped in after his master, had managed to swim to land, but being at some distance from my landing-place, he had not found me until the following day. How I wished he could tell me what he had seen in his rambles!—for he had evidently been reconnoitring; but of one thing I felt hopeful—he surely had not met with any human being, or he would have been killed or captured.

The remainder of the ascent seemed comparatively easy, with my four-footed friend by my side, and all my fatigue was amply rewarded by seeing stretched before me a green sward gently rising towards the interior, whilst at my feet the ocean rolled in all its splendour.

My intention being in the first place to look for the wreck, I approached the edge of the cliff, thereby disturbing an army of sea-gulls, who whirled round and round, filling the air with their discordant cries. The cliffs being very high, I judged it prudent to go on hands and knees, and, indeed, on nearing the extreme edge to lie down. I then perceived that the face of the cliff was covered with ledges resembling that which formed my sleeping-place, with this difference, that all were not protected with an overhanging rock; and furthermore I also saw, what was rather a pleasurable excitement to me, that these ledges were covered with sea-gulls' nests, in which I observed numerous most tempting-looking eggs. I felt like a second Tantalus, for how could I take possession of any of these? The nearest was at least six feet or more out of my reach. I forgot the wreck and all else for the time in my desire to obtain a few. You may think me rather greedy, my reader, but remember I had had nothing for my breakfast but a few hard pieces of biscuit soaked in water, as I was afraid to begin the meat so soon, not knowing when I might replenish my store; moreover, I had been working hard. I tried if my staff would reach; it was long enough just to touch the eggs, but that was not of much use. I sat cogitating a few minutes, and then, running back to the ravine, I cut a few twigs, and tied my handkerchief into a bag, the mouth of which was kept open by means of these twigs. I fastened it to the end of my staff, and in this manner succeeded in securing a few eggs, crushing many more in the attempt.

Whilst consuming my eggs, which, by the bye, were very strongly flavoured with fish, I examined the interior of the land. Whether I was on an island or not, I had not obtained a sufficient height to tell, but I was inclined to believe it was such from the fact of the land gradually ascending on all sides

towards a mountain dimly visible in the distance; between which and the shore ran a range of low hills, whence the valley descended and ended in the rocky ravine. Turning now my attention seawards, I distinctly saw the unfortunate vessel stranded on the rocks at the farther side of the small island before mentioned. Again crawling to the edge of the cliffs I carefully surveyed the shore, and there remarked one or two objects which certainly were not rocks. Had it not been that they were so motionless I could have imagined them to have been sheep or pigs. What they were, however, I could not then decide, unless, indeed, I left the manufacture of my bow; and on second thoughts I deemed this the wiser plan, for might not these things, whatever they were, be washed away by the tide? I therefore continued my way along the cliffs in the hope of finding another descent to the shore. After walking, as I supposed, about half a mile, I discovered a second ravine, and by this quickly gained the beach, cutting on my way a suitable bough for my bow.

So great was my curiosity that I hastened my steps, but had some little difficulty in making my way; the shore being very rough, I had to jump from rock to rock or wade through the pools of water. As I went along I met with another sad relic of the shipwreck in the body of a sailor. He had a pair of pistols in his waist belt, which I transferred to my own, and on searching his pockets I found, as a matter of course, a pipe and tobacco. I dragged the body above high water mark, and then continued my way, soon seeing at a little distance from me the objects that attracted my notice from the cliffs. They were lying in exactly the same position as they were when I first saw them, therefore I concluded they were not living beings; but my delight was great on discovering that one of them, which had the appearance of a fat pig lying on the sand, proved to be a bag of barley-meal, and, though thoroughly drenched, I doubted not I should find means of drying it. Next to that was a roll of sail cloth. Evidently the ship was breaking up, and many of its contents were likely to be washed away, and such as were too heavy to float would be lost. I could not help grieving to think of this, and that I had no possibility of reaching the vessel!

The remainder of the day was spent in housing or hiding my newly-found treasures; but I cast wistful eyes to the island, as I knew each day as it passed would see the loss of articles that might be of service to me, since the gradual destruction of the wreck had commenced.

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT WAY OF MAKING TEA AND COFFEE.

"TEA can be made rightly nowhere but in the British Islands. Perfectly—it can be made in no house but mine, and by no person but myself!"

This is the opinion held by a great many modern British housewives. They do not

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CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT TO THE WRECK.

THE two following days were fully occupied, partly in performing for the body of the sailor the same duty I had done for the woman; my painful task this time, however, being more quickly finished, as I used the boat rudder for a shovel—and partly in manufacturing a bow and arrows. The former of these offered me comparatively but little trouble. I had found some whipcord in the sailor's pocket, but the arrows were a more formidable matter; however, exercising some patience—without which, indeed, few things of much worth are accomplished—I cut a tolerably straight piece of wood from a broken spar picked up, fastening to the end of it a nail, which I had extracted from the same spar. It was a miserable weapon, but since I had had no practice in archery, possibly a more finished one would not have accomplished much useful work in my hands.

I next turned my attention to my great ambition—namely, that of approaching the wreck by some means or other. The island was sufficiently near for me to swim to it, but I feared sharks, which probably might exist here. I had gathered a great number of broken planks and boards, and did not despair of making a raft, the rope which I had coiled round my waist before leaving the vessel, and that which was fastened round the package of sailcloth, making

sufficient cordage. Selecting four of my longest and strongest planks, I lashed them together at the four corners, placing other planks across them, and securing them to the best of my power.

Choosing a very calm day for launching my vessel, I entered the water and dragged the raft as far as I could, and then, climbing upon it, pushed it off farther and farther with my staff, which was to serve as an oar. I was now in deep water, and finding that with my one oar I could only keep turning round and round, I took the boat rudder, which I had provided for that emergency, and seating myself as far back as I dare, commenced paddling. Fortunately I met with no disaster, neither did I see any sharks; the only thing I came across was an oar, which I seized—possibly the very same that had been the means of saving my life.

By this means I slowly made my way, scanning the coast carefully in order to choose a safe landing-place. I was drifting towards the extremity of the island, and seeing that the shore was very rocky there, I determined on landing at the other side; and no sooner had I turned the point than I perceived the wreck at no great distance from me. It had been thrown by the force of the waves upon a ridge of rocks, thereby breaking in



"CONTINUING THE SEARCH."

half, and this was the reason, no doubt, why so many objects had been cast ashore. This ridge was but little separated from the island, which itself appeared merely a mass of rocks.

The ground was literally strewn with articles of various kinds, which it would take me many journeys to carry off. I therefore spent all my time in placing them beyond danger of being washed away.

Pieces of broken-up tables and chairs, *débris* of china, pottery, and glass, crates, boxes, and hampers, more or less injured, were scattered about. I spent hours in collecting and packing my treasure trove, and delighted was I to find amidst the confusion, every here and there, even amongst the more fragile things, one that had sufficiently escaped injury to be of use; but I had to be as expeditious as possible over my work, being obliged to return with the tide.

I first gathered together all the empty hampers and crates, filling them with anything and everything that came to hand, pulling them up as high as I could from the water, and then leaving them, trusting at some future day to investigate their contents, selecting a hammer and an axe to take with me. It was now nearly time to leave, but before doing so I determined to take a survey of the island. I found it just an assemblage of barren rocks, without sign of vegetation, but amongst them several fine crabs had their home, and I doubted not I should find them of use at some future time.

Wolf, who had accompanied me on my expedition, had been a most interested spectator, and, indeed, I may say helper, for he brought me many of the things whilst I was packing, and evidently felt we were doing it.

As I turned my steps towards the raft,



"I WAS NOW IN DEEP WATER."

my faithful dog trotting beside me, I suddenly thought that, seeing there was plainly no need to fear any wild animal, it would be a great advantage for me to remain for the night on the island; it would give me several more hours—sufficient time to go to the wreck—where I should probably find some food for myself and Wolf.

Having decided to carry out my project, I proceeded at once to the vessel, and by good climbing succeeded in entering the broken part. I first made my way to the place in which the steward kept his supplies, where I found some salt meat. This I knew would not be very good for Wolf. Presently, however, I came to the fowls, many of whom had succumbed from want of food, and the dog could now have a splendid repast. Finding a quantity of pieces of bread lying about, I fed the fowls that remained alive. Continuing my search, I found the cow, more than half-starved; this also I provided with food.

Not considering the wreck a safe habitation for the night, Wolf and I ensconced ourselves in the centre of a circle of barrels, crates, and boxes, with some comfortable bedding, refreshing ourselves with a good meal after the toils of the day.

(To be continued.)

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER II.

HONOURABLE SERVICE.

IN my former chapter I called the position of a domestic servant an *honourable* and *responsible* one, and I will now give my reasons for using these two words. I wonder whether many young girls who serve in the household have considered how very much they are trusted. Perhaps they have never crossed the threshold of the home in which they have obtained a situation until the very day on which they enter upon its duties; and yet from the very moment that the young stranger girl enters the house she is of necessity taken more into the family confidence than any outsider can possibly be.

She knows all about the going out and coming in of every member of the family. In many cases she sees and hears what even the children, especially the younger ones, are not permitted to know.

In the performance of her various duties, when waiting at table and elsewhere, she overhears conversations which speakers would not like to have repeated. She cannot help, in like manner, being acquainted with numbers of little family secrets that are never intended to pass beyond the walls of the home—things that would not be told even to friends, except in the strictest confidence.

Yet the master, mistress, and children receive the stranger girl, often knowing very little about her family and of herself, only so much as can be gleaned during half an hour's talk, or, it may be, only a short letter from a former employer. Just a sheet of paper with a few formally-written answers to a few set questions, such as relate to the work of that particular situation she wishes to undertake. The going-to-be mistress has probably asked how the girl has done her work in her last place; whether she is cleanly, honest, truthful, obliging, and so on.

In many cases the information is given by one of whom we know little more than we do of the girl respecting whose character we inquire. And there are always far more important questions than those alluded to, which are never asked, and if they were, would seldom be explicitly answered. Yet, on the strength of that brief written recommendation, or after half an hour's conversation, we take a girl into our home and place in her hands a very large share of its comfort and safety. She is allowed to see and to know all the little household details which are hidden even from our nearest friends.

We exact from our girl domestics no pledge of confidence, no promise not to betray our trust by gossiping about what they hear or see. What, indeed, they *must* witness, unless we are to live in a state of unnatural restraint and make the entrance of our servants a signal for silence! Such a state of things would be equally trying to them, to our guests, and to ourselves.

If I were a girl in a situation, I hope I should feel "upon honour" with regard to these things. I should like to be able to say, "I am glad and thankful to be trusted, and, by God's help, I will try to merit the confidence which my master and mistress place in me. I may not be bound by any promise to them, but I am bound far more firmly by my sense of what is right, by the witness of my own conscience, and by the thought of what I should like if I were in their places. No one shall ever be able to blame me for tale-telling, or gossiping about their concerns. I may be a young servant, but if I am a Christian girl the same spirit should animate me that inspires the greatest lady in the land. I, if I understand the teaching of God's Word aright, am bound by the same laws in my position as my mistress is in hers."

To be above the meanness which would screen itself from blame as a tattler because no promise of silence has been given, is as becoming to the servant as it is to the mistress. To be true, not merely in word, but in heart and in act, is as incumbent upon the servant who professes to be a Christian as it is upon the heads of the household, and why?

Because in God's Word you are bidden to perform your duties "in singleness of your heart as unto Christ; not with eye service as men pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with goodwill doing service as to the Lord, and not to men. Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

Employers are also reminded that their "Master also is in heaven, neither is there respect of persons with Him."

The same law you see both for employers and employed! All have to give an account to the same Master, before whom neither rank, riches, nor position will avail anything. The question which concerns all of us alike is this, "What sort of an account can I give of the way in which I have done my duty in the place which, in the good providence of God, I have been called on to fill?"

If it becomes the mistress to be above tattling and meanness, to be true in word and deed, to be self-denying and considerate of the feelings of others, to be pure in speech and in life, to be careful as to the persons with whom she associates, surely all these things are equally essential to the young servant! To the latter it often happens that her good character is her fortune, that on it she depends for the very bread she eats and the roof which shelters her. Even if she did not, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold."

People say there is a skeleton in every house; it is the same thing as saying that there is no home without some secret sorrow

that the owner would shrink from letting the world see. Well, if any of you dear girls know where the skeleton is, say to yourselves, "My hand shall never draw the curtain that hides it, or open the door of the cupboard in which it is concealed."

This is the right way in which to look at one of the responsibilities of your position. You may make it doubly honourable by your own conduct, and by the manner in which you show that you not only *must* be trusted, but that you deserve to be.

Unfortunately we do not find that all girls act up to such a high standard as this. We have all known some who have been faithful enough so long as a thoroughly good understanding existed between them and their employers. But, perhaps, something has gone wrong, and a disagreement has arisen between the girl and her mistress.

A sharp reproof has called forth an angry retort, and the "I'm as good as you" sort of spirit has got into the young mind. Either mistress or maid gives a month's notice, and with the prospect of parting comes an entire change in the relations of the parties concerned.

Sometimes the girl acts defiantly and disrespectfully. She forgets the many marks of kindness and confidence she has received, the peace and comfort she has enjoyed under that roof, and acts with a meanness and littleness that are unworthy of any girl, especially one who calls herself a Christian. In the spirit of revenge and with a desire to "serve out" her employers, she will call to mind all the little domestic matters which she knows they would least like to have gossiped about, and will prove equally false to them and to the pleadings of her own heart and conscience.

When the fit of temper is over, probably the girl sees the ugliness and treachery of her conduct, and would fain stop the ball she has set rolling. But this is not easy. It continues to roll and increases with every turn. She has done an amount of mischief which she can scarcely calculate, has broken faith, destroyed the effect produced by years of faithful service, and is branded as deceitful and ungrateful by the mistress who may have reproved with sharpness, yet who heartily wishes well to her young helpers in the household.

I will not dwell upon this picture. I do not like it, and I hope that every girl who reads this paper will think it as ugly as I do, and resolve that it shall never be reflected in her own conduct.

I have a few more words to say both about entering on situations and engaging servants. Indeed, these little papers relate equally to employers and employed, for while I commenced by addressing myself especially to those who serve, I cannot write of them without including those who rule, and more especially the young mistresses. These have frequently nearly everything to learn when they assume the reins of domestic government at the commencement of their married life.

To the mistress I would say, "Try to ascertain something not only about the girl you think of engaging, but about her parents, her home, and general surroundings."

I one day heard a gentleman speak of the manner in which he engaged a very young girl, to fill a vacancy caused by the marriage of an old and much valued servant. He lived at a distance from town, and had a very delicate wife, who was unequal to the task of seeing and choosing from amongst the many candidates for the vacant post.

The place was known to be a good one. The home was delightful in itself, the habits of the family were regular, wages satisfactory, the servants enjoyed many Christian privileges, and master and mistress took a warm interest in their welfare. There was rarely a vacancy,



ROBINA CRUSOE, AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

CHAPTER V. I VISIT THE SHIP AGAIN.

It took me several weeks to bring all my treasures home and to house them. I was very short of hiding-places, but as snakes could hardly devour pots and pans nor get inside strong boxes, I placed most of these things in the caves at the foot of the cliffs.

Wolf had a lonely life during this time, for never having learnt to row or steer, and being a considerable weight, he did *more harm than good* on the raft, so he was left at home, after my first expedition, to guard our belongings, and to do a little hunting on his own account if he chose. He whined dreadfully the first time I left him, but at last he got used to my repeated absences, and was always on the beach to welcome me on my return.

I very much improved my raft by introducing two stout poles, or masts, and hanging a sail between them; I also enlarged it by means of the additional planks and cordage I brought from the vessel, and having now hammers and nails, I constructed two rude elevations, or rowlocks, from which to work the oars—or rather, my one oar and the paddle.

At the end of six weeks I had brought away a great number of unopened boxes, partly travellers' luggage, partly merchandise; these I left for future examination. I had, besides, several guns and fowling pieces, together with a large amount of ammunition; the carpenter's chest, as well as the medicine chest, had also been added to my store, whilst, in the way of food, I secured twenty-four fine hams, a quantity of salt meat, barrels of biscuits, and a stock of wine.

Starvation, therefore, was not likely at present to be my fate.

My greatest difficulty was in getting the cow brought over, but I succeeded at last by blindfolding her and enticing her on the raft with a wisp of hay; I then fastened her securely so that she could not move, giving her a supply of fresh grass to engage her attention during the voyage. When once landed, I left her and the fowls to run wild and provide for themselves, but the cow was so tame I could always approach her.

The poor ship was breaking-up by degrees, and whenever I could obtain any portion of her, particularly of iron, I did so. In this way I managed to procure many pieces that proved useful in after days. For the present, I collected them together and hid them near the beach. Amongst other things I took possession of was the captain's telescope, and this proved very valuable to me, for by the aid of the sun's rays on the large lens I was able to get a light.

I improvised a harness for my cow, making use of the patient animal to draw up the heavier articles. Having nothing to act as a collar or yoke, I took a broad piece of sail-cloth, to each end of which I attached the cords which acted as traces. I placed this where the heaviest strain would be, joining it to another piece over the shoulders. I also used some broken portions of spars as rollers, and with three or four of these inserted beneath the heaviest of my possessions, I was able to remove them to a place of safety.

Growing at last weary of my excessive toil, and considering that what remained in the vessel was in no immediate danger of being washed away, for I had taken all the things exposed near the broken parts of the wreck, I resolved to rest myself.

I had been able without difficulty to keep a reckoning of

the days as they passed, but now determined, lest I should make any mistake as time went on, to begin the practice of making a mark every morning on the rock of my bedroom. As the Sundays came round, I generally repaired to the top of the cliff, and there, as I recalled the prayers in which I had joined from childhood with those dear ones from whom, alas! I now feared I might be for ever separated, bitter tears would flow.

Nevertheless, the knowledge that our blessed and ever-present Saviour was with me always helped me to a more cheerful frame of mind; for, wherever we are, I know that He is with us, and that nothing can separate Him from those who truly love Him.

Would my dear parents ever learn my fate? In all probability they would conclude that I had shared my companions' watery grave; and although I might, even on this desolate coast, actually survive my dear father and mother, neither they nor I would ever be aware of the fact! Yet, better for them that they should think me dead than know me to be in my present perilous position.

I once thought of lighting a fire on some elevated spot in order to attract the attention of some passing vessel; but as it might draw towards me foes instead of friends, I decided to wait until I had a safe habitation in which to hide myself.

Besides, was not this the very life I had always longed for? Had I not dreamed for many years of all the wonderful things I would do in such circumstances? Nay, might I not say that my education, that part of it which was self-imposed, had been such as would train me to turn my energies to account? What books of travel and adventure had I not perused, what names of trees, fruits, and roots, suitable for shipwrecked travellers, had I not stored in my mind! I had learned much of the



"MAKING USE OF THE PATIENT ANIMAL TO DRAW UP THE HEAVIER ARTICLES."

elements of geology, chemistry, and botany; cookery and medicine even I had not neglected. True, I had not penetrated farther than the first principles of these sciences, and my studies in them had been carried on in such hours when, thankful to escape from the confinement of the schoolroom, I hid myself with a favourite book in my imaginary desert isle.

And here I would strongly advise my young readers to devote some portion of their time to similar study. It is little likely, certainly, that any one of them will ever be placed in such a terrible strait as I was, but even the happiest and most guarded home will be incalculably benefited by the mistress of it having some knowledge of the laws of health—of the science of the common objects of everyday life; and let me assure you that, far from being dry or irksome, you will find more beauties and wonders, more thrilling excitement in the pages of the book of Nature than in the most fascinating volume of fiction. This early penchant of mine for diving into subjects which have far too long been considered not a necessary part of a woman's education, proved most advantageous. This may make me feel more strongly on the matter than I otherwise should have done, but I cannot but wish that teachers and parents would strive to awaken a taste in their girls as well as their boys in natural science and history, as an intelligent interest in such is one means of preparing useful and common-sense wives and mothers. But my young friends will thank me to leave moralising and resume my adventurous history.

(To be continued.)

EVENINGS WITH OUR GREAT LIVING COMPOSERS.

By JAMES MASON.

I.—RICHARD WAGNER.



HERE are twelve of us.

We are all very intimately acquainted, and it has long been our custom to meet on Wednesday evenings in the house of Arthur and Florence, the only married members of our circle. At these gatherings we are sometimes musical, sometimes literary, sometimes artistic; occasionally we play round games, and now and then spend the evening in conversation which, our matter-of-fact Annabella declares, is not far removed from gossip and frivolity.

As a rule, however, we give most attention to music. None of us have been trained on the silent system, and though some are much superior to others in point of execution, not to speak of being more advanced in taste, we are all decidedly enthusiastic about "the divine art."

At one of our meetings recently, and just before we separated, Arthur said it had

occurred to him that it would be very interesting if we devoted several Wednesday evenings in succession to the works of the most eminent composers of the day.

"Let us have a chat, first of all," he said, "about the career and character of some great musician, and afterwards we can play and sing selections from his works."

Everyone was delighted with the proposal, and it was agreed to begin to carry it into execution on the following Wednesday.

"It will be best for each of us," remarked Arthur, "to think the subject over, and come prepared either to play or sing something by way of musical illustration."

"And who is the first composer to be?" asked Hilda.

"Wagner it certainly ought to be. So far as influence and individuality are concerned, he is the greatest of living musicians."

Something like a protest came from Harry. "Remember," said Nora, with her gentle voice, "Arthur does not say that his is the greatest music. No music has the right to be called greatest, and no school can claim to be the only true representative of art."

"My only objection to Wagner," said Rose, "is that almost everything he has written has been for the operatic stage, and the opera has never seemed to me a wholesome form of amusement."

"Many good people," said Arthur, "think just like you; but I do not think that we should discuss that side of the subject. What we shall have to talk about is the career, and theories, and practice of a composer who has devoted himself with singular earnestness to the reformation of the opera, and who is, unquestionably, animated by the noblest motives. Wagner affirms that all his aims are in the direction of high morality, and that he seeks to improve a demoralised institution."

"Even the word opera," remarked Hilda, "has been rejected by Wagner as an odious word. He calls his productions simply dramas. But we have to do with his music as it is published, and as it comes to us in our homes, not his public performances."

It was settled, then, and we parted.

Our meeting-night soon came round again, and, once we were all assembled, little time was lost before we began the discussion of Richard Wagner, this musical reformer who has been the subject of so much controversy.

"Let us speak of his life first of all," said Arthur, who usually contrived to take the lead in our proceedings. "Does anyone know when and where he was born?"

"With all your enthusiasm for Wagner you might have remembered that," said Hilda. "It was on the 22nd of May, 1813, at Leipsic. He comes of a middle-class family, and seems to have been fortunate in having been surrounded in youth by people who were on the whole favourable to the development of his artistic faculties."

"Most young musicians," said Nora, "have been remarkably precocious; and I suppose this was the case with Wagner."

"Not exactly," said Ralph; "but he seems to have been an eccentric boy, and to have passed his youth in a kind of fermentation. He tried his hand at a host of things, but want of application seems always to have hindered his progress. He managed, however, to lay in a stock of knowledge and experience which in after life was turned to good account. Through his stepfather, who was a man of artistic tastes and occupations, he gained such insight into painting, music, and acting as was possible for a youngster; and a little later on he laid a fair foundation in Greek, Latin, mythology, and ancient history. Then he set up for a poet. When twelve years of age he wrote a tragedy on a grand scale. No fewer than forty-two persons perished in the course of it, and the majority of them had to be

afterwards introduced as ghosts, otherwise the *personnel* would have been quite exhausted."

"And what about his first steps in music?"

"In music," continued Ralph, "he also made an early start. He first studied the pianoforte, but it was in anything but a thorough fashion. He refused to practise, preferring to play by ear. His master gave him up as hopeless, and Wagner confesses that he is guilty of the most terrible fingering, and has never learned to play the piano to this day. Then he began writing music, and what he calls the 'climax of his nonsensicalities' was a gigantic overture which was once performed. It was only laughed at, however; for there was the regular repetition all through the piece of a *fortissimo* pound upon the big drum, and no audience could listen to it with gravity."

"But did he ever study music scientifically?" asked Rose.

"His works show that," said Arthur. "In his autobiography we are told that, after the irregular attempts to which Ralph has alluded, he engaged in the thorough study of counterpoint, in which he went so far as to be able to solve the most difficult problems. According to his master, what he gained by this dry study was self-reliance."

"A quality in which Wagner was never deficient," observed Harry.

"Well," exclaimed Arthur, "who ever rose to eminence without it? A man who has calmly studied his own nature, surely knows best of what he is or is not capable; and it would be absurd for one who believed himself fit for anything to pretend that he was good for nothing."

"From all I have heard," said Rose, "Wagner's career has been a tempestuous one, and he has not arrived at eminence without a long and painful struggle."

"Yes," said Arthur; "he has had ups and downs enough, and has seen a good deal of the seamy side of life. When he married in 1836, he tells us that he was in the most wretched outward circumstances; but the most unfortunate time was that spent in Paris, where he went in 1839, in hopes to get his *Rienzi* performed. Manifold difficulties, and very bitter want, according to his own account, encompassed his life at that period."

"It is odd," remarked Ralph, "that the Parisians have never appreciated him. When *Tannhäuser* was performed at the Grand Opera in 1861, it met with so much well-planned opposition that the performance has been spoken about as the most complete fiasco of modern times."

"It is not at all odd," said Arthur; "national and artistic prejudices had a great deal to do with it."

"Has Wagner ever been in England?" Annabella asked.

"Yes, three times," said Arthur. "The first time was when on his way to Paris in 1839. The next was when in 1855 he conducted for a season the concerts of the London Philharmonic Society. That visit was not a success. 'His revolutionary tendencies,' Mr. Hueffer points out in his little book on Wagner, 'and his aversion to Mendelssohn, which was well known, were anything but a good introduction in a country where musical conservatism and Mendelssohn worship were at that time in full swing.' He came to London again in the spring of 1877, and conducted along with Herr Richter a series of Wagner Festival Concerts at the Albert Hall. Opinion had changed by that time, and he was received with the greatest enthusiasm."

"One of the most fortunate circumstances of Wagner's life," remarked Agnes, "appears to have been his finding a patron in Ludwig II., the young King of Bavaria."

"Yes," said Arthur, "the protection of that enthusiastic musical monarch has done much

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.



CHAPTER VI.
I EXPLORE.

It was a glorious morning when, after some days of repose, I prepared myself for a further inspection of the coast, being most anxious to discover a more convenient resting-place. I equipped myself for a journey, having on a short skirt and pantaloons, and a straw hat, knife and pistols in my belt, my staff in my hand, and my bow and arrow slung on my back. My faithful companion, Wolf, of course accompanied me; indeed, we were seldom separated.

The coast became more and more abrupt and less regular in outline, whilst the shore was more rocky the further I proceeded in my walk, until at last, being unable to continue along the beach, I ascended by one of the torrent beds I have before mentioned to the green plateau above, the river bed being dry. A glorious sight was then presented to my eyes; the coast, turning here, was of such a rugged, wild nature, as I have only seen equalled at the Land's End, Cornwall, worn and washed away into a thousand fantastic forms; here, jutting out in miniature promontories, there, hollowed into tiny picturesque bays, whilst the grey rocks towered proudly upwards, as though striving to defy the elements. It would at all times be impossible to round the cliffs excepting in calm weather, but I had a strong hope of finding many a water-worn cave, had I but a boat. On one hand the land arose in gentle elevations towards the mountain previously spoken of, the whole country being well wooded, whilst the coast continuing in the new direction seemed to lose its rocky character and gradually to sink into low sand-hills. I now called to Wolf, thinking

our ramble had extended far enough, but having found something which interested him, he appeared loth to depart; with nose almost buried in the soil he scratched up the ground with his fore-paws. Approaching him, I saw he was simply doing this by way of amusement, as the small round black things he was turning up, and which on examination proved to be a species of truffles, were nothing his doggy nature cared to eat. I was a little disturbed, however, on finding that the whole of the ground, to the extent of about half an acre, had been grubbed into, and fearing this might indicate the presence of natives, I was anxious to quit such an exposed position.

Leaving therefore the plateau, I commenced the descent of the ravine, which was rocky in the extreme. A torrent, which had evidently its source far in the interior, rushed over projecting or intruding rocks on its way to the sea; but what was my astonishment on coming to what I thought the head of a cascade, and descending on one side hoping to enjoy the sight of a pretty

torrent bed. I had attributed this to the drying up of the stream during the warm season, but now my amazement was great at so suddenly losing sight of the descending water. Remounting, I searched for the cause of this phenomenon, supposing that the water had worked for itself an easier channel, and that I should find it gurgling and fuming in some other direction. My astonishment was doubled, therefore, when I saw its complete disappearance in a large hole.

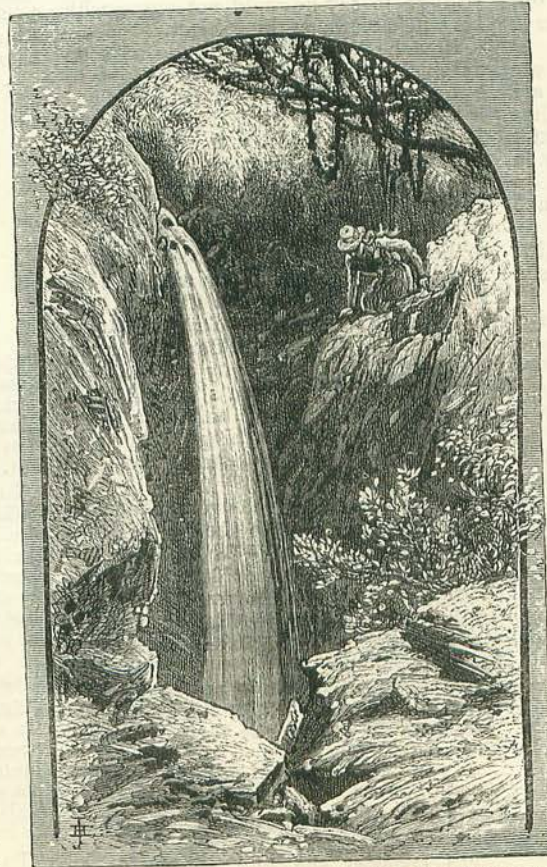
Remembering, however, the formation on which I stood, I ceased to wonder, doubting not I had found one of those hidden streams, not at all unknown to geologists, and of which several examples occur in the limestone formations of England, and believing that the water would reappear farther down, or lose itself in some subterranean cavity.

I exulted at the thought that I might be on the point of discovering a safer habitation if these rocks should indeed prove honeycombed; nor did I doubt it, as the non-appearance of the stream in the

lower parts of the gorge had been plainly proved to me on my ascent; quitting the ravine before meeting with the descending stream had prevented a previous discovery of the phenomenon. The hole in which the waters lost themselves was of considerable size, and had been hidden from me by an overhanging rock from which they poured, resembling the beginning of a cascade.

I felt sure that with care I could manage the descent, for the hole was at least three feet in width, and presented the appearance of a cleft. After some little trouble and caution, at the end letting myself down with a good jump, I arrived at the bottom, a distance of about twenty feet. The interior was almost devoid of light, excepting that which came from above, whilst the water was collected in a shallow pool. My desire was to discover by what outlet the water escaped, and soon a slight current on the surface of the pool led me to an opening at the back of the cascade. I was enchanted, for should this opening enlarge farther in, what a safe hiding-place had I found! The limestone would be hard and offer long resistance, but with patience what might I not accomplish!

Becoming more and more used to the dim light, I was able to observe the several advantages the situation offered. Even now, without proceeding further, I was quite screened from observation by the overhanging rocks, which almost met above my head, and by the falling water. The descent was difficult but quite practicable. Wolf had scrambled



"I FELT SURE THAT I COULD MANAGE THE DESCENT."

waterfall, to discover that there was no water! I now remembered that on entering the ravine below from the seashore, I had remarked the dryness of the

down to my side, and here, being so comfortably placed and having such a supply of pure water, I resolved to make a repast with the good things I had brought with me, and determined that the morrow should see me at work as an excavator.

Emerging from my retreat, I was about to continue my descent of the ravine, when my attention was caught by what seemed to me a distant sound of foot-falls. In fear and trepidation I regained my hiding-place, calling Wolf after me. The intelligent animal appeared to understand the necessity there was for concealment, and we both crouched in silence, awaiting the nearer approach of the steps. Owing to the rush of the waterfall I could not hear anything, whilst my position prevented me seeing, so that I should be unable to learn if the sounds had proceeded from man or some other living creature; but deeming "discretion the better part of valour," I remained hidden for at least half-an-hour, and then only ventured on a very circumscribed inspection. Enjoining Wolf to remain where he was, I slowly ascended, then passing my head merely out of the opening I surveyed the surroundings. Nothing met my gaze that could possibly inspire terror. Judging, therefore, that whatever it had been that had caused my fright had passed on its way, or that I had possibly been mistaken in what I had heard, I called Wolf to rejoin me, and we continued our route, but the confidence which I had begun to feel was lost.

Hitherto I had not loaded my pistols, not having yet opened my stock of ammunition, but should the place prove to be inhabited, I should hesitate no longer and never venture abroad without loaded arms.

But why alarm myself? The sounds were probably the tread of some animal, although I had not yet seen any. This doubtless had been because I had kept chiefly by the coast, where there was neither food nor lair for them. A land of even such an extent and so well wooded as I had observed the interior to be, must have a fauna, and thus consoling myself I partly forgot my fears, and, quickly regaining the shore, an hour or two's good walking brought me to my nest on the cliff.

CHAPTER VII.

ALARMS.

SEARCHING amongst the miscellaneous articles brought from the wreck, I found, on the next morning, a small canister of powder and another of shot, which I did not hesitate to open, and loading my two pistols, I felt more secure than I had done on the previous day. Then arming myself with a crowbar, and placing a hammer in my belt, I presented a very formidable appearance.

I had sometimes been permitted by my father to take a shot, when out with him on some of his shooting expeditions, so that notwithstanding a certain shrinking from taking life, natural to the feminine nature, I could, if necessity

compelled me, make some efforts towards self-preservation.

Wandering along the beach, thus prepared for valiant deeds, though in my heart trusting my skill might never be exercised excepting by way of stocking my larder, I was arrested by something which I saw lying before me. Hastening towards it, I was greatly rejoiced to find it was one of the boats, whether that in which I had left the vessel, or one of the others, I could not tell. Being anxious to secure her, I returned to my stores to fetch some rope, and fixing that to my newly found treasure, and tying it round a piece of rock that protruded from the sands, I made her fast. To render her still more secure and to find a safe anchorage for her would be work for another day.

How much more fortunate was I than my ancestor, who had been obliged to make a boat for himself!

The return for the rope had considerably delayed me, so that the sun was high by the time I reached the cascade, and I was glad of a shade from the burning rays in the cool depths of the rock.

But refreshed by some ham and biscuits, and a draught of the delicious water, I began an inspection of the place of my future operations. I now commenced working with the crowbar, and hard was the task, but I had the gratification of finding that the passage increased in size as I advanced, until at



"I COULD DISTINGUISH THE FIGURE OF A BLACK MAN."

length it became possible to enter by crawling.

The crowbar being much too heavy for prolonged use, I laid it down and, enter-



"IT WAS ONE OF THE BOATS."

ing the enlarged opening on my knees, continued operations with the hammer, breaking the rock above me, as my object was to heighten rather than widen the aperture. I kept working in this way for a long time, but becoming almost benumbed with cold (for I was kneeling in the water), I thought it better to rest for a while and warm myself in the sunshine. I therefore quitted the hole, whereupon Wolf, who had been watching me, immediately entered it, whether to examine the result of my hammering and make his criticism upon it I cannot say; however, I left him and pursued my way upwards to survey the pleasant view beneath me.

Again I heard footsteps, and being pretty well sheltered where I was by some thick bushes, I resolved to remain, in hope of discovering to whom they belonged. Nothing, however, appeared. Was the place haunted? Surely neither the Gabriel hounds nor the mysterious huntsman of the Hartz Mountains had come to disturb me in my solitude!

I now caught a glimpse of something amidst the trees in the distance, and looking down I felt sure I could distinguish the figure of a black man, who was, I was thankful to see, descending the valley, so that each step increased the distance between us. He quickly passed out of sight, whilst I as quickly regained my hiding-place. Glad was I that Wolf had not been with me to betray my presence by barking; I was surprised he had not ere this sought me. His lengthened absence indicated hidden recesses in the rock, which would indeed be a harbour of refuge now I believed the country to be inhabited. How should I ever venture to return to my "home," as I called it; and yet, would this place of retreat prove any safer? Unexplored as it was, might it not be the habitation of some creatures as alarming or little less so than savages themselves?

The wisest course seemed that of

quitting the ravine at once and mounting the sides, so as to return along the cliffs. The man I had seen was most likely on his way to join his companions, who must therefore be below me; and as no one on the shore could gain a view of the top of the cliffs, excepting the extreme edge, I should be in comparative safety.

At this moment, Wolf returning, we left the cascade. On crossing the place where the man must have passed down, the dog showed great uneasiness, sniffing the air and the ground around, but I hurried him on, fearing that yet another of my terribly dreaded fellow-creatures might follow by the same road.

We reached home safely and without adventure of any kind. My hard day's labour made me glad of a good night's rest, and with Wolf curled at my feet all dangers were speedily forgotten in the sweet oblivion of sleep.

(To be continued.)

GIRLS' OWN HOME.

THE Editor heartily thanks his readers for so readily furthering the objects of "The Girls' Own Home," and appends the list of those who already have become subscribers. Now that the subscription list is started, let everyone come forward to help in this good work.

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MY MOTHER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COWAN.

WHEN forced apart from those I love,
And over distant climes to rove,
Nought from my heart shall e'er remove—
My mother.

I'll linger o'er my infant years,
When thou wouldst hush away my fears,
And on my couch shed sacred tears—
My mother.

When thou wouldst take me on thy knee,
And sing for me love's lullaby,
And give me kisses, sweet and free—
My mother.

At night ere I my pillow press
I'll importune the Lord to bless,

With all the riches of His grace—
My mother.

When darkening shadows round me close,
And with my God I seek repose,
I'll think of thee amid death's throes—
My mother.

Like strains of music on the ear
Thy name will fall upon and cheer
My soul, allaying every fear—
My mother.

And when we meet on yon blest shore,
With those dear friends who've gone before,
How sweet 't will be to part no more—
My mother.



