

that we English always connect boys with carpentry, but girls are also taught the Sloyd system, and prove as expert at it as are their brothers.

Not very long ago I went over to Brixton to see the Sloyd Institute, 115, Vassal Road, and Miss Nystrom then kindly showed me her interesting set of models, &c., and indeed there is no longer need for would-be teachers of Sloyd to journey to Norway to learn this system, for Norway in the shape of Sloyd has come to them. Home Sloyd, Miss Chapman and Miss Nystrom call their method, which is practically Sloyd rules Anglicized to suit English children. The Institute is well worth a visit, and the specimens of the children's work are capital. They are not supposed to commence learning until after ten years of age, for Sloyd in fact takes for the older children the place the Kindergarten work does for the little one. Our English system of education has far, far too much head and too little hand work. Why are the children almost taught to despise the latter small but most useful little member?

MISS NYSTROM also gives lessons in the beautiful Norwegian wood-carving, in which she is herself highly proficient. The thing which struck me most about this most delicate carving was the fact that it is all done by three small tools which Miss Nystrom showed me; but, there, although a bad workman we know always blames his tools, yet good workmanship lies not in the quality or quantity of these necessary equipments for warfare with Mr. Wood—whether a soft or hard-grained old fellow—but in the skilful use thereof. Miss Chapman and Miss Nystrom often hold exhibitions at the Institute both of Sloyd and wood-carving models, &c., and, believe me, these are well worth a visit.

OVER seven thousand of the ten thousand pounds needed has already been subscribed to the extension fund of the Maria Grey Training College. This well-known college for women teachers, founded fourteen years ago by the Teachers' Training and Registration Society, and named after Mrs. William Grey, the warm advocate of all educational advance, has become too large for its present rather cramped quarters, and it is therefore proposed to remove to Kilburn, where large and convenient premises will be built. There are about fifty teachers training at the college, the course being both theoretical and practical, and the trained teachers therefrom are eagerly sought by mistresses, Educational Councils, &c.—in fact, such teachers are never out of employment unless it be from some extraneous cause,

but the strain of class teaching is, alas! both physically and mentally very heavy.

We are not the only nation which has produced women able to excel beyond their brothers in mathematics. In Sweden they are far in advance of us, for Madame Sophie Kovalevsky has for some years been a Lady Professor at Stockholm University, and her recent death has caused deep mourning in the whole town, where she was universally respected and admired, even although she had to contend with the difficulty of being "only a woman." VEVA KARSLAND.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.*

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.,

Author of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Within and Without," "Malcolm," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONNIE'S BABY.

IT is time I told my readers something about the little Theodora. She was now nearly four years old, I think—a dark-skinned, lithe-limbed, wild little creature, very pretty—at least most people said so, while others insisted that she had a common look. I admit she was not like a lady's child—only one has seen ladies' children look common enough; neither did she look like the child of working people—though amongst such again one sees sometimes a child the oldest family in England might be proud of. The fact is, she had a certain tinge of the savage about her, specially manifest in a certain furtive look of her black eyes, with which she seemed now and then to be measuring you, and her prospects in relation to you. I have seen the child of cultivated parents sit and stare at a stranger from her stool in the most persistent manner, never withdrawing her eyes, as if she would pierce to his soul, and understand by very force of insight whether he was or was not one to be honoured with her confidence; and I have often seen the side-long glance of sly merriment, or loving shyness, or small coquetry; but I have never, in any other child, seen *that* look of self-protective speculation; and it used to make me uneasy, for, of course, like every one else in the house, I loved the child. She was a wayward, and often unmanageable creature, but affectionate—sometimes after an insane, or, at least, very ape-like fashion. Every now and then she would take an unaccountable preference for some one of the family or household, at one time for the old

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