

lack instructresses, to say nothing of instructors, to demonstrate the way "to shoot."

THE late strike of women rope-makers ended, as strikes but seldom end, in the success of the strikers. The women, on behalf of whom the London Trades Council exerted itself, have all gone back at a raised rate of wage, the spinners receiving as much as one shilling and a penny more than heretofore. Hitherto these poor women have been terribly badly paid.

A YOUNG Burmese lady of a literary and journalistic turn of mind has just started a paper in Mandalay entitled the *City Free Press*. Whether money matters are the principal theme of the new journal, or whether it is the organ of the Burmese advanced womanhood, I know not, but the latter, I expect.

AUSTRALIA is, maybe, the workman's paradise, but it is not that of the working woman. Except for servants, work is nearly as difficult to obtain as in England, and is only a little better paid, whilst emigrants are at a disadvantage when compared to the Australian born girls, who understand the ways of the country. In New South Wales there is no Factory Act, so the employers can work their employees practically as long as they like, and "sweating" is the result.

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 VI.—A REFUGE FROM THE HEAT.

THERE was a little garden, one side enclosed by the house, another by the studio, and the remaining two by walls, evidently built for the nightly convenience of promenading cats. There was one pear-tree in the grass plot which occupied the centre, and a few small fruit trees, which I may now safely say never bore anything, upon the walls. But the last occupant had cared for his garden, and when I came to the cottage it was, although you would hardly believe it now that my garden is inside the house, a pretty little spot—only if you stop thinking about a garden, it begins at once to go to the bad. Used although I had been to great wide lawns and park and gardens and wilderness, the tiny

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enclosure soon became to me the type of the boundless universe. The streets roared about me with ugly omnibuses and uglier cabs, fine carriages, huge earth-shaking drays, and, worse far, with the cries of all the tribe of costermongers—one especially offensive which soon began to haunt me. I almost hated the man who sent it forth to fill the summer air with disgust. He always put his hollowed hand to his jaw, as if it were loose and he had to hold it in its place, before he uttered his hideous howl, which would send me hurrying up the stairs to bury my head under all the pillows of my bed until, coming back across the wilderness of streets and lanes like the cry of a jackal growing fainter upon the wind, it should pass and die away in the distance. Suburban London, I say, was roaring about me, and I was confined to a few square yards of grass and gravel walk and flower plot; but above was the depth of the sky, and thence at night the hosts of heaven looked in upon me with the same calm assured glance with which they shone upon southern forests, swarming with great butterflies and creatures that go flaming through the tropic darkness; and there the moon would come and cast her lovely shadows; and there was room enough to feel alone and to try to pray. And what was strange, the room seemed greater, though the loneliness was gone, when my husband walked up and down in it with me. True, the greater part of the walk seemed to be the turnings, for they always came just when you wanted to go on and on; but even with the scope of the world for your walk, you must turn and come back some time. At first, when he was smoking his great brown meerschaum, he and I would walk in opposite directions, passing each other in the middle, and so make the space double the size, for he had all the garden to himself, and I had it all to myself; and so I had his garden and mine too. That is how by degrees I got able to bear the smoke of tobacco, for I had never been used to it, and found it a small trial at first; but now I have got actually to like it, and greet a stray whiff from the study like a message from my husband. I fancy I could tell the smoke of that old black and red meerschaum from the smoke of any other pipe in creation.

"You must cure him of that bad habit," said cousin Judy to me once.

It made me angry. What right had she to call anything my husband did a bad habit? and to expect me to agree with her was ten times worse. I am saving my money now to buy him a grand new pipe; and I may just mention here, that once I spent ninepence out of my last shilling to get him a packet of Bristol bird's-eye, for he was on the point of giving up smoking altogether

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