

sketch and the delicate, fine, finished drawing. As one of our great writers said, "Literature is a very good staff, but a very bad crutch."

INTRODUCTIONS may prove a help if the work is really good; but I would warn my readers against appealing letters to publishers. It is a business matter; let the note accompanying the manuscript be short and business-like therefore. Even if you have met him, or "his sisters, or his cousins, or his aunts" in society, or have had the pleasure of doing "his dearest friend" some little favour, do not jog his memory on the point. It is outrageously bad taste and useless too, for he judges the work, not the author; if the writing is good it does not signify in one sense to him if it is by Brown, Jones, or Robinson, unless, that is, Jones is known to fame. Neither appeal to him by the plea of poverty. Would you ask your linen draper for a dress half price on that account, or your baker for an extra quarter? It is said that Thackeray gave up the *Cornhill* editorship simply because his kind heart could not bear the pathetic appeals which reached him by every post—appeals of those who needed so sadly a few extra pounds, and were under the erroneous impression "anyone can write a story."

BUT no wonder the mouth of the young aspirant waters when he hears such news as the following. A lady novelist (Mrs. Pender Cudlip) has lately been invited by a gentleman of Taranaki to go out to New Zealand and write a novel while there, and also a book giving her impressions of the colony. For this Mrs. Cudlip's expenses, and those of a lady companion, are to be paid by the New Zealand Government, and a further sum of £1,000 is to be paid for the two books. But all are not born under a lucky star; and the plums of literature excel in quality rather than quantity.

THOSE of my readers who have heard Mme. Arabella Goddard's exquisite rendering of many a classical gem, will learn with regret that owing to failing health she can no longer pursue her avocation as a teacher, and is now in straitened circumstances—a sad accompaniment to ill-health, when so many little luxuries become almost necessities. All success, then, to the testimonial about to be raised for her. Contributions may be sent to Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street. Better still would be a concert on her behalf, which would I am sure receive the patronage of the musical world, while many a kind-hearted member of this totally generous profession is certain to willingly offer to use his or her talent in aid of this once celebrated pianiste now so in need of assistance.

THE Woman's League in France is divided on a subject over which ladies more often fight than over any other—*i.e.*, the men. "Shall the treacherous male be permitted to join the company," was the bone of the contention. No, "we do not want to be exploited and to serve as footstools to male ambitions, which desire to make a stool of the League." Such was the published answer, an answer which has caused Mme. Astri de Velsayre to proffer her resignation.

MISS PRYDE is doing a good work in Paris—a work that needs to be but more fully known to be more appreciated. Her Home (No. 25, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, Paris) for Ladies, and especially lady art-students, has proved a boon to many, and we would warmly recommend it to any who may be going to study in Paris, or to earn a living in that great city. It will be to her a shelter and a friend, both terribly needed in gay "Paree." The terms are strictly moderate, and daily lessons are given in French.

MICE, MICE! Here is an amusing account of how a meeting of ladies was broken up by these little intruders. The committee were seated in solemn conclave when one of the members beheld a mouse run up the curtain. "See," she cried. There was a short pause of horror, then the lady who was speaking continued tremulously, but none heeded her; the mouse was absorbing all the attention. One of the party then suggested she had heard that mice bit. Silence again, and fear depicted on every face. Suddenly one more quick-sighted than the rest exclaimed, "I see another, a bigger one." It was a case of *sauve qui peut*. The meeting was broken up in wild confusion, and ere the clock had ticked many seconds the mice remained in possession, moralising on two themes—how easy to break up a ladies' meeting if it becomes too stormy, and how easy to evict a lady tenant without using violence!

VEVA KARSLAND.

HABIT.—Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

CALMNESS of will is a sign of grandeur; the vulgar, far from hiding their *will*, blab their wishes—a single spark on occasion discharges the child of passion into a thousand crackers of desire.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD HEART.—So again is the story told, the lesson taught, the sermon preached, that not the coolest head, the most profound knowledge, the most cultured intellect, leave such an impress on the world as the generous instincts, the warm sympathies, the wide-reaching pulsations of a large and human heart.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)