

## OLD LETTERS.

AY, better burn them. What does it avail  
To treasure the dumb words so dear to us?  
Like dead leaves tossed before the autumn gale  
Will be each written page we cherished thus,  
When Time's great wind has swept them all away—  
The smiles, loves, tears, and hatreds of to-day.

Living, we heard our letters, holding them  
Sacred and safe, as almost sentient things;  
So strong the yearning tide of grief to stem,  
So true, when doubt creeps in, or treason stings;  
Parting may smile, such golden bridge between;  
Change cannot come where such stamp'd faith has been.

Dying, we leave them to our children's care,  
Our well-prized solace, records of the time  
When life lay spread before us, rich and fair,  
And love and hope spoke prophecies sublime;  
Lore slowly gathered through laborious hours,  
Wit's playful flashes, sweet poetic flowers.

All these to us, to us—and for awhile,  
Our loved will guard the casket where they lie,  
Glancing them over with a tearful smile,  
Touching their yellowing foldings tenderly;  
A little while—but Life and Time are strong,  
Our dearest cannot keep such vigils long.

And by-and-bye the cold bright eyes of youth,  
Lighting on such old foseam of the past,  
The shattered spars of trust, and hope, and truth,  
On the blank shore of Time's great ocean cast,  
Will read and judge, with naught of soft behoving,  
Dissecting, sneering, anything but loving.

So, let us burn them all, the tottering words  
The guided baby fingers wrote us first,  
The school-boy scribble—lines the man affords  
To the old eyes that watched—old hands that nursed,  
The girl's sweet nonsense, confidence of friend,  
And these, our own, ours only, till the end.

Heap them together, one last fervent kiss,  
Then let them turn, ere we do, into dust,  
Ashes to ashes. Well and wise it is,  
To meet the end that comes, as come it must;  
And leave no relics to grow grey and rotten,  
Waiting the certain doom of the forgotten.

Exchange.

## THE MOST PRACTICAL CHARITY.



HERE is a deal of absurdity about the ordinary form of almsgiving," remarked a woman of experience, as she closed the door on a professional beggar who had importuned and wept in a heart-broken way which was really quite affecting to the lookers-on. "I presume you think me rather hard-hearted, and I suppose I am; but after a rather extended observation and some practical work in the line of charity, I have arrived at the conclusion that a good deal of the so-called charity is a humbug, and by far the greater part of it is unworthily bestowed. "In the first place, we don't begin right. If I were to potter about my room, and read or sew, or even work, and pay no attention to my children until they climbed upon the window-sills and fell and broke their necks, or played with fire until they were burned to death, I don't think I would deserve a great deal of sympathy; do you? Indeed, I would, doubtless, be brought into court and tried as accessory to their deaths; and, certainly, I would deserve it.

"But charity leaves little children to grow up in the streets, to contract vicious habits, to become steeped in vice and crime; and then far over the land we hear the cry: "Come and help us rescue the perishing! Help us to reform the hundreds of thousands of poor sinners who are going at a breakneck pace to destruction!" And benevolent souls give of their abundance; and what is the result? Many of the tramps are able-bodied and quite intelligent enough to know that the more they wail and moan, the more they will be filled. If they are urged to work, they will invent excuses even to the conjuring up of the most dreadful diseases, with which they claim to be afflicted. Indeed, for months, one man, a fairly well-dressed fellow, came regularly to my door and begged for his Sunday dinner. He never came any other day, and when in talking with a neighbour, I expressed some surprise at the fact, I was told that he had regular places for certain days and meals. When asked one day why he did not work, he told a most pathetic story of heart-disease, declaring that he was likely to drop dead upon the slightest exertion. It so happened that some friends who had heard his pitiful story were passing a low tavern in the neighbourhood and saw the poor fellow dancing a "break-down" after the most approved fashion.

The tramp instinct seems natural to some people and must be counteracted early in life, if at all. The great need of humanity is training for the children, not asylums, refuges, institutions or homes; but places central, convenient and comfortable—places which are open at all hours of day and evening, where children and youths may be amused and looked after while they are very small, and guided and put in the way of earning a good living when they are older.

"Every town, village and neighbourhood and every city at suitable intervals should have some central meeting-place for children and youths—a place under the immediate charge of some competent person. Every visiting child should have its name enrolled on books kept for that purpose. There should be frequent concerts, lectures with illustrations, magic-lantern views, panoramas, plays and games and exercises in which the children should join. Of course, it would necessitate some money and more painstaking and hard work; but that certainly is better than the expense and disgrace of the reformatory, penitentiary and the hangman's noose.

"In these rooms—"pleasure-rooms," for lack of a better name—there should be the fewest possible rules, but these should be strictly observed. Children should be taught to observe the rules which govern polite society. Offences of

all sorts should be referred to a committee of children selected by vote, and offenders should be punished by suspension, or as might be agreed upon. To taunt a suspended child with its disgrace should be considered as a punishable offence.