"I FOUND THAT I WAS IN A CAVE."

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

CHAPTER VIII.
DISCOVERIES.

MY next day's work consisted in securing my boat, so, finding the cow and harnessing her, we set out along the beach. I could not allow the fear of natives to keep me prisoner at home, knowing that unless I met them in numbers my pistols would render me a match for them.

Seeing that I should require the boat in the first place to take me round the rockier part of the coast, I dragged it in that direction, instead of near to my stores, trusting I should find some harbour for safe anchorage.

I was sorry to observe a hole in the side of the boat, where it had evidently been thrown with force against a rock. This would need mending before I could take my intended voyage; I therefore found that I must drag her high up under the cliffs and hide her as well as I could. This was not difficult, as I was now at the entrance of the ravine in which was my cave, and where many bushes grew about the sides of the now dry torrent bed.

Leaving the cow to regale herself on the scanty herbage around, I entered the ravine, and, commencing the ascent, soon arrived at the scene of my yesterday's labours. Setting to work at once, by mid-day I had made a great advance; and, finding the passage increase in width, I thought I might venture to enter farther. Creeping on all fours I proceeded

with caution, Wolf before me; and we continued in this manner for some little distance, the passage gradually sloping downwards, until feeling around me I discovered that it ended in a cave. Now I brought into use part of a very precious treasure which I had only found a day or two before in a watertight case amongst some of the things saved—namely, three boxes of matches. So valuable did they seem to me that I hesitated to strike one match unless perfectly necessary; but I had brought a box and a candle with me, and as it was impossible for me to know into what kind of a place I had groped my way unless I had a light of some sort, I struck one. I found I was in a cave of some eight or ten feet wide, and of considerable height; the water here formed a small pool, and then continued its course by an outlet on my right hand. This second passage was of such a height that I could walk in it upright, and of such a width that, the water spreading out and sometimes running to one side from the un-

evenness of the ground, I could pick my way with more comfort

This passage, which was short compared with the other, ended in a spacious cavern, which to my astonishment was perfectly dry; it was also lighted by an opening at the farther end, proving on examination to be a cleft or fissure at some height in the side of the cavern. The roof was covered with beautiful stalactites, which, glittering in the light of the candle, produced a scene perfectly enchanting.

But where could the water have gone to? Having entered the passage which led to this fairy-like grotto, it must have changed its course at some point I had passed. Retracing my steps, therefore, in search of this, I discovered a cleft in the side, by which the torrent escaped. Entering this, I found at a little distance, by the increasing rush of the water, that we were descending; and the descent became more and more abrupt until it ended in another cave, not quite so large as the previous one, but with several openings on each side, probably leading into other recesses. Not caring to penetrate these, and fearing I might lose myself in the intricacies of the rock, I followed the course of the water, knowing it must issue somewhere, and at last found myself in another cavern, a marvel of beauty, adorned with innumerable spas and stalactites. The floor consisted of the finest sand, and gradually shelved down to a pool of limpid water, filling at least three quarters of the cave; this, as I expected, proved to be salt, being, indeed, sea-water which flowed in by some of the numerous crannies and fissures of the honey-combed rock. All was dark, but by the dim light my candle afforded I could see that the roof was vaulted; and the numerous stalactites from above meeting the stalagmites rising from the ground made it resemble a miniature cathedral.

I now returned, full of delight at having found a retreat which appeared impregnable to any foe, and so admirably constructed that with time and patience I might turn it into a thorough palace!

I made up my mind to occupy it at once, to sleep in it that very night; for



"WE MADE THE RETURN JOURNEY."



“I THEREFORE BEGAN TO EMPTY THE BOAT.”

I was heartily tired of my old nest, and feared I ran great risk of rheumatism or some other malady from its exposed position.

Returning, therefore, to the upper cave, which from its dryness was the sole portion at present available for occupation, I considered what preparations were immediately necessary to fit it for a night's residence. Evidently I must provide myself with some things from my former sleeping-place, and as the journey was rather long, and I should be well laden in coming back, I resolved to start forthwith. I soon found the cow, but I thought she seemed more timid than usual, and we set out.

Having a great many articles I wished to take with me to the cave, I hung two of the large crates as panniers across the cow, taking care to cover her well with sailcloth in order to lessen the friction. In these panniers I placed a few pots, pans, cups and plates, for present use; a good supply of food and a case of ammunition; also some candles, which would be indispensable in my dark abode; some soap, the remainder of my matches, and a canister of tea. I then strapped on the cow's back a sailcloth, in which I had rolled a couple of fowling-pieces, a greatcoat, and a few other garments. Wolf being a famous carrier, I provided him with a package; whilst for myself I kept a basket containing a bottle of wine, my brandy flask, and a stout pair of boots.

Thus laden, we made the return journey, and my hardest labour began when the cow, being unable to advance more than a certain distance up the steep ravine, I had to fasten her to a tree and carry the contents of the crates a few at a time; but in order to expedite matters as much as possible, I deposited all my goods in the first, or smallest cave. On one of these expeditions I found on returning to the cow that she had been very restive, upsetting one pannier completely; this surprised me, for she was one of the gentlest animals I ever knew. On my last journey I untied

her and left her to provide for herself until the morrow. I was obliged to be rather extravagant in the matter of lighting, for the interior cavern was large, and to save carrying a candle constantly with me, I fixed several in the passage between the two caves, besides one or two also in the smaller cave where my goods were stored.

Having carried up a mattress and some coverings, I made myself a more comfortable bed than I had had since the shipwreck; I next arranged a basin and jug, filling the latter with water from the underground torrent, and I felt quite luxurious as I thus arranged my bedroom. I then brought in all the food, etc.; and by this time, having disposed of my possessions to my heart's content, and emptied the smaller cave ready to receive a second supply of goods on the following day, I got into my delightful bed and spent my first night in “Cave Castle.”

CHAPTER IX.
MYSTERIOUS VISITORS.

I WAS slightly confused, and scarcely realised where I was on opening my eyes the next morning, all was so obscure. I had become accustomed to being awakened by the rising sun in my airy perch upon the cliff; now the rays glimmered in asistance through a cleft, which cleft I thought it should be one of my earliest endeavours to enlarge.

I had intended starting off at once with the cow to bring in a further supply of goods, but on reflection and considering the difficulty I had in climbing up to the cascade, when heavily laden, and the many journeys required, I thought it better to turn my attention to repairing the boat, so that I might by using her find an easier entrance to my castle. Knowing as I did that the torrent lost itself in salt water, there must be some communication between my home and the sea.

As this would entail another journey to Cliff Nest, the name

I had given my former home, in order to provide myself with tools, I again started with my two useful companions, and this time brought back all that remained of the lighter articles, together with the ammunition, not daring to expose the latter to a possible drenching in an open boat. These, together with the oar and rudder, composed my second load.

On reaching the little nook where I had hidden the boat, imagine my astonishment on finding it almost filled with stones and rubbish, and to observe marks of trampling in the soil around.

Clearly, I thought, this is the work of human beings; the man who had so terrified me had doubtless been here, and possibly he and his companions were lurking in the neighbourhood. This made me very uneasy, as I did not like the idea of being exposed to any sudden attack, and I knew it to be the habit of all savages to lie concealed, so as to fall unawares on their unsuspecting victims. As on the water one is at least safe from ambushes, evidently that would be my safest position. I therefore began to empty the boat, wondering what object there could have been in thus filling it, instead of taking possession of it. On clearing out the rubbish I found a cocoon amongst it, several smaller nuts, and some roots partly eaten; hence I concluded a meal had been made there, and I fervently hoped from the presence of such remains these barbarians were at any rate not cannibals. What was my fright, when my reflections were suddenly interrupted by a shower of small stones upon my head—the enemy was without doubt



“THE SUBTERRANEAN CHAPEL OF CAVE CASTLE.”

upon me. Springing out of the boat, I drew a pistol to resist him. Wolf was also on the alert, and rushing forward with a bound, and barking furiously, he gave pursuit to one who now appeared, and who, making the best use he could of his legs, was hurrying to a clump of trees in the interior of the ravine. Seeing that my assailant was more frightened of us than even I was of him, and desiring to protect Wolf, in case he should be turned upon, I hastened after him, coming up to them just as the agile creature, having gained a tree of some altitude, commenced climbing it so dexterously that I stayed my course to watch him, vaulting from bough to bough. He at last turned to regard his pursuers, and I then saw he was nothing more formidable than a mischievous and grinning monkey, who showed his animosity by flinging down upon us all the branches he could break off, whilst he returned Wolf's furious barking with the most discordant cries and frightful grimaces. I was not sorry to find my supposed barbarous foe was a more harmless one than I had feared, and some of the things that had seemed strange were now explained. The timidity of the cow when left alone in this place, the spilling of the contents of her pannier, were to be attributed no doubt to the mischievous gambols of some monkey.

I called Wolf, not wishing either to tease or infuriate the hideous fellow, for I knew he could do harm if incited to it. So long as he and his comrades were contented to confine themselves to mere pranks they should remain unmolested by us.

Returning therefore to the boat, I commenced the repairs. Having the requisite tools, I sawed off a plank of sufficient length to cover the hole, nailing it firmly on, and afterwards caulking it to the best of my power with torn sail-cloth. Again harnessing the cow, and applying the rollers, I was able to drag my little vessel to the water's edge, where I sat down to await the returning tide to float her off.

Having discovered a second oar amongst the wreckage, I was fully prepared, and when the favourable moment arrived, seated myself in readiness in the boat. It was soon afloat, and I was glad to find that my repairs were effective. A sail would have been a great help; this, however, could be added on reaching Cliff Nest, where the greater part of my stores yet remained. I now turned in the opposite direction, the sea being calm enough to admit of my exploring the coast. Half-an-hour's row brought me in face of the rocks where I supposed the cave might end. One or two of these, of enormous size, hid the base of the cliff from me, but rounding these I observed that the rock was water-worn in all directions, and that the approach in rough weather must be impossible, as the waves would rush in and out of those caverns with tremendous fury. Perceiving a fissure in the cliff, which had split it from the summit to the base, I directed my boat towards it; it proved to be a sinuous passage ending in a little inland sea of exquisite beauty, and most

probably of uniform calmness, even during the severest storms, as it was completely landlocked with towering cliffs on all sides. Had it been accessible to the land, here would have been a splendid harbour. I made the circuit of the pretty lake before leaving it, and observed on one side a cavity in the rocks so low that I could not enter it sitting upright; but the spirit of adventure was upon me, as well as the hope of penetrating to Cave Castle, so lying down in my boat, I pulled myself in by the overhanging rock, and in a few minutes was in total darkness. I was now able to sit up, so lighting the candle which I had brought with me, I began to look around. Column after column arose before me, and rowing further amongst the wondrous pillars, I recognised the subterranean chapel of Cave Castle! What more could I desire? Two entrances to my home, both equally hidden, and a safe harbour for my boat, where no one would ever find it, for who would dream of entering such a hole as that?

By this entrance I resolved to bring in all my stores, piling them up on the gravelly beach, until I could find room for them above; in the meantime I must rest, and leave for the morrow the continuation of my labours.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

UNPROFITABLE DAUGHTERS.—There are four good mothers that have four bad daughters: truth hath hatred, prosperity hath pride, security hath peril, and familiarity hath contempt.

HANDSOME AND GOOD.—A handsome woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart: the one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

REASONABLE BEINGS.—If we do not reason we are bigots; if we cannot we are fools; if we dare not we are slaves.—*Dr. Black.*

IN FULL ACTIVITY.—"I have lived," Dr. Adam Clark once said, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire' conveys an abominable falsehood. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all: keep them all going."

AN ALPHABETICAL NOTE.—All the letters of the alphabet are contained in the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra: "And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of you, it be done speedily."

HAPPY PEOPLE.—It is a good thing and a wise to be able, with a few books and a little needlework, to give any room, however strange and desolate, a look of home; to be able to pursue our usual employments anywhere at a moment's notice; and a blessing beyond wealth, beyond beauty, or even beyond talent, is that cheerful temperament which can rejoice in the sunshine, yet be merry in the shade, which can delight in the birds' singing in spring, yet solace itself with the heart's own music when winter is at hand.

A NICE GIRL.—A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

THE FAIRY OF THE FAMILY.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

THE LINEN OF THE HOUSE.



N these days we do not appear to take nearly so much care and thought for the linen of the household as was formerly the case, when every mistress dwelt more at home, was more amongst her maidens, and was more dependent on her own and their labour for its supply. Sometimes in some quiet English home we yet hear of linen "spun by my great grandmother;" and when you think of it you know that a hundred years or more ago all ladies had their spinning wheels and made much of their own linen, which, judging by what remains of it, is well-nigh imperishable in its honest and unbleached texture. The linen of the present day, highly stiffened and bleached to a snowy whiteness, has not a quarter of the wear in it, and unless well looked after, the laundress and her chemicals will make great havoc, and the servants not much less either, by careless usage when soiled.

The durability of good linen is evidenced by its existence on mummies, and a celebrated German writer, Seetzen, says that he found several napkins inside the bandages of a mummy which he unwrapped, and that he used them, and had them washed and done up several times, thus making use of linen which had been woven more than 1,700 years before.

The household linen divides itself naturally into four heads, viz., of the table, bedrooms, pantry, housemaids, and kitchen. To this, perhaps, many housekeepers would naturally add blankets, curtains, bed fittings, furniture, and stable linen.

Beginning with table linen, the first item of knowledge generally gleaned by the inexperienced purchaser is, that linen damask for table use is divided into two qualities, the single and the double, and that the price of each article respectively depends on its quality, on its size, and its pattern. Double damask is much firmer and stouter than the single, and presents a much handsomer appearance, as it throws up the design better, and its strength for wear, as also its price, are nearly double that of single damask. The design of the patterns selected may form a large item in regulating the expenditure, as amongst linen manufacturers it is not unusual to pay as much as £50 for a design from some well-known artist. Spots and sprigs are always cheaper than the patterns which have a centre, or a group, and a border round the cloth; and those who wish to procure comparatively cheap table linen never make a selection amongst the new designs of the year, but content themselves either with the inexpensive spots and sprigs, or the patterns of past seasons. Sometimes if these have not proved successful, they are disposed of on very reasonable terms. Good table linen at present is very generally ornamented with the crest, coat of arms, or monogram of its owner, woven into the material to order.

The table-cloths and table-napkins generally



ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER X.
"CAVE CASTLE."

I NOW began to get about me such things as would render my life more comfortable. A recess or prolongation of the cave was set aside as my bedroom, whilst a special corner was assigned to the food, and the small stock of plates, knives, cups and spoons, etc., which I had brought up for immediate use.

I devoted the first hours of each morning to enlarging my window. This was slow work, but by the aid of a hammer and chisel I so far succeeded in increasing it, that in a few days I was able to rise and breakfast without a light. After a mid-day meal I sallied forth with the intention of bringing in the remainder of my goods. For greater expedition I made a sail for the boat, choosing a couple of broken spars of moderate length and thickness, and rounding off the jagged ends. I nailed two opposite sides of the sail to these, and to each end of one I attached a cord. A second and longer cord joined to the centre of this, and running through a ring affixed at the requisite height on the mast, enabled me to elevate or lower the sail at pleasure, the under spar remaining constantly fastened. It was a proud day for me when I sailed forth, having chosen suitable weather, and taken care to arrange my time so as to have the tide in my favour on returning, as my strength would prove unequal to bringing back a well-laden boat.



"I CONSTRUCTED A ROUGH SHORT LADDER."

I landed in front of Cliff Nest, fixed the anchor safely in the sands, and having carried down as much as I was able, went off in search of my cow, so that she might convey the rest of the things; but she had strayed so far away, and I had lost such an amount of precious time in seeking her, that I desisted from the pursuit, and by the help of rollers managed to bring down by my own labour as much as I dared to put in the boat, remembering the particularly low entrance to my castle.

In a few days I had stored all my belongings, and Cliff Nest was as utterly deserted as before my arrival. I now turned my attention to rendering my home still more comfortable. A centre table was formed by a chest, one of smaller dimensions doing duty as a chair, whilst two or three arranged along the wall served as sideboard, chiffonier, or locker.

My window being completed, I began another, as the wall was of no great thickness on that side; these openings gave me a fine view over the sea. I next improved the passages, cutting away projecting portions of rock, smoothing the sides as much as possible, taking care however to leave a few pieces jutting out upon which I could place my candles.

I also scooped a hollow for the torrent along one



"I MADE A SAIL FOR THE BOAT."

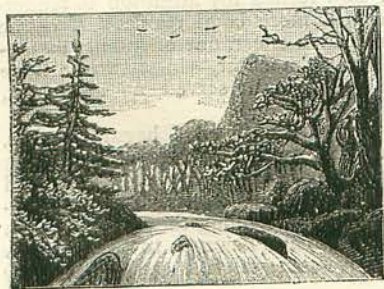
side of the passage, thus preventing it spreading over the whole floor; this enabled me to go out of my castle dry-shod.

My mode of entry here was certainly not very dignified, for as the reader will remember the opening was so small and low that I could only crawl in on hands and knees; still, I felt it was far safer to leave this as it was than to try to enlarge it. No wandering savage would be likely to imagine it was the entrance to a habitation, even had he scrambled down, which was not a probable feat for him to perform, seeing he would not be interested as I had been in seeking to discover the outlet for the water. To render my descent a little less hazardous, I constructed a rough short ladder, so that I could accomplish the last few feet without the jump that had been necessitated from the fact that the side of the cleft overhung at a short distance above the opening to the cave. This ladder I could of course draw into the passage after me when I returned from an excursion, but was obliged to trust that as it was quite concealed from view at the top of the gully, it would never be found out during my absences from home at any time.

I thought it desirable, however, to increase the height of the passage sufficiently, if possible, for me to stand upright; its width I left so that not more than one person could advance at a time. It was truly a hard task I set myself to do, and one requiring an enormous amount of patience, so little could I manage at a time; but to be constantly employed was not only a pleasure for me but a necessity, or my solitude would have dwelt injuriously upon my mind, and the apparent hopelessness of my situation. It was very long before I completed my labour of chipping away the rock, nor did I ever succeed in making my corridor as lofty as I would have liked; still, after effecting an entrance I was able to rise from my ignominious posture, and at any rate walk, although not without stooping.

During this time I varied my toil by other occupations. One of these recreations, as I may call them, was collecting dried leaves, and exposing them to further drying beneath the powerful rays of the sun, intending to make myself a mattress, for I found one hardly sufficient to give me a very restful bed, although I had laid it on a heap of clothes to raise it from the hard rock floor of the cave. Stuffing and making this mattress was playwork compared with my arduous labours at excavation.

(To be continued.)



QUOTATIONS AND MIS-QUOTATIONS.



an inveterate habit of frequent quotation has been said to indicate poverty of idea on the part of him who quotes, and, to some extent, it must be conceded that the allegation is a true one; though it may reasonably be argued that if a man has to say something and has nothing of his own worth saying, he had better have recourse to somebody else's store than talk nonsense. A far graver charge, and one resting on a surer basis, is that of *inapt* quotation—words, phrases, or sentences wrested from their context and applied to matter on which they have no bearing and are utterly meaningless in their original form. The prevalence of this mischievous practice in the newspapers of the present day, and the readiness with which it is received by the public as proof of erudition on the part of the writer, afford unmistakable evidence that an acquaintance with the classics of our language is far from general. If everybody who quotes were liable to be "pulled up short," and made to cite chapter and verse for his excerpt, we might expect to find a better knowledge of literature soon exemplified by greater correctness of application, for the very names of the authors would often show, from the well-known spirit of their writings, the primary force of a quotation from them. This point, however, is commonly evaded by the use of such subterfuges as—"said the poet," "cried the philosopher," "observes the sage," "as one of old has justly remarked," &c. Speaking of one of the best-quoted poems we have, viz., "Hudibras," Dr. Angus says, "Many of the couplets have become proverbial, and are quoted by multitudes who know not whence they come."

Let us run over a few such "household words," of which it may be said that probably not one in ten of those who use them daily would be prepared to state their source at a moment's notice. We will, therefore, not include those which are drawn from such mines of aphoristic ore as the plays of Shakespeare, or more recent and generally-read poets, nor expressions selected from ancient and modern languages, usually on account of their idiom, where a little ignorance would be far more pardonable—though, unfortunately, not half so common—as imperfect acquaintance with the literature of our own, if, indeed, as Charles Dickens has said, one tongue be not enough for any man to write in at once. Still less will we trench on those numerous biblical quotations so much in vogue which, if not bordering on profanity, are at least in questionable taste when applied to secular and frivolous subjects; such a use begetting a want of reverence for them when found in their proper context. Some few there are which are taken from the Koran and other religious writings, as, for example, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and "Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." These are often confounded with holy writ by many. *Hamlet* and "Hudibras" are perhaps the two English works from which most familiar quotations have been derived. Almost of necessity, nine-tenths of such proverbial lore owes its origin to poetry and the drama.

To begin with, a phrase having relation to the topic itself, the oft-mentioned "well of English undefiled," whose contamination now-a-days is so frequently deplored by writers, not always aware *who* was the well and who said so. It is Spenser in his "Faerie Queene" that speaks of

"Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled;
On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be
fyled."

Better recognised is the same poet's gentle reminder to Queen Elizabeth—

"I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason."

which brought to her august recollection the delayed pension of fifty pounds a-year which she had bestowed on him in consideration of the opening stanzas of the "Faerie Queene," adulatory of herself. "All this," exclaimed Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer, "for a song!"

It was not Dr. Watts, but Oliver Goldsmith, in his ballad of "Edwin and Angelina," who said that "Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long;" and he, most likely, borrowed the sentiment from Young. "Pity's akin to love" is vaguely connected with Othello in some people's minds, but is really due to Southerne's play, *Oroonoko*. Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of a universal popular misquotation is that which runs—

"When Greek met Greek, then came the tug
of war."

The original line is found in the fourth act of Nathaniel Lee's drama, *Alexander the Great*, written about 1660, and is correctly read—

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the
tug of war"

—a wholly different construction. Two curious examples of analogy in expression without plagiarism of idea are seen in Dr. Evans' poem on Sir John Vanburgh, the architect and comic writer—

"Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee!"

the direct converse of which thought in *Hamlet* will occur to everyone; and in Congreve's line—

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred
turned,"

from *The Mourning Bride*, which bears close comparison with

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Congreve was the contemporary of Sir John Vanburgh; and to *The Mourning Bride* we also owe "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Dryden has supplied us with the "noble savage" in his *Conquest of Granada*—

"When wild in woods the noble savage
ran."

A little constellation of writers who flourished about the close of the sixteenth century have bequeathed us some "good things," by which, nevertheless, the memory of the authors is not perpetuated as it ought to be. It was Sir Philip Sidney who taught us to call our "mother tongue" by that title. Robert Southwell, who was executed in 1592 for sedition, gives us "My mind to me an empire is"—not a "kingdom;" the sarcastic remark, not less famous now than in the age when it was published, about "dining with

for she had kept up a regular correspondence with her brother, and knew that his feelings had gradually softened. Yet if she had expected any marvellous and complete change to be wrought in the time she would have been grievously disappointed. But both practically and theoretically she had dived deep enough into the secrets of humanity to know that there is cause for thankfulness in every slow step it makes towards right ends. Jem was deeply interested in all the little personal comforts he could take with him for that long voyage to a new land on which he was soon to start, and Mrs. North would occasionally refer to his recent privations and discipline in terms which she might better have used had he not brought them on himself. Still, Jem did renounce some of the luxuries his mother would have pressed upon him, and it touched Helen so deeply to hear him tell her that she must not fret after him while she had Helen, that Helen was obliged to leave them to conceal her emotion, and therefore never knew that her mother answered, wistfully—

“Ah, Jem, I'm afraid I did not do justice

to Helen, and now there's nothing at all I can do for her. She does all for me.”

And they saw the last of him, as his ship sailed from Southampton, and the two turned and journeyed home, and as, amid her tears, Mrs. North whispered, “Oh, Helen, it has ended well,” Helen felt that a life is not wasted which upholds other lives from sinking to their lowest, and haply furthers them a little on the road to the kingdom of God.

Kneeling by Aunt Lydia's couch that night, with her face buried in the pillow, Helen revealed some of the secrets of her heart.

“I could not have borne on if it had not been for your sake, Aunt Lydia. I would not have been quite sure I was right in doing it if you had not been here. Oh, Aunt Lyddy, anybody who lets us love them always binds us to all that is best.”

Helen is almost a middle-aged woman now, but she has not long ceased to be Helen North. The good things of life have come to her rather later than to most, perhaps because the harvest

is somewhat richer than with many. Her mother and aunt are still living together, and Jem, abroad, has prospered and done honestly and well, though his station is but humble, and perhaps, therefore, the safer for him. He wanted his mother to go out to the home he had made, and Helen thought she would certainly go, but Mrs. North was afraid of the voyage and of the hardships of colonial life, but at any rate she writes to him regularly, and with her that is an act of great self-sacrifice. Once more with quiet dignity Helen occasionally names “my brother” even in the best Radcaster society, for she says that men need not spurn those whom they profess to believe God has forgiven and received among His own. And from Helen North Myddelton Radcaster society would tolerate greater liberties than that simple piece of Christian charity, for she is an admired author now, and Radcaster is sorry that it cannot boast of her as a native, but can only say, “She was really brought up here, you know, and we all appreciated her from the very first.”

ROBINA CRUSOE, AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



“I TOOK AIM.”

CHAPTER XI.

A LONG WALK.

WINTER was now approaching, the most agreeable season in hot climates for out-door exercise; I therefore determined to leave the perfecting of my castle, since all was done which was necessary for safety, and to make a tour in the country around, for, as yet, I was perfectly ignorant as to the nature of the land upon which I had been thrown. The time must come when the food brought from the ship would fail, and I

had not the slightest idea as to whether I should be able to replace it.

I resolved to make my way to the mountain which I had observed in the interior, and as the journey might be prolonged to more than one day, I took as much provision with me as I could conveniently carry, and that was not much, merely biscuits and meat in a bag hung by my side; but I trusted to finding something as I went along which would eke out my slender store. With a couple of

pistols in my waistbelt, my bow and arrows slung on my back, and staff in hand, I started at a very early hour one bright morning to ascend the ravine in which my cave was hidden.

It promised to be a long climb, as the stream had its origin in a range of hills at some distance, and of a considerable elevation. The higher I reached the more wooded it became, the bushes which had grown on the sides of the lower ground gave place to trees of a fair growth, till at length I entered a forest of ironwood trees,

which appeared to cover the slopes of the higher hills.

As it became rather difficult to proceed farther along the torrent bed, I thought I would try and attain the high ground. Springing from rock to rock, and aiding myself with branches of trees, or tufts of grass, my attention was caught by the brilliant yellow colour of the soil. On looking around, I remarked that it was only in paths this hue prevailed, and judging that I might have met with some useful product, I arrested my course for a closer examination. My knowledge of chemistry and geology soon enabled me to decide that it was sulphur, and I



“A SUITABLE TREE FOR MY NIGHT'S LODGING.”

doubted not that at some future time I might turn such a useful article to profit. For the present, however, it only ranked as of secondary importance compared with edible articles; for I strongly desired some variety in my daily menu.

On attaining higher ground, I found I was at considerable elevation above the sea, and that before me the land continued to rise. I had no means of calculating the height of this range of hills, but it was sufficient to hide the mountain, which was the chief object of my exploration, completely from my view. I imagined that an hour's good walking would bring me to the summit of this range, and that then the interior of the country would be unrolled before me. Full of curiosity, and refreshed by a short rest, I once more started onwards eager and hopeful.

I forgot that Wolf had not followed me from the ravine, and it was only on hearing a rather furious barking that I became aware of his absence, and also that he must have found prey or an enemy of some kind. I examined my pistols, so as to be ready to protect both of us, if possible, but intended always, unless absolutely imperative, not to employ firearms, in order to husband my stock of ammunition, and to restrict myself to the use of my bow or staff wherever possible.

Retracing my steps to the edge of the ravine, and gazing down, I perceived Wolf in full chase after a small animal, which directed its course towards the part on which I stood; I therefore concealed myself, so as to take it in ambush. The little creature, which I supposed to be a chinchilla, passing at a moderate distance from me, I took aim, but without effect! Being thoroughly out of practice myself, and my arrow of such bad construction, it flew wide of the mark, whilst the chinchilla gained the forest and was lost in the thick undergrowth.

"This will never do," I said, as I called Wolf to follow me; "either I must manage to make better arrows or use my pistols, for, at this rate, I shall be condemned to the same fate all my life."

I met with no farther adventure, nor did I see any kind of game. At length I arrived at the top of the hill range. There, stretched before me, was a wide extent of wooded country, bounded on one side by the mountain I had desired to reach. Here I rested and took some refreshment before starting afresh. The descent on this side was very gradual, in fact, it was more a plateau than a valley that divided me from my goal.

The country I passed through was beautiful, and I carefully observed the vegetation, hoping to find some plants which might be useful to me. The wood was chiefly composed of trees unknown to me, but which I suspected was the teak; but my delight was great on coming to one about the size of our homely apple tree, covered with fruit which I recognised at once as bread-fruit! Here was a substitute for bread, when properly roasted, and I resolved to take home a supply.

Evening was fast approaching when I

reached the foot of the mountain, and I deemed it wiser to postpone the ascent to the summit until the following morning, merely extending my journey for to-day some little distance up, as I did not wish to get beyond the boundary of the forest, knowing that the trees would offer a safer protection than I should get at greater altitude.

Looking around to choose a suitable tree for my night's lodging, I saw a venerable one, with a large cavity in the trunk. I first probed with my stick, in order to dislodge any previous occupants; and, when satisfied the apartment was vacant, I crept in, calling Wolf near me, and coiled myself up in the best manner I could.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

S. B. and SNOWDROP.—See our article on "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. You may enter as a lady pupil or probationer, and pay for board, training as a "sister;" or you may enter as a "nurse," and receive a rising salary, with uniform, etc.

IRIS EVELYN.—See page 543, vol. i. Apply at the Civil Service Commissioners' office, Cannon-row, Westminster, and further particulars will be sent to you, with the printed forms which candidates have to fill up. Singing lessons should not be commenced at an earlier age than fifteen. Your writing is too irregular in the respective sizes of the letters and the spaces between the lines. You do not preserve the latter in horizontal order. You seldom make any difference between the "a" and the "d," and you do not cross the "t." We thank you much, however, for your kind wishes, which we cordially return.

A DORSETSHIRE MAIDEN may find a cure for the cramp by trying to correct the acidity in her system. She should avoid sweetmeats, take only a moderate quantity of sugar; and when she retires at night, we advise her to take a small dose of bicarbonate of potash or soda, or else of magnesia, to correct it.

MINCO.—To remove inkstains from linen, see page 127, vol. iii. You write fairly well.

SUBSCRIBER.—There is no law at present existing in England which precludes anyone from keeping a school or teaching who is not certificated. No one will interfere with your daughter who has any authority so to do.

M. E. A. JENKINS.—We advise you to write to Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay (author of "Made-moiselle More," etc.). You may learn from her all particulars respecting French as well as other classes. Monthly papers are sent out, and regular work expected. The expenses amount only to ten shillings annually for the first two years, and fifteen for the last, special papers being sent to backward pupils. In making your application, send a stamped envelope.

WORK.

B. B. (South Africa).—The daisy fringe will look very well round your square shawl. It is made by tying together, at intervals, several strands of wool. By means of a shuttle filled with wool or silk, secure these spread strands with a firm buttonhole stitch, taken at distances, which depend on the fulness you wish to give the fringe, and whether the trimming is intended for a shawl or a mat. Do not take too many strands, for the lighter the ball the more delicate the fringe. This style has already been described and illustrated in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, November 21, 1851, page 23. A richer fringe is now made on frames, but as you live so far away you will probably find some difficulty in obtaining the frame, and therefore may well remain satisfied with the hand-made one. In the description of the baby's sock you will find the 88 stitches quite correct. In the 1st round knit and increase for toe by knitting 1 from the back of the same stitch, and not of the seam stitch, which is a misprint. 3rd Round.—Make 2 for shaping of toe, knit plain to heel increase. Make 1, finish plain, leave 74 stitches. 5th R.—Increase 2 for toe and 1 for heel. Leave 77. 7th R.—Repeat the 3 increases. Leave 80. 9th R.—Increase 2 at toe only. Leave 82. 11th R.—Repeat. Leave 84. 13th R.—Leave 85. 15th R.—Leave 88. Purl and knit alternately the 18 following rounds. In the 33rd round increase 1 for heel and 1 for toe. Slip on twine 5 of the back stitches as an opening for

leg. Divide the remaining 40 on 3 needles, 12 in the centre for instep and 14 on each side. Although not distinctly marked on the illustration, the instep is worked in close moss stitch, for which, however, may be substituted the plain garter stitch. We will now explain the mode of making the slipper of the shoe on 2 needles only. Middle of Sole.—1st half: Cast on 26. Knit 10 rows, increasing 1 on the 2nd stitch of every row, thus making 36. Knit 2 rows plain, then 12 rows, increasing 1 at every other row at toe end only. Leave 42. Instep.—Knit 14. Turn, leaving the other 28 on the needle. Work with an extra needle backwards and forwards on these 14 stitches in close moss stitch for 24 rows so that you find your last stitch at the top of the instep. 2nd half of Sole.—As a continuation of the 14 stitches then on the needle, cast on, with the same strand of wool and on the same needle, 28 stitches. Work back towards toe on the whole 42 stitches. Then decrease in the same proportion as you have increased on the opposite side, viz:—12 rows with 1 decrease at toe end only, leaving 36, then 2 rows plain, and 10 rows with a decrease at both toe and heel end, bringing the number to 26. Cast off. Roll.—Return to the 28 stitches still untouched on the left hand needle. Knit them. Pick up 12 stitches at the top of instep, knitting them meanwhile. With a 3rd needle pick up and knit the 28 stitches of the right hand side. Finish with 3 rows round the three needles. Cast off. Gusset.—Pick up the 12 stitches at the edge of the toe in front of the instep. Knit 2 or 3 plain rows, then decrease 1 at the beginning of every row till only one stitch is left. Cast off. Leg.—Pick up at the back 18 stitches across the instep just below the roll, not to interfere with it. Raise these 18 stitches, indispensable for the pattern, in such a way as to extend them over the whole width of the 24. Now purl the 18 stitches, meanwhile raising one stitch from the sides at the beginning and end of row and purling it together with the first and last stitches on the needle. The pattern consists of four rows. 1st Row.—Purl 2 together 3 times, purl 1 and make 1 6 times, purl 2 together 3 times. Leave 18. 2nd R.—Purl 18, catching the side stitches with the 1st and last stitches as before. 3rd R.—Knit 18. 4th R.—Purl, always connecting one stitch on each side. Still 18 stitches remain. Repeat this pattern twice more, the 3 patterns including 12 rows, and raising 6 stitches on each side, which will leave 22 stitches, which, in their turn, will be picked up, not regularly, however, so as to make only 18 of them. At the 4th pattern, work the 1st row, but instead of turning back, pick up with a 3rd needle, 18 side stitches, which must reach the very edge of the band. Then continue as described in the original recipe. In sewing up be careful to give a nice round shape to the toe. We are very pleased that you find these socks so pretty and have managed the other one in fig. 4 so well. Never fear to apply to us when puzzled, we are but too happy to help the industrious ones, and the more queries the better.

HOUSEKEEPING.

BLUEBELL.—Study the articles on housekeeping under the name "Margaret Trent," and those on the "Duties of Servants," pages 534 and 646. The strongest and cheapest materials for economical dresses, we should think, were "tickling" or "galatea" for summer, and stout "homespun" for winter wear. The supply of linen and furniture devolves on the bridegroom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

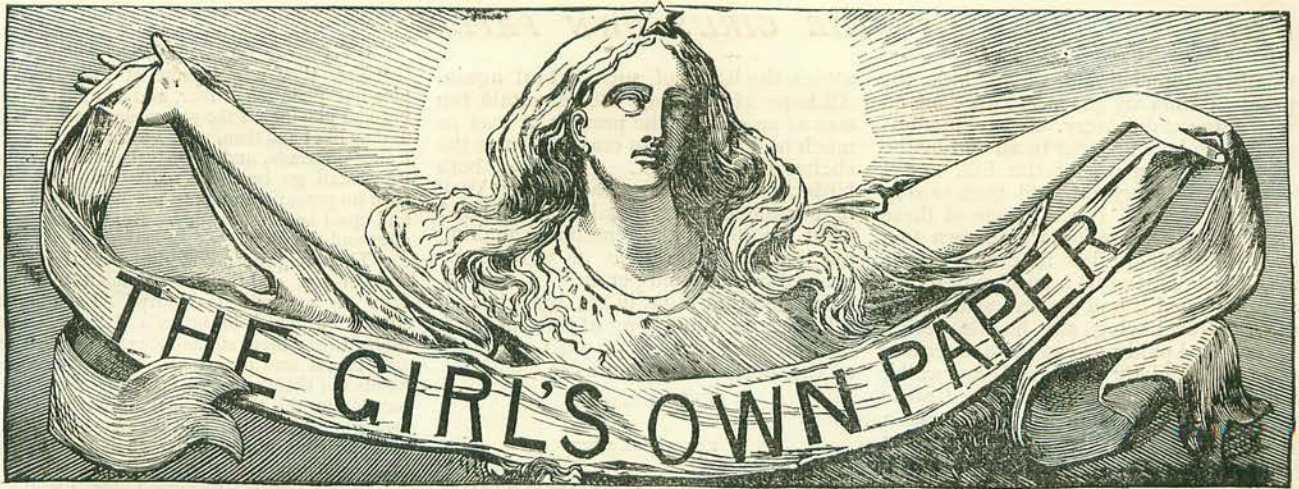
VIOLET.—The loss of voice is consequent on a condition of health. You should consult a medical man and he may place you under a course of treatment which, in strengthening your health, will very probably restore your voice likewise. We are glad that your mother finds our work patterns of service to her, and we thank you for all your kind remarks and good wishes.

A RED LIGHT.—The word "girls" will be found in the prophecies of Joel iii. 3, and in those of Zechariah viii. 5. Your spelling is very incorrect; you ought to know better than to spell mother "mother," and happy, "hapy." But we thank you for your good wishes.

