

by her wilful ways. Mine died, and I could never tell her the truth, or own that I had done wrong and ask forgiveness."

Susan remained silent for a little while, and Janet would not interrupt her by words beyond the, "I am so sorry for you, Susan," which but ill expressed her sympathy.

But Susan would not allow sorrowful memories to stand in the way of present duty.

"I am better now," she said, as she wiped away the last tears and turned resolutely to the papers. "Something must be done about these."

"Perhaps I may be able to write when to-morrow comes," said Janet.

"I think we can do better than by writing. I have a plan in my head that will prevent your having to wait and listen day after day for the postman, as you did once before."

"I will do whatever you wish."

"Thank you for trusting me, my dear. You have heard me speak of Mr. Millington?"

"You mean 'Uncle Mat.'"

"Yes. That is what the children and poor folks call him. He is always doing good at next to no cost of money by helping the very poorest to help themselves, wherever that is possible. If rich people gave ever so much money they would not, by merely giving, bring about what Uncle Mat does by devoting his life to them. It is just wonderful how he manages to raise the wretched, downtrodden people who have got not to care about the misery and dirt they live amongst," said Susan warmly.

"How does he help them?" asked Janet.

"He says he begins by trying to make

them dissatisfied with themselves and all around them, and then he shows them that they neglect a great many privileges and blessings that are within their reach, and that without the spending of a farthing. Why, Uncle Mat is like sunshine. He makes dirt look hateful and rags a reproach, and he shows that cleanliness and order are both comfortable and beautiful. He proves to sluttish wives that they do not work for nothing who spend time and strength on home and children, though they receive no money wages. He leads them on to see that this world might be a vastly better place than they think it, and that the heaven they have some dim notion about must begin here if it is to be reached at all. Uncle Mat often stirs up people to think about their bodies first of all; but he never stops at these. He tries to lead them on to caring for their souls. But dear, dear! how I run on when I begin to talk about that blessed man! I'll tell you why I named him. He knows about you and your dear mother, and all the troubles you had. He would have come to Morton Place with my messages if we had not thought you had received them. He has had letters or postcards from me here to say how you were going on, and, to cut a long tale short, he is ready to start for Lincolnshire and find out all about your uncle, if he is to be found."

"But think of the journey and the expense. I have no money, and I am in debt to everyone already."

"The journey is nothing—four hours to the nearest station, and a walk of two miles to Well Dale. I have money, and so has Uncle Mat. He has a living without working, and so he can give his time and not suffer. No one would

manage your business like Mr. Millington," urged Susan.

Janet could only consent. She was most thankful to leave the management of all her affairs in such capable hands, and too weak to think for herself, much less act in any way.

When Anna Jukes took Susan's place beside the invalid, the former went straight to the post-office, and sent a telegram to Uncle Mat, which brought him to Carlton-cum-Penley by an early evening train.

Mr. Cutclose was from home. He had gone away most unwillingly, in one sense, but urgent business required his attention, and he could not complete it and return before Thursday, and this was Monday afternoon.

Mr. Cutclose had not seen Janet since her illness took a favourable turn. The doctor had forbidden an interview which would assuredly excite his patient in her weak condition. But now Janet was sitting up in her room for the first time; and on the return of Mr. Cutclose she was to have an opportunity of thanking him for his many kindnesses.

Susan knew that Matthew Millington would have been cordially welcomed by the master of One Ash Villa had he been at home. Mr. Cutclose had nothing but good to say of Uncle Mat and his doings, and he had told Susan so.

"Why, I've got scores of pounds in rents that I should have lost but for him. He turns thieves, drunkards, and ragamuffins into sober, honest folks, with a proper respect for the rights of their landlords. I wish there were scores of 'Uncle Mats'—that I do," said Mr. Cutclose, and he was not alone in wishing this.

(To be continued.)

OUR BROTHERS—IN TRAINING FOR HUSBANDS.



Y subject is somewhat grave. I could have wished to have selected one of a lighter kind; but as it concerns the duties of women, it is very appropriate in these pages. The early moral training, as well as the physical

care, of the future man, is naturally relegated to us, albeit that we are described as the "weaker sex." "Weaker" we doubtless are in muscular development and in self-protecting ability; but the scarcely measurable power which we possess, and the moral influence we may exercise, no man, however prejudiced, could deny.