"Cards or certificates of merit should be issued, and the names of the holders of these should be posted in a convenient place, as evidence of good behaviour.

"The idea is susceptible of almost endless elaboration even as far as children are concerned, but it is quite as important as regards half-grown boys and girls and young people. As long as there are men and women in the world, and just so long there will be love-making and marrying and giving in marriage. What conveniences have young persons for making proper acquaintances or continuing them after they are made. There is no place save the street where they can have a moment's uninterrupted conversation, and street courtships are scarcely to be commended.

"When we consider that it is largely from the marriages of young persons of little or no means or education, that the rank and file of our lawmakers come, it seems that society should provide some suitable place for the safe and healthy development of family instincts. How much better that an acquaintance should be formed and continued in an atmosphere of refinement and quiet, with elevating and educating surroundings, and under the watchful eyes of some judicious matron, rather than on the streets, in the beer garden, or in the public parks or on the by-ways. What is wanted is a rival to the saloon, a place which practically never closes, and is always light, warm and cheery, where no matter what the condition of the mind or body, there is a welcome and a light, warmth and words of good fellowship. A cup of hot coffee, tea or milk on a cold, stormy night would keep many a man, woman, and boy from the rum shop and ruin. A certainty of a smile, a bright, warm room and a cheap lunch, no matter what the hour or the condition, would be far more acceptable to many persons than the grog-shop. When the church opens a rational as well as aggressive campaign against the saloons, then, and not till then, will there be some hope for the salvation of the race.

"Every honest and pious door closes early, and the poor and practically homeless thousands in our cities have no place of refuge, but the saloons," said a well educated but half-vagrant man, whom I once tried to argue with.

"But haven't you any place which you call home?" I asked.

"No, ma'am; I have a place to sleep, but can only be there for that purpose. There is no waiting-room, no opportunity for rest. If I am restless or don't care to retire, I must go to a bar-room or saloon where I am expected to drink something, no matter whether I want it or not. It is bad enough for a settled man, but for boys and young men, the temptations are something dreadful."

"And I thought it over and had to agree with him."

## THE GENTLE ART OF BEAUTY.

## 'MAKE UP.'



HIS being the gay and festive season when amusements are plentiful, a few words on the subject of 'beautifying' may not be amiss. It is an acknowledged fact that most of the notorious beauties who reign supreme and hold entire sway over the heart of man, owe their triumph to no small measure to the mysteries of the dressing-room. This was, however, more particularly the case in the bygone ages. But, unfortunately for the beauties of the present generation, the recipes and prescriptions were kept so profoundly secret that all traces of them was lost on the death of the possessor of the knowledge; and although we know of them from hearsay—which is not infrequently both exaggerated and deceptive—still, judging from all accounts, when taken into comparison with the toilet mysteries of the present period, they seem crude and unfinished, the results presenting to the eye of the beholder in most cases an appearance precisely the reverse of that undoubtedly intended.

Certainly our mode of procedure is less extravagant, and we rarely, if ever, hear of even the wealthiest of our sex indulging in a bath of mashed strawberries, and being afterwards sponged with perfumed milk, as did the famous Madame Tallien.

Indeed, speaking generally, I fancy we prefer the strawberries and milk applied internally rather than externally, and with no further perfume than the delicate aroma of the fruit itself; but of course tastes differ. The powder, patches and head-dresses of Madame de Pompadour were world-famed; but, on the other hand, it is said that although Diana of Poitiers meddled with many cosmetics to enhance her wondrous loveliness, she preserved her complexion to a great extent by morning dew, which being freely translated, means really early rising.

According to my mind, anything pertaining to 'make-up' which is directly preceivable, is quite unjustifiable, and nothing should be more readily nor more heartily derided and avoided. But I am one of those that hold that it is a duty woman owes, not only to herself, but to mankind generally, to make the best of the beauties God has given her and therefore to show herself off to the greatest advantage.

An authority, whose name I cannot for the moment recall, tells us that no woman is ugly, each possessing some charm or other attribute, which in itself redeems her from being classed under the category of 'things ugly'; and, given even one noticeably good feature, the woman of taste, knowing that she cannot entertain even the remotest hope of being designated a beauty, will still go carefully and artistically to work to add to her personal appearance, to literally make the best of herself, and what is more, will rarely fail.

The great point, it seems to me, is that a woman who thinks that she is plain, or to use an expressive Americanism homely, is too apt, as a rule, to let herself go, to lapse into mediocrity, and actually, as it were, instead of bucking on

her armour, both literally and figuratively this time, and going forth to the fray with renewed vigour and an improved appearance, which is after all but the result of a little care and attention, becomes more and more discontented and consequently plainer.

