

LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION,

AFFILIATED WITH

The National Association for the Promotion of
Social Science.

This Association aims at the diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge among all classes, by the publication of Tracts, the delivery of Lectures, the establishment of Institutions for Training Nursery-Maids, and of Loan Libraries of popular Sanitary Books.

Four hundred and thirty-eight thousand Tracts have been published, and five courses of Lectures delivered. Funds are now urgently needed for the further prosecution of the Association's work, and the Committee earnestly solicit the aid of all who are interested in Sanitary Reform.

Subscriptions, Donations, Books for the Libraries, Manuscripts for Tracts, &c., will be gratefully received by the Treasurers, RUSSELL GURNEY, ESQ., 8, Kensington Palace Gardens, W., and MRS. ROTH, 16A, Old Cavendish Street, Cavendish Square, W.; MISS E. S. GRIFFITHS, Secretary, at the Association's Office, 14A, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, W.; MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Bankers, Birchin Lane, E. C.; and SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, BART., & Co., Bankers, 1, Cavendish Square, W.

Post-office orders to be made payable to ELIZABETH S. GRIFFITHS, at the Vere Street Post-office.

Communications may be addressed to the Secretaries, at the Office, where also inquiries may be answered personally. Office hours from Eleven to Five; on Saturdays from Eleven to Two.

The Secretaries will very gratefully receive suggestions on any subject connected with the objects of the Association.

Ladies' Sanitary Association.

WHEN WERE YOU

VACCINATED?

London:

JARROLD & SONS, 12, PATERNOSTER ROW:
THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION, 14A, PRINCE'S
STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

TRACTS LATELY PUBLISHED
BY THE
LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

First Series. Prepared specially for distribution among the poor.

- THE WORTH OF FRESH AIR. Price 2d.
THE USE OF PURE WATER. Price 2d.
THE VALUE OF GOOD FOOD. Price 2d.
THE INFLUENCE OF WHOLESOME DRINK. Price 2d.
THE ADVANTAGE OF WARM CLOTHING. Price 2d.
THE HEALTH OF MOTHERS. With Engravings of New
Patterns for Infants' Clothing. Fourth Edition. Price 2d.
HOW TO MANAGE A BABY. Third Edition. Price 2d.
WHEN WERE YOU VACCINATED? Price 1d.
THE POWER OF SOAP AND WATER: A DREAM THAT
CAME TRUE. Price 1½d. Third Edition.
THE CHEAP DOCTOR: A WORD ABOUT FRESH AIR. Price ½d.
THE BLACK HOLE IN OUR OWN BED-ROOMS. Price ½d.
NEVER DESPAIR; and other Household Verses on Health and
Happiness. Price 2d.
THE SICK CHILD'S CRY; and other Household Verses on
Health and Happiness. Price 2d.
WORK AND PLAY; Household Verses for the Children. 2d.
HOUSEHOLD VERSES ON HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.
(The above Three in One Volume.) Embossed cloth, Price 9d.
THE BRIDE'S NEW HOME. Price 1d.
THE MOTHER. Price 1d.
THE INSPECTOR: HOW TO GET RID OF BAD SMELLS
WITHOUT, AND BAD TEMPER WITHIN. Price 1d.
GOING TO SCHOOL. Price 1d.
A DAY IN THE COUNTRY. Price 1d.
LOST AND FOUND. Price 1d.
SOMETHING HOMEY. Price 2d.
WHOSE FAULT IS IT? Price 2d.
WASHING THE CHILDREN. Price 1d.
EVERY-DAY WONDERS OF BODILY LIFE. 3 Parts, 2d. each

Second Series.

- HEALTHY DWELLINGS, and Prevailing Sanitary Defects in
the Homes of the Working Classes. By Henry Roberts,
F.S.A. Price 4d.
WOMAN'S WORK IN SANITARY REFORM. Price 2d.
THE HEALTH OF THE PARISH, AND THE DWELLINGS
OF THE PEOPLE. Price 2d.
THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS. Price 1d.
HOW DO PEOPLE HASTEN DEATH? Price 2d.

*London: Published at the Office, 14A, Prince's Street, Cavendish
Square (W.); and by Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.*

WHEN WERE YOU VACCINATED?

A QUESTION FOR TO-DAY.

"Who was that young girl who passed me on the stairs as I was coming up to your room?" asked Mrs. Leslie, as she took the chair that was offered her by Mrs. Cumming, a respectable, pleasant-looking woman of about forty years of age.

"My niece Jane, ma'am; do you not remember her?"

"What, that lovely girl that was staying with you about three years ago!"

"Yes, ma'am, the same; but I don't wonder you did not know her; the small-pox has altered her sadly."

"It has indeed; I really did not recognize her in the least, and yet I felt it was a face I ought to know. Poor thing! what a sad change!"

"Yes, ma'am, it is; she feels it too herself, poor girl."

"Poor thing; when did she take the disease?"

"Really, ma'am, I can hardly say; small-pox is very much about just now, I have heard."

"Yes, so much that I think every one is bound to take all possible precautions against it. In fact, that is one of the very things that I have come to speak to you about to-day, for I wanted to know whether you and your children have been vaccinated lately."

"No, ma'am, neither I nor the children have ever been vaccinated at all."

"Oh, Mrs. Cumming! how very imprudent!"

"Well, ma'am, I don't know; since I have seen poor Jane's face, I have said so myself to father; but mother brought us all up, so to speak, with a prejudice against vaccination."

"But why?"

"Well, ma'am, I don't exactly know."

"Ah! that is too often the way," answered Mrs. Leslie, as she looked up earnestly into Mrs. Cumming's face, "God rarely sends an evil, but He places the remedy close at hand, yet we, from our prejudices, our fears, or our superstitions, refuse to lay hold on it."

"Well, ma'am, I don't know that it is exactly that:" replied Mrs. Cumming, feeling, she hardly knew why, that she was called upon to say something in her own justification, "but you see, ma'am, when we were young, mother saw nothing but mischief come from vaccination, so she naturally enough set her mind against it."

"But how could that have been?"

"Why, ma'am, you see where we lived it was a country place, and we were not very near any doctor, and a lady, just as you might be, took a deal of interest

in us poor people, so when any little thing was the matter, they would all send for her, and a deal of good she would often do them. Well, ma'am, when this new-fashioned way of vaccination came in, she sent for the poor people—my mother amongst the rest—and talked to them, and told them what a real blessing it was; and she persuaded a lot of them to come themselves and bring their children to her house, that they might all be vaccinated. Mother never was for it, so she said she would wait to see how it came out with the others first. And well it was she did. Ah, ma'am! you never saw such a state as all the children were in. Some with arms as big as three; some with sores all over them from head to foot; some sick and ailing for months afterwards. So mother said, 'If this is all the good that is to come from these new-fangled ways, I am very glad I had nothing to do with them.'

"How provoking an accident!" said Mrs. Leslie, "it must have arisen from the ignorance of the medical man, as to the right time to take the vaccine matter."

"Likely enough—at least that was what our lady said; but then you see, ma'am, that didn't cure the children's arms."

"It did not indeed. Nothing could be more vexatious for the lady and for those who suffered from the mistake; but, at the same time, I do not think that the fact of such an accident having happened once should make you think it must happen always. At the time you speak of, the right method of vaccinating

was not properly understood. Vaccination had only just been discovered as a preventative against small-pox."

"Indeed, ma'am!"

"Yes; it has not been known in England above sixty years, and the way in which the discovery was made was very curious, and shews the wisdom of making a good use of the powers of observation, which God has given to every one of us. If we could all be persuaded to do so, we might be a great deal more useful to one another than we are."

"You are right there, ma'am, and that is what I often say to the children,—'Eyes and no eyes;' it makes all the difference."

"It does indeed," replied Mrs. Leslie. "It was by making use of his eyes, and thinking about what he saw, that Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, became one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. At the time when he was a boy, rather more than a hundred years ago, small-pox was a perfect scourge in the land. Thanks to him, under God, we have now no idea of the terror in which our forefathers held this disease; and well they might. It depopulated whole districts; and even when it spared life, it so completely disfigured its victims, that the complaint was often more dreaded than death itself. No wonder, then, that when the plan of inoculation was introduced, it was generally considered a great boon. Inoculation was a method by which the small-pox might be given from one person to another in a mild form, which when passed through in

childhood was seldom either fatal or disfiguring, whilst it secured the person inoculated against any further attack. Therefore, parents were generally only too glad to allow their children to be inoculated when they were quite young. Still, there were many, and very sensible, good people too, who strongly objected on principle to inoculation. It seemed to them a daring of Providence thus voluntarily to expose their children to a danger which they might otherwise wholly escape; and as it could not be denied that sometimes those who were inoculated, either died from its effects, or were scarred by small-pox for life, there was good reason for objection. Inoculation was a remedy, but it was far from a perfect one. But that which we needed was quite close at hand. It was when the question of the value of inoculation was being much talked about in England, that Dr. Jenner, then a young man, was studying medicine at Sudbury, in Gloucestershire. It happened that one day when he was coming home, after seeing a number of his poor patients, he chanced to cross a field in which some dairy-maids were milking their cows. He stopped to speak to one of them to ask after a neighbour who was ill with the small-pox. After answering his question, the woman added, 'If she had only milked the cows as I have done, she would never have taken the complaint.'

"'Never have taken the complaint!' exclaimed Jenner, 'what do you mean?'

"'Why, bless you, sir,' said the woman, as she shewed him her hands, 'do you see those marks there?'

“‘Yes,’ replied Jenner.

“‘Well, sir, those who have such marks never take the small-pox.’

“‘But how did those marks come?’

“‘Why, you see, sir, some cows have spots on their udders just like those that have left the marks you see on my hands, and in milking, we catch them from the cows. At first we were troubled about them greatly; but now we see that those who have them never take the small-pox, of course we are glad enough to get off with one or two.’

“Jenner walked thoughtfully on. He had seen with his eyes, and now he must think over what he had seen. Was it only an idle fancy of the woman’s? or was it one of the deep truths of God’s providence? This was the point to be decided, and this was the question which Jenner set his whole heart and soul on settling. Nothing could be more discouraging than the way in which his first efforts to do so were received. When he told some of the learned men of the neighbourhood about the discovery which he hoped he had made, it was just quietly put down and laughed at: ‘Oh, yes! they had heard of the cow-pox—of course they had; they knew it was a common superstition, that persons who took that disease never had small-pox. But the notion was as foolish as any other common superstition; there was nothing in it; nothing at all.’

“Jenner made no reply. He only set to work more earnestly than before to prove for himself who was right and who was wrong. His first step

was to call upon two or three of the dairy-women, to ask whether they would let him inoculate them for small-pox.”

“Oh ma’am! surely they would let him do nothing of the kind, would they?” exclaimed Mrs. Cumming.

“Luckily, Jenner’s character for kindness and goodness, as well as for skill, was so well known in the neighbourhood,” replied Mrs. Leslie, “that a few women were easily found willing to do as he wished. Choosing those who bore the clearest marks of having taken the eruption, whatever it might be, from the cow, he inoculated them with the strongest possible virus of small-pox. The next few days must have been days of dreadful anxiety to Jenner. What if he were wrong? what if any of these women died under his treatment? would not the responsibility and the blame be his? Happily for him he was supported by his inward consciousness that his motives were right, whatever might happen. Humbly trusting in God’s power and love, he sought to work out the good of his fellow-creatures, and from that terrible trial he was allowed to come forth triumphant. Not one of those women took the small-pox. Here was a clear proof of the truth of what he had said; and with a glad heart he hastened to make the result of his experiment known. To his great disappointment, instead of the satisfaction with which he expected the announcement would be met, he was told ‘It was a happy accident, nothing more.’ Vexed, but still not discouraged, Jenner set to work again this time without anxiety, for he felt sure of success. A woman was

easily found; Jenner inoculated her, and in a week she was in bed with small-pox! 'See, here is your boasted remedy!' exclaimed Jenner's opponents, 'a famous discovery you have made, indeed!'

"It was very mortifying, there was no doubt about that. It was not for himself that Jenner cared, but also for his fellow-creatures, and for that great blessing which he hoped he had secured for them. Must the bright vision he had so loved to dwell upon, just fade away as the morning's mist? 'No,' something within him seemed to say, 'hold on, you shall grasp the truth at last—you are very near. Be patient, be persevering, and you shall yet be the benefactor of mankind.' And so, he let others laugh, or shake their heads sadly at him, as a wayward, self-willed man; whilst he went steadily on, thoughtfully, earnestly working out his plans through a series of the most curious experiments. It was long groping in the dark, but daylight came at last, and the secret was his own. His own, to be given to the world for all future time; so that his name should be ever held in honour, as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race."

"Well then, I think he deserved to succeed, for he must have worked very hard," said Mrs. Cumming.

"He did, indeed," replied Mrs. Leslie; "and at last he discovered that it was only at a certain time when the matter contained in the spots on the cow's udder had reached a certain maturity, that it was fit to be taken from the cow; and that by putting a little of it into the human body by means of a tiny hole made through the

skin, this matter would become a part of the body, and act as a complete preservative against the infection of small-pox."

"And you think that is true, ma'am?"

"That which I have been telling you about Jenner, do you mean?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; about vaccination preventing small-pox."

"I have no doubt of it myself; humanly speaking, of course I mean. God may see fit, in His good pleasure, to bring to nothing the best-laid plans of man; but as a general rule, He works through given causes to given effects. There are fixed rules in His providence which He never breaks through, except by what we call a miracle. When, therefore, He has Himself provided a certain remedy for a certain disease, we may rely upon it, it will be successful if His plans are not defeated by some fault or ignorance of our own. In the case which you mentioned to me, all the mischief happened because the medical man did not take the matter from the pustule at the right moment. This mistake is sometimes made now, and it causes much suffering, I can assure you, to the rich as well as to the poor. My husband was vaccinated some years ago; the matter was taken at the wrong time, and he suffered for months. But this did not make me doubt the good of vaccination; it simply made me sorry that where thousands are benefitted, he should have suffered. The same thing happened to a most intimate friend of mine, who was vaccinated by Dr. Jenner himself."

"Oh, ma'am, did you know Dr. Jenner?" exclaimed Mrs. Cumming, in a tone of great surprise.

"I did not know him myself," replied Mrs. Leslie, "for he died when I was a year old; but he was very intimate with my friends, and it was their eldest son whom he vaccinated. Nothing could be more successful, and the baby's arm rose so well, that one of his aunts wished that her child should be vaccinated from him. It was done; but, unfortunately, not by Jenner. The matter was again taken at the wrong time, and the child had a terrible arm. I have mentioned these two cases to show you that yours was not the only instance of a mistake; but think how great a blessing would have been thrown away if all mothers, like yours, frightened by one failure in the midst of thousands of cases of success, had neglected the simple precaution by which they might have secured their children from the contagion of the small-pox."

"But then, ma'am, if, as you say, vaccination is really such a safeguard, what is the reason, do you think, that we hear so much of small-pox now-a-days?"

"There are so many different opinions on this point," replied Mrs. Leslie, "that I should be very sorry to speak positively where very clever people differ; but I think there are two causes which are very clear:—first, that people are not re-vaccinated as often as they ought to be; and second, that the matter may require to be renewed from the cow's udder. This latter point, however, is one on which I have not sufficient knowledge to speak positively; but with regard to the former, I should

urge every mother over whom I have any influence, never to allow many years to pass without having her children re-vaccinated. My own case shows how difficult it is, even to the most skilful, to tell when the power of the vaccine matter dies out of the constitution. When I was a child, I was vaccinated by a friend of Dr. Jenner—it did not take; I was re-vaccinated, then it did not take; again the experiment was made, and it took so wonderfully, that as the surgeon looked at my arm, I have been told that he exclaimed in admiration, 'That child is vaccinated for life.' About fourteen years ago, when small-pox was very much about, I thought it right to be re-vaccinated; but it did not take at all. It seemed that the opinion of the surgeon was correct, and that my constitution was proof against the disease. But, just lately, I have been vaccinated again, much against my husband's wish; for he, like you, remembering his sufferings, was strongly prejudiced against it; and it has taken with me this time as thoroughly as when I was a child, clearly showing that the power of the matter had died away, and that I should have been as liable to take small-pox as though I had never been vaccinated at all. I do think, then, it is very probable that neglect of re-vaccination is one great reason why small-pox is now so greatly on the increase. People think that when once vaccinated, they are vaccinated for life; whereas it is quite clear that this is not the case, although it is possible that in some constitutions the effect of the vaccine matter may be more lasting than in others."