It is possible that some of my readers may take exception to such a theme, in view of the fact that this paper is specially designed for

girls. But multitudes of these will marry, and will run the gauntlet of securing a bearable (not to say really desirable) husband, or one ill-trained in early youth, and altogether objectionable; and many more of our youthful readers are already mothers, bearing on their young shoulders the heavy responsibility of training both sons and daughters. And besides these, I address myself to scores of unmarried sisters, aunts, and guardians, each of whom has a very important part to play in this same training of our youthful brothers.

With reference to the onerous duties laid on the mothers of boys, not only are their dispositions moulded, their characters formed, and their talents discovered and developed under their mothers' rule and direction in civilised countries, but, curiously enough, in many of those where women appear to be under the most bondage, and denied the natural right of personal freedom. Here we find their sway undisputed and unshared by the father over their boys till they have attained the age of seven years; and they rule with absolute authority over their matrimonial projects, even when arrived at years of maturity. In civilised France, likewise, the law gives much authority to the mother in reference to the son's marriage, for a man must obtain a certificate of consent from her

before he can be united to the woman of his choice.

To return to the subject of maternal training, I would impress on all young mothers the extreme importance of beginning the work with the first dawning of her infant's intelligence. I have seen the baby hand raised to strike her and his nurse on any provocation and crossing of his will. This is the little rift that, in time, may stretch into an impassable breach between them. The very first attempt should be checked by a pat given on the little rebellious hand, and with a word or two of grave reproof. The infant who is old enough to strike is equally old enough to understand a reproof, and to learn a lesson of respect and submission, and the child will be spared many a more serious punishment, his moral sense of duty awakened and trained, and thus many an hour of perplexity, defeat, and sorrow in the future before them both will assuredly be averted.

While yet a little bare-legged boy he should be watched in the companionship of his sisters, and any overbearing treatment of them should be, so to say, nipped in the bud. Feelings of tenderness and love for them cannot be too early instilled and cultivated by every means that the trifling incidents of nursery life may offer. Their toys and their games should be shared to-

gether; their happy seasons of play-time should be closely associated one with the other, and while changing in character, should, as far as possible, continue to be so as the years of childhood and youth travel onwards to maturity.

Perhaps one of the first maxims to be instilled into a boy's mind is, that "might is not right"—that they are absolutely independent one of the other. Might is too rarely magnanimous, and right too often feeble in self-defence. Teach your son that if magnanimity does not go hand in hand with might, the boy or man endowed with strength is nothing better than a brute. Nay, even a dog will not resent the waffing and snapping at him of a puppy, nor a large Newfoundland that of a wretched little lap-dog or cur. Teach him that strength, whether of body or mind, must be used alone for good and noble purposes, not to torment a younger, feeble boy-companion, much less if it be a girl. Point out at every opportunity that may arise how low and mean and base it is for the strong to engage in any unequal combat, and that it can win no laurels, and only disgrace him before all those to whom it becomes known should he stoop so low. Never allow him to forget that a bully is not a hero—exactly the reverse, as a general rule; for the governor of one of our jails informed me that the worst examples of the roughs taken up for cruel assaults on defenceless people are sure to howl with fear as if they were being murdered before the lash has touched them.

I think that a boy is more proud of his physical powers than of anything else. And this is only the exaggeration of a perfectly natural self-congratulatory feeling, as the exercise and development of bodily strength are an essential part of his education; so many vocations open to a man, and so many of his sports demand this full physical development. Thus, viewing a claim to super-excellence as an athlete as worth any amount of training and fatigue, it is easily to be understood that he looks on those whom he excels with a feeling of contempt.

Now, such a sentiment entertained towards his sisters, and girls in general, should be quashed at once by an appeal to his common-sense quite as much as to his heart. It is too often clearly patent, even to a casual observer, that a schoolboy despises a girl on account of her feebler physical powers. To be "only a girl" is to him a condition to be ashamed of; and he does not realise the fact that the girl, whose keener sensibilities and more delicate nerves may cause her to shed tears at an unkind word or a hurt wilfully inflicted, might be foremost to risk her life in a burning house, to save him or anyone else, without a thought of self-preservation, or at least with the utmost self-abnegation.

At this moment I have such examples of sublime heroism, all the greater when exhibited by a weaker frame, less trained in athletic accomplishments, and trammelled by a style of dress unsuited to climbing, and more inflammable than a man's. Such an example was given by a young dressmaker, some years ago, at Bath. The house was so far alight that no fireman would enter; but knowing that a neighbour's infant had been left in an upper room, she rushed in, reached the chamber, and seized the child—but too late to escape by the way she entered. For a few moments both were seen at a window; then, swallowed up by flames and smoke, she fell a victim to a splendid act of heroism, the more amazing as the child was not her own.

