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

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," she said, "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?"

"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 them-
selves, wherever that is possible. If rich people gave over 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, down trodden people who have got 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 spend-
ing 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 is, 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 one, and had an interest in you that 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 story 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 the woman who looks after the children."

"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. Milling-
ton," 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. Cutcloze 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. Cutcloze 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. Cutcloze she saw him talk to her and hear all about 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 folk, with a proper respect for the rights of their landlord. I wish there were scores of 'Uncle Mats'—that I do," said Mr. Cutcloze, and he was not alone in wishing this.

"To be continued."
The girl's own paper.

gether; their happy seasons of play-time should be closely associated one with the other, and while changing in character, should always contain in some degree those phases, changeable, attractive, and infantile, as the years of childhood and youth travel onwards to maturity.

Perhaps one of the first maxims to be ingrained in a boy's mind, and to remain with him, if manliness does not go hand in hand with might, the boy or man endowed with strength is nothing better than a brute. Nay, even that is false; strength without the wisdom and kindness that make man is not right—th高峰 they are absolutely independent one of the other. Might is too rarely magnanimous, and right too often for the boy from the young woman's. If manliness does not go hand in hand with might, the boy or man endowed with strength is nothing better than a brute. Nay, even that is false; strength without the wisdom and kindness that make man is not right—those that they are accepted without a recognition their mothers and sisters have qualities and accomplishments that more than compensate for the loss of 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 this you can say of her heart? No, and, what I say, I say not. But, still, it is the thought of her that fills your heart, that makes you feel she is more than a sister. It is the thought of her that makes you feel she is more than a sister. It is the thought of her that makes you feel she is more than a sister. It is the thought of her that makes you feel she is more than a sister.

Now, such a sentiment entertained towards his sisters, and girls in general, should be quashed at once by an appeal to his common-sense. They ought to have their share of the sport for which he has a natural taste, of the exercise of body, the discipline of the mind, and the advancement of character. The fact that a girl is not a hero—exactly the reverse, as a general rule; for the governor of one of the halls informed me that the worst examples of the members of that body were the girls. The fact that they are not the most capable, and the fact that the girls are also the most unsteady, are the reasons why I refer to that of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern States of America, who submitted to torture by means of a hot screw, under which she endured, and gained a few minutes of grace for the fugitive, thereby enabled to effect her escape, till the inevitable crash that must, and did, shatter to pieces the faithful arm by which she was secured.

Again, I may surely include in the brief roll of my heroes the noble Mrs. Monppesson, wife of the Rector of Eyrem. Refusing to be sent with her children into a place of safety, she came forward in front of the beautiful old Runk, on which her eye must often have rested.

One more example of indomitable courage may be adduced. I refer to that of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern States of America, who submitted to torture by means of a hot screw, under which she endured, and gained a few minutes of grace for the fugitive, thereby enabled to effect her escape, till the inevitable crash that must, and did, shatter to pieces the faithful arm by which she was secured.

Confining your boys to such an example of heart, and to use their superior strength to work for the interests of the lady of the manor, but assuredly not to bully another, they will be weaker than they themselves, nor lord it over their sisters. Strength of principle and of mind hold a far superior place to that of muscular, 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 for the principles of the true North, and 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 feminine education which obtains in our public schools is utterly opposed to the whole spirit of that ancient chivalry which sheds such a glory over the histories of the Middle Ages, not to speak of the Divine spirit of the Christian faith, of which it was the reflection. People cling to old customs and traditions; they do not wish to change, and, on the other hand, and so, in this case, endeavour to maintain the original idea of such an institution.

Remember that the first intention was to endow your boys with a discrimination to their advantage, so that they may 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, springs from that spirit of chivalry of which so very much less is seen in these degenerate
OUR BROTHERS—IN TRAINING FOR HUSBANDS.

I know a case in point, of a highly-refined, and literary woman, who encouraged her children to enjoy all their games together; and at sixteen her eldest daughter needed only a whisper of her name to make her smile gratefully, 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 girls of her set, had learned their nature, ideas, and ways; and when he married, and left his sister's companionship, no woman was ever blest with one so unselfish, considerate, and indulgent fathers? Accustomed to the exercise and misuse of power over the weak, they could not be in a suitable frame of mind to make good husbands and affectionate and indulgent fathers? The training obtained under such auspices as the fag system is not likely to ensure a delightful home to the wife and children. 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 make to 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 children. 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 make to 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 children. 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 make to sustain the happiness of married life?

Another method of refining and subduing the roughness of the ordinary schoolboy is to insist on his making some change in his dress, and on 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 the civilised mode of life, is not insisted upon. But it is necessary to change the whole suit, but the coat and the outdoor shoes at least. Let the boy understand that he is not expected to sit in the ladies of the family to sit with them and appear at the dinner-table in school-room, sporting or dressing. A mother should be strict about the wearing of a full coat and hat and brandishing of nails of her school-boy, and that all spots and stains be removed from their dress. I have visited in a country house where means were limited, and where the cost of these garments was borne by the young people, including nephews and nieces from India. The boys—seven or eight of them—often most uprisings during the day, always, and all 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 know of them has the remainder been necessary (in reference to their long-winded mother), "Honour thy father and thy mother," and "Decease not thy mother," and "Judge not when thou art in judgment intendering over Him that refusest to obey his mother!" Indeed, when a son or daughter is guilty in this respect, it is usually that the mother has been too fond 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 brawled in order, and the 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 attentions 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, means, by the conduct of those who have endeavoured to win the heart of a minor unacquainted to their parents or guardian, should be strongly reproved; 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 man who is engaged, should, at all events, in no case, attach to one with whom he is supposed to have no home at all prepared for her reception; such unmanly, selfish conduct, I maintain, should be held up to scorn and reproach before the young people of good stock. Sexually, 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 character.