"Then you think, ma'am, there is no certain sign that shews when a person ought to be vaccinated again?" asked Mrs. Cumming.

"I know of none; though, curiously enough, with myself a deep scar which I have had on my arm ever since the vaccination took when I was a child, has lately quite died away. It could be plainly seen when the vaccine matter took no effect upon me fourteen years ago; but I could not find the faintest trace of it when I wished to shew it to the medical man who vaccinated me the other day. I cannot venture to say that the disappearance of the scar is always a sure sign that the power of the vaccine matter has died away; but certainly, after my own experience, whenever I found the scar had gone, I should strongly advise re-vaccination."

"Then you think, ma'am, people need not have sore places or swollen arms?"

"I do not *think* about it, I am *sure* of it. Shall I show you my arm?" And, throwing off her cloak, Mrs. Leslie unbuttoned the sleeve of her dress, and gently drawing it up above the elbow, she shewed Mrs. Cumming three white, raised heads, with a slight, though hard and red inflammation round them. They looked painful; but the inflammation was confined to the part immediately round the spots, and the arm itself was not the least swollen or discoloured. "They tell me mine is a fine case, so I am quite glad I thought of showing it to you," continued Mrs. Leslie; "and you see there is

nothing to be alarmed about in having such an arm as this."

"It looks painful, though, ma'am."

"Yes, it is a little painful; but then anyone can bear a little present inconvenience to escape from a great evil. My chief trouble is the swelling of the glands under the arm-pits. They are really painful; but I console myself by knowing that Dr. Jenner said this was the surest sign that the vaccine matter had taken the right effect upon the constitution."

"And how ought the arm to be, ma'am, when vaccination takes all right?" asked Mrs. Cumming, who, since she had seen Mrs. Leslie's arm, was beginning to take a much more lively interest in the matter.

"It differs with different persons; but, as a general rule, the arm begins to get painful about the third day, and the heads grow larger, and the inflammation round the spots becomes harder and of a deeper colour. This lasts till the eighth day, when the matter in the heads is matured; after that time it becomes putrid, and can never be safely used for vaccination. From the eighth day the heads turn brown, all pain ceases, and a scab forms, which drops off when the skin beneath is healed, then nothing remains to tell of vaccination except a deep white scar."

Mrs. Cumming was silent for a few moments, and then said thoughtfully, "And you advise, ma'am, that I and the children should be vaccinated?"

"If 'example is stronger than precept,' " replied Mrs. Leslie, smiling, "that ought to be my advice."

"Well, ma'am, I will certainly think about it, and very likely we shall all soon act upon it."

"I shall be very glad to hear that you have so made up your mind," said Mrs. Leslie. "It seems to me a sad pity that you should lose so great an advantage from the fear of a little present inconvenience, or from the want of understanding the nature of the blessing which Jenner obtained for us at so great a cost to himself."

"It would be a very bad return for all his labour," continued Mrs. Leslie, as she rose to take leave, "if we, who have now before us the experience of fifty years, by which we may judge of the benefits which have resulted from his great discovery, were to act like those who in their ignorance laughed at it and refused to be convinced of its value. If we wish to show our gratitude to Jenner, we can best do it by following his advice; and kind, good man that he was, I am quite sure he would rather we should bear his mark on our arms, than put up his statue in our streets. Both are good in their way; but whilst we do the one, we must take care we do not leave the other undone. And now, good bye, Mrs. Cumming; pray do not forget your promise to think about this matter."

"Oh, ma'am, I won't forget, never fear."

Mrs. Cumming did *not* forget, and after a long talk with her husband, she and all her children were vacci-

nated by Mrs. Leslie's medical man. They were a healthy family: and Mr. Evans, glad to get such capital subjects, vaccinated half the neighbourhood from them. Never was a more successful experiment. Whenever the vaccination took, it took healthily and well; and as Mrs. Cumming confessed in confidence to Mrs. Leslie, some time afterwards, "She was really thankful, that she was, that she had got over her silly prejudice. Why she had not only got the good herself, but she had been the means of getting good for others, and that was a comforting thought, that it was."

"Aye, Mrs. Cumming," said Mrs. Leslie, "there is more truth in those words of yours, than perhaps you think. We are all members of one body; and if one member suffers, all the others must suffer with it. If we, as fellow-citizens, allow our prejudices or our ignorance—when we have the means of knowing better—to interfere with the general good, on ourselves individually rests the guilt. We should feel that it would be very wrong to take a burning rafter from our own house and set our neighbour's house on fire; is it not quite as wrong to carry disease and death into his home? Now, by refusing to make use of the means which are offered to us to escape from disease, we not only expose ourselves to it, but we also spread it far and near, and become 'verily guilty concerning our brother.' We must not then say, God sent the illness. If we neglect the means He has provided for escape, it is our own act that brings down the evil, and on us must rest the

responsibility and the blame. It may be that when we have taken every precaution, still the sickness comes. Then let us take comfort, and in patience possess our souls, for we are in the hands of a loving Father, and in our greatest affliction He will still remember mercy.

M. B.

LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

AFFILIATED WITH
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF
SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Patronesses.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.	
HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.	
THE COUNTESS DE GREY.	THE COUNTESS OF BERNSTORFF.
THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY.	LA COMTESSE A. DE NOAILLES.
THE VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.	THE LADY HERBERT.
THE COUNTESS RUSSELL.	THE HON. MRS. R. C. TRENCH.
THE RT. HON. LADY EBURY.	

Committee.

THE HON. MRS. WM. COWPER.	LADY HARDING.
MRS. CRAUFURD.	MISS F. HOLLAND.
MISS CRAUFURD.	LA COMTESSE A. DE NOAILLES.
MISS ISA CRAIG.	MISS PARRY.
THE RIGHT HON. LADY EBURY.	MRS. ROTH.
MRS. WILLIAM FISON.	MRS. SUTHERLAND.
MRS. GREGORY.	MRS. THOMAS TWINING.
MRS. CHARLES GUBBINS.	THE LADY VERNEY.
MRS. RUSSELL GURNEY.	MRS. HENSLEIGH WEDGEWOOD.

Editing Committee.

DR. WILLIAM FARR, F.R.S.	DR. E. H. SIEVEKING
R. D. GRAINGER, Esq.	DR. JOHN SUTHERLAND
J. MARSHALL, Esq., F.R.C.S., & F.R.S.	DR. CHARLES WEST

Treasurers.

RUSSELL GURNEY, Esq., Q.C. (Recorder.) | MRS. ROTH.

Honorary Auditors.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM F. COWPER, M.P.
EDWARD H. J. CRAUFURD, Esq., M.P.

Bankers.

SIR S. SCOTT, BART., & Co., 1, Cavendish Square, W.
MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Birchin Lane, Cornhill, E.C.

Honorary Secretaries.

THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM COWPER. | MRS. SUTHERLAND.

Secretary.

MISS E. S. GRIFFITHS.

Office.

14A PRINCE'S STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON, W.

LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

AFFILIATED WITH

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION
OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THIS Association aims at the diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge among all classes, by the publication of Tracts, the delivery of Lectures, the establishment of Institutions for Training Nursery-Maids, and of Loan Libraries of popular Sanitary Books.

One hundred and thirty-eight thousand Tracts have been published, and five courses of Lectures delivered. Funds are now urgently needed for the further prosecution of the Association's work, and the Committee earnestly solicit the aid of all who are interested in Sanitary Reform.

Subscriptions, Donations, Books for the Libraries, Manuscripts for Tracts, &c., will be gratefully received by the Treasurers, RUSSELL GURNEY, Esq., 8, Kensington Palace Gardens, W., and MRS. ROTH, 16A, Old Cavendish Street, Cavendish Square, W.; MISS E. S. GRIFFITHS, Secretary, at the Association's Office, 14A, Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, W.; MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Bankers, Birchin Lane, E.C.; and SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, BART., & Co., Bankers, 1, Cavendish Square, W.

Post-office orders to be made payable to ELIZABETH S. GRIFFITHS, at the Vere Street Post-office.

Communications may be addressed to the Secretaries, at the Office, where also inquiries may be answered personally. Office hours from Eleven to Five; on Saturdays from Eleven to Two.

The Secretaries will very gratefully receive suggestions on any subject connected with the objects of the Association.

Ladies' Sanitary Association.

DRESS AND ITS COST.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION,
14A, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE;

AND BY

JOHN MORGAN, 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

POPULAR TRACTS ON HEALTH,
Issued by the Ladies' Sanitary Association.
AFFILIATED WITH THE
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF
SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Just published.

Wasps have Stings; or, Beware of Tight Lacing. 1d.
Sowing the Seed. 2d.
Evils Resulting from Rising Too Early after Childbirth. 2d.
How to Rear Healthy Children. In Packets of 50 Copies, 1s. each Packet.

Healthy Dwellings, and prevailing Sanitary Defects in the Homes of the
Working Classes. By Henry Roberts, F.S.A. 4d.

Woman's Work in Sanitary Reform. 2d.
Sanitary Defects and Medical Short-comings. By Dr. Lankester. 2d.
The Health in the Parish, and the Dwellings of the People. 2d.
The Massacre of the Innocents. 1d.
The Mischief of Bad Air. $\frac{3}{4}$ d.
When were you Vaccinated? 1d.
The Cheap Doctor: a Word about Fresh Air. $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Black Hole in our Bed-rooms. $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Washing the Children. 1d.
About to Marry. 1d.
How do People Hasten Death? 2d.
The Health of Mothers. 2d.
How to Manage a Baby. 2d.
The Power of Soap and Water. $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.
The Worth of Fresh Air. 2d.
The Use of Pure Water. 2d.
The Value of Good Food. 2d.
Influence of Wholesome Drink. 2d.
Advantage of Warm Clothing. 2d.
Going to School. 1d.
Never Despair: Household Verses on Health and Happiness. 2d.
The Sick Child's Cry: Ditto. 2d.
Work and Play: Ditto for Children. 2d.

The above Three in one volume, cloth, 9d.

The Bride's New Home. 1d.
The Mother. 1d.
The Inspector: How to Get Rid of Bad Smells Without, and Bad Tempers
Within. 1d.
A Day in the Country. 1d.
Lost and Found. 1d.

The above Six Tracts in an attractive volume, entitled,

"The New Home;" or, Wedded Life; its Duties, Cares, and Pleasures. 1s.
Who's Fault is it? 2d.
Something Homely. 2d.
Household Troubles. 2d.
Every-day Wonders of Bodily Life. In Three Parts, 2d. each. Or com-
plete in handsome volume, 1s. (Recommended by Prof. Owen.)
The Secret of a Healthy Home. 2d.

Packets of Tracts Assorted from the above, 1s. each.

LONDON: LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION,
14A, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE;
And Sold by JOHN MORGAN, 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.

331.48287

14935 ✓

Ladies' Sanitary Association.

DRESS AND ITS COST.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION,
14A, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE;
AND BY
JOHN MORGAN, 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.

The Members of the Ladies' Sanitary Association are prepared to substantiate the truth of the statements made in this Tract.

DRESS AND ITS COST.

"HELEN, is not that a lovely dress?" said Mrs. Castelford, as on a Saturday afternoon she was with her sister making purchases at one of the fashionable shops at the west end of London. "I think I shall buy it to wear at Lady Cranford's picnic on Monday."

"I thought you had already ordered your dress for Monday."

"Well, so I have; but that does not signify. This dress is infinitely prettier than the one I had chosen."

"But this is Saturday, Emma. There is no time to have the dress made."

"No time! Nonsense. I will take it with me now, and we will drive at once to Madame Carlotta's. She always finds time to have everything made for me."

Mrs. Percy was too well acquainted with her sister's wilful nature to venture to remonstrate further at the moment; but as soon as they were seated in the carriage, and she was alone with her, she again entreated her to think before giving an

order which must entail so much inconvenience upon her dressmaker.

"Inconvenience! Nonsense. Helen, you have grown perfectly absurd. Just as if it will make the slightest difference to Madame Carlotta whether she has one dress more or less to get ready by Monday morning."

"But supposing, Emma, that a number of other ladies should do exactly what you are doing now—change their minds late on Saturday evening, and order fresh dresses to be ready by Monday morning—how are they to be made, except by the women sitting up at night and working through the whole of Sunday?"

"Well, and if they do it will not hurt them for once. It cannot be helped."

"Oh, Emma—cannot be helped."

"We must have our dresses made," returned Mrs. Castelford pettishly. "It would be too ridiculous to expect that we are to pay exorbitant milliners' bills, and yet not be at liberty to order a dress in a hurry if we require it."

"But would it not be better if we allowed more time for our dresses to be made, and had not such exorbitant milliners' bills to pay?" suggested Mrs. Percy.

"I dare say the world would go on better altogether if you had the management of it," answered Mrs. Castelford; "but meanwhile I am quite content to leave matters as they are, and to feel sure that I shall be the best dressed woman at Lady Cranford's on Monday."

"But may you not pay too dear, Emma, for even

this gratification? Would you feel your pleasure worth having if you knew that it was purchased at the cost of health and strength, nay, perhaps even of life itself, to some one of these unfortunate work-women?"

"Helen, I really have no patience with you. Just because a woman is reported to have died in a work-room—and I dare say her life was not shortened by overwork after all—then immediately a fuss is made, and people are all ready to talk the exaggerated nonsense that you are talking now: just as if my ordering this new dress for Monday would make the slightest difference to any one of Madame Carlotta's workpeople. If she did not undertake my order she would undertake some one else's; and for what does she keep up her large establishment, except to have the work done?"

"Yes; but have you ever stopped to think, Emma, how that work is done? Have you ever pictured to yourself what it must be to have to sit hour after hour in a room so close and fetid that the head swims and the stomach is nauseated? for how can there be breathable atmosphere left in a room where the women have to sit so close together that the very thread cannot be drawn out of the work in the ordinary way, but must be pulled out straight in front of the worker, lest the needle should injure the woman who sits next to her? Have you ever thought of the amount of misery which must be endured before a woman will fall back in her chair two or three times in a day, senseless from exhaustion, and then can be only brought back to life and to work

by the application of the strongest stimulants? Or again, think what it must be to have to bend hour after hour over some dazzling colour or glittering material, with eyes so sore and swollen that even the short time allowed for rest and recreation must be spent in darkness and discomfort, that under the application of lotions and poultices the sight may be restored sufficiently to enable the unfortunate work-woman to resume her labours as soon as her short rest is ended. Oh, Emma, if you had ever thought of all the misery that we women inflict upon each other, you would not treat this matter as lightly as you do."

"Really you must not ask me to think about it at all," replied Mrs. Castelford: "it would make me too miserable. If I were forced to weigh, and to ponder, and to think over every action of my life, as you do, I should be utterly wretched. And besides, it seems to me people are always in extremes. Now, the women have to be supported because they have no work to do; and then, the moment work is provided, there is all this outcry made, as if they were positively murdered by our thoughtlessness. It is not our fault, surely, that we cannot regulate the exact amount of demand and supply. At any rate, it is a question I do not feel called upon to settle. Will you come in with me, and see all Madame Carlotta's pretty things?" added Mrs. Castelford, as the carriage stopped before the house of the dressmaker.

"No, thank you. I will wait for you here."

"Be warned: I shall keep you a long time waiting."

"Never mind: I can wait patiently."

And leaning back in her seat, Mrs. Percy thought sadly and seriously over the words which had just passed between her sister and herself. What was to be done? How was this mischief to be stayed? The wellbeing of hundreds of women was endangered, and yet how was the remedy to be applied? Vanity, self-love, self-interest, were all at work to increase the evil, acting and reacting both upon the employers and the employed. Where the motive power to do wrong was so strong, where could the resisting force be found?

There was, indeed, one infallible remedy at hand. Let but the spirit of true Christian love be brought into play, and the end sought would be at once obtained. But alas, and alas, that we should be forced to confess that in a Christian land Christians, professing to serve the Master whose name they bear, prefer to act upon any principle rather than that of love to God, and love to man for His sake!