Another instance of sublime self-sacrifice, and in this case with the certainty of an agonising death, without a hope to stimulate her courage, was that displayed by the poor French *Sœur de la Charité*, who, hearing

frantic cries of "Mad dog!" and seeing the terrible brute rushing at full speed towards her and the young girls committed to her care, bade them fly for their lives behind her, while she sprang forwards, with her arms spread wide to seize him. And there she held him fast, while torn to pieces by the fangs of the rabid animal; and the children, for whom she gave her noble life, got safely away from danger.

I might multiply stories without end, worthy of exciting the emulation of the bravest of our boys, but have space for only two or three. I may name, for instance, an act of fidelity and presence of mind deserving a record in the annals of female valour. It is claimed for two women, and in far sundered localities—Scotland and the West Indies—and one, if not both, fully authenticated. The histories tell of a girl who thrust her own arm through the large old-fashioned wooden stanchions where the bolt of the door was missing, and held it there while the besiegers endeavoured to force an entrance, so gaining a few minutes of grace for the fugitive, thereby enabled to effect his escape, till the inevitable crash that must, and did, shatter to pieces the faithful arm that saved a life!

Again, I may surely include in the brief roll of my heroes the noble Mrs. Mompesson, wife of the Rector of Eyam. Refusing to be sent with her children into a place of safety, she chose rather to remain shut up with her devoted husband in the plague-stricken village, to share his dangers and privations, and aid him in his perilous duties amidst scenes of the most appalling horror, till she fell at last, a victim to her splendid self-devotion. I have been in the ancient rectory where she lived and died, and stood by her tomb, in front of the beautiful old Runic cross on which her eyes must often have rested.

One more example of indomitable courage may well be named before I conclude—I refer to that of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, wife of the President of the Southern States of America, who submitted to torture by means of a hot stove, on which she was placed, and steadfastly endured the fiery test of her fidelity, and could not be forced to reveal her husband's hiding-place. Death would surpervene, her enemies saw clearly, before they could overcome her heroism; and the suffering body was released before it succumbed to mortal agony. But the brave spirit that held it controlled by an iron fortitude triumphed over the power of the enemy, and reaped the reward of all her sufferings in the saving of her husband's life. I have now given you specimens of female courage, both active and passive, by torture, plague, fire, and otherwise. Collect such yourselves, and make due use of them. I cannot conclude my reminiscences of our heroines, and of all that a feeble woman can do when her fortitude and power of will are put to the test, without an allusion to our female martyrs of all ages and climes. We have no single instance on record of a woman denying her faith under any amount of temptation or extremity of pain. Give these histories to your boys to read, including those of our own countrywomen; and notably of that wonderful example of constancy, Ann Askew. The record may serve as a beacon-light to guide them in the same path of unconquerable fortitude and constancy, though not, I trust, through the same fearful ordeal and test of the sincerity of their faith.

But, apart from the claim for an equal amount of courage and endurance on the part of women as of men—a courage tested no less under an enemy's fire and exposure to the attacks of ferocious assailants—a mother can take a different line of argument in pointing out to her sons the fact that it is quite unnecessary that both sexes should be endowed

with natural gifts and accomplishments in every respect identical. Draw their attention to the point that to the affection, the *savoir faire*, the industry, and the many accomplishments so generally cultivated by the "weaker sex," he must necessarily owe all the comfort and happiness of home; to her quick, intuitive perceptions, her delicate handling, her patient nursing, that he must be indebted in his seasons of sickness, the amelioration of suffering, and oftentimes for life itself. In a thousand ways (so unostentatiously performed that they are accepted without a recognition) their mothers and sisters have qualities and accomplishments that more than compensate for inferior muscular strength and attainments suitable to men.

"Only a girl!" Is your sister no more than that to you, my young brothers? And is this the most you can say of her because she cannot, and ought not to, play football, or, it may be, cricket and hockey, or wrestle, or play with the foils, or the boxing-gloves? And yet of late years your sisters and cousins do play a considerable number of these same athletic games, and distinguish themselves, in proportion to their physical powers, in our gymnasiums. But as a rule it is not in such exercises that they can exhibit their endurance of pain or their strength of muscle; for women, like men, have their own appropriate niche in this world of ours; and, controlled by the eternal fitness of things, their duties have been set them in paths not always your own, with less of compensating liberty and more of personal distress and discomfort.

