

"We are not cramped, you see," observed Newall, casting his eye over the spacious decks, "so you will not crowd us; and if you cannot bring us news, we can exchange ideas."

True to his word, old Bob came alongside the next morning, and told me that he had found out the Barbara, and would put me on board in good time for breakfast.

I found Captain Hassall very anxious at my non-appearance, and on the point of sending the second officer on shore to look for me, as it was expected that the convoy would sail at noon; indeed, the Active frigate, which was to convoy us, had Blue Peter flying at her mast-head, as had all the merchantmen.

"You'd have time to take a cruise about the fleet, and I'll spin you no end of yarns, if you like to come, sir," said old Bob, with a twinkle in his eye, as his wherry was see-sawing alongside in a manner most uncomfortable to a landsman.

"No, thank you, Bob, I must hear the end of your yarns when I come back again to old England; I'll not forget you, depend on it."

Captain Hassall had not recovered his equanimity of temper, which had been sorely ruffled at having had two of his best men taken off by a press-gang. He had arrived on board in time to save two more who would otherwise also have been taken. He inveighed strongly against the system, and declared that if it was continued he would give up England and go over to the United States. It certainly created a very bad feeling both among officers and men in the merchant service. While we were talking, the frigate which was to convoy us loosed her topsails and fired a gun, followed soon after by another, as a signal to weigh. The merchantmen at once began to make sail, not so quick an operation as on board the man-of-war. The pipe played cheerily, round went the capstan, and in short time we, with fully fifty other vessels, many of them first-class Indiamen, with a fair breeze, were standing down channel; the sky bright, the sea blue, while their white sails, towering upwards to the heavens, shone in the sunbeams like pillars of snow.

The Barbara proved herself a fast sailer, and could easily keep up with our active protector, which kept sailing round the majestic-looking but slow moving Indiamen, as if to urge them on, as the shepherd's dog does his flock. We hove to off Falmouth, that other vessels might join company. Altogether, we formed a numerous convoy—some bound to the Cape of Good Hope, others to different parts of India—two or three to our lately-established settlements in New South Wales, and several more to China.

I will not dwell on my feelings as we took our departure from the land, the Lizard lights bearing N. half E. I had a good many friends to care for me, and one for whom I had more than friendship. We had magnificent weather and plenty of time to get the ship into order; indeed I, with others who had never been to sea, began to entertain the notion that we were to glide on as smoothly as we were then doing during the whole voyage. We were to be disagreeably undeceived. A gale sprang up with little warning about midnight, and hove us almost on our beam ends; and though we righted with the loss only of a spar or two, we were tumbled about in a manner subversive of all comfort, to say the least of it.

When morning broke, the hitherto trim and well-behaved fleet were scattered in all directions, and several within sight received some damage or other. The wind fell as quickly as it had risen, and during the day the vessels kept returning to their proper stations in the

convoy. When night came on several were still absent, but were seen approaching in the distance. Our third mate had been aloft for some time, and when he came into the cabin he remarked that he had counted more sail in the horizon than there were missing vessels. Some of the party were inclined to laugh at him, and inquired what sort of craft he supposed they were, phantom ships or enemy's cruisers?

"I'll tell you what, gentlemen, I think that they are very probably the latter," said the captain. "I have known strange things happen: vessels cut out at night from the midst of a large convoy, others pillaged and the crews and passengers murdered, thrown overboard, or carried off. We shall be on our guard, and have our guns loaded, and if any gentry of this sort attempt to play their tricks on us they will find that they have caught a Tartar."

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

CHAPTER I.—SELFISHNESS, PITY, AND GRATITUDE.

Who are the real educators of the young? If by education we mean only teaching, this question would not be difficult to answer. But if by educating we mean that preparing of the entire human being for what it has to be, and what it has to do, throughout the whole of its probable life from childhood to old age, then the question assumes a different aspect, and we wait, almost in vain, for an answer when we ask who really educate the young?

In the hope of getting rid of some portion of the responsibility which arises out of this question when fairly and conscientiously put, we sometimes say, "There is the education of circumstance, which goes a long way towards the formation of character." But who selects or controls the circumstances by which the young are influenced in very early life?

Of course we should be told by ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, who might hear the question—"Who does educate the young?" that our public schools and colleges do this; and these institutions being for the most part in the hands of men who have themselves been educated in the same manner, we come to a certain round of question and answer, cause and effect, which has neither beginning nor end, and which consequently admits of no further inquiry as to whether education itself can be altered or improved.

This, however, is not the most enlightened way of looking at the subject, and certainly it is not the most encouraging, because it admits no hope of change. And yet education, above all other things, ought to admit of change—of constant and great improvement. Of all our social institutions education ought to be least governed by routine; because, unless adapted to the rapidly changing character of society, it can be no fit preparation for what the individual who is educated has to be and to do in the progress of life. Of all our provisions for the future, education has most need of adaptation not only to things as they are, but as we would have them to be, and hope they will be.

The application of the question already asked shows us at once the fallacy of making education a mere system of routine. But even if we should hold by this system so far as to choose for the teachers of a school only such masters as had themselves been taught in the same, it is impossible but that the young under their care should receive some bias of character incidental

to the changes continually taking place in society, and which would render the routine-system of the school inapplicable to their requirements as active and progressive members of such society.

It is impossible for this reason—because the mother is at work long before the master takes possession of the child. The nurse, too, is at work; home influences are at work; the education of circumstance has been busy with the child, and hence impressions have been made, and a bias of character has been imparted, such as no after education will in all probability be able entirely to obliterate or set aside. This may be for good or for evil, but it will certainly be there; and it will remain with the child all the more tenaciously, because it will have reached and affected those portions of his character which are not reached or affected by the teaching of schools.

To use a familiar figure by which this subject seems to be best understood—the school will deal with the child's *head*—the mother will have dealt with its *heart*. Neither head nor heart, however, can be dealt with quite separately. Both will mature as the child grows up to man or womanhood. As the nurse, while endeavouring to perfect her infant charge in the art of walking, does not forbid but encourages, though it may be indirectly, the use of its hands, so the school teacher, while bent upon exciting the intellect of his pupil, loading his memory, and quickening his powers of calculation, has beside him all the while a little beating heart which is learning to beat time to influences which he may unconsciously have set in motion. Or in the case of a mother bent only upon cultivating the affections of her child, so she also, by a system unknown to herself, may be leading on its opening mind to embrace either truth or falsehood in the region of intellect.

The question next arises, which is most important in the after development of the human being—the head, or the heart? Out of the head comes capability—out of the heart, motive. Human life is so constituted, human duty so appointed, that we need both; but a very slight acquaintance with education as generally conducted is sufficient to show us that the heart bears no comparison with the head in the amount of regard bestowed upon its cultivation. In other words, the moral bears no comparison with the intellectual. Capability is the one great object of attainment. Motive is, for the most part, left to take care of itself.

Such being the case with school education—and if we require proof that it is so, we need only glance over a few pages of those advertisements of school books, teachers, assistants, &c., which appear in our public papers, chiefly about midsummer and Christmas,—such being the case with school education, the responsibility of parental or home education becomes all the more serious as regards the heart of the child; especially when we bear in mind that out of the heart come motive, desire, love, hate—all that makes us morally, what we are as agents of good or evil, and religiously, what we are as believers in the word God, and doers of his will.

Parental education in our present social condition must almost necessarily be of a very one-sided description. What can the father, who is a man of business in many cases, know of his children, or what can he do for them? He may see them now and then, but his intercourse with them must be extremely limited, and his acquaintance with their hearts and their motives must be partial in the extreme. Besides the shortness of the periods during which the father is associated with his children, there is this great disadvantage operating against his influence over them—that children do not

develop at any given moment, or on compulsion: They open their little hearts, and disclose the treasures of their understandings just when the fit is upon them, and often at the most unsuitable times for receiving the benefit of a father's instruction. Not unfrequently, when the child is lying down to sleep, it will perplex its ignorant nurse with a question so decisive in its moral tendency, that the father who does not hear it—perhaps the mother too—can scarcely measure the amount of loss which that child sustains by not having them to answer it.

Such moments of curious and intelligent inquiry often occur to the child when walking out in the country with its nurse; and these are the times when the providential care of a heavenly Father, and the wonders of his creation, may be begun to be unfolded to the inquirer in a simple, familiar, but always a true way with surprising benefit; when a kindly interest may be excited in the animal world, and a love awakened for the beauty which may be seen in flowers, or leaves, or any of those near objects which fall under the observation of a child. These golden opportunities are for the most part left entirely to the nurse, and how nurses in general are prepared for turning them to the best account, is a matter requiring no comment here.

After all, and in whatever light we regard this subject, we are compelled to go back to the mother for a large amount of that education which really forms the character of the man or the woman. It is not, and it cannot be, entirely the work of schools, although many parents think it can; and some are not very tolerant towards those schools which fail to effect at sixteen what should have been done at six. To the mother we must go back, not as really the more responsible agent, but as the only one whom the usages of society appear to have left at liberty for the discharge of the full amount of parental duty; and perhaps the mother also might say, were the question put to her, that the usages of society had not left even to her the time or the means for discharging these duties aright.

With the question of duty, or the choice of duties, where the number is so great that one must be done, and another left undone, I presume not to meddle. This is a point on which individuals must exercise their own judgment. I am only supposing there may be mothers who do take this duty up themselves, and laying it seriously and thoughtfully to heart, do desire to learn whatever can be learned in relation to the right performance of this particular duty. Even here there can be no specific rule laid down by the wisest amongst us. With all our boasted attainments in knowledge and capability, so little is really known as regards the education of character that help can only be looked for from those who have carefully thought the matter out, and feelingly laid up in store for practical use, whatever has been discovered in the way of serviceable truth. Such help may sometimes come from unexpected sources, and it may present itself in a very humble form. The more simple the better for the experimental purposes of ordinary life.

Under the conviction that help of this kind—especially help in the cultivation of the heart, with all its motives, desires, and moral tendencies—is more needed in the present day than any other kind of help, I have ventured to put together a few thoughts, the result of much thinking on this important subject, hoping that they may possibly be useful to some who are just feeling that way which mothers have to tread, bearing at first their precious charge along with them, and then consigning it to an unknown future, through which all must in one sense walk alone.

Perplexed, as all writers appear to be, with the profound and complicated nature of the subject, I have determined to treat it almost as a child would; and with this view before me, I shall continually speak as in common parlance of the head, and the heart, although the latter will be almost entirely the subject of my remarks, not only as being most within the range of my own observation and means of understanding—not only as being most interesting in itself, at least to me, but as being most neglected in our systems of education. Of the heart, then, as being the centre from whence spring motive and desire, I propose to speak as the source of that which is most needed for the correcting of those evils which press heavily against our social prosperity, and for the establishment of a purer moral sense, and a higher moral tone throughout our social relations.

There are few mothers—so few that we scarcely call the exceptions *human*—who do not care for the little helpless infant body. God has given them this natural spring of maternal tenderness and solicitude, in common with the lower animals; but though so common as to be called an instinct, we can never regard this unselfish, unsparing devotedness of the mother in any other light than as one of the purest and most beautiful of all the provisions of a kind Providence, ordained for purposes of preservation and enjoyment.

All that has to be done with the infant beyond the care of its body has been left by the wisdom of the great Creator to be cared for and provided by the higher faculties of the human parent, which faculties are possessed by man alone as an intelligent, responsible, and immortal being. Herein consists the great difference between man and the lower animals, as well as between human beings in a cultivated and enlightened condition, and those who have never learned the great fact of their own responsibility as intelligent and immortal beings.

Of the little helpless body in the first stages of its existence, there is no need to write. But soon the germs of thought begin to manifest themselves, and then, just as the nurse would teach the child in its first attempts to walk, how to step truly, fairly, uprightly, so an equal amount of pains should be taken to teach the child how to think truly, fairly, and with upright purpose of heart.

Those who regard education as beginning only with the learning of the alphabet, and think it is carried on only by the teaching of direct lessons from books, or masters, will be astonished to find, as they may by actual experiment, how much of the work of true education may be done before the child is able to read a single word. It is, indeed, a melancholy mistake to teach reading before thinking. Words, mere words, without a body of sense or meaning in them, are worse than dull. They are wearisome in the extreme; but when the child has a little thought to put into every word which it is learning to spell, or when from the act of thinking it is able to find the appropriate place for any more insignificant word as a help in the expression of thought, the case is materially altered, and the child may be led on, dressing thoughts in words with something like the pleasure which is felt in dressing a doll.

But the question of paramount importance to the human parents is, what they desire that their child should be prepared to be and to do in after life; or in other words, what are the principal lessons which the child must learn in order rightly to fill a place of social and religious relationship both to God and man.

One of the great social lessons necessary for the right filling of this place as embodied in the golden rule is

this, to do to others as we would that they should do to us, and to love our neighbour as ourselves. How is this, perhaps the most difficult of Christian lessons, to be taught in early childhood? Why, the little child itself is a perfect bundle of selfishness—eating and drinking, grasping and getting, always ready to scratch the face, or tear the hair, of either mother or nurse if they are not quick enough in supplying its wants, or if they refuse to supply them.

Unlovely as this picture may appear, and unamiable as selfishness always looks, we must not broadly find fault with it. Self-love is implanted in the nature of the child, as in that of the whole animal creation, for purposes of self-preservation. It is the gift of God, and it is perfectly right at first that the little child should love itself, and grasp and get what it can; but it is no less necessary, because of this, that the time should be narrowly watched when it will be no longer right for the child to be governed by self-love, when a new law of existence must be established, and the old law modified, brought under, and made subservient to the new.

Many people in other respects wise, and many who are both wise and good, talk of the necessity for this selfishness being entirely rooted out, as if such a thing were possible. No; it is a portion of the elementary nature of the human being, originally, perhaps, a little stronger in some than in others. The way to manage this, as well as many other tendencies inherent in the nature of the child, is to call up and bring against it a counteracting power, to bring into operation the law of kindness, to establish habits of consideration, love, and even pity for others; above all, to excite in the yet tender and susceptible feelings of the child a sense of satisfaction and delight in making others happy, in alleviating their pain when they suffer, and in sharing with them whatever brings enjoyment, so that no pleasure shall to them be perfect if experienced alone.

To make the child avowedly the dispenser of actual good to others, while yet in its infancy, may prove to be only transferring its original selfishness from the thing enjoyed to the open, and often ostentatious act of giving. This is scarcely a likely method for bringing about the desired result. It would, I think, tend more to promote this end to be a little chary as regards the reality of infant property.

Love of property is one part, and a very useful one, of that original selfishness which it is so necessary that education should teach how to regulate and hold in subjection. A love of property, in other words, a desire to obtain and possess, is one of the most active tendencies of our nature. It is the stimulus of industry, and the lawful object of honest work, while it gives stability to national and individual prosperity. And yet this natural tendency may be so ill-regulated as to be greediness in childhood, and covetousness in old age.

A love of property is generally considered so harmless in a child that it is encouraged rather than controlled. But surely it would be wiser, as well as more in accordance with truth, to bring up a child with the idea that almost all which it enjoys is lent or given to it by others, and that very little is really its own. Out of that little, not out of other people's property, should come the gifts of the child; the constant sharing with others of all which it most enjoys, not being enforced as a painful duty, but permitted as a privilege, without which no good thing would be either truly good or sweet.

There are parents who conscientiously make their children always pick off a little crumb from their cake for the mother, the nurse, or perhaps the elder sister, who has conscientiously received the crumb into their

months with many grimaces, indicating the immense value and magnitude of the gift, while the little hero, who has conferred this vast benefit, sits down with satisfaction, and gobbles up his huge slice of cake. This is considered to be making the child generous; but alas! how little is this generosity like that which will be required of him afterwards, perhaps at some heart-rending sacrifice, before he can be a truly generous man.

I know of nothing more likely to produce the effect desired with regard to property than the making of an equal distribution, wherever this can be done. The child, I think, should give as much as he takes himself, just as we are required to do in after life by good manners and good feeling. And here would be another useful lesson, that of teaching the child to share the common lot without complaining, than which there are few lessons more desirable to be learned in early life, few more difficult to learn for the first time in mature age.

The sentiments which most effectually oppose, control, and overweigh our natural selfishness are chiefly pity and gratitude; I would say love, and that pre-eminently, only that love assumes so many characters, and some of them very selfish ones. It is quite possible to love one or more individuals, perhaps one's whole family, in a greedy, absorbing, and exclusive manner. But if we can bring ourselves to understand love as charity, then we accept that noble definition given us by the Apostle Paul, and we see how beautifully this sentiment embraces all that is generous, compassionate, forbearing, and kind.

Love is also a feeling somewhat difficult to expand in the infant heart. A little child is always a partizan, its love intensely personal. The more it loves one individual, or even two, or three, the more it seems disposed to resist or repel all others who might by implication stand in the ranks of opposition. The love of a little child is naturally like the small rill gushing out from the mountain's side, clear and pure, but necessarily single and narrow in its course. It requires the swell of the broad river to embrace the plain from hill to hill, and so to fertilize vast tracts of cornfield and meadow.

But pity is a different matter to deal with. It may be awakened at any time and applied to all cases of suffering. It cannot, like love, be classed amongst our spontaneous emotions. Indeed, it seems rather a melancholy fact to acknowledge, but experience amply confirms the remark of Dr. Johnson, that pity has to be taught, and that children are not naturally compassionate. Here, then, is a beautiful piece of work for the mother. Her child may not be compassionate, judging strictly by outward manifestation; but yet in that little heart, which it is her peculiar province to understand, and educate, she will find, far down perhaps in its delicate recesses, the tender threads of pity which it will be her happy and holy task to draw out, and attach to every form of suffering which life presents.