HELEN C.—There could be no objection to your accompanying your sister when visiting her neighbours. It would be considered quite natural that when staying in her house she should have the comfort of a companion whom she has the right to chaperone. As her sister, if she be a fit acquaintance, in a social point of view, to call upon her neighbours, so must her sister be regarded. Your not having yet been introduced is of no consequence whatever.

FIRST (or FIRST).—See pages 15, 64, and 111, vol. i. *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, 2. No limit is given in the 2nd chapter of the book of the Acts to the number of languages which, through the miraculous teaching of the Holy Ghost, the Apostles and disciples were enabled to speak and understand. Fifteen are named; but, as "Proselytes" are included in the list without any particular description of them, we have no information respecting their numbers or the languages spoken by them.

ZOBEIDE.—You will find an article on the subject in "The Christmas Carillon," the Christmas number of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*.



ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XII.

I TURN THIEF AND AM PUNISHED.

I AWOKE next morning with a confused idea of a dreadful storm, or of rushing waters—I could not collect my thoughts sufficiently to distinguish whether I was dreaming or not; but, at last thoroughly awakened, I became alarmed at hearing a continual buzzing all around me, and, springing from the tree, I found the air just outside full of bees, flying to and from the upper branches. I then saw that I had passed the night in the neighbourhood of a colony of bees, fortunately without being discovered by the busy insects, who would have made me pay dearly for my intrusion.

What a delicious breakfast close at hand for me, if I only knew how to obtain it! I withdrew from the dangerous vicinity in order to concoct a plan of attack.

I had no wish to destroy the useful little creatures, for whom I have profound respect, nor was I desirous of taking more of their sweet store than would suffice for my breakfast; so, concluding that smoke would, by stupefying them, effectually answer my purpose, I collected a mass of dried leaves, and, filling

my late bed-room with them, set them on fire. After waiting a while, seeing that the bees outside had succumbed, I took it for granted that those inside must be as completely subdued, and proceeded cautiously to commit the act of robbery. This I effected by pulling out what remained of the smoking leaves; and, climbing up the inside of the tree, my exertions were rewarded by the discovery of a large quantity of honey. Had I had vessels to hold a supply, I might have been tempted to appropriate more than I had intended; but as it was, I contented myself with making a good meal. I must confess, though, I left with the determination of returning on some



“PROCEEDED
CAUTIOUSLY TO
COMMIT THE ACT OF ROBBERY.”



“MY POSITION WAS PERILOUS.”

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future day to make a still more extensive robbery.

About five o'clock I resumed my journey. As I ascended the mountain and turned from time to time, the view unfolded itself before my eyes; the range of hills I had passed on the previous day dwindled in the distance, until at length, as I advanced higher, I could perceive beyond them the blue line of the sea by Cave Castle. Examining the contour of the coast, I noticed that it seemed to turn gradually on each side, thereby leading to the supposition that I was on an island; but this could only be proved when I reached the highest point. Owing to the rocky nature of the coast, I could not see the shore well; but it appeared to me that on one side the cliffs changed to sand hills, whilst the imagination was at present free to fancy what might exist on the other side of the mountains—

whether more heights would hide the prospect from my gaze, and urge me on my voyage of discovery. But my meditations were here brought to an end by the increasing steepness of the hill, and I was obliged every now and then to stop and rest myself. It was in one of these moments my attention was drawn to a large bird which flew in circles above me. I judged it to be a species of hawk, and presumed it had its nest somewhere near. Not having any hostile design towards it, I paid no heed to its reiterated cries, but quietly continued my walk; and it was not until I had reached some distance farther, and was in rather a perilous position amongst the crags that I observed the angry movements of the bird, which were evidently directed against me. He flew round and round in gradually decreasing circles, until at every moment I feared he would fly at my head. Being loath to descend after all my fatigue in coming up, I brandished my staff, hoping thus to frighten him away; but this only served to infuriate him more, I was therefore obliged to fire, and he fell dead at my feet.

It was the first life I had taken since killing the snake, and I regretted it, as the bird was not fit for human food. However, the feathers might be useful, and possibly Wolf would not object to eating the remainder.

I lost a good half-hour in this manner, and on once more starting, my vexation was great on discovering that the ascent on this side was impracticable owing to a high precipice, and that therefore my toil was wasted; I resolved, however, before turning back, to search for the nest of the slain bird. Should it contain eggs they might be eatable, should there be young ones it would be kinder to kill them than let them die of starvation. After looking about for some time, I saw a mass of sticks on a ledge of rock about eight feet above me, which I presumed was a nest; and, managing to climb up, I found my surmises were correct. There were some eggs, but their appearance was not at all tempting to the appetite, so I left them and began the descent. I had no sooner placed my foot over the edge when, a shadow being thrown upon the rock, I turned my head to ascertain the cause, and saw the companion bird rushing with outstretched wings to defend her home. My position was perilous, as I held on with both hands, and had no means of defending myself. I tried to regain the ledge, but ere I could do so the bird was upon me and in fear I released my hold, and fell to the ground, a distance of eight feet. Here I lay at the mercy of the enraged bird, who would probably soon have attacked my eyes had it not been for my good dog, who came to the rescue and seized the angry creature, just as she was in the act of pouncing on me. A few struggles and Wolf was victorious, after which he came up to me, and seeing me lying there, he began to whine and lick my face profusely, as though deeply concerned about me.

Fortunately my injuries were not serious—no bones were broken; but I was much shaken and bruised, and had received a warning not to attempt to

attack the home of such a bird again. All hope of reaching the mountain top was at an end for the present, it was as much as I could do to crawl down to the shelter of the forest. I stripped both birds of the plumage, and, after Wolf had made a hearty meal, I shouldered what I could of the remainder, making an ignominious retreat as well as my bruised limbs would permit.

I rested that night in the branches of a large tree, Wolf lying at the foot, and, before falling asleep, planned to return on the morrow to Cave Castle.

(To be continued.)

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.



OW miserably pale and wretched the children look to-day, do they not, Miss Baines?" said Margaret during one of her morning visits to the schoolroom. "And they seem out of sorts too; for several days they have been so peevish and troublesome, I cannot tell what ails them."

"I remember your telling me once of Charles Kingsley's theory that children are subject to bad fits, and have naughty days in the same way that there are stormy days in nature sometimes," answered the governess, with a smile; "but I should think that the party they were at last night, and those they have attended during the last few festive weeks, are answerable for their want of health lately. You will excuse my saying so, Mrs. Trent, I know; but I do think the excitement and late hours of modern children's parties are very bad for them."

"Oh, I quite agree with you, Miss Baines; it seems to me that soon there will be no real children left; they are treated more and more as small men and women," answered Margaret. "Why, when I was little, to have on our best things, and go out to tea, play some romping games, and a supper of half-ranges and biscuits, was considered the acme of excitement and delight; whilst now, such an entertainment would be considered very slow work, compared with the absurdly elaborate affairs which are prepared. Last week my children were invited to a party, which fortunately I refused, I heard afterwards that it had taken the form of a regular dinner, with four or five courses, and wine, and footmen to wait; whilst no party is ever given without a conjuror or performance of some sort, and dancing, and a great supper of pastry and creams and everything unwholesome."

"It seems to me that it is often the parents merely vieing with each other, forgetting the real good and enjoyment of the little ones," said Miss Baines.

"The thought that I must have a number of children here some night (in return for invitations given to mine) is quite a weight on my mind," sighed Margaret. "I do not mean to have an elaborate affair, for I so plainly see the folly and the actual harm of it; but can you suggest any medium course, Miss Baines?"

"I believe a very happy afternoon might be spent, with nothing at all elaborate," the governess answered, after thinking a few minutes. "It would be a good plan to invite Claud's older boy friends on a separate afternoon from the little ones."

"Yes, they might come at three, have a nice but plain tea at four, and as much romping and playing on the gymnasium and swings as they like; and then, after a little refreshment, fruit, lemonade, and plain cake and biscuits, they shall go home at six or half-past, and then no parents can blame me for white faces and upset health next day. But for the little ones and the girls?"

"They might come at the same hour on another day, and the entertainment take the form of a 'dolls' tea party.' Each child should be asked to bring a doll; it is so pretty to see them all, and there is no lack of amusement and play to be had with such a number of them; and the little guests are kept busy from the time the invitation is received, arranging their dolls' best dresses, so that the pleasure lasts much longer than that of an ordinary party."

"I think that is a very good idea. I wonder what sort of invitations we should send out?"

"Those I have seen have been worded something like this: 'Cicely Trent and her doll Dinah, request the company of Miss Nellie Brown and her doll at a dolls' tea party on February 3rd, at three o'clock.' At an occasion of this sort I was at not long ago, there was a Christmas tree; and every child received from it something for her doll—a hat, muff, or bead necklace; but perhaps you would not approve of this?"

"Yes, I do; I like Christmas trees, and I think it makes the young hosts and hostesses generous to prepare presents, however small, for their guests. Thank you for the suggestions; I think my 'reformed children's parties' will be a great success."

It must be said that Margaret had been somewhat inconsistent in letting her boys have so much gaiety and excitement, for in other respects their health was her constant care, and she rather prided herself upon the extent to which hygiene was considered in the nursery arrangements. These rooms were light, airy, and well-ventilated, without being draughty; for light and air is as essential to growing children as to young plants. In suitable weather, here and in the schoolroom, the windows were constantly open in the children's absence; and during the night fresh air was admitted by ventilator or window. The furniture was strong and plain, and the floor bare save for a square of warm carpet in the centre. No curtains or valances hindered the free current of air round the little iron beds, but there were screens at hand to prevent possible draughts. At one end of the day nursery was a small gymnasium, for use upon days when bad weather prohibited outdoor exercise. But excessive indulgence on the "giant's stride," horizontal bar, and kindred delights was not permitted till the little bones and muscles of the gymnasts were well matured. When they were a year or two older, the boys were to have lessons from a neighbouring sergeant in fencing, single stick, and other exercises, which, with drilling and gymnastics, are splendid for muscles, chest and lungs, besides giving an easy, graceful carriage; but at present the home drilling and daily use of chest expanders were deemed sufficient.

The two elder boys, Claud and Julius, had a small bedroom to themselves, and they, like every one else in the house, slept upon mattresses, which give more refreshing rest, and are healthier than the more luxurious feather-beds. In connection with these may be mentioned a little device which the housemaids highly appreciated. The mattresses were all bordered with a double piece of ticking, and to this was stitched very strongly loops of webbing, one at the top and one at the bottom on each side. By means of these, the disagreeable task of turning over the beds, so painful to nails and finger tips, and so apt to soil and

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



THE BREAD TREES.

CHAPTER XIII.
FRESH DISCOVERIES.

THE next morning I looked with disappointed gaze at the heights I had failed to gain, longing to know what kind of country there was on the other side. Any second attempt I saw must be made from some other place, as these precipices presented an insurmountable barrier; in the meantime, until I had quite recovered the effects of my fall, which happily were much slighter than I had at first thought, should the weather remain favourable, I might make the contour of the shore in my boat.

On arriving at the bread trees, I gathered a quantity of the fruit and was engaged in filling my bag, when I suddenly saw Wolf begin to sniff the ground and run in various directions. I saw at once he was on the scent of some animal, so left my bag to watch; he soon started what seemed to me to be a hare, and was quickly in hot chase after it. It was quite impossible for me to keep up with him, but I was neither willing to lose such a valuable addition to my larder, nor to be long separated from my faithful companion, therefore I followed as quickly as I could, and after a rather tiring scramble I came up to him, resting himself by the side of the dead hare. He had had so good a breakfast off some of the prey taken the day before, that he was not tempted to appropriate any of this game, but as I patted him and praised him, he wagged his tail as though highly satisfied with his performance.

But we were terribly out of our course, if not lost altogether, so, taking the hare, I proceeded to inspect the surroundings, hoping to find my whereabouts. I had pretty well learnt the various landmarks, but here I was in the midst of overhanging trees and had not the slightest idea in which direction to go. Setting off at a venture, after some time I worked my way to a clearing on a slight elevation from which I got a view of the central mountain, to which I now gave the name of Mount Desire. The chase had led very far, but had brought me to a side which offered an easier ascent. Between the spot on which I stood and the part of the mountain facing me a wooded valley ran, at the bottom of which I could distinguish at intervals a winding stream. Continuing a short distance onward to trace the course of the stream, I was rewarded by the sight of a lake, lying peacefully nestled at the foot of Mount Desire.

The country around seemed very luxuriant, gradually sloping away to the ocean, the blue line of which I could dimly perceive, and the manner in which it appeared to turn confirmed me in the opinion that I was on an island.

The calm surface of the lake was enlivened by two small islands, each a little forest in itself; whilst at the end

nearest to me I thought I could make out the *embouchure* of the river, which had its source in the flanks of Mount Desire, and whose soft murmurs I could now hear.

"And what a scene were here," I cried, quoting the words of Scotland's king,

"For princely pomp or Churchman's pride.

On this bold brow a lordly tower,
In that soft vale a lady's bower,
In yonder meadow far away
The turrets of a cloister gray."

But neither cloister nor tower added their picturesque charms to the landscape before me; in this El Dorado nature was seen in her wildest mood, unsubdued and glorious; nor was I likely to meet, as the royal James did, with a guide to lead me to shelter and repose.

Much as I desired to explore yet more, I felt I had been long enough away from home, and also that I ought not to extend my exploration without being better prepared for the exigencies of a lengthened journey. But I promised myself some rich discoveries, when I should be able to investigate this part of the island, which was evidently much more luxuriant and fertile than the side on which I had been cast. The northern aspect, and being also sheltered from the cooler southern blasts, would account for this. It will be remembered that when the vessel was wrecked we had not yet crossed the line.

I turned homeward full of joy, already in imagination constructing a winter home for myself in this fair land. I did not however forget the practical whilst indulging in my day-dreams, but occupied my time on the march by gathering ears of maize or Indian corn, which grew somewhat abundantly, and was now ripe.

Having learnt something of my latitude, I was able to retrace my way to the bread trees where I had left my stock of fruit. Picture my astonishment on approaching the spot, to find a party of monkeys devouring the contents of my bag, actually passing it from one to another in a most civilized style. Wolf ran to them in a moment, to my horror, I was so afraid the dear fellow might get hurt; but the monkeys, quite unaware of their power, took fright, and throwing away the remainder of their spoil, very quickly gained a safe elevation in some high trees in the vicinity of them, and in their usual polite manner responded to Wolf's barking with frightful grimaces.

I was too much laden with Indian corn to regret the loss of the bread fruit very much. I took a little of it, as it really was an excellent substitute



"A VIEW OF THE CENTRAL MOUNTAIN."

for the staff of life, and I thought the lazy, mischievous thieves might as well have gathered for themselves instead of pilfering from my store. As I carried



"I COOKED THE HARE."

my load, and felt the weight of it rather excessive, I amused myself with wondering whether, if I could catch a young monkey, I could train him to be my porter; but I considered, though more arduous, it was less hazardous for me to bear my own burdens.

I was fearfully tired when I reached home, but very thankful to find all as I had left it; for I had once or twice had misgivings as to whether some undesirable animal might not have intruded itself into my castle during my absence. Of man I had ceased to fear, as it was scarcely likely, had the country been inhabited, I should have failed all this time to meet with any traces of its being so.

CHAPTER XIV. A VOYAGE.

THE next day being Sunday, I was glad of a thorough rest, very welcome after my six days' hard work, which had prepared me for a due appreciation of the blessing of a well-earned repose. As usual, I ascended the cliff, there to engage in the religious worship with which I hoped ever to keep "holy the Sabbath day" in my solitary island home.

In the evening I cooked the hare and boiled some ears of maize. I found the great deficiency in my castle was the want of a fireplace. Having made a fire as near as possible to one of the openings boasting the name of windows, I hoped the smoke would find ready exit; but it proved most obstinate and declined altogether to vanish in this way, filling the cave until I felt most unpleasantly stifled. Hence, standing my two pots on the embers and a bread-fruit close by to roast, I went outside to enjoy the purer air and to plan a fireplace.

In spite of the smoke, which, however, cleared off as the flames got the upper

hand, I enjoyed my dinner—indeed, I was in a happy mood that day, feeling in some measure reconciled to my lot; though as I glanced around I saw that there were many days' work yet needed to make my residence really comfortable, but this it would be better to postpone until the rainy season, common to tropical regions, set in, for I knew I should then be obliged to remain almost constantly indoors. My present occupation must be that of getting in some stores for future use, for I should not be able always to live from "hand to mouth." I therefore employed several days in carrying home supplies of maize and bread-fruit, which I stowed away in casks. I also began to enlarge and widen a little some natural ledges and fissures in the walls of my cave, and thus succeeded in forming shelves, upon which I arranged a few utensils I had rescued from the wreck. At length a day arrived which I considered a favourable one for commencing the sea voyage I had planned to take, so I descended to the water cave where my boat lay, and commenced lading it with necessities for an absence of several days.

I took with me a small cask of water and one or two bottles of wine, from which, although minus a corkscrew, I managed with some little exercise of patience to extract the corks without breaking the bottles, as I looked upon these as possibly becoming useful in some way or another. I also provided myself with a store of roasted bread-fruits and boiled maize. I limited myself to one spoon and plate, and the hunting knife which I carried in my belt, my object being to keep my boat as light as possible, so as to leave room for the great number of things I hoped to return with. To the articles already mentioned I added two guns, a supply of ammunition, and a blanket for the night.

All being prepared, I pushed the boat out from its hiding-place, rowed out of the rock-bound bay, and, when on the sea, hoisted the sail, thus proceeding safely in the direction of Cliff Nest, opposite which the wreck was lying. The ill-fated vessel had heeled over, and had been so broken and washed away by the pitiless sea that little remained save the mere shell. Seeing that nothing was to be gained by remaining here, and the wind being favourable for carrying me forward, I determined to profit by it, knowing its proverbial fickleness. I therefore merely walked round the islet to see if anything had been cast up by the waves, but I found only an anchor, which I placed in the boat and then started afresh.

The coast, as far as the eye could reach, was bound by the same kind of

cliff as that near which I landed. It was not until a late hour, when the sun was sinking, that I observed I had reached the farthest extremity of the island in the direction I was taking, and that the shore then turned and the cliffs gradually diminished in height, giving place to a low pebbly beach. Here I, running the boat near shore, cast anchor, having resolved to pass the night in her.

(To be continued.)

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

BY MEDICUS.

"BE kind and considerate," whispered my good angel to me as I drew my chair towards my writing-table to commence this paper. "Be kind and considerate; do not give any advice that may seem hard or difficult for your readers to follow."

This made me pause and think for a short time, and nibble the end of my quill in a meditative sort of a manner. I repeated to myself ten times at least, the words of my title—

"Early to bed and early to rise."
"Early to bed and early to rise."

"Early to bed"—yes—"and early to rise"—certainly—"makes a man"—"Oh! bother men! I'm not writing for men. Well, but "early to bed and early to rise is good for anybody." Granted, but not too much of it, not too much early either way. It is not nice at all to have to go off to bed while the evening is still young, and everybody just getting pleasant, with music and merriment inside perhaps, and moonshine out of doors. Nor is it particularly agreeable to have to turn out of bed over early in the morning. I myself once made up my mind to become an early riser, and I mentally tabulated a resolution to that effect, and carried it out too, right bravely, for—three mornings.



THE WRECK.

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XV.

I FIND SOME GOOD THINGS.

CONTINUING my voyage the following morning, I was charmed by the beautiful aspect of the land; as I advanced the vegetation became more luxuriant; I noticed in the interior palms and other trees of tropical growth, whilst the coast was indented with several bays, affording safe anchorage, and inviting me to land and rest, and find shelter beneath the shade of overhanging boughs from the sun's rays.

But I deemed it wiser to resist the mute invitation and postpone taking so tempting a repose until midday, for I hoped that, by that time, should the wind not have changed, I should have succeeded in accomplishing one half of my voyage of circumnavigation.

In this, however, I calculated in ignorance of what future temptations were awaiting me, for, coming to the mouth of a river, which here emptied itself into the sea, I turned my boat in order to follow its course for a short distance. The entrance was partially covered with reeds, and, lowering my sail, I took to the oars; but rowing through such an obstruction was rather tiring work, and



A siesta.

I was glad when I found myself on a clear and placid stream, which appeared to water a valley of considerable extent. In passing the reeds I had disturbed several water-fowl, and I now stopped to bag one for my

dinner; this done, I was continuing up stream, when my attention was drawn to the low bank, on which some unwieldy animals were slowly making their way to and from the water. I recognised they were turtles, and should have attempted the capture of one, had I been provided with the means of cooking him, but, having nothing adapted for the purpose, I waited till my return journey to convey one of these aldermanic luxuries to Cave Castle, where I promised myself a Lord Mayor like feast on turtle-soup.

The river was very winding, so much so that my boat seemed to twist in all directions, at times returning seaward. I then hoisted sail, and, by the combined aid of this and the oars, made

rapid advance; and so flat was the land for the distance of about two miles inland, that the current of the stream was almost imperceptible.

The land on each side seemed marshy, and was most probably subject to periodical inundations at the time of heavy rains. There were but few large trees, but an abundance of osiers; and where the land rose from the valley the vegetation became more luxuriant, and the hills were covered with forest.

After two miles of such scenery it began to change, the valley narrowing and the stream becoming more rapid. Considering it useless to try to row farther, I resolved to land and have my dinner, intending after a rest to make a tour of inspection on foot. Finding therefore a convenient and sheltered spot, I made a fire of such materials as I could collect, roasted and devoured the water-fowl, Wolf helping as usual in the latter operation, and not objecting to take the

larger share, and then we retired together to the boat for a siesta.

The sun had somewhat passed the meridian when I awoke considerably refreshed by my sleep, and as the shadows would be longer and afford some slight protection from the heat, I started without delay, keeping down stream, though going inland and leaving the higher parts for inspection on some other occasion; for I judged that the river would have its source either in the lake I had observed on the side of Mount Desire, or in the flanks of the mountain itself, and that it would be more advantageous to descend the valley than to toil upwards.

I found walking rather unpleasant, owing to the marshy nature of the soil, and directed my steps more inland so as to reach drier ground; my course also was impeded by a low growing plant, which covered the whole space along the bank of the stream. Curiosity leading me to examine this plant, which seemed to luxuriate in the water, I discovered it was no other than rice, which when ripe would afford me most useful and wholesome food. It seemed to cover the whole of the level through which the river ran, and I named this valley "Egypt," and the river which watered it after the once sacred "Nilus."

Quitting the marshes, I passed into the shade of the trees, thankful to regain



"I HAD DISTURBED SEVERAL WATER-FOWL."



"VINES LADEN WITH FINE GRAPES."

such pleasant shelter. Here Wolf started some birds, of which I shot a couple. They proved to be wild pigeons.

I now mounted the hills which bounded the valley, and from which the sea was visible at no great distance, and thinking that I had been absent from the boat long enough, began to return, though by a different route from that by which I had ascended, as I did not care to pass again by the rice plants. This new route led me to a clayey district as disagreeable to the pedestrian as the previous one, for in this plain there was but little fall for the water, which remained in pools and stagnant marshes.

However, the sight of the clay led my thoughts to my fireplace, so much required at Cave Castle; and I resolved to set to work at once making bricks.

To carry out my plan, it would be necessary for me to remain some weeks on the spot; but this was all the more easy since my boat afforded me a safe resting-place for the night, safer, indeed, than any dwelling on land, for, moored in mid-stream, no wild animal could approach me. Having made up my mind therefore to commence this important work, I abandoned the idea of returning home, and, returning to my boat after a good supper, I prepared myself by a comfortable night's rest for the toils of the coming day.

CHAPTER XVI. BRICK-MAKING.

I SPENT six weeks in this clay district, which from its proximity to the land of Egypt, and the similarity of my labour to that of the Israelites, might have been called Goshen. My work was

laborious from want of proper tools and appliances; I had only my hunting knife, which fortunately was of formidable proportions, for cutting the clay; after this operation each piece had to be carried and laid to dry by the sun; but my pleasure was great when I had enough to construct a small kiln, and greater, indeed, when I had fired it, and could at my leisure watch the burning of my bricks. That a great many would be spoiled I had no doubt, as I was a novice at the work; for this reason I began with a small kiln, but enough would remain, I hoped, to reward my labour, and encourage me to further effort.

What delight I felt when, at the end of the burning process, I found three-fourths of my bricks were excellent. I began at once to stow them away in my boat, then starting down stream and aided by the current I soon reached the mouth of the river, where I stayed, hoping to capture a turtle, for a special treat on my return home. I despaired of being able to obtain one full-grown, but would be content with a small one. I at last succeeded in turning a young turtle on its back in the usual

manner, and by means of strong rope I dragged it into the boat, where I secured it safely amongst the bricks. After taking in a supply of wild fowl, I set off once more, but to my disgust I found the wind had not been obliging enough to veer round so as to suit my homeward journey, hence I was obliged to have recourse solely to the oars.

At this rate I might have reached home in three weeks, though I doubted at some moments whether I should make any advance at all; and, the strain being very great upon my strength, I made up my mind to land and await on shore a change of wind.

But what was to be done with the turtle? I could not keep him prisoner all the time I might be detained, having enough to do to feed myself and Wolf. Yet I was loath to lose him altogether by turning him loose; I resolved, therefore, to kill him at once. Having no cooking utensils, I had to roast the flesh in pieces as best I could, and, having now such a plentiful supply for our larder, I was at leisure to explore the country and study the vegetation around. I found this decidedly the prettiest part of the island, as I had previously imagined on seeing it from the water, and determined

to make a residence for myself on this favoured spot, when I had time. I observed especially a grove of banyans, which seemed to form an advantageous position from the thick shade of their hanging boughs. Cocoa palms also reared their lofty heads above me, their precious fruit hanging far away out of my reach, and alas! no monkey was near whom I could entice to throw some down for me; however, I was happy in finding two nuts which had fallen, and I refreshed myself with the delicious milk.

All the trees around were interlaced with vines laden with fine grapes; of these I cut several bunches which I hung to dry in the sun. My wanderings brought me after a time again to the vicinity of the marshes near the river, so, not caring to continue in that direction, I turned sharply round facing Mount Desire, and strolled through the woods at its foot. By this means gradually ascending, I came to the shores of the lake, where I sat down to rest and enjoy the prospect of the placid water, in which the mountain was reflected.

On my side the shore was not precipitous, as it was on the farther side, but gave outlet to the waters of the river, which I suspected to be the source of the "Nile." The banks were covered with cotton plants already white with their tufty produce. The ascent of the mountain not appearing too difficult from this spot, I resolved to attempt it, and was just on the point of starting, when I observed Wolf looking very intently at something lying on the ground at a little distance from me, which seemed to arouse his impatience to an extraordinary degree; approaching several times as if to smell it, he on each occasion returned abruptly rubbing his nose with his paw.

Much interested in such proceedings on the part of a dog who generally evinced no fear, I went to examine the cause of his conduct, when I found a fine porcupine, whose armour of quills was formidable enough to keep off a



"I NOW KNEW SURELY THAT IT WAS INDEED AN ISLAND UPON WHICH MY LOT WAS CAST."

stronger enemy even than Wolf. I called him off, but did not take the life of the animal, although I had heard its flesh was good for food, since I could easily supply my wants in this productive land.

The whole of the afternoon was spent in the ascent of the mountain, which I conjectured, from my slight knowledge of geology, to be of volcanic origin. I was able even to make out the traces of what had once been a crater, at the bottom of which was a fissure into which I certainly should not have liked to have fallen. Dropping a stone into it, I counted a high number before the noise of it rebounding from side to side had ceased. On reaching the highest point on one side of the crater, the long-desired panorama was displayed before my eyes; and I now knew surely that it was indeed an island upon which my lot was cast, and one of some extent, since the line of ocean was but faintly perceptible in some places. I could distinguish the Nile at my feet, and found that it had its origin, as I had supposed, in the lake; but I also perceived another river issuing from the mountain side, and running through a part of the land hitherto unexplored. This country formed one corner of the island, and although well wooded by the river banks, and on the lower part of the mountain, was less fertile than El Dorado, whilst the sea seemed bounded with sand hills.

The descent was enlivened by a goat hunt, there being a great number of these useful animals amongst the rocks. So far as I knew these were the largest quadrupeds on the isle; indeed, it was not probable a country of such limited extent could furnish food for any large fauna.

I obtained one goat and wounded another, which in consequence became my prisoner. I carried it carefully to the boat, where I tended it to the best of my abilities, and, at the end of two or three days found it not only cured, but tamed by my good treatment. At length, when the wind was favourable, I set sail for home one fine morning, my boat considerably laden with its cargo of bricks, and the two goats, the dead and the living, besides Wolf and myself; but we reached our destination safely, and I saw all housed in the subterranean vaults of Caye Castle.

(To be continued.)

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER IV. IN THE NURSERY.

T is a somewhat remarkable fact that the younger the servant employed the greater and more precious is the first charge usually placed in her hands. I mean, of course, the baby, with occasionally two or three other small children in addition.

To nurse the one and keep the other out of mischief is generally deemed the fitting occupation for the little maid, herself a mere child when she first goes out to

service. The young hands that are too unsteady to be trusted with such fragile articles as glass and crockery, lest these should suffer damage, too unskilled in household matters to be esteemed of much value in the cleaning and scrubbing department, are deemed quite competent to hold the baby and act as caretaker to the whole juvenile brood.

Often the busy, notable mother of a family will say, when speaking of a child-servant, "I cannot let her help in the house work. She would only make more labour than she would save; would dirty more than she would clean; break more things by clumsiness and carelessness than her wages would pay for. I can get through much more quickly by myself, and nothing will need doing over again. But she can nurse the baby and look after the children, which will set my hands free to do the house work."

So the house-mother bustles from place to place and does the work herself. In the meanwhile, the inexperienced hands which must on no account be trusted with the crockery, the chairs, and the tables, have the sole charge of what should be to every mother the most precious of helpless treasures—her infant.

In the comparatively poor districts of large towns, chiefly inhabited by working people and small shopkeepers, it is no uncommon thing for a little maid, barely in her teens, to go out nursing by the day—and generally a very long day.

She comes home to sleep, the small place where a business is carried on being often filled to overflowing by the shopkeeper's actual belongings. It is probably fortunate for the small servant that she does go home to sleep, or her day's work might come to an end even later still, or last all night, should the baby sleep with her.

Numbers of little maidens make their start as domestic servants in this way, and rise by gradual steps to what is considered a position of greater trust and responsibility.

I have been in a tiny shop when a dot of a girl, pinafores and with a cotton hood or woollen kerchief on her head, has entered. Dropping a little bob of a courtesy, she has announced that she is seeking her first place by the question, "Please, ma'am, do you want a girl to help to nurse the baby?"

As I have shown elsewhere, these little maids, the eldest of large families, have often served a seven years' apprenticeship at home nursing before they are twice that number of years old. They are frequently far more handy with babies than much older people, and the very small folks always like a girl nurse, who is not too old to romp and play, and who enjoys the games as heartily as do her little charges. These mites love to see a merry face, to hear a good ringing laugh, and to listen to the nonsense rhymes and nursery jingles which come pattering from the still childish lips of their young guardian.

I do not know a greater affliction in a nursery than a nurse, no matter how good and conscientious she may be, who goes through her duties in a grave, stolid, unsympathetic way; washing and dressing the children, tidying and stitching in a mechanical, plodding fashion, and doing her duty faithfully, according to her light, but forgetting, in her dealings with children, that she was once as young as they are.

The nurse who worries over a soiled pinafore or rumpled hair, who is for ever straightening up and putting the toys and litter which children delight in and ought to have around them, on high shelves and in out-of-the-way places, may have a tidy nursery, but she will certainly have a brood of unhappy youngsters around her.

There are nurses who are old in years, but young in heart, bright, cheerful, and abounding

in love for children, and who come second only to the good mother in the affection of the small people. And there are others who are by no means old counting by years, but who left their youthful spirits behind them, if they ever had any, when they began to run alone.

I once heard a lady speaking of two girls, of only eighteen and twenty, who had the care of her three children. "They are both good girls," she said; "truthful, conscientious, well-behaved. I have no fear that the children will ever learn anything wrong from them. But they are so stolid and dull that they seem to take all the brightness out of the lives of the little ones. One sits like a lump at her stitching; the other, like a second lump of human material, keeps the children out of mischief, and takes care that the nursery is in a painful state of order, and that smeared faces and soiled pinafores are things unknown.

"Let a child leave a toy for a moment, it is seized and put carefully away. These nurses never can be made to understand that, what would appear untidy and disorderly in a drawing-room, is the proper and necessary state of things in an apartment dedicated to the use of little ones.

"If children are to be happy they must be occupied, and to find them employment a variety in books, toys and pictures, must be within their reach.

"A childish mind does not fix itself upon any one thing for a length of time. But though Jack may have become weary of the pursuit of architecture, and may demolish with one stroke the castle he has spent half an hour in building, he does not want the materials packed away, in case he should determine on erecting a church somewhat later in the day. He likes to have his bricks within reach, even while he is looking at pictures, and to be able to turn from his book to his wheelbarrow without asking nurse's leave. Then the children want someone to laugh with them, to sing, to lead their games and teach them new ones, and when they go out they do not want to be led solemnly along as if they were attending a funeral."

"I am sorry to part with two thoroughly good girls," added the speaker, "but I cannot bear to see the children growing up such little sobersides, so unnaturally grave and old before their time."

"What shall you do then?" asked the friend, to whom the lady was speaking.

"Oh, I have engaged a cheery middle-aged widow to do the sewing and superintend generally. She is to have a little girl of fourteen under her as her messenger and the children's playfellow. I fell in love with the little maid when out district-visiting, through seeing the delightful way in which she managed to keep her own small brothers and sisters amused and happy, with next to nothing in the way of materials. I am quite reckoning on litter and laughter in my nursery, in place of unvarying tidiness and dullness."

Do not imagine that this lady would have tolerated any lack of real cleanliness in the persons or surroundings of her children. She estimated at their full value the neatness and particularity of her maids; but she felt that, while the young bodies were admirably cared for, the nursery atmosphere was cheerless and depressing. It was deficient in human sunshine and sympathy.

Instead of being merry and childlike, her youngsters were becoming staid, prim little men and women; their very games were made a serious business; the care of their toys was a matter of grave responsibility. The children could hardly have had more upright and careful attendants; but the mother saw that spotless pinafores, constant supervision, and a tidy nursery were not in themselves sufficient for happiness.

I have given this little sketch from life,

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



BRINGING IN THE
WOOD.

CHAPTER XVII.
MORE COMFORTS.

I SHOULD have begun the construction of my fireplace immediately, had it not been necessary in the first place to provide myself with mortar; this was not a difficult matter, seeing I was surrounded with limestone, but then that must first be burned. For this purpose I made a stove of unplastered bricks, and having burnt the limestone, with the aid of sand and water prepared the mortar, after which, my temporary stove having shown several defects both in construction and position, I improved upon it and was able to complete a fireplace of ample proportions and good drawing powers. The chimney was carried obliquely to an opening high upon the side overlooking the ocean, and was supported by pillars of brick, between which I inserted several planks, so forming a cupboard to which I hoped ultimately to fix doors. I now spent several days in providing the castle with firing, which I stored away in my caves.

I next occupied myself in finding a safe spot in which to sow the corn which I had saved from the wreck, and selected a piece of sloping ground on the shore of the lake, where, remembering the precaution taken by my ancestor, I sowed only one half of my stock, reserving the rest in case any calamity might befall my first crop.

The remainder of the autumn I employed in supplying my larder with whatever the island afforded, so that in

about three weeks I had laid in a store of rice, honey, grapes, bread-fruit and maize; whilst my firewood was amply sufficient to last three months, if necessary. Shortly after these repeated voyages I betook myself entirely to my castle, glad of the repose after so much fatigue in collecting my harvest. I was tolerably comfortable now, considering my isolated condition; and it was a pleasure to arrange my few possessions.

In the upper part, which, to distinguish it from the rest, I called the hall, I kept only such articles as were necessary for immediate use, others being consigned to the vaults. I managed to drag the carpenter's chest up, after having first emptied it of the tools, which I carried up separately. This, placed in the middle of one side of the hall, was quite a handsome piece of furniture.

I then turned my attention to enlarging a hollow at one end of the cave. It took me the whole of the next three months to complete this, for I only worked at it at intervals, having many other things of great importance to occupy my time, but, when finished, I made it my bedroom.

The fireplace in my sitting-room was in a recess near the exterior wall, and in this recess I erected, just opposite the fire, a few shelves, the topmost of which served as a kitchen table on which to cut up meat, clean vegetables, and perform other culinary operations; underneath this I had a small store of firewood, constantly replenished from the vaults, and in a corner I collected the refuse before carrying it down to the vaults, where, being very careful not to waste anything which might possibly be useful in the future, I had an amusing collection of articles, such as grease for making candles, skins and furs for making either clothes or boots, all kept with greatest cleanliness, as I knew how much health depends upon this, and felt it would be terrible to be attacked with an illness in my present lonely state.

Another of my winter labours was the construction of a flour

mill, and it was, I think, one of the most difficult of all my undertakings. I considered the simplest form to be one which I remembered having seen at Pompeii, when as a child I had been taken by my parents for a trip to Italy. With a very great amount of labour and patience, I succeeded in excavating a hollow in a large block of limestone; then, taking a second block I rounded the extremity so as to fit into the hollow, and, piercing a hole, I passed a stout stick through it with which to turn my mill. When finished I placed it in the centre of the hall, where there was sufficient space around for working it, which, in order to perfect it, I did for a long time without any grist, by which means the roughness and imperfections were smoothed away.

From side to side of the roof I fastened ropes, on which I hung my grapes and Indian corn; and the only two jars I could find unbroken, amidst the wreckage I collected, I filled—the one with honey, the other with grease. I made myself two useful basins out of coconut shells, and two empty bottles served for candlesticks.

So passed the winter months, the evenings being devoted many of them to the reparation of my wardrobe. My boots being quite worn out, I now took to those of the poor sempstress, the only available pair, for the sailor's boots were rather too gigantic in dimensions for my use.

Being fortunately well provided with sewing materials, I was able, what with cutting and turning about, to make a very respectable suit of clothes, which I trusted would last me all through the following summer; for it was strong



"I WAS ABLE TO MAKE A VERY RESPECTABLE
SUIT OF CLOTHES."