Mrs. Castelford was no better and no worse than hundreds of others. She was a pretty, vain, spoiled woman; fond of dress, fond of admiration; very good-natured, always ready to do a kindness when it did not interfere with her own comfort; liked by the world, popular in society. She was not hard-hearted. If she had been brought face to face with those women whose life her sister had but described, she would, for the moment, have been inexpressibly shocked. If she had seen their wan, pale faces; if she had noted their swollen feet and legs; if she had known that disease, disease which, if it did not actually kill, must embitter the whole remainder of their

existence, was being engendered by those long hours of standing required for arranging the elaborate trimmings now so universally worn; if she had breathed the foul and polluted atmosphere which these women were breathing, hour after hour, day after day—she would have shuddered at the tales she heard and at the sights she saw, and would have exclaimed, in perfectly good faith, “Oh, this is horrible! Can nothing be done to stop it?”

But let the reply be made, “Yes; much may be done to stop it. You yourself may stop it in some measure, simply by the exercise of forethought and self-denial. You have but to make up your mind, for instance, what dress you will require for any given party, and let that dress be ordered a week or ten days before it is wanted.”

Nay, then, at once you are at issue. “Impossible; quite impossible. I could not make up my mind so long beforehand. I might see a charming dress—just such a dress as I wanted—only a day or two before I wanted it: it would be too cruel to tell me I might not order it. And besides, I do not always know what my engagements may be a week beforehand.”

“In that case, then, be content to wear some dress already in your possession.”

“Oh, that would be ridiculous! You might as well bid me go out of society altogether.”

And so, rather than sacrifice one iota of pleased vanity, a woman will consent to sacrifice the health, and the comfort, and the life even, of her fellow-creatures.

But many will urge, “True enough; but you are putting the case too strongly. The fault does not rest entirely with ladies.”

Granted; but it originates with them, and in the thoughtless love of dress, so inherent in the nature of women. It is on the rich and the educated that rests the just burden of responsibility. It is their folly, and vanity, and frivolity, which hold out the bait to the cupidity of the dressmakers; and these, only too thankful for the opportunity offered of enriching themselves, gladly take advantage of the foibles of their customers. Here self-interest comes into play, and against self-interest it is quite as difficult to make head as against vanity. Ladies may unite their efforts as much as they please, and try their utmost to check this frightful evil of women being enslaved and worked to death; but if the dressmakers themselves will not help them in their endeavours, no real practical good can ever be done. Again we are met by the same obstacle: “Words are plenty; deeds are few.”

“We shall be most happy to help you in any way we can. But what can we do?”

“Refuse work when you know that you have already as much in the house as your women can properly get through.”

“Impossible. We have our establishments to keep up, our families to provide for. If we were to refuse the work that is brought to us, it would go to other houses; the loss would be to ourselves.”

“Then you must have larger premises and employ more hands.”

"Again impossible. Rents are too exorbitant; wages are too high."

Self-interest bars the way. Rather than sacrifice position to profit, human lives are to be freely offered up.

"Yes; but," we are told, "why do not the women take the matter into their own hands? If they would only as a body resist the pressure that is put upon them, it must of necessity cease; whereas not only do they submit themselves to the yoke, but for a small additional amount of pay will actually consent to work any number of over-hours. If they are not willing victims, why do they do it?"

Why? Because life is dear even to the over-worked and to the miserable.

Why? Because dearer still than life are those who are dependent for support on the exertions of these workwomen. One who shall be nameless knew the strength of this motive power when he said, "I prefer as a worker a widow with children, or a wife with a sick husband: such women will work till they drop."

Why, again? Because, perhaps, like their betters, they have the same craving for dress, the same unrestrained love of pleasure; they wish to look smart and to please, to indulge in vanity, in folly, in sin.

Or again, why? They are urged on to slave now by the hope that so they may accumulate some small store which will enable them to escape from this endless, ever-beginning, never-ending toil; trying to lay by for a future time, which, alas! it is little probable that they will ever have strength and vigour enough to reach.

Ah! who may calculate all the motives which keep

these poor women at their posts, ruining their health, demoralizing their nature, crushing the very life out of them; and whilst doing this damage to themselves, doing no less a mischief to the world, by lending their aid to stimulate the sin, which, like a cancer, is eating deep into the constitution of society? Oh that where the disease is so apparent, the remedy so well known, the disease should be ever spreading, the remedy so universally refused!

It was from thoughts such as these that Mrs. Percy was roused by the return of her sister.

"Are you quite out of patience with me?" she asked, as she took her seat by Mrs. Percy.

"No, indeed: you do not seem to have been very long."

"I am afraid there are not many sisters who would be so good-natured," replied Mrs. Castelford, with one of her bright smiles; "but I bring you tidings which I am sure will repay you for all your waiting. Madame Carlotta says that there will not be a shadow of difficulty in having my dress finished for me by Monday. She promised it instantly."

Of course she did. Mrs. Castelford was too good a customer for Madame Carlotta to run the slightest risk of affronting her. But what if Mrs. Castelford had known the result of her order? What if she had seen the poor, pale, jaded forewoman, who came at Madame Carlotta's bidding to receive instructions for the elaborate dress? What if she could have heard the weary tones in which the unfortunate workwoman urged on her employer,—

"It is impossible that we can get this dress done

in time. We have already more work in the house promised for Monday than we shall be able to get through."

"It is promised: it must be done," was Madame Carlotta's only reply.

"But how?"

"That is for you to answer. You have hardly forgotten that when I engaged you as my forewoman it was with the clear understanding, that when there was any pressure of work you would be expected to sit up day and night till it was done."

"And have I not already sat up for five nights this week? My strength is spent. I feel, madame, that if I cannot get one night's rest I shall sink from sheer exhaustion."

"It cannot be helped: the dress is promised, and must be done."

Wearily, wearily, the unfortunate woman dragged back to the work-room, sank down on a chair, and swooned away. Meanwhile Mrs. Castelford was driving round the park—bright, joyous, happy.

And must these things be?

This is no overdrawn picture, no exaggerated statement. It is just the simple relation of a matter of every-day occurrence; indeed, so much a matter of every-day occurrence, that people have ceased to attach any particular importance to it, one way or the other. They have learned to look upon it as the inevitable evil of a refined and luxurious age; an evil for thoughtful and philanthropic folk to sigh over, but one quite beyond the power of society to grapple with and overcome.

Is it to be so indeed? Are we to be aware of the presence of this mighty wrong, and yet make no effort to remove the guilt from the midst of us? Because the evil is gigantic, are we to turn from it affrighted, or to sit still unmoved, contenting ourselves with the oft-repeated wish, that some one could be found to do the work which we ourselves will not touch with so much as one of our fingers? Because we cannot see our way to a perfect cure, are we to refuse to make use of partial remedies? Are we to allow the disease to spread, day by day, month by month, year by year, without making so much as one effort to arrest its progress? There is truth in the old proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread." If we cannot have a full meal, let us at least stay off our exhaustion with the crumbs. Let us look the evil steadily in the face, and let us photograph its likeness for those who have not the courage to make personal acquaintance with it themselves.

There is more weakness than wickedness in the world—more wrong done by thoughtlessness than by crime. People lack courage to originate, but they will follow where others lead. Are there, then, no brave, loving hearts amongst the aristocracy of England; no women who have found, by experience, that they cannot serve God and Mammon, and who will boldly therefore stand forward in the service of Him whose name they bear; who, without withdrawing from the world, or throwing up the position which God Himself has given them as a talent to be used for His glory, will show by their daily walk and conversation that they know how to use the world as not abusing it,

how to be in the world, and yet not of it? Oh, let them stand forward now. Let those who give the tone to society set it to the right chord.

If only there is the ready mind, the means will not be wanting.

What, then, are the remedies suggested?

First, let a sufficient time be allowed between the giving of an order and its necessary execution.

We know the objection will be immediately raised, "Oh, dressmakers are so troublesome. If you allow them time it does no real good: it only enables them to take more work from less conscientious people. You are neglected whilst they are to be satisfied."

It may be so; but, remember, it is not of the faults of the dressmakers, but of the ladies, we are speaking now. By-and-by we will touch on the responsibilities of the dressmakers. Meantime, let the ladies do their duty. They may suffer inconvenience: they will escape condemnation.

Secondly, let your bills be paid regularly, with ready money, if possible, but at any rate at fixed periods not exceeding three months.

Again the objectors meet us:—

"We should desire nothing better. It is the dressmakers, not ourselves, who are in fault. We have asked for our accounts: they refuse to send them in."

Of course they do: the request is so exceptional that the dressmakers do not care to comply with it. Self-interest has taught them that if ladies paid their bills regularly, they would not order so many, nor such expensive dresses. It is a very different thing

to be asked to part with ready money for which, possibly, you have many wants, or to be able to say, "Let such and such things be placed to my account;" an account which they may not see for months, perhaps even for years, and which they know will, after all, be paid by their husbands or fathers, and not by themselves.

Depend upon it, it would be the best possible check upon the frivolity of the age, to pass a law that luxuries could only be purchased in hard cash.

But it is not only that by quick payment the work would be decreased: the dressmakers fear a still more damaging result. They dread a loss of profit. They know quite well they could not maintain their enormous charges except with the excuse of this long-credit system. But for this they must charge less to their customers, whilst they paid their workwomen more. They are too short-sighted to see that, in the end, fair profits and quick returns would be the most to their advantage; and so, trying to grasp more than their share, they throw every obstacle in the way of those who desire to bring about an amendment. What, then, are the ladies to do?

Why should they not unite, and refuse their custom to any dressmaker who will not receive ready money, or allow their accounts to be settled at least once in three months? If the ladies of fashion would really do this, not profess to do it—if they would practise self-denial, and pay their bills regularly as soon as they are sent in—the end would be attained. This portion of the evil would at least cure itself: it must do so, of

necessity; and depend upon it this remedy rests in the hands of the ladies.

Thirdly, why should not the work be more equally distributed? There are numbers of good needlewomen of whom the world knows nothing, and who, only lacking employment for want of a name, would have their fame at once established if a few fashionable ladies would give them employment. The formation of these smaller establishments would materially lessen the pressure on the larger ones. The work would be more equally distributed; and whilst a greater number of women would be employed, there would not be the present overcrowding of numbers into one room. Arrangements for ventilation, &c., impossible under the present system, could easily be carried out when only three or four, or at most five women were working together.

We are perfectly aware that, in order to carry out this suggestion successfully, some plan must be arranged by which these small dressmakers may be supplied with capital. But surely this need not be an insuperable difficulty when real good is in question; and besides, the finding the necessary capital would not be a novel experiment. It has been tried on a small scale, and found to answer admirably.

A lady who was very much interested in two young women, both excellent dressmakers, determined to establish them, each one in business for herself. She was perfectly aware that this could not be done without supplying them with capital. When, therefore, either of the women required money for the purchase of their materials, they applied to her. She

advanced the requisite sum, which was repaid when the bills were settled. The result of this plan has been, that one of the two women is now in a position to support herself and two children, and the other would have realized a competence had not her health failed, and obliged her to give up the excellent connection which she had formed.

Why, then, should not an experiment which has proved so successful on a small scale, be repeated on a larger one? Of course there will be some risk to the lender of the money; but how seldom can good be effected without incurring some risk; and if only the money lavished on the undeserving could be given to the industrious, that risk would be far more than covered. But even if ladies shrink from undertaking the trouble and responsibility single-handed, why should they not establish a loan society, from which women might receive the assistance they require, under such regulations and guarantees as might reduce the risk to the lenders, and insure, as far as possible, punctual repayment from those who borrow?

The good which would result to the health and morals of the town, if this plan was carried out judiciously, would, we feel sure, surprise even its most sanguine promoters.

But in order to insure its success there are two things wanting: first, that ladies should pay their bills promptly; and secondly, that they should not look upon the matter in the light of a commercial transaction, in which they are to get the best possible work, and pay the lowest possible price. They must

be content to pay a fair price for the work they order. And yet, strange to say, it is so difficult to persuade people to do this. For the hundred who will give generously in charity, you will hardly find the one who will pay liberally for work done; and yet the same person who will grudge a fair remuneration to the dressmaker who lives in a back street, will give the most absurd and exorbitant price for the dress or bonnet purchased of the fashionable milliner at the west end of the town.

But whilst making these suggestions it is not for a moment asserted that they can be easily carried out. On the contrary, those who promote such plans must be content to take not only thought and trouble, but themselves to set the example of following the advice they give. They are sure to meet with opposition, not only from society at large, but from the dress-makers themselves. In the end changes such as these indicated would probably be found to benefit all parties; but in the beginning it is more than possible that many of the great London establishments would not be able in one season to realize such large profits as they do now.

But what then? Surely, surely, there must be women who, rather than accumulate large fortunes rapidly, would consent to husband the strength of those unfortunate women by whose exertions those fortunes are amassed. Surely, surely, there must be those who grieve to see the result of the present system of overpressure and overwork; who cannot notice without regret and self-reproach the daily falling off of strength in the women in their employment;

who see with pain, deep pain, that those hours, those days and nights, spent in perpetual, never-ceasing toil, end, as they must end, in ruined health, legs swollen and feet blistered, eyes so tried and weakened that, if they do their work at all, that work is done in suffering little short of agony, whilst the vital energy of the whole body is so enfeebled by the strain put upon its powers, that life itself becomes a misery, with every organ diseased or impaired.

And are we to be told that this is necessary? Are we to be told that, to minister to the vanity of one portion of society, and to the cupidity of another, women must work, as we know they have worked in this very season which is just ended, beginning at 5 o'clock a.m. on Monday, and working on till 4 o'clock a.m. on Tuesday; then a short rest of three hours; up again at 7 a.m., and on, on, ever on, till 5 o'clock a.m. on Wednesday; then allowed to sleep till 7; then again the work must be resumed; and so the weary week drags on. And even should rest be granted on the Sabbath, how is it possible that the Sabbath can be anticipated, except as a relief to the body? there is no time to think about the soul.

Again, are we to acquiesce patiently in the necessity of women standing, as we know they have stood this season, eight and twelve hours at a time? Is it a necessity that dresses are to be trimmed in such a manner as necessitates the sacrifice of health? Are diseases which from their very nature can only be indicated, but which are deadly in their results, to be brought on because ladies choose to have trimmings

for their dresses so elaborate and fragile in their texture that women must stand hour after hour lest they should be crushed as they are fastened on?

Are we told that these and such-like things must be; that ladies must be satisfied whilst women wear out and die; or else that the dressmakers must be content to forego their profits, if not to become actually bankrupts, and abandon business altogether? Thank God, we are prepared to prove the untruth and the fallacy of such a statement. We are able to adduce the testimony of one who has served God from her childhood upwards, and has found her profit in so doing, and who now, in her old age—rich, honoured, loved, respected, trusted—can look back gratefully on her past life, and humbly thank her heavenly Father that her hands are free from the blood of all men.

It would be pleasant to know that there are many who have done their duty as well as she has done it; it would be pleasant also to think that she might be the means of inducing others to follow in a course which has been so greatly blessed to herself; and it is with the hope that many may see that the improvements which have been suggested are not the mere idle speculations of an unpractical philanthropist, that the following extracts are given, from the letters of one who, in her time, was both a fashionable and prosperous dressmaker:—

“I am aware that my business was conducted on a peculiar system. Those only who thoroughly understand the business could manage it as I, by God’s great blessing of health and strength, have

been able to do. I am quite ignorant of other houses of business. I always preferred teaching my own assistants myself. They have remained with me until they married, or returned to their homes to be useful. It has been a happy life to one, who has lived with me thirty years, and who is with me here now in my retirement, preferring to be with me rather than to make a fortune remaining in business. I always sought to receive such pupils as I could make my friends. Many of my assistants were the daughters of clergymen and of professional men who were in straitened circumstances. We all lived together as one family. I preferred that all work which could not be comfortably done from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. should be put out; and unless under any very urgent occasion, these were my hours of business. I lived in a large, airy house. We all took our meals together, of the best and plainest sort. I am thankful to say I had but little sickness. I always arranged with the friends of my assistants, that if the young women had any serious illness they should be returned to their homes, as I knew I could not undertake the responsibility of nursing, &c. As to the Sabbath day, no one could have enjoyed that day of rest more thoroughly than we did. I took sittings in church at my own expense, and attended service twice a day with my family, and between the services we had reading and singing. We also very often attended weekly lectures and prayer-meetings. I never allowed the young ones to go out alone, but three or four went out together morning and evening, for recreation, on week-days. Indeed, I tried to

make their home so happy that they desired no amusement beyond six weeks' or two months' holiday with their friends, most of whom lived at a distance."