So beautiful is the development of pity on the part of a child, that there is danger from an opposite direction, lest it should be made a luxury, and so degenerate into morbid sensibility to pain. But of the two extremes that of not caring at all for the sufferings of others is so much more objectionable, that there can be little hesitation as to which of the two it would upon the whole be safest to risk; and in this, as well as in all other cases of stimulated faculty, either in feeling or understanding, such extremes will have to be guarded against by the judicious care of those who engage in the great work of education.

Seldom is the sentiment of pity awakened without the accompaniment of a desire to relieve, to help, or to defend. It is delightful to think what the Author of our being has done for us in this way, if we would but accept his gifts, and use them aright for the good of our fellow creatures, and for his glory. Here we see that no sooner is the emotion of pity deeply stirred, than there follows an impulse to help. It is true the little child, always a partizan, will often manifest a desire to defend, nay, even to avenge by doing battle against some supposed enemy to whom the pain or the sorrow which awakens its pity is attributed; and there is no limit to the wrath or indignation which, on such occasions, the child will sometimes manifest. All this emotion the mother has to lay hold of, and turn into channels of help.

Thus we see that, by the instrumentality of the mother's hand, guided by that nice discrimination and tact which God has given her for the purpose of understanding and educating the heart of her child, those emotions, even the wildest, which would naturally burst forth into explosive passion, and perhaps destructive action, may be turned by her gentle care into peaceful and health-giving channels, bearing ever as they flow balm to the wounded, help to the feeble, and comfort to the sorrowing.

If pity may thus be used as the great corrective of natural selfishness, gratitude is scarcely less effective in producing the same happy results. And yet it is wonderful how little pains are taken to inspire in children the feeling of gratitude. True, there is this difficulty in the way of inspiring gratitude—a little child does not know, and really cannot understand, how much is done and suffered in its service. It can make no calculation of the nights rendered sleepless by its wailings—of the care, the anxiety, the self-denial, and labour by which its thousand wants are supplied. It is impossible that it should form any estimate of these; but so far as it can understand, it is most important that the sentiment of gratitude should be awakened and maintained with the most assiduous care.

This is the more necessary, because, as regards its natural selfishness, the poor little child stands at a great disadvantage. It has everything against it in being constantly ministered to by others. Gifts are poured into its lap by those who look delighted to give. It sits like a king, receiving all. How should it be otherwise than selfish? How indeed, unless the mother will help to influence the heart of her child—that centre out of which will spring all motive for the actions of its future life.

Let gratitude then be the great work of the mother to foster and deepen. A sense of *indebtedness* on the part of the child will help in this work; and as children are always personal in the exercise of their sentiments, it is good to keep them in mind of the individual benefactors to whom they owe this or that indulgence, or to whom they are indebted for the possession of their toys, books, or any other article of infant property. In this way the memory of the child may be exercised with benefit, both to that and the heart, even at a very early age.

It would not be easy to estimate the vast, the almost incalculable difference morally, and under religious teaching, of a child in whom the sentiment of gratitude is genuine and deep, and one who has never been taught to pour out its best and sweetest feelings through this channel. It is pitiful to think of the loss which a human being sustains by not being heartily and habitually grateful. Those who are so know that no feeling,

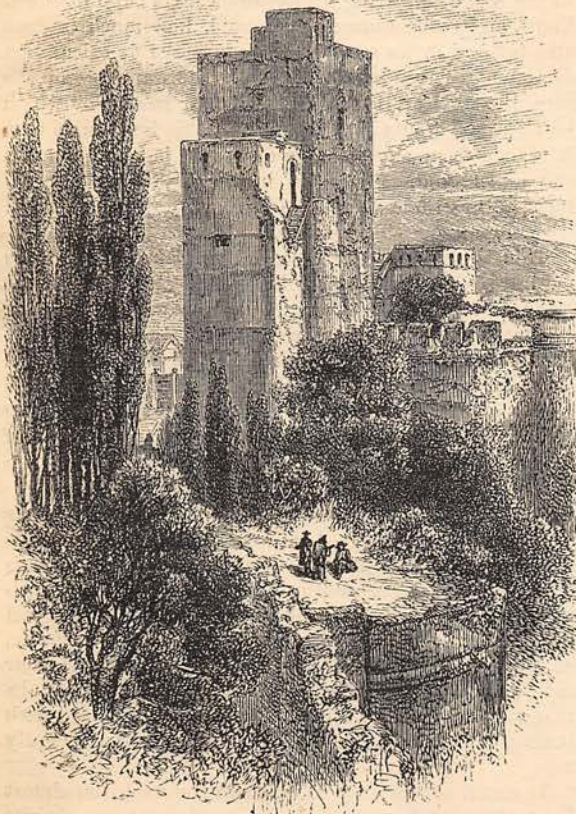
in the whole range of human experience, brings with it more genuine pleasure than that of heartfelt gratitude. Where this feeling has not been fostered in early youth, or where it exists only in a meagre, half-starved form, the grudging acknowledgment of kindness received is sometimes a hard and painful duty. How different that generous outburst from a grateful heart, which diffuses even more happiness than it receives!

After all, these teachings of the young heart are but preparatory to the work of the great Teacher. And yet these first stirrings of sentiment and feeling are the germs of great principles. They are stirrings of those motives which will animate the active life of the true being; and they are such as that being will be called to exercise in the highest range of Christian experience. Pity and gratitude—the one to help in all the sufferings of this mortal life, the very motive which brought the Saviour down to earth; the other embracing that vast debt which we owe to Him, and sweetening and sanctifying every duty, however small, which we try to render in return.

TWO MONTHS IN SPAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MERCHANT'S HOLIDAY."

VI.—GRANADA.



THE VERMILLION TOWER IN THE ALHAMBRA.

The reader will observe that I made rather a circuitous journey to get to Granada. There is a route by which I might have reached this city direct from Cordova, by striking off from the main line at Alameda, and by diligence to Loja, and thence by rail to Granada.

This route, to a person unacquainted with the language, presents some difficulties, as happened to some of my friends who went by it. They were too late for the train, and had to remain at a wretched Fonda in Loja for the night, which made the journey of about seventy miles occupy the greater part of two days. I think it better, though at a trifling additional expense, to make Malaga the head-quarters; leave one's luggage, and start light-handed to Granada.

The previous evening, at the *table d'hôte*, I arranged to join two English tourists, one of whom had a "courier" (half Spanish and half Basque), who spoke indifferently four or five languages—an excellent guide, and kind-hearted, obliging fellow. We left Malaga at 6 A.M. by rail through the mountain range, the wildness and grandeur of which rather increased with familiarity. We got out at the station near Antequera, one of the old Spanish towns, where the habits and customs of the half-Moorish peasantry are still retained.

The readers of Washington Irving's romantic history of the "Conquest of Granada," will remember the prominent position this ancient Roman and Arabic city held in the history of Spain at that period. Here the "flower of Spanish chivalry" assembled in 1484, to wreak their vengeance on the Moors for the disasters of the preceding year, "and to lay waste the kingdom of Granada," which they did "like a stream of lava spreading over these fine and fertile regions." So effectually did these "brave cavaliers" carry out their cruel purpose, that they have left their mark on this desolate tract to the present day. The town, which contains about 20,000 inhabitants, is finely situated on the face of the hills, and looks well at a distance, with its white-washed walls and old castle on the height; but miserable and dilapidated within. Here a diligence was waiting us, yoked with five pairs of mules, harnessed with scraps of leather and ends of rope—both cattle and equipage presenting a very rickety appearance. The driver was rather an agreeable, jolly fellow, and perfectly "master of the occasion." We had two other attendants, —a postilion on the first mule, and a man who ran by the side of the diligence to tie up anything that might require adjustment. These two men in dress (or rather, I should say, in rags) and appearance had a half-savage look, that reminded one of their Arab origin; and yet their looks belied them, for we found them kind and inoffensive. Eight uncomfortable mortals were crammed into the interior of this packing-case—a compromise between a small omnibus and the old diligence—and for five hours were jolted and shaken through ruts and over boulders, the unpleasantness of which could only be equalled by a ride on the hump of a hard trotting dromedary. In some parts there was scarcely an apology for a road. The roads in Spain at present remind me of the description we have of those in Great Britain two centuries ago, or even as late as 1745, when the King's army took so long to advance towards Derby, and could scarcely bring their artillery through the fields and unmade roads. In this and some other respects, Spain is much in the same position now that Great Britain was in the time of the first and second Charles, quite 150 or 200 years behind the rest of Europe in all that tends to comfort and progress. The country through which we passed is a succession of broken, dry, sandy-looking hills and rich fertile plains. We had only one change of cattle, at the town of Archidona, one of the worst I have seen in Spain for misery and wretched poverty, where men are driven to robbery from downright starvation.

As soon as we got out of our packing-case, and before

many splendid mansions in the Moorish-Spanish style, with open patio, fountains, and flowers, broad staircases, and marble banisters. Here also the Government has a great tobacco manufactory, where many thousands are employed on a bare subsistence.

From Valencia to Barcelona there is a break in the journey where the railway is not completed. We left the former city at five p.m., and about midnight got into a diligence for two hours, and again joined the line. At sunrise we reached Tarragona. Here we left the province of Valencia and entered that of Catalonia, and were detained two hours. This gave us an opportunity of ascending the ramparts, from which we had a fine view of this ancient and most interesting city. You will know that this was the Roman capital of Spain, said then to number nearly a million inhabitants. It has a long and painful history, both ancient and modern. It was here that Sir John Murray made some sad blunders, and nearly defeated the plans of the Duke of Wellington (see Napier). The city now contains only about 12,000 inhabitants, and is still strongly guarded with ramparts and outworks, and many of the débris of the Roman city are to be seen in modern buildings. The view from these ramparts, over sea and land, on a bright morning is beautiful and picturesque.

At nine a.m. we proceeded on our journey by rail, and arrived at Barcelona at eleven a.m., on one of the brightest and most beautiful mornings that I enjoyed even in Spain. I had the good fortune to arrive in time to see the great fair that is held in Barcelona on the two or three days preceding Christmas. The country people in their best and picturesque costumes had come into town in thousands; and on the Sabbath-day the streets and broad avenues were crowded with men, women, and children, buying toys or gambling for their Christmas dinner. The stalls and gambling booths lined the sides of the streets, and all classes were trying their luck, from the poor old beggar woman to the well-to-do housewife, eager to get a prize of anything, from a brace of small snipes to a well-fed goose or turkey. I never witnessed such a scene of bustle and excitement, a sort of old Glasgow fair without its rougher elements. This city ought to have been the capital of Spain. It is beautifully situated on the Mediterranean, with a good harbour, and the finest and most genial climate in the world, and in a rich and fertile valley, surrounded with a range of hills, studded with villas, and clothed with evergreen vegetation. It is contiguous to Marseilles, and open to the trade of all the world. The inhabitants are more active and industrious, and I may say more independent, than the Castilians, and the climate the most healthy in Spain; and if historical prestige goes for anything, it was here that Columbus presented Ferdinand and Isabella with a new world.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

CHAPTER II.—LOVE AND HATE.

THE heart of a child begins early to love and hate. There is nothing which it does more heartily. Upon what it loves and what it hates will depend the bias of its character, the tendency of its future life. At first a child will be strictly personal in these emotions. It will love or hate people, and perhaps things. The next attainment, and a very important one, is to love what is good, and to hate what is bad. But how to get hold

of the abstract idea of goodness, and badness, and so to apply the emotion of the child to that, without personality, is indeed a difficult matter; for there is something so real, so solid, if one may use the expression, in the love of a child, and also in its hate, that it seems almost impossible to attach either to an idea without a substance.

This necessary lesson of loving only what is lovely in itself, as goodness is, can scarcely be taught to a child in connection strictly speaking with its parents, because everything in them is good and lovely to the child; and the same difficulty would apply to the case of other near relatives, or indeed, to all who were connected with it by the ties of affection. Love is so natural to the child, so born with it, that it begins to love before it is possible for it to understand why, and indeed, before there is any reason why, except that certain individuals minister to its wants, gratify its desires, soothe its sorrows, and, in short, sustain its life.

Nor would it be easy to find more substantial reasons why any one should be loved than these. Only that a little later, and when reason might be supposed to exercise more power, they do not always hold good; for human life as it presents this strange anomaly, that persons are not always loved according to the benefits they confer. Hence we discover that this fountain of love which springs so freely from the heart of the child, is in reality a very capricious, uncertain, and unmanageable stream, flowing this way, and that—sometimes overflowing in quarters where the utmost pains are taken to dam it up, and stem its current; and sometimes falling off, and even drying up, where its genial waters are most required. Every one who speaks or writes on this subject, poets, philosophers, the wisest and the best of men and women, appear to have agreed in the opinion, that love is an impulse of our nature, which must take its own course.

Leaving this knotty point to be discussed by those who understand better than myself, I return to the love of a little child, which it is of the utmost importance that the mother should at least endeavour to direct to that which is worthy of being loved. To love mean things and base people is certain degradation to the child. To love what is intrinsically lovely is a certain means of elevation.

To love goodness simply because it is good, and to love it under every form in which it can be recognised, is one of the highest and noblest attainments of our moral nature, so high, indeed, that nothing less than that regeneration of the heart which is effected by conversion to the love and the service of Christ can lift us up to this height of being. But the mother, especially the Christian mother, can begin, God helping her, with this holy and delightful task. Only she must be content to begin simply, humbly, and without embarrassing the tender conceptions of the child with images and phrases which it is impossible for it to comprehend. She must be content also to work with human means; and this is too often what Christian parents will not do. They seem impatient of such means; and want to begin at once with spiritual instrumentality long before the child is capable of lifting its thoughts and conceptions to such a height as to go along with this kind of instruction. It is upon the mother herself that the spiritual influences must operate so as to fit her for this work; nor is it necessary to be above using the most humble and familiar means, because she may still use them with a spiritual purpose.

In teaching children to love goodness, we must love it ourselves, look out for it, embrace it, delight in it

wherever it may be found. We must rejoice in it when found in an inferior—in an enemy—and what is much more difficult, even in one who has stepped into a place of usefulness which we tried to fill, and failed in. If we do this ourselves, habitually and heartily, the children under our care will require but few lessons beyond this—our daily example.

But supposing this lesson of example to be a little defective, I think the mother may help out her purpose by placing before the notice of her child, in an interesting and attractive manner, instances of goodness occurring amongst indifferent people, or people not otherwise beloved personally. A poor beggar man may have picked up a shilling which he saw dropped by a passer by, and restored it to the owner when he sadly wanted a shilling himself. Or a hungry child may have carried a dinner to her sick father without tasting it herself. A boy may have rescued from its tormentors some poor animal, or another may have helped an old paralytic woman to carry her bundle of sticks. Instances of this kind are daily occurring in ordinary life, and when the mother is looking out for them, and listening to hear about them, surely her own heart will be refreshed and improved, for I am strongly inclined to think that the reason why we hear so little good of our neighbours is that we do not watch and listen for the good as we do for the evil. Among those whom we love no doubt we do, but true charity comprehends a wider range, hoping all things, believing all things.

All who have the training of children, and who have obtained a hold upon their affections, should remember that they exercise over them an almost unbounded power in the use of praise and blame. A child, and especially a girl, can be worked upon to love almost anything by hearing it praised by one she loves; and she will hate as readily and in the same proportion.

It is a curious fact, and very difficult to account for, that in the ordinary range of social intercourse, blame is much more frequent than praise. For once that we hear a good deed heartily commended we hear at least fifty bad deeds condemned, or else we hear the good so questioned that all the virtue seems extracted out of them. Even Christian people of devoted lives appear to be strangely on their guard lest they should praise too much. But they can blame, and by doing this so much more often, or perhaps more earnestly than they praise, the balance is lost, and the scale goes down laden with its heavy burden of human infirmity and sin; and we look on with mournful eyes, exclaiming, "Who will show us any good?"

One of the greatest hindrances to what I have ventured to call the education of the heart, and a cause of much and grievous loss to the young, arises, I think, from the restraint which religious people sometimes impose upon themselves and others, in not calling anything good which does not directly promote the salvation of the soul; so that we are in a manner deprived of the use of these two words, good and bad, than which there can be none more powerful in the work of education. Nor is this mode of regarding the matter consistent with our daily conduct. The most rigid in enforcing these restrictions will speak of good and bad in relation to their servants, and all persons employed in their business matters; and they use these terms continually in relation to the honesty, truthfulness, punctuality, and industry of such persons. They speak of them as good servants, good clerks, or good agents, when they possess these qualities, and they speak of them as bad, when these qualities are wanting, or when the opposite of these qualities are manifested.

Good and bad are words which we cannot do without when speaking of the general conduct of mankind. They apply to citizenship, to social and relative duty, honesty or dishonesty in business transactions, in fact to all which materially affects the interests of this present life, which promotes prosperity, or leads to ruin, which makes a country, a family, or an individual respectable or otherwise. To have just and clear views on matters of social and relative duty, mutual obligation, friendliness, trustworthiness, personal responsibility, industry, and all that we generally class under the name of morals, is no trifling attainment. It is, at least, as important as to have just and clear views on geography, grammar, or any other branch of that kind of learning which is taught so carefully, and with such indefatigable pains in the usual routine of school teaching. We may, therefore, fairly ask that the same amount of pains, the same amount of time, of study, and solicitude should be bestowed upon the former as the latter portion of education.