Another desirable course of instruction for young schoolboys is the study of historical chivalry. Let them read the soul-stirring history of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, whose warlike heroism was fully matched by their self-abnegation in behalf of the sick and the persecuted; who gave up their estates and worldly goods, to devote them, with all their bodily powers, to succour and defend the helpless, and to rescue women and children from slavery under the infidels. Nay, more than this; who, refusing, when vanquished by overwhelming numbers, to purchase their freedom and their lives by denying their Christian faith, chose rather to be tortured and burnt alive! Here was an exhibition of splendid physical strength, courage, and prowess employed in the noblest causes.

Conjure your boys to take such an example to heart, and to use their superior strength to work for their living and in the aid of others, but assuredly not to bully and tease those weaker than themselves, nor lord it over their sisters. Strength of principle and of mind hold a far superior place to that of muscle, valuable as that must be; and this great truth cannot be too early instilled into their minds. Many a boy would boldly stand up to meet his fellows in unequal combat who lacked the moral courage to refuse to unite with them in an act he knew to be wrong, or to speak the truth as bravely at all cost of shame and personal disgrace.

The system of "fagging" which obtains in our public schools is utterly opposed to the whole spirit of that ancient chivalry which sheds such a glory over the history of mediæval times, not to speak of the Divine spirit of the Christian faith, of which it was the reflection. People cling to old customs and traditions; alas! that they do not look back a little further, and so, in this case, endeavour to maintain the *original idea of such an institution*.

Remember that the first intention was to ensure *protection* to the little boys who could not defend themselves from the mean-spirited bullies in the school, by placing them under the care and unquestionably-authorised power of older boys. The intention, as I said, sprang from that same spirit of chivalry of which so very much less is seen in these degenerate

days. Who knows and realises the decadence so well as we of the "weaker sex?" Yes, by all means cherish old institutions if good and wise, but not one shamefully perverted from its original object.

"Fagging" as it now is, and has been for the last century, is the meanest, most cowardly system of oppression and positive cruelty. I have been given a glimpse behind the scenes, and "could a tale unfold," discreditable to the last degree respecting the unmanly tyranny that exists in many of these public schools, aye, and *bonâ fide* atrocities, from the after-effects of which their subjects have never recovered. How can those who have had the opportunity of misusing their power over the weak (bound hand and foot to a degrading submission, against which there is no appeal); how can such boys be expected to make good husbands and affectionate and indulgent fathers? Accustomed to the exercise and misuse of power over the weak, they could not be in suitable training for the loving care and protection of a wife. To bear and forbear, making due allowance for infirmities of temper and little defects of character, to sympathise in her pleasures and pursuits, her household worries and anxieties, and, it may be, her personal delicacy and bodily suffering, for all this, where would be the gentle consideration that would strengthen the bond of love, and tend to make and sustain the happiness of married life? The training obtained under such auspices as the fag system is not likely to ensure a delightful home to the wife and the children. Were there a little more care expended by mothers on the early teaching of boys, and were the abuse of the powers of fag-masters reformed, we should cease to see such painfully-suggestive books as that entitled, *Is Marriage a Failure?*

Do not mistake me, nor attribute more to me than I mean to say. Doubtless hundreds of men, who were once fag-masters at school, were too high-minded, kindly, and magnanimous to misuse their authority. What I do certainly maintain is, that the perversion and utter miscarriage of that justice and mercy involved in the original principle of the system tends point-blank in the *contrary direction* from that training which would produce good sons, husbands, fathers, and brothers. It would only make them overbearing, selfish, and cruel.

I have heard it urged by an old public school man that it makes boys "manly." Athletic exercises and games may tend that way, but is it "manly" to be a tyrant and a bully? Is anything "manly" that is the reverse of chivalrous? If so, "manliness" is indeed a despicable attribute, and the sooner our boys take a leaf out of our girls' book, and endeavour rather to be "Christian," the better and higher and more noble they will become.

And now, having urged the necessity for a complete restitution of this odious system to its *original purpose*, I proceed to recommend all mothers to encourage their sons and daughters in uniting in all their recreations, both indoors and out of doors. Do not fear that the girls will develop into rough,

noisy, loud-speaking women. I know a case in point, of a highly-gifted, refined, and literary woman, who encouraged her children to enjoy all their games together; and at sixteen her eldest daughter needed only a hint from her mother to speak gently, move gracefully, and begin the work of training into the quiet, more essentially feminine ways of womanhood to set her about the task of self-improvement. But the end was then accomplished; brother and sister had become friends and confidants for life, and had many a pleasant reminiscence to talk over in later years. He was refined by much intercourse with the gentler sex, had learned their nature, ideas, and ways; and when he married, and left his sister's companionship, no woman was ever blest with a more unselfish, considerate, and affectionate husband.