Can we do better than to conclude with this practical comment on the suggestions that have been offered? Can it be denied that the crying evils we see around us are capable of alleviation, if not of cure, when we have the positive experience of a woman who, under a totally different system from that which we are told is a necessity, contrived not only to realize a large fortune for herself while giving liberally to others, but so to do her duty to the women in her employ, that when at one time she thought of retiring from business, it was felt that it would be a misfortune to so many that her clergyman consented to come forward and urge it upon her as a point of conscience whether she would be right, for the sake of taking rest herself, to abandon a position in which she was doing so much good to all around her; and with her characteristic self-denial she yielded the point, and remained at her post?

What has been done may be done again. Oh that all those who deplore the evils now existing amongst the workwomen of England would unite to provide the remedy! They are not evils to be grappled with single-handed. Employers and employed must alike unite their efforts, or the work must remain undone. But surely the servants of Christ are not such faint-hearted soldiers that they will shrink away from the battle-field. What if the hosts of the enemy do look more numerous than their own! let them look

upward for strength and help; and who knows but that their eyes may be opened, like the eyes of the servant of the prophet of old; and that, though surrounded by present perplexity, difficulty, and discouragement, they will see, to their great comfort and encouragement, that, after all, "They that be with us are more than they that be with them"?

FOURTH THOUSAND.

COMMON-LIFE SERMONS. By the Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Derby. Price, in limp cloth, 2s.; and 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

"Mr. Clarke calls a spade a spade, in terms of the plainest, and most homely, and almost too familiar English. Throwing himself into the feelings and ways of the poor people of a manufacturing town, and especially into the ways and feelings of the young, with a downright sympathy and a vigour of speech that must have gone a long way towards carrying them with him, he speaks home about the actual sins, and the actual wants and cravings of his congregation."—*The Guardian*, Feb. 25th, 1863.

WILSON (Bishop) on the LORD'S SUPPER. Neatly printed, in good, readable type. Royal 24mo, price, cloth boards, 1s.

PRAYERS for CHILDREN. By the Rev. HENRY W. LEE. 18mo, with coloured frontispiece, ornamental cover, price 6d.; and extra cloth, limp, gilt edges, 1s.

A SUNDAY BOOK FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

The **LIFE OF CHRIST**, taken from the Services of the Church. With Questions and Answers. Price 6d.

The **CHILDREN'S SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.** Compiled by Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., of Derby. Price, in paper covers, 1d., and in strong cloth, 2d.

The **CHILDREN'S HOME HYMN BOOK**; consisting of Hymns meant to be committed to the Memory. Compiled by Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., of Derby. Price, in paper covers, 1d.; and in strong cloth, 2d.

SALVATION; or, a Summary of Saving Truths. By JOSIAH W. SMITH, B.C.L., one of her Majesty's Counsel. Price 1d. on paper; strong cloth, 2d.

Also, by the same Author,

A **CATECHISM of the WAY of SALVATION**, designed to be used after the Church Catechism. Price 1d. in paper covers; strong cloth, 2d.

Both of the above are published with the approval of the Lord Archbishop of York, and the Lord Bishop of Lichfield.

London: JOHN MORGAN, 10, Paternoster Row.

Ladies' Sanitary Association,

AFFILIATED WITH

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF
SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Patronesses.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

THE COUNTESS DE GREY.

THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY.

THE VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.

THE COUNTESS RUSSELL.

THE RT. HON. LADY EBURY.

THE COUNTESS OF BERNSTORFF.

LA COMTESSE A. DE NOAILLES.

THE LADY HERBERT.

THE HON. MRS. R. C. TRENCH.

Committee.

THE HON. MRS. WM. COWPER.

MRS. CRAUFURD.

MISS CRAUFURD.

MISS ISA CRAIG.

THE RIGHT HON. LADY EBURY.

MRS. WILLIAM FISON.

MRS. GREGORY.

MRS. CHARLES GUBBINS.

MRS. RUSSELL GURNEY.

LADY HARDING.

MISS F. HOLLAND.

LA COMTESSE A. DE NOAILLES.

MISS PARRY.

MRS. ROTH.

MRS. SUTHERLAND.

MRS. THOMAS TWINING.

THE LADY VERNEY.

MRS. HENSLEIGH WEDGEWOOD.

Editing Committee.

DR. WILLIAM FARR, F.R.S.

R. D. GRAINGER, Esq.

J. MARSHALL, Esq., F.R.C.S., F.R.S.

DR. E. H. SIEVEKING.

DR. JOHN SUTHERLAND.

DR. CHARLES WEST.

Treasurers.

RUSSELL GURNEY, Esq., Q.C. (Recorder.) | MRS. ROTH.

Honorary Auditors.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM F. COWPER, M.P.

EDWARD H. J. CRAUFURD, Esq., M.P.

Bankers.

SIR S. SCOTT, BART., & Co., 1, Cavendish Square, W.

MESSES. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Birchin Lane, Cornhill.

Honorary Secretaries.

THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM COWPER. | MRS. SUTHERLAND.

Secretary.

MISS E. S. GRIFFITHS.

Office.

14A, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON, W.

POPULAR TRACTS ON HEALTH,
Issued by the Ladies' Sanitary Association.
AFFILIATED WITH THE
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF
SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Just published.

Wasps have Stings; or, Beware of Tight Lacing. 1d.
Sowing the Seed. 2d.
Evils Resulting from **R**ising Too Early after Childbirth. 2d.
How to Rear Healthy Children. In Packets of 50 Copies, 1s. each Packet.

Healthy Dwellings, and prevailing Sanitary Defects in the Homes of the
Working Classes. By Henry Roberts, F.S.A. 4d.

Woman's Work in Sanitary Reform. 2d.
Sanitary Defects and Medical Short-comings. By Dr. Lankester. 2d.
The Health in the Parish, and the Dwellings of the People. 2d.
The Massacre of the Innocents. 1d.
The Mischief of Bad Air. $\frac{3}{4}$ d.
When were you Vaccinated? 1d.
The Cheap Doctor: a Word about Fresh Air. $\frac{3}{4}$ d.
Black Hole in our Bed-rooms. $\frac{3}{4}$ d.
Washing the Children. 1d.

About to Marry. 1d.
How do People Hasten Death? 2d.
The Health of Mothers. 2d.
How to Manage a Baby. 2d.
The Power of Soap and Water. $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.
The Worth of Fresh Air. 2d.
The Use of Pure Water. 2d.
The Value of Good Food. 2d.
Influence of Wholesome Drink. 2d.
Advantage of Warm Clothing. 2d.
Going to School. 1d.
Never Despair: Household Verses on Health and Happiness. 2d.
The Sick Child's Cry: Ditto. 2d.
Work and Play: Ditto for Children. 2d.

The above Three in one volume, cloth, 9d.

The Bride's New Home. 1d.
The Mother. 1d.
The Inspector: How to Get Rid of Bad Smells Without, and Bad Tempers
Within. 1d.
A Day in the Country. 1d.
Lost and Found. 1d.

The above Six Tracts in an attractive volume, entitled,

"The New Home;" or, Wedded Life; its Duties, Cares, and Pleasures. 1s.
Who's Fault is it? 2d.
Something Homely. 2d.
Household Troubles. 2d.
Every-day Wonders of Bodily Life. In Three Parts, 2d. each. Or com-
plete in handsome volume, 1s. (Recommended by Prof. Owen.)
The Secret of a Healthy Home. 2d.

Packets of Tracts Assorted from the above, 1s. each.

LONDON: LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION,
14A, Princes Street, Cavendish Square;
And Sold by JOHN MORGAN, 10, Paternoster Row.

649.1

14936 ✓

Ladies' Sanitary Association.

SOWING THE SEED.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION,
14A, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE;
AND JOHN MORGAN, 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.

SOWING THE SEED.

It has often made me feel sorry to observe how much suffering there is among children; how often, instead of being happy, they are discontented, fretful, and complaining; how often the air is filled with their cries. We may be very sure that this crying is often caused by bodily illness, since we know how large a number of the children that are born die before they are five years old. Those who have studied the matter tell us that out of every hundred children that are born thirty never live to see their fifth birthday come round. Before all these deaths there must have been a time, longer or shorter, of weariness, sickness, and pain, that makes one's heart ache to think of.

Many are trying to teach our people how to change this sad state of things by better management. Pure air and water, warmth, and cleanliness, will do much in giving health and longer life to the poor little ones. I am going to add a few

words about another thing, the importance of which, I think, we too often forget both in the case of old and young: I mean a cheerful and contented mind. As I believe that illness is very often the real cause of the fretting and crying which people are apt to punish as crossness and bad temper, so I think it is also true that fretting and crying in their turn make children ill. Is it not so with us older people? Do we not all know that when any great sorrow comes upon us, and our eyes grow dim with weeping, we suffer in health? The appetite goes, the head aches, the face grows pale, and the limbs lose their strength. Be sure, then, that a constant state of dulness, discontent, worry, and fretfulness, though it may not have such a strong effect on the body as that, yet lowers the strength. Be sure that if you want to rear healthy children you must make them happy children. "Healthy and happy"—"happy and healthy"—the two words seem to go together naturally.

Do not fall into the mistake of thinking that the woes of children are fanciful; that children do not feel sorrow, but cry for nothing at all. It is very true that if they have got into a habit of crying they will scream and make a great noise about very little; but then what has given them this bad habit? Is it not often given by a neglect of their real wants, by mistaken indulgence or severity, by

injustice, or, in short, by bad management of some kind? Be sure that children feel deeply. Their little sorrows are great to them. Look back to your own childhood, and to what you felt then, and you will know I only say what is true. In looking back to my own I remember days of grief almost as great as any I have had since. I can remember being unjustly shut up, and left at home, on a day when I had been promised that I should go to see a lady I loved very much. It was a trifling fault for which I was punished, and I was innocent of it. All the years that have passed since have not made me forget the anguish of heart I suffered that day, nor the tears and sobs that almost choked me. I can remember, too, being lost, as I thought, in some public gardens in London. It was only done for fun by the girl who had the charge of me; but my terror when I looked round and saw no one near was so great that, though I was then only five, I seem at this day to see the grass, and lilac-bushes, and gravel walk, that I looked upon in my misery. No sailor shipwrecked on a lonely rock, no traveller benighted in a desert, ever felt more cast-away.

Remember, too, that these sorrows of children, and the habits and feelings they leave behind, do not end with childhood. They "sow the seed" of many faults that will grow up afterwards. Children who are kept fretting and crying are not only

unlikely to be strong and healthy, as children, but are very likely to grow up weak in body, fretful in temper, and little able to take their share bravely in the duties and trials of life. I have said that all this is too often forgotten. If I give you some instances of what I mean you will perhaps think they are very trifling things. Do not think so. These things that seem little to you are great to little children, and great in their future consequences for good or for evil.

Infants have no way of telling their wants but to cry. They cannot say, "I am hungry," "I am thirsty," "I am too hot," "I am cold," "A pin is hurting me:" all they can do is to cry. But as soon as a child can speak, the mother will try to teach it to ask, and not to cry. "Ask for what you want," she will say. "Say, If you please, and you shall have it." The mother then must not forget that she has said, "You shall have it." If her child only asks for what is really good for it, she ought to give what it has asked for, and without delay. If she delays she must not wonder if her child gets impatient and begins to cry, because though the thing asked for seems a very trifling one to her, and one that, as she is busy, may be waited for, it is perhaps a very great thing to the child, who has, besides, no idea how long he may have to wait, nor whether, as he does not get it at once, he may ever get it at all; so he cries, and

then he gets attention, and so very soon learns a bad lesson. This happens much in the following way:—

A little boy wants to go out to play, but his cap is on a shelf beyond his reach. "Mother, I want my cap," he says. "Please, mother, give me my cap." But mother is washing. She hardly hears him at first, and when she does she is too busy to mind him. So he goes on saying, "Please, mother, my cap;" and she goes on washing, and thinking that he may very well wait till she has finished off the things under her hand. Meanwhile time is going on. The other boys are out in the lane, laughing and shouting. The game will be over. The poor little fellow quite loses his patience, and begins to cry. Now the mother's attention is roused. "What's the matter, Tommy?" she calls out as she runs to him. "My cap!" he sobs. "There, then—bless his little heart!—Don't cry: here's his cap;" and she puts it on for him, and Tommy toddles off to his friends in the lane, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, while his mother goes back to her washing-tub, never thinking how she has been undoing all her teaching. She will find it in vain to say, "Ask for what you want," or, "Say, If you please, and you shall have it." Tommy knows better. The way to get a thing is to cry for it. It would have been a little trouble to put down the things that were in her hand and go

for the cap at once; but it will be much more trouble to her to hear fretting and crying all day long.

And some mothers are not so kind and good-natured as Tommy's; and then matters are worse. A gentleman in Edinburgh was obliged to give up his lodgings because of the wearisome noise that began outside his door every morning at eight o'clock. No sooner did eight o'clock strike than little Jemmy, the landlady's son, stationed himself there at the top of the stairs, and began, "Jeanie, bring up the porridge." Porridge is the common breakfast for all Scotch children, and a very good and nourishing breakfast it is.

"Jeanie, bring up the porridge," cries poor Jemmy. "Jeanie, bring up the po—o—o—ridge."

Then comes a long wailing and crying.

"Eh, Jeanie, bring up the porridge; bring up the porridge!" Then a long cry, and then, "Jeanie, bring up the porridge," again; and so it goes on. At last a clattering of bowls and spoons is heard coming up the stairs, and then Jemmy stops, follows his porridge into the room, and seats himself at the table to begin. But his tears drop into his spoon, and his face is full of peevishness. His breakfast will not do him half so much good as if he had got it without all that fretting, or as if he had been taught to play about, or trundle his hoop, or do something active and healthful, till it

came, and he began eating with rosy cheeks and a cheerful heart. Jemmy's mother might have prevented all his grief by some little trouble; but this is not possible for some mothers. The sorrows and toils they have to bear will fall in some degree on their poor children.

Two young ladies are walking beside a hedgerow in the country, when a sad sound makes them stop and listen. It is the low moaning of a child. The moaning comes nearer, and they hear footsteps on the path that runs along the other side of the hedge. More and more plaintive seems the child's cry, and then comes a loud threatening voice, and the cry stops for a moment only to begin again. "Mother, mother, take me up!" sobs the pitiful voice.

"How cruel that woman must be," says one of the young ladies, "not to take up her poor child." The other does not speak, but climbs over a stile that separates the field in which they were walking from the pathway, and soon overtakes the mother and child. She sees that the child is a pretty little girl, who goes stumbling along the stony path, lame with a long journey, pale with fatigue, and hardly able to keep up with its mother, while it goes on with its pitiful cry of "Mother, mother, take me up."

But the mother is over-loaded, dusty, and weary. She carries a baby on one arm and a

heavy basket on the other. She cannot bear more; and now she sets down her basket, and lifts her hand; but the young lady, who is close behind, catches it and holds it firmly.

"Do not strike your child," she says in a gentle voice. "She is very tired."

The poor mother burst into tears. "I am worn out with her fretting," she says. "I cannot carry her and the baby too, and my basket is load enough without either, and we've been a long way. We are but half a mile from home now; and Sally ought to be quiet and come on. No, no, my lady, that will never do; you must not think of carrying her yourself."

But Sally is safe in her new friend's arms, who will not hear of putting her down, but begs the mother to go on and they will follow. Poor little Sally cannot check her tears at first. She has been too much frightened, and her feet ache too much; but before very long she is smiling and talking, and pleased with the poppies they have gathered by the path; and baby peeps over his mother's shoulder, and holds out his hands for some, and gets some; and so they reach the cottage that Sally says is "home." Four brothers and sisters come to the door to meet them. They are all neat and clean, and so is everything in the cottage; and the poor woman whose daily toil keeps it so, sets down her basket, and thanks her

visitor with a grateful smile. She was a good mother, though in her toil-worn weariness she had been cruel to her child.

"It is easy for me. Oh, very easy, and nothing but a pleasure for me," thought the young lady as she walked away, "to carry little Sally. I am young and strong, and have had nothing to tire me. It was very different with her. But she will be glad, when she thinks of it, that she did not beat her poor tired child."

Yes, many a mother would be glad afterwards, when the passion is over, that she had not been severe to the children who were trying her temper beyond bearing when she was worn out with burdens and sorrows. It is very difficult to be patient at such times; but it is not impossible. It needs a strong effort to do right, and strong love and earnest prayer for help; and if it can be done, the effort will bring its own reward. Severity at such times will do nothing but harm, and add to every difficulty, when kindness and patience will bring the quiet she longs for so much.