Nor need the Christian fear that in using every possible endeavour to awaken in the child a love for what is good—simply good as opposed to bad—there will be danger to that child in its subsequent religious impressions. If the principles of good and evil, by which the moral conduct of the man or woman has to be regulated, were at all, even in the slightest particle or degree, opposed to God's own law of right and wrong, then unquestionably there would be danger. But I am not speaking of expediency, of what is sanctioned by custom, or of what may tend to serve some sordid purpose. I am speaking as good of that which is essentially and eternally good, of that which was good when written in tables of stone, and which Moses brought down from the mount of ineffable communion; the same immutable good which was taught by the Saviour himself, and which pervades the whole record of his life, as well as the doctrines of his disciples.

There is no change, there can be none, in good and evil when regarded in this light, because both are founded on principle, the one sustaining, health-giving, uniting, and elevating, the other tending always to discord, misery, and destruction. The germs of both these principles lie in the heart of the little child; and happy and holy is the task of the Christian mother so to cultivate the one that by God's help it shall increase and strengthen and outgrow the other, as the flowers of a well-tended garden outgrow the weeds.

These remarks have been made at greater length, because, in dealing with the love of her child, the mother has to discharge the tenderest and most delicate of all those tasks which are committed especially to her care. Yet delicate and tender as are the little threads of feeling which she holds, it may be prayerfully, in her nurturing hands, she knows and feels that they are instinct with a force which will be stronger than any other in deciding the destiny of her child. Out of the love of that little palpitating heart, over which she watches, what floods of happiness or depths of sorrow may come! Out of its hate what bitterness and ruin! And yet from hating only that which is vile, and base, what strength of upright purpose! What help to the injured and oppressed!

What the child learns to love it will follow after, and hold by. In this fact we see the importance of making religion lovely and attractive to the young, not wearisome or repulsive. All the offices and duties of religion also should be strenuously recommended, so far as is possible to the affectionate choice of a child; and where this is not possible, the habit of observing that the parents love these duties, and fulfil them faithfully, and

cheerfully, will go a long way towards making the child feel that there must be something good and lovely in them, although it may be too young to perceive and understand the good itself.

The reading of Scripture stories, if well selected, is a great help in this kind of teaching; and here especial truthfulness should be observed; as indeed we find it in the stories themselves, where none of the brightest in example, or the most honoured as the servants of God, are spared the penalty of having their faults, or even their worse than faults, recorded. Such, however, is the faithfulness of these lessons of instruction that we find in them the sad consequences of wrong-doing both in appropriate, and sometimes immediate punishment, and in the bitter repentance of the wrong-doer.

In works of fiction we seldom find this equal justice. More frequently we meet with characters represented as wholly good, or wholly bad, neither of which afford much instruction either to youth or age. Biographies of good people, too, are sadly defective in this respect. Where all the wrong is left out, and where it is only sparingly touched upon, they do not teach a true lesson. Children are quick to perceive that the representation is one-sided; and whatever we teach them, we must teach the truth—that is, so far as they can see and understand the matter at all, it must be set before them truly. They naturally love the truth, though they may not like to make it the rule of their own words and actions. Hence there is gain rather than loss, in showing them how a course of life, otherwise good and happy, may have been marred by yielding to the temptation to do wrong; and by showing them also what sad tears have sometimes been shed over the consequences of even a momentary act of passion, or of self-will.

It may seem a strange, and perhaps meaningless expression to make use of, but I know of none better than to say that a child should learn to love love itself—to hold love in the tenderest respect—nay, to reverence it as a holy thing. The worst degradation of human life is where love is degraded. The loftiest and purest height to which we are capable of reaching is where our love is fixed upon the highest things—highest because holiest. Of all the follies which prevail in social life, there is not a more debasing and pernicious folly than that of treating love with ridicule and contempt. Fair lips may do this, and voices that speak in silver tones may mock at those evidences of tenderness and true affection which ought at least to be sacred in the estimation of women. Whenever we meet with this hard, cruel, mocking tendency, instead of that warm and cordial enthusiasm which ought to fire the eye, and send a glow into the cheek of youth, we are led to ask, who touched the heart of that youth in early childhood?—who bent over its cradle?—who stilled its cries?—who called forth its merry laughter until it echoed from heart to heart and made the household ring with joy? Perhaps no one. Possibly the child was motherless, and so never learned the exquisite delight—the pure enjoyment—the loveliness of love.

There is no sadder spectacle presented by human life than that of a childhood thus uncherished in its sweet affections—thus restrained in its abounding and exuberant joy; for there is no real joy in childhood without the free exercise of love, given and received. A child whose affections are repressed is like a young tree with its buds picked off in spring-time. This act of picking off young buds is what many of us do thoughtlessly. Even the mother does it sometimes, to

her own unspeakable loss, and to the cruel injury of her child. It may be done even by the habitual *manner* of a parent who is indulgent and kind in greater matters. Our language has no polite word for describing a certain style of manner, which I can only call *snubbing*; and a system of constant snubbing is one of the most injurious to which youth can be subjected. Either the temper is made sullen and resentful, or hope is crushed within the heart, or energy is deadened for want of hope, or there creeps over all the faculties a kind of paralysis, or a general tendency to disease, which may become any or all those mental maladies which so often lie at the foundation of human misery.

On the other hand, a happy genial childhood, with the full flow of natural affection encouraged, and brought out into the open day without hindrance, and without shame, is perhaps the greatest boon which parents have it in their power to bestow upon their children. Instead of being timid about the exercise of love, not knowing whether it will be well received, let a child grow up and believe that love is welcome everywhere—the best thing it has to offer, and a glorious gift—that the giving of love is a generosity which it has a right to exult in; and where this feeling pervades a home, what confidence, what joy, what peace it brings! It is the very sunshine of their young lives to children; and they can no more grow and flourish so as to bud and blossom as they ought without breathing in an atmosphere of love, than the plants and trees of our gardens can flourish without the light and warmth of the sun himself.

Happily for the poor this is one point on which they stand at no disadvantage with the rich. Though stripped of so many other kinds of abundance, their homes may abound in love. They themselves may be liberal here; and while the family meal may be sparing, and even insufficient, they may disperse liberally to their children that true happiness which arises out of loving and being beloved.

In addition to these pleasant thoughts there is one of higher interest which the Christian mother may safely cherish in her heart. It is that the child which has been so nurtured as thoroughly to appreciate the beauty and the value of natural love in the exercise of home affection, will be more likely to receive, without questioning, nay, rather with cordial welcome, the story of that divine love which was manifested in the life and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The ready opening of the young heart to receive the impression, though dim at first, of the ineffable nature as well as the reality of this love, will, I believe, be found a better preparation for making that child a true Christian than much teaching of the head. At all events the two modes of instruction should be carried on with equal earnestness, only there is this difference, that the education of the heart may be commenced from the cradle, and that thus a foundation may be laid in human love for the more entire appreciation of that which is divine.

In the course of these remarks I have said little about hate. It is often said, perhaps without reflection, that those who cannot hate, cannot love. I suppose the true meaning of this saying is, that the warmth and force of feeling which manifests itself in ardent love will necessarily manifest itself at times in an opposite direction. However this may be, we must all, I think, allow that children do hate, in a certain sense at least. Their little acts of repulsion evince in a high degree the feeling of hatred, although with them the emotion is happily of transient duration, and for the most part easily overcome.

The difficulty with children is how to get the application of this feeling removed from persons to things, or rather from the actor to the act; and more difficult still is it to apply it to ideas, such as meanness, cruelty, and wickedness in general. To hate the sin, and love the sinner, is perhaps one of the most difficult attainments of Christian life. In how many cases it is never attained at all, is a question not necessary to ask here.

When the infant has become capable of feeling admiration and contempt, and when these emotions begin to manifest themselves, then the natural feeling of hate may be diverted into legitimate channels by showing the child the actual meanness of doing wrong—the base and contemptible nature of a lie, for example—the odious nature of greediness and theft; and so on, using up, as it were, the ebullitions of hate for purposes of contemning evil under every form.

It is no bad beginning of life for a child to hate a lie—to hate deceit, and treachery of every kind—to hate cruelty—in short, to hate whatever we know to be hateful in the sight of God, we have high authority in the Psalms of David, and in many other portions of Holy Writ, for believing that there is a power of detestation which may be lawfully used against what is right.

The world will do much to deaden these childish feelings; and what is more dangerous, it will do much to misplace them—to draw out love towards that which is not worth loving, and ought not to be loved, and to excite hatred where it would be better to pity, and sometimes to admire. This confusion of moral appreciation and purpose which abounds in the world, and which often pervades even what is called good society, renders the work of the mother one of more urgent necessity; and happily for her, there is affixed to the faithful performance of her task a twofold blessing, for in rightly educating the heart of her child, her own heart is made better.

ROMANCE OF HERALDRY.

BY THE EDITOR OF "DEBRET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS,"

V.

THE noble families of Vane and Fane owe their arms and crest to a deed performed at the battle of Poitiers, *temp.* Edward III, by Sir Henry Vane, a gallant soldier who had the good fortune to participate personally in taking as prisoner John, King of France. Froissart in his Chronicles states that the King defended himself with great valour, though attacked by numerous knights, each of whom cried out, "Yield you, or you are dead." Sir Denyce Morbecke, however, happened to be next the king, and, addressing him in good French, asked him to yield; whereupon the monarch replied in the same language, "I yield me to you." All the knights then pressed round the captive king and made him acknowledge that each one had captured him. The claims, however, of Sir Roger de la Warre and Sir John Pelham have always been acknowledged to be the strongest, and the former received the crampet, or chape, of the king's sword, and the latter the buckle of the monarch's belt, a charge now borne in his arms by the Earl of Chichester, as commemorative of his ancestor's exploit. It was, however, to Sir Henry Vane that the fallen king gave his gauntlet, and in token of this circumstance the knight assumed as his arms azure, three sinister gauntlets, two and one or; and for his crest a dexter gauntlet erect, holding a sword, all proper, pommel and hilt or.

The Rev. Sir John Caesar Hawkins, Bart., bears for his arms argent, on a saltire sable, five fleur-de-lys or,

and they were probably assumed by an ancestor under the following circumstances. When King John of France was taken at the battle of Poitiers and detained a prisoner in England, the King of Navarre, availing himself of his absence, declared war against France, and, being aided by many knights, squires, and men at arms, whom he gained over to him by the great pay and bounty which he gave them, took many strong places and castles, and among others that of Mauconseil. This place he entrusted to the keeping of an Irish knight and two English squires, Franklyn and Hawkins, who had assisted at its capture. In memory of this the Hawkins family took for their arms a saltire, which represents one of the scaling-ladders by the help of which the castle was taken, while the fleur-de-lys betoken those which were on the captured ensign of France.

Sir Vere Edward de Vere's arms are quarterly gules and or, and in the dexter chief quarter a mullet argent. Tradition thus describes the origin of these insignia. In 1098, it is recorded that a battle was fought near Antioch, in Syria, between the Christian troops and those of the Corborant (*i.e.*, the noble of nobles) to the Sultan of Persia. The Christians were victorious, and pursued the vanquished soldiers. However, during the eagerness of pursuit night came on, and the Christians, being utterly ignorant of the country, were in danger of becoming dispersed, and of wandering too far from the city, when they would have fallen an easy prey to the greatly superior numbers of the enemy. But when they were only about four miles from Antioch a white star appeared, and shed its light especially upon the banner of Albry de Vere. By the guide of this star the army were enabled to regain the city; and all the warriors said that Albry de Vere was a holy man, and one beloved of God. In remembrance of the Divine favour thus marvellously shown him, De Vere placed the silver star as the solitary bearing on his shield; and after spending the vigour of his manhood in combating the enemies of the faith, he assumed the cowl in his old age, and entirely devoted himself to the service of the Church. The Earls of Oxford, which title is now extinct, were descended from Albry de Vere.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the recently appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Poor Law Board, bears as his second and third quarterings, gules, a bar wavy between three fleur-de-lys or. The fleur-de-lys refer to as many French standards as had been captured by Sir Elias Hicks, who was created a Knight Banneret in the reign of Edward III, and received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the Black Prince.

A cubit arm, holding a broken tilting spear, the crest of the present baronets Carmichael, refers to an exploit said to have been performed by their ancestor, Sir John Carmichael. This knight accompanied Archibald, Earl of Douglas, with a band of Scottish troops, to the assistance of Charles VI of France, and at the battle of Beaugé, A.D. 1421, dismounted the Duke of Clarence, brother of King Henry V, who commanded the English forces, and thereby materially contributed to their defeat. The Swintons, of Swinton Bank, however, assert that it was Sir John Swinton, and not Sir John Carmichael, who unseated the duke; and to this opinion Sir Walter Scott inclines, as in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he says:—

"Then Swinton placed the lance in rest,
That humbled erst the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet."

Sir Humphrey de Trafford's ancestor was a landowner in Lancashire at the time of the Conquest, and to disguise himself from the Norman soldiers he assumed the

a deep sea lying off, whence were washed up the relics of marine creatures to meet the land spoils of a district abounding in game and shelter. We have shells of fresh-water ponds, forms of beautiful plants from the marshes, the beaver and deer abundant.

5. But the speciality of Norwich is its *crag*—a provincial name for gravel, but now a geological term for a mass of sand, shells, clay, and broken fragments, extending from Northern Germany to East Anglia, assigned to the *Pleiocene* period of Sir Charles Lyall, *i.e.*, to the latest tertiary, when the organic life was nearly altogether like that of the present day. The uppermost *crag*, the Norwich *crag* proper, may be seen on the banks of the Yare, below the city. It is sand and gravel mixed with sea shells. The surface of the chalk on which it lies is perforated by the drills of the pholas, the same as now found in the blocks of chalk on the shore: the creature's shells are still in the bore-holes. The shelly deposit contains 85 per cent. of present sea shells. They are principally forms of marine life indicating a lower temperature than now prevails off the coast. But the marvel is to see what kind of bones have been drifted from adjacent land on to this old beach. They tell of mammoths and of an assemblage of creatures of African aspect, though adapted to colder climates. Three species of elephant, a hippopotamus and rhinoceros, once camped on these grounds, together with horse, bear, wolf, elk, a quantity of small deer, and other creatures. About half of these belong to species now extinct. The Norwich *crag* may be seen at Cromer, rising from the beach, and gradually ascending in the cliffs towards Weybourn. It is a very local deposit.

6. The next *crag* is of wider range. It lies below the Norwich or mammalian *crag*. It is named red, or Suffolk *crag*, and is that which is so well seen in the cliffs at Walton and Felixstowe. It is a most tempting deposit for collectors. No hammer is needed, nor any scraping or washing of fossils. The shells are, save as to colour (and in some cases there are traces of this), as well preserved as in a cabinet, a little iron-stained, but wonderfully delicate in their beauty. One, the *crag* spindle shell, *fusus contrarius*, is sure to attract attention, as it uniformly has its opening on the reverse side, so that our modern whelk-eaters would have to extract the fish in a left-handed manner, had they still been presentable on the hand-barrow of the costermonger. Teeth of sharks, and ear-bones of whales, are among the common spoils of the *crag*. There are 240 species of mollusca found. About fifty of these are travellers rolled in a fossil state from previous formations, and of shells proper to the deposit, about fifty-seven per cent. are of recent well-known species. It is excellent occupation for the seaside, to collect and sort out the *crag* shells, dividing off the casuals, and then ascertaining the character of the true parishioners. The reader will easily credit the statement that this is safer work now than it would once have been, for among other creatures whose bones we handle is a great shark, computed to be sixty-five feet in length, with a jaw-gape three feet by four.

7. To see the lowest *crag*, the Coralline, we must visit Woodbridge and spend an afternoon between the rivers Alde and Stour. It is a mass of sand and shells, sometimes hardening into building stone. The greater number of the shell-animals are still to be found in our seas. There are proofs of a gradual refrigeration of temperature from the base of the *crag*s up to the boulder-clay.

At the base of each formation of *crag* there lies a bone bed—a quantity of broken animal remains, con-

taining phosphatic matter. The late Professor Henslow first noticed this material in 1843, and indicated it as a source for manure. From that time there has been a continuous resort to these bone beds for "coprolite," as it is called. It is used, like guano, for manure, and is now well known as a source of wealth and an article of manufacture and use. The geologist may sigh as he sees the heaps of fish teeth and bones daily consumed by the manure mill, but he has his compensation in boiled beef and turnips, to say nothing of wheat and clover.

8. The London clay, underlying the *crag*, will hardly afford interest enough in this county for an excursion. Its classic hunting-ground, for turtle and cinnamon-groves, is at Sheppey, in the mouth of the Thames.

9. The underlying chalk is the prevalent subsoil of the county. It is the upper chalk, with large flints and layers of flint, whence arises the characteristic flint architecture of East Anglian churches, and especially the squared flint of the towers, as at Southwold. The chalk rises into cliffs at Cromer, and is singularly furrowed and worn into pinnacles, surrounded by the upper clays, as though it had formed a furrowed coastline like that of the Needles, and then had become the bottom of the sea by tranquil subsidence, and been covered with sand and mud by gentle degrees.

10. On the edge of the county, towards the north-west, the lower cretaceous formations crop up. At the northern end of a ridge lies one of the favourite localities of the fen-folk, and one of the notabilities of cretaceous geology—Hunstanton, with its cliffs of red chalk. How the white chalk, the soft ocean-floor of the great limestone sea, became discoloured by iron-rust; how it is preceded by red clays, containing lower cretaceous fossils; and how interesting the whole deposit is—are topics which may well elicit the investigation of the assembled *savans* and of their numerous camp-followers.

S. R. P.

MOTHER'S WORK;
OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.
CHAPTER III.—TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

I HAVE classed together truth and justice as elements of character. It is difficult to separate them so as to bring either under notice as a distinct quality, because truth is justice in speech, and justice is truth in action. They are also found together. Where there exists a strict regard for truth, there will be a strict regard for justice; and where justice is faithfully maintained, there will be truth. It will equally be found that laxity or carelessness about one, will manifest itself, as occasion may serve, in carelessness about the other.