THE SCARECROW.

and serviceable, made for use and not for show, although I felt rather proud of it, as more common-sense in style than some of the ever-varying phantasies of fashion. I made it with a skirt descending a little below the knees, over a pair of full trousers or knickerbockers, as we now call them; whilst a jacket well furnished with pockets completed my costume.

It must not be supposed I remained a prisoner at home all this time; on the contrary, I seldom passed a day without going out in search of game, bringing back a hare or a wild-fowl. I was equally content, though, with a dinner of shell-fish, whenever I failed to provide myself with animal food. Salt, that very necessary adjunct to a meal, I was fortunately able to procure in sufficient quantities and of good quality by evaporation of sea-water, for accomplishing which I lighted a fire on the beach and spent whole days there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPRING RETURNS.

As the days began to lengthen, I remained more in the open air, watching the spring break forth in all her beauty, and from time to time visiting the now familiar spots in my island. My most frequent visits were to my corn-field, where I was at last gratified by the appearance of the tender blade, and forthwith set to work with my axe to construct a hedge around; I also stuck a scarecrow in the midst to frighten away the numerous birds. It was on one of these excursions I met with a large family of chickens, whose parents I recognised as the same fowls I had rescued from the wreck; I left them to run wild and produce as many more as possible, trusting to chance to discover their eggs when required. Later on I hoped to be able to domesticate them, but at present had no convenient place for them.

Soon after this I made a little journey to the small isle in the lake. I had to

swim to it, and found it so luxuriant and sheltered a spot that I collected the brood of chicks and consigned them to it; by making this their home I should always know where to find them when wanted, and thus be saved the trouble of searching for them. I should have placed my cow here had she not been needed so frequently to act as a beast of burden; nor would the isle do altogether as a farmyard, in consequence of the difficulty of transport.

Here I found potatoes growing freely, though their quality was not such as cultivation will produce, so I set to work to divide a portion off for garden ground by making a kind of paling.

Observing the lake to be well-stocked with fish, as might naturally be supposed in a country where, apparently, the foot of man had never trod, I bethought me how I could best entrap the finny tribe, whether by net or line. I remembered the tall reeds I had rowed between at the entrance of the Nile, and thought what fine rods they would make; but having no hooks, and angling requiring more time than I had to spare, I reverted to the idea of netting. Here, however, was a similar difficulty: I had not sufficient cord with which to make a net; but that "necessity is the mother of invention" I now proved. Fixing a stout pole some distance in the water, I attached a long rope to it, then fastening a bait, in which was hidden a crooked nail, to the end I left the whole to such fortune as Providence might grant me, and started off to secure one of the canes.

My walk leading me through El Dorado, I was gratified by remarking how vegetation was thriving, and my knowledge of botany teaching me what was useful and what hurtful, I gathered several fresh green young plants with which to vary my table. Amongst these was the nettle, so wholesome during the spring, and which, could we English people divest ourselves of our prejudice and ignorance concerning it, would afford us a good and cheap vegetable; I also found sage and squills, or wild onion, both valuable for their medicinal properties. All these things being safely placed in the pouch which hung by my side, I was again proceeding on my way when I was intercepted by a thick underwood, through which it seemed impossible to make my way. I was turning aside to take another route, but a very delicate perfume arresting my attention, I stopped

to see whence it proceeded, and discovered that it was a thicket of the clove-bearing tree which had formed a barrier to my progress, and the scent from the young buds of which had thus embalmed the air.

Having reached the river's mouth, I cut a fine bamboo and at once retraced my steps, intending to take home a supply of cloves, not as a luxury, but for the sake of their medicinal qualities, and was busily engaged in gathering them when I heard a tremendous screaming of birds, and looking around saw several gaudy parrots perched upon the branches. I suppose they objected to an intruder within their domains; at any rate, they continued their shrill noise the whole time I remained.

On my way back I examined my line, and finding, rather to my surprise, considering the rudeness of my fishing tackle, that a fine fish had been caught in my toils, I again baited the line and returned home with my spoil.

(To be continued.)

GIRLS' CHRISTIAN NAMES.

(Continued from page 355.)

- ROYSIA, ROHESIA, ROESE, or ROISIA, is an old English name, date about 1180; often confounded with Rose. Derivation doubtful.
- RUTH. *Hebrew.* Beauty, or Friend. Prov. xvii. 17. Date 1630.
- SABINA. *Fem.* of Sabinus. *Latin.* Savin. (An herb.) Date 1249. Psalm ciii. 15.
- SALOME or SHELOMITH. *Fem.* of Solomon. *Hebrew.* Peace. John xvi. 33.
- SAPPHIRA. *Hebrew.* Sapphire. Job xxviii. 12, 16. Date 1650.
- SARAH. *Hebrew.* Princess. Date 1175. I Peter iii. 5, 6.
- SELINA or SELENE. *Greek.* The moon. Date 1707. Psalm cxxxvi. 9.
- SERENA. *Latin.* Calm. Date 1229. Isaiah xxxii. 18.



A FINE FISH.

'Take me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
And fold me there for everlasting rest.'

"No, no," said Agnes; "that is far too melancholy. My vote is for 'Gitanella,'" and as most of the company seemed to side with her, we sang "Gitanella," and did our best to give a spirited rendering of that bright and original production.

François now sang "Medjé." He had a fine baritone voice, with an inexhaustible supply of breath, which is an enviable possession, and he sung this song with all the intensity it required.

After him came his sister Edmée, who sang, "Où voulez-vous aller?" and she did so with all the self-possession of modesty and refinement. I do not know how it would have sounded in a large hall, but in a room it was perfect.

Then Hilda and Agnes played "Peacefully slumber," arranged for violin and piano.

They were followed by Rose, who sang, "There is a green hill far away," which suited well her rich contralto voice.

"As an accompaniment to that sacred song, let us have "Nazareth," said Arthur, turning to Ambrose.

"It is a wonderful song," said Ambrose, "but I have sung it till I am tired of it."

"If you are, I am not, and am never likely to be," replied Arthur; "and if you won't sing it, I shall just do so myself."

When he had sung "Nazareth," Arthur said,

"We must now have another pianoforte solo. Agnes was the performer, and she played the overture to *Mirille*, always a favourite piece. Then said she, "Can anyone sing anything from *Mirille*?"

"Yes," said Gertrude, "I have been practising what is said to be one of the most remarkable airs of modern times, 'My heart shall never change, I have said that I love thee.'"

"Let us have it," said Ralph.

After she had sung, we had the highly dramatic duet of the Legend from the *Nonne Sanglante*, for soprano and tenor, given by Gertrude and Edward.

Something was said now about *Sapho*, Gounod's first opera, and Rose yielded to our solicitations and sang the grand scena, "Héro sur la tour solitaire."

"There is a pretty little pastoral air sung by a herdsman in that opera," said Ralph, "I used often to sing it," and sitting down to the piano, and playing his own accompaniment, he gave us "Broutez le thym, broutez mes chèvres," in which there was all the fragrance of the country.

"This ends our programme," said Arthur.

"What! no time for 'The Maid of Athens?'" cried Ralph.

"Or the 'Guardian Angel?'" said Nora.

"Or 'Abraham's Request?'" said Hilda.

"Or 'Oh! Happy Home?'" said Florence.

"Or the Duet in the Garden in *Roméo and Juliette*?" said Annabella.

"Or the 'Queen Mab' ballad?" said Harry:

"Or —" but Rose did not get out another word for Arthur interrupted her with—

"Programmes must have limits, and is it not well to end when we all wish we were but beginning?"

Edward escorted Nora home that night as usual.

"How splendidly you played!" he said; "but how quiet you are. What are all your thoughts about?"

"I was thinking how well your voice harmonized with Gertrude's when you sang that duet together."

"That did not strike me," said he; "for I am always thinking of someone else."

"Good-night," said she, quite hurriedly.

"Good-night," said he.



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CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER JOURNEY.

SEVERAL weeks were passed in a similar manner, walking here and there, collecting such things as might be useful, from time to time catching a fish, occasionally shooting a little game; but when the days became long I prepared for a tour of inspection through that part of the island which I had not yet explored.

Starting from Cave Castle and ascending the torrent to the spot in which I had found the sulphur, I turned off, leaving Mount Desire on one hand and the rockbound coast on the other. It was in this neighbourhood, though on the opposite side of the torrent, I had seen the truffles unearthed, as I had feared by man, but afterwards supposed by monkeys, although I had never read that the latter had any taste for that kind of thing. My surprise, however, was only equalled by my pleasure when I met with a family of swine in the act of uprooting

their favourite food, and I wondered I had not before thought of such animals. Here was a useful creature to secure. If only I could manage to capture a



"MY DOG AND I HAD SPLENDID SPORT."

young one, what an addition it would be to my larder; but this difficult matter I could not attempt just now.

Continuing my journey I came after a time to a more wooded region, and passing through a thick underwood through which a cork tree every here and there reared its head, I began to descend, and at the end of a long walk found myself on the bank of the second river I had observed from the summit of Mount Desire. I passed along its banks down towards the sea, where it worked its way out amongst sand-hills; on these I discovered a host of rabbits, their holes burrowed in every direction. My dog and I had splendid sport, which carried me some distance out of the course I had been taking, and brought me to a marshy piece of ground whence I had some difficulty in extricating myself, owing to the thick slime. I was in a dreadful plight when at last I emerged, boots and stockings black, promising me some hard work when I got home again, to free them from their coating of dirt.

Once more returned to the river I rested, and lighting a fire cooked a rabbit for dinner. During this process I reclined under the shade, and whilst lying here admiring the prospect about me, I noticed snow lying on some of the elevations around. It surprised me to see it, more especially as it was lying on the downs which I had passed in coming from Cave Castle. Not having remarked anything of the sort as I came along, I determined to retrace my steps to the spot where it lay. I therefore waded the river and started up the opposite bank, only, however, to slip back at every step, for the soft white clay offered no foothold. Perceiving that a similar bank continued for some distance on each side, I recrossed the stream in order to cut a stout pole to aid me, and selecting a large tree lopped a strong branch, and by its help surmounted the obstacle that had threatened to put a stop to the gratification of my curiosity. I found the stick very useful on my march, until it became so sticky from the fresh juice which exuded, I threw it away. Upon reflection I regretted doing so without first examining the nature of the resin which issued from it, but for the moment all was forgotten in my eagerness to learn what the supposed snow might be. Thus I lost, possibly, the opportunity of making one useful discovery already in my power, in the uncertain search after another.

Arrived at the snow fields, I found the ground covered with a hard substance, totally unlike the soft yielding one I had taken it for, excepting in its colour. At first I was at a loss to determine its nature, but conveying a piece to my mouth, I recognised by its salt taste that it was saltpetre or nitre. "Now," I thought, having found both this and sulphur, and charcoal being easy of production, "what is to hinder me from manufacturing gunpowder?" My stock would not last very long, and I should be badly off indeed if it failed entirely.

As I had anticipated, cleaning my boots proved no light task; but I ascer-

tained as I did so that they were encrusted with bitumen, the nature of which had rendered my climb so difficult an undertaking.

(To be continued.)

BROKEN BREAD AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girls' Own Cookery Book."



If, therefore, any one is inclined to read this who despises economy and cares only for what is luxurious and delicious, she had better turn over to the next page.

Many housekeepers have an idea that there is no avoiding a certain degree of waste of bread. Other foods may be used to advantage. Small pieces of fat may be rendered down to make fat for frying; small pieces of meat may be skilfully converted into elegant and appetising entrées, bones and trimmings may be made into delicious soup, remnants of sweet dishes may be so dealt with that they look rather more inviting when served a second time than they did in the first instance. But make use of all the bread which has been cut and then left? No, it cannot be done. Servants will not eat it, beggars will not accept it as a gift, puddings have been made of it so persistently, that all the members of the family unite in declining to partake of "bread-and-butter pudding," and they regard bread and milk with loathing. So the house-mother decides to bow to what she believes to be the inevitable, shuts her eyes with a sigh when she finds that bread is thrown into the fire or the dust-bin, and reluctantly arrives at the conclusion that there is something in the constitution of her family which is opposed to the employment of stale bread.

A clever writer on domestic economy once said that in a well-conducted house there ought not to be as much food wasted in the course of a year as would keep alive a half-starved dog. With this opinion I entirely agree, and as bread is one of the articles most frequently wasted, I propose, by way of helping girls to gather up the fragments which remain, to describe a few of the ways in which broken bread may be utilised.

One of the most satisfactory ways I know of using pieces of bread is to convert them into poor knights, as they are called. To make these, beat an egg, mix half a pint of milk with it, and add sugar and flavouring. Trim the slices of bread neatly. They should be about half an inch thick, but if they are a little thicker it will not signify. Let the bread soak in the milk for awhile, not so long that it will break; take it up and drain it. Put a good slice of butter or fat into a frying-pan; when hot lay in the pieces of bread, and

let them fry until brightly browned on both sides. Place them on kitchen paper for a minute or two, put two slices together with jam or marmalade between, dish them neatly, sift white sugar on the top, and serve. Bread thus prepared serves very well as a substitute for a pudding. If liked the jam may be omitted, and the sippets can be eaten with gravy.

Broken bread is as good for making sippets for soup as are slices taken from the loaf. Cut the bread into dice a quarter of an inch square. Melt about two ounces of butter or dripping in a frying-pan, and when this is quite hot throw in the dice, and let them fry till a pale brown. Take them up, drain them on paper, put them on a small dish covered with a folded napkin or fish paper, and they are ready for use. Many cooks when preparing sippets for soups cut them about half an inch square. They then look inelegant, according to present notions; for it is the fashion now-a-days to make things small rather than large. If liked, the bread can be simply toasted instead of being fried; but even then the sippet should be cut small.

Broken bread is excellent for thickening purées and sauces. The bread should be stewed with the flavouring vegetables, and it may then be rubbed through the sieve with them. If it is toasted before being put into the liquor it will help to impart colour as well as consistency to the purée.

Toast and water is a beverage much approved by many. It can be made quite well of broken bread. Cut the bread very thin, and toast it slowly till it is very crisp and dry throughout, and of a dark-brown colour. Plunge it into a jug of water, let it stand for about half an hour, and then decant it into a water-bottle. The liquor should be clear and bright as sherry.

Toast-milk furnishes a pleasant variety for a child's breakfast or tea. Toast some stale bread, cut it into triangular sippets, and place it in a dish. Have ready and pour on some hot milk, which has been lightly thickened with cornflour or arrowroot, to make it as thick as cream. Sweeten and serve hot.

Bread-crumbs are needed in every household where fish or cutlets are egged, breaded, and fried, or where stuffing is used for meat or poultry. As it requires a little time to prepare crumbs properly, and as, when once ready, they will keep for some time, it is an economy of both time and trouble to keep a store of crumbs on hand. Take any pieces of bread and dry them thoroughly in a cool oven, but do not allow them to acquire colour. Crush them finely with a rolling-pin, pass them through a fine sieve, and put them away into a tin canister or a dry bottle. If the bread thus dried were allowed to become brown before being crushed and sifted, the crumbs could be used as raspings to garnish ham and bacon.

Brown crumbs to serve with game.—Put some crusts into the oven, and when brown crush them with a rolling-pin. Grease a baking-tin lightly with butter, and make it hot. Shake the crumbs upon it, and set it in the oven till the crumbs are hot, when they are ready to serve.

Bread raspings with cold milk.—I have been told that this preparation is valuable in cases of diarrhoea. Dry stale bread in the oven till dry and lightly browned. Crush it roughly with a rolling-pin, put the crumbs into a bowl, and pour over them cold milk, which has been beaten up with the white of an egg, and if permitted a tablespoonful of brandy.

Bread sauce for poultry may also be made of stale bread. The recipe for this preparation was given in the article on sauces.

Fried bread served instead of vegetables.—Cut some bread which, though stale, is still light and soft, into fingers half an inch thick,

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CHAPTER XX.
A NEW HOME.

SOME time was now occupied in long journeys to the newly-discovered country, bringing back heavy loads of sulphur and nitre, for carrying which I took the cow with me.

On one of these occasions, as I was passing by the ford over the river, I remembered the stick I had found so disagreeable to hold, and searching for the tree from which it had been cut, I found at the place where it had been lopped off that a large mass of resin of a whitish hue had accumulated. As the tree was not of the fir tribe this could not be turpentine, and finding it yielded on being pressed, and was of a rather disagreeable odour, I knew it to be caoutchouc, or india-rubber. On a succeeding journey, having provided myself with one of my cocoa-nut shells, I tapped the tree, leaving the sap to run at leisure.

During these weeks many a rabbit fell beneath my gun, and was cooked and eaten *al fresco*, pure water from some brook quenching my thirst, as I could not return home for my meals. I returned, however, before nightfall to the security of Cave Castle, excepting the last day, when I carried certain tools with me with which to construct a hut, and an extra supply of provisions, as I intended to camp out and continue my journey the next day, so as to make the round of the beach, and reach the Nile. I made the hut on the river bank, near to the india-rubber tree, as I wished it to serve as a shelter whilst collecting the gum. On consideration of this, therefore, it was rather solidly built of poles placed in the ground and joined at the top in the form of a wigwam, and

interlaced with branches of trees; the door I left as small as possible, and even barred that up at night, finding ventilation enough through the leafy walls.

I only remained here one night, setting off again at an early hour on the following morning and striking across the country. The second day about noon I found myself on the shores of the Nile, fortunately at a fordable part, for it was a much wider river than the other.

I made as well as I could for the grove of banyans, where I intended to erect a house this summer, knowing that the autumn months would be fully occupied in collecting my winter supplies. My first care was to raise a hut similar to the preceding one; indeed, I resolved to place such a shelter in every spot where any particular work would necessitate my presence for any lengthened period. The whole summer was thus spent on that side of the island, during which time I was busily engaged in building my house, the plan having been thought out in the winter months.

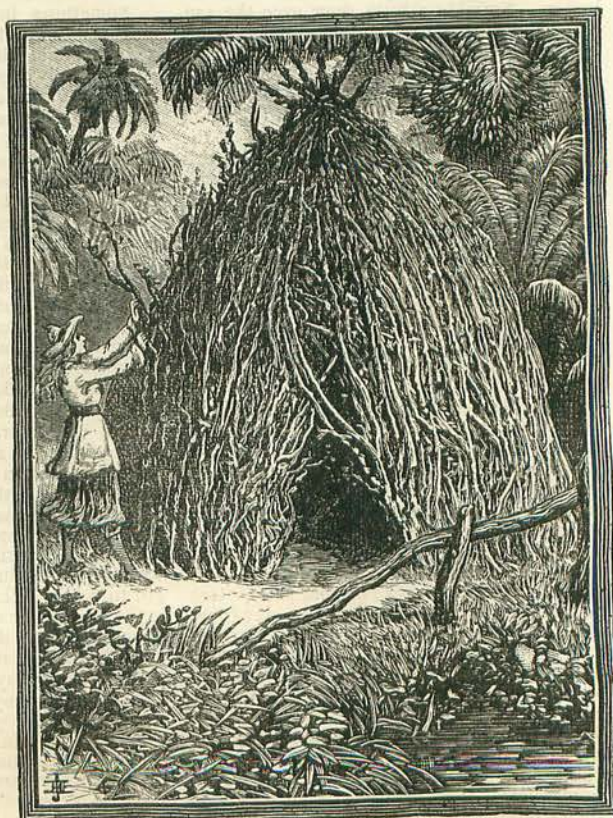
This abode was to be of an aerial nature, perched high up in the trees, as I wished it to be a safe hiding-place. I commenced by cutting down such trees as were not beyond my strength, and sawing them in half, lengthwise; some even I succeeded in dividing into three planks. I then climbed a banyan stem by cutting niches for my feet and hands in the bark, and struggling up by the help of a rope encircling myself and the tree. Having reached the desired elevation, I then, by means of a rope which I had secured to the end of a plank, drew it up after me, and, having my hammer slung at my waist, I managed to fasten the plank securely to the tree, the end, of course, hanging down. Descending this tree, and attaching the rope to the other end of the plank, I then ascended the tree stem which I had chosen to form the second corner of my habitation, proceeding in the same way with the four corners. I next raised planks, which, laid across the first four, formed a solid platform, on which I could now work with comparative facility, and build

up the sides or walls of the house. All this took me an immense time to complete, and summer was far advanced, giving place to autumn ere I had begun to cover in the roof. The rainy season coming on obliged me to return to Cave Castle, and, not wishing to go empty-handed, I caught my patient cow, and gave her a load of palm leaves to carry, from which I hoped to make cordage, for I had the perfecting of my fishing tackle always in mind. I also took a good quantity of wood wherewith to make charcoal.

CHAPTER XXI.
RAINY SEASON.

ARRIVED at home, I steeped the palm-leaves in water until they were decayed; then collecting the fibres, which were long and strong, I twisted them, tying one to another till I had a cord of good length and thickness. It was but coarsely made, as I knew no other means of fastening the fibres but by knotting them together. But it answered the purpose of a fishing-line, whilst I improved on the pin by making hooks of bits of wire found amongst the wreckage, giving them points by friction upon the rock.

Directing my attention then to the interior of my abode, and turning over the



THE HUT.

stores in the vaults, I came upon a traveller's box which had remained unopened all this time. In great glee I dragged it up to my sitting-room, where, by means of chisel and hammer, I soon prised it open. I found inside a lady's workbox, a few books, which would be doubly valuable now, a watch, and various other articles.

Part of my time was occupied in the manufacture of candles. Having already a large stock of grease on hand the process was very simple, as I only made rushlights at first, dipping the rushes at intervals in the melted fat. Later on I improved by using twisted cotton instead of rush, and I also arrived at some skill in purifying the tallow, both of which rendered the light produced clearer and stronger. My candles when made were strung from the roof, as in a chandler's shop.

I then arranged the wood I had brought and reduced it to charcoal, during which process I occupied myself with the preparation of the sulphur and nitre, and when all was ready I made some gunpowder. Thinking it best to try a little first, I placed a very small quantity in a boring I had made for a desired enlargement at the side of my cave. I then laid a train of powder and a twist of cotton rag, to which I applied a light, taking the necessary precaution of retiring immediately. In a few moments the explosion took place, and going in I was astonished at the effect produced. At first I could not distinguish anything through the smoke, but, that clearing away, I found I had greatly miscalculated my dose, for a large fissure had been formed up the side of the cave, whilst many fragments were lying scattered. On examining the rent made in the wall, I discovered that it extended inwards, and conjecturing that it might be a natural cleft which the explosion had opened, I proceeded to clear away the broken pieces.

Nearly the whole of the rainy season I was engaged in the work of enlarging and following this passage, which ended in a cave of moderate size with a low roof, having also, like the first, a small hole in the outer wall, through which a glimmering of light was admitted. Increasing the size of this hole, I found it commanded a view along the shore towards Cliff Nest, and that just below me was the entrance to the ravine in which was the door of my castle. I conceived therefore the idea of making one or two of these holes to serve as watch-towers in case of any danger, especially as this cave, from the lowness

of its roof, was less adapted than the other for living in.

All this could not be accomplished in one season, but enough was done to enable me to carry into this armoury all the ammunition and weapons.

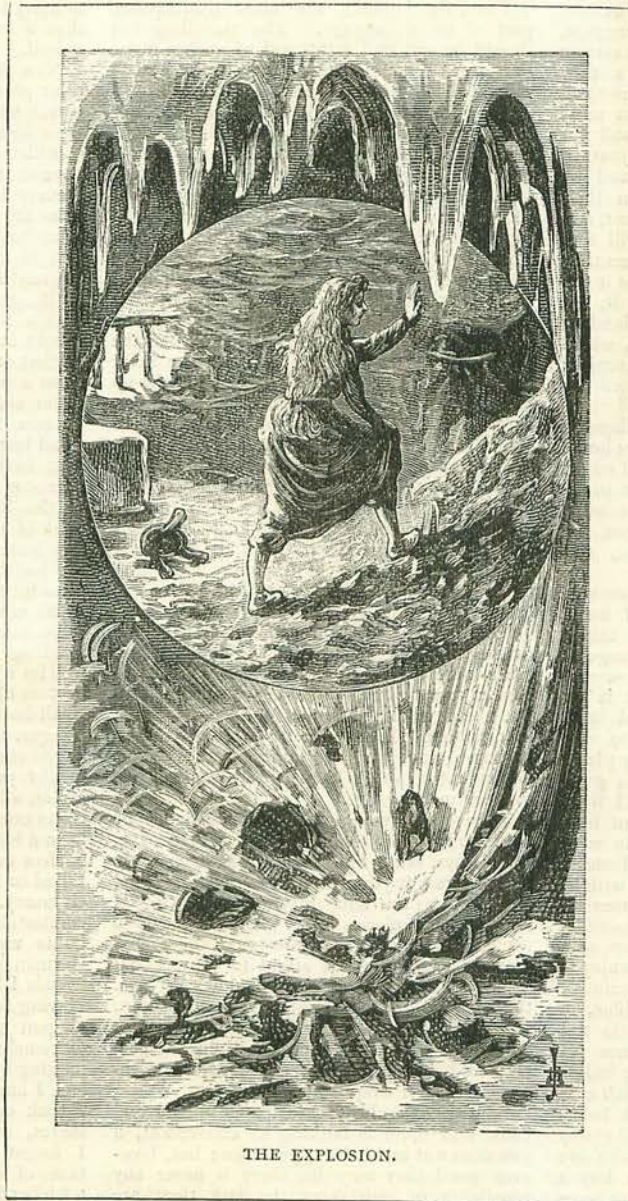
At the finish of the season I began to find some inconvenience from the accumulation of wood-ash, and was about to throw it into the vaults, as was my usual plan, when I remembered how my stock of soap was diminishing, and that here I

not tell me where they are going, so my advice will have to be vague and general. I feel almost inclined to begin and end my remarks with an exhortation not to take much luggage, so important do I think it to the comfort of those who are really going abroad for enjoyment.

I have a vision before my mind's eye, of a party arriving at an hotel, with an omnibus loaded with enormous boxes; then of porters staggering up long flights of stairs, looking as though their backs must really break under the huge load they have to carry; nor are their difficulties over when they reach the top of the stairs; for the boxes will not go into the small bed-rooms, and have to be deposited outside the door; and the lady owners have to sally out on to the landing for each article they want out of their trunks. It must be admitted that American ladies are more frequently guilty of taking about these huge "American cottages," as they have been nicknamed, than English ones; and there is this excuse for them, that when they travel in Europe (I wonder why they pronounce it as though it were spelt "you rope") they come usually for a good many months, and so require more luggage than those who are only on a short tour; but surely even they might manage with half the number of dresses and bonnets. I have been told, I do not know with how much truth, that since American ladies have begun to travel in Europe so much, the railway hotel porters either die or break down, on an average, several years younger than used to be the case, owing to overstraining through carrying these immense chests.

But, putting these "cottages" out of the question, ladies who are not accustomed to travelling, and even some who from long experience might have learnt more wisdom, take a great deal more luggage than is necessary. The disadvantages of doing this are, in the first place, that on continental railways very little luggage is allowed, and for all extra a heavy freight is charged. In the second place it at least doubles the trouble of getting about. I should say, however, that I presume your friends are really going to travel. If they are going direct to some place where they intend making a long stay, they can register their luggage through to its destination, in which case they will have no trouble, however much they take, except that they will have to pay for overweight, and that a good deal of luggage naturally makes the Custom House officials suspicious, and more likely to open the trunks at the frontiers, an experience which need not be expatiated upon; anyone who has once had a carefully packed portmanteau turned out will agree with me that it is apt to ruffle one's temper.

But, if they are really travelling from place to place, there is the additional drawback that it is sometimes difficult to get cabs, and one is sometimes hindered a long time at the station waiting for a turn in the luggage office, amongst a crowd of fellow-passengers all frantically waving their luggage tickets, and entreating the porters to attend to them next.



THE EXPLOSION.

had one of the necessary ingredients for the manufacture of a fresh supply.

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS.

As the following letter seems to contain much useful information, we have applied for and obtained permission to make it public.—ED.

DEAR NELLIE,—You ask me to give you a few hints for some inexperienced friends who are going a tour on the continent; but you do

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



REAPING WITH A HUNTING-KNIFE.

CHAPTER XXII.
HARVEST.

IT was not until some time after the rain ceased and had been succeeded by days of sunshine, that I was able to begin my harvesting. As a matter of course, I took the cow with me, and, tethering her near the banyan trees, that she might be ready when required, I then began by collecting such fruits as were ripe, namely, cocoa-nuts, grapes, etc.

My barley looked beautiful, and I commenced my reaping on that, using my hunting-knife for the hook, and carrying my treasure so soon as it was ready to the safety of Cave Castle. During harvest I spent one Sunday on the isle in the lake, securing a fine fish *en route*, which had been caught on the line, and on my return bringing back some fowls to fatten on the gleanings of the cornfield.

My next occupation was collecting grapes for drying. I had several hundred bunches, which I left hanging in the sun whilst I turned my attention to the cotton plants. I was busily engaged with this downy produce when I met with another porcupine, which I killed for food, as I had been latterly living entirely upon fruits and breadfruits I had brought with me.

During this continued labour I dwelt in a hut similar to that which I had constructed by the gum tree. It was easily made, and was all I required, either for shelter at night or cooking by day; but when my work of gathering in the cotton was completed, I resolved to descend the river which flowed out of the lake, and making a circuit,

come round by another road to my vineyard, where I should get a second load to carry to the cave.

Starting, therefore, in the cool of the early morning, and taking a few cooking utensils with me, I marched at a good pace, knowing I should be glad of rest later on. I could not but admire, as I wended my way along, the exceeding beauty of the land, where Nature followed unrestrained the laws by which her Creator governs her, and lost in meditation over these thoughts, I was startled by the sight of some most glorious hues. At a little distance from me, and partly hidden by the branches of spice bushes, which filled the air with their fragrance, brilliant colours flashed before my eyes; peering more closely, I observed two magnificent birds of paradise flitting about. I remained for some time gazing with admiration at their beauty.

Wishing to see if they were easily frightened, as I had heard that animals show no signs of fear where man does not exist, I looked about for a small object to throw at them. Not seeing anything very suitable, I gathered a few berries from a low bush near, and threw at the birds; but my attention was more given to the missiles themselves than to the effect they produced, for I recognised them as the coffee bean, and saw with delight that they grew in profusion around. I at once gave up all idea of pursuing my journey for the present, and remained on the spot some time, so as to add some of this newly-found treasure to my already rich collection.

I was very much at a loss for something in which to store the beans, but finding a reedy bed at the edge of the lake I

made some of their long wiry leaves into rough-looking baskets. They were not very durable, but would suffice for the moment, and I promised to make better at my leisure. Renouncing my former intention altogether until I had placed the coffee in safety, I went to the Banyan Grove, where I had left the cow, and



"I CAUGHT ANOTHER TURTLE."

fastening the two crates across her, I returned with her to the lake. Here I laid all the coffee at the bottom of the crates and filled them up with the cotton, of which I had such a supply that the cow looked as though she carried a small mountain of snow on her back.

I did not forget the porcupine quills, nor a goodly supply of reeds for basket-making.

We passed round the lake, returning home by the valley where Wolf had killed the hare. After depositing my goods, I lost no time in returning. This time I made a harvest of spices, and then continuing the walk I had arranged, and following the river, I came to a grove of palms. One or two monkeys were disporting themselves here, so I adopted the well-known plan of irritating them to throw down nuts, of which I took possession. Having gone as far along the river as I cared to, and not wishing to do more than collect in the rice, I made another hut, and remained in this spot for some days. In front of me, on the other side of the river, I saw my brick kiln, or rather the scene of my labour. I caught another turtle, which served for meat all my stay in this part, and I had also a feast of yams.



AMATEUR BASKET-MAKING.

My work being finished, I turned my back on the river in order to reach the vineyards. Fancy my horror on approaching the place where my grapes were hung to descry a party of parrots quarrelling and disputing over them! Already many a bunch had been devoured, and their screaming and chattering could be heard far off. I was furious, but the sight of me quickly drove them away; and, packing up what remained, and adding some fresh fruit, I returned home. My last journeys were made for the purpose of bringing in the maize, and to replace my fowls on the isle, reserving a couple which had attained a tolerably good condition for present consumption. I secured another fish, and, thoroughly tired with my autumn labours, returned to Cave Castle for needed rest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BANYAN HOUSE.

AND now, having once more entered into the calm of Cave Castle, and having set things in order, I began to think of the production and perfecting of certain necessaries, the first of which was soap. I had hitherto managed to get on pretty well with a small supply rescued from the ship, but it was only by means of great economy in the use of it that I had made it last so long, and soap is not just the article one cares to economise in. Being but a simple thing to manufacture, it gave me no trouble. Potash or soda

I had no difficulty in producing, whilst of grease I had a large accumulation. Perhaps my greatest trouble was the want of a pot large enough for the boiling process. I was obliged in consequence to do but little at a time. This, although a long process, had the advantage of showing me any faults in the making or mixing of my ingredients, so that at length I got a very good quality of soap, and quantity sufficient to last me several months. For cooling, I poured it into a rough mould made out of broken box lids, etc., and the last boiling was improved for toilet purposes by the addition of some scented flowers and leaves which I had gathered in the intervals of harvest work. All the soap when made was piled on a shelf in the hall, excepting that designed for the toilet, this I placed in the recess which I dignified by the name of bed-room.

My next task was rope-making. In the two turtle-shells which I now pos-



THE FLOOR OF BANYAN GROVE.

sessed, I put the long leaves I had brought back from the lake, leaving them to saturate in water till the fibres became detached from the soft parts. In the meantime the fibre of *cocoa-nuts* drawn out and twisted by the hand produced a tolerable rope, which I strengthened when required by plaiting three or more together, so making a cable of any required length and strength.

This kind of work gave a week or two of repose, and I was able to prepare some fairly good fishing lines, and afterwards I employed the evenings in making nets with the long fibres of the reeds; hence I was able to extend my fishing operations to the sea, but of this later on.

Out of the snake skin, which had lain by all this time, I made a new set of harness for the cow, the old ropes having nearly worn out. The skin having shrivelled and dried, I softened it by steeping it for several days in a tanning preparation, after which it was easy to cut it into long strips, with which I could make excellent harness.

I now returned to Banyan Grove to complete my residence there, taking with me sufficient supplies for a prolonged stay, and a number of tools from the carpenter's chest.

My readers will remember that I had only succeeded in finishing the platform on which my house was to rest. The first thing I did was to make a ladder so as to facilitate the ascent, as so much labour was spent in climbing up each time. My ladder was simple; I chose two stems pretty close to each other, to which I nailed a series of cross-pieces, and, although it was very steep, it answered my purpose well. Much time was spent in felling trees and sawing them into lengths; for, my strength only permitting me to attack trees of a moderate growth, it took me some weeks to procure the required amount of wood. I varied my labours by carrying up from time to time the planks as they were ready, and attaching them to the four



BANYAN GROVE.

sides of the platform as walls, leaving one opening for the window and another for the door, taking care that the former should be on the side affording the farthest view, and nearest the ocean, for the sake of enabling me to keep a look-out. On the opposite side I left a round hole. A chimney I did not intend making; in a house constructed solely of wood, all cooking must be done below, the upper part serving as a night residence or as a place for rest and shelter.

The roof was my chief difficulty, owing to the thick mass of foliage which impeded my operations; but, observing a stout *branch hanging over*, I attached my rafters to it, quite indifferent to the fact that my roof-tree was not in the centre of the roof, and that it was de-

cidedly irregular in form. The crevices and holes left by this picturesque irregularity I filled in with small planks, and at last one afternoon I sat down in comparative idleness to admire the work of my hands.

Do you want a description of my new residence? Well, from the outside it was scarcely perceptible, owing to the foliage of the banyans, which extended their growth on each side. It was only when in the very centre of the grove, and looking upwards, one perceived the flat platform or floor of my house, which was about fifteen feet square, and through which I had pierced one or two gun-holes in case of invasion. The greatest fault was want of more light; but I had already cut away as much of the foliage about

my window as I dared, fearing to leave it much exposed; the house being so high and the grove of such large extent, the clearing for the window was now scarcely visible.

Nothing more was required but the furniture, and for that I must wait my return to Cave Castle, where I still had a few empty boxes left, which with a little ingenuity could be transformed into seats and tables. Shelves I had made by inserting longitudinal planks in the interstices of the wall whilst building. Packing up my tools, I set off on my return, going by the way of the gum tree, where I had left my cocoa-nut shells, as I was anxious to see how much might have flowed into them, and to secure it.

(To be continued.)

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IT was after all through Mr. Mackenzie's agency that employment was at last found for Mr. Dalrymple, though no one but Grace suspected the means of its accomplishment. John was inclined to be jealous, for he was nervously anxious to please Helen, but on the whole he was deeply grateful. The great fear now was whether Mr. Dalrymple would justify the efforts on his behalf; whether the return to business in a subordinate capacity and the many slights and degradations this must necessarily entail, would be borne patiently, or whether the restless irritability he displayed so continually at home would be allowed to mar everything.

Some comfortable apartments were chosen in a neighbouring street, so that Mrs. Dalrymple could still spend much of her time with Helen. Mr. Mackenzie urged the advisability of this step being taken immediately, so that Mr. Dalrymple might feel the salutary responsibility of a home upon his shoulders, and at the same time he quietly advised John to let the drawing-room be established at once. "It is the truest kindness to throw him upon his own resources now," he explained.

John acquiesced readily. "Helen," he said, the next morning at breakfast. "Set to work to convert that room into the sweetest little drawing-room you can. There is something to amuse you. You must not spend more than fifty pounds, which will go a long way, as the piano is to be got on the three years plan. And, darling, now your father and mother are so happily provided for, we can go in for a little gaiety. We will have some society, musical evenings, or something of that sort."

"Who will come?" asked Helen.

"Oh, plenty of people, if you give nice little entertainments. We have not laid ourselves out for it yet. Now we are going to. Write and invite Fanny Leslie to stay with you. She will help about the drawing-room, and she sings well, you tell me. Then Grace Hardinge and

Mr. Mackenzie are musical. There is a nucleus for you. Your first entertainment shall be a little dinner. Dr. and Mrs. Hardinge, Grace and Mr. Mackenzie, Fanny and Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple. I will invite one of my friends to pair with Fanny. That shall be by way of experiment. Then next time we will have a few strangers."

"Who will ask me if I was Miss Dalrymple, and eat our dinners while secretly they despise—me, at any rate," Helen replied, gloomily.