What a pleasure it is to see a set of healthy, happy children, merry at play out of doors and good and quiet at home. I have often wondered how their mothers could keep them so clean, and well, and well-behaved, with so much to do and so many difficulties. It makes one see the

difference only the more when they are unruly and fretful. Of course I do not mean to say it is all management, or that it is equally easy to manage all children. Far from it. There is a great difference in children. Some have much better and easier tempers than others; and some can bear their little troubles and pains much better than others; but then it is all the more necessary to learn how to smooth the way for the less fortunate ones, and teach them how to face the trials that will come upon us all as years go on. Some children, too, have much weaker bodies than others, and are more easily hurt by any outward evils or by unwholesome food; and, therefore, though they may not be seriously ill, yet they are in sufficient discomfort to be made fretful.

These kind of weakly children are often made to suffer a great deal by being too hot. I have seen a child on a warm spring day with a fur round its throat, and a hot woollen shawl wrapped round it, wailing and crying in a crowded omnibus, and annoying all the passengers, while its nurse tried in vain to hush it by pressing it in her arms and rocking it backwards and forwards. The poor little thing was fevered with the heat, and the simple plan of seating it upright where the air could get to it, taking off the fur, and loosening

the shawl, at once changed its cries into smiles and baby talk.

Cold is also a frequent cause of fretting. Young children feel it much more painfully than grown-up people. Who cannot call to mind the sight of some little boy, with bare red legs, and the tears looking as if they would freeze on his blue, swollen cheeks, holding by his mother's gown as she loiters along marketing, or chatting with a neighbour in a bitter frost in winter? She does not know how his poor toes and fingers are aching and smarting, or she would not be angry with him for the noise he is making.

Discomfort of body sufficient to cause fretfulness, is also often produced by the habit of eating what children call sweet-stuff. Any one who would take the trouble to spend half-an-hour in one of the shops where they sell this sweet-stuff, would be surprised at the numbers of children that come in with a halfpenny or penny to buy. What they buy is always unwholesome, and it is very well known that poisonous things are put in the sugary comfits to give them their bright colours; so that children eating them day after day, make themselves sick and uneasy and cross. It would be far better to save up the halfpence till they make a little sum to be spent on something useful or pleasant for the children.

A picture book, a ball, or a hoop would give much more enjoyment, and save a great deal of fretfulness.

The habit of feeding children constantly when on a journey, or even when going out for a short excursion, as a means of keeping them quiet, is another frequent cause of fretfulness. The moment a child is the least troublesome, a bun or cake is taken out of a basket and given to it, till at last it becomes so ill and uncomfortable, that no power can keep it quiet.

It is sadly common to try to stop the habit of crying, which has been brought on in one way or another, by false promises and false threats. A mother will say, "Stop crying, and I'll give you a cake." "Be a good boy, and you shall have a halfpenny," without ever thinking of really giving either; and the child soon learns that he cannot trust her at all, and therefore her words have no effect upon him. It is just the same with threats. The very common threat of "the stick," is no more minded than if sticks were made of wool instead of wood, because though it may be really used once in twenty times it is never expected. And generally children soon find out that all manner of other threats are only falsehoods. "Here's the policeman coming!" "Bogie shall have you!" "There's the black man!" All these sayings are soon found out to

mean nothing by the children. But what a melancholy lesson do they learn at the same time! The lesson that truth is quite disregarded by their mothers, and therefore need not be regarded by them.

It may however happen that children are filled with dread and terror by threats, and as this happens in the case of timid, nervous constitutions, it is of course one of the worst things that can be done both for mind and body. Children have been frightened into fits by horrible stories of what would happen to them. I myself saw a little girl turn pale and tremble when the woman who was holding it in a steamer said, when it put its hand on a lady's muff, "I will fling you overboard if you touch that." The noise and rushing of the water most likely made it seem like a real danger to this poor little creature. It is by stories of "bogie," and "black man," and such like, that children are made timid in the dark, and cry if they are left to go to sleep in bed alone, a habit that causes great trouble to mothers. I knew a little boy who suffered terrors every morning, because he had been taught to believe that a man who passed calling, "Any umbrellas to mend!" called "Any naughty boys to be killed!" There was a melancholy story in the newspapers some years ago, of a little girl being frightened to death. She was in a shop, and she happened

to look out at the window at the moment when a boy with a hideous mask on his face looked in. She fell into fits and could never be recovered, but died in a few hours.

Without, however, causing such dreadful things as this, it is certain that the habit of threatening timid children makes them cowardly, selfish, fearful of the least pain, and therefore very fretful.

A little boy was pulling a wooden carriage, in which his two sisters were seated. He set off running down hill with it and upset it. All three children began screaming and crying. The girls were hurt and cried with pain, but the boy who was not hurt at all cried the loudest. "Poor fellow!" said a lady who was by. "How sorry he is to have hurt his sisters." But she soon found out her mistake. As soon as he could speak through his screams and sobs, the words that came were, "Shall I be sent to prison? Will they send me to prison?" He was in no grief for his sisters. He never heeded them as they lay on the path rubbing their knees, and complaining of their heads. All his thoughts were about himself. Of course he had been threatened with a prison, and was full of dread and terror about it.

The lady took the children into her house to comfort them, and after a time they all left off crying, and began to play about the room. When

suddenly one of the little girls set up a loud scream again, crying, "No black man come! No black man come!" the lady was quite puzzled at first to think what could be the matter, but she found out that the poor child's eyes were fixed on a small black head of a man, such as may be bought of the Italian boys who sell images, standing on a shelf as an ornament, and the screams were caused by fear that this was the "black man" come to take her away.

People who know how to manage children, and to keep them good and contented, know how important it is to avoid giving useless orders. "Sit still," "Stand up," "Put it down," "Hold your tongue," "Let that alone." This sort of ordering is sure to make children naughty, for they generally pay no attention to it, and are seldom expected to obey; but now and then they are, and then a sort of struggle begins, in which the children are often the conquerors.

Sometimes, too, people will refuse a thing to a child, not because there is any harm in it, but because they are themselves cross or tired, or ill tempered. "You shan't have it!" they will say, when there is really no reason to refuse, and "I will not do it," when there is really no reason why they should not. Young girls who are employed as nurse-maids are very apt to do this.

Two such young girls were walking out with

several children under their charge. One of these, a little boy, was screaming violently. What he wanted was to walk between the two, holding each by the hand. It could have done them no harm. He would soon have been tired of it and glad to run on, but they would not let him. "You shan't take hold. Walk on in front, sir!" These were the orders. It was easy to order, but impossible to make him obey. The plan he took was to stand still and let them walk on till they were nearly out of sight, filling the air with his screams all the time. They did not dare to leave him. He might have been lost. Besides, everybody was beginning to notice the noise, so they were obliged to take him between them after all. He therefore gained the battle; but to punish him they held his hands roughly, and knocked his feet against the stones. It is sad to think what "seed is sown" by such treatment as this.

A girl in a railway-carriage had charge of two little boys. One of them sat still on the seat as she had placed him, half asleep, looking as if he had eaten too much dinner; but the other little fellow was full of life and fun. He began looking about him, and as it was a large and nearly empty carriage, he thought to himself that he would get down and march about among the seats. There was no reason why he should not. He was quite safe on the floor. There was no danger of the

door being opened between station and station, and there was nobody he could annoy. But no! the girl would not let him. No sooner had his feet touched the floor than he was snatched up again, and seated as before. "Sit still, directly!" was the order. He sat still for about three minutes, and being a good-tempered child, did not cry; but that large floor of the carriage and those empty seats were too tempting, and down he got again. "Naughty boy! Look at your brother, how good he is!" was the cry, and he was seated roughly again. He was an uncommonly good child, for he tried to amuse himself by looking out at the side windows, but before the journey came to an end he had been down again, and been shaken for it, and made to cry and become rebellious, all because this girl was in a bad humour.

Among all the causes of fretfulness, there are few more common than the constant tumbles that children get when they first begin to run alone. They are for ever hurting themselves. A child's knees are generally all over bruises, black, blue, and green. Perhaps if I try to describe the different ways in which I have observed different mothers treat their children under these little misfortunes, you will understand better what I mean when I say that good management on these occasions may prevent a habit of fretting, and may

also sow the seed of a brave and independent character.

I was walking in a country lane with a little fellow of three, and his mother. We walked on, and he came after us, picking up pretty stones, peeping under the hedges at the weeds and wild flowers, and talking to himself. Suddenly a little noise made his mother half turn her head. He had tumbled into a deep rut. She took no notice, but walked slowly on, and his head appeared in a moment above the edge of the rut. He looked about, and said gravely, "Oh!" It was not an Oh! of pain, but as if he would have said, "Oh, here I am! I must see about getting out again." And first having put on his cap, which had fallen off, and rubbed the dry mud off his hands, he scrambled out, and ran after us. No one took any notice of the disaster, nor did he cry or complain, though he must have scratched his hands and knocked his head.

It is so common to treat a tumble in exactly the opposite way, that I can remember in a moment twenty instances that I have seen of it. A child falls on the floor, and knocks its head against a chair. Up starts the mother, and takes her little pet in her arms. "Has she hurt her head, then? Don't cry? Naughty chair to hit her. We'll beat it well, that we will," and so on; and, of course, there is a fit of crying that lasts a long time.

Another very common way is to scold a child if it falls down, and to pick it up roughly; but this is done more often by girls who are taking care of children than by their mothers. "Naughty boy!" they will say, shaking him by the arm, as if his tumble had not been bad enough; "why don't you look where you're going. See how you've dirtied your frock. I won't bring you out again if you don't mind." This is sure to bring on fits of crying, both from pain and rage. So many young girls go out to service as nursery-maids, besides those who are trusted to take care of their little brothers and sisters, that it is very much to be wished they could be taught how to manage children better.

Another way still there is, and a very good one, I think. It is to show kindness and feeling for the child, but carefully to avoid over-pity; rather giving encouragement to be brave. "Jump up again, my boy. Never mind a tumble. Come to mother, and let her rub it, and make it well." This way will generally succeed in making children brave in bearing pain, and preventing crying and fretting over every little ache; and will teach them to be kind to others who get into trouble.

If we are agreed on this point, that fretfulness is very bad for the health, as well as very troublesome, it will become a matter of earnest desire with good mothers to prevent the habit from

growing, and if it has already grown to cure it. For this purpose it is of no use to try to stop fits of crying at the time. The only way is to prevent them by good management, or if they cannot be prevented, to take as little notice as possible of the child while it cries. To shake a child while it is sobbing, and its tears are flowing; to call out to it, "Will you be good? will you stop?" never succeeds, nor can it be expected to do so. Ask yourself if it would stop you if you were in a fit of grief, no matter whether your grief was reasonable or not. It is much better to leave the fit to take its course, showing in your manner that you are sorry to see your child so wretched, and being ready to receive it back to your notice when it is quiet. It is trying and difficult to do this. It is difficult to bear the deafening noise and the painful sight, and to do nothing; but it will not happen often. If a child finds that it gains nothing by crying it will soon learn to leave it off. If you never refuse anything that is reasonable, and never give a thing because it is cried for that you have refused when it is asked for, the child will soon leave off its useless and troublesome habit of crying.

And it is not only when children are naughty that it will be found best to let them alone. It is a great mistake to meddle much with them when they are good and happy at play. Children will

play together for hours if they are let alone. They may quarrel a little now and then, but things will soon get right again in most cases. It is but seldom they will require correction. Even a lonely child will amuse itself for a long time without giving trouble to any one if it is let alone; but its game will very likely be spoiled if it is noticed. See how fond a little girl will be of a wooden doll with a battered face and no legs or arms; how pleased a little boy will be to drag a wooden cart with only one wheel left. They can fancy these poor broken things are very fine, and be just as much pleased with them as if they were new if nobody tells them the things are battered and broken. I have seen a little girl amuse herself a whole morning with a few little wooden sheep, most of them broken, some of them without a head, a dog with two legs, and a shepherd and shepherdess as much knocked about as their sheep. She would arrange them along the bars of the panes of glass in the cottage window. Those that could not stand were asleep, and the dog, who could not stand either, lay watching them. The shepherd and shepherdess went and came, doing all manner of things. He fed the dog, brought stones for turnips for the sheep; she churned butter in a square piece of wood, cleaned the window-sill, which was the cottage, and so on. Outside the window was a grass-plot and a large

tree. Most likely the grass-plot seemed to the little girl to be the field where the sheep fed, and the tree to shade them from the sun. All this went on, and she was happy, and gave no trouble to any one. But suppose some one had meddled with her. Suppose some one had said, "Take care you do not break the window!" How everything would have been spoiled! She had forgotten there was a window, but fancied she was in a grass field with her sheep, and there was really no danger to the window. Or suppose some one had said, "Pretty dear! how nicely she plays with her sheep!" or, "Just look at that child, how she goes on playing hour after hour with those broken old sheep!" In either of these cases all would have been spoiled. Either the child would have felt vain that she was playing nicely, and would have gone on to be admired, or would have felt shy and ashamed that she should care for such shabby things. Her pleasure would all have been gone, and very soon she would have been troubling her mother to find some fresh play for her, or have become cross and fretful.

If people could but recollect when they are men and women how they felt when they were little children they would understand all this better. But they seem to forget that children have ears, and that they very soon notice and feel the meaning of what is said in their hearing. It

is a great thing in management to be able to enter into the feelings of children.

It is endless work if you teach a child to think that you must find amusement for it. Now and then it is good to do so. When a holiday comes, and you plan some pleasure for it, what you do will be felt all the more because you only do it now and then.

A kind old grandmother is sitting by the fire in her arm-chair, and her grandson Dicky is crawling under the large table by the wall, roaring like a lion. They have agreed that he is to be a traveller fallen among wild beasts, and she is to be another traveller who is to come and help him. After he has roared for a little while he stops.

"But, granny," he cries, "you don't say anything."

"Oh dear me!" says granny, "there is that poor, good man fallen among lions."

The roaring begins again, and goes on for several minutes, but then it stops again.

"Say something more about the poor, good man, granny."

"Oh dear me!" she answers, "there is that poor, good man going to be eaten up."

This sets Dicky off again, and he roars for five minutes this time, and then clings to the leg of the table and shakes it well, making the tea-tray that is on it slide down with a clang.

"Ah," cries granny, starting, "there is that clever man climbing up the tree away from the lions."

Dicky now begins to growl and roar by turns, but granny is longer in saying anything than he likes. The truth is, she is getting very sleepy, for she has been amusing him for an hour, and is quite tired.

"Say something, granny: it's your turn now," he calls out.

"Oh dear me!" she answers, "here comes another traveller."

Dicky begins to cry, and quite stops playing. "It's not another traveller," he sobs. "You ought to have said about the bear."

"Oh dear me! Yes, to be sure," says granny. "There is that poor, good bear——"

Dicky sits down on the floor, and cries and screams. Granny is quite sorry to have vexed him, and wakes up a little. "What's the matter, lovey?" she says. "Don't cry. Bless his heart! what ails him, then?"

"It *isn't* poor, good bear," he calls out very loud in his passion: "it's wicked bear."

"So it is, ducky. Oh dear me! There's that wicked bear climbing up the tree after the poor, good man."

Dicky wipes his eyes, and makes a great growling for a good while, and then says, "Bang!"

bang!" but then he stops for granny. Poor granny, who ought to be the other traveller that has shot the bear, has fallen fast asleep; so, after calling and calling in vain to her, Dicky crawls out, and seeing how it is, begins to cry again, and to thump her knees. She starts up in a fright, and calls him a "naughty boy." On this he begins to roar and cry so loud that his mother hears him, runs in, and carries him off screaming to bed. If only he had been used to play alone, instead of wanting some one to be always helping him, he would have roared for the lions, and have been the poor, good man, and the other traveller, and climbed the tree, and growled for the bear, and shot him, all for himself; for he had plenty of fun in him, and could fancy all manner of things; but he had been spoiled by too much notice, and so made troublesome and fretful.

The worst of all ways of trying to cure fretfulness is beating children. I believe every kind of pain inflicted on the body, in order to cure faults, to be a great mistake, and to put in two evils for every one it may even seem to cure. Yet some people appear to think beating is the best cure for everything. I was once sitting under a low part of the cliff near the sea, when a party, several of whom were children, walked along by the edge over my head, so that I could hear what they said, though they were out of sight. A voice that

I supposed to belong to the mother of the family, said, addressing, no doubt, a little boy who had done something or other naughty, "Here is another act of disobedience! You will not be right till you have had another severe whipping. You know you have not had one since your illness." She spoke in a harsh, grating voice, and I could not help taking a great dislike to her, and fancying how she regularly gave "severe whippings" to her poor child, and seemed sorry to have been interrupted by his "illness;" succeeding, too, very badly, after all; for "here was another act of disobedience."