Another method of refining and subduing the roughness of the ordinary schoolboy is to insist on his making some change in his dress for dinner, or at least for the evening meal. Of course in the highest class of society this is always done; but where means are small, and changes of raiment few, this little outcome of civilised life is often neglected, and if ordered, is not insisted upon. It is not necessary to change the whole suit, but the coat and the outdoor shoes at least. Let the boy understand that it is not respectful to the ladies of the family to sit with them and appear at the dinner-table in school-room, sporting, or working dress. A mother should be strict about the washing of face and hands, brushing of hair, and trimming of nails, of her school-boy sons, and that all spots and stains be removed from their dress. I often visited in a country house where means were limited, and where three families were represented by the young people, including nephews and nieces from India. The boys—seven or eight of them—often most uproarious during the day, always dressed for the evening, and were as quiet and well-behaved in the drawing-room as if at a reception of strangers, speaking too in a low tone. I have known them all in after life, and to none of them has the reminder been necessary (in reference to their long widowed mother), "Honour thy father and thy mother," and "Despise not thy mother when she is old," nor of the judgment impending over "Him that refuseth to obey his mother"! Indeed, when a son or daughter is guilty in this respect, it is usually that the mother has not known how to enforce her authority, nor to kindle a feeling of united respect and love in the heart of her child.

We will suppose that the sons are now launched into society, and are cultivating the acquaintance of the girls just "introduced." It is, or ought to be, an anxious time to the mother, and she should have already prepared for it before her son's affections had been engaged. What is honourable or the reverse in the action taken by a young man under such circumstances, should be made very clear to him, not by direct, but, in this case, indirect teaching. The conduct of those who endeavour to win the heart of a minor unknown to parent or guardian, should be

strongly reprobated; equally so the attempt to press a girl, many years younger than the man who seeks her, into an engagement, leaving her no time or opportunity for seeing other suitors and making a choice. The selfish and dishonourable conduct exhibited by a man who presumed to propose to a woman, having no private means for her support, nor owning a sufficiently prosperous business or profession to enable him at least to lay by a portion of his income for settlement on his wife and children; or who has either a very poor exchange to offer her in taking her away from the comforts and the rest from work and anxiety of her father's house, or literally has no home at all prepared for her reception; such unmanly, selfish conduct, I maintain, should be held up to scorn and reprobation before the young people of both sexes. It may prove a deterrent, for very shame's sake, on the part of the man, and should enable the girl to estimate such a man's heart and feelings of honour at their real value.

A man can soon perceive whether his society is agreeable to a woman without "making love" to her; and he can show a partiality for her company in a sufficiently evident manner to be observed and understood—that quick sense of intuition and perceptive ability, so specially well-developed in women, rarely at fault on such occasions. This being so, his first duty is to make known his feelings to her mother, and in so doing to make a full statement of his affairs, and his ability to provide for her daughter. Should she be satisfied, she will communicate his confidence to her husband, and give the suitor the benefit of her sympathy and influence; and then a formal meeting will be arranged; and all proving satisfactory, permission to pay his addresses, with a view to winning her heart, will be accorded to him. This is the right and orthodox way for a man to approach a girl who is still under her parents' roof. Naturally, were the case that of a woman of more advanced age, and living independently of her parents' home, a man would be free to pay his addresses to her direct, and make a full statement of his affairs and intentions for her sole consideration and decision, all responsibility resting on her shoulders.

Some years ago it was calculated that, for a certain period, more separations were legally effected than marriages made; and a terrible revelation it was!—such lack of judgment, and rash, unreflecting haste exhibited in the onerous step of "marrying and giving in marriage." I have visited much in private houses, and seen remarkable instances of a husband and wife, equally to be liked and respected, who lived together on the most painful terms of formal politeness or open discord. Youth is impetuous: quiet reflection is an irksome duty; and mothers are sadly to blame in the little training they bestow on their children as a preparation for married life. I would earnestly entreat them to make it a matter of careful thought and daily prayer; and we shall soon see fewer miserable men and women, or poverty-stricken and discreditable homes.