"My dear Helen, you are morbidly sensitive," John answered, impatiently. "Make the dinner go well and all will be right. It was a different thing when we had such poor arrangements. Besides, do you not see that the position your father is now in will make a great difference to people. You don't know the world."

"I know too much of it," Helen said, sadly, "but I will do what you wish, John. I do not mean to be ungrateful."

"Grateful! I do not want you to be that," he said, a little vexed. "I want you to be bright, and happy, and cheerful as you used to be. Why, that charitable Mrs. Grundy will start a report that I beat you, if you look so dismal. Try and interest yourself in the house, and look forward to the pleasant society we will gather round us. We will have a better house by-and-bye, when we can see the father and mother well established. I am not going to be a poor man always, Helen."

"I suppose if we were rich the world would forgive us," Helen replied. "But is it worth while to seek to conciliate those who evidently stand aloof?"

"We shall find some friends who will like us for ourselves," John replied. "We have stood aloof as much as others, but I do not mean to do so any longer."

John's heart was, in fact, set upon surrounding his wife with more distraction than her home afforded. For his own part, he could have found all his happiness in that little spot, but he saw

that Helen was sensitively alive to every slight, fancied or real, and he concluded that during his long absences she had too much opportunity for reflection. "She will get over it in time," he said to himself; "but in the meanwhile she must have plenty of occupation, excitement, distraction, anything that will divert her mind." A continual round of social duties seemed to him to promise the best refuge, and he meant that Helen should at any rate try the effect of this panacea. It was a purely unselfish idea, though as the event proved a mistaken one.

Fanny accepted the invitation gladly. She was very anxious to see Helen, and desirous too of seeing and judging for herself how her sister was getting on, for she more than suspected that Julia was already repenting her rash act. Mrs. Leslie's curiosity on this point had induced her to yield a reluctant permission, with many warnings to Fanny that any attempt at a reconciliation would be useless.

So Fanny came and was considerably disappointed at the state of affairs she found. She was almost impatient with Helen for her folly. "I would care for nobody so long as John was content," she said, "or if I did I would set myself with determination to bring people to a better mind."

"But will John always be content?" Helen asked. "Will a time of regret never come?"

"You are going the way to bring it about," Fanny told her. "You have only to bid everyone defiance and he will respect and support you. And were I you, I would begin with Mrs. Woodward. She would soon tell a different tale."

"You cannot understand," Helen sighed. "Defiance! I have no spirit for it. Already the struggle of life seems too hard for me."

Fanny could not understand. The morbid sensitiveness of Helen's disposition, developed by the mental and physical strain she had undergone, was an un-

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



CHAPTER XXIV.

A GREAT ALARM.

PASSING the river, and drawing near Mount Desire, I found the ground slightly hilly, and the vegetation less luxuriant than in the valleys; but I discovered here a most useful tree which had hitherto escaped my observation, and which is no great favourite with my young readers, I am sure. I allude to the castor oil plant. As I knew it was considered a valuable medicine, I thought I would procure some to add to my medicine chest; therefore, I tapped the tree, leaving a cocoa-nut shell to catch the fluid, and then resumed my way until I arrived at the hut beneath the shade of the india-rubber tree.

As I proposed remaining here a day or two, I let the cow go free, and established myself, as well as circumstances would permit, in the little wigwam. You may be sure it was not the most luxurious of residences, but, being pretty well inured now to a hard life, I found nothing to complain of in a bed of dry leaves, with raisins, breadfruit, and water for my usual meal. The next day on going to examine my bowls I found a good supply of gum had flowed, which I collected in a leaf and replaced the shells, adding a

few more, as I hoped to derive great profit from the discovery.

The remainder of the day I spent in wandering up the mountain-side in search of cork trees, which I knew grew here; and having found a suitable one and stripped it of its bark, I again retired to the shelter of the hut.

My life had been hitherto so free from alarms that I usually went to rest at night with a calm feeling of security. Judge my terror, when, in the middle of the night, I was awakened by a low growling near my hut. Fortunately I was always ready for an

emergency, but I did not at all like my feeling of security being shaken. It was strange that I had not yet met with any large animal, but that there was one in my immediate neighbourhood I now very much feared. It is true this side of the island was but little known to me as yet, and therefore might contain creatures whose company I could well dispense with.

My dog was on the alert in a moment, and would have rushed out at once; but making him a sign to keep silent and still, I peeped through a chink in the wall, not wishing to expose Wolf to a probably most unequal encounter. I

could not see anything moving, although the moon was shining brightly, bringing everything out in relief, and I was returning to barricade the entrance more effectually, as I could distinctly hear footsteps as though the animal was seeking to enter the hut, when suddenly a most terrible screaming and yelling sounded over our heads, and a scratching and scrambling noise upon the roof. Horror-stricken, and not knowing in the confusion what misfortune was befalling me, I tore away the barricade, and the dog and I rushed out just in time to escape being buried by the total collapse of the hut, from the ruins of which the same terrific snarling came forth. Fearing some animal of the panther kind, I levelled my gun, firing at random, which had the effect of putting an end to the scrimmage, in which evidently two had been concerned; for one combatant took to flight, managing to extricate itself, but

the other was left a prisoner. Then my fear was turned into pity, as I could never enjoy the sight of suffering; but, approaching the poor creature, I found it more frightened than hurt. The charge had not even reached it, but all escape was prevented by one of the supports of the hut having fallen across the body, and so detaining it captive.

Seeing it was not of formidable proportions, for it proved to be a wild cat, not much larger than one of our household pets, and being a very handsome specimen of the race, I resolved to keep it and tame it. I secured it by tying its legs together whilst still a prisoner, and I then enveloped its head in a cloth, and raised the post which held it down. Its growling and swearing were no impediment to my farther efforts to render it perfectly powerless to do any mischief, and I left it to exhaust its rage as best it could. My rest was over for that night, what with the demolition of my house and the excitement I had undergone; but I was thankful the enemy had turned out to be nothing more terrifying.

After rebuilding the hut the next day, I harnessed the cow, and, putting pussy in one of the crates and the gum in the other, I set off for Cave Castle, taking in some breadfruit on the way; for until I could make bread this was its most useful substitute.

CHAPTER XXV.

I AM SAD.

ARRIVED at home, my prisoner was confined in a crate, where after some time I succeeded in taming him. He was a very magnificent animal, resem-



"MUCH FUN I HAD IN TEACHING IT TO SPEAK."

bling a fine tortoiseshell domestic cat. He learnt to know me so well in time that he would welcome me on my return home by loud purring and by rubbing his head against me, and he rendered me the great service of ridding me of a rat that had taken up its abode in the lowest part of the cave. I liked Tom very much, and was glad of any additional companionship in my solitary life, which at times weighed heavily upon me.

I have often felt that even the blessing of needed daily work would have failed to keep my mind from giving way altogether at this period of my history had it not been for the silent yet unmistakable sympathy of my dear dog, Wolf. Two years had passed since I had exchanged a word with any human being, the first feelings of insecurity and anxiety had calmed down, some of my most laborious work was completed, and the intense excitement was followed by reaction. I looked around upon the beautiful land, and felt a terrible depression as I realised the fact that in all probability the remainder of my life would be spent here, parted from all whom I still loved so truly.

Often in my melancholy wanderings I would cast myself down by the graves of my fellow-passengers, and, shedding bitter tears, regret that I had not shared their fate. But this sad mood was mercifully dispelled, my mind gradually grew more peaceful, I again proved, as I had before done, that "strength is given for the day," and that the "Friend above all others" was as surely with me in my loneliness as He would have been were I in the busiest of cities and surrounded by loved and loving ones.

It was fortunate for me that I had such a natural *penchant* for dumb animals, as my two four-footed animals were a real comfort to me. I had much difficulty and considerable amusement in trying to quell their mutual animosity. Poor Wolf was wofully jealous for a long time, and grew so despondent if he saw me stroking puss. I had to exercise a great amount of tact and persuasion before I could make him understand that I cared for him as much as ever, and my young readers would smile were I to repeat to them the tender conversations we held, I with caressing epithets, he with expressive, pleading eyes raised to my face, every now and again turning with a side-way glance at Tom, as though nothing but his habit of implicit obedience to his mistress kept him from waging deadly war with this upstart rival.

Tom had to be dealt with in a more summary manner. A little corporal punishment was found the only effective way of putting a stop to his *abusive lan-*

guage to Wolf, and his menacing attitude with arched back. But evidently they both were convinced apparently that it is best to kill your enemy with kindness, and ended by living together on sufficiently amicable terms.

Puss was the means of providing me with a third companion. True to his feline propensity, he not unfrequently caught some poor unwary bird, and one day had seized upon a fine young parrot. Happily I was at hand to rescue it, and I found to my joy that a broken wing was all the harm done. Taking poor Poll and nursing it until well, I determined to keep it as a pet, and much fun I had over teaching it to speak. It sounded strange to my ears now-a-days to hear my words repeated!



"POOR WOLF WAS WOFULLY JEALOUS."

Recovering from the depression of spirits from which I had been suffering, I began again to think of more active work; and, curiosity to know all I could of my surroundings once more asserting itself, I planned another sea voyage.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR VEGETABLES v. DRUGS.

By MEDICUS.

A MEDICINE CHEST, or the key of anybody else's medicine chest—pardon the insinuation—is one of the most dangerous playthings any girl between the ages of ten and twenty could be possessed of. There are several little handy books published as guides to the use of the drugs contained in the medicine chest. Armed with one of these, written as they are in plain

English, one might imagine a girl of ordinary talent would be safe, and that she might proceed forthwith to physic herself or her brothers and sisters with the most beneficial results. I doubt it very much; and my advice to all girls who are fond of acting as embryo physicians is to try their apprentice hands on the cat, and, for puss's sake, to administer nothing more powerful than bread pills.

Before meddling with a medicine chest, even an old girl should know the properties and composition and medicinal uses of every drug it contains, and she should never give a dose of even the most seemingly simple medicine if the advice of a doctor can be obtained easily. And this for many reasons; I will only mention one or two. First, then; before giving medicine, one ought to know *something of the trouble* it is meant to alleviate or cure. Now, say for instance that your aunt or your grandmamma has a cough, and you are wishful to give her something to relieve it. Well, armed with your medical companion or guide, you retire to the room where the medicine chest is kept, and you look up the word "Cough" in the index. You are referred to half a dozen different pages. This is just as confusing as looking-up a place in a hurry in Bradshaw, and finding there are apparently nineteen different ways of getting there. However, you are not going to be frightened at a little extra trouble, poor grandma's cough being so bad. It never strikes you to inquire what that cough is caused by, and you do not know, or you do not trouble to remember, that there are at least a dozen different causes for cough, and that a doctor always makes a real point of going straight to the root of any ailment, and removing the canker there, the canker meaning the cause.

"Cough: *vide* pages 15, 18, 22, 29, 40, 59."

You turn to these, and here is what you find. Page 15.—*Tincture of Benzoin* (compound), or *Friar's Balsam*, an old-fashioned but excellent remedy for winter coughs; dose, thirty drops to sixty drops in a cup of tea, or mixed with a dessert-spoonful of egg-yolk and sugar.

"*Capital*," you think, and you begin to imagine the delight of the dear old lady, when she drinks the tea and finds how soothing it is. But you are busy turning over the leaves of the guide all the same and at page 18 you find: *Ipecacuanha Wine*, ten to twenty drops in a little sherry, with the addition of fifteen drops of paregoric. You notice, however, that the ipecac. is also an emetic, and as you have no wish to make your patient sick, you turn away with a sigh to page 22, and find—

Paregoric Elixir, which you are informed allays and soothes irritating coughs and chronic bronchitis, and that the dose is from thirty to sixty drops in hot water sweetened with sugar. This sounds very well; besides, the medicine has a nice name, "paregoric elixir." The word "elixir," especially, is very "fetching;" but then here is a drawback. You find there is a deal of opium in its composition, and you are old enough to know that opium is a poison if incautiously administered, so you try again.

Page 29.—*Mucate of Ammonia*: a stimulating expectorant, enables the patient to get rid of the phlegm. Well, that is what grandma always complains about; is it not?

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



"I REMARKED A JUICE OOZING FROM THEM."

CHAPTER XXVI.

DANGER.

BEFORE starting I made another mattress for Banyan Grove, filling it with cotton; I also made a beautiful palliasse with straw from my harvest. Finding a large packing needle in the carpenter's chest, and having plenty of the long fibres of the reeds, I quilted the mattress in grand style, just as I had often made mattress pincushions in early days. This palliasse was designed for Cave Castle, the rocky floor there needing a thicker covering than was necessary over the flooring of Banyan House.

This occupied me until the wind had attained a favourable quarter, when I started to coast the part least known to me, hoping, should everything turn out propitious, to circumnavigate the island. I proceeded without adventure or stoppage of any kind to where the land jutted out in a rugged promontory of no great elevation, and the coast line turned abruptly. Being near the sand hills, I landed to procure a rabbit for my evening meal, and at night I rested hidden among the reeds at the entrance of the river for which I had not yet found a name. Continuing my voyage on the next day I followed the coast, which was

for some distance not very interesting, being almost an unbroken line of forest, and towards evening landed at the mouth of the Nile.

Making my boat headquarters for the time being, I set out the following day for a walk, being glad of the little change. All this part of the land being more or less marshy, I tried to gain the seashore; but progress at last became impossible from the mass of reeds surrounding me, and I was obliged to have recourse to my knife to cut a passage through. After cutting down several reeds, I remarked a juice oozing from them, and, putting my lips to it, found it was the sugar cane that offered such a formidable barrier to my onward way.

Succeeding at length in overcoming this hindrance, I came out on higher ground, the sea not far distant; but seeing the clouds look lowering and tempestuous, I hastened back to my boat, going along the shore so as to avoid the tall sugar-canes.

On the succeeding day the weather was not very inviting, and the wind was rather higher; still, as it was in a suitable quarter, and I was by this time a very good sailor, I determined to profit by it. I ventured farther from land than I had done before, urged onwards in hope of capturing a beautiful nautilus, which with sail outspread skimmed gracefully along. Lost in admiration of the



"A BEAUTIFUL NAUTILUS."

manner in which it danced from wave to wave, I did not remark the change of wind, which was taking me far out to sea; but my alarm was great when raising my eyes I could perceive no trace of land. At once lowering sail, and taking to the oars, I sought to retrace my way; but, having no compass, nor anything to guide me, two hours' rowing left me as far as ever from land. Tired out, I laid down my oars in despair, and saw the sun go down behind a bank of gloomy and menacing clouds.

Unless I had strayed very much from my course, the land must lie between me and the setting sun; but this heavy curtain of cloud prevented me verifying the fact, and I dared not proceed in any direction lest I should get still farther astray. With the wind rising higher and higher, my frail vessel driven I knew not whither, all I could do was to resign myself into the hands of Him who had before so mercifully rescued me. Such were my feelings now danger was present, although not many weeks before I had ungratefully wished I had been



"I SAW A LIGHT APPEAR FOR A MOMENT."



POTTERY MAKING.

left to the will of the pitiless sea. The night deepened, and I could not but find comfort in the thought that my boat was beyond the risk of being dashed to pieces on the rocky coast. The rain, which descended in torrents, had drenched me to the skin, and I sat a miserable, shivering creature in the bows of the boat, when, suddenly rising on the crest of a wave, I saw a light appear for a moment, then disappear; again, as I rose, it was before me, moving steadily from left to right and not as a ship's light would rise and fall. After catching a glimpse of it a third time it was entirely lost to view, leaving me in mingled dread and amazement as to what it might be. One thing was certainly plain to me, namely, that the wind was driving me in a wrong direction, as I had no light in my island, and were this light on any land, as its steadiness of motion seemed to indicate, I was rushing on to danger.

Hastily seizing the oars, and fear lending me strength, I brought the boat round, and never ceased rowing till morning dawned and I was able to rest and gaze eagerly round in search of the island. The grey dawn breaking showed me where the sun was rising, and as the light from which I fled was behind me, I judged it wise to continue in the same course. And so it proved; for, after rowing some time longer, I could make out the well-known outline of Mount Desire, already illuminated by the early rays of sunshine. Hungry, tired, and wet through I landed in the subterranean cave, and resolved never again to allow a nautilus, or any other wonder of the deep, to entice me out of sight of my own land.

CHAPTER XXVII.
POTTERY MAKING.

FOR some time after this adventure on the water I was less at my ease, for I could not cease thinking of the strange light I had seen, and pondering on what could have been its origin; but to one solution only could I come, namely, that at some not too great distance from my island there existed land, and that in-

habited. This was sufficiently proved, as I have before remarked, by the steady motion of the light, being totally opposed to the undulatory motion of a ship, above all of a ship in such a sea.

I therefore passed through a time of alarm and a feeling of insecurity akin to what I had experienced when first I landed on these shores. Each day, as I proceeded to the allotted scene of my labours, my eyes from time to time wandered seawards, dreading to meet with signs of human life, whilst I started at every sound, fearing to meet a foe. Nevertheless, I resumed my usual avocations, which served to distract my thoughts; and as time passed on without anything farther happening to create apprehension, my tranquillity returned, and I came to the conclusion that, as I had been evidently drifted much farther by the tempestuous wind than I had at first imagined, the unknown land might lie at such a distance as to render the journey an impossible one for the frail barques of savages; and indeed it seemed probable that the very existence of my island was unknown to even my nearest neighbour, or surely so beautiful and fertile a region would not have been left without inhabitant. Re-assured by such arguments, I regained my former comparative content, and the mysterious appearance faded in great measure from my mind before the arduous duties of daily life.

I shall no longer chronicle the events of each day as it passed. Much of the necessary routine was cheerless enough, having to be performed not only by, but for myself; and I sometimes felt, as I set about any customary work, as if I were becoming little better than a machine,

having no one to share it with me, and no one to take any pleasure in my success or sympathise with me in failure.

Being now tolerably comfortable, and having a store of provisions against a rainy day shut up in Cave Castle, I was able to regulate my doings, so as to leave me many hours of leisure. I had found one or two books in the traveller's box, but they were soon perused. I then began to ransack the library of memory, which, thanks to my parents' wise teaching, was not badly stocked, although its contents had been somewhat turned topsy-turvy, and I needed a little quiet time to set them in order. I hoped to find *there information* on some practical subjects which might tend to render my life more pleasurable. Bare necessities I certainly had, and, compared with my first weeks after the wreck, I might be said to be living in luxury; but after all, the meanest hovel in Britain would not be worse provided with such things as in civilised life are deemed necessities than I was.

Thinking of my brick-kiln, I began to wonder if I could not manufacture pottery as well as bricks out of the red clay which was so abundant. Pleased with the idea, and already, in imagination, seeing my house and table ornamented with plates, cups, &c., I started for a lengthened sojourn at the other side of the island. It was winter time when I undertook this work, and I carried with me a supply of flour to last for the season; in short, I emigrated for three months, shutting up Cave Castle for that period.

Some time was passed in making a kiln of bricks in the form of an oven in



"MY POOR JAR RENT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM."

which to burn the pottery, and whilst this was burning, I proceeded to mould the different vessels, doing it by the hand. Having formed half a dozen articles, I placed them in the oven and awaited anxiously the result. As might be expected at a first attempt the success was not great, one thing only, a plate, which, from its shape, had been the easiest to mould, was of any use to me, and that was spoilt in colour, being much over-burnt. Still it was serviceable, and therefore set aside with care, as something precious. Of the rest, all were more or less cracked, and my next trial was more successful, and by degrees

I learned better how to regulate the heat of the oven, and became the proud possessor of pots, jars, bowls, cups, and platters *ad infinitum*; but my *chef d'œuvre*, and one which exacted a great amount of patience, was a large vessel which I required for a purpose hereafter to be mentioned. It was capable of holding two gallons of water, was larger at the top than at the bottom, and was pierced with a hole at the lower end. I made three of these before I was able to draw from the oven one which was without crack or blemish. One day, when I was anxiously watching the burning of the second of these jars—and indeed

what I am about to relate was the cause of its failure—I was startled by a peculiar noise overhead, and, looking up, perceived a swarm of bees on their way in search of a new settlement. Being desirous to learn the place of their choice, with a view to appropriating some of their sweet store, I left the kiln and followed them, trusting to be back soon enough to withdraw the jar when ready; but excitement urging me on, I lost count of the time, and having seen and marked the spot where the swarm descended I returned, to find my poor jar thoroughly spoilt—rent from top to bottom.

(To be continued.)

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.



London. *These she hunted up and induced to call, easily managing to procure invitations for herself and the Woodward's.* Julia, too, was enlisted in the undertaking, and proved a great help, for at present she was greatly admired and sought after as a brilliant and attractive addition to parties and entertainments of all sorts. By Fanny's advice, Helen instituted an afternoon "at home" on Saturday, when John was able to be present, and Fanny took care that plenty of people came. As a matter of course, similar cards of invitation began to collect on the Woodward's mantelpiece. The little dinners proved successful, mainly owing to Fanny's spirited management. It was she who had the bright idea of hiring a cook for the occasion, and drilling the domestic of the establishment to proficiency in waiting upon guests; she who discovered a cheap florist, and bargained with him to supply plants and flowers for decoration on a hiring scheme of her own suggesting; she who hunted through the cookery book for pretty dishes, and overcame the prejudices of the cook against them; she who designed menu cartes, and insisted that Helen should

paint them herself in order to give a tone to her entertainments; she, in fact, who was the life and soul and directress of everything.

But Christmas came, and Fanny was obliged to go home. Helen drew a long face. She did not know how she would get on without her.

"I will try to come back again," Fanny said, regretfully, "but I must not think of staying, for papa and mamma depend upon me, I believe, although they never own it. There will be nothing much going on for a week or two, and then the real time will come. You will have no difficulty. I would go in for one or two children's parties, if I were you. It will please the parents and deepen their friendship."

"Yes, I might try it; it will please John," Helen replied, in a half-hearted way. This was really her only interest in the matter. Both John and Fanny were wrong in supposing that all this gaiety had touched the real spring of her sadness. It might be a distraction, but it was no cure.

It happened unfortunately, as, to our eyes, such things generally do happen, that on the day of Fanny's departure John too was called upon to go on a long journey. His aunt, for many years an invalid, with whom his mother had lately spent much of her time, was seized by an attack of illness which soon threatened to terminate fatally. Two days before Christmas Day he received a letter requesting him to come at once, as the old lady very much wished to see him.

"I will return to-morrow without fail," he said when he bade his wife good-bye. "If by any chance I am detained, I will send you a telegram, but I quite expect to be back early to-morrow afternoon. You must go and ask Grace to stay with you while I am gone."

This advice Helen very gladly followed. It was a great treat to get hold of Grace alone. To her delight Mrs. Hardinge suggested that Grace should remain until John returned.

But the afternoon of the next day passed away without his coming, nor did any telegram arrive to explain his absence. "There is so much traffic on

Christmas Eve that his train is no doubt delayed; I will wait until he comes," Grace said, cheerily, perceiving that Helen was inclined to be nervous.

The afternoon closed in with a thick, black fog. Grace drew the curtains, made up a bright fire, and set herself to interest Helen in conversation. They talked of Mr. Dalrymple. John had been right in supposing that a return to the active duties of life would prove beneficial. Already he was wonderfully altered, much more like his old self. "Although he will never be the same, I think he will learn to be happy again, to look upon the past only as a sad memory," Helen said, thankfully.

Then they talked of Fanny. "How much good there is in her," Helen remarked. "What a splendid wife she would make, yet others are preferred before her, Julia, my unworthy self, who are not half as good as she."

"She is a girl who will be far happier unmarried than married to any ordinary man, she has a very high ideal," Grace replied. "And I should not be surprised," she added, "if she eventually does some very notable work in the world."

"She is cut out for it," Helen replied, enthusiastically. "Only a day or two ago she was telling me she craved for some active share in the world's work. She feels the power she has in her. Nothing would please her better than to have to support herself. Do you know she positively regrets our unfortunate little school. She would love to try her hand at hospital nursing, anything for real self-denying work, but Mr. and Mrs. Leslie scout the idea."

"Her work at present seems to be endurance. Less glorious, but much harder to her than actual toil," Grace replied.

"She has several missions on hand," Helen remarked. "You have no idea how much she thinks of. She is bent upon reconciling Julia and her parents, and that is no light task, for Julia will have to alter very much before it can come about, but she does not despair. And do you know, Mrs. Leslie has quite turned to Fanny lately. She feels that

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ISLET HOME.

DIVIDING my pottery into two portions, I took one half to Cave Castle, keeping the second for immediate use, afterwards to be consigned to Banyan House; and then I made a small oven at the latter place for bread-baking and other culinary purposes, my bread hitherto having been cooked anyhow in the pottery kiln, and sometimes, I must confess, coming out as hard as the pottery itself. Lastly, I proceeded to render the large jar useful by fitting to it a wooden tap I had found amongst my odds and ends, and making a lid. The first use to which I put this was the making of sugar. I managed to construct a rough kind of pestle and mortar, and having cut the canes into convenient lengths, I pressed out the juice in a sufficient quantity to fill the jar; then each day I removed any dirt which came to the surface, after which boiling and renewed scumming purified the mass, and leaving it to cool and crystallize, I had in a few days a supply of brown sugar, not too refined, perhaps, but enough so to suit me. I repeated the process several times, until I had as much as I required, and all was conveyed to the stores of Cave Castle.

Another winter I devoted to the enlargement of Banyan House, which

hitherto had consisted of only one room. By following the same method of construction I was able to add another; the old door formed the communication between the two rooms, whilst the new entrance was approached by a more convenient staircase. I made, in fact, a short ladder for the upper part of the staircase, which when in the house I could pull up, thus preventing all other access. The lower part was permanent, and at the foot I erected the oven, over which I made a roof of interwoven branches, which formed a kitchen; the whole almost hidden from view by the low bushes which grew around.

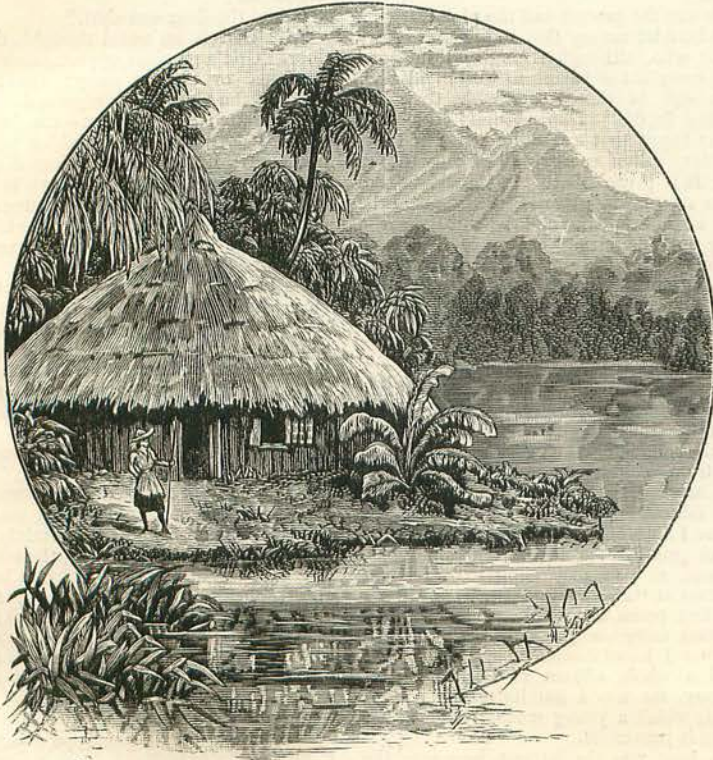
I finishing my work by facilitating the communication between Banyan House and the lake. I do not mean that I so cut away the trees as to form a road, I was too much afraid of indicating my whereabouts to some foe, but I wished to make my own progress easy in case of pursuit should any enemy ever land. Now that I knew the island well I selected the shortest and easiest route, and along this left Nature to grow as she chose, merely removing any obstacle that would effectually bar my way. Where rivulets existed I chose the shallowest parts for crossing, the hollows I filled in, where desirable, and cut off any intruding branches that might cause a fall. By this means I felt confident that I should

be able to elude any pursuer; for, seeing nothing to denote a path, he would be stumbling over marsh and rock, or struggling through forest, whilst I should be able to traverse the land, with unchecked speed. In the course of time I had traced similar paths all over the island.

I usually spent the spring on the lake, partly because the autumn labours demanded my presence at Banyan Grove, where I was in the midst of my harvest work, whilst the rainy season and the summer heats were more comfortably passed through in the shelter of Cave Castle. I think I loved my spring residence more than any of the others, possibly in some measure because of the comparative rest it afforded me, but chiefly for the beauty of the spot, added to the charms of the season, when Nature puts forth her creative hand to embellish and replenish the earth, and all around is full of life and hope. It was truly a landscape to charm one—the lake nestling at the foot of a majestic mountain, down which pellucid streams wound their silvery way; shores fringed with giant trees, their shadows reflected in the blue waters beneath, on the bosom of which the lovely islet rested.

Almost my sole labour here was preparing the land for my crop of barley, in this favoured climate a light task, fortunately, since I had no proper implements. Digging was out of the question without a spade; but I tore up the weeds as well as I could, and broke the surface of the soil to the best of my power, and of course selected fresh ground from time to time; then, having cast in the seed, I harrowed the surface with a wooden rake.

The remainder of my time was devoted to fishing, which may be classed as recreation rather than labour. I perfected my tackle, made nets of the fibres of the palm trees and other plants, and succeeded so well in the sport that I got quite tired of fish, and began to preserve it for future use. But salt was required to accomplish this, and thus an absence of some weeks spent on the seashore was necessitated.



THE LAKE.

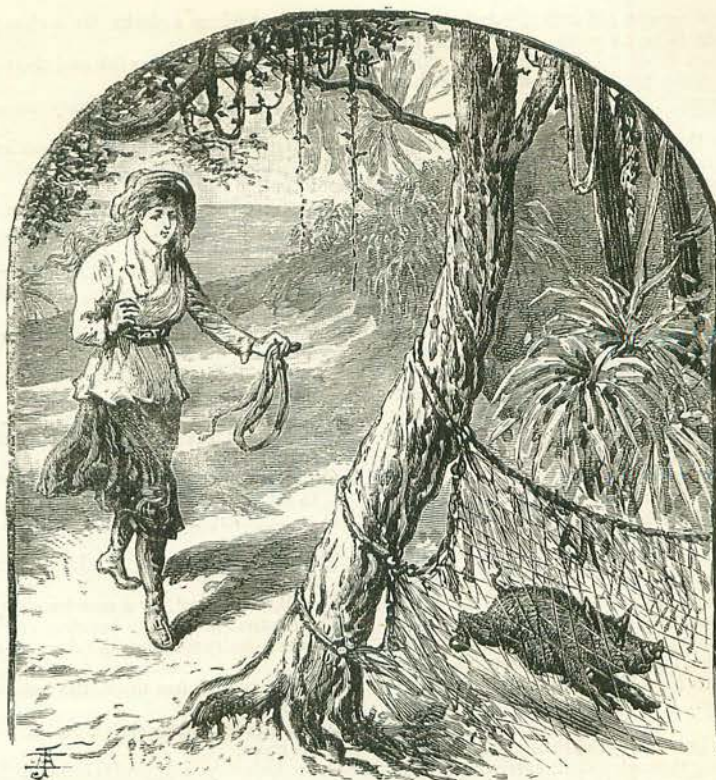
CHAPTER XXIX.

A HUNT.

BASKET-MAKING was another kind of light work which occupied me at this time. I made some from the osiers which grew plentifully at the water's edge, and others from the canes, which I split with my knife.

I caught another porcupine here; it seemed their favourite haunt, for I had not met with them at any other part. Their quills were so sharp and straight, that I conceived the idea of fitting them as points to my arrows, which I had long since set aside as useless. It is true I

had gunpowder enough now; but the bow and arrows were lighter to carry than a gun, and might do equally good service in procuring food. I did not try to ascend Mount Desire from this side; it was near where I had made the first attempt, and the side on which the mountain presented its grandest aspect; but I made many a tour up the valley where I had found my first hare, and up which I traced a road to lead from the lake to Cave Castle. These *soi-disant* roads enabled me to go from one point to another in half the time it had hitherto required. Whilst engaged in this work I came to the place where the swine had uprooted the ground, and as I had a great desire, if possible, to capture a young one, I made a net of strong rope composed of fibre, and taking Wolf with me proceeded to search for my prey. I knew it would be a difficult task, for the wild pig is a most savage animal; and although it was only a juvenile I wished for, yet, unless I could be fortunate enough to meet with one straying at a safe distance from its mother, she would have to be first overcome before I should have any chance of seizing her child. Reaching the high lands, I saw at a little distance from me a family of pigs, snorting and grunting over their truffles, but not one seemed adventurous enough to leave the parent, who was keeping guard over them whilst she also enjoyed her delicious meal. She was not a pleasant-looking antagonist, and I rather hesitated to carry out my plan when I saw her, which had been to set Wolf in chase of her. But I had no time either for deliberation or retreat when Wolf, forgetting his customary prudence, gave a sharp bark and attracted the attention of these gourmands. The children directly ran to their mother for protection, although they had evidently got beyond their days of babyhood, and at first she seemed inclined to fly with them; but Wolf getting too excited to listen to my injunctions, began to run after them, whereupon Mistress Pig turned back infuriated and seemed determined to show fight. In a moment I levelled my gun and shot the poor animal, for I could see that an encounter between her and Wolf would have ended at the best, in all probability, in both being much hurt. Now I began a chase after one of the frightened young ones, who were racing about in their alarm. As Wolf would have surely injured one in capturing it, I commanded him to sit still in a certain spot, so as not to let the pig pass that line, and as the poor dog had received a rather sharp reprimand for his ill-timed barking, he sat in a most obedient manner, looking as grave as a judge and watching my proceedings with the greatest interest. I now tied my net loosely between the trees in such a way that it would yield to pressure, and chased the pig in that direction; but it took some time before he could be persuaded to run into the snare, for, with the usual perversity of his kind, he declined running straight. At length, however, he ran and was caught in the meshes; I was after him in a moment, and rolling the net round and round him, and tying his feet together, I made up my mind to



"I WAS AFTER HIM IN A MOMENT."

carry him in triumph to the islet, where I hoped to civilise him somewhat. My difficulty was to get him across the water; but I thought the sooner done the better, as he would be growing bigger every day, so I put him, still bound, into a flat pannier of osiers I had made for the purpose of carrying things over, and which floated like a boat. Wolf drew this each time by means of a cord attached to his collar, whilst I swam at the side to give any help required; but this time it was an entire failure, for we had scarcely started when the pannier was capsized by the struggles of its occupant, and Wolf would have been drowned had I not severed the cord and released him. So for the present I was obliged to give up all idea of placing my little captive on the isle, and made as snug a home for him as might be, so that he should not escape until I could provide means for transporting him over the water.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

FOR THE ENVIOUS.

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now?

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the best.

From *Metastasio*.

HOW TO RECOGNISE A GOOD WIFE.

"She commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constant obeying him."—It was always observed, that what the English gained of the French in battle by valour, the French regained of the English by cunning intreaties; so if the husband should chance, by his power, in his passion, to prejudice his wife's right, she wisely knoweth, by compounding and complying, to recover and rectify it again.

"She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing-water."—And then mildly she argues the matter, not so much to condemn him, as to acquit herself. Surely, men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot; and are far more tractable in cold blood.

"*Arcana imperii* (her husband's secrets) she will not divulge."—Especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. If he be none of the wisest, she so orders it that he appears on the public stage but seldom; and then he hath conned his part so well, that he comes off with great applause.

"In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows."—Partly that she might not dishearten him, and partly because she is not at leisure to seem so sorrowful, that she may be the more serviceable.

"The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it."—Wherefore her service is counted a preferment and her teaching better than her wages.

NATURAL BIAS.

A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The bystanders asked him if he was mad; she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, she was obstinate and contrary in her life, and he supposed for certain she was the same at her death.

ON HUMILITY AND AFFLICTION.—"Men

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



BOOT-MAKING.

CHAPTER XXX.
UNPLEASANT VISITORS.

A FEW years now passed with little variety; seasons came and went in the same fashion as those that had gone before; but these were at length succeeded by a change, which, had I not been duly provided against such an emergency, would have been a terrible calamity for me. Drought set in when quite unlooked for, rain poured down when apparently the earth had no need of it; the consequence was a bad harvest, fruit and crops all more or less injured, and, had it not been for my forethought in storing up provisions, I should have fared badly indeed; as it was, my only inconvenience was being shut up a longer time than usual in Cave Castle. However, I found plenty to occupy me, and one of the useful articles I manufactured at this period was a potter's wheel. I remembered having seen one at work, and knew how much it facilitated the potter's labours. It was a simple contrivance. I formed the framework of an old box, attaching to it a wooden treadle, and the two cog wheels I also cut out of wood. Part of my time was devoted to the work of adding to my premises, which could be done to almost any extent, the rock being honeycombed in every direction. I enlarged the fissures, hoping they might lead to farther cavities; but where this was not the case I made windows of them if practicable, if not I turned them into cupboards, which were always valuable for storing away my goods, to which I was constantly making some addition. My supply of soap and candles was also renewed; but of all things shoes were the articles which I most stood in need of. These I

managed pretty successfully, cutting the soles out of some cork I had, and glueing the upper part, made from untanned leather, as neatly and securely as I could, to them.

For all these quieter occupations I sat in the great hall, near to one of the windows, for the sake of the light, and to enjoy the view of the boundless ocean lying stretched before me. To most people such a view would be monotonous in the extreme, presenting nothing but sea and sky, for it was only on approaching quite close to the window one could see to the shore from this giddy height. But to me the prospect offered an endless variety, a constant change of scene. Now, a tempest would

lash the waves into an apparently aimless fury; tossing them up to mountain heights, breaking them into glorious curves of hissing foam, filling the air with the crash and boom of their mighty voices. How vividly this would recall the scene of my shipwreck to me, inspiring my heart with prayer for the mariner! Again, a day of calm, when the same sea would be the very emblem of peace, scarcely a ripple upon its surface as it reflected the lovely hue of the now unclouded sky, stretched like a blue canopy above.