But whatever may be the truth as to beating for faults in general, I feel no doubt that, as a cure for fretfulness, it is the very worst that can be tried. A little thought will be enough to show that it must fail. You wish that your child should not cry at every want, or trouble, or pain, he may have to suffer. That is, you want him to be patient and brave. To make him so you punish him in a way that gives him a terror of bodily pain. You actually teach him to be afraid of pain; for if he is not afraid of it, beating is of no use at all as a punishment. You do all you can to make him a selfish little coward, only trying to be good because he is afraid of his poor little body being hurt; and then you expect that when he is hungry or thirsty, too hot or too cold,

a little sick and ill, tired and weary, in want of amusement, or aching with bruises from head to foot, he will despise pain, and behave like a man, as you tell him to do. It will never succeed.

I will end by going once more over the subject, and collecting together the different ways that may be tried to sow the seeds of a brave and cheerful temper, as if I were trying to write a recipe to avoid fretfulness.

1. Never refuse a thing if it is harmless, but give it, if you are able, without delay.
2. Never give anything because it is cried for that you have refused when asked for.
3. Be careful to observe real illness, and avoid causing bodily uneasiness from over-clothing, or cold, or unwholesome food, such as sweet-stuffs, sour fruit, or giving buns or cakes to quiet the child.
4. Avoid false promises. They are sure to be found out to be false.
5. Avoid threats of all kinds. If believed, they make children timid, and injure both mind and body: if not believed, they are useless. Such threats as bogie, policeman, and black man, are sure to be found out to be false if the child lives.
6. Never say anything untrue to a child.

7. Do not wreak your own bad temper, or visit your own feelings of fatigue and trouble on children, by being severe with them, or by saying "You shan't have it;" or, "I wont give it you," when there is no reason for refusal except that you are yourself tired, or in trouble, or out of sorts.

8. Avoid giving orders, such as "Stand still," "Go on," "Hold your tongue," "Put it down," &c., unless you really mean them to be obeyed; and the fewer orders you give the better.

9. Neither give too much pity, nor yet be severe and unkind, when a child tumbles down or hurts itself.

10. Do not worry a child. Let it alone, and let it play in peace.

11. Teach it early to play alone, and amuse itself without your help. Let it alone, is a golden rule in nine cases out of ten.

To sum up all in a few words. Try to feel like a child; to enter into its griefs and joys, its trials and triumphs. Then look forward to the time when it shall have numbered as many years as you have seen, and pray for help and strength to do your duty by it. You may fail, as we all may; but if you sow the seed with humility and

faith, you will have done all that is permitted to us imperfect creatures; and if you have reared up a cheerful, loving, truthful, and brave spirit, in a healthy body, you have been working with Him who told us it was "not the will of our Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

FOURTH THOUSAND.

COMMON-LIFE SERMONS. By the Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., Vicar of St. Michael's, Derby. Price, in limp cloth, 2s.; and 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

"Mr. Clarke calls a spade a spade, in terms of the plainest, and most homely, and almost too familiar English. Throwing himself into the feelings and ways of the poor people of a manufacturing town, and especially into the ways and feelings of the young, with a downright sympathy and a vigour of speech that must have gone a long way towards carrying them with him, he speaks home about the actual sins, and the actual wants and cravings of his congregation."—*The Guardian*, Feb. 25th, 1863.

WILSON (Bishop) on the LORD'S SUPPER. Neatly printed, in good, readable type. Royal 24mo, price, cloth boards, 1s.

PRAYERS for CHILDREN. By the Rev. HENRY W. LEE. 18mo, with coloured frontispiece, ornamental cover, price 6d.; and extra cloth, limp, gilt edges, 1s.

A SUNDAY BOOK FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

The LIFE OF CHRIST, taken from the Services of the Church. With Questions and Answers. Price 6d.

The CHILDREN'S SCHOOL HYMN BOOK. Compiled by Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., of Derby. Price, in paper covers, 1d., and in strong cloth, 2d.

The CHILDREN'S HOME HYMN BOOK; consisting of Hymns meant to be committed to the Memory. Compiled by Rev. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A., of Derby. Price, in paper covers, 1d.; and in strong cloth, 2d.

SALVATION; or, a Summary of Saving Truths. By JOSIAH W. SMITH, B.C.L., one of her Majesty's Counsel. Price 1d. on paper; strong cloth, 2d.

Also, by the same Author,

A CATECHISM of the WAY of SALVATION, designed to be used after the Church Catechism. Price 1d. in paper covers; strong cloth, 2d.

Both of the above are published with the approval of the Lord Archbishop of York, and the Lord Bishop of Lichfield.

London: JOHN MORGAN, 10, Paternoster Row.

Ladies' Sanitary Association,

AFFILIATED WITH

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF
SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Patronesses.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL
HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

THE COUNTESS DE GREY.	THE COUNTESS OF BERNSTORFF.
THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY.	LA COMTESSE A. DE NOAILLES.
THE VISCOUNTESS PALMERSTON.	THE LADY HERBERT.
THE COUNTESS RUSSELL.	THE HON. MRS. R. C. TRENCH.
THE RT. HON. LADY EBURY.	

Committee.

THE HON. MRS. WM. COWPER.	LADY HARDING.
MRS. CRAUFURD.	MISS F. HOLLAND.
MISS CRAUFURD.	LA COMTESSE A. DE NOAILLES.
MISS ISA CRAIG.	MISS PARRY.
THE RIGHT HON. LADY EBURY.	MRS. ROTH.
MRS. WILLIAM FISON.	MRS. SUTHERLAND.
MRS. GREGORY.	MRS. THOMAS TWINING.
MRS. CHARLES GUBBINS.	THE LADY VERNEY.
MRS. RUSSELL GURNEY.	MRS. HENSLEIGH WEDGEWOOD.

Editing Committee.

DR. WILLIAM FARR, F.R.S.	DR. E. H. SIEVEKING.
R. D. GRAINGER, ESQ.	DR. JOHN SUTHERLAND.
J. MARSHALL, ESQ., F.R.C.S., F.R.S.	DR. CHARLES WEST.

Treasurers.

RUSSELL GURNEY, Esq., Q.C. (Recorder.) | MRS. ROTH.

Honorary Auditors.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM F. COWPER, M.P.
EDWARD H. J. CRAUFURD, Esq., M.P.

Bankers.

SIR S. SCOTT, BART., & Co., 1, Cavendish Square, W.
MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Birchin Lane, Cornhill.

Honorary Secretaries.

THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM COWPER. | MRS. SUTHERLAND.

Secretary.

MISS E. S. GRIFFITHS.

Office.

14A, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON, W.

LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION,

AFFILIATED WITH

The National Association for the Promotion of
Social Science.

This Association aims at the diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge among all classes, by the publication of Tracts, the delivery of Lectures, the establishment of Institutions for Training Nursery-Maids, and of Loan Libraries of popular Sanitary Books.

Four hundred and thirty-eight thousand Tracts have been published, and five courses of Lectures delivered. Funds are now urgently needed for the further prosecution of the Association's work, and the Committee earnestly solicit the aid of all who are interested in Sanitary Reform.

Subscriptions, Donations, Books for the Libraries, Manuscripts for Tracts, &c., will be gratefully received by the Treasurers, RUSSELL GURNEY, ESQ., 8, Kensington Palace Gardens, W., and MRS. ROTH, 16A, Old Cavendish Street, Cavendish Square, W.; MISS E. S. GRIFFITHS, Secretary, at the Association's Office, 14A, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, W.; MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Bankers, Birchin Lane, E. C.; and SIR SAMUEL SCOTT, BART., & Co., Bankers, 1, Cavendish Square, W.

Post-office orders to be made payable to ELIZABETH S. GRIFFITHS, at the Vere Street Post-office.

Communications may be addressed to the Secretaries, at the Office, where also inquiries may be answered personally. Office hours from Eleven to Five; on Saturdays from Eleven to Two.

The Secretaries will very gratefully receive suggestions on any subject connected with the objects of the Association.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT:

OR,

HOW TO MAKE HOME COMFORTABLE.

BY OLD CHATTY CHEERFUL,

Fellow of the Happy Home Society.

Good housewifery! good housewifery!
Is good for great and small,
To keep a household happily,
Whatever ills befall:
And she, that in a pleasant home
The Queen of Hearts would be,
Must with a willing spirit come
And learn good housewifery!

Tusser.

THIRD EDITION. FIFTEENTH THOUSAND.

LONDON:
JARROLD AND SONS, 47, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

Price Twopence.

H. Dixon 29 Gracechurch Street London

14937 ✓

640

HOUSEHOLD TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

TWOPENCE EACH.

Nearly *TWO MILLIONS* have already been issued, and the demand is daily increasing, both at home and in the colonies.

For Mothers.

Cottage Homes.
The Mother's Trials and Triumphs.
The Sick Child's Cry; and other Household Verses.

For Parents.

How do You Manage the Young Ones?

How to Make the Most of Things.

Peace in the Household.
Household Management.

Whose Fault is it?
Never Despair! and other Household Verses.

Something Homely.

For Working Men.

When to Say "No."
Working-Men's Hindrances.

For Sailors.

A Short Yarn.

For Young Men.

Young Men in Great Cities.
How to Take Care of Number One.
How to Rise in the World.
Life's Battles, and Men who have Won Them.
Men who have Fallen.

For Boys.

The Starting in Life.

For Young Men & Women.

Are You Thinking of Getting Married?

Going a-Courting, Sweethearting, Love, and Such Like.

For Girls.

The Happy Life.
Daughters from Home.

For Children.

Household Rhymes.
Work and Play: Household Verses.
"Mother's Last Words."
Village Children at Home.
Village Children at School.
The Happy Schoolfellows.

For Servants.

My First Place.
Kind Words for the Kitchen.

For Everybody.

The Worth of Fresh Air.
The Use of Pure Water.
The Value of Good Food.
The Influence of Wholesome Drink.
The Advantage of Warm Clothing.
The Gain of a Well-trained Mind.
Straightforwardness.
Scandal, Gossip, Tittle-Tattle, and Backbiting.

*By the Author of "Mother's Last Words."
"Our Father's Care."*

SCIENCE FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

TWOPENCE EACH.

The Great Round World.
The Wide and Deep Sea.
Busy-body Oxygen.
The Invisible Air.
The Inconstant Wind.
The Refreshing Rain.
Mass and Its Might.

Expansive Heat.
Thunder and Lightning
The Lightning Bridled and Tamed
The Lightning Harnessed for Useful Work.
The Lightning Guiding the Mariner.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

TWOPENCE EACH.

The Raw Material of Life. Nos. I., II., & III.
The Composition and Chemistry of the Soil.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 47, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT:

OR,

HOW TO MAKE HOME COMFORTABLE.

WHY IS IT?

WHY is it that those who take an interest in the condition of the working classes are so frequently startled by the astonishing difference in the dwellings of those they visit? In one house we find order, neatness, and cleanliness; white floors, clean hearths, whole windows, polished furniture, a good clock, perhaps a small bookcase, a fair amount of useful crockery, with cooking, washing, and baking utensils, neat bedding, neat window blinds, and the whole in what is called "apple pie order." While in another house, but a few doors off perhaps, you will find the contrary of all this—dirt and filth in every nook and corner of the dwelling; broken windows often stuffed with rags, rickety tables, chairs with their rushes worn off, broken crockery, tea-cups without handles, and tea-pots with broken spouts, an old ginger-beer bottle with a bit of candle in it; no clock, no nice handy corner cupboard, few cooking utensils, and these few sadly worn out and dilapidated; no conveniences for baking or washing; and the whole of the house, from top to bottom, all "sixes and sevens," and a kind of styx of "higgledy piggledy" distraction and confusion.

In both these houses you will have wives and children, and the contrast between them will be as great as between the houses. In one you will find a neat, clean, cheerful, respectable, motherly woman, with

much good sense marked in her countenance; she will be dressed in plain, homely attire, becoming her situation in life; a good cotton gown, a strong linen apron, modest-looking head-gear, and clean shoes and stockings. On the other side you will see a haggard, sickly, and care-worn creature, with her face only half washed, and her hair uncombed, though her dirty cap may be stuck full of faded and crumpled artificial flowers. Her stockings will be down about her heels, and the tongues of her unlaced boots flopping about them. In short, the whole of her personal costume will be little else than a sad collection of filth and finery.

Then the poor children; in one house clean, tidy, and healthy; in the other, dirty, slovenly, and as Pepys says, "right down nasty," without discipline, without occupation, idle, ignorant, quarrelsome, sickly, and ill-behaved; and without the slightest notion of common civility to strangers. While, rising above the din of their contending voices, will be heard the shrill, fierce, threatening tones of their mother, as she is called, sounding more like the wild screams of some enraged beast of the forest than anything human.

Why is it? How is it? How can this be accounted for? Why should there be so great a contrast between one working man's house and another? It would strike an observer at first sight, that the difference arose from one family being poorer than the other, in consequence of small earnings, or from misfortune, or sickness; but when enquiry is made, it is soon found that it arises from nothing of the sort; that "wages" have nothing to do with it; that "sickness" has nothing to do with it; and that "misfortune" has nothing to do with it. What is it then? you will say. It is want of "management," the want of "domestic economy," the want of "method," the want of "common sense."

What is Domestic Economy? my readers may

enquire. Domestic means belonging to one's home; economy does not mean cheap bargains, nor cheese-nipping, nor screwing, nor candle-end saving, but takes a more extensive meaning; for a man may be a "screw" and a "skinflint," and yet be filthy and miserable. Domestic economy means "management," and comprehends order, prudence, forethought, the art of making "ends meet," the philosophy of "keeping the wolf from the door, and the "science of making home happy."

We must say something, therefore, about this science, for it is "every man's science," although few study it. Without some knowledge of it, were it to rain sovereigns daily, we should be none the better for the shower; but with this true social science, we may learn the way to comfort, to health, to respectability, to happiness, and to independence.

We will suppose a working man just starting in life, with a family springing up around him. His efforts to support them must be constant, his duties many, his responsibilities great. Happy for him if he has made up his mind to look to Jesus Christ as his friend and helper in all times of trouble.

In a worldly point of view, a man situated as I have described, should make it his first object,

TO GET THE FORE HORSE BY THE HEAD;

For unless we do this, no one, not even yourself can tell "where you are driving to." To get the fore horse by the head you must keep down expenses, and make your *incomings* exceed your *outgoings*. It won't do to stride off with the first flush of success. Rainy days will come, and if you have nothing laid up for a rainy day, where will you be then? When a man has five pounds in the savings' bank, he feels a stronger man and a bolder man too. Till a man can do this he must be a slave to others as well as to

himself. "Take care of the pence," as Poor Richard says, "and the pounds will take care of themselves." To be a little *before-hand* instead of a little *behind* hand, is to be the possessor of peace of mind and independence of character. He who is a *little behind* is always puffing and blowing, and is full of fear and perplexity, and has to practise many little mean shifts and stratagems, and perhaps be led into dirty dishonesties. "Get the fore horse by the head" then, my friends, if you can, for by doing so you will have fought half the battle of life. Never mind its being "up-hill work;" have faith in God's assistance while you act fairly and honestly, and He will direct your up-hill path, and crown your efforts with success.

VALUE OF A GOOD WIFE.

In household management much depends upon the woman—the "gude wife," as the Scotch say, or the "good housewife," as we call her. Franklin said with truth, "No man will ever go very far wrong if his wife understand arithmetic, and keep the accounts." It is true that many a drunken spendthrift lets out at the "bung hole" what his wife spares at the "spiggot;" but even in the worst of cases a good wife generally manages to keep things together. But when it happens that the man is industrious, sober, and steady, then it is that the management of the wife turns pence into shillings, and shillings into pounds, by the magic touch of her economy. One woman of the right sort will make a pound go twice as far as a woman of the wrong sort will, and have more comforts into the bargain. A woman who is a good manager is better than a fine lady with money for a working man. She takes care of the main chance, and looks well after the substantial and the reals; she takes care that her husband has good shirts, and warm under-clothes, and strong jackets and trowsers;

and as to the children, she does not trick the girls and boys out with fine tunics and furbelows, as if they belonged to a troop of mountebanks. She has in her house more of the substantial than the ornamental; good tubs, good cooking utensils, a good kneading trough, a good rug on the floor, polished oak tables and chairs, and a good plain deal dresser, with a bright array of tins and saucepans on her shelves, which reflect her face more brilliantly than the proudest display of looking glasses or glittering finery.