Simply considered, nothing can be more positive than truth; but when carried out into action, truthfulness consists in guarding against falsehood. It is only speaking of and dealing with things as they are, and that under all inducements to speak of and deal with them as they are not. Justice also is the acting out of that which is strictly due and right, under all temptations to do otherwise.

The temptations which operate against both these methods of doing simply right, arise out of selfishness—that first principle of our common nature. It is not likely that any one would speak falsely rather than truly, unless in the first instance it should be to gain something which is desired, or to escape from something which is disliked or feared; although when the habit of being false has become established, it is an undoubted fact that persons do sometimes grow to prefer

speaking falsely, and that with them a lie is often told from choice.

In the same way, injustice is generally done because of some selfish object to be gained, some purpose carried out, or some step taken towards a desired end. Self-serving, under some plea or other, is the cause of deviation from the line of rectitude in both cases. The peculiar form taken by temptation in both will depend upon the prevailing character of the society in which a person moves.

The peculiar temptations by which truth and justice are assailed in the present day, and in ordinary life, arise chiefly out of the increased demand for luxury and indulgence in our modes of living; the great facility with which the luxuries and elegancies of life can be obtained, rendering it a kind of stigma upon individuals to live in these respects below the grade of society in which they mix.

In conversing with persons who have these matters much at heart, we not unfrequently find them proposing to lessen the temptation by beginning, as it were, at the wrong end of the stream, by attacking the flood instead of the source. They even lament over this excess of luxury and self-indulgence; while, on the other hand, we hear persons who are equally anxious to promote the welfare of their fellow-beings, rejoicing over every improvement of trade, or extension of commerce, or ingenuity of invention that will increase the facility by which luxuries are obtained. Altogether there are moral perplexities in connection with this subject sufficient in number and complication to confuse the wisest and the clearest heads amongst our philanthropists and politicians.

Let us turn again, for relief, to the nursery, the home, and the mother's holy work. Happily for her, she is not called upon to disentangle the knotty questions of the political economist. But she is called upon to prepare her child, as well as she can, for that great battle against temptation which he will have to carry on throughout his after life. As already said, it is of the utmost importance to ascertain what these temptations will be, socially considered—in other words, what will be the nature of those temptations most likely to assail him from without, as the inevitable result of mixing in society as it is. He will still go forth with his own peculiar temptations, springing from within himself, and what these will be neither mother nor child will probably know until the hour of trial.

In our day there are facilities for deception, treachery, and secret crime, which are supplied by that material prosperity in which we so often exult. To guard against these facilities, we require, year by year, a stronger moral power, a stricter integrity, a firmer hold upon the principles of truth, as well as honesty, in order to withstand the temptations by which age as well as youth is surrounded, and, with terrible frequency, is overcome. This preventive and preserving power must come from within—from the heart; and the heart is treacherous and false, not all the restraints in the world can make the actions which it dictates true, and right, and noble.

But the memory of his mother may reach the tempted one; the example of his father; the moral purity of his home; the heart-lessons of his childhood; the practical uprightness of those who suffered in that home, and bore their trial of privation as sent from God, and who would not, to save their lives, have laid their hands upon a loaf of bread that was not their own. He may not be able to recall any direct precept on the subject, because integrity of principle was rather a

part of that moral atmosphere which he lived and breathed in during childhood, than a distinct thing to be set forth in lessons or even in words.

Invaluable in amount is the weight which a strict regard to the claims of property would throw into the right scale of that balance which a wise mother has to hold in her hand. Loose, vague notions about mine and thine, about property in general, are always dangerous to youth. It is better that a child should possess little, but that little should be as truly its own as the father's property is his own. Indiscriminate taking, using, and appropriating in a family, may wear an agreeable outside appearance of unselfishness and liberality, but it is often far from being so in reality. Out of such confusion of property there will arise confusion of claims, and then will follow disputes and quarrels. Neither is there any true generosity in the giver where all is held in common; and it is most essential to the cultivation of a true and noble generosity that a child should learn to give, and should delight to give out of that which is really its own; the smaller that is in amount, the larger will be the generosity of heart with which it is freely given.

Strictness in regard to borrowing and returning, is another guard which the judicious mother may set around her child; also a scrupulous care to repair any injury which a borrowed article may have sustained, and to replace it if lost or destroyed. It is surprising how careless the children—yes, even the grown-up children of respectable homes—are sometimes found to be on these points, and how grudging they show themselves when restitution is required. Had the education of these individuals in very early life been such as to inspire within them a high sense of the *rightness* of such acts of justice, and the *wrongness* of an opposite course, they would in all probability have grown up ashamed, as they ought to be, of failing in the minutest particular as regards absolute rectitude on such points.

It is not that the merit of being just is so great as to demand much commendation, because, as already said, to be just is only to be right; it is only the avoidance of wrong. But the shame, the condemnation, should be all the greater for having deviated from the line of right so far as to appropriate another person's property, to injure it, or to fail to make restitution for its loss.

The prompt and cheerful payment of all just money demands, where made the habit of a family, has great influence in the formation of character upon a true and honest basis. Teaching a child to feel that that money is absolutely not our own which is owing to another person for anything we are using or have used, is of great help here; and I think the payment of such debts might be cultivated as a pleasure to the child, at a very early age. As, for example, it might be made a privilege to the child to go with its mother or its nurse when they pay for the new shoes it has just put on, and with which, as in most cases, it is highly delighted.

But in whatever way the strict line can be drawn between what is honest and dishonest, no opportunity should be neglected for making it a heart-work with the child to be true and honest in these matters. It is of no use setting the head to calculate upon them. Such calculation will be more likely to lead to this result than any other—that on such a day a certain thing shall be restored; that it will not be wanted earlier; that it is not worth much to anybody; or that the owner will most likely never think of it again. This is all natural, and it seems innocent enough in a child; but it is the way a child should never be trusted

to go, because it is in reality one of those little by-ways of life, by pursuing which so many find themselves upon the great high road to ruin.

"I am only borrowing this money. I shall restore it long before the day when it will be wanted," said the wretched victim of crime on the day when he first laid his hands upon the money which he had in charge. "I will pay for what I am purchasing when my next supply comes in," said another who, on that day, had not the most distant idea of ever being imprisoned as a debtor. "I will risk all that I have, and twice as much, of my father's or my friend's, on this hopeful venture," said the eager speculator on the time when a promising investment was proposed to him, little thinking that a day of ruin for those friends, as well as for himself, was at hand—a day when nothing would be left for restitution. In all these cases, and in the thousands of others of a similar nature which stain our public annals, and wreck the happiness of families, and undermine the foundations of confidence and esteem, the stern work of rectitude should have done at once; the conscientious scruple should have been at work for years before the day of temptation; the mother's influence should have been upon that heart, and her careful skill should have guarded it, as by a wall of fire, against the assaults of this enemy.

Out of the heart must come the strong impulse to avoid all dishonesty as an abominable thing. There must early be implanted in the heart of the child an absolute hatred of every species of dishonesty—a hatred of its meanness, as well as its wickedness. All children can easily be made to despise; nothing, in fact, is more easy. The little lip will curl, and the haughty head will be tossed with ineffable contempt. Here, then, we find another instrument which, in the hands of the mother, may be used with wonderful effect against whatever is touched with the least taint of dishonesty, only the instrument must be applied, not so much to the conduct of others, as to the little dishonest acts of the child itself.

When I say it is natural to speak the truth, I mean only until some inducement stronger than the love of truth itself shall come across the purpose of a child to tempt it to tell a lie; and alas! this comes too soon. I only mean that if we should ask a child if it had learned a lesson, had been out, or had seen a bird, it would be in accordance with the first impulse of nature to say yes, if it had, unless some motive should be in immediate operation to prompt a lie. And, perhaps, it is in this way that parents are lulled into security, concluding that *of course* their children will be truthful; it is so very wicked to tell lies, and they have seen no reason to consider their children wicked.

How shall we convince the fond and partial parent that this is not sufficient? It may be sufficient while the child is free from temptation; but, when the hour comes in which there will be some terrible thing to fear in consequence of speaking the truth, or some delightful thing to gain by a falsehood—when other people tell such falsehoods, and no harm is thought of them—when it seems as if some particular falsehood would prevent mischief and pain, nay, actually do good—when nobody need ever know—then will be the time for the child to be saved, humanly speaking, by its intense and habitual hatred of a lie, indeed of everything false, by its remembrance of how falsehood was regarded in the parental home as a base and abominable thing, and how truth was acted there, as well as spoken, independently of all calculation of consequences, simply because it was truth.

In the constant and habitual acting out of truth as a principle lies the great secret of influencing the character of a child, so that truth shall be loved, and falsehood hated. Perhaps few of us are aware, until we look faithfully into the subject, and examine it well, how frequently we fail in this consistent acting and speaking, and how we fail so as that a child can easily detect our failures.

I think one of the great points on which we fail is this—we too often substitute anger for sorrow in our treatment of the misconduct of children. Take, as an example, the telling of a lie, or perhaps more than one. Fearful judgment is sometimes visited upon children for this, so fearful that the next time they tell a lie, perhaps inadvertently, they become so terrified that in all probability they tell another, or a succession of lies, in order to sustain or cover the first.

It seems to me that we work with a mean instrument when we attempt to work upon the *fear* of a child, and whatever we do, we must not degrade or debase the character. There will be degrading influences enough in the world to meet him at every step; but the mother's work should be exalting, noble, always tending upward. Surely then sorrow would be better than anger in the case described; and if we ourselves are deeply impressed with the importance of truth and falsehood, there will be cause enough for grief and real sorrow in the falsehood of any child in whom we are deeply interested.

I have often thought that a solemn grief pervading a household when a child has done wrong would have more effect in preventing a recurrence of the fault than all the anger in the world, or even the severest punishment. And yet there are cases, not very rare ones either, when a child is punished, perhaps left to sit alone in the school-room, because it has told a lie, while the rest of the family may be heard making merry as usual, laughing, it may be, with their guests, and certainly evincing no sign which the culprit can detect of the least feeling of sorrow on their part. A child so treated will know so far as that it has personally offended or vexed those who inflicted the punishment which it is enduring, and this it will probably charge upon their ill-temper rather than its own fault, but it can learn very little by this mode of heartless treatment of the awful nature of falsehood as it ruins the character, and stains the life.

Opposed to this we have the beauty and the value of a truthful and upright character. We have the holiness of the law of God, in nothing more visibly pure to our perceptions than in its maintenance of truth and justice—the just man and the perfect being always placed in the clearest opposition to the liars and the father of lies. We have also the *kindness* of truth in contrast to the *cruelty* of falsehood; nor can it be difficult to show to a child how cruel falsehood really is, that having been deceived once, or twice, or three times, we cease to be able to believe when we would, and so turn a deaf ear to the cry of real suffering, or refuse the petition of the needy, or withhold our confidence from those who are really deserving of our trust.

Truth admits of no qualification. It is simple truth, as day is day, and night is night. Thence it may be made clearly intelligible to a child. Justice is more difficult, involving as it does so many relative circumstances, and so many complications arising out of social life. There are, however, cases occurring frequently—perhaps in the nursery, from which a child may be so taught as to derive useful lessons. And, after all, it is not so much the discrimination of a clear

case which the mother has to teach, as how to feel about it when clearly seen. Discrimination of cases belongs especially to the head; and, although both head and heart should be included in the great work of education as it moves on, the business to be done in early life is chiefly to work upon the heart, so that it shall love truth and justice, and hate their opposites. A desire will thus be established to follow after, and hold fast by, that which is beloved and approved, and to reject the other with dislike and contempt. According to this mode of educating, a child may be brought to love and admire justice, long before it can have attained any great amount of power in judging correctly for itself as to what is just or unjust in the general transactions of mankind.

For this reason—that a child can really be no judge in transactions of business, or in worldly matters generally—the great mistake is made of leaving all considerations about justice, as well as many other moral questions, until the mind is mature, and the character to a great extent established. This fearful and often fatal mistake is chiefly attributable to the almost universal notion that little or nothing can be done in such matters except by the education of the head, that all these things will come right if the child is sent to what is called a good school, and that if properly taught, according to the accustomed routine of scholastic teaching, that the character of the future man or woman will be as good as human instrumentality can make it.

Does the mother ever think, when she consigns her child to this method of preparing it for after life, that even if the thing was stipulated for, which it seldom is, there could be neither time nor opportunity for educating the heart of her child as she could have done that work at home? That the head will be constantly practised at school in the lessons it is learning, the learner sent back again, perhaps a hundred times, until he is thoroughly grounded in his lesson, and so on, from step to step, each lesson made the groundwork for another, but all impressed, and made as sure as incessant labour, stimulated by competition, can make them? While the heart all the while is only *told* a few uninteresting truisms, and not practised at all, or with any method in its education?

Does the mother ever think, when she walks in her garden on a fine spring morning, and watches the fair blossoms unfolding on the boughs, and calculates upon her autumn and winter fruit, that the most critical time of all the year as regards the produce of the garden is just when those blossoms are beginning to *set*, as the gardeners call it? With blossoms a thousand times more beautiful, with the promise of fruit a thousand times more precious, she has the setting-time, as it were, in her own hands. It may be long before the casual observer will see what she has done. The blossoms of the fruit-tree fade and fall, and the small germ of promise makes no show for some time after this critical period; but amongst the many secrets hid in the bosom of nature, there is none more sure than this, that unless the fruit has set, there will be none upon the tree.

So, deep within the mother's bosom may lie this precious, this soul-sustaining truth, that her young blossoms have been cared for, nourished, and guarded in their setting-time; that nothing has been wanting on her part to secure a rich supply of after fruit; and that amidst her toil—toil sweetened by her love—she has constantly prayed for that blessing on her work without which she could have no hope of its success. The care, the watchfulness have been hers, and hers, too, the

skillful turning to account of those ever-changing circumstances of nature which belong to shade and sunshine, storm and calm. Beyond this, there must be the breathing of the breath of life, the inspiration of God's own spirit, to complete the work, for which she can only wait, and trusting in his promises, still work, and pray.

MY FIRST CURACY.

CHAPTER IV.—SUPERSTITIONS.

Now death was rather a rare visitor in these districts, for people, notwithstanding the want of drainage, and the scarcity of water, if they managed to escape death in childhood, generally lived to extreme old age. It is a positive fact that I heard one old farmer of the age of eighty-nine, speaking to my vicar and telling him that he was busily engaged in breaking in a colt for his own riding. And he did break in and ride this horse, till within a few weeks of his death, when he had attained the ripe age of ninety-six. I remember, too, another case of an old woman, Sally Camp by name. When she was ninety-two years of age she used to continue to filch sticks from the hedgerows, and would even pull up the stout stakes put round a rick to protect it; and these she would often carry away in as great a load as would be heavy for a stout strong lad. In her earlier years she had been a poacher, and a most successful one too, but now she confined her abilities to the carrying away of any firewood she could lay her hands upon. Imprisonment produced no effect upon this old dame, nor did remonstrance either, for even if she was caught in the act, and let off, she would return as soon as the owner of the property had disappeared, quite oblivious of her promise, extorted a few minutes before, not to repeat her depredations. These were of so daring a character, and so often repeated, that the farmers were accustomed, when they had lost anything, to go and search this old woman's outhouse for the missing article. I never found such an indefatigable old woman: if she ever set her mind on any particular stake, she would be sure to persevere in her efforts until she obtained it, however firmly it might be planted in the ground or otherwise fastened.

Her younger sister, upwards of eighty years of age, lived with her; I am grieved to add that neither of them possessed any mark of religion, and I am equally sorry to add that I never succeeded in impressing any. The younger sister always stopped me when she saw me about to make some observation upon what I had read to them, by this constantly-repeated observation—"How nicely you read, do have a pinch of snuff!"

As soon as I was about to recommence after this mutual snuff-taking business was accomplished, "Do have another!" stopped me effectually. I persevered a long time, but perhaps not so long as her sister did at her sticks, and consequently I failed.

This snuff-taking old dame was very superstitious. She used to tell me that she frequently heard the "pixies" or fairies dancing on the moor; indeed, pixy-worship seems really carried on still in Devonshire. I myself have seen bullocks' hearts hung up in the chimney in order to keep away the evil influence of the fairies. Concerning another superstition, I remember asking a poor woman who was attending to her sick child, as it was suffering severely from measles. "Oh," she replied, "It will soon be all right, for I have had it 'crossed.'"

Upon further inquiry, I found that it was the common belief among the lower orders, that a seventh

who, raising his hands with his palms closed till his thumbs touched his nose in rather a curious fashion, uttered a few words in reply, and then hurried off by the way I had come. I was after this conducted into the hall, where on a raised platform the chief took his seat, making signs to me to sit near him, his attendants having done the same. Slaves then brought in some basins of water, in one of which the chief washed his hands, I following his example. Trays were then brought in with meat and rice, and fish, and certain vegetables cut up into small fragments. There were no knives, or forks, or spoons. The chief set an example which I was obliged to follow, of dipping his fingers into the mess before him, and, as it were, clawing up a mouthful and transferring it to his mouth. Had his hands not first been washed, I certainly should not have liked the proceeding, but as I was by this time very hungry, and the dishes were pleasant tasted and well cooked, I did ample justice to the repast.

The chief and his attendants having eaten as much as they well could, my young attendant Jack, who sat somewhat behind me, having done the same, water was again brought in that everybody might wash their hands.

I heard Jack Hobs in low tone give rough colloquial expressions of his satisfaction. "They don't seem much given to talking though," he added to himself. "I wonder whether it is that they think we don't understand their lingo, or that they don't understand ours; I'll just try them though."