In the early days of my solitude I had often watched anxiously, half-hoping, half-dreading the appearance of some vessel; but my watch had been so long in vain, I had almost ceased to think of such an occurrence. But my thoughts often travelled back to the hours of childhood and youth, dwelling fondly and sadly on the memory of my dear parents and brothers. One bright day, when the sea lay still under the blaze of a tropical sun, I was looking upon it, my mind filled with these memories of

the old home, when I started up in terror, for there glided slowly into view a canoe filled with dark-skinned, ferocious-looking savages. For the moment I was rooted to the spot with astonishment and fear, but as I gazed a second canoe came into sight, and then another and another, until there were not less than six, each containing not less than five or six men. Horror-stricken, I knew not what to do, but seeing them turn as if with the intention of landing, I at once felt that my only safety was in remaining in my castle. All idea of trying to rescue any of my possessions elsewhere was out of the question, and I only trusted that my hiding-place was effectually concealed.

Entering the armoury, from the window of which I could get the best view, I saw the savages landing and dragging canoes up the beach. They were terrible in appearance, hideously painted about their bodies, and carrying clubs and spears. Two of the men were evidently prisoners, and I could not but fear that, having been taken captive in some encounter, they had been brought here for their wretched victors to feast upon them. A fire was at once prepared, upon which a huge cauldron was hung; but I turned away from the sickening sight, in anguish at the thought of such a fearful tragedy being enacted so near me, and I powerless to interfere! And



"HORROR-STRICKEN, I KNEW NOT WHAT TO DO."



“A CONSULTATION AMONG THOSE WHO SEEMED TO BE THE LEADERS.”

was it possible such a fate would ever be mine? I tried to hope that now at least these monsters had but landed to hold their disgusting revels, yet a fear would haunt me that the scarcity of food produced by the severe season might have driven them out in search of a new home. In that case, even if safe myself in my seclusion, some of the pets I had in other parts would be devoured and my houses levelled to the ground.

As evening approached, attracted by the yells, I once more ventured to my post of observation; but not many moments could I stand to gaze upon the scene. I suppose they had been drinking some intoxicating liquor, which excited them, or, possibly, were only carrying on some barbarous custom; but the feast was over and a few apparently lying asleep, but the greater number, joining hands, were dancing a fiend-like war-dance and filling the air with shrieks and howls. Throwing myself upon my bed and trying to bury my head so as to deaden the horrible sounds, I lay all night almost paralysed with fear, sleepless, and, notwithstanding all precaution, never ceasing to hear yells, whether real or imaginary I could not tell.

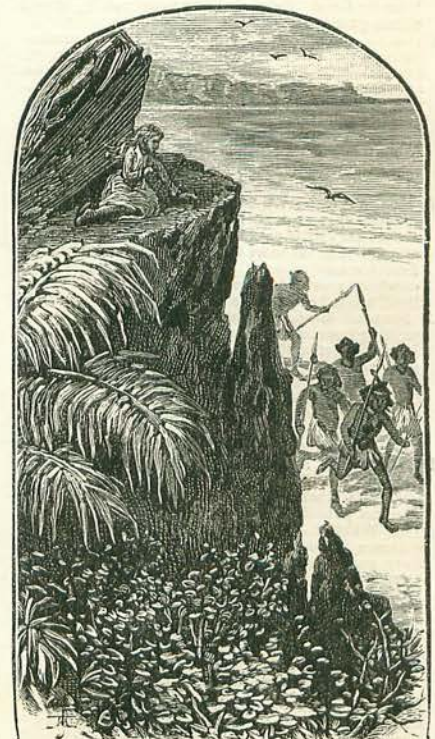
CHAPTER XXXI.
A GREAT DANGER.

VERY early the following morning I looked out, hoping to witness the departure of the savages; but I was doomed to disappointment, for, after a consultation amongst those who seemed to be the leaders, they started along the beach, doubtless on a reconnoitring expedition. I carefully counted them as they ran along, and found there

were thirty; and as the armoury window offered a good view of the beach for a long distance, I could see them until they looked but mere specks upon the sand. Then the rash idea seized me that I would steal a canoe, which should serve me on the lake; the weight could not be very great, and I could drag it into a hiding-place to await the departure of its owners. There appeared no danger in carrying out this scheme, for the enemy was at least three miles away; and even should their keen eyes perceive me from such a distance, I should be in safety before they could return half way.

Animated with the desire to possess a canoe, and the thought of action inspiring me once more, I hoped that the mysterious loss of their barque might frighten these terrible creatures into quitting the island. Arming myself with my gun, I emerged from my retreat and speedily reached the canoes, which I found were of elegant make, and highly ornamented, such as I had read the inhabitants of Oceania possessed. Seizing the prow of the one that lay highest on the beach, I found I could only just manage to drag it a short distance at a time; still, I hoped by patience I should succeed in getting it hidden away in time. I was just resting after my first effort, and about to resume my attempt, when I was startled by a faint moan. Looking round, I perceived that in the canoe farthest from me a dark mass was lying huddled up, and bound hands and feet. I doubted not that this was one of the two prisoners I had observed the day before, and that the poor creature had been left to provide a feast for to-day. Forgetting all else but the

desire to help the sufferer if possible, I was about to run down to the boat, but a yell came from the top of the cliff, and looking up I saw five or six savages peering down upon me. In my foolishness I had not thought of the possibility of the party having divided, and that some might have gone by way of the ravine without my knowledge. Now I was between two fires. To regain Cave Castle was impossible, for, were I to ascend I should but meet the foe now rushing down upon me, and their reiterated shrieks would doubtless recall the others. I rushed along the shore, hoping to gain the second ravine by Cliff Nest; but, although fear lent me wings, I could hear in a few minutes that the enemy had gained the beach, and were in hot pursuit. At last, panting and exhausted, I reached the ravine entrance and climbed to my old resting-place, trusting my pursuers would continue by the torrent. And so it was; I heard them below me as I lay trembling, and then their voices dying away in the distance gave some slight feeling of relief. But, oh! what was my position! how insecure! how likely to be discovered at any moment! Most bitterly did I regret my foolhardiness in leaving the shelter of Cave Castle; and now, should I remain where I was until the darkness of night might favour my return? In that case I feared the long abstinence from food might incapacitate me from any exertion or power of self-protection; moreover, the alarm being soon given to the larger party, a search might be commenced, almost certainly leading to my discovery, for, finding that I had not fled up the ravine, and knowing I had not continued along the



“I HEARD THEM BELOW ME AS I LAY TREMBLING.”

beach, they would naturally conclude I was somewhere near, and their cunning would be too great to allow them to leave the spot until they found me.

There was no time, then, to lose. I must at once make my way back to my castle, and I decided that, as upon the shore I should be free from ambushes, I would take that route. Straining my ears for sound of footsteps, I stealthily peered from my hiding-place. All was still, and I ventured down. After again waiting and listening like a hunted hare, but failing to hear or see anything to alarm, I went on to the beach. No creature was in sight but the poor prisoner in the canoe, who from the glimpse I could catch of the upturned face was already dead or quite unconscious. My heart yearned to go and see if I could be of any comfort. Yet I knew this was impossible, I could not save him, and my only chance of life was in speeding onward without a moment's delay. Fearing every moment my enemies would appear upon the cliffs, I rushed along to the castle ravine, and hastily made the ascent, and reaching the gully or hole, down which I almost fell in my excitement, I climbed into my doorway, and drawing up the ladder, sunk down, too faint for some time to crawl farther than the passage.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

- CYNTHIA.**—You must apply for this year's papers to G. F. Brown, Esq., St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, if under sixteen years of age. Over that age, but under eighteen, you must ask for the papers for "Senior Local" Exams. Were your writing sloped a little your hand would be very good.
- OTHELLO.**—Candidates for admission to the examinations for the Telegraph and General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the Prudential Life Assurance Company, must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age; and those for the Savings Bank Department, from eighteen to twenty. If you get into the office of a photographer, of course your having just passed the limit of age prescribed for these Civil Service appointments would not prove an obstacle.
- A BAD WRITER.**—We have answered your questions so often, that we must refer you to page 543, vol. i.; and to our article entitled "Earning One's Living," at page 74 in the same volume. The writing in the French quotation is not sloped properly, but is more carefully executed; the handwriting of the letter itself might be rounded a little more with advantage.
- A SOLDIER GIRL.**—Presuming that your deafness, existing from infancy, has been pronounced incurable by competent authority, we strongly advise you to seek admission into some school for the "oral" teaching of the deaf. Write for advice to Miss Hull, 89, Holland-road, Kensington. She has a private school for the upper classes. There are other institutions likewise of this character; those teaching after the German method, "lip-reading," are the best.
- FAIR MAID OF PERTH.**—We advise you to inquire for a good Scotch history, suitable for schools, at a librarian's where educational works are sold. We have not published one ourselves.
- RUTH WRIGHT.**—The ages of nurse-probationers on entrance in most hospitals vary from twenty-five to forty years; but in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, nurses are taken at from seventeen to thirty-five years, at 7s. 6d. a week. The uniform is supplied to them in all hospitals. In Great Ormond-street probationers are bound to remain for six months. See "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i.
- WORK.**
- CARTMEL** has only to refer to page 319, vol. ii., and she will find directions for "knitting a boy's jersey." Should she prefer to make one in crochet, she will find the whole recipe at page 223 in the same volume.
- C. L.**—Brush off the mud very gently when quite dry, and remove the stain left on the crape by an application of ammonia, see page 191, vol. i.
- TOPPY and LUCY.**—1. "Arrasene" is employed for em-

broidery, exactly in the same way as crewel. It is a kind of woollen chenille. It is not designed for use on canvas. 2. The term "classical" is primarily used to denote the first, or highest class, in both literature and art. "The classics" was a term used originally to signify the chief Greek and Latin authors; and we extend the use of it to our own standard poetical works, and speak of the "English classics;" such as Shakespeare's, Milton's, Pope's, Dryden's, &c. In the same way "classical" is applied to the works of the first composers, which are of a character to stand the test of time, and the changes of national taste and fashion, as compared with the composition of those who produce less important works, and not so likely to be handed down to posterity.

ELLA WYNNE.—For transferring designs upon plush or other material, we think that a coarse tarlatan proves a good medium. Secure it firmly upon the original pattern when tracing upon it, and then tack the tarlatan securely to the stuff to be worked, and embroider over it. When done, draw out the strands of the tarlatan, as you would those of canvas. One advantage gained by working on this medium is that the article underneath it is thus kept clean throughout the process of embroidering. It serves very well for designs in dry colour.

E. P. should take off mourning for the day of the wedding, and wear a nice silk dress, or combination of silk and cashmere. The colour will matter little if suitable to your complexion. In our article on "The Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii., she will find directions respecting the wearing of mourning. But there can be no invariable rule for all in reference to that which should, and must be, more or less a matter of personal feeling.

DAISY.—Procure "starch gloss" at any good grocer's shop. Perhaps your house, or the room where the shirts are laid by, may be damp, or the sea air may take the stiffness out of them. This we think to be very probable.

KATINKA VASILIKOFF.—With a Christmas-card table you may have a handsome ball fringe, of mixed colours, or an embroidered border on cloth or serge.

MRS. NOKWOOD.—We do not sell paper patterns; they may be easily obtained elsewhere.

MISS H. A. (Plawhatch).—We are much obliged to you for your note, and regret that we can make no use of your information.

PRINTemps.—We should advise you to try and dispose of work, either by private sale or through the shops. There is but little demand for it at present.

NELLY BLY.—If you had looked a little further on in the volume, you would have found a full explanation of the "fly-pattern," at page 668.

P. T.—See "My Work Basket." A muff in crochet would be worked in tricot stitch. See "Wool Crochet," page 275, vol. ii.

A. M.—A very excellent pattern for a crochet border will be found at page 269, vol. iii. Small patterns may be obtained at any shop.

GLEN PARVA.—The pattern of a baby's crochet jacket will be found at page 149, vol. i., a pattern for a crochet boot at page 394, vol. i. Both of these would be suitable for your purpose, and the size of needle and wool is given with each.

BOARD SCHOOL P. T.—For a knitted baby's boot see directions for working, and an illustration at page 489, number for July 31, 1880 (vol. i.). You write a nice letter, but you should take note of how to spell the word "recommend."

AIRLIE.—It is too early to begin talking about summer fashions, the spring ones being now under consideration. You can wear drawn bodices now, and the box-plaited drapery at the back; and it is probable that many dresses will worn thus made later in the year. You might consult our "Seasonable Dress" articles towards the end of the spring. We are glad that we have enabled you to make your own dresses through the instruction given by these articles. Why write backwards?

MNEMOSYNE.—1. The costume of a Welsh peasant woman would be inexpensive in material, easily made, and effective, and she might carry a small basket of spring flowers, which latter might be acceptable to a number of friends in the course of the evening. 2. Undine, the water nymph, is usually dressed in silvery white, with festoons of shells, and wreaths combining water-lilies.

ART.

ANNIE.—The "gloss" of which you speak may be put on by varnishing the map or card with a little very clear gum-arabic.

DOLLIE DUMPLING.—You may purchase "academy board" at any artists' colourman's. Brown-paper does not require any preparation before being painted upon, but you must be moderate in the use of oil and turpentine. Perhaps a little vaseline, rubbed on lightly, and a good brushing might restore the gloss to your fur.

A STEEL PEN.—You must obtain some tracing-paper and lay over the drawing and trace it; then, with black or coloured transfer paper, outline it on the material. We think you might learn everything, save speaking, by correspondence.

J. W. MILLER.—Use fine copal varnish for your terracotta.

E. C. and F. C.—White jean needs no preparation before etching on it. The 2nd May, 1880, was a Sunday.

GRETA G. M. BOHM.—We have read your letter with much interest. Some articles will be given on painting in oils at a future date.

SILVER STAR.—You can paint with either oils or water-colours on glazed china; but, of course, they will wash off, as only the properly prepared colours can be burned in, or fired and rendered permanent.

BET.—Read "Painting on Terra-cotta," vol. ii., page 225. Some articles on painting on various materials will shortly be given.

DAISY.—See "Velvet Painting," vol. ii., page 504.

NELLIE A.—To clean an oil-painting, cut a raw potato in half and rub the surface gently round and round with the smooth flat side; but first of all wipe the painting, so that there may be no grit that may cause a scratch. After using the potato for a few minutes, sponge off the dirty, frothy juice, and if the painting require still further cleaning, use the other half of the potato in the same way. We have given this recipe before; it is one not generally known, and will be found valuable. In reference to telegraphy, see the information given respecting Civil Service clerkships at page 543, vol. i. If you make a direct application you will receive papers giving all the information required.

M. E. A.—To set crayon drawings, see page 415, vol. i., also page 432 (answers to "M. P. L." and "Katherine C."), vol. ii. We repeat the last-named, being the recipe of the School of Art. Take two ounces of methylated spirits and half a drachm of gum mastic, and apply with an "odorator" or spray diffuser. We feel obliged by your opinion that our magazine should be sold at sixpence a week instead of a penny; but this would greatly limit the sphere of its circulation, as such multitudes of our readers could not afford to pay five times as much in excess of what we now charge.

VIVI.—You should apply to an engraver, and failing in one case, try another. We have no better advice to give you. We return your designs by post.

AGGRAVATING SCHOOLGIRL and SHAMROCK.—Miniature painting is an art in which you should take lessons. We do not undertake to give these in our Answers to Correspondents. See page 127, vol. i., for a recipe for making oatmeal biscuits. Your writing ("Aggravating S.") must aggravate your teacher. Use a softer pen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INQUIRER.—Gravy, soup, and broth do not come under the denomination of "blood." The Jews were permitted to take these freely, while forbidden the latter. In addition to all this, see what the Almighty said to our first parents, in reference to the animal kingdom, "to you they shall be for meat;" see also the case of the messengers for whom Abraham slew the calf; they partook of it, and the ordinance of God as to the flesh which was necessarily to be eaten by the priests, and the particular sort of animals to be eaten or not, by all the people. Our Saviour ate the Paschal Lamb, He also ate fish (mentioned on many occasions). St. Peter, who entertained, as a Jew, certain scruples about eating some descriptions of animal food, was admonished, with a sharp rebuke, to "slay, and eat," of all the creatures shown him in the vision. Observe also Our Lord's reference to the killing, for the feast, of the "fatted calf" for the Prodigal Son, and further, the merciful injunction given to the early Christians to "ask no questions, for conscience' sake," in reference to the sort of meat they ate. All this was under the Christian dispensation. Do not try to be "wise above what is written," but thankfully remember that "every creature of God is good," and "to be received with thanksgiving." The use of blood for food is quite a different question from using boiled or roasted flesh.

W. M. R. COUTTS.—A man's profession as a clergyman does not exempt him from acting as a gentleman. Of course, the usages of society render it obligatory on him to call upon his hostess very shortly after dining at her house.

OAK TREE.—See our article on the "Art of Swimming," page 10 in *Silver Sails*. Your writing is too much cramped; try a freer more flowing style, holding your pen longer. We thank you for your kind letter.

A PILGRIM.—1. The passage to which you refer means exactly what it says, that the angel was not to injure the produce of the land, the vintage, and oil harvest from the olive-trees. 2. We have already answered your second question at length. It is one that has been the subject of much investigation and thought amongst learned divines. The impression is that as a tribe Dan was omitted; because it was Dan that set up the Golden Calves, and revolted from their allegiance to God, and were the first to lead Israel into idolatry.

IGNORAMUS.—Pronounce the word "been" as "bean" (the vegetable); "bin" would be very vulgar. The "h" preceded by a "w" should be aspirated, or every such word would be confounded with one of a different meaning (as whale). Pronounce "phaeton," as "fat-et-on," "Soldier," as "saw-der" (the "l" mute); "aesthetic," as "es-thet-ik"; "aesthete," as "estheet."

F. K.—It gives us great satisfaction to hear that "when reading our articles" you are "led to strive to live a holier and more careful life." Ask God's grace to aid you in keeping your resolution to rise at the right time. Of course, it needs a firm effort of will;

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XXXII.
A NEW PET.

AFTER a short rest my strength seemed to revive and I went into the armoury again, and looking from the window I saw that the savages had, as I expected, returned from their fruitless search, and appeared now to be examining the entrance to the ravine by Cliff Nest, and doubtless had I not made good my retreat they would very soon have found me. At last they separated, two walking along the beach, most likely with the intention of fetching the rest; whilst the others went down to the canoes, and seeing all in safety they sat down by them. After a time the whole party returned in great haste, and assembling together they began chattering and gesticulating in the most violent manner, and then with terrific hoots and noises they started running like madmen. Brandishing their weapons they began the ascent of the castle ravine, and trembling, although hoping I was safe, I heard them coming nearer and nearer, until at last I almost thought the mystery of my entrance way was no longer hidden. But they passed, and I heard the shouting still as they hurried



"I VERY SOON TAUGHT HIM THAT HE WAS TO GUARD AND WATCH HER."



"A PAIR OF EYES WERE FIXED UPON ME WITH A STARTLED EXPRESSION."

along in their rage. Presently they returned to the beach, and sitting in a circle, they appeared about to resume the horrible orgies of the previous day; for they began to prepare a fire, and one man lifted the captive from the canoe and placed him on the ground. I could see the poor creature was still living, and the thought flashed across me that by firing from my present position I might, perhaps, so far frighten them that they would desist from their terrible purpose. I had not many moments to think; to be of any use action must be immediate, so taking aim near them I fired. The effect was almost amusing to witness; some fell on the ground, others shrieked and threw up their arms. One or two jumped into their canoes and laid down at the bottom. Seeing their alarm, I made another shot. This was enough; jumping frantically into their boats they paddled away, leaving their victim behind, and I watched them out of sight, full of thankfulness that my harmless firing had inspired such dread.

Some little time passed before I got sufficient courage to descend to the shore, yet now that I had succeeded in getting rid of the enemy I felt it was my duty to ascertain if the poor creature lying there was still alive. As I neared the spot I saw to my astonishment that it was a woman of prepossessing ap-

pearance, her skin was olive and her features regular, her hands small and delicately formed, and her long, dark hair hung around her shoulders. By her side was what appeared to me a bundle, but on kneeling down to see if she breathed I heard a weak cry issuing from it, and my heart bounded with delight as I saw a wee baby face, and lifting up the tiny being I held it clasped to me as one of the greatest treasures that could have been sent. But after my first transport I felt half ashamed of the selfish pleasure, as it seemed to me, that had for a moment even thought of anything but the dying mother. Laying the baby down, I ran off to fetch a little fresh water and a few grapes, but on returning I found they were useless. I put them to the parched lips, but all power to swallow had gone. The eyelids fluttered, and presently were raised a moment, and a pair of dark eyes

were fixed upon me with a startled expression; but the frightened look gave place to one of content as the poor woman saw me lift her baby up and caress it. I



"I MANAGED TO MAKE A VERY SNUG CRADLE OUT OF A TURTLE-SHELL."

longed to make her understand how I would care for her child, for there was something about her which made me feel instinctively that as true a mother's love reigned within her as within the fairest of her sisters. Once more she raised her eyes, and as I laid the little one's cheek against hers she seemed to try and speak; but with one short breath life ceased. I wept mingled tears of joy and sorrow as, lifting her small, light form I carried her to the mouth of the ravine, where I afterwards buried her; and taking my precious gift in my arms I hurried away with it to its new home. The poor little mite was crying for food, and fortunately, having some time previously found a mate for my wounded goat, I was able to give my baby some goat's milk, and soon had the happiness of seeing the little pet cosily asleep on my bed. Wolf was somewhat offended at the appearance of this new inmate in the castle, but I very soon taught him he was to guard and watch her, and before long the good fellow grew quite fond of baby, and would sit by her side and occasionally give her a friendly lick. I had very little doubt that the prisoners had been superior to their captors. I had read that some fine races existed in some of the islands of the Pacific, and it seemed probable to me that this woman and her husband, who doubtless was the other victim, had been taken in war and brought away together with savage brutality, merely to increase each other's anguish; this, however, I could only conjecture. I removed a pretty necklet and a pair of bracelets of shells from the body of the mother, to keep them for the child when she should be old enough to hear the history of these days.

Before going to rest I managed to make a very snug cradle out of a turtle-shell, and, having placed baby in it, I knelt down by its side, to pour out my gratitude to God, and to pray for wisdom to tend and educate this wondrous little being committed to my care, and I have ever felt that this new responsibility saved me from dwelling harmfully on the horrors I had just passed through.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNDINE.

I WAS awakened at a very early hour by a sound by which my ears had not been greeted for some years, the sound of a human voice! The noises I had heard from the savages yesterday had scarcely seemed human. Notwithstanding it was a baby's cry, not suggestive of the most delightful harmonies, it sent me into raptures. It was then no dream, but a real fact. God, in His mercy, had sent this precious little darling for me to love and foster. What name should I choose for her now became the subject of cogitation, and I decided Undine would be appropriate, for had I not received her from the water?

Hitherto I had kept the goat in a little house, built for that purpose, near Banyan Grove; but I now made one in the ravine by Cave Castle, and brought Nanny there.



"I TAUGHT HER THE ALPHABET."

As time went on, and Undine's walking powers began to develop, it was very pretty to see her toddling by my side, Wolf, from whom every spark of jealousy had long since been extinguished, keeping guard on the other in the gentlest manner, though with solemn dignity. He was just beginning at times to show signs of old age, which I saw with dismay, but another year or two passed before I lost my faithful old dog, and then I was thankful he seemed to pass away quietly, without pain.

My baby proved sweet-tempered and affectionate as she grew, and was beautifully formed and as graceful as a young fawn. I never let her out of my sight, so fearful was I of losing her. Often I would resort of an evening to a favourite spot I had on the seashore, whence I had a glorious view of the setting sun. There, with Undine in my lap, Wolf and sometimes Tom also at my feet, I would sit and gaze upon the bright path formed by the golden rays until, in imagination, they seemed to lead me to another island home, even fair England, where I pictured my father and mother, if still living, and my brother in all probability now a husband and father. Had they forgotten the lost one? Ah, no! that could not be, I well knew; but if Time had brought healing for their great sorrow, was it not cause for thankfulness? I was beginning to have some idea of the strength and absorption of the mother-love, and thoughts of pity often led me to the grave of the poor young mother whose child had come to awaken such tender feelings in me.

Two years after the first visit of the savages I was again alarmed upon seeing some land on the same spot, but I took the precaution of not venturing out of my stronghold this time, and happily they left without attempting to penetrate inland. Teaching Undine to talk was a great delight, and later on I



THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

taught her the alphabet by means of letters traced in chalk. I found she was quick in learning them; I had some pet theories of my own on the subject of education, which I could now put to the test, and my experience with this one pupil of mine certainly proved that a more simplified and interesting method of educating the young than that generally adopted might be followed with advantage. My plan was really to aim at drawing forth the latent powers, giving them something to feed and grow upon, rather than hinder their development by burying them beneath a heap of dry facts, little understood and speedily forgotten, since their "why and because" were things unthought of. To make clothing for my child was some difficulty; cotton was plentiful, but I had no means of utilising its fibres. I had also collected from time to time the wool the goats had left upon the bushes; but I had not been able to invent a weaving apparatus. I managed, however, to fashion a pair of wooden knitting needles, and with these I knitted the woollen threads into length, sewing them together to make garments for Undine and myself, and in course of time she learned to knit and sew for herself.

(To be continued.)

HOME-MADE JAM.

THE time of fresh fruits will soon be here, and as making jam is exactly the kind of work in which girls love to distinguish themselves, I am sure that I shall be meeting the wishes of the young ladies who belong to our cookery class if I say a few words about home-made jam. We all agree in regarding good home-made jam as a delicacy. I can look back upon a good many years, but I do not remember that I have tasted bought jam which was as good as my own made at home. I once said this to a jam merchant, and he replied, "That is only reasonable; jam, like your home-made jam, could not be made for the established market price of jam." So I suppose we need not expect to be able to buy it in perfection, and this is a reason why we should form a habit of making it at the right season for ourselves.

When I was a girl it was quite a rule in the family that a goodly supply of fruit should be preserved in summer-time. Another rule, which had to be scrupulously observed, was that the said fruit should not be touched until fires came in. One of my earliest culinary achievements was the preparation (by a very superior and rather lengthy process, which occupied, I think, about a fortnight) of preserved plums. I can assure you that there never was such plum-jam made before or since as that which was manufactured by me when I was fifteen years old. It kept so splendidly too. I had it for eight years, and it was in good condition then, and would have kept, I doubt not, ever so much longer if some children had not paid us a visit. And as every mother knows, jam does not keep well where there are children. I need scarcely say that I kept the recipe from which this jam was made, and I will give it to you, with a few other recipes later, under the heading—"To Preserve Winesours."

Now-a-days, girls of from fifteen to eighteen have so many lessons to learn, that they have no time for boiling jam. When this is the case, I would say study the lessons if that is

your duty now, and make jam when school lessons are done with. There will be plenty of time for learning cookery when the opportunity for learning something more difficult is passed, and if meanwhile there should be a little leisure you will know how to employ it.

I once saw some girls, who were preparing for a high-class examination, picking red currants for preserving, and questioning each other about lessons, in order to test their knowledge of the subjects at the same time. I was very much impressed with the sight, and my respect was bestowed upon these girls most unreservedly.

The general rules for making ordinary jam are easily remembered. I will recapitulate them that they may be readily referred to.

Fruit for preserving should be sound, fresh, and free from dust. It should be gathered on a dry day, and, if possible, when the morning sun is on the garden.

Either an enamelled or a brass pan should be employed in making jam. The utensils must be perfectly clean and dry. If a brass pan is used, the fruit should not be allowed to cool in it.

Wooden or silver spoons should be used in stirring the fruit. Common cooking spoons will spoil its colour.

The fruit should be boiled first, and it should be allowed to bubble equally all over before the sugar is added.

The best white sugar broken into lumps of a convenient size is the most economical for preserving. Powdered sugar makes jam look turbid. Inferior sugar produces more scum than fine sugar, and thus it causes waste.

There is no economy in using too little sugar. If this mistake is made the jam will have to boil so much longer. There is no advantage in using too much sugar. This is likely to make the fruit candy, besides which it will destroy all delicacy of flavour.

When fruit is boiled upon an open fire, the pan should never be placed flat on the embers, as this is almost certain to burn the jam. The preparation should be stirred frequently, especially from the sides and bottom of the pan, and the scum should be removed, although not too early, as this would cause waste.

When stone fruit is to be boiled, the stones may be most easily removed during the process of boiling. The addition of a few of the kernels which have been blanched and split in halves is an improvement. Jam made from stone fruit is particularly liable to fermentation, therefore it should be boiled until a good deal of the moisture has been boiled out.

When a mixture of fruits is employed, the harder variety of the two should be boiled longer than the softer sort, therefore it should be put on earlier.

The quantity of sugar to be used must depend upon the nature of the fruit. Acid fruits need a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. For nearly all stone fruit, with strawberries, raspberries and currants, three-quarters of a pound of sugar to the pound of fruit is sufficient. Damsons should have a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and a small proportion of water, say a tablespoonful of water to each pound, may be added with advantage. These are general rules which may always be followed with safety. I will add a few special recipes for the sake of variety. Jam should be boiled until a little put upon a cold plate will set or stiffen.

When lemon or orange rind is added to jam to flavour it, as it is occasionally in rhubarb and apple jam, it should be very finely grated before being mixed with the fruit.

When the jam is sufficiently boiled it should be put into perfectly sound and dry jars, when cold a thin piece of paper soaked in spirit may be laid over it, and it may then be closely covered either with thick paper tied with string, or paper dipped in white of an egg or gum may

be fastened on. In all cases the object aimed at is the exclusion of air.

Jams should be kept in a cool dry place. Heat would make them ferment, damp would make them turn mouldy.

Jelly.—In making jelly the juice is drawn from the fruit by putting the fruit in a jar, setting the jar in water, and simmering till the juice flows freely. The juice should be drained from the fruit without squeezing the latter, which may be boiled with half a pound of sugar to half a pound of pulp for making tarts and pasties. For the jelly, measure the juice, dissolve a pound of lump sugar in each pint of liquid, and boil till a little put upon a cold plate will set.

Now for a few special recipes.

Rhubarb Jam.—Early rhubarb contains so much water, that jam made from it is likely to ferment. The later, therefore, in the season that this jam is made the better. Peel the stalks and cut them into inch lengths. Weigh these and allow a pound of sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon, a quarter of an ounce of sweet almonds, blanched and chopped fine, to each pound of fruit. Butter the saucepan, put in the rhubarb, and boil it, stirring it constantly, especially at the beginning, and before it has yielded its moisture, to prevent burning. When it simmers equally, put in the sugar and boil again rather quickly until a little put upon a plate will set. Last thing, stir in a wine-glassful of whiskey for each seven pounds of fruit. If liked, two-pennyworth of bleached ginger for each pound of fruit may be substituted for the almonds and lemon rind.

Green Gooseberry Jam.—Top and tail the fruit, then weigh it and bruise it. Put it into a pan and boil it, stirring constantly till soft. Rub it through a sieve and boil the pulp, but not the skins, with four pounds and a half of sugar to six pounds of the original weight of fruit. The sugar must be added gradually. Boil till the jam will set.

Red Gooseberry Jam.—Small, hairy gooseberries, called Warringtons, are the best for this purpose. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a tablespoonful of red currant juice to each pound of fruit. Boil the fruit and the juice together, add the sugar gradually, and boil till the jam will set. Gooseberry jam is much improved by having the boiled pulp rubbed through a sieve to keep back the skins before the sugar is added.

Red Currant or White Currant Jam.—Take equal weights of sugar and fruit. Put them together into the pan, boil up once, and then boil quickly for seven minutes. In this jam the flavour of the fruit is excellently preserved and the preserve keeps well. It is sometimes used as a substitute for red currant jelly, as an accompaniment to hare or roast mutton.

Strawberries Preserved Whole.—Allow a pound of sugar and half a pound of red-currant juice, drawn as for jelly, to one pound of strawberries, sound, but not over-ripe—British Queens will be the best for the purpose. Boil the juice and sugar together till the syrup is thick, then put in the picked fruit and boil gently till the berries are sufficiently cooked, which will be in about twenty minutes. Carefully clear off the scum as it rises, but do this gently, so as not to crush the berries. Pour the contents of the preserving pan through a colander into a basin; put the juice at once again on the fire, and boil for about half an hour. Put the fruit into a bowl and pour the boiling juice upon them. Turn both fruit and juice into the pan once more and boil till the juice will jelly, when a little is put on a plate. This will probably be in about a quarter of an hour. Put the berries into jars, cover them entirely with hot juice, and when cold finish in the usual way. If liked, water may be used instead of red currant juice in this recipe, or cherries (Maydukes or Kentish

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"A HANDFUL OF HER TREASURES."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

UNDINE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

THE savages again appeared at the same season of the year, and, seeing that their visits were likely to prove annual, I could not but feel some anxiety as to whether we should ever be molested, although they did not seem to come with any intention of exploring. This time as heretofore they left after a few hours, apparently only using my island as a kind of half-way house for refreshments whilst on one of their expeditions.

My occupations were carried on in different parts of the island in the customary manner. Undine always accompanied me, and was very pleased to carry something in her little basket; I dare say she thought she assisted greatly. She was five years old when I took her for her first sea voyage, and great was her delight as she sat in the stern of the boat, her long hair floating in the breeze. I was going for a three weeks' sojourn at the brick kilns, intending to leave the boat there, and go inland to bring back some of the white clay I had discovered long since, and with which I hoped to make a finer kind of earthenware. I used the boat frequently from this time, for Undine was not old enough to walk very far, and the cow, who had often carried the child in

one of the panniers, had lately died, the second of my faithful four-footed friends whose loss I had to deplore. Undine was enchanted when we turned up the Nile, clapping her hands with glee at the sight of the birds as they flew from side to side. After carefully mooring the boat in its accustomed place, we started on our walk, each one provided with a basket, and reached our destination in time to settle ourselves comfortably in the hut for the evening. The clay bank was almost opposite, so that we had not far to go on the following morning. Undine amused herself with the pebbles by the river side, whilst I filled the baskets. I then called her to take a meal before returning with our load, and she ran to me holding up her little skirt filled with pebbles.

"Why, little one," I said, "you will have enough to carry with your basket of clay," but seeing her look of disappointment and reflecting how few childish toys she had, I promised to make a hole in the clay in her basket, into which she might put some of her pebbles, and so carry them home.

"Very well, mamma," she replied, her face brightening, "I'll take the pretty yellow ones, they shine so;" and she proceeded to make her selection whilst I prepared a place for them.

"Mamma," she said, coming with a

handful of her treasures, "I wish I had some more like these, they're the very prettiest of all." And so saying she placed in the hollowed clay a number of small gold nuggets.

I stared in astonishment at the shining particles, which were of various sizes, the largest, perhaps, about as big as a pea. For the moment I felt as if I had met with some wonderfully good fortune, until I remembered how comparatively useless this precious metal was to one in my position. Yet there was a certain fascination in the thought of the discovery, and a feeling came across me that possibly in the future it might in some way be of use to me, for every now and then latterly some slight hope that I should yet find means of returning to my native land would visit me. So, explaining to Undine that I wanted some of those pretty things for myself, she trotted with me to the bank, quite delighted that mamma should like some of the playthings.

I must confess that I was sordid enough to spend my time altogether in the search for gold, neglecting totally the preparation for making my superfine crockeryware, and the spot was ever after called "Gold Creek." From the manner in which we found the gold, either in nuggets or in broken pieces of quartz, it was evidently washed down from Mount Desire, where the river had its source, and I had no doubt from the yellowness of the mud and sand in some portions of the river bed, that a great quantity might be got by washing. We ascended the river to a good height, until one day, time having passed more quickly than I realised, on looking seaward, I observed in the far distance the usual flotilla of canoes, so I hurried off to regain the security of Cave Castle.

There being much risk in returning by water, I left the boat where it was and returned on foot, part of the way carrying my basket slung on my back and Undine in my arms, for she could not run so fast or for so long as I wanted her to do.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ADIEU TO THE SAVAGES.

SO soon as I got safely home I ran to the armoury window, and there saw the party already seated as usual making preparations for a meal, but this time I could not discern any human victim, so concluded they were not about to indulge their cannibal propensities. They were fewer in number than before—not more than three or four in each canoe, and of these there were five. I had been thinking the last few weeks of the probability of their return, and it occurred to me that the fact of their non-appearance the following year, after I first saw them, might have been due to their recollection of my firing, and that

possibly some of those who were then present being dead, or the remembrance of the event partially lost, others might have been courageous enough to venture on a second attempt, and, meeting with nothing to alarm, had renewed their unwelcome calls. But was it wise of me to let them go so peacefully? Might they not become still bolder, and begin a survey of my beautiful land? I therefore determined to give them another fright if I could; so, loading my gun, I discharged it from the window. The effect was instantaneous: they started to their feet, and some at once began to jump into their boats. A few only appeared inclined to brave it out; but as I kept on firing as fast as I could reload, they also took alarm, and so scared did they become that they not only left some of their weapons behind them, but also one of their canoes, which had been dragged higher up the beach than the rest, and, therefore, I supposed in the panic that ensued after my second shot, was left.

I could not help laughing at their precipitate flight, but I reflected that the sound of my shots would naturally revive the memory of the excited and no doubt exaggerated tales they had heard, and probably they would imagine this was but the precursor of something still more terrible which they were in no wise anxious to experience.

Be that as it may, they took their final leave of the island that day, for since then no savage has to my knowledge ever set foot on its beautiful shores.

We returned to the brick-kilns to make our crockery-ware, going by Gold Creek for a supply of clay, but not lingering there, as I really wished to see what I could do in a better class of pottery.

Patience was required even to a greater extent than in my former attempts; but my wheel greatly facilitated the work, and after trying my hand on several little plates and dishes as a toy dinner-service for Undine, which gave her boundless delight, I manufactured some very creditable cups and saucers. We spent some time longer in this part, occupied in sugar-making, which was always a treat for the little maiden, as she also set up her store of sugar-candy, which was to last for the year.

Whilst the sugar was boiling we made many a short excursion, partly in search of game, and partly for amusement and instruction, for Undine's education was carried on side by side with our mutual labour, and she never began any work without our going a little into the history of each thing employed in it. As a matter of course, my instruction was obliged to be oral; at the same time, I knew well the use of a certain amount of learning by rote, both in exercising the memory, and in supplying some rudimentary facts as a groundwork for further teaching, and therefore obliged her to say my words after me every now and then, as if reading from a book, and then requiring an exact repetition, the next day perhaps.