MEALS AND METHOD.

A comfortable meal is a great blessing, yet how many persons who might have a comfortable meal, neglect the method of making it so. Thankfulness to God is its first ingredient. He who sits down to his meal without gratitude, is worse than a beast, and it is not to be expected that he should enjoy anything but in a kind of animal manner; but he who offers up to his heavenly Father the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, gives a kind of pledge for the enjoyment of his repast, for none enjoy so much as the grateful.

When a working man comes home to his breakfast or dinner, how important it is, first, that it should be ready for him; next, that it should be served up in a clean and decent manner. Yet how many bad housewives are there who never have their husbands' meals ready at the proper time. A man who has perhaps only half-an-hour to eat his breakfast in, can't afford to wait. If he have to wait, he must do it at the loss of temper, and loss of temper involves loss of appetite, and sometimes loss of peace for the whole day. Then, again, how frequently have I seen a working man sitting down to his breakfast or dinner without a bit of cloth on the table, with dirty knives and forks, dirty salt in a dirty salt-cellar; pork, dumplings, greens, and potatoes, all muddled into one dish, and the whole

without order or cleanliness; badly cooked, and so wretchedly served as to look disgusting. Then the man sits down, all in a broil, perhaps: the woman all in a broil, from her cooking; the children all in a broil, and dirty from the streets, where they have been playing, none of them washed, but all with dirty hands and dirty faces, gather together, like so many pigs, to eat the food God has given them.

Now there is no reason whatever that a working man should not have his dinner served up as cleanly and as nicely as a gentleman. I have frequently seen the poorest labourer, who happened to have a good housewife, sit down to his dinner with a clean white table cloth; the pudding and meat, when there was any, on separate dishes, and the vegetables on a third; with clean plates, knives and forks, and proper drinking glasses sparkling with the finest Adam's ale. The cheapness of linen, of crockery ware, and of glass, will enable many a poor man to get a decent table set-out, which, years ago, he could not think of; and what a comfortable thing it is to sit down with a nice white table cloth, clean knives and forks, and such like things around you; and if you add to this a clean wife and children, and a thankful heart, no man need to envy the squire at the hall, or the lord at the castle, for neither of them can have more enjoyment in the food of which they partake than the contented working man, depend upon it.

It sometimes happens that the good wife, however careful she may be in other respects, is so silly as to reserve the petty annoyances she undergoes between meals, for the especial entertainment of her husband when he comes home. First, there are her troubles and perplexities in the abstract, then the same in their particulars; the omissions and commissions of the younger branches; Tommy had been dabbling in a water puddle, to the injury of his boots; Mary has

turned her frock by a gooseberry bush, or has broken a saucer; Bobby was kept at school for not knowing his tasks. All these are told the father when he comes in, and of course they are not very pleasant to hear, and he sits down to his dinner with a temper ruffled. Perhaps, for the sake of peace, he makes excuses for the girl or for the boy; then begins an argument, and with the argument a contention, which very likely lasts till the man has finished his dinner, and he often gets up, not exactly knowing whether he has had his dinner or not; and of this I am certain, that a dinner eaten under such circumstances won't digest as it ought, and consequently will not do a man so much good nor give him so much strength, as a dinner eaten in peace and quietness, and in a cheerful temper. These give a relish to our food, and make it sit easy on the stomach; "light of heart, light of digestion," says the old proverb; and a "happy temper makes the hog's hock tender."

Providing for the table is a matter of the gravest consideration. The woman who knows how to do this economically and pleasantly, is a treasure to her husband, and a kind of walking savings' bank. It has often surprised me when I have been at a butcher's shop, to find what unprofitable pieces of meat some working men's wives will select; and I have been as equally astonished when I have known the unprofitable manner in which they have been cooked. It is true, the agricultural labourer can rarely get meat at all, but the artizan and the mechanic can, and do; and I believe, that meat in the house is a great source of harmony. But at the same time, I see no reason why people should not eat a greater variety of vegetables than they do. Potatoes, potatoes, seem to be the constant ever-standing dish from year's end to year's end. Carrots and parsnips, and cabbages, peas and beans, which are highly nutritive and exceedingly wholesome,

are eaten but seldom; if they were, there would be much less disease among the working class than there is. A good housewife and good cook can make many highly nourishing and palatable messes with very little meat indeed. Onions are her staple commodity, and with these, a little mushroom catsup, which she will never be without, and a very little meat, she can "hatch up" something warm and comfortable for the man and his children in the winter time at a very little expense.

To live well at a little expense should be the great aim of the good housewife. I am not for people starving themselves, nor weakening their constitutions by meagre diet. A man who works hard, ought to live well; but living well does not consist in eating large quantities of meat and in drinking strong beer. In the cure of disease, there is little dependence to be placed on physic, but the greatest dependence may be placed on *diet*. The quality of the food and the nature of it, determines the quality of the blood, the bones, and the muscles, as every one knows who fattens a pig. The diet of all persons, whether rich or poor, should be light and easy of digestion, rightly cooked, and should consist of a proper admixture of cheese, butter, meat, and vegetables; and above all things, should be put upon the table in a cleanly, orderly, and proper manner, and, as I said, eaten with a thankful heart, and a peaceful and happy temper and conversation. Thus will the bread of a laboring man be sweet unto him, and the blessing of health and strength will be awarded him.

BAKING, BREWING, AND WASHING.

These comprehend three very important items in family economy, especially in the family of a working man. And the well regulating of each will ensure much of a man's household happiness. First, as

regards "baking your own bread;" no person who has the least notion of family thrift, will think of buying "bakers' bread." Every good housewife knows that two loaves of *home-made* bread, will go as far as three of *bakers' bread* of the same size; but yet how many bad managers there are, who have from the bakers the *whole of their weekly supply*, aye, and on credit too! by which they not only get a very bad article of food, but pay a halfpenny or more on every quartern loaf. Bakers' bread is often a vile compound of bad flour, pea meal, ground rice, and alum, and is neither nutritive nor wholesome, and therefore affords the working man little support in his labor. I have been more than once told by men engaged in field labor, that if they eat *bakers' bread* they find, to use their own language, no "stay in it;" and no wonder, when we consider what it is made of, and the abominable tricks some of the bakers play with the flour, and the admixture of potatoes and rice in large quantities as I have before said. As a simple matter of saving, I have it from good practical authority, upon which I can confidently rely, that were a person to buy his own wheat, have it ground into flour, and dressed as seconds, and bake it himself, he would save at least one-fourth, to say nothing of the better quality of the article and its more nutritive properties, and of its "going further" in the eating.

But working men's wives will go to the bakers' shops for their bread, aye, and for their hot rolls too. I have known a working man's wife send two or three times in the week for four hot rolls for breakfast, and they have eaten them well buttered; and when they did not have these, I have known the same family to eat their bread soft and new, and often the same day it was baked, and then they would wonder they could not get on; and the wife and children would go out ill-shod, and would not be able to go to a place of worship on a

Sunday for want of decent clothes to appear in. Now just, think if a family consist of eight or nine persons, what a loss would be sustained weekly by this wasteful habit. The bread for such a family would cost at least ten shillings, bought at the bake-house and eaten without regard to its age; while the same family might be found in good, wholesome, nutritious, and strengthening bread, for not more than seven.

BREWING.

What has been said with regard to baking and bread, may, in the same manner, be said of brewing and beer. I am not going to argue on the question of teetotalism, but I believe water to be man's natural beverage, and, that all things considered, it is the best thing to drink; but many people do not think so, and therefore to them who will not be convinced, I don't mind saying that the next thing to good water, after milk, tea, coffee, and cocoa, is beer; not strong beer, not rich fat ale, but sound, mild, weak beer, made of pure malt, hops, and water; such as any man ought to make for himself, with little trouble or expense. A bushel of malt will make eighteen gallons of better beer than can be bought at the public houses for threepence a pint; and thus you may get a gallon of good, sound, wholesome, unintoxicating beer for the price of a quart. As to the beer of the beer shop and the public house, of all the vile compounds which could ever be concocted for the ruin of man's body and soul, this stuff is the most fatal; the vilest drugs are made use of to produce an intoxicating quality in lieu of strength, such as *nux vomica*, and *coccus-indicus*, which, instead of elevating the spirits merely, as beer from malt and hops will do, absolutely madden the brain; and the poor wretch, while under the influence of the poison, becomes quarrelsome and often furious; and

thus crimes of the deepest dye are frequently committed, to be atoned for on the treadmill, possibly upon the scaffold.

What a nice thing it must be for a working man, instead of going to a public house or beer shop, to find at home a pint of cheerful beer, a cheerful fire, and a cheerful wife, and perhaps a small group of cheerful, merry children. How different to what he will find at the "Jolly Wheelwrights," or the "Turk's Head." And although I do not advise you to smoke, much better is it to smoke your own pipe in your own chimney corner, surrounded by those who love you, than to sit in a roomfull of smoke, surrounded by a lot of people full of cursing and swearing, and quarrelling, drinking the wretched poison which goes by the name of beer, and which leads to black eyes, bloody noses, lock-ups in the police station, and sad woe, misery, and scoldings at home. Yet how many working men are such fools as not to be able to tell the great superiority of one to the other. They go for the sake of company. If the company was good, something might be said for it, but the company is as bad as the beer. It is a "villanous compound," mixed up with *deteriorating matters*, in thought, in word, and in action; and whoever gets a habit of going to a public house to spend his evenings, leaving his wife and children at home to amuse themselves as they can, is not only an enemy to himself and all around him, but a selfish brute, who deserves richly all the evils which his conduct may bring upon him.

WASHING.

There is a great deal more to be understood by the use of the term washing than the mere bustle of the suds. It comprehends cleanliness in all its branches, and has a very wide range. Of all sights to disgust the eye, perhaps there is none so utterly disgusting as

that of a thorough slattern, that is, a *dirty woman*; and if this woman should happen to be the mistress of a family, her filthiness will not be confined to herself, but extend to all around her. There are some women who never care to be clean at all, and of course all about them is always dirty; there are other women who are always scouring, and slushing, and grubbing, and yet are always in a most uncomfortable state, and never tidy, either in their places or person. Women of either sort drive the men to the public house, and thus lay the foundation of future misery.

There is a humorous song called "The Washing Day." It depicts in a rather striking manner, the miseries which a poor fellow has to endure if he should happen to be at home or to take his meals there on this eventful day. The ill-temper of the wife, the steam and the smoke from the copper, the victuals wretchedly prepared, and as wretchedly placed upon the table; the household furniture out of place, the clothes lying about, and the general confusion which bad management creates, are all cleverly depicted. But all this uncomfortableness might be avoided by a little thought. In the first place, the washing should be kept out of the house altogether, or confined to that part of it in which it should be done. In the second place, the linen, being put to soak over night, should be washed very early in the morning; and many a good manager has, to my knowledge, had all her best things out and half dry before breakfast. And in the third place, the man should have a cold dinner, and that served up in the same comfortable manner as on other days. The thing can be done by those who are determined it shall be done, and there is no excuse to be made for its not being accomplished.

One of the most miserable things connected with the washing, is the practice of many bad managers, in damp weather, to hang up the linen to dry within the

house during the night. It is very easy to say, "If we hang our clothes up in the night, within doors, they will all be dry in the morning." And I have known people surrounded by wet linen at their suppers, and have seen lines loaded with wet linen in their bed rooms, left to dry after the family were in bed and sound asleep. Thousands and thousands have come to an untimely grave by this practice. The robust, middle-aged, and well-seasoned of the family, do often escape; but the aged, the feeble, the young and the delicate, the puny and the consumptive, are cut off by it. Sickness in various forms—rheumatism, fevers, inflammations, are the result of a want of thought; and long doctors' bills too frequently paralyze exertion, for they hang like a millstone round a man's neck, and very frequently keep him poor and wretched to the end of his days.

I remember once looking at a working man's dwelling upon a "washing day;" I think I never saw the house of any man in such utter confusion. Every thing seemed out of joint. The tea-things from the morning's breakfast had never been put away; children were rolling about on small sortings of various articles of wearing apparel; the wife was blowing the fire under a large iron pot; tubs were placed on chairs near two of the windows; the children seemed as if they had not been washed that morning at least, and the very cat seemed wretched. Much of this wretchedness might have been avoided, no doubt, had the husband taken care to have hired a house fit for a family; but "penny-wise—pound foolish," for the sake of saving sixpence a week in his house-rent, he had hired a house that had no copper, no convenient back kitchen, no bit of garden for a drying ground, but all had to be done in what is called the keeping room, where eating and all other domestic matters had to be performed throughout the day. This exhibited an instance of

want of forethought and mismanagement, well worth a record.

It is highly important to family comfort that a working man's dwelling should be provided with a convenient back kitchen, which ought to have in it a moderate sized copper, an ironing board, a good dresser, and a substantial table. It ought also to have some kind of an oven, and one that will bake enough bread for a week's consumption. How few there are who build houses for working men, and how few who hire them, ever think of these matters. But the time will come when a new order of things will prevail in regard to the dwellings of our working population.

THE CHANDLER'S SHOP.

Debt and difficulty in running up a score.

In every village, in every town, and in the poor neighbourhoods of large cities, there are what go by the common appellation of "*Chandlers' shops.*" These shops dabble a little in everything—tea, sugar, butter, cheese, soap, eggs, bacon, firewood, candles, and often coal. Such shops are not without their advantages in a village, or poor neighbourhood, and many persons who conduct them deal fairly and honestly. But on the other hand, many of these shops sell very inferior articles at high prices; sugar will be a penny a pound higher, as will candles and soap, while tea will be sixpence a pound higher, and butter twopence; so that those who deal at such shops will pay at least twopence in every shilling they spend more than they would if they went to a better market. But this is not the worst of dealing at a chandler's shop. Chandlers' shops *give credit*; and in that one word *credit* lie a multitude of woes. The moment a man is in *debt* he is a slave; he is no longer a free man; he is, or ought to be, degraded in his own eyes, and is most certainly so degraded in the eyes of

others. Now the keeper of a chandler's shop has an interest in getting a poor fellow into debt, and is always vastly easy at first, so as to tempt him to run up a score. When he has a few shillings down in black and white against him, whether by pen and ink or black board and chalk, from that moment his debtor is tied up hand and foot from dealing at another shop, or from going to a cheaper market; for should he dare to do so, or only to make the attempt, he is soon served with a County Court summons, and the fear of this keeps him "paying through the nose," as it is called, for everything he puts into his mouth. And so he goes on week after week, year after year, with a paltry debt of a pound or two weighing like a millstone about his neck, the shopkeeper putting on the screw every now and then, and watching his debtor here, there, and every where, in his in-comings and his out-goings, what he has of the butcher, what clothes his wife or children wear, what recreation he takes, and so on. I know of an instance in which a very good, hard-working and honest man, ventured to give a little subscription towards the erection of a school-room in a country village, which becoming known to the "shopkeeper," who had him in bonds, he immediately *put on the screw*, and dunned him for his "little bill." My friend, make every sacrifice before you get into debt. I knew another working-man, who, being "closed up" at a chandler's shop, was induced, through fear of his creditor *coming down upon him*, to be bondsman in a money-club to a nephew of the shopkeeper, who failing in his engagements, the club came upon the poor fellow, and he had to go to jail. I could mention many similar cases, to shew the evils of getting into debt, even on a small scale. But of this be sure, "out of debt out of difficulty." In debt, then good bye to anything like independence or freedom of action; good bye to a cheerful countenance; good bye to sweet repose at night; good bye to a comfortable

home by day; good bye, in short, to all that in life is worth having—to content, to peace of mind, to hope for the future, and even to the sweet consolation of religion, which teaches us to “Owe no man anything.”

THE PAWNBROKER.

Begging, Borrowing, and Stealing.

