

wall and terrace. Gypsy sat by her sister's side, laughing, and hindering rather than helping her. Everything seemed peaceful and harmonious, when Joyce appeared round the corner of the house, escorted by Cecil Crawford.

Gypsy's face took a defiant expression at once.

"Bother the boy! Who on earth asked him to come?" she said petulantly, dropping the sugar-tongs with a gesture of disgust.

He was as charming and agreeable as she was trying. He apologised for appearing without an invitation, and explained that he had been on his way to the Manor to ask the girls to tennis next day, when he met Joyce.

Gypsy liked tennis at Crawhatch, but she took a

malicious pleasure in stating at once that she was going away.

"And when will you be back?" he asked.

"This year—next year—some time—never," said Gypsy carelessly.

"In time for the bazaar at least. I hope?" he said.

"Bother the bazaar! I am sick of the sound of it," she cried.

Now, this was ungrateful of Gypsy, for the Crawfords, though not in the parish, were working hard for the bazaar, which was for Ashleigh Church.

"Besides, August is a long way off. Who knows what may happen before then? I may be dead, or you either! Nell, do give me some tea."

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WHAT I KNOW.

I KNOW the summer's day is sweet ;
 I know that love is sweeter still ;
 I know that bliss is ne'er complete ;
 I know of no perpetual ill.

I know that life has many sides,
 That some things here seem hardly meet ;
 I know that baseness often rides,
 While virtue walks with weary feet ;
 Yet often want and wealth, I know,
 But for each other's mask have stood ;

And men, I know, where'er we go,
 Are mostly happy when they're good.
 I know that life, upon the whole,
 Is well worth all we have to give ;
 And that the grander is the goal,
 So much the grander 'tis to live.
 I know that death is very nigh,
 That evil shrinks before his breath ;
 That only goodness gives "good-bye"
 A rainbow in the cloud of death.

WILFRED B. WOOLLAM.

BUNCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY, THOUGH MARRIED."



SPeaking of his domestic arrangements when he became the rector of a country parish, Sydney Smith said:—"A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, put a napkin in her hand, christened her Bunch, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals. Bunch became the best butler in the county." If servants are not what they used to be, and the race of Bunch has disappeared, may it not be because employers are not what they used to be, and do not take as much trouble with the training of their servants as was taken by Sydney Smith, his wife, and daughters? These sensible people wanted a good servant, so they set about making one, and Bunch was the by no means despicable result.

If we give the servant difficulty a little unprejudiced consideration, most of us will come to Mr. Ruskin's conclusion: that the only way to have good servants is to be worthy of being well served. "All nature and all humanity will serve a good master, and rebel

against an ignoble one. And there is no surer test of the quality of a nation than the quality of its servants, for they are their masters' shadows, and distort their faults in a flattened mimicry. A wise nation will have philosophers in its servants' hall; a knavish nation will have knaves there."

In the training of Bunch, her master and each member of his family took an interest and had a share. The girls taught her to read. As a rule, there is too little of this mutual help and sympathy between the young ladies of a house and the young servant-girls. Too often the former look upon the latter as beings of different flesh and blood from themselves. They do not teach them anything improving; but only, by their example, to dress extravagantly and with bad taste, to be fast and rude in manner, to be selfish, indolent, and often irreligious.

Mrs. Sydney Smith taught Bunch to wait at table, but mistresses nowadays are too fine, too indolent, or too ignorant to teach their servants this or any other domestic accomplishment. It is often advocated that training-schools should be established for domestic servants; but improvement must begin at the head. If we are to have training-schools for domestic servants,

the servants may very well say there ought to be a training-school for mistresses. To rule well is even more difficult than to serve well. Every woman who has a house to govern should know what the duties are of every one she employs, how to do them, and when to do them. Unless she does, she will never be really mistress of her own house. "Knowledge is power" in this case, as in every other; and the servant who really does know her work very soon detects whether her mistress has any knowledge of the same or not, and becomes mistress of the situation in a very literal manner where she finds that her nominal mistress is ignorant.