We were one day wandering along the river bank, I a little in advance of the



"SHE GAVE A SUDDEN TERRIFIED SCREAM."

child, when she gave a sudden terrified scream. Turning to see the cause of her alarm, I found it to be the sight of an iguana, an animal well adapted to strike a child with terror, though I believe it to be harmless. As it crept sluggishly across the mud on its way to the water, with its body scarcely raised above the ground, and the row of reversed hooks along its back and tail, it put me in mind of the pictures of the fabulous dragon, though on a small scale. I soon quieted Undine's fears, and shortly after this incident we set sail for Cave Castle.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

FLEETING HOURS.—As she that lives longest lives but a little while, every girl may be certain that she has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow. But she that has already trifled away those months and years in which she should have laboured, must remember that she has now only a part of that of which the whole is little; and that since the few moments remaining are to be considered as the last trust of heaven, not one is to be lost.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF HEAVEN.—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

COMPLIMENTING THE BRIDESMAIDS.—The bridesmaids at a recent wedding were

thus described by a local paper:—"It is no idle compliment to say that they are like three Graces, their faces mirroring back the purity and softness of the skies, their eyes floating in a light of dewy tenderness, or throwing radiant flashes from the inner shrines of thought, like jewel-tinted sparkles caught from broken rainbows."

INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS.—Innocent amusements are such as excite moderately and such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh instead of exhausting the system, such as recur frequently rather than continue long, such as send us back to our daily duties invigorated in body and spirit, such as we can partake of in the presence and society of respectable friends, such as consist with and are favourable to a grateful piety, such as are chastened by self-respect and are accompanied with the consciousness that life has a higher end than to be amused.—*Dr. Channing.*

"CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"

The cuckoo, as everyone knows, lays her eggs in her neighbour's nest. The people of Denmark account for this fact in the following way:—

When in early spring, they say, the voice of the cuckoo is first heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand and asks, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be married?" and the old folks, borne down with age and rheumatism, inquire, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be released from this world's cares?"

The bird, in answer, continues singing "cuckoo" as many times as years will elapse before the object of their desires will come to pass. But, as some old folks live to an advanced age and many girls die old maids, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her that the building season goes by: she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of the hedge-sparrow.

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By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



"BEHOLD ME NOW TURNED WRITER, WHILST UNDINE ATTENDED TO THE DOMESTIC AFFAIRS."

CHAPTER XXXVI.
A RESCUE.

AS is usual with children of warm climates, Undine's faculties developed rapidly. At eight years of age in many respects she was as advanced as an English girl at twelve, and was really most useful to me, so much so that, finding I had more leisure, I conceived the idea of beginning a journal, which

afterwards formed the basis of this history.

It was not difficult, I found, to make ink. Although I had no oak-galls, there were others which answered the purpose. I had sulphur for the production of sulphuric acid, which, with iron, would produce coppers; other gum had to take the place of gum arabic; but I managed to make a serviceable black ink, wondering much I had not thought of doing so earlier. The paper was a greater difficulty. I had a few sheets of note-paper I had found in my fellow-passenger's trunk, and I managed to make a kind of parchment of some of the skins of animals; but it was not very satisfactory. Behold me now, therefore, turned writer, whilst

young readers, it would cause you much amusement.

A year or two had passed without anything special to mark them, when a memorable event occurred.

On one occasion when Undine and I were collecting gold on Mount Desire, we were suddenly startled by the sound of gun-shots. We looked at each other in alarm, and Undine proposed we should ascend the mountain a little higher to try and ascertain whence the sound proceeded. She ran on, and presently, as something arrested her attention, she stood still with upraised hands. "Oh," she exclaimed, "a boat, such a beauty, much larger than ours!" Hurrying to her side, I saw a splendid vessel lying at a short distance from the shore. Of what nation she was I could not judge; but from the reiterated firing it was evident she was either in distress or some dreadful work was going on on board. The former it could hardly be, as the sea was perfectly calm.

Desiring Undine to return to Cave Castle, I descended the mountain on the other side, intending to hide myself in the forest of pines which fringed the shore, and watch events. Arrived at an elevated spot which commanded a full view of the ship and the coast, I was able to distinguish the clashing of cutlasses whenever the noise of the guns ceased. I was wondering what could have hap-

Undine attended to the domestic affairs, And could you see my original MSS.,



"A BOAT!"



"TRANSFIXED BY AN ARROW FROM MY BOW."



"QUICKLY THE TABLE WAS RE-ARRANGED."

pened, whether she had been attacked by savages, or whether pirates had appeared in these waters, when the firing suddenly ceased, and the smoke clearing off, I observed figures moving on deck, and to my horror several bodies were thrown overboard! I shuddered to think what dark deeds must have been perpetrated, and felt thankful that Undine was not with me. Towards evening a boat was lowered, and, being filled with men, approached the land. It was evidently a gay party which occupied it; a strange contrast to the sounds I had heard were the merry songs they sang as they rowed to the shore. Closely watching them, as my suspicions were aroused, I saw them disembark a number of half-drunken sailors. There may have been about twenty, and, strange to say, they brought a youth with them, who, with his hands tied behind his back, had to bear the brunt of their coarse brutality and drunken levity. After dragging several kegs from the boats, which were soon opened, they gave themselves up to drinking; song succeeded song, and they evidently tried to force the youth to join in their revels; but he appeared to shrink from the men with abhorrence, and, at length, having exasperated them with his refusal to drink, they all rose in anger, and the poor fellow would certainly have been murdered before my eyes, had not one man, who seemed to have some authority over the others, stepped forward to his rescue. I saw by his gesticulations he was arguing with them; probably what he proposed was considered to their advantage, as they allowed him to lead the youth away, whom, drawing some cord from his pocket, he bound hand and foot to the stem of a tree, returning to join the revellers.

Before quitting his prisoner I heard him, so near was I, enjoin him in my own language not to try to make his escape, or he would assuredly be shot; but he counted without his host, for I had already fully determined on rescuing the lad.

I waited a while until the brutes—as great brutes I thought as the savages—should have drunk themselves into insensibility. At last the moon arose over the scene, showing me the men lying here and there in drunken unconsciousness. Deeming this a favourable moment, I was preparing to issue from my hiding-place, when a shadow thrown across the ground caused me to hesitate. It was well I did so, for the same man I have before mentioned approached with as much steadiness as his intoxicated state would permit. "Now my lad," I heard him say, "be reasonable, and do what we ask of you." "Never," replied the youth, with determination.

"Never," laughed the other; "that's a long day. And do you know the consequences of refusal, you young jackanapes? Didn't you see what a hard matter I had to keep the men from killing you just now? You don't suppose, do you, I saved your life for nothing? And I tell you what, if you don't let out where your father hid the money, I'll leave you to fate. Come now," he continued, in a coaxing tone, placing his hand on the young man's arm, "listen to reason; you needn't let the others know anything about it, and we two can share it together."

But the youth recoiled in horror from the contact. "Unhand me," he cried; "you are my father's murderer, and were I free, you should answer for his blood."

A scowl of hatred passed over the man's face. "You do well to talk of revenge—a stripling like you," he replied, and, holding up a manacled fist, "I could crush you in a moment. But come, no more foolery; I only saved you

from my comrades to treat with you myself. Tell me the secret, or I lay you dead at my feet."

"Never," repeated the brave young fellow, unmoved by the threat.

With a horrible oath the murderer drew a pistol from his belt, and took aim at his defenceless victim, who raised his eyes imploringly to heaven. At that moment his would-be murderer fell at his feet, apparently dead, transfixed by an arrow from my bow. Then, to the astonishment of the youth, I issued forth, enjoining him by signs to remain silent. Drawing my knife, I cut his bonds, placed my gun in his hands, and seizing the weapons of the prostrate man, I crept silently through the forest, signing to my young companion to follow me. The moon's rays glinted between the trees and dimly lighted our way; but not a word was uttered until we reached the entrance to Cave Castle, when, descending, I bid him come with me without fear, for he was with friends and would be out of all danger. He seemed like one walking in a dream, and told me afterwards that it almost appeared to him as a kind of vision: the strangeness of my attire, the suddenness of my appearance from the gloom of the forest, the cold silvery moonlight, and, above all, our descent into the bowels of the earth, had something as unreal about them as an Arabian Night's tale. But hearing himself addressed in his own tongue brought him back to reality, and when once in the cave, he seized my hands and covered them with kisses, calling me his deliverer. Undine had placed a light in the passage-way against my return, and by its aid I could distinguish that my new visitor was



TELLING HIS STORY.

apparently seventeen or eighteen years of age, tall and slight in form, of fair complexion, and with an expression of mingled nobleness and gentleness in his pleasing face.

I tried to hide the emotion I felt as I silently thanked God who had made me the instrument of saving this young life. Staying him as he continued to pour out his thanks, I said, smiling, "Young man, I am but the guardian of this palace. Follow me, and I will introduce you to the Queen," and so saying I led the way into the interior hall.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HENRY'S HISTORY.

WE found Undine anxiously awaiting my return; she had prepared a supper as a welcome, and now arose eagerly at the sound of my approaching footsteps. Alarm seized her for the moment on hearing I was not alone, and at our entrance she stood hesitating, her head bent forward in a listening attitude, looking like some lovely bronzed statue. The youth may indeed have fancied a vision had again appeared, as he uttered a half-suppressed cry of admiration at the sight of this beautiful Queen of the Castle.

"Undine," I said, "I have brought you a new acquaintance; he has been in distress and danger to-night. Show him now that he is amongst friends."

Quickly the table was re-arranged for our unexpected guest, and all the best our larder offered, produced, whilst the said guest watched the graceful girl with approving eyes. After he had yielded to my persuasion to try and take some refreshment, which I could see the terrible events of the day little inclined him to do, he gave the following account:—

He was the son of the captain of the merchant vessel we had seen, and was apprenticed to his father. It appeared that property in jewellery had been consigned to their care by a personal friend to take to some relatives abroad, and Captain Davis, feeling an extra interest in the charge of this, had concealed it in a place known only to himself and son. Several of the sailors happened to be of a very lawless and riotous disposition, and the captain being a strict disciplinarian, they had more than once shown resistance to rule. By some means or other one of these had got knowledge that there was hidden treasure on board, the value of which was doubtless much exaggerated as they talked over it, and in a drunken folly some of the more daring had determined to find the hiding-place, and on their demand for its discovery being treated with the severity it deserved, they mutinied, intimidating the better inclined, and ending the disgraceful scene as I had at a distance witnessed. Slightly sobered by the fearful effects of their violence, they had at first promised Henry they would spare his life if he would consent to accompany them to some distant colony, the chief mate being capable of taking the command; but with the proviso that an

oath should be taken by all, that not one would ever reveal the dark deeds just perpetrated. This, as may be supposed, Henry emphatically refused. It was then counselled that he should be put to death at once; but a few suggested that as they had failed as yet to find the hidden valuables, they might as well try and make him confess the secret of their hiding-place first. This they also failed to do; but, determining to land and have a carouse, they brought him with them, intending to stupefy him with drink, and then worm the secret from him. This, however, was also unsuccessful, as we have seen, and the wretch who in this instance had only spared the young man's life for his own selfish purposes had met with righteous judgment.

"What they will do," said Henry Davis, as he concluded the recital of these terrible occurrences, "when on awakening they find I have disappeared, and that their comrade lies dead, I cannot imagine."

"Whatever they may do, you are safe in this impregnable cavern," I replied. "My idea is that, finding this man has been killed by an arrow, evidently manufactured by savages, they will conclude the island is inhabited by such, and that you have fallen into their hands. Possibly they may make a search for you, but when they have found this a hopeless one they will most likely take their departure. Your wisest plan is to remain here, in the meantime."

"And thus probably expose you to danger on my account," said Henry, in a deprecatory tone.

"You would scarcely fear did you know the resources of our wonderful cavern," answered I; "but it is too late for me to introduce you to all its wonders, and I am sure you need rest." And leading him to my own little bedroom, I bade him try and take repose, making myself a bed by Undine's side, who was full of curiosity concerning the new inmate of our establishment.

(To be continued.)

WHAT A HOUSE OUGHT TO BE TO BE HEALTHY.

By MEDICUS.

WE do not, as a rule, have the houses in which we live built specially for us. If there be any truth in the old proverb that fools build houses and wise men live in them, it is probably just as well that we do not. The fools referred to are certainly not the architects. No; these gentlemen are never fools, whatever else they may be. But I think the proverb, which is a very ancient one, must have arisen from people observing that when men advanced in years make fortunes and build houses and lay out gardens, as if certain of living for fifty years to come, they are but working for others, and seldom live long to enjoy the blessings and comforts they have promised themselves. Like the rich man in the parable, they say to themselves, "I will pull down my barns and build greater. And I will say to my soul, Thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry."

We all know what followed.

It is generally the case that anything we set our heart too much upon in this world is almost certain to be taken from us.

But although elderly people should think more of "the house not made with hands" than on an earthly habitation, it is as natural for young people to wish to have homes of their own as it is for the birds to build their nests in spring-time. It may not be the good fortune of many of my readers to have houses built for them, but, for all that, there is no reason why they should not know what a house ought to be, to be healthy.

Said the poet—

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!"

It is pretty evident that this bard, whose name, by the way, was Cowper, thought he could live happily enough without ever getting a glance at a morning paper. This longing, however, for boundless contiguity of shade shows he had not studied the laws of hygiene with much profit; for light is as essential to a healthful existence as pure air or fresh water. Very likely Cowper, had he found a lodge or lodgings in some vast wilderness, would have soon tired of it, and three months might have found him back again in his city club reading the *Times*.

But now we want to find or build a healthy house, or rather you do, and are willing to have my advice about the choosing or building of it. The first thing to be thought about, then, is its site or situation. We will not go so far into the country as Cowper wished to. We live in an age of civilisation, and though we rail at the city, the city's din, the city's smoke and vanity, we like to run into it once in a way at all events, and so we do not care to bury ourselves alive miles and miles from a station.

The more healthy the actual site on which the house is built and the neighbourhood around it are the greater will be the chance of those who dwell therein, not only of living long, but of enjoying freedom from sicknesses while they do live.

Well, your house should be built, if possible, on somewhat elevated ground; and if it be shaded, or rather protected, from north and east winds by a hill or tall trees, so much the better. The soil should be a porous one. This stands to reason; because, if it be clay, for instance, instead of gravel or sandstone, the surface-water cannot get away, vegetable matters, &c., rot and decay, and give off obnoxious vapours that poison the atmosphere and may even breed fevers.

A healthy house should be well removed from low-lying, marshy ground, canals, or even from the banks of streams whose sluggish flow shows them to be not over-wholesome.

If the house is to be in the city itself, a good elevation is still to be chosen, and it ought to be built in an open situation and in the neighbourhood of trees; but care should be taken that the site has not been made up of old rubbish—as the ground on which so many town houses stand so often is. Such a foundation will throw up unwholesome gases for years and years to come.

When a person builds a house, it seems pretty evident that he means to make it his home for some time to come. Well, he may be fortunate enough to get the most healthy and salubrious site possible, the country all round may be charming, and the air bracing and every breeze laden with the balm of health; but, for all that, it may not be altogether a desirable place of abode. It may be perfect as regards everything necessary for the

"He was quite ill, miss, before he went to Shingle Point," Mrs. Stride continued. "Dr. Saltash advised him to go to the seaside. I can't rightly say what was the matter with him."

"And has he been better since his return?" Cassie inquired.

"Better for a little while, miss; but at Christmas he was ill again, and kept his bed for some days."

"Do you think seriously of his state, Mrs. Stride?"

"Well, miss, I don't like the look of him," the housekeeper replied, putting up one hand to her chin and stroking it thoughtfully. "He changes more and more."

"He has altered lately," Cassie admitted.

"You're but a young creature, miss," said the woman, with a tone of real

kindness in her voice, "and, if I might make so bold as to advise, I'd say go home—go back to your friends. You're over young, miss, to stay in a house where, maybe, there'll soon be sickness and death."

"Thank you, Mrs. Stride," Cassie responded, cordially; "but it would seem unfeeling to leave him while he is ailing, and I have strong nerves. Moreover, I don't think I'm expected at home at present. It isn't like a real home, you see; I am merely a dependent."

She spoke with a soft little sigh that quite melted the housekeeper's heart. Poor Bertha had not made a favourable impression on the servants. Mrs. Stride had thought within herself that if all the Varners were like that woe-begone young lady they must be a troublesome family.

"I'm only sorry, miss, that this house

isn't more cheery-like," said the woman, earnestly. "It's pleasanter for us all when you're in it, and the master's taken a wonderful fancy to you; but if sickness comes you mustn't let yourself be worn out with watching and nursing, that's all."

Cassie ate her solitary supper by the waning fire, and then crept upstairs to her room, to lie awake and restless until the tardy dawn broke slowly, and the day that was to make her an heiress had fairly set in. She rose and dressed in a tremor of excitement, and was just ready to leave her chamber when the housekeeper tapped at the door.

"The master says you are to have breakfast without him, if you please, miss," she said. "He's had a bad night."

(To be continued.)

ROBINA CRUSOE, AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A NEWSPAPER.

THE following morning the table was spread before Henry made his appearance. Traces of fatigue had mostly passed, but there was sadness in his eyes which testified that the thought of his lost father was uppermost in his mind. He spoke but little during breakfast, and we were loath to break the silence

and intrude upon his grief. Thinking, however, it might distract him from dwelling upon his great sorrow, I told him a little of my own history, and offered to show him over my castle. Assenting to this, he was soon lost in astonishment over its dimensions and in admiration of all the wonders we had accomplished in its arrangements. I also told him how Undine had come to be my companion,

a recital which seemed especially to interest him.

We kept a good look-out from the armoury window, and saw during the day a party of the sailors evidently seeking their escaped prisoner, and had it not been for our sakes I should have been quite powerless to hinder the poor young fellow from rushing out upon them. But we left them the day to prosecute their search, intending ourselves to sally forth at night, and, if circumstances favoured, to carry out a little plot we had formed, which was the following: We wanted if possible to secure the treasure, and thinking the sailors, failing to find any inhabitant, would renew their carousals in the evening and leave the vessel unprotected as before, we determined to board her then, accomplishing our purpose whilst they were in a state of intoxication. It was rather a bold scheme; but as I never had been timorous, it was not likely I should be now I had such a brave young spirit to aid and abet me.

The day, therefore, was spent in preparing our arms. The weapon taken from the sailor was a splendid revolver which had belonged to the captain, and which, of course, was rightfully his son's property, who, besides this, put two loaded pistols in his belt, and a formidable knife, also taken from the sailor. I shouldered my double-barrelled gun, and with my pistol in my belt, and a bow and arrows at my back, we sallied forth as though on murder intent; but, truth to say, I most devoutly hoped we should meet with no occasion for using any of our manifold weapons, and I shuddered to think of my yesterday's work, albeit it seemed to me justifiable.

But in the midst of our preparations the cord of my bow snapped. I regretted this much, for it was far more perfect of its kind than any I could make.

"Stay," said Henry, "I have the very



"NOW, MAMMA, MAMMA, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? ARE YOU ILL?"

thing," and he turned out of his pocket a miscellaneous mass, amongst which was a roll of steel wire and something wrapped in an old newspaper.

I noticed it immediately, and stretching out my hand eagerly begged to look at it.

"However ancient it may be," I said, "it will seem to me something like a return to civilised life to read its pages."

Smiling, Henry unrolled the parcel and gave me the wrapper.

So whilst he adjusted the string I sat down to that journal of doings in my own land. How strange to read parliamentary speeches, leading articles, notices of public events, advertisements, etc., of that other world to which I had formerly belonged, but from which I had now been severed nearly twenty years! It was a year-old paper, but I perused it with as deep an interest as though it had been this morning's *Times*. No word escaped my eyes, and suddenly they fell upon a short paragraph, which riveted me:—

"We regret to announce the death of Lieut.-Colonel James Crusoe, which took place at his residence in May Fair, on the 6th inst. He was formerly Governor of New Connaught, and that he supported this position most honourably was abundantly testified a year since, upon the appointment of his son to the same post. Some of our readers may remember that the Colonel's only daughter was one amongst the passengers of the ill-fated vessel, the *Druid*, which foundered at sea with the total loss of all on board. It was soon after this melancholy event Colonel Crusoe retired from public duty. But his death will be deeply deplored by a large circle of friends, both public and private. He leaves a widow and one son, the present Governor of New Connaught."

The paper dropped from my hands. My fondly loved father dead! My dear mother still living, perhaps, nay, almost certainly, thinking with sorrow of her lost child! Oh, how much those lives seemed to tell me of the love my parents had borne me, of the misery I had so unblamably caused them! What a longing seized me to feel that dear mother's arms around me once more! Just at this moment Henry and Undine returned, the former having run to lift something he thought too heavy for the young girl, who was smiling at his notion of her helplessness. At the sight of my tears Undine sprang forward, and throwing herself on her knees by my side, cried, "Oh, mamma, mamma, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

But Henry, regarding the paper, guessed that that had caused my grief in some way.

"You have found bad news, I fear," he said, pityingly.

"Yes, sad indeed; my dear father is dead, and I now know certainly what I have often feared, that I shall never see him again on earth."

"And I have been the bearer of these evil tidings," said Henry.

"You have also brought me good news, for my mother and brother are both spoken of as living, and it may be

they are still alive. My tears flow almost as much for the longing I have to go to them, as for the loss of my father," I replied.

At these words Undine looked at me, and then at Henry, with a frightened expression.

"Oh, mamma, has Henry come to take you away in that ship? Will you leave me?"

"Leave you, my darling! Never; wherever I go or stay there you shall be, so long as you wish it," I answered, drawing her to me.

"And Henry too, mamma," she said, "he is so kind, let us all stop together."

The youth flushed at these words, said in all child-like innocence, as he affirmed "that nothing should ever part us if he could help it, that he would rather stay here with us than ever go home, since he had now no near relative."

I smiled through my tears at his impetuosity, and thought I might safely prophesy of a future when the companionship of one of the trio now vowing a life-long friendship might be dispensed with, without causing irreparable heart-break to the pair left; but this passing glimpse of a possible coming time was for my eyes alone, and was quickly dispelled by the vision of my own desired future.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LETTER WRITING.

BEFORE starting that evening, I had devised a plan by which I hoped to communicate with the civilised world. I wrote two letters, one to my mother, the

other to my brother; and with a portrait of the former, which I had in a locket, I enclosed them in a tin box, which had contained "bouilli," and then consigned it to my capacious bag, to be disposed of as the reader shall see. These letters were written on odd bits of paper, backs of letters, etc., Henry had in his pocket. I need scarcely say how excited I felt as I wrote them, although it was but a forlorn hope I had that they would reach the eyes I meant them for. My purpose was, if we should manage to board the vessel, to secrete it, in the hope that some one finding it might be induced to get it conveyed to the address I put upon it. I directed it thus:—

"Edmund Crusoe,
"Governor of New Connaught,
"Care of Colonial Office,
"London.

"Whoever will carry this to the above address will have £200 reward."

I had been able to ascertain the bearings of the island pretty accurately, I imagined, from Henry, and had entreated my brother to send a vessel for me, telling him that I had gold enough to defray any expense that might be incurred.

It certainly seemed rather a wild notion of mine, and I could see Henry thought so; for was it likely any of these men would venture back to England? Still, I had a feeling that I could not let the vessel leave without making some attempt to send with it tidings of my existence, knowing that most unlikely means have at times brought wished-for results. At any rate, this could do no



"THEN THE WRETCHES GAVE THEMSELVES UP TO DRINK AGAIN."

harm, and so I was resolved to venture upon it.

And now we were ready for our dangerous project. Reflecting that our firearms would be useless; were we to swim to the ship, we determined to sail round to it. This also would give us the advantage of being able to fly more quickly from pursuit if attacked by the mutineers. Setting sail from Cave Castle we sped quickly on our way, favoured by the breeze, and arriving at the mouth of the Gold River, we determined to land and reconnoitre before proceeding farther. It was well we did so, for the party had not all assembled, a second boat-load being on their way. Some were expressing fear that it was not very prudent to leave their vessel so unprotected, and others laughed at these fears, saying that they had pretty well proved the place to be uninhabited. "You forget!" cried one, who seemed

more nervous than the rest. "Who shot Jim Stevens? The boy had no arrow."

"Besides, who built the huts we saw to-day?" added another.

"Well, whoever did or didn't, there must be mighty few folks to live in 'em, or they wouldn't have escaped our eyes, the whole lot of 'em. I tell you what it is," continued the man, whose voice Henry recognised as that of one of the most daring of them, "I've seen a good deal of the ways of these dark-skinned gentry in my time, and I've known parties of 'em go to some neighbouring island, just a-gathering fruits, and off again in a day or two. I bet some of 'em were here, and took fright at the noise of our guns, and skeddaddled."

"But what's become of the boy?" asked the former speaker.

"Oh! the darkies have walked off with him; or p'raps he's hiding somewhere. Maybe it 'ud be better to have

a look round for him in the morning. He's safer out of the way. Strange things happen, and if ever the young chap turned up, it might be rather an awkward piece of business for us—eh, lads?" and the man laughed a brutal laugh, in which the others joined. The remainder of the crew landing at that moment were informed of the subject of conversation, and all then agreed that they would divide into two parties on the following morning, so as to investigate the island more thoroughly, and in case of either being surprised by savages, it was arranged that they should fire three shots in succession as a signal for the others to come to the rescue.

Then the wretches gave themselves up to drink again, and we waited until they sunk into heavy sleep, after filling the air with their uproarious songs and coarse jests.

(To be continued.)

A DIP INTO THE EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

WE hope that we are not abusing the confidence of our dear correspondents by printing for the benefit of the general reader a few of the letters recently sent to us. We know that all will be glad to read them, and to see that many are really helped by our earnest and laborious work.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—This is the first time I have ventured to address you, knowing so well how overwhelmed you must be with so many girl correspondents, but, indeed, I feel as if I were writing to a dear, faithful friend, who always gives me the best of advice in the kindest possible manner. I cannot tell you what a friend you are to me through the instrumentality of your charming and elevating magazine, for I have had to grow up to womanhood with a constant longing for that deep and tender love which a good father and mother alone can bestow. Oh, that girls who are blessed with it would appreciate it more! I am sure the good seed you are sowing all over the land cannot fail to bring forth good fruit. I trust by God's blessing it may do so in my heart and life. I am of age now, and I hope you will not think me shamefully ignorant for asking you to be so kind as to explain to me the difference between a "Liberal" and a "Conservative," also to kindly tell me your opinion of my handwriting. Please forgive me for my long letter; I will try to be much more brief the next time I write.

To the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Induced by the gentle courtesy and forbearance that characterise all your answers to correspondents, I, too, shall venture to ask your advice. What a grand idea THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is! I am nineteen, but still I like to think it is for me as much as a young one. I have read it all along with great interest, and your gentle, forbearing answers to many letters that, to speak as mildly as possible, have been very impolite, have surprised and pleased me. Surely your patience must be sorely tried at times. Please bear with me this time, as it is the first and probably the last time I shall address myself to you. For a long time I have had great doubts on the subject of predestination. In Romans, eighth chapter, 27-30th verses, one reads what would naturally lead her to believe in predestination, and yet, if there is a line of conduct marked out for one, she is not responsible for her own actions.

I always take this standpoint, viz.: God knows everything. Suppose a man were to commit a murder. From all eternity God knew that that man was to commit the crime. The man could not help himself. He was not a free agent, and yet I cannot see how we are not free agents. Surely the God who said, "Thou shalt not kill," never intended one man to kill his fellow. Oh, how much I wish information on this subject, and how eagerly I shall look for an answer! Another thing that troubles me is this: I am a teacher, and very often get out of patience with my scholars. I have sometimes felt very angry and yet have spoken gently, but the effort has been enormous. Oh, sometimes I think it would relieve me so just to give way to it! What would you have me do? I am convinced, however, that it is not the children's fault. When I come to school bright and pleasant all seems to go on well. If, on the other hand, I come in a morbid frame of mind, the reverse is invariably the case. If my letter is worth your notice (but you have so many correspondents that I can scarcely expect an answer), would you please give me a few hints about how my handwriting may be improved? It has always been a weak point with me. I must not trespass on your kindness any longer, however, so, sincerely hoping I have not wearied you, I remain, yours faithfully,

PORTIA.

Hungary, Christmas, 1882.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I cannot allow this season to pass without sending a few lines of thanks to you and your staff for all the entertainment and beneficial instruction I have derived from THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. I hope you will enjoy the Christmas festivities, and that the New Year will be a very happy one to you and yours. May God bless you and your work! Your paper, from all I can gather, does a great deal of good, and may God reward you for all the trouble you take to improve the youth of England, and, I may add, of all countries as well! I cannot thank you enough for all the good I have derived from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. I am not well off, as I have to dress so as to appear in society of the highest class, and provide myself with everything on £15 per annum; still, I would rather give up other things than my paper. I look forward with the

greatest pleasure to receiving it monthly, and can hardly wait with patience until my mother and brothers have read it and can forward it to me. How kind it is of you to provide us with a Christmas and Summer number! I cannot but admire the patience you must have to answer all your numerous correspondents, and I might often have written to you before had I not nearly always found answers to my questions in the correspondence lists. I most heartily regret reading some answers which show that you receive such rude and ungrateful letters from some of your girls; but I hope their numbers are few, for the girls of England must be grateful to you for the amount of advice, instruction, and amusement which you provide for them. Dear Mr. Editor, I should be very grateful to you if you would be so kind as to express an opinion with regard to my writing and composition. I am nineteen years of age. With best Christmas and New Year's greetings, and may God bless you, believe me, dear Mr. Editor, yours very gratefully,

LIACELOGA.

Melbourne, February 6th, 1883.

DEAR SIR,—Having a due sense of the importance of your time, I will content myself with a few lines on the subject of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Perhaps the crude opinion of a young lady is not of great value, but "every little makes a muckle," as our Scotch friends say. Since I read the first volume of your periodical, I have often intended to write and thank you for the help, encouragement, and valuable information contained in it. The succeeding ones of course could but confirm my opinion, and I thank God for having raised up those who can see and remedy so many defects and errors in the domestic life and education of the girls of the present day. The sound, wholesome tone of the book goes far to counteract the evil influences of the world on its readers. What can I say but God be with you? Surely, "when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—Yours, in respect and esteem,

STURDY.

The Manse, Yarrowonga, Victoria,
January, 1883.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—While reading to-day the part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER devoted to "Answers to Correspondents," it flashed across my mind that though letters

sew the ends together and fit this perfectly as to size before embroidering it. Trace a small but elaborate design upon the material and work it and fix it on the oval. A back made of cardboard, covered with cloth, must be sewn to the frame when the interior has been fixed in. Very large frames will require a wooden back, and should have a groove in the oval to fit this into, but small ones do very well with the cardboard.

Plush and Satin Bags.—The shapes now fashionable for knitting and embroidery bags are very pretty and varied, ranging from the straight plush bag to the purse bag, and the fully-pleated bag. The straight plush bag is the easiest to make, and when formed with artistic colours is an elegant present; it is used to hold knitting, and is of a long narrow shape. To work: Buy three-quarters of a yard of furniture plush with a very short nap, colour either deep ruby, peacock-blue, or mouse; also half a yard of fine cashmere matching the plush as to shade, and some old gold coloured filosele. Cut the plush into three strips, each three-quarters of a yard long and six inches wide. Take one of the strips, and with a piece of white chalk sketch the outline of a spray of leaves and fruit or seed-vessels upon one end, to the depth of twelve inches. Upon the other end of the same piece sketch a small spray in a horizontal position, as this will make the flap of the bag. Take a large crewel needle and an *unsplit strand of filosele* and work round the sketched outlines with rope-stitch; also

work out the veins of the leaves and dot the seed-vessels with a few large French knots. Cut the cashmere to fit the plush, and line it with that, and make up the bag with the embroidery to the front. The width of the plush is sufficient for three bags, so that they can be made at the cost of one. Each bag will then cost from 2s., and will fetch at a bazaar quite five shillings.

The purse bags are made by cutting four strips of silk and velveteen a yard long and nine inches wide, and sewing these together lengthways; the colours used for each strip should be a contrast to the others; a tassel at each end and large ivory rings complete the bag. Knitting bags to hang over the arm are made by cutting two leg-of-mutton shaped pieces of material, embroidering the broad parts with a spray of honeysuckle or clematis, and lining the strips with white silk and sewing them together only at the lower or thick part and the two narrow ends. The space between is used to put the arm through, and thus while knitting the cotton in the bag is held to the side without trouble.

Bags Made of Plush and Satin.—The shape of these bags resembles that used for wall pockets, but they are intended to hang with a cord on to the arm. The plush part forms a stiff half circle, and it is that part that is embroidered, the satin which makes the back being full, and gathered with rows of runnings and ornamented with the cord by which the bag is suspended. To make: Cut

a small half circle of cardboard for the bottom of the bag, then a straight piece of cardboard five inches high, and as long as will fit round the curved side of the bottom. Cut a piece of plush or embossed velvet to fit this straight piece, and embroider upon it a design; then cover the cardboard with it; also cover the bottom with a piece of plain plush, and sew the two neatly together. Take a piece of cardboard nine inches in length and as wide as the straight part of the bottom, and slope it off at the top an inch; cover this both back and front with satin fully laid on and gathered in at the bottom and the top; sew it neatly to the bottom and front piece, and ornament with a cord and tassels. Contrasts in colour or harmonies should be used for these bags, such as two shades of cinnamon or brown velvet and maize satin, maroon plush and sky-blue silk, crimson plush and Eau de Nil satin.

Letter Bags.—These are made to carry letters in the pocket without soiling them, and any fragments of plush, silk, and Roman sheeting can be used. Take the size of a large envelope, cut out a strip of material with a piece for a flap to fit it, embroider the back with the initials or crest of the owner, and the front with a wreath of daisies or other small flowers. Line the bag with fine holland or black silk; sew it together, and finish with a button and buttonhole.

The designs given in the articles upon Art work in February are suitable for the articles enumerated. B. C. SAWARD.

ROBINA CRUSOE, AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



CHAPTER XL.

WE slowly and cautiously retired from our hiding-place so soon as we con-

sidered it comparatively safe to venture, and, regaining our boat, directed her course out to sea, in order that we might reach the vessel on the side farthest from the revellers, lest they should gain sight of our white sail in the moonlight. Oars I feared to use, knowing the water might convey the sound, especially on so calm a night.

Tacking round, we slowly approached the ship, and in a few moments were moored to the side. Fearing surprises, we listened for some minutes in breathless silence ere we ascended. But no sooner were we safely on board than we heard a noise as of the rattling of a chain.

Telling me to keep still, Henry went a few paces forward, preparing to fire, when, to my surprise, he laid down his gun and disappeared, returning however in a few moments leading a splendid Newfoundland dog, who was covering his hand with kisses, and in various ways silently evincing his joy at the sight of his young master.

"Spana is wise," whispered Henry; "he knows well danger lurks around, and quite understands he is to make no sound so long as he is by my side." The noble animal was worthy of this testimony to his sagacity, for, although giving vent to his delight by a series of twists and turns and wriggles of his body, he followed Henry below almost noiselessly, whilst I kept watch above.

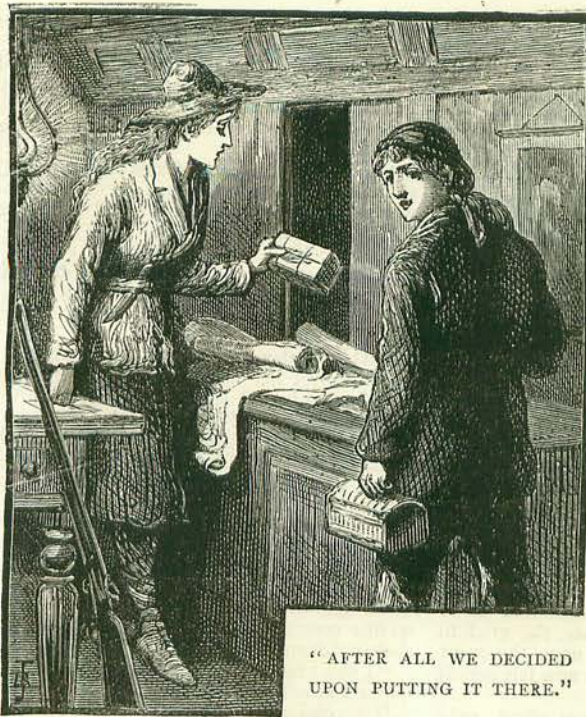
The moon had now fully risen, and I could discern the mutineers lying on the

shore. I was pondering upon where to deposit my box so that it should not be found too quickly, and yet not altogether escape sight. Henry at first counselled substituting it for the jewel-case, which he took from behind a slid-



"A SPLENDID NEWFOUNDLAND DOG."

ing wainscot panel in the captain's cabin, but I thought this scarcely wise, as no doubt the men on finding it would at once break it open, concluding it contained the desired treasure. After all, we decided upon putting it



"AFTER ALL WE DECIDED UPON PUTTING IT THERE."

without uttering a word jumped into the boat, his face set and pale. It was not until we were some little distance on our way that he seemed able to answer my inquiry as to what had caused our alarm.

"That brute is living," he said, with suppressed rage.

"Which brute?"

"The man you shot."

"Thank God," I said, fervently.

"What do you mean?" he asked, almost fiercely. "Don't you know he took my father's life?"

"Yes, Henry," I replied, "and I tried to comfort myself with the thought that my act to save your life was allowed to be a just retribution to him; but I could never get over the miserable remembrance that I had hurried a fellow-creature, so unprepared as he, into eternity."

Henry looked at me. "Then you think I was right to leave him living?"

"Certainly; but are you sure it was he?"

"Perfectly sure, he is lying in his bunk, evidently incapable of getting out of it. He had apparently just awakened from sleep, and was trying to turn, and this, I suppose, made him groan; at the same time he had no appearance of a dying man. He did not catch a glimpse of me. Ah!" and he looked as if he still half repented his act of mercy towards the wretched culprit.

Poor boy, could I wonder at this outburst of revengeful feeling?

Laying my hand on his, "Henry," I said, "be assured you have done right. Had you been able to save your father's life by taking that of his would-be murderer, it would have been altogether a different thing, but to take the life of a poor wretched creature, helpless to defend himself, would be a cowardly



"COULD I WONDER AT THIS OUTBURST OF REVENGEFUL FEELING?"

there, for, truth to say, I felt it really little signified where it was placed, seeing it would be only under very extraordinary circumstances that it would fail to be broken open by one of these men, and in truth, it was the remotest chance it would ever reach its destination.