Whereon in a half whisper he addressed the person sitting next to him, who bowed and salaamed very politely in return, but made no reply.

"What I axes you, mounseer, is, whether you feels comfortable after your dinner," continued Jack in a louder whisper. "And, I say, will you tell us who the gentleman in the fine clothes is, for I can't make out nohow? Does he know that my master here is a great merchant, and that if he wishes to do a bit of trade, he is the man to do it with him?"

The same dumb show on the part of the Javanese went on as before. Jack's attempt at opening up a conversation was put a stop to by the return of the servant with dishes containing a variety of vegetables and fruits, which were as welcome, probably, to him as to me. One dish contained a sweet potato cooked. It must have weighed from twelve to fifteen pounds. I have heard of one weighing thirty pounds. The natives appeared very fond of it. We had peas and artichokes and a dish of sago, the mode of obtaining which I afterwards saw, and will describe presently. I heard Jack cry out when he saw one of the dishes of fruit. It was I found the *durian*, a fruit of which the natives are very fond, and which I got to like, though its peculiarly offensive odour at first gave me a dislike to it. It is nearly of the size of a man's head, and is of a spherical form. It consists of five cells, each containing from one to four large seeds enveloped in a rich white pulp, itself covered with a thin pellicle which prevents the seed from adhering to it. This pulp is the edible portion of the fruit. However, a dish of *mangostins* was more to my taste. It is one of the most exquisite of Indian fruits. It is mildly acid, and has an extreme delicacy of flavour without being luscious or cloying. In external appearance it resembles a ripe pomegranate, but is smaller and more completely globular. A rather tough rind, brown without, and of a deep crimson within, incloses three or four black seeds surrounded by a soft, semi-transparent, snow-white pulp, having occasionally a very slight crimson blush. The pulp is eaten. We had also the well-known Jack-fruit, a great

favourite with the natives; and the *champadal*, a much smaller fruit of more slender form and more oblong shape. It has a slightly farinaceous consistency, and has very delicate and sweet flavour. I remember several other fruits; indeed, the chief seemed anxious to show to me, a stranger, the various productions of his country. There were mangoes, shaddocks, and pine-apples in profusion, and several other small fruits, some too luscious for my palate, but others having an agreeable sub-acid taste.

We sat and sat on waiting for the return of the messenger. I observed that whereas a calabash of water stood near the guests, from which they drank sparingly, a jug was placed close to the chief, and that as he continued to sip from it his eyes began to roll and his head to turn from side to side in a curious manner. Suddenly, as if seized with a generous impulse, or rather having overcome a selfish one, he passed the jug with a sigh over to me, and made signs that if I was so inclined I was to drink from it. I did so without hesitation, but my breath was almost taken away. It was the strongest arrack. I could not ascertain how the chief, who was a Mohammedan, could allow himself to do what is so contrary to the law of the prophet. I observed that his attendants looked away when he drank, as they did when I put the cup to my lips; so I conclude that they knew well enough that it was not quite the right thing to do. All the inhabitants of Java are nominally Mohammedans, but in the interior especially, a number of gross and idolatrous practices are mixed up with the performance of its ceremonies, while the upper orders especially are very lax in their principles. Most of them, in spite of the law of their prophet prohibiting the use of wine and spirits, drink them whenever they can be procured. The rich have as many wives as they can support, but the poor are obliged to content themselves with one. I should say that my host, when I returned him the jar of arrack, deprived of very little of its contents, gave a grunt of satisfaction, from which I inferred that his supply had run short, and that he was thankful that I had not taken more. I kept anxiously waiting all the time for the arrival of an interpreter, for whom I was convinced the chief had sent. After we lost Captain O'Carroll we returned to our original intention of procuring one at Batavia. This must account for my being at present without one. I had come on shore in the hope that I might make myself sufficiently understood to carry on a trade by means of signs, as I knew was often done. As, however, my new friends would not make the attempt to talk by signs or in any other way, I had to wait patiently till somebody should arrive to help us out of our dilemma.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND,"
CHAPTER IV.—COURAGE, MORAL AND PHYSICAL.

LOOKING at the prevailing tone of society, it would appear, on a superficial view, that never was courage, or rather *daring*, more fashionable than in the present day. Many of the outward characteristics of absolute *boldness* are now stamped even upon the young and the fair of the gentler sex—upon their dress, their mode of speech, their amusements, and their habits of life; while in accordance with this manifestation of taste, the *éclat* of having accomplished a daring exploit would seem to be a crowning glory with others.

It is of little use for those who think and act more

rationally to speak with contempt of the folly of any particular course which fashion or public taste may be taking. While they sit apart, exempt from the folly themselves, the tide sweeps past them, gathering its thousands as it goes, and they are left alone, or left, perhaps, to the brotherhood of a few moralising sages, whose voices of reproof are unheeded by the hurrying throng.

The setting in of this tide of public taste—for one cannot call it opinion—has, doubtless, some origin deeper and more serious than its outward manifestation would seem to indicate.

No one item of that which goes to make up the prevailing tone of public taste in these matters has sprung up of itself, or is now existing alone. A single specimen of any extreme of fashion struck off in a moment by individual fancy would excite ridicule, and sometimes horror. But these things grow, combine and swell, and flow in one direction until a certain uniformity of character is produced, such as in the present day, I think, may be fairly designated the bold.

Much, then, might be supposed to be gained on the side of moral as well as physical courage by this tone of public taste, only that boldness does not always spring from courage. There is a boldness which arises from absence of feeling, from ignorance of how much is risked, from weakness rather than strength of intellect; just as a child, or a very ignorant person, might mount a vicious horse. This would be boldness, but there would be no real courage in the act, because the rider would be ignorant of the skill required in managing such a horse, and of the almost certain disaster that would ensue. Courage only deserves the name when the danger is seen and understood, the risk appreciated, and when the object to be gained is considered worth what both are estimated at.

A bold look and manner have become almost as proverbial as the mask worn by cowardice. Such are the signals hung out by the bravado. Real courage makes no sign. It bides its time; but the occasion finds it always prompt and willing.

The extremes of fashion and of public taste are subject to the general law of excess and reaction. Within the recollection of many of us, the fashion for women was to be delicate and sentimental, while a dandyism displayed itself in the other sex which might assume any extreme except that of being too manly. We have certainly a great advantage in having got rid of these, and with them a large amount of affectation not very likely to find a place in public favour for some time to come. Indeed it would be ungrateful not to recognise, in the tone of social feeling and manner in the present day, the absence of affectation both in literature and conversation.

This present extreme of boldness may, no doubt, be in some measure attributed to reaction; but there is another cause working at the root of our social tendencies of a much more serious nature. It is that hunger and thirst for emotional sensation which, I believe, has much to do with the dashing air, and the general readiness for action, especially for enterprise, which the bold look of our youth would seem to indicate. That sensational writing which is so often and so justly complained of is, I think, the result rather than the cause of this tone of mind and habit, though both work together in producing the manifest effects.

It requires but little acquaintance with the youth of the present day to see that sensation is the thing most desired. Respectable society does not afford the excitement of base and hideous crime, consequently those who pine for this luxury must seek it in books; and the fre-

quent reading of such books not only produces an unhealthy appetite for more, and for worse, but it naturally produces also a general indifference to the heinousness of crime, and a boldness in discussing topics of this kind without a shudder, such as can scarcely fail to produce boldness in general—boldness in conversation, looks, and manner.

So far as boldness can be made to do good service, the mother has certainly this instrument ready to her hand in the training of her child. But, as already said, boldness is not courage; and besides this, there are two kinds of courage—courage in acting, and courage in enduring. It is for the latter that moral courage is most needed; and it is under circumstances requiring this kind of courage that we find the truest heroism.

The extent to which modern civilisation has reached in providing indulgences for the body, and amusements for the mind under every condition of life, would seem to have left but little need for the exercise of our powers of endurance, only when aroused by those calamities which not unfrequently cross the path of luxury, and make shipwreck of abundance; and these are indeed such as make strong demands upon the moral courage of all classes of society.

That peculiarity of character which gives the stamp of indomitable energy to the English as a nation gives also to individuals a large amount of restlessness, and even discontent, under circumstances of continued inaction. Excess of luxury does not operate as a sedative; rather the contrary, as the history of nations or peoples far gone in a state of personal indulgence sufficiently proves. Hence, out of an extreme amount of bodily ease and convenience, where the means of enjoyment without effort are more than abundant, there arises an unsatisfied want which nothing but action can really supply.

On the other hand, excessive work, or strain of one particular kind, as certainly excites a desire to rush off, during the moments of relaxation, to something entirely different in its nature from that which constitutes the daily employment of the hard worker. It may be that the powers of calculation alone have been exercised during many hours of the day, or the attention may have been fixed upon some fine or difficult mechanism from morning till night, and from day to day. But this is not enough for the human worker. He has other faculties living and throbbing within him, and all demanding food and exercise. Man is not a machine, nor yet a horse or a mule, that he can be driven to his daily task, and kept for ever within a narrow round of unchanging toil without some rebellion of the heart, some outburst of those feelings which make up the natural life of man. Long habit, or the weariness of a life of constant toil, may bring him to this; but youth, especially educated youth, must have something, either in real life or in fictitious representation, to excite emotion, to touch the dormant affections, and to stir the stagnant blood.

Hence, whether in a condition of inaction, or in one of overstrained action—the two extremes into which society may now for the most part be divided—there is the same want. To the idle and luxurious there is that which Byron so well described as his own case, the “want of something craggy to break upon;” to the busy and over-worked class there is the want of scenes and events, whether real or imaginary, in which passion is displayed in rapid, forcible, and even tremendous action.

How to prepare a child, whether boy or girl, for this state of society is, indeed, a serious question; and yet it

must be done, and done by the parents or those who act for them. Other educators will think they do well if they sharpen and excite to the highest working pitch those faculties which will be wanted in after-life, in order to help forward this system of rapid progression. Or they will think they do well with the non-working class if they go on with the old routine method which has so long been considered the best, indeed the only kind of education for ladies and gentlemen. But the satisfaction which such teachers may derive from a faithful performance of their task after this fashion can have nothing to do with the parents' duty—the parents' higher, holier, happier task—in educating the heart of the child, in making the home a school for the education of the heart, so that it shall receive impressions day by day, and hour by hour, which will insensibly strengthen into principles of conduct. In this way the teaching of the parents will make the real character, while the teaching of others will only sharpen the faculties of that character for action.

Out of all this apparent confusion arises a distinct need for moral courage. How many a miserable defaulter would never have laid his hand upon the money that was not his own if he had not been living beyond his means, from want of moral courage to let his friends, his neighbours, and the world know that he was poor. How many a family has been brought into disgrace, and covered with reproach, in consequence of the father not having sufficient moral courage to tell his wife and children that he was a bankrupt. Nay, how large a portion of the severest calamities of life are attributable to this want: the ruined confidence—the broken trust—affection alienated, and wounds inflicted, which nothing in after-life can ever heal.

On the other hand, how much of that which we esteem as most noble in human character and conduct, upon which we most rely as safe and sure, arises out of the right exercise of moral courage. Christian life especially demands this—to stand and to stand fast—to fear nothing that man can do—to be established on a rock, and amid all the billows and storms of this uncertain world, to have the unshaken confidence which hears only the prevailing voice—"It is I, be not afraid."

In the whole course of human life, with its insidious temptations, its startling changes, and its disastrous events, there is nothing more needed by youth than moral courage. This can only be attained through the concurrence of various causes, and the application of various means. I am not speaking of a constitutional courage, which may be either moral, or physical, or both. In many cases this courage is the natural result of a small degree of sensibility to pain. The child who is extremely sensitive to pain may have quite as much natural courage as the other, but he does so dread the pain that would be likely to follow his courageous act, that he hesitates, and perhaps shrinks from doing it.

In this way lamentable mistakes are sometimes made in the treatment of the young, especially at school, where there is little time or opportunity for personal acquaintance with individual character, or for the application of a different kind of discipline to any peculiar case. The sensitive child, under terror of consequences, is sometimes tempted to deceive—it may be to tell a lie, though at the same time hating deception and falsehood as much, perhaps more, than the boy who has not the same amount of natural sensitiveness to suffering and pain.

Even as regards bodily pain, there is reason to believe that certain constitutions suffer much less from the same cause than others. It is not always because of

greater fortitude that an operation is borne with less appearance of distress by one person than by another. The weaker cases, both of mental and bodily conformation, are peculiarly those which demand early and judicious management in the education of the heart, as carried on at home.

But the excessive devotion of a tender-spirited mother not unfrequently defeats her own purpose, by substituting the ease or enjoyment of the present moment for the ultimate welfare of her children. It requires, indeed, a considerable amount of moral courage, on the part of the mother, to cultivate moral courage in her child. If the courage of endurance be the object to be attained, the child must learn to wait—perhaps to suffer—that is, to suffer a smaller evil for the present, for the sake of a greater good in the future. How can the tender mother bear to see such suffering, especially when the means of alleviation are so abundant, and when a thousand amusements or inventions for the distraction of thought are within her reach?

Physical courage, as already said, belongs chiefly to the animal part of our nature, and depends very much upon bodily structure, or upon certain physical conditions—such as health or disease. To feel habitually the want of physical power, will naturally and reasonably produce a want of physical courage; while, on the other hand, robust health, and a strong muscular frame, will as naturally produce courageous action. Where this kind of courage exists in a high degree, the work of the educator will be that of directing to its proper and to noble uses. It is a powerful engine, and may do great harm, or it may do great good. In the common uses which occur in ordinary life, it may relieve in distress, assist in difficulty, rescue from oppression, and, in short, render many of those acts of service to humanity for which opportunities are continually offering to those who are both able and willing to be useful. It will also, on behalf of its possessor, give strength to his arm, certainty to his tread, and energy to his action, wherever a great enterprise has to be undertaken, or a work of difficulty and danger steadily carried out. When this great agent, combining bodily strength and physical courage, has never been disciplined, or directed to laudable purposes, it degenerates into audacity, insolence, or worse.

This useful instrument, the animal courage of her child, the mother may cultivate where it is deficient, by many combining means. Open-air exercises, especially riding—being entrusted with the care of animals, so as to take part in tending and managing them—being often placed in new circumstances, and called upon to help others, rather than made the receiver of help; but especially, being taught, in all cases of extraordinary venture, that the end is worth the risk: these, and a thousand other means, all tending to the accomplishment of her purpose, will occur to the mother who is bent upon making her children brave, and who is herself convinced that the personal ease or comfort of the passing moment is of very little value in comparison with the gaining of that great good; for it is a great good, both to men and women, to be truly brave—brave in a right cause.

After all, it is just the keeping of some desirable end in view, which will prove the surest means of promoting both moral and physical courage. A brave man does not stop to remove all the obstacles that lie in his way. He marches over them—tramples them down as dust beneath his feet. He does not even see them as a coward would, because his eye is fixed upon the point which he is bent on gaining. Even the delicate woman

knows no fear when her affections bear her on, through otherwise appalling dangers, towards some object dearer to her than life. It is the point to be gained—the object—the end which makes the true courage; and in this direction the mother's work lies open to her hand.

It is not an easy work. Perhaps no truly great work is easy; but it is a glorious work, because it consists in forming a true estimate in her own mind of what is really worth doing and daring. The education of the head must help here, as indeed it must always, otherwise the daring of the child may grow into a vague or wild enthusiasm. It may rush upon impossibilities, and so make shipwreck of power. The head must make the necessary calculations as to time and means, relative circumstances, and probable results; but the heart must be at work as well. It must be forcibly impressed, nay, absolutely filled, with desire after the object to be attained. It must admire it—love it—live for it.

No mere instruction in the way of what we understand by learning or intelligence can ever awaken this intense feeling. It arises out of quite a different portion of human character—out of that which I have called the heart, because of its vital warmth, its fervour in the contemplation of a good action, or in the conception of a grand idea. It is that which answers, "Let me go," when there is a proposal for rescuing the oppressed; or, "I will come and help," when there is a cry of suffering; or it acts and makes no sign, except by flashing eye and firmer tread, when there is a gulf of danger to be passed, and a chance, a hope, that safety for many may be secured by the risk of one.

It seems to me that all the greatness of which our nature is capable arises out of a proper estimate of what is great, and what is little, in human life. And what a glorious lesson is this for the mother to employ herself in teaching!—most glorious when it embraces eternity as well as time.

A moral courage formed upon this basis, even though imperfect in itself and in its operations, because of our imperfect perception of what is essentially best, would be the greatest boon which parental teaching, enforced by home influence, could bestow upon a child—a courage that would strengthen him to do right, and to dare the consequences, esteeming them as nothing in comparison with the doing the will of his Father in heaven. This is the martyr's courage. Only with us it is wanted for the common grovelling, unostentatious affairs of daily life, that we may be as brave when called upon for an act of simple honesty—for standing by the down-trodden and despised—for denying ourselves that we may help those who are more needy—for speaking the truth before God and man—for upholding the right, and doing it—as brave as if we were led forth a public spectacle to perish at the stake.

There are many martyrdoms in this life besides that of burning. There are martyrdoms alike unpitied and unseen. No memorial marks the spot where the heart alone has bled, where the spirit, not the body, has rendered up the sacrifice. For such, there must be a preparation, and not less so for walking silently and unobtrusively amongst mankind after the ministry of suffering has been sealed.

These, however, are things for the mother to ponder in her own heart. It would not only be unwise, but cruel, to begin the education of a child otherwise than with bright and happy prospects. Living in a moral atmosphere of healthy enjoyment is one of the surest means of promoting the growth of a healthy moral courage. A diseased mind is seldom consistently

courageous. It has its seasons of misgiving—of suspicion—of uncertainty; but a happy youth, knowing no fear but that of doing wrong—enlivened by hope—cherished by kindness—always encouraged—this is the kind of nurture most likely to promote the growth of a steady, consistent, and noble courage.