I trust my readers will not think by this that I am advocating the use of the innumerable preparations which can be classed under the heading of this column. What I wish to maintain is, that there are a few things which are really harmless improvements, to improve a term for them, and although their number may be said to be limited, there will still be found sufficient for the ordinary use of the majority of us.

For example, the possessor of a white face is occasionally in despair at her lack of colouring, more especially when on some particular occasion, such as a dinner or a ball, she is anxious to present a blooming countenance to such portion of her small world who will be present and, as any true woman naturally would, scorns the use of rouge, either in its many advertised forms, or even the pure powdered carmine, which is, in most cases, the basis of all such preparations.

The juice of an ordinary beetroot can scarcely be called a toilette 'make up,' but it is equally effective, and certainly less injurious to the skin. The face should be gently sponged with tepid water (if possible without soap, to which has been added a few drops of eau de Lubin, eau de Bully, or best of all, Mason's Essential Oil of Eau de Cologne (this giving a very desirable feeling of freshness), and then dried on a soft towel. Then damp the face again with a fairly strong solution of alum water, leaving it to dry on, and after some minutes use a nice powder, putting it on with a piece of chamois leather, instead of the ordinary puff, as it can be rubbed into the skin, and so remains on much longer.

When this is done, dip a rather thick camel's hair brush into the beetroot juice—which is prepared by simply cutting up the vegetable and leaving it to stand and drain for a while and paint the cheek as desired, afterwards, when quite dry going over it again with the brush, in order to tone down too *boyant* colouring. The indiscriminate use of powder is not a thing to be admired; indeed, it is absolutely disgusting, especially to men, to see a woman take out of her pocket a small puff, and proceed calmly to embellish (!) her face as is too frequently done in these degenerate days. On the occasion of a ball, however, where, after incessant dancing, one is apt to look flushed and slightly dishevelled, a short retirement to the seclusion of the ladies' room will be beneficial to the outward appearance, and the powder-leather can then be brought into use with wonderful results.

In such case the superiority of the piece of leather over the puff is proved by the fact that the powder dabbed on to a not naturally damped face is bound to show plainly; whilst the face can be carefully wiped over with the leather, and the powder softly rubbed on afterwards, and, when this is carefully done, only the good effect, and not the cause of the effect, will be visible, the skin having a natural whiteness and delicacy, and the powder being indiscernible.

Should, however, the conservatively inclined still hanker after the use of the old-fashioned puff, they will find it a capital thing to keep on the toilet table a small soft brush (such as is used for the head of a very young infant), and after putting on the powder to use the brush for going carefully over the face, so imparting a soft appearance to the skin.

Let us now turn our attention to the eyebrows, which, frequently overlooked, are in reality an important feature. The use of the usual eyebrow pencil is perhaps more noticeable than any other 'make up,' and, if only for that reason, should be left alone, but the brows can be improved and trained into any desired shape. After washing the face, pass one finger covered with a good brilliantine over the eyebrow, and then with the thumb and first finger coax it into order, afterward touching it up gently with a fine comb. There is no need for any dye, the brilliantine itself keeping the hair several shades darker. Should the brows meet over the nose, the superfluous hairs can be plucked out with a pair of tweezers.

The lips, too, can be improved on occasions by wetting the finger with scent and rubbing it on them, this causing them to become a lovely red tint, and afterwards, when the scent has dried, just touched with cold cream, which renders them soft and supple. The scent, however, must only be applied rarely, as, if used constantly, it would make the lips hard and dry.

An important point in wearing evening dress is the appearance of arms and neck, which are not always so white as might be desired. They should be sponged with tepid water (perfumed, if desired), thoroughly dried, then sponged with a lotion composed of equal parts of glycerine and rose-water. Whilst this is still damp, add a thick coating of powder, applied with a puff this time, leaving it on until the last moment for putting on the bodice, and then rub it thoroughly, but very gently, into the skin until it is white, and the powder has disappeared. This will serve its turn for the evening, but it is hardly necessary to remark that it should be well washed off with hot water before retiring.—*Centllewoman.*

## NOT RIGHT.

THOSE who undertake to correct the speech of their fellow-mortals sometimes get unexpected results.

'Bridget,' said a young housekeeper, who was somewhat fresh from college, 'it would be useless for me to disguise the fact that your ignorance of grammar is very marked. Let me try to correct you. For instance, does it sound right for me to say, "Bridget, you've been a-settin' in the drawin'-room?"'

"No, ma'am," said Bridget, frankly, but with evident surprise, "no, ma'am, it don't sound right, but I were only a-settin' there the mather of a half-hour or so wid my cousin Terence, who is just over. I s'pose that second girl has been a-tattlin'."

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