Sydney Smith himself looked after the morals of Bunch. Certainly, the head of a house is its natural priest, but he must do more for the religion and morals of those whom he employs than merely read or say prayers to them, and give them opportunity to attend public worship. A little real interest in and sympathy with the recreation, friendships, and perhaps homely tragedy, of a servant's life will do more for her morals than acres of lectures and tons of sermons—sermons generally are heavy. But if religion and morality are not taught merely by catechisms and formal acts of worship, then it is the example of each member of a family that makes or mars the morals of such an one as Bunch. She will copy everything the young ladies do, and a word of encouragement from them will be much appreciated. If they rise early, so will she; if they show a pattern of order, neatness, and cleanliness, so will she; if they are conscientious in reference to little things, so will she be. In a word, if the ladies of a house look after their own morals, they cannot but improve those of Bunch. Here, then, is a work you young ladies may do as holy and useful as the most painstaking district-visiting without going beyond the door of your father's house. Teach girls like Bunch to become good servants, and therefore in time to become good wives and mothers, and you will be doing a work for God and man of quite inestimable value.

"Senex," which every schoolboy knows is Latin for "Old Fogey," lately wrote to a daily paper as follows:—

"My wife advertised in a well-known journal for a nurse, and received, among many applications, one in which the mother of the girl objected to her daughter wearing caps and print dresses, and also said she must hold herself as a 'young lady.' What are the unemployed coming to? Is the School Board at fault?"

It would lessen the indignation of mistresses who read the objection of this foolishly fond mother, if they were to ask themselves whether they do not like their own offspring to better themselves or get into "society" where perhaps even they are not always welcome.

But should a servant "hold herself as a young lady?" Certainly, unless she believes, as we do, that the word "girl" or "woman" is higher and better than "lady"—a title which is now so soiled with ignoble use that it is more respectable not to be called by it. It is true that we cannot imagine the mother of Bunch insisting on

her daughter being called "a young lady." Probably old Mrs. Bunch was too much of nature's gentlewoman to have to insist upon her rights, and had enough Christian instruction to know that the greatest is not he or she who serves least, but he or she who serves most. Respecting herself and her position, and bringing up Bunch to do the same, she would be quite indifferent about the title given to her daughter.

"Are you resolved?" asks Mr. Ruskin, "that you will never have any but your inferiors to serve you? or shall Ænîd ever lay your trencher with tender little thumb, and Cinderella sweep your hearth, and be cherished there? It *might* come to that in time, and plate and hearth be the brighter; but if your servants are to be held your inferiors, at least be sure they *are so*, and that you are indeed wiser, and better-tempered, and more useful than they. Determine what their education ought to be, and organise proper servants' schools, and then give it them. So they will be fit for their position, and will do honour to it, and stay in it: let the masters be as sure they do honour to theirs, and are as willing to stay in that. And for the rest, the dearth of good service—if such there be—may perhaps wholesomely teach us that, if we were all a little more in the habit of serving ourselves in many matters, we should be none the worse, or the less happy."

Perhaps some of our readers would like to see what more is said in the "Memoir of Sydney Smith" about Bunch. Here is her little biography.

"Bunch was a very robust and broad-set girl, and doubtless that fact accounts for the sobriquet she received from her master. Her real name was Rachel Masterman, and her duties were to wait on Sydney Smith at table, to attend to the justice-room, to bring the hot water in the morning, and, in a word, to make herself generally useful. In process of time Bunch became cook, and married the coachman. Her last days were spent in York, and she died there a considerable time ago." When Bunch was promoted to the position of cook, another little girl was "caught up," and installed in the vacant place. Two years ago she was living in old age near York, and related to Sydney Smith's last biographer characteristic acts of kindness, which explain the attachment which the servants of the witty Canon of St. Paul's felt for their master. Their allegiance to him was close and loyal, and such as mere money can never obtain.

We have nothing more to add, except that kindness to servants, as to children, means not simply indulgence, but care and thought for their best interests. If employers and servants were to learn the lessons contained in the original meaning of the two words "domestic" and "family," it would go far to settle the servant difficulty. By derivation, "domestic" means "home-like," and "family" one's servants, not one's children. The fashion of changing places as easily as clothes is, we see, quite a new discovery on the part of servants. Before we blame them, however, let us reflect that we, their employers, are very far from being at rest and contented, and that no class has escaped the fever of modern change.