As the bodily frame is made strong and vigorous by healthy exercise under general circumstances, by boisterous and exultant play, by laughter and merriment, and by ten thousand happy means of deriving enjoyment from familiar and wholesome sources, so it is being prepared in the sunshine for meeting the storm without flinching whenever it may come. Thus the heart of youth should be kept cheerful, the feelings buoyant, and hope ever on the wing. The world will do the work of repelling and repressing. The opposite work should be done at home, and if possible it should also be done at school. In education generally, there should be less repression, and more incitement, than we often find—less *don't*, and more *do*.

Indeed, the moral training of the young is almost universally regarded too much in a negative point of view—too much as a system of avoidance. Intellectual training is conducted in a positive manner. The intellect is stimulated—helped forward—tested in its progress and attainments—practised over and over again in doing what has to be done well, until a higher degree of excellence is attained—conducted onward, step by step, as strength and capability increase, and then openly rewarded.

If the training of the heart, with all its treasury of motives and desires, were conducted upon this plan, who shall say what beneficial results might not ensue? especially from holding always before the eyes of youth great and glorious purposes—purposes of moral worth, instead of those of merely material value. The world is perpetually holding up the latter, with every enticement which worldly wisdom, society, fashion, and public taste can devise. The world is ever holding out its promise of wealth, of personal indulgence, of influence, honour, and fame. There is this vast and widespread power to work against, when we try to set before the eye of youth a higher standard of excellence—a class of objects and purposes more worthy of pursuit. We have then to speak of the unseen—the immaterial; and to some extent the unregarded, such as kindness, generosity, truth, honesty, and we have to invest these with a certain kind of glory, in order to make them supremely attractive.

No single individual striving ever so faithfully can do this to the extent which the necessity now existing for a higher standard of morals so urgently demands; because the force of public opinion, when not only spoken, but acted out in all the transactions of daily life, is the greatest of all human forces, and this, as already said, is engaged on the side of material good as the highest, or rather the most to be desired.

But if no single individual working alone can do this, each can do their part. A combination of mothers, parents, enlightened educators—enlightened in the highest sense—might surely bring about a happy change by working at the root of the whole matter—the true foundation of character.

And that such work will be owned and blessed of God, there can be no cause to doubt, because it is not only in accordance with his will, but, in the hands of Christian parents, it is guided by continual reference to that will. It is a blessed thing to work expressly with means which he has himself put into the parent's hand for the holiest uses and the highest ends. To

this work we do not bring any instrument which is unfit for Christian service after conversion of the heart to God. Kindness will be wanted then, and love, to exemplify that union which Christ has made the test of discipleship with him, and obedience to his commands. Truth will be wanted then, to keep inviolate the majesty and purity of God's holy law; and courage will be wanted then, to fight the Christian warfare with unflinching faith, and to walk with steady purpose of soul through all the trials and temptations of this mortal life.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

IN September, 1868, the principal planets are all favourable objects for observation, some in the evening, others in the morning hours. At midnight Mars and Jupiter are the only two above the horizon, Jupiter being conspicuous near the meridian, and Mars just rising in the north-east. Mercury is too near the sun this month to be observed with the naked eye, or even with a telescope, unless under very favourable circumstances. On the 1st he sets about a quarter of an hour after the sun, this interval being increased to a half an hour on the 31st.—Venus is a splendid morning planet in the north-east before sunrise. She is at the beginning of the month in Cancer and afterwards in Leo. She rises on the 1st at 1.33 A.M., and on the 31st at 1.42 A.M. On the 13th, at 6 A.M., she will be in conjunction with the moon, the planet being rather more than a degree south, and on the morning of the 26th she will be at her extreme westerly elongation. During the month Venus will be on the meridian, or due south, about 9 A.M., when she can be seen in strong sunlight by the naked eye, if the observer knows her exact position.—Mars is gradually increasing in lustre, and, with Venus, adds considerably to the brilliancy of the eastern morning sky. He can be easily recognised below Castor and Pollux by his red and steady light. Mars rises shortly before midnight throughout the month, but he is too near the horizon at that hour to be clearly visible. He will, however, be conspicuous till shortly before sunrise. On the 31st he rises at 11.23 P.M., and will be near the moon on the morning of the 12th.—Jupiter is both an evening and morning star in the constellation Pisces. He rises on the 1st at 7.41 P.M., on the 15th at 6.44 P.M., and on the 31st at 5.38 P.M., and is on the meridian on the 15th, about an hour after midnight. He is therefore in the east and south-east during the evening, and in the south and south-west in the morning hours.—Saturn is an early evening planet in the south-west. His altitude above the horizon is not great, but he may be still recognised among the stars in Scorpio. He sets on the 1st at 9.32 P.M., and on the 31st at 7.40 P.M.—Uranus can be observed as a telescopic object at and after midnight.

In 1868, Jupiter will be the evening star of September and following months, and, excepting the moon, he will be the most conspicuous object after sunset. He will remain tolerably stationary among the stars in Pisces throughout the remainder of the year. Jupiter is the largest planet of the solar system, and, omitting the minor planets, the fifth in order from the sun. His diameter is about 85,000 miles, and his bulk is nearly 1250 times that of the earth. He is accompanied in his orbit by four moons visible with slight optical aid, and his system bears a complete analogy to that of which he is a member, obeying the same laws, and exhibiting in the most attractive manner the prevalence of the law of

gravitation as the guiding principle of the motion of the satellites around their primary. The time occupied by a complete revolution of Jupiter round the sun is nearly twelve years. His average distance from the sun is 476 millions of miles. Some idea of the extent of this interval of celestial space may be gathered from the fact that a cannon-ball going at the rate of 500 miles an hour, would take more than ninety years to perform its journey between Jupiter and the earth; or a railway steam-engine travelling fifty miles an hour, would require nine centuries to pass over a like distance.

Jupiter revolves on his axis in about nine hours and fifty-five minutes; a Jovian day is therefore less than ten of our hours. His mass, or weight, is 300 times greater than that of the earth, but as his bulk, or volume, is nearly 1250 times greater, it follows that his density can only be one-quarter that of the earth. He is passing through space at the rate of 28,743 miles an hour, and is also performing his equatorial revolution on his own axis at the rate of 27,726 miles an hour. As seen from the earth, Jupiter does not present any sensible phase in ordinary telescopes, owing to his great distance from the sun; but when observed through a powerful telescope the right or left edge of his disk shows occasionally considerable signs of want of illumination.

When viewed with the naked eye, Jupiter shares with Venus that universal attention which is always given to the evening and morning stars; but sometimes Jupiter shines with even greater splendour than Venus, especially when he is due south at midnight in the winter months. At these times, he passes the meridian at an altitude equal to that of the sun in summer, while the light of Venus is frequently partially eclipsed by the twilight, or by the hazy nature of the atmosphere near the horizon. But when Venus is at her greatest brilliancy, the greater intensity of her reflected light makes her invariably the brighter planet of the two, although her diameter is much smaller than that of Jupiter. It is, however, as a telescopic object that Jupiter has become so popular and valuable to the astronomer, for by the application to the eye of a very ordinary telescope, the four attendant satellites or moons, and the distinctive lineaments of light and shade on his surface, become distinctly visible. The motions of the satellites around Jupiter are very soon perceptible, as they are continually changing their positions with respect to the body of the planet. Sometimes they are seen to disappear into the shadow of Jupiter, and thus become totally eclipsed, similar to our own moon; at other times they are observed to pass behind the planet, and then reappear on the opposite side; and again at other times they may be noticed on the disk of the planet. This last appearance is a very interesting phenomenon, as not only the image of the satellite is projected on the disk, but its shadow also is generally seen at the same time as a small round black spot. On some occasions, Jupiter is seen apparently without satellites, but this occurrence is very rare. The last phenomenon of this kind took place on August 21st, 1867, when, notwithstanding the general unfavourable state of the weather, some very interesting observations were made. The most curious was the appearance of the fourth satellite on the disk of Jupiter as a dark object, nearly as black as its shadow. From this observation, it has been inferred that the reflective power of this satellite, which is the most distant from Jupiter, must be greatly inferior to the other three, and that it is also of less intrinsic brightness than the body of the planet. The telescope also reveals to us that the surface

refuge amongst the close overhanging elder-trees to give vent to her oppressed heart in unrestrained tears. She sighed for immediate death; in her deep distress she failed to hear the loud confused hum of numerous voices, which approached nearer and nearer to the Shippen. The voices became still more distinct; but Barbara noticed them not, until a sound in unison with her feelings, the lamentation of a person in suffering, reached her ear. Then it was that she looked up. With a face besmeared with blood and dust, his clothes torn and covered with mud, Peter was limping at the head of a multitude of people, in the midst of whom was carried a man severely wounded, and who seemed struggling with death. An indescribable pang pierced Barbara's heart. Hans! had he committed suicide? a quarrel with Peter! these were the frightful thoughts which assailed her mind. But soon she reproached herself bitterly, for it was with diminished grief that she observed the wounded man was not Hans—no, it was her father.

"The Warden!" cried a hundred voices, as wife and daughter threw themselves upon the unconscious sufferer—"The Warden is to blame, who placed him on the most dangerous part of the timber raft."

Messengers were despatched in haste for a surgeon; mother and daughter washed the blood from the wounds of the poor sufferer with trembling hands. In vain did Peter cry out that the cakes in the oven were burning to cinders; nobody heeded him, no one could now laugh at his ridiculous gesticulations.

By the application of simple remedies the unconscious Manlicken was brought to his senses. As he faintly opened his eyes he cast a bewildered look upon the group of bystanders, and raising his finger in a menacing attitude, he said with great difficulty, "Thou fool! this night shall thy soul be required of thee." His whole countenance wore a look of intense sorrow, and again he closed his eyes. "He is delirious," said some. "He means the Warden," said others.

But Manlicken, whom they believed had again fainted, shaking his head to reprove their mistake, pointed to himself. This voiceless act produced redoubled lamentations amongst his family. During this mournful scene Peter was busily engaged out of doors, tossing the charred wedding cakes out of the oven upon the grass in utter despair, as he reflected that, under existing circumstances, the wedding was not likely to take place on the morrow.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

CHAPTER V.—LAW AND ORDER.

THAT would be a happy era in our history, an omen of the true prosperity of our country, that should be marked by a noble resolution on the part of mothers generally to educate their children themselves—that is, up to a certain stage, when the discipline of numbers may be necessary to prepare the child for entering upon life as an independent but still responsible being. In all instances where this is the case—and there are such instances standing out before the world as examples of high attainment—I believe that the reward to the mother has been more than commensurate for her trouble, and the advantage to her children beyond all calculation. For how is it possible that any stranger can understand so well that deepest yet most delicate of all mysteries, the heart and mind of a child? How

can a stranger know as the mother knows, the peculiarities of each individual child, its capacity and incapacity, its points of susceptibility, its constitutional tendencies, its inlets for the entrance of knowledge, or its mode of receiving impression? and who can care for all these, and ponder them in the heart, like a mother? There is no picture presented by the whole of life more beautiful than that of a mother educating her own children—really educating them, intellectually and morally, through all the early stages of youth, and making this great purpose of her existence of such paramount importance, that it is not in the power of any inferior claims upon her time or attention to interfere with or set it aside.

Let us consider how closely the mother's task may come to that which is generally understood by education, without imposing upon her the duty of giving direct lessons. As children advance from infancy, their lives naturally and necessarily branch out, and grasp simultaneously such material as serves to furnish both head and heart, and as their powers expand, these become so blended that in the general character of youth they work and grow together.

One of the first stages of this kind of blending is that in which a child discovers that it is a social being, and necessarily subject to laws which, though not always pleasant to the individual, are good for the community of which that individual forms a part. This is a hard lesson, difficult to teach, most difficult to learn. It is generally taught at school by the discipline of numbers, and the sharing of a common lot amongst many similarly circumstanced. But there are two ways of understanding this lesson, a high way, and a low way; and whatever else we do with children, I repeat that we should keep them high, never degrade them. The high way of which I speak is this, to be made to see that law and order are absolutely necessary where numbers are concerned, because they secure property, preserve rights, prevent quarrels, and induce, when rightly regarded, a constant and habitual reference to the good of others, of the family, the community, or the state. The low way is that which consists in calculating that if I do not observe this law or rule, I shall get into a scrape; and it is needless to say how much this method of learning to observe law and order prevails in schools.

There is a strong individuality about children that is much opposed to that sharing of a common lot which must be, some time or other, the discipline of all lives worth living. This individuality prevails not only in childhood, but with all ignorant and unthinking persons. It requires considerable enlargement of heart, as well as extension of thought, rightly to feel how we are situated with regard to our fellow-beings, and what are the duties involved in our social position. The little child sees only itself, that centre of importance, and of intense and absorbing interest; and long after the stage of infancy, the same tendency remains, the same egotism, the same self-centring of all calculations, but especially such as relate to enjoyment or suffering.

We cannot justly call this individualism selfishness, strictly speaking, because some who are remarkable in this way are generous in giving and sharing. It is rather an absence of regard for what is due to others, which ought to be corrected in the child even before it leaves the mother's care, and corrected in the higher way of learning the value of law and order as they affect others, as well as ourselves, not in the way of learning merely to obey law as a means of avoiding disgrace or punishment.

The blind obedience of the nursery does not teach this lesson. Although so necessary in itself, it only teaches that a condition of absolute obedience is really the happiest, as well as the best, for all creatures while incapable of observing truly and thinking rationally—such creatures as would injure or destroy themselves from ignorance of things destructive—in short, for all creatures that have to act under wisdom superior to their own, or under authority which they have no power to overthrow, and no right to dispute.

Children, and ignorant persons generally, are apt to doubt such wisdom, and to rebel against such authority. They see it in a personal point of view, and resist it with a personal dislike. Here the nature and the absolute necessity of law should be brought in to supersede this personal feeling, by making it clear to the child that there must be law and order, and that he who observes both not only serves his own interests, but promotes the welfare of the whole community of which he forms a part.

With boys especially the nature and the claims of law require to be clearly understood. Girls are more influenced by those of order; but it would be well if both could be brought before the consideration of youth in a manner more likely to excite an intelligent interest than is generally the case. To obey law and observe order, is thought sufficient for the young, and well indeed would it be if this desirable end could always be attained. The life-long labour of those who have to maintain law and keep order in schools, sufficiently testifies to the absence of all education of the heart in these matters, except in very rare and happy instances.

Lessons on these subjects are certainly more easily taught at school than at home, where domestic arrangements and habits, unconsciously formed, regulate the routine of daily life. But it is useless to speculate upon what might be done at school in the way of introducing a different order of lessons, bearing more upon the circumstances of actual life in which youth will have to take a social as well as an individual part. It is useless—but let us hope only for the present useless—to dream of what might be done in this way towards sending out better members of society, men impressed with the value of moral law, and women capable of producing this impression on the hearts and lives of their children.

To obey the laws of a school is generally accepted as sufficient even for youth considerably advanced beyond childhood. No matter how blindly these are obeyed. No matter how their enforcement is attributed to the personal will, or the personal spite of the teacher. No matter how they are secretly evaded, provided only that they are publicly and openly observed. No matter how the moral nature of a child is suffering under this external aspect of unbroken law, nor how he is living in a state of spiritual rebellion.

To obey and to conform, this is what is required, and this must be insisted upon at any cost. Unquestionably it must, so far as this, that neither in act nor in spirit must rebellion be allowed to exist. But I am speaking of methods by which rebellion in spirit might be prevented, not merely rebellion in act kept down. I am speaking of a desire to conform to existing law because it is useful and good, being made to spring up in the heart of a noble and intelligent youth; and it is needless to say that this can never be effected by a system of blind obedience. Blind obedience was for the child during its life in the nursery. It is still for the youth to obey, but not blindly. Indeed he must obey the

restraints of society, of the people, and the circumstances amongst which he lives. If properly instructed in the nature and purpose of law, he will see that he must do this; but if that simple obedience which was fitted for the child in the nursery be extended and imposed as an unexplained necessity upon the thinking and intelligent youth, how can he, under such a system, be said in any sense to be learning that great lesson of life—how to govern himself? He is only *being governed*, and that is a totally different matter. The boy who is required to render a blind obedience up to the verge of manhood may possibly never again be required absolutely to *obey* in the whole course of his life. He may thenceforth have to govern, and what can he know of government, who has never understood, nor indeed been taught to understand, those laws by which his own life has been regulated.

If any one doubts whether or not the character and conduct of a child can really be effectually reached by a different mode of training from that usually pursued, let them try the experiment upon two or three thinking children at school, or if not at school, in some way or other situated amongst numbers, and subject to social law. Let such children be admitted to the confidence of those who govern this community, so far as their rules tending to social order are concerned. Let them be consulted as to the right or wrong working of some established rule; and it should always be borne in mind that those who are subject to the laws of a community are really better judges of their right or wrong working than are the authorities who enforce them, and who merely look on, as it were, from without. Children or young persons thus consulted as to the abrogation of an old, useless, or oppressive law, and made parties to the establishment of a new and better one, will naturally feel themselves pledged to keep that unbroken; and if of a noble nature, and well trained at home, will thus become animated with a generous enthusiasm to make sacrifices, if necessary, of personal gratification for the general good.

For all this the mother may prepare her child, although for the practical working-out of such plans or modes of training for after life, a community is required like that existing in schools. But if in this respect the mother stands at a disadvantage with the school-teacher, she has greatly the advantage in hers being a heart work. It is true that one of the great obstacles to the training of home is that none of the children of a family stand on common ground. Each is older or younger. Not even two of the number can be on exactly the same level as at school, and afterwards in society, where people live and act in classes subject to common laws. Hence home training can never in this respect be a true and practical preparation for after life. Hence then the value of schools, if they could only be made to affect the heart as wisely and as faithfully as they now affect the head.