Leaving the panel just the merest crack open, Henry took possession of several articles he thought useful for us, and amongst other things I begged him to secure any writing paper he could lay his hand on, for I had found my parchment anything but first rate, and thus my literary labours had progressed very slowly. He also secured the log-book, and we had just finished lading our boat and were about to leave, of course accompanied by Spana, when we distinctly heard a groan. For a moment we looked at each other with dismay, but a second unmistakable groan succeeding, Henry begged me in whispered accents to get as quickly as possible into the boat, and thinking he intended to follow me at once I yielded to his entreaty. But no sooner had he seen me seated than, springing back into the vessel, he ran lightly in the direction of the fore-castle, whence the sound had issued. I sat almost paralysed with fear for the next few minutes; then Henry appeared, and

revenge. Believe me, you will feel thankful in days to come that you desisted. Is not this hand more fit to grasp mine or Undine's than if it had been raised in vengeance against a fellow-creature? Human vengeance is too cruelly selfish to be aught but hateful."

As I uttered Undine's name the set lips relaxed, and the young head with its light brown curls was laid upon my shoulder, and the poor boy wept tears which I sought not to restrain, for well I knew the relief they might be to his excited feelings. A minute or two and he was calmer, and was telling me that his mother had died when he was an infant, but he could fancy I was just like her.

A fine manly-looking young fellow telling me I seemed like his mother! I smiled as I looked at my attire and my bronzed hands, and thought the poor lady would have scarcely appreciated the compliment; yet I felt a joy that I could in any way take the place of such a love to two young beings who needed it, and seemed so well fitted to inspire it.

(To be continued.)

FAST COLOURS.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

One among the Reflections (wise, witty, pretty or profound) of a Looking-glass.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN, Author of "When I Was a Girl," "Patty's Victory," &c.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLES.

"*Eh, bien!* But you are a little solitary! So still, so still, I did not think to find you at all."

It was Mam'selle Corvée who spoke; coming rapidly in, darkening the sunset glow

between the window and my little girl in brown, as I might again call her, for the muslin she had made up and now wore was of a delicate brown to my idea, though I had heard various fantastic names applied to the colour.

"You did startle me, mam'selle," said Winnie, rising to her feet; the other had

nearly bounced over her, as she sat on the low seat by the window.

Corvée wore a very smart bonnet and mantle, and looked more sparkling, with more of eyes and teeth, and of life generally, than ever.

"When did you come?" asked Winnie, as Corvée at once placed herself in front of me,

were secrets known only to one or two, they might be used for criminal purposes with impunity, and detection defied. Better knowledge has placed them within the reach of greater numbers who might be disposed to make a bad use of them, but it has to a much greater degree increased the chances of discovery and punishment. No matter how skilfully poisons may be used, and what-*ver* precautions may be taken, modern science, as recent trials have shown, is capable of detecting their presence;

and in this lies our safety. Doubtless, greater legislative restrictions might with advantage be placed on the sale of many of these drugs; and some murders or attempted murders might be prevented if those who have occasion to use these poisons took sufficient care to keep them securely locked up. Easy access to the means is probably often a great temptation to persons of an excitable, vindictive, or passionate character; and hence the cases of poisoning which sometimes occur from very trivial

quarrels. However this may be, there can be no question that carelessness and ignorance are the main causes of accidental poisoning; and our object has been chiefly to point out how accidents may occur from articles in more or less common use in the household, and the methods of treating such cases, together with the sources from which our food and drink may be contaminated to a less dangerous, but still to a disagreeable and troublesome extent.
C. PROCTOR, M.S.C.I.

ROBINA CRUSOE, AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XLI HOPES AND FEARS.

WE reached home in safety, greatly to Undine's delight, who had passed some anxious hours during our absence, and I was glad when, after bringing in our new possessions, I could lie down to rest. But sleep was not to be mine; old memories, recent events, all crowded in upon my thoughts. That wretched creature lying ill alone upon the sea, was his conscience upbraiding him? My letters, would they ever be read by the dear ones addressed? My two children, would my influence over them be all it should be? My precious father, had he been really nearer to me than I thought? Had his spirit been a ministering one to mine?

We employed the following morning

in putting away our new acquisitions, which were very miscellaneous. We brought all the firearms we could find. I also secured a large amount of cord and sailcloth, and tools, besides some household stores. Henry took his father's and his own garments, and some little things he prized, and we fastened one of the ship's boats to ours and towed it back. So that our booty was very valuable, though I do not think anything gave me personally more pleasure than my paper.

We saw one of the parties on search pass along the beach, and thinking it well

to give them a fright, Henry ran up to the top of our entrance gully and fired the signal they had agreed upon—the three shots. Undine and I, watching from the armoury window, had the satisfaction of seeing the men run off in the direction of the sound, and we amused ourselves with picturing the astonishment that would be felt by both parties when they met, and the amazement they would experience upon finding the robbery committed on the vessel. They would begin to fancy some uncanny beings inhabited the place—able to make themselves invisible at will, for their mate would be quite unable to tell them whence the arrow came that struck him down, as I had been completely concealed from his view. At any rate, it had the effect

of deterring them from remaining any longer on the land, for a few hours later we had the gratification of seeing the vessel round the farthest extremity, and I watched her with mingled hopes and fears until she was lost on the horizon.

And now we resumed our customary way of life, excepting that we had a very pleasant and useful addition to our family in Henry, so strong, yet gentle, so kind-hearted, yet manly. To him was intrusted the replenishing of the larder, as he proved an able sportsman.

One of our undertakings at this time was the reparation of Banyan House, which the sailors had knocked about and injured, but I was very glad to find they had not done damage to my farm-yard by the lake.

Henry proved very useful in ridding the land of some of the wild cats, many of whose beautiful skins he managed to dress most skilfully, and with them and those of some other animals we adorned the floor of our great hall at the castle, making it look quite luxurious.

I forgot to mention we had brought with us as many books as we could carry from the captain's library, some good



"WE BROUGHT ALL THE FIREARMS WE COULD FIND."



"DRINKING IN EVERY WORD."

histories, and one or two standard volumes of fiction, besides some textbooks on natural science, of which Henry was very fond. With these we employed our winter evenings, and a new world seemed to open to Undine's inquiring mind, which gained fresh impetus under Henry's instruction. It was a pretty picture to see her sitting on one of the skin rugs at Henry's feet, looking up into his face with her dark eager eyes, drinking in every word, whilst Spana laid with his big shaggy head resting on her knees.

Another of our treasures was a goodly supply of lucifer matches, which so elated me the young folks declared if at any time they wanted to make me especially happy they should present me with a lucifer match; but, my readers, what an improvement it seemed to me upon the primitive system of sparks struck from a flint and the tinder box I had been obliged to establish after my matches were exhausted, though I did succeed in making wooden ones with their tips dipped in sulphur in ancient style.

(To be continued.)

COLOURED LEAVES: HOW TO PRINT THEM.

DOUBTLESS all our readers have noticed the beautiful and remarkable leaves found on plants which they meet with in their country rambles. To some the wish may have come that a method, other than that of the cumbrous herbarium, could be adopted by which the beauties or noteworthy features could be preserved. Such a way we propose in this short article to show them.

The same endless variety prevails in the shape, texture, veining, and outlines of leaves, as is manifested in all the other works of the Creator. Each plant has its own characteristic leaf. It has some peculiarity of form, of edge of surface, or of veining which is worthy of notice. Who does not know the irregularly notched and toothed leaf of the dandelion, which doubtless suggested the French name *dent de lion*, of which the English is a corruption, each division of the apparently ragged edge running backwards towards the crown of the root? The ivy, with its five strongly-marked lobes, and the narrow leaf of the willow, which by no forcing is compared to the shape of a lance-head, are each characteristic shapes. Indeed, the leaf of the latter tree is so well known and typical that it is used in the description of phenomena occurring in the atmosphere of the sun. The maple-tree has leaves richly decorative in form, apparently made to the hand of the designer; and no less suggestive are the rounded lobes and sinuous edge of the oak-leaf. The convolvulus has leaves of the shape of an arrow-head, the nasturtium that of a shield, and so of hundreds of plants of which some peculiarity of form is worthy of preservation.

How variously the margins of leaves are toothed or cut into! Thus the nettles, dead and stinging, have obvious saw-like teeth ranging from stalk to tip. So have rose-

leaves; but in them the teeth become more attenuated, almost prickly. The vine-leaf has large, well-pronounced teeth, but each tooth is cut into by smaller teeth. The modest, creeping ground-ivy has leaves with rounded notches; the equally humble creeping jenny, with leaves of the same general form, has an unbroken margin. The leaves of the willow and buckthorn have the tiniest teeth possible, while the holly develops its divisions into unmistakable thorns.

It is very charming to notice the gradual changes which occur in the shape of the leaves of a given plant in the various stages of its growth. Commencing in the bud or the seedling with a very simple form, as each leaf is produced it takes a more and more pronounced shape until the special character peculiar to the plant under study is produced. Then frequently another, or the converse change takes place as the leaf approaches the flower-head or flower, until once again the scale-like form is produced.

The sacred writer tells us that "The grass" (or the leaf) "withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away," which is universally true, but it is worthy of note that they do not all wither

grown, bears about two millions of leaves. Each leaf is unequally sided, has a margin toothed, and each large tooth again notched. Each leaf leaves the stem at about the same angle; the veins of the leaf also leave the principal vein at about the same angle; all the leaves are about the same size, and yet two leaves cannot be found alike in every respect.

For some of the reasons stated above, the leaf is of considerable value in discovering the family to which the particular plant under notice belongs. Sometimes the character of the leaf is so marked as to enable the student to discover the order, or even the genus, to which it should be referred. The parts of a plant which are most frequently examined with a view to classification are the stem, the flowers, and the seed. However, sometimes the stem is undeveloped; the leaves and the flowers grow from the crown of the root; or we miss the time of blooming, and cannot secure the flowers; or, again, it is impossible to obtain the seed in its ripened state, for many plants have a habit of dispersing their seed by the breaking up of the seed-vessel with elastic force as the seed approaches ripeness. But the leaves can almost always be obtained.

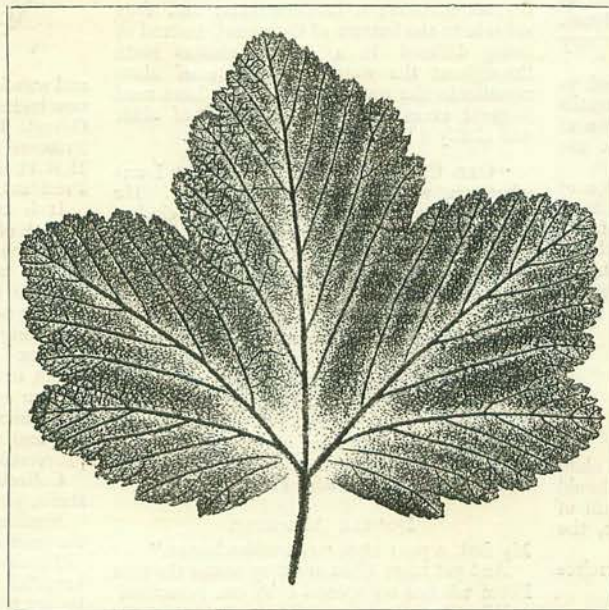
Most students of the harmless and gentle science of botany are aware that the leaves of the three principal classes of plants are distinctly different in the way in which the veins are distributed. Exogens, such as the lilac, currant, apple and pear, have the veins of the leaves distributed like the meshes of a net. Grasses, palms, lilies, and orchids, which belong to the class of endogens, have the veins running side by side. The ferns, which belong to the class of cryptogams, disclose fronds in which the veins are continuously forking into two branches, a feature clearly seen in the maidenhair fern.

With a view to enable our readers to secure permanent impressions of leaves by very simple, easy, and accessible means, we offer the following description of a process of nature printing in colour or colours from the leaf itself.

The leaves to work upon may be obtained from any hedgerow, wood, field, garden, or smallest patch of ground in which a tree or flower grows. To begin. Select a few well-grown leaves, neither large nor small. Let them be such as, when laid upon a flat surface, do not fold upon themselves or overlap in parts. To keep them fresh and firm, put them in an earthenware or tin vessel, and cover the lid or a damp cloth over all.

Next, secure a sheet of foolscap paper; also some cartridge or other white paper (it should not have a glossy face) on which to take impressions. Cut the latter into sizes conveniently to take the leaves, and yet have a margin all round. It will be found convenient to have this paper doubled upon itself, so that the upper and lower surfaces of the leaves can be taken at the same time.

Obtain one, or more, tubes of oil colours, a little sweet oil to dilute the paint, a quarter of a yard of Nainsook muslin, the finer the quality the better, a handful of cotton wool (fine), and a yard of twine—an equipment neither costly nor troublesome. Tie the cotton wool, within two folds of the muslin, into a firm, round, hard mass; you will then have the dabber. With this dabber spread the paint, diluted with oil, very thinly and



so soon as each other. A flower may last for a week; it oftener lasts only a day. Very few plants develop their blooms for more than a month, and yet fewer still enrich the earth with blooms the whole year round. With the greatest number the flowering season is over in a few weeks, sometimes days. A tolerably experienced botanist frequently finds that he has miscalculated the bloom-time of a plant he is searching for. An accident of the season, or of the place of growth, has hastened or retarded development by a few days, and the opportunity is lost.

This difficulty is not felt when leaves are the object of study. We watch them unfolding in the spring, and rejoice in the living green during the summer, to marvel at the glowing colours in the autumn. But there they are the greater part of the year ready to our hand. Again, many plants the Creator has endowed with mantles of green the whole year through, put on the new before they cast off the old.

A remarkable feature about leaves is the fact that while a plant bears vast masses of foliage, each member of which bears the same character, yet no two are alike in all particulars. An elm tree, for instance, when full

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CHAPTER XLII.
ANOTHER HOUSE.

HENRY about this time suggested the construction of a house near the pine forest, giving as his reason that I was so preoccupied with the ultimate success of my plan of rescue, that half my time was spent on the look-out for a vessel, and that a house placed on that side of the island would command the best view of the ocean in the direction where it might be supposed the longed-for help would be likely to arrive. We began therefore to inspect the ground in order to find the most elevated as well as most healthful spot. The reader will remember that the coast here, in form of a bay, was fringed by a pine forest of great extent. Nothing could be better for our purpose, as, having so much available material close at hand, much labour would be saved; so, choosing a site a short distance inland, and where the ground began to rise, we selected a group of the finest trees upon which to begin operations.

Henry ascended the tallest of these with the agility of a sailor, to judge of its position as a look-out, and declared it splendid, commanding a wide prospect of the water over the tops of the forest trees, which gradually sloped to the shore, and, having taken up a good stout cord, he attached it in seaman-like fashion to act as a pulley, and then descended.

We had carefully chosen the trees, so that they should form the posts of the house. It being impossible to find four which should give us a perfect rectangle, we were obliged to content ourselves with an irregularly-shaped edifice; but this was a matter of very minor importance.

To begin with, many days were spent in felling trees and sawing them into planks. This was very arduous labour, as I had already experienced in the construction of Banyan House. Now, however, with such a capital helper, work advanced more rapidly, although still slowly, as, although the labourers brought plenty of goodwill to bear upon it, they had but little experience. Henry and I did the sawing and joinery, whilst Undine superintended the cooking, etc. In about three weeks, considering that our supply of planks was sufficient for the time being, we varied our toil by beginning to build, following the same process as I had done at Banyan House, but somewhat altering the style, and fixing on a very strong thatched roof. I spoke to Henry of the pitch I had found some little distance from this spot, and asked him if he did not think it would be a good thing for preserving the wood of our house from decay. He thought it might be, so we determined to make a temporary settlement in the neighbourhood of the black marsh. Lying farther on were the sand hills, which so abounded with rabbits, and not having taken the time to procure fresh meat lately, we were glad for Henry to have a little sport and leave us the task of collecting the bitumen.

Some days were given up principally to our dirty though very arduous occupation, after which we returned to house-

building for a time. An auger which we had amongst the tools brought from the vessel proved of much value, and we really succeeded in making a most convenient and pleasant abode, and were not a little proud of our architectural feat.

Harvest season arrived before we had completed it, but it could very well be left for the present. Having settled ourselves again at Banyan House, which was always my autumn residence, we were soon busily occupied cutting down and binding into sheaves, which we left to dry whilst we collected in other produce. A merry time we had of it this year, with our strong and active companion, and when towards the end of the season he made a small cart, to which he harnessed two of our goats, and in this fashion made journeys to the granary with our harvest, we had a good laugh over the primitive machine with its clumsy wheels jolting along in such an extraordinary manner. It met with occasional mishaps; still, it both saved labour and gave us plenty of amusement, and Undine was not satisfied until she had had a drive in "our carriage." A few yards were quite sufficient for her, though, and she jumped down, remarking that she much preferred walking.

Having got through our autumn labours, we returned to the unfinished house, to which we gave the name of



"HE MADE A SMALL CART."



"COLLECTING PRECIOUS NUGGETS."

Pine Grove. The boat we had towed from the vessel was most useful, as by its means we could carry our belongings from place to place, on each fresh migration, which otherwise would have entailed two or three journeys. We now set to work to plaster our walls with bitumen, and, finding we had not quite a sufficient supply, we had to fetch more; but, as the marsh was not far distant, Undine and I could manage this very well by putting what we collected into a cask, which had formerly contained gunpowder, and carrying it slung upon a pole between us. And when the weather once more drove us to our castle refuge, we again began our pleasant readings and our chats over old England and her wonders, trying to make Undine picture them. Thus time passed with us cheerfully, though in the heart of one there was ever an undercurrent of restless longing for that which, alas! seemed impossible.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AT LAST.

"HOPE deferred maketh the heart sick," so says the proverb, and certainly I proved its truth only too emphatically during these two years. It may seem strange to my readers that I had any hope in the matter; but had not that sentiment been a very powerful element in my nature, I should never have lived through all I had done these twenty long years. But I began indeed to despond, when nearly two years had passed without my weary eyes discerning the distant sail which was wafting my brother to me. And shall I own that a little jealousy was creeping into my heart? Was not my pet child gradually getting some of the love won from her that would have been all my own? Were not the young people sometimes so thoroughly content with each other, that mamma was inclined to feel herself the no-company third? Confession is good for the soul, they say; so now I am about it, I may as well mention another naughtiness of mine, which rather

increased—the love of amassing gold, knowing what an instrument for doing and getting good this shining metal is when rightly used. So you see, my young friends—you who have been ready to think Robina Crusoe a horribly strong-minded woman—that she was not altogether devoid of weakness, albeit the latter-mentioned phase of it cannot be said to be essentially feminine.

Employed one day on the side of Mount Desire in collecting precious nuggets, I caught the glimpse of a white sail on the horizon. Watching for a minute or two, to make sure my eyes had not deceived me, I was convinced they were telling me true, and, running to my companions, we all three hastened to the summit of the mountain, whence by means of Henry's glass we could plainly distinguish a gallant ship in full sail, bearing down upon our isle. I waited with palpitating heart until I saw the plain blue flag—the signal I had asked from my brother—floating from the mast, and then the bonfire which had long ago been prepared was lighted, and upwards soared its welcoming flame.

And now my pen fails to record the meeting that took place upon the shore, as the grey-haired man and his middle-aged sister, parted in days of youth, met in loving embrace, neither of them able for many minutes to give utterance to their joy.

"My mother, is she still alive?" were my first words.

"Yes, Robina, alive, and waiting with eagerness to welcome you in the old home. What have you done these twenty years, my poor sister?" and Edmund caressed the head that was lying on his shoulder, as if we had gone back the twenty years and more, and I was again the little sister whose dreams of great doings he had often good-humouredly laughed at.

"I have been happier, perhaps, than could be imagined, Edmund; especially since two companions came to cheer me in my solitude," and I pointed to Henry and Undine, who were standing a little apart from us.

My brother went towards them and grasped their hands. "You also will be glad to go to England?" he asked.

"If Undine will go," said Henry, looking down at the young girl, who was clinging to his arm, half frightened at the stranger, who was smiling at her.

"Yes, we must all go—Henry to see his friends, my little wild girl here to be tamed," I replied.

We now turned our footsteps to Pine Grove, my nearest mansion, which amazed and interested my brother immensely; but it was not long before I had

planned with him to bid this island-home farewell in a week's time, so anxious were we both to *start on the* homeward voyage.

Before the week had passed this project was set aside, and I was lying on what was then thought to be my death-bed. But oh! what joy it was to feel my hand resting in my brother's, and to know that my two children would find in him a father.

Yes, the stout-hearted, independent Robina Crusoe had to give in, to be nursed, moreover *doctored*, for happily for her there was a skilful medical man on board the vessel.

Three weeks, and then I was able to sit up again, and my dear ones began to take heart, my brother merrily congratulating me on the return to civilised ways my bedroom showed as he pointed to one or two medicine bottles with which it was adorned.

At length the bright morning so yearned for dawned, and we bade adieu to the lovely little island. I made the others leave me the last hour by myself. I felt that to God alone could I pour out the feelings that at those last moments overwhelmed me, and then I joined my friends, the good ship sailed, and the well-known shores faded away from our eyes.

I must tell you that my letters reached their destination after much wandering. The men, as we imagined, had no intention of returning to England, and had directed their course to a distant colony; but meeting with a severe storm, the vessel was disabled, and in hourly danger of becoming a wreck. In this state they were rescued by a Spanish American merchantman. Arrived at the destination to which this was bound, the English ship was sold by its supposed owners, who either had never found the tin case, or, having found it, were afraid to take it. Amongst the crew that now manned the vessel was an Englishman, who, happening to discover the secret, took charge of the package,



"THE WELL-KNOWN SHORES FADED FROM OUR EYES."

and at his first opportunity gave it into the hands of a British consul, and by him it was sent to its address. My brother, having given up his colonial appointment so as to remain with his widowed mother, received it about eighteen or nineteen months after it had started on its first voyage, and set out with as little delay as possible to bring the sister so long lost.

(To be concluded.)



STINGS FROM BEES OR WASPS.—Chalk wetted with hartshorn is a remedy for the sting of a bee, also table salt kept moist with water. A raw onion is an excellent remedy for the sting of a wasp, also poppy leaves bruised and applied to the part affected will give almost immediate relief.

SICK HEADACHE.—Two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in half a tumbler of water generally gives instant relief. Another remedy is, when the first symptoms of a headache appear, take a clear teaspoonful of lemon juice fifteen minutes before each meal and the same dose at bedtime; follow this up until all symptoms have passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be free from your unwelcome pain.

SILK pocket-handkerchiefs and dark blue cotton will not fade if dipped in salt and water while new.

SAL VOLATILE, or hartshorn, will restore colours taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any material without doing harm.

OLD LINEN should be carefully preserved, as it is always useful in sickness; afterwards it can be washed and then scraped into lint.

POTATO PUFFS.—Chop and season well some cold meat or fish. Mash some potatoes and make them into a paste with an egg. Roll it out, and cut round with a saucer, put your seasoned meat on one half, and fold the other over like a puff. Fry a light brown, and serve hot.

KNIVES.—When ivory-handled knives turn yellow, rub them with fine sand-paper or

emery; it will take off the spots, and restore the whiteness.

WHITE SPOTS IN VARNISHED FURNITURE.—A shovel of hot coals held over varnished furniture will take out white spots. Care should be taken not to hold the coals near enough to scorch; and the place should be rubbed with flannel while warm. Spots in furniture may usually be removed by rubbing them hard and quickly with a flannel wet with the same thing which took out the colour—if rum, wet the cloth with rum, etc. The very best restorative for defaced varnished furniture is rotten-stone pulverized, and rubbed on with linseed oil.

TO PURIFY WATER.—A large spoonful of powdered alum stirred into a hoghead of water will so purify it that in a few hours the dirt will sink to the bottom, and it will be as clear and fresh as spring water. Four gallons may be purified with a teaspoonful.

LEMON OR ORANGE TART.—Beat to a cream one tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, then the juice and grated rind of two lemons (or oranges), beat all together; then stir in lightly the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Line your dish with a light paste and bake in a quick oven.

VARIETIES.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—An unknown porter once brought to me, at my lodgings, a box sealed up, and on the outside directed to myself. I inquired from whom he had it; he told me a gentleman that was a stranger to him, and whose name or residence he knew not, gave it him in the street, and gave him sixpence to deliver it safely; which now he had done, and having discharged his part, he could give me no farther account. I opened the box, when the first thing I met with was a note written in a hand I knew not, without any name subscribed, in these very following words:—"Mr. Owen Feltham,—It was my hap in some dealing with you to wrong you of five pounds, which I do now repay double, humbly intreating you to forgive me that great wrong, and to pray the Lord to forgive me this and the rest of my sins." And under this note, folded in another paper in the same box, were ten twenty-shilling pieces in gold. I cannot call to mind that I was deceived of such a sum as five pounds in any kind of dealing, nor to this hour can I so much as guess at the person from whom it came. But I believe he did it to disburden a conscience. And surely, if I knew him, I should return him an esteem, similar to the merit of so pious an action. And since he would not let me know his name to value him as he deserved, I have presumed to recite the thing, that others from the sense of it may learn to be honest, and himself reap the benefit that may happen by so good an example.—*Owen Feltham's "Resolves."*

THE WHOLE DUTY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The King should possess—Wisdom to direct his councils and paternal affection for his people.

Queen—Virtue and gentleness.

Heir Apparent—Caution in the choice of his friends, and unremitting assiduity in his studies, to acquire the art to govern well.

Royal Children—Innocency.

Relatives of the Blood Royal—Emulation in promoting the good of their country.

Archbishops should be—Zealous in good works, and clothed with meekness and learning.

Lord Chancellor—Of profound judgment, and a rock of justice.

Privy Councillors—Wise, faithful, and secret. Officers of the Court and State should possess—Ability and sincerity.

House of Peers should be—Pillars of the Constitution.

Nobility—In all things munificent, and liberal rewarders of merit.

Bishops—Watchful shepherds.

House of Commons—Guardians of the rights of ye people.

Judges—Sagacious, just, and merciful.

Gentry—Bountiful to the poor, and encouragers of trade and commerce.

Clergy—Examples of piety.

Magistrates—Discerning and impartial.

Generals, Admirals, and all other Officers—Intrepid and vigilant.

Physicians should be—Skilful, attentive, and humane.

Lawyers—Able and honest.

Students should possess—Sobriety and application.

Merchants and Tradesmen—Diligence and probity.

Yeomen—Industry.

Soldiers and Sailors—Courage, patience, and obedience.

Husbands—Carefulness and tenderness.

Wives should be—Virtuous and prudent.

Children—Dutiful and affectionate.

Clerks, Apprentices, and Servants should possess—Diligence and faithfulness.

And all men should be temperate, loyal, and just.

Copied from a print published by W. Darling in 1786.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

AN ancient patriarch, his name's well-known;
The country, his descendants call their own.

1. Land of perpetual bonds and tasks severe:
"Relinquish hope, all ye who enter here."
Where winter reigns supreme in bitter gloom,
And victims languish in a living tomb.
2. A race of hideous dwarfs, the very sight
Of whom fills all with terror and affright:
From east to west, the nations they appal
But meet a check upon the plains of Gaul:
Back eastward driv'n, a fertile land they claim
From dying Rome, and still it bears their name.
3. A far-extending plain, whereon once met
Two hostile armies, for encounter set:
Th' invaders triumph—and the native host,
Their giant-king, their lives, their homes are lost.
4. A fertile district in a happy land:
Luxuriant bushes thrive on ev'ry hand,
And bear the beans that give such pleasant cheer
And fragrance to our breakfast-tables here.

XIMENA.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 638).

WESTMORELAND

O Z O N E

ROZINANTE (a)

D R Y A D

S E N L I S

Words.* Deeds.

(a) The horse of Don Quixote.

* "Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found."

—*Pope's "Essay on Criticism."*

ROBINA CRUSOE,
AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



"THE YOUNG FOLK COMING UP THE GARDEN-PATH."

CHAPTER XLIV.

ENGLAND.

IF impossible to depict the meeting of brother and sister, how shall that between mother and daughter be described? My precious mother so changed, yet looking more lovely than ever in my eyes, with her silvered hair and sweet placid look of patience born of sorrow bravely, submissively accepted! I vowed that death alone should part us, and I kept my vow.

On landing, Henry joined his friends, but it was not long before he came to visit us, and make the acquaintance of my mother, who was ready to receive both my *protégés* with all the warm welcome I could wish. After a stay of a month or two in the old country home, which interested Undine very much, we went up to London. The life here was not much to her taste, although she enjoyed seeing with her own eyes the wonders she had heard Henry tell of. She learnt rapidly under her instructors, and improved in many ways through the companionship of other girls; still, I could see she often pined for the freedom of her island life, and the climate of England rather tried her health. Hence, when Henry came to me with his plan and project all ready to be carried out, providing Undine agreed, how could I put any hindrance in the way?

He had passed these two years at home in learning as much as he could of any manufacture and handicraft likely to be useful to an early colonist, always hoping to return to Cerisia, as we had named our fertile island, with Undine as his wife, having left her free, by my desire, until now, so that her love, if ever given to him, might have been sufficiently tested to prove it was wholly his. And when he came down to our country house, where we were then staying, to remind me that his time of waiting had expired, what could I do but tell him Undine was in all probability in my wild garden, her favourite spot? And when after some time I saw the young folk coming up the garden-path, with a look of happy light in their eyes that even I yet somehow understood, do you wonder if, after meeting them

with an embrace that told them what words failed to do, I just ran and shut myself in my bedroom for the next hour, to give way to—well, I'll not say what, for fear of exposing feminine weakness again. But I was so glad at their happiness.

A few months later a vessel had been bought with some money my nuggets had procured, and freighted with all sorts of things suitable for a party of settlers; and some artisans, mechanics, and agricultural labourers of ascertained good character, having consented to take their wives and families to colonise the place, we saw our children off—if sad to part with us, yet happy in youthful hope and love; and I was happy too, for had I not the joy of knowing that I could fulfil a daughter's part to so true and fond a parent?

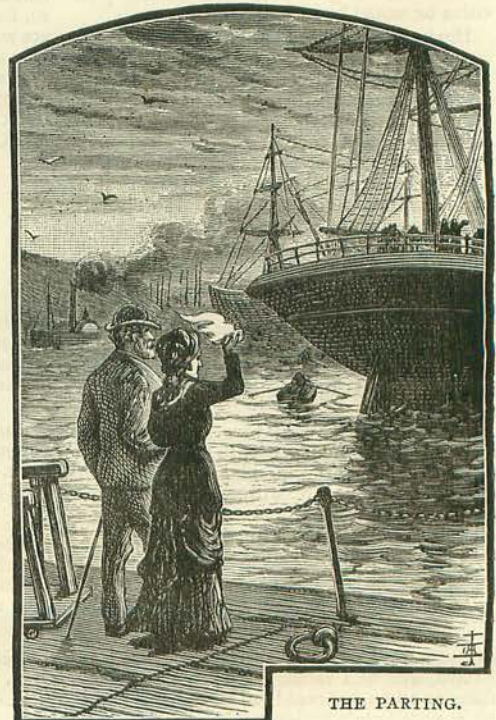
Three years passed, and then my mother was taken from me, and I was again alone.

CHAPTER XLV.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

AM I really in Cerisia once more? Let me describe the prospect as I sit writing in a pretty cottage

home, built on the side of a picturesque mountain. Below me stretches a forest of noble pines, and beyond these a summer sea, sparkling in the golden sunshine; but what are those erections on the rugged promontory that juts out, a stony barrier for the waves to leap? Sparks issuing, busy figures moving here and there, not far off a blacksmith's forge—incongruous, is it, with the beauty around? Well, perhaps so, but some will tell you that it speaks of hidden iron riches with a beauty of utility not to be surpassed. But my eyes wander a little further, and again I see busy workers at a river side, sifting and washing with the greatest earnestness, searching for the precious yellow nuggets which not too unfrequently appear to reward their toil. And now a little maiden and her brother come trotting up the well made road that reaches to my cottage, followed by one who, still young and girl-like in manner, wears a matronly air as she stoops to lift up the little Henry for his morning kiss. Every day my children come to see me, if I am not staying with them, and now they have come to fetch me to Banyan Grove, where, close by the old house, which is purposely left as it was, Henry has built a comfortable roomy cottage for himself and family. Here I see the fertile land around, teeming with the added fruitfulness that good cultivation has produced. By-and-by we wander down to the lake, and after a pleasant row, land on the islet, and, opening our baskets, arrange our pretty



THE PARTING.



"LET ME DESCRIBE THE PROSPECT."

tea-service made at the pottery works which have risen where our crude attempts were made,

And as I sit watching the merry children, I turn my eyes towards the mount again, to rest them on a building very dear to me. It is plain and unpretending-looking, but here throughout the week the little ones of the island meet to be instructed, and here some of my so-called Utopian theories on the subject of education are being tried, and I believe are proving their practicability. In this building also do we meet on the Sabbath, to join in the worship of Him to whom we owe all of beauty and goodness.

And now again I watch the setting sun, and think of the years gone by, when the shining pathway seemed to lead to an earthly home so yearned for; but now the golden beams point to an unknown land to which my thoughts wander, where some of my dear ones already dwell; and until I reach that land I care not to call any other home on earth mine, but the happy one I have in my own loved bright Cerisia.

[THE END.]

EFFIE'S AFTERNOON TEA.

By DORA HOPE.

THERE was no doubt about it, Effie Wills was in a very bad temper.

She had set her heart upon having an afternoon once a week, or, at any rate, once a fortnight, when she might be at home to receive her young friends, and entertain them with tea and gossip; and now her mother had absolutely refused to give her consent. What made the matter worse was that Effie had been turning it over in her own mind for some time, and had made all her plans before mentioning it to her mother, and to be thwarted after having spoken to her friends about it as a settled thing was too much—it was more than anyone could be expected to bear amiably; so smoothing up her hat which she had just

thrown off, Effie banged the door after her and ran off, pulling on her gloves as she went to tell her woes to her great friend and confidante, Ruth Harley.

Now Ruth was a very sensible, quiet girl; and it was a source of great wonder with their acquaintances, how the two, so opposite in every way, came to be such great friends; but as everyone knows, people with the most opposite tastes are very often the closest friends, and so it was with these two girls.

Effie soon poured forth her troubles, and Ruth was all sympathy; for one point on which they were agreed was a great objection to being laughed at, and they were both afraid that the other girls would make great fun of Effie's grand plans which had come to such an untimely end.

"Effie, my dear," suddenly put in Ruth's mother, a gentle old lady, who had been sitting quietly knitting in her easy chair by the fire; "I do not want to interrupt your conversation, but I have been making plans as well as you, and thinking how nice it would be for you young people to meet together now and then, and get to know one another better."

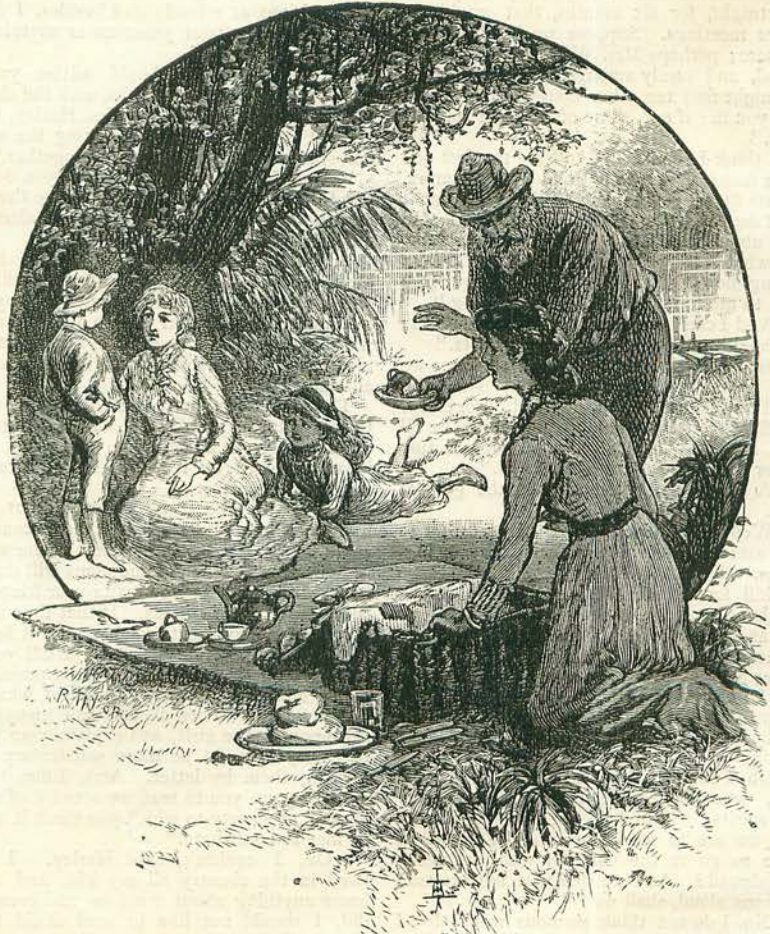
"Have you really, Mrs. Harley? How kind of you!" exclaimed Effie, delighted. "Then will you persuade mamma to change her mind? I am sure she would if you asked her, she thinks so much of your opinion."

"But you are going on too fast, my dear; I quite agree with your mother, and trust she will not change her mind."

Effie's face fell. "But you just said you would like it," she answered, feeling very much inclined to cry at this fresh disappointment.

"Suppose you stay and have tea with us, dear, and then I will explain to you what my idea was. Run and take your hat and jacket off, and then we can talk it over comfortably."

"Now," she said, when at length the girls returned, "bring your chairs close to me, and settle yourselves down cosily till our tea comes in." This was soon done; and Mrs. Harley went on: "You remember that lady who was staying at the rectory a few months ago, Ruth? who was telling us about the different homes for poor children she was interested in, and the various plans for sending them abroad. You saw her too, Effie, and I remember you said what a pity it was we did not live nearer London, as you would have liked to help them. Well, there are similar refuges for children in most of our large towns, besides innumerable missions of other sorts; children's nurseries, homes for training girls as servants, societies for helping discharged prisoners, and every other kind you can think of. I think you would be interested in almost all of them if you heard about their work. I have been thinking over these benevolent societies for some time, and wishing it were in my power to help them."



A MERRY PARTY.