

thirty shillings a week, and they get many pupils eager to learn, for wood-carving is quite a fashionable pursuit, and proves a pleasant occupation—say rather hobby—for men as well as women. I need hardly add that artistic talent is as necessary for wood-carving as for any other work in which the reproduction of nature forms an important element.

WITH regard to the School of Wood-carving itself, many and extensive orders are received. Ecclesiastical work is undertaken, and at the time I visited the school, many of the pupils were engaged on a beautifully-carved reredos. Mostly, however, the work executed is for private houses. Quite lately a very handsome overmantle has been completed for Lord Brassey's famous mansion. The Princess Louise has often given her patronage to the school, which, as time passes, is becoming more and more observedly popular, the orders coming in more and more persistently.

THE prospectus of the school states that instruction will be given by correspondence, the fee being two guineas for the course of five lessons. This is a novel, but not a bad method of obtaining a rudimental knowledge of this fascinating craft, a craft which was, in many instances, brought to a surprising degree of perfection even in mediæval times, as witness the carved stalls, so grotesquely charming, in the many ancient abbeys and cathedrals of this land, and especially those of Christchurch Abbey, Hampshire, which are quite famous.

A MEMORIAL tablet has, I hear, been lately erected in Tewkesbury Abbey to Mrs. Craik ("Dinah Muloch"), whose charming, if now-a-days slightly old-fashioned, books are so deservedly popular. The tablet bears the following inscription (a quotation from her most famous book, "John Halifax, Gentleman") :—"Each in his place is fulfilling his day and passing away, just as the sun is passing. Only we know not whither he passes; while whither we go we know, and the way we know; the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." There is a medallion portrait of Mrs. Craik on the tablet, and, above, the figures of Charity, Truth, and Purity. To my mind the best of Mrs. Craik's books, and by far the most pathetic, is one comparatively little known, namely, "The Unkind Word."

I REGRET to announce the death during the past month of Miss Lydia Becker, who died at Geneva of diphtheria. She was one of those who fought bravely in the struggle for women's rights, for

suffrage, for more liberal education, for more liberty of thought and action, in those days when the battle was hard and the victory seemed very far away. Of late years she has been less energetic, and has, in fact, been overpassed in the race by the women of another generation, who, like the "daughters of the horseleech," still cry, "More, more!"

A LONDON paper has the following advertisement: "A lady requiring a gardener is willing to engage a lady who has practical knowledge of gardening. Advice would be given and assistance in the rough work. Must be strong. £30 with board and lodging." Here is, indeed, a new opening for ladies; next we shall have the gardeners, men usually noted for their intense self-appreciation, crying out that the women are infringing on their ancestral and proverbial rights, and singing the workman's favourite motto: "We have got no work to do." VEVA KARSLAND.

As fast as any new duty is revealed to a man, or any great need of humanity appeals to his heart, or any truth or principle requires his assistance, an obligation is at once created which he can by no means repudiate or reason away. It stands there, either to welcome him to a higher life in its fulfilment than he has ever known before, or to reproach him for neglecting its rightful claims. "Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

GOSSEPS.—The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious when by frivolous visitations they rob them of their time. Such people beg their happiness from door to door as beggars do their daily bread, and like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honour of his visit solely to his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of *ennui*, and then he sallies forth to distribute it amongst all his acquaintance.

FOUR GOOD HABITS.—There were four good habits which a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsels and by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the happy management of temporal concerns—they are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)