In considering the subject of order, and how its value might be taught to the young, it presents this difference from law—that while the theory of the latter conveys to the mind of youth an idea of something severe and uninteresting, the former, being obvious to the senses, may be brought under a very different aspect, and presented as an essential part of the beautiful in nature and art.

My acquaintance with human life, and especially with life in its early stages, leads me to believe that there is, as the phrenologists tell us, a distinct faculty of order. It is true that order may be taught, it may also be enforced, and so made a habit; but to love order for its

own sake, to delight in it where it exists, and to be made miserable by disorder, belongs, I think, to some natural conformation, in the same way that a musical ear belongs to some individuals, though scarcely, perhaps, in so distinct a manner.

With those who naturally delight in order, it is a pleasant task for the educator or the companion of youth to point out the beauty of order as illustrated in the works of creation—as illustrated also in all branches of art, but especially in sculpture and architecture. It is pleasant also to point out the social uses of order—the comfort, the safety—the economy of time and means which is secured by its observance in our domestic arrangements, and in all those transactions which place us in relation to others.

But there are, unfortunately, cases in which this love of order does not exist naturally, and then what is the mother to do? what is any one to do? What, especially, can be done with girls, who absolutely *must* observe order? Boys without this natural faculty are generally let go. It seems to be taken for granted, particularly in the families of the poor, that boys can do without order, perhaps because the world is abundantly supplied with women to gather up, arrange, and make orderly what men leave otherwise; and it is astonishing what pains are taken amongst women of this class, both mothers, wives, and sisters, to maintain a kind of domestic tyranny on the part of men by their treatment of boys, and of slavery on their own part, with the privilege of occasional rebellion.

A little higher in the range of intelligence, the same exemption from the law of order at home seems still to be allowed to boys, with a kind of vague belief that the occupations of boys in general will effect the desired result; and indeed there is much to do this in their games, and still more in their scientific pursuits, which have a tendency to make them exact in manipulation, without which no one can be skilful in execution; and thus a certain observance of order is acquired even without the natural love of it, and without any perception of its intrinsic beauty. This habit may exist without any reference in the mind of the child to the comfort or convenience of others, and hence without any idea of the value of order as a principle. The mother's especial work is to produce the same results by higher and better means, and thus to make what she accomplishes a thing of enduring—nay, of eternal value—by giving to a simple act a far reaching motive, such as falls in legitimately with the whole course of Christian life.

But if it is imperative upon girls that the minute, as well as the greater affairs of their lives should be marked by a strict regard for order, and this because they have so much to do with and for others, they have this advantage on their side, that they are generally quick to see and feel what is beautiful, or the reverse. Once convince a girl that her disorderly habits create absolute ugliness, and consequently excite feelings of disgust, and she will experience a wholesome check, although by being worked upon merely in this, which I have called a negative manner, she will only be checked; she will not be inspired as she ought to be with a heart-warm love of order for its own sake, and a consequent desire to regulate her conduct by the laws of order for the sake of others.

In pursuing her interesting work, the mother will find sometimes, perhaps to her own surprise, that motives which have great force when placed before one child produce no effect whatever upon another. In the study of her children's characters, however, she will find out and learn to understand the peculiarities of their separate

natures, and so will be able to use one class of motives in influencing one child, and a different class with others. To a lover of the beautiful in nature, and a despiser of order in domestic life, it might perhaps be well to point out, and at suitable times expatiate upon, the wonderful observance of order in the creation, in the seasons with their regular return, in the flowers and fruits of the earth, in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, and, in short, in all that is minute and exact, as well as all that is majestic and sublime, in the visible universe of God. It might be well to ask of such a child, or in some way to put her upon thinking, where would be the beauty, the grandeur, and the beneficence of all this display of wisdom and power, if the law of order should cease to be observed, if another day should fail to dawn, if spring should fade and wither and give place to winter, or if any of those steadily recurring events upon which we hang our faith until they become household proverbs, should fail at their appointed time and place, and thus overthrow the whole system of which they form a part.

Another child might be shown—and indeed the lesson is important for all—that social happiness is to a great extent dependent upon order; that it is an almost inevitable consequence of disorder that grievous mistakes are made; while delays, disappointments, quarrels, separations and enmities, are the frequent attendants upon habitual disorder.

I once knew a young lady of a generous and noble disposition who had no natural love of order, and in whose case it seemed impossible to compel her to observe it. In vain was the beauty of order in the creation pointed out to her. This made no difference, any more than pointing out the desirableness of order in her own personal habits. At last her friends hit upon the expedient of blaming the little coterie with whom she was associated for the general state of disorder with which she appeared well satisfied to be surrounded. This aroused her attention; and while deepening the impression by showing her how this would always be the case in after life, that others would share the blame of her want of order, the heart of the generous girl was touched with a sense of the injustice of which she would thus be guilty, and she set about from that time to labour at being orderly—for it was labour to her—as diligently as many labour at some difficult accomplishment.

The heart of a girl may generally be reached by some reference to the bearing of her actions and character upon the tastes or feelings of others. Order comprehends many points, on the observance or non-observance of which may depend much happiness or misery to our friends.

Punctuality is a branch of order. "I only kept you waiting five minutes," says a girl who began late to prepare, and who, like many late beginners, has suffered from the loss of half the things which she thought she could have laid her hands upon in the dark, and the loss of her temper besides. "I only kept you five minutes." Yes, but if five people besides herself are concerned, the entire loss of time is twenty-five minutes, or rather, including herself, it is thirty minutes—a good half-hour of precious time, of which she has absolutely robbed her friends; and the robbery is the more serious because time is a treasure which she can by no possibility restore to them. She has taken it by her own will, cast it into the past, and it is gone for ever. Neither they nor she can bring the treasure back. The composed manner and pleasant air with which certain young persons can do this, is something wonderful

to behold. One can only conclude in charity that they have never had the subject pressed upon their attention truly and faithfully. They have probably never realised their position as social and responsible beings, never understood that we can none of us live alone unconnected with others—only for ourselves.

In many of the higher ranges of instruction, especially such as require a technical knowledge of what is taught, there are mothers who would be greatly at a loss in undertaking the education of their children, because of the defective nature of their own preparation for this task. But let such mothers take courage from this fact, that there are just modes of thinking which are quite within the range of their abilities, and that to teach a child to think rationally and justly on matters intimately connected with human character and conduct, is of more consequence to that child than to teach it to decline a Greek or Latin verb. A woman may think rationally and rightly on many subjects without being eminent as a scholar. She may have used well those quick powers of observation with which most women are gifted by nature. She may have listened well, read well, and thought well; and if I am not greatly mistaken, the mother who has done this will be a more intelligent and useful instructor of her children than one who, without having done this, may have passed a learned examination and received academical honours.

There are many subjects on which, if a mother has observed and thought rationally, she may help a child in regard to its future career—its place in the world as a good citizen, and a good Christian, and perhaps in no case more essentially than on those which relate to social duty. The government of different countries, political measures, national and individual rights, with many other important and comprehensive considerations, appear to me to belong more or less to this subject, and may be so treated as to introduce collaterally to the mind of a child much that we deem most interesting both in history and experience.

Nor let the mother in the commencement of this task despise such humble means as have been placed within her reach for teaching the simple lessons of a noble life. A great principle may be involved in a small act, and habits, apparently unimportant in themselves, may develop into conduct illustrious for truth, dignity, and heroism. Her work, being a heart work, must necessarily begin early, and practically it must begin indeed so simply as to look, to the unconcerned observer, scarcely worthy of serious attention. Let us take an example of this from that selfishness inherent in children, which is with them a natural and legitimate principle of action.

While the child is very young, many efforts which it would otherwise shrink from are cheerfully made, and even persevered in, for the sake of some gratification to self. A sturdy little boy will fetch out his own toys for a favourite game, even when panting under the fatigue of carrying them. He does this for himself, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, somebody else carries the toys away, and puts them in their places. The fetching is for self, the carrying back is for others, that they may not be inconvenienced or annoyed. Is it from the child's innate selfishness, or is it from the want of proper training, that the carrying back and putting away of the toys is so much more difficult than it was to bring them?

Whatever the cause of this difficulty may be, I cannot but think that a wholesome and useful lesson on social duty might be made out of this simple matter of fetching for self, and carrying away for others; that a

child might be so taught as to receive in this way a clear idea, and perhaps his first, of the laws which govern society, and which he will have to observe through the whole of his after life.

That the teaching of this lesson would be much more irksome to the instructor than it would be to put away almost any amount of toys with her own hand, I do not for a moment doubt. That is not the question. Neither is it so much the question whether in every case this particular act shall be done or not. But it is a question, and a very important one, whether or not the child shall learn to take pleasure in, and esteem it an honour to do, such little acts of service to those amongst whom he lives. In the little heart, even of a boy, there is sometimes a real happiness derived from the idea that he *helps*. Yet how little is made of this in the boyish character; how little is it trained so as to constitute an essential element in the character of a true man and a gentleman!

The first working of those laws by which society is held together, by which order is preserved, and justice and right maintained, is, I think, best understood by reciprocity, or, in other words, by showing how, if we behave well to society, it will behave well to us; if we insult, annoy, or inconvenience others, they will exercise but little concern as to how we are insulted, annoyed, or put to inconvenience ourselves. Very early in life a child may be made to understand something of this—so far, at least, as to comprehend that law by which a borrowed article must be returned uninjured. These, with many other lessons of the same tendency, will present themselves to the mind of a thoughtful mother in the performance of her ever varying but always interesting task.

And an interesting task indeed is that which the mother has before her. It is the dry bones of learning, and the bare details of unexplained duty enforced without motive or purpose, which make both so dull and wearisome to the teacher and the taught. When the breath of moral and spiritual life is breathed into that which the mother works with, it becomes instinct with meaning and with power to help in the carrying out of the highest purposes of human existence.

It may seem but a little thing that the child in the nursery should carry back his toys, as well as bring them out; but when the child has grown to manhood, it will be a great thing for him—whether prince or peasant, statesman or soldier, merchant or artisan—that he has learned to see the value of law and order as they affect the welfare of a family, a people, or a state; and it will be a great thing for him, and for all with whom he may be associated, that he has learned the golden rule of doing to others as we would that they should do to us.

A LADY'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN.

CHAPTER X.—LA MANCHA.

WE had hired a very commodious carriage to take us to Madrid, making a pause at Cordova. The weather was most delightful, similar to our finest summer weather, but with a light exhilarating air that made everything seem enjoyable to us.

Let me here say, for the sake of those seeking a desirable residence for invalids, that I have been in all those places usually resorted to, even including Madeira and Cairo. These two last-named places are unexceptionable as far as climate goes; but for many invalids the great distance from their own country, the long sea voyages,

oppressed our whole party as we crossed the bridge over the Bidasoa, and knew that Spain was left behind us. I can only hope that those readers who may have accompanied us through our long journey may in some measure sympathise with us in our regrets, that a time of such unusual enjoyment was at an end, that friends and companions so endeared to each other by the pleasures and toils they had mutually shared, must now part and each go their separate way. Two of the party were bound to far distant lands, one to return to England; and I myself intended to try how far prolonged rambling would indemnify me for the pain of such a parting. The islands of Corsica and Sardinia were to be my destination. One parting word of Bayonne, the town whence we all started on our different routes. The wild and lofty ranges of the

Our last night was spent at Bayonne—the last of the undivided party. From thence one of our gentlemen started to make his way as quick as he could to England, while the remaining three went first to Paris and thence to Marseilles. My two companions went by the overland route to India, and I accomplished my voyage safely to Corsica. When these pages meet the eyes of my fellow-travellers, they will, I hope, recall to their minds the pleasantest nine months that I at least ever spent.

MOTHER'S WORK;

OR, THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. ELLIS, AUTHOR OF THE "WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

CHAPTER VI.—THE MOTHER.

IN venturing so far into the mother's department of work, I am not unconscious of being upon delicate ground, nor insensible to the liability which I incur of being charged with presumption, as if those who are practically engaged amongst their children do not know better than any one else can teach them, what ought to be done and what can be done. Others who are closely pressed with the business of each recurring day may ask, not unreasonably, how sufficient leisure is to be found for all this education of the heart.

Let such mothers, and indeed all mothers, bear with me while I assure them that all I am pleading for is this—that an equal proportion of effort should be given to the education of the heart—to the training of the affections, desires, and motives of the young, as is now given to the training of their intellectual powers. I would also include equal attention to the physical nature of the child, seeing that these three are included in human character—the physical, the moral, and the intellectual, and that no one of the three can be neglected, or allowed to sink out of proportion, without serious injury to the whole.

Hitherto I have said little about the body, because it is the custom, I might almost say the fashion, of the present day to give to the maintenance of health a prominent place in public lectures and studies, and, indeed, in those more general measures for the promotion of social progress which include a high estimate of the value of wholesome air and food, as well as a knowledge of various other means of improving the physical condition of mankind. Much as these means have been neglected and undervalued, especially amongst the poor, a due regard for the laws of health is now so often and so strenuously enforced by the more enlightened portions of the community, and especially by scientific men, and by the press, that the subject can demand no notice from me. I only speak of what is neglected—of what is left out of due proportion in our systems of education as generally conducted.

No one can deny, or wish to deny, that the nursery is the mother's department, over which her rule ought to be absolute. But in order to rule there it is not necessary to be entirely occupied with the details even of such a department. Since the mother cannot be present in all places at once, nor with all her children at once, the question arises, Which department of maternal interest can she most safely commit to inferior agency?

Instinct would keep the human mother in the nursery, just as the mother bird would sit brooding over her unfledged young. But the human mother has a range of duty extending far beyond that of the bird; and in considering the whole character of her child, as an im-



A ROADSIDE SKETCH IN SPAIN.

Pyrenees render all the neighbourhood of the French town highly picturesque. Two fine rivers, the Nive and the Adour, add greatly to its beauty; it is, as it were, the key of the mountain passes of the West Pyrenees, and it is reckoned one of the strongest fortified places known. We made a point of visiting the small enclosure where rest the mortal remains of many of the English soldiers and officers who were killed in 1814. The only other place we visited was a very different one—the gloomy old castle said to have been the residence of the infamous Catherine de Medicis when she brought Charles IX, her weak tool in all her wicked schemes, to Bayonne, to hold a conference with one as wicked and infamous as herself, the celebrated Duke of Alva. At that meeting it is now well known, according to later histories, that the appalling massacre of St. Bartholomew was determined on, and settled in all its awful details. Far different are the associations which connect England with the town of Bayonne: for these I refer my readers to the despatches of our great Duke himself.

mortal as well as human being, she has to bring into exercise on its behalf those higher powers and faculties of her own which are capable of this expansion—which are capable, indeed, of all the heights and all the depths of which it is possible for us to form any conception.

Amongst such conflicting and yet urgent claims, the mother has to ask one of the most important questions which can be presented to any human being actually engaged in the practical duties of life. Yes, and she has to answer this question too, "What am I to do, and what am I to leave undone? I cannot do all that I would, not even all that wears the aspect of duty. Which is it absolutely necessary that I should do?" In settling this point rightly for herself the mother is acting out a very essential part of true greatness; and in rightly instructing her children in these matters—how they may all through life ask themselves this question, and how they may habitually answer it in the best way—she will be preparing them in a most effectual manner for working out the highest purposes of a useful and noble life.

On points of this kind it is not enough to be well-meaning, or even devoted. The devoted mother, without any clear idea of the relative claims of duty, may become a slave where she ought to be a queen; and slavery on the part of those who have to do with them is never good for children. It makes them selfish and tyrannical. The mother's legitimate place in her family is high, and nothing should degrade it in the eyes of her children. What is lost by servile drudgery, without intellectual and moral dignity, can never be regained with them. Even moral dignity, without any great amount of intellectual attainment, goes far with children, and is of inestimable value in the mother's treatment, and in her influence over them. We often see this where the maternal government is in the hands of a woman of high principle, not otherwise remarkable; and we find it in the after conduct of her family—it may be in the character of a strong, brave man, who sets his face, like a flint, against dishonesty and meanness of every kind, because his mother taught him to love truth and justice, and to hate a lie.

But if the mother, in order to fill a place of true dignity in her family, does not require any high scholastic attainments, she does require a nice discrimination in order that her sense of duty may be rightly regulated. She requires also a clear insight into character, and above all, a supreme value for that which is highest and most noble. Much, indeed, has to be taken into account by us all in selecting, amongst the claims which press upon us, that which we absolutely must do ourselves, and that which may with safety be committed to others; or that which we absolutely must do now, and that which may be left to a future day. All this has so often to be seen and acted upon in a moment that there is the more need for making such calculations and such conclusions habitual. The mother who has done this before her marriage will find the full benefit of the habit in her own home, where claims apparently conflicting press upon her from every side, and that continually.

It is a sad mistake for the mother, in devoting herself too much to the nursery, to forget that she is a wife. The society of a tired nurse is apt to become a little wearisome, even to the best of husbands; and that is a dark day for any home when a man first discovers that the companionship of his wife is not interesting to him, and that he must look for refreshment to his mind elsewhere. To the young wife, spoiled by a flattering, foolish courtship, it may feel a little hard that, when she

is worn and dispirited by toiling all day amongst her children, she should not herself be the one to be amused and refreshed; and perhaps, happily for her, such may be her reward sometimes. But the social life of a large portion of the community does not appear to be conducted upon this plan; and certainly it is wisest and best for the mother to do her part faithfully, by keeping herself ever in readiness to minister to the refreshment, and even to the amusement, of those around her. Children, as well as men, require both; and many have been kept at home, and even influenced for good, unconsciously to themselves, by that charm which a woman can diffuse around her own fireside by her cheerful and racy conversation, and by the zest which she can thus impart to the common and otherwise insignificant affairs of life.

The struggling after high themes, and the dragging in of especial and important topics to be discussed on all occasions, is not at all what I mean; rather, as already said, that racy kind of conversation which, leaning often to the humorous, can yet give to what is talked about touches of tenderer feeling and deeper interest as occasion may offer; such, for example, as characteristic incidents, described with graphic detail, but always described kindly; or circumstances of local interest which may have occurred during the day. Indeed, whatever there may be in passing life—and life is always rich and full to a quick-feeling and appreciating woman—whatever there may be of droll or serious, of strange or new, may form material for that abundance which flows naturally from the heart of a woman who is happy in her home, in her husband, and her children, and who, perhaps unconsciously, is the source and centre of that happiness herself.

All this, however, which I would call only the by-play of social intercourse, will, by a wise and quick-feeling woman, be readily made secondary, and so give place to any higher or graver style of conversation which others may wish to introduce. It is only the cheerful and pleasant filling up of the spare moments, or the tired moments of social life, which I have been attempting to describe; yet happy is that life whose spare moments are well filled up by a cheerful, sensible, and right-minded woman.

And then, when the deeper and more important topics of conversation are introduced, and the mother takes no mean part in the discussion, but rather evinces an intelligent interest in what is going on, with a knowledge at least sufficient to enable her to ask sensible questions and make rational remarks; or if, beyond this, she can go deeper, and contribute her share of useful information on the case in point, and her share of earnest thought and wise conclusion, what a triumph for her children, and especially her boys, to listen, and find that the mother—the kind, loving mother, to whom they went with all their little wants and wishes—the mother who sung the pretty nursery songs, and made the merry laugh go round when they gathered about the winter fire—that this mother is equal to the best in society—that she knows as much as the men, and can talk as wisely and as truly to the purpose!

Of the many kinds of pride which we have, by common consent, agreed to call legitimate, I know of none so much so as this—the pride of children in their parents, and especially the pride of a son in his mother. There is something in this feeling so sustaining to all noble purpose and all worthy action, that the wonder is how any woman should allow the feeling to die out through indolence or carelessness, and so lose the strongest hold she will ever have upon her boys as they

grow up to manhood. The greatest earthly glory, as it appears to me, is that of parents surrounded by their children, who not only love, but who admire and honour them. Much of Christian duty also hangs upon this, for how can children honour those parents who do dishonour to themselves, and so reduce to a pretence or a mockery this sacred injunction.

It may be that the mother has been entirely swallowed up in her nursery; or, on the other hand, it may be that her time has been so absorbed by the claims of society—*external* society, not the society of home—that her children, as they grow up out of the nursery, scarcely know what their mother is as a companion. In their walks they are attended by nurses, often the most ignorant of human beings. In their play they are gladly got rid of and escaped from. During the chief portion of the day they are consigned perhaps to a governess, whose heart is naturally in her own home, her interests centred in her own brothers and sisters, one who considers herself engaged—in fact, is engaged—for a certain amount of work, and who, if she works hard and teaches all the lessons stipulated for faithfully, does her part well; and thus the children in many families do not really know their mothers, nor does their mother really know them.

There was a time when the coming of the little stranger into the world awakened the liveliest interest in the mother's heart; when, to know that every limb was rightly set, and every function healthy, was more to her than any other consideration just then; when, if a suspicion had flashed across her mind that the spine was ever so little twisted, or the head strangely shaped, or the feet not likely to stand well, a horror would have seized upon the mother, and doctors would have been sent for, and authorities called in, and every means which human intelligence could suggest would have been brought into use, so as, if possible, to remedy the defect.

Such, without doubt, would be the right course for the mother to pursue. Only why should a fault in the heart, or a wrong bias of the disposition, not be as thoughtfully examined, as carefully attended to, and as strenuously overcome? Why should such manifestations of health or disease in this department of maternal care be left so much more to the watchfulness and the solicitude of those who cannot feel half the interest which a mother feels in the entire character, and in the whole life of her child?

It is an interesting fact—a provision designed, no doubt, for the preservation of helpless infancy—that all women seem to have by nature more or less of the maternal instinct ready to be called forth by the babyhood of children not their own. Thus the hired nurse does often really feel much of what a mother feels in her association with the nursery. But it is not so later in life, except in rare instances. The maternal instinct being no longer needed for purposes of actual preservation of life, there is nothing left for those who have the charge of children as they grow up, and who are not their own, but duty—a high sense of duty—with such affection as may grow out of the intercourse between the children and their governess or tutor, or between them and their caretakers, whoever they may be. Affection on such terms is not to be bought with money. It is not even “nominated in the bond,” nor would there be any use in its being so. With the parents alone remains this inalienable property of affection; and if they are unable to use it in working out the ends for which it was given them by God, they can only choose deputies, who, working without the natural affection of

parents, deserve more praise than generally falls to their share, if they work faithfully, not always according to their own views of that which is wisest and best, but according to the restrictions laid upon them, and also according to the requirements of society.

No single individual can educate independently, except a parent. No other can freely follow out the dictates of her own heart in this true heartwork. The most enlightened plans, unless approved by society, have often to give place to the old routine, or fail utterly for want of public approval; and parents themselves too frequently are the greatest hindrances in the way of improved methods of education. Those who undertake the actual labour of education, either under the parental roof or in the wider range of school instruction, are consequently obliged to work under many disadvantages, not the least important of which is found in the partial and even false estimate sometimes formed by parents with regard to their own children.

I have often wondered whether it ever enters into the heart of man or woman to conceive what the labour of training and educating their children really is without affection—the affection of nature—in short, the parental affection. “Children are so engaging,” we hear people say. No doubt they are, and if the educator could select about one in ten, and send the others away, the work in hand might be interesting in the extreme. Alas! for the remainder. Alas! indeed, for the one or two, or perhaps more, in every ten—strange, wayward, unattractive, and uninteresting children, sent forth to share the common lot amongst strangers, without one throb of parental or even natural affection to cheer their lot, to screen their faults, to soothe their distresses, or to encourage and help them on their obscure and difficult way. All we can think of in the way of consolation in such cases, is that God is very good, and that he has enriched the hearts of his faithful servants with such floods of tenderness and sympathy that they are able to embrace and care for and protect the otherwise neglected stranger from a distant or unknown home.

The high sense of justice, the faithfulness, nay, even the personal tenderness, with which the unattractive child is sometimes cherished by strangers can never be fully appreciated by the parents, because, happily for them and their child, theirs is the affection of nature to make all equal in a united family; neither can the obligation which parents are under for such treatment of their children ever be fully understood or adequately rewarded by them. The danger is lest there should be cases of failure in this conscientious treatment; and there is always danger in high pressure schools; where the greatest amount of attainment in learning is esteemed the greatest good, there is always danger lest the dull, the inert, or the inferior child, should not receive the necessary amount of encouraging and patient attention.

All this the mother has to ponder in her heart; and seeing that she holds a right over her child which none but a parent can hold—the right to educate it exactly in accordance with her own idea of what is best—seeing that she has a love for that child altogether independent of its own personal claims or merits which none but a parent can have in the same degree—seeing that God has given her that child as her very own, bound by a relation which it bears to no other being in the world—has committed it to her care bodily and spiritually, for time and eternity—the result of such pondering in her own heart must surely be that she has a charge laid upon her in the education of the heart of her child of

greater importance to it and to her than anything else in this world can be to either.

There may have been but little in the education of the mother herself to prepare her for this work; but instead of looking back to the wasted moments of her own life, and the mistakes of her own education, let her look forward and take courage, determining that, with God's help, she will make her own daughters more fitted to be the mothers of another generation than she felt herself to be when first the great responsibility came upon her. Even to feel this responsibility was something. To suffer from a want ourselves is often a stimulus spurring us on to supply that want to others. And although the work before her may look very arduous, very complicated, and even impossible to be done so well as she desires to do it, there is no getting rid of the great fact that it is her work—appointed by Him who is not a hard taskmaster, but in her day of toil will give her moments of refreshment, buds of promise in her little garden, flowers of beauty, and fruits to be treasured in His own garner when her careful hand and anxious heart shall be at rest for ever.

A few more words of encouragement to the mother, for I believe that women perplex themselves and hinder their good work by thinking too much about their own ignorance on some of the great and important topics which engage the attention of men. They are sadly hindered, too, and sometimes fatally, as regards their influence, by the habit encouraged amongst young women until they marry—a habit encouraged by men, and by society in general, of thinking that they require nothing else than a few accomplishments, with good manners, good dress, and an agreeable face and person. And, for a succession of evening parties, perhaps this would be enough.

But human life, regarded as a whole, is something very different from an evening party, and that every woman discovers when she finds herself a wife and a mother. Yet still I would say, let her not be discouraged. It is true there will be no time then to go back and begin her own education afresh upon a different basis—no time to take up deeper studies, and more solid attainments—no time to acquire even the elementary portions of that knowledge which she will sadly feel the want of as her children grow up; but there is still left her both time and opportunity for taking up many useful things—many right views of human life, and many means of improvement to herself, and instruction to her children.

Amongst these we might include just views of human life in general, of the relation of different members or classes of society to each other, of the mutual dependence and obligation of rich and poor—workers and non-workers—of the employment and economy of time, of individual responsibility, of self-government, and above all, of the relation of the human soul to God, of the observance of his holy laws and the acceptance of his blessed gospel of salvation by Jesus Christ. To these might be added innumerable other matters—questions of apparently minor consideration, yet all bearing upon human life in its relation to eternity, in which, if the mother can teach her children aright, she will be doing them greater service than by instructing them in all or any of those branches of learning which are made most prominent in schools.

There is a science of life, which women are quite able to understand without being great scholars. This science presents itself under many aspects. One embraces that true and just relation of human beings to one another which we call social duty. Another takes

in the law of kindness, with its natural reciprocities of good will, without which we cannot, as social beings, live happily, nor even prosper in our worldly affairs. Another comprehends that true estimate of the worth of things visible and invisible which leads us to consider one great and another little, one honourable and another base, one to be desired and another abhorred, and this according to their essential nature and value, through all the gradations which separate their two extremes.

To keep always before the mind of a child this truth—that certain things are great and others little, but beyond and above all other teaching, that certain things are good and others bad, and not so in the estimate of human beings only, but good in the sight of God and approved by him, and bad, as by him utterly condemned—good for ever, and bad for ever, according to his own immutable law of right and wrong; and so to train a child that it shall love the one and hate the other, is, I think, to teach it the true science of life.

And this the mother can teach to her children as no one else can, having first learned it truly herself. But it requires to be taught earnestly, perseveringly, prayerfully. It requires to be taught at home, and to be commenced with very early, because there is in the world, towards which the child is tending, so much that is calculated to throw the whole matter into confusion. There is evil which is called good, and good which is called evil; greatness which is looked down upon, and meanness which is exalted. How is a child, not rightly prepared, to understand this? Nay, there is reason to fear that doubts will ultimately press upon the mind of the child as to whether there are such things as true greatness and real goodness at all—whether these are only names applied to certain conditions of worldly prosperity or success, without any essential value in the things themselves.

It may be said by those who read human life in words and names, and not in essential realities, that doubts of this kind do not enter the mind of youth; that youth is more apt to believe and trust. Let us thank God that it is so, that the educator of the heart of youth has elements of truth and sincerity and honest belief to deal with, and not the querulous uncertainty of worldly calculation and consequent unbelief. That such is the nature of youth we have indeed cause to be thankful, for there can be no greater help, no more sustaining hope, than that the Giver of every good and perfect gift has placed in our hands material so capable of receiving right impressions from what is sound, and just, and true. But that youth does lose this natural bloom of its existence sometimes a little too soon, and does become worldly and disbelieving in spirit, though it may not be so in profession, I think no one can doubt who holds much intercourse with society in the present day. And assuredly there is no heavier calamity, either to youth or age, than that general indifference to high and holy truth which not unfrequently exists where a perfect horror would be expressed at the idea of unbelief.

We meet with this amongst the young chiefly under the form of irreverence, indifference, or disrespect; or, worse than this, it may be in symptoms of a mocking spirit—a spirit which is colder than ice, and harder than steel, against all those genial influences which are calculated to make the ways of life paths of perpetual verdure and refreshment, even to the weary feet of the long-experienced traveller.

In the course of these remarks, I have said but little on the subject of direct religious teaching, partly because a mother whose own heart is deeply impressed with

the supreme importance of a religious life will, in all things, teach religiously; and partly because our libraries abound with books written much better than I could write on this particular subject. Besides which, the more I see of human life, the more I feel convinced that the religious *atmosphere* of home is that which ultimately proves of the highest value and most enduring influence in forming the religious character of youth.

This atmosphere, like the air we breathe, I have considered as comprehending different elements, as deriving its wholesome and health-sustaining properties from various sources, and as being subject to deterioration from causes equally varied. Over this department I have regarded the mother as ruling by her own light; and as she would without doubt be considered responsible as regards watching over, and caring for, the healthy condition of her household, so in a higher degree, because the subject itself is higher, as involving interests of a more exalted range, so is the mother responsible for the right training of her children under such religious influences as it is possible for her to bring around them. It is true that she cannot, even in her own department, do always as she would—that she cannot do even what duty seems to demand, where circumstances combine against her, or where opposing influences arise, such as are stronger than hers, or more attractive to youth. But she can still do much; and if a faithful, earnest Christian herself, we know that she will not be left to bear the burden of responsibility unsupported, but that help, sufficient for her day, will be administered in all her times of need.

Were any other stimulus required for the best efforts of the Christian mother, I think it might be found in this—that never again, throughout the whole of her children's after lives, will the same opportunity be afforded as that which their infancy and youth have opened to her instrumentality. Many a troubled time and many a happy time there may be in their future, when her children will come back to her as their warmest sympathiser and their truest friend; but the morning dew will not be upon them then, as it was in their early youth—the flower will not be fresh, and fragrant, and spotless, as it was then; other hands will have touched it less gently than hers, and other breezes will have blown upon it very different from the breath of home. It is before the child has left the parental roof that such close union of heart and mind, such entire understanding of each other, can alone exist between the mother and her children, and especially between the mother and her boys; and where the soul of the mother is deeply stirred with a sense of the importance of educating for eternity as well as time, she will feel that her work must be begun early in the morning of youth, and begun upon principles that will hold good to the latest hour of a well-spent life.

DONKEYS AND DONKEY-BOYS.

WHAT is the nature of the connection which undoubtedly exists between the genus donkey and the genus boy we do not pretend to have discovered; though that there must be some sympathising link that binds them together, we gather from the fact that wherever donkeys are found the boys are sure to be found in intimate relation with them. Wherever donkeys are an institution, the boy is generally the director and administrator of affairs, and has the management of matters in his hands. The rule seems to hold good abroad as well

as at home: man claims jurisdiction over the horse and the mule, but is generally willing to surrender the more patient ass to his juvenile competitor. It is worth while noticing, by the way, the effect of this delegated responsibility upon the character of the boy; we may express it in brief by saying that it makes a little man of him at once. The urchin invested with office is sure pretty soon to change the sense of responsibility with a sense of authority; if he was timid before, he parts with his timidity; if he was bashful, he loses his bashfulness; and if he does not take up with a more than tolerable amount of impudent confidence in their stead, so much the better for those who have to do with him. We all know something, by report at least, if not by experience, of the Egyptian donkey-boys, with their dark faces and grinning teeth, of the clatter and din they make, as they yell and shout and tout for custom, and clamour for sixpences. "Give sixpence, ole gentleman always give sixpence;" and the responses they often get in the shape of a tough bull-hide descending on their bare shoulders, for which liberal allowance they care very little indeed, if travellers are to be credited, so long as there is a possible sixpence in perspective. But we must not suffer ourselves to be tempted into a discussion of foreign affairs: our business at present is with the home department of the subject, which will furnish sufficient matter.

The donkey institution with us divides itself naturally into two sections, that of business, and that of pleasure. In deference to a time-honoured maxim, we shall take "business first, and pleasure afterwards," treating of both heads with exemplary brevity.

Any one who would qualify himself for forming a right estimate of the part which donkeys take in the work of the world, would do well to pay a visit to Covent Garden market in the height of summer, when the summer fruits and vegetables are abundant, and hot and thirsty London is eager to have them. He should time his visit so as to be there before sunrise, and note what takes place between then and nine or ten o'clock. Should he need further evidence, let him go on the following day to Billingsgate and make investigations there. He will find in both places, and indeed in many other places in London, that the quantity of donkey-labour performed every day must be reckoned by thousands of tons of comestibles of one sort and another, and still more thousands of the long-eared quadrupeds whose part it is to lug them about the city and outskirts. The notion was prevalent formerly—so prevalent, in fact, that it came to be stereotyped—that the London donkey led a starved and persecuted life. Later investigations have shown that nothing can be farther from the truth: the starved London donkey is the rare exception to the rule, and the reason for that will be found not so much in the superior humanity of the London boys and lads who look after them, as in the fact that to ill-treat the animals does not pay. The ass is a profitable servant only in London streets so long as he is in good condition and able to do his day's work. Starve or wound him, and you may as well kill him at once, since if he is not up to the mark he will break down in the street. At the same time, and for the same reason, he is not over-fed. An ill-trained donkey will eat all day long if he has an unlimited supply of food, and will be capable of little work in consequence. Donkeys thrive best with a moderate allowance of proper food, and it is a fact that they are nowhere found in better working order than in London and its near neighbourhood. This was made sufficiently apparent at the late donkey-shows at the