There are various kinds of “spirits” in this world; but one of the most dangerous is what is called a “Covetous spirit.” There is also a “Begging spirit,” and a “Borrowing spirit;” all of which proceed from the want of an “*Independent spirit*,” and an honest self-reliance. As to a covetous spirit, that is I believe the first step to theft, and those who cannot subdue “covetousness” will not long remain honest. I once knew a widow woman, who had no incumbrance upon her whatever, and who found no difficulty in getting her living by letting out lodgings. She was economical, thrifty, clean, and respectable, for her situation in life, and had many good qualities. But she had one very serious failing, and that was, she had a “covetous spirit.” She wished for everything she saw, belonging to her lodgers, her friends, or her neighbours, and she would go many round-about and crooked ways to obtain the object of her wishes. Sometimes she would try to beg the thing she wanted; sometimes she would endeavour to “cozen” the owner out of it, then she would borrow it, and perhaps forget to return it. And eventually she found herself in the county jail for not knowing the distinction between two little words—*mine* and *thine*.

But, without being very covetous, there are many persons belonging to the working classes who are always upon the look-out for “help,” for “doles,” or for “little lifts,” or “great lifts,” and who expect every one with whom they come in contact,

if better off than themselves, to give them something. The consequence of this is, that they often relax in their own efforts, and learn to depend upon the help of well-disposed persons, for whom they have always a tale of mishap, difficulty, or trouble. Finding that their representations have the effect they desire, and that to “make out a case” is easier than to use prudence, forethought, and economy, they become at last mendicants, in every sense of the word, and gradually lose all sense of shame or degradation, and sink to the lowest depths of infamy; for when once a person loses sight of an honest self-reliance and independence of character, it is all over with him, for no one can then tell into what vices, and even crimes, he may not fall.

The “Borrowing spirit” is also very destructive to a man’s character. The bad housewife, instead of providing herself with things for her use, or with the proper articles of consumption, from week to week, will be seen borrowing a pair of bellows at one time, or getting the loan of a box-iron at another, or of sending to her next-door neighbour for a little tea, or a slice of butter. Such things, when they happen occasionally, are not to be censured, for little services performed between one person and another have a tendency to promote harmony and good feeling; for it is proper that everyone should understand that we are all, in some degree, more or less dependent upon each other. It is the abuse and not the use of a principle that does the mischief. Those who begin by borrowing little things will get a *habit* of borrowing; and, as Poor Richard says, “He who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing,” especially those who are so unfortunate as to have to borrow money.

And here we come to the question of “Borrowing” on a more extended scale. There are great facilities for doing this among working men. There are “money

clubs," "loan societies," and "pawnbrokers;" each of which are in my opinion dangerous to the working man. The *money clubs*, although apparently advantageous, are only so to the money lenders; the poor borrowers pay sadly "through their nose" for accommodation, and what is worse, put a log round their legs for several years, and an anxiety of mind often very considerable when any difficulty occurs as to making good the monthly payments. The *loan societies* are open to similar objections. Many of them are nothing more nor less than perfect swindles; and when they are not, they oblige a man to ride the "dead horse," and to be always in a fidget about keeping up payments, and to pay what he very often is forced to pay, not less than from ten to fifteen per cent. for accommodation. I have known persons pay such high bonuses at a money club as to make, with the interest upon the capital borrowed during the five years the club had to run, no less than £25 for a loan of £60. Now, no one can stand this. Yet people, for the sake perhaps of meeting some little difficulty, or for the sake of some little vanity, or for the sake of some little speculation, are induced to "borrow money." The *money soon goes*, but the *debt and liability remain*, often to tease a poor fellow for the remainder of his life, and to "hamper him up" completely.

Then, as to *pawnbrokers*, and pawning your goods. What a deep grief it must be to any industrious and honest man to be obliged, from sickness or other mishaps, to pawn his watch, or furniture, or bedding, which he must do if he has never laid up for a wintry day. He will find it a very difficult thing to redeem them again, I can tell you. But what state of mind must the man or woman be in who goes as regularly to the pawn-shop on the Monday morning, with the husband's coat, the woman's best dress, some of the children's finery, and perhaps some of the home comforts; and yet

there are many persons who have got a habit of doing this, and look upon it as a part of their regular household domestic duty; but I never yet knew a family that resorted to this practice who did not fall gradually lower and lower in the social scale, till they ended their days in the prison or the union. What a pitiable sight it is to see—and I have often seen it—a little child, perhaps not more than seven or eight years old, popping into the pawnshop with a blanket, a waistcoat, or perhaps a flat-iron, and getting upon it an advance of fourpence, or sixpence, and then going from the pawnshop to the gin-shop for a quartern of liquid fire to do some terrible mischief with! What a dreadful habit for a young child to acquire!—what a moral training! The poor child being trained to such a habit will, in all probability, look to the pawn-shop as its best friend—one always at hand—and she will as she grows up look up to it, and trust to it, and depend upon it, when she ought to depend upon management and economy, and the art of "making two ends meet."

People who are fond of their "Uncle" are little aware of what a rapacious, unconscionable old fellow he is. He won't accommodate you at all for less than 15 per cent., and his dues and exactions are often 10 per cent. more. Five-and-twenty per cent. is threepence in the shilling. Only think, that of every shilling that you borrow, you must pay threepence for it—for every pound, five shillings. Now, how can anybody get along this way?

It is astonishing to what an extent the "pawning fit" will go when thoroughly roused. If money should be required for any vanity or amusement, away go clothes or household stuff, at five-and-twenty per cent. loss. A pawnbroker told me the other day, that whenever the horsemanship came to the town, he was busy from morning till night; that when the playhouse was open, it trebled his "outgoings." For the sake of witnessing

a lot of nonsense, away went table-cloths, sheets, flannel petticoats, tables, looking-glasses, curtains, napkins—then came the dip into the week's wages on the Saturday—and then came "short commons," quarrels, contentions, and useless regrets, from week to week.

There is another feature connected with pawning that I had almost overlooked, and that is the number of articles that are entirely lost by the pawner. I have known persons to pawn things, and pay the interest upon them for several years, and have then lost them at last. I knew one man who pawned his watch one day when he went out on the spree, for fifteen shillings. It was his grandfather's watch, and, as, he said, "a good one to go." He was always going to take it out; but something or other always occurred to make him "hard up" for cash. He paid interest on the fifteen shillings for four years, and lost more than the value of his watch besides. I have it from pretty correct authority, that the losses sustained in this way by the working classes is more than *a million annually*, and therefore I would say to my friendly readers, avoid begging and borrowing; be careful about "money clubs," "loan funds," and the like, and especially shun the pawnbroker's shop. "Take heed also and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." "For he that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house; but he that hateth gifts shall live.

TALLY-MEN.

Tally-men are a nuisance. Perhaps not quite so intolerable as pawnbrokers' shops; but they are dangerous; they "lead us into temptation;" and nothing can show worse management than for a woman to have any dealings with a tally-man. And if people knew what impositions were practised upon them by this kind of people, who go about under the pretence of

selling "bargains," they would be very careful in dealing with them. It ought to be known, that in the manufacturing districts, there are particular kinds of fabrics, made up especially for tally-men, duffers, salesmen, and similar persons who hawk about goods from door to door. These fabrics are generally made of the most showy patterns, and of very inferior materials, highly dressed up, and often very extraordinary imitations of first-class goods, and are not made to wear but to sell. The fabrics usually hawked about by the tally-men are showy dresses or shawls, handsome, but vulgar waistcoat-pieces; sometimes house-linen and worsteds are included; but generally the hawker's stock is made up of showy articles of female apparel—of things *most likely to tempt the women*. The tally-man has a plausible manner and specious tongue; and what with persuasion, and the fine bait he holds on his arm, and the offer of *credit*, he generally succeeds in trapping his victim. He offers to give credit, and to receive the amount for which the article is sold at so much a week. A poor woman, who has perhaps a little foolish vanity, is tempted by a fine shawl or showy dress. She is persuaded that she will get a good bargain. She is told that the shawl the tally-man offers for twenty, or five-and-twenty shillings, is worth at the least four or five pounds; and to the inexperienced eye it looks as if it might be. The article is purchased, a few shillings being paid down, and the remainder is a *debt*, to be liquidated by small weekly instalments. You are now completely in the web of the tally-man, and, like a fly in the web of a spider, bound hand and foot; and many are the sly dodges and artful tricks sometimes resorted to, to get the money from the husband, or elsewhere, to keep up the payments; for generally these purchases are made unknown to the husband. At last, by some misfortune, such as the husband being thrown out of work, or perhaps from sickness, you are not able to

keep up your payments, and suddenly find yourself in the County Court, saddled with expenses, which add very much to the original debt, and oblige you to go upon "short commons" perhaps for a twelvemonth, to say nothing of your husband going to prison if you fail to obey the Judge's order.

USE OF THE NEEDLE, CUTTING, AND CONTRIVING.

One of the most useful implements in domestic economy is the *needle*. A woman who cannot use her *needle* to advantage will make but a poor housewife. A woman that can't make her husband's shirts and her own clothes, to say nothing of cutting and contriving for her children, is only half a wife. Many women will save their husbands a little fortune by the use of the needle. I don't mean that a wife should take in shop-work, or any description of needlework, unless she has no family, and consequently has leisure time; and when this should be the case, she is silly if she does not do all she can to bring grist to the mill. But when a woman has a family, what with providing for her family, cooking, keeping the house clean, washing, and the like, she will have quite enough to do without taking in needle-work, or doing any other kinds of work. The needle is a good housewife's magic wand, which will work wondrous transformations when united with a ready taste and contrivance; for a woman must have some head-piece in her work, and when she has, there are few things in the mending and making, that she will not accomplish. To such a woman, every cast-off garment, every shred, patch, or bit of trimming or ribbon has its use, and is made to do duty twice over. Children's clothes, caps, little leggings, and other useful articles, she will make neat, pretty, and serviceable, out of almost anything; and their father's old clothes and mother's old dresses, will come in for a great variety of purposes, and save *buying*,

and the exercise of the faculty will do much in the training of the young to habits of economy and industry, and teach them to look upon things apparently worthless as being very useful. They will value odds and ends, and shreds and patches, and fragments and ravellings; and by seeing that almost every thing may be turned to account, will never become wasteful, nor will they be very likely to forget this lesson in after life, and thus "the right use of the needle" will be perpetuated from one generation to another, and the mother's name will be held in grateful remembrance by her children, grandchildren, and even great-grand-children.

A working man's wife ought to consider, that while her husband is working for her *out-of-doors*, she should be working for him *in-doors*. Her desire should be to keep down expenses, to save him all she can, to bring up their children to habits of order, obedience, and industry, and to give them a sound education. It is hers to keep things square and right in the house, to make the meals comfortable, and the home cheerful, and all sweet and nice and clean about her. To perform the task well, will require some self-devotion, much thought and steady determination, a cheerful will and a loving heart; but if she is a Christian, she will know where to look for strength and help.

PLEASURING.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," says the proverb, and a very good proverb it is too, for whether a man works with his hands or his brain, unless he now and then takes recreation, he soon breaks down or becomes good for little.

It is a delightful thing, or it ought to be a delightful thing, for a working man to reflect upon his having one day in seven given him to rest from his labors. It ought to be considered a noble recreation to our minds when we are enabled to contemplate the glorious works of our

Creator, as seen in nature, and the still more glorious display of His love and goodness which we see in the scheme of salvation. This ought daily to engage some of our thoughts, and on the Sabbath day especially should it be to us our pleasure. The Sabbath day is not to be looked upon as a day of gloomy mortification, but as a day of peaceful serenity, of cheerful conversation, and of active duty both to God and man. To the poor man it is a most inestimable blessing; but alas! how little is it valued in the eyes of many. How few are they who spend it as they ought; how many are they to waste it as they ought not. To large numbers it is the day they choose to "go a-pleasuring," and in the kind of pleasuring they choose for recreation, God is forgotten. Social love, domestic duty, and even common worldly interests, are forgotten. For those who spend their Sabbaths profanely can have no hope either for this world or the next.

But for "pleasuring." Now what is pleasure after all? If it be merely sensual, as in eating and drinking, smoking, and the like, it is a foolish and uncertain pleasure, which often leads to debauchery, and ends in a fit of sickness or melancholy. Pleasure, to be worth the seeking, must to a certain extent be of a spiritual character, and appertain more to the mind than to the body. Pleasure ought to comprehend happiness as well, and happiness must exist in the mind, and, therefore, blessed is he who has a mind so far cultivated as to enable him to enjoy mental pleasures. A working man may, by a little reading and reflection, fit his mind for much real enjoyment of an intellectual character. To a mind so prepared to be abroad in Nature, to walk amid the wild flowers and the forest trees, to breathe the fresh and fragrant air, and bask in the warm and genial sunshine, is a pleasure of the highest kind; and when this is enjoyed with a constant reference to the great and good Being who is the "Father of all," the

pleasure then is raised to a happiness far superior to any that this world can otherwise afford.

I do not believe that any pleasure can be enjoyed equal to what we obtain in this way:—let a father of a family take his wife and children out in the fine summer weather, into the open country among the hills and the dales, the dells and the dingles, the woody coppices, the green lanes, the wild heaths! let them go cowslipping in the spring, or blackberrying in the autumn! let the boys climb the trees, and the girls pick flowers! let father and mother, brother and sister, sit down on the mossy bank, to enjoy their humble fare, with the sun shining over them, and the pure air blowing round them, with the birds singing on every side, and I feel confident they will experience more real enjoyment in this kind of recreation, than in any that they might choose.

But it is not always summer time; and when the dull, cold, and dreary winter comes, what is a poor man to do? Fortunately in these times we are not at a loss to know what to do. There are in almost every town, mechanics' institutions, museums, and collections of art. Art is but the imitation of Nature; a fine picture or a fine bust, are only fine according as they represent Nature faithfully. He who is fond of Nature, and who can discern its beauties, and feel its loveliness in the open air and bright sunshine, will be able to appreciate the representation of it in the gems of a museum, and, therefore, the museum is the place for a man to enjoy himself in. Here he will find things beautiful and curious too, and will be able to learn a great deal of many things of which he not only knew nothing before, but of which he had not even the faintest conception. Many a hint has a man received at a museum, which he has turned to good account in his business, and even worked out to a pecuniary advantage to himself.

I will put it to any man whether such a manner

of spending one's holiday time or pleasuring time is not infinitely more to our advantage, than the following account given by a working man of his day's pleasuring. He had been listening to a fellow-workman who had described his day in the country, and thus snubbed him up.

"Oh, that's your taste, is it! blackberries and bulrushes, scratches and briars, bogs and horse ponds. Give me a drop of good beer and a pipe! that's the way I like to enjoy myself. I like to see human nature going and coming, and so I just went quietly from my old shop in the Borough to the Bricklayers' Arms in the Kent road, and took my seat at one of the front windows, and there I sat and enjoyed myself the whole of the afternoon. I had gin and beer and tobacco, lots of good society, and plenty of fun."

This is not a bad picture of the way in which many spend their time when they take a holiday. But I heard another man's description of *his* day's pleasuring, which is so much to my mind, that I can't help repeating it. He took his wife and children into Epping Forest and among the corn fields. "If," said he, "you had seen the mad capers of the young ones, you would have thought them 'daft.' The two youngest had never seen a green field before, and the elder ones had never seen an ear of corn, and had not the least idea of how it grew; and to see them roll among the wheat stubble, and topple about on the grass, and swing upon the boughs of the trees, and paddle in the brooks without their shoes and stockings, and make ducks and drakes in the ponds, was beautiful. I felt as if I could jump at every step, and my old woman sat under and cried like a child for joy to see the happiness of the young ones."

So much for pleasuring, my friends. Recreate yourselves as much as you can, but endeavour to learn in what pleasure really consists, and follow it out with

wisdom and discretion, and not without reference to Him who has given us in His works so many means of enjoyment and recreation.

GOSSIPING AND TITTLE-TATTLE.

If ever you see a woman with a dirty cap on her head, dirty stockings on her feet, a draggle tail, and shoes down at the heel, it is ten to one that she is not only a *slattern*, but a *gossip*; for gossiping as surely leads to slatternism as debt leads to misery. There are a good many sad, and a good many disagreeable sights to see in this sad world, but one of the most disagreeable sights to me is, to see two slatterns standing with their heads out of their doors or windows, in the act of gossiping. And this often with their breakfast things unwashed, their children not ready for school, their beds not made, the fire out, and perhaps, as I once saw, the pig in the parlour.

And yet this is no uncommon sight to see in cottages of a village, or in the small streets of a town; and many bad housewives will stand and chatter in this way by the hour together. What can they have to talk about? Nothing good, depend upon it! Sometimes they talk about their husbands' failings, sometimes about the worry their children give them, sometimes about their troubles and disasters, such as have been brought on by their own want of prudence, care or foresight, or attention to family matters; at other times they will talk about dress and finery, but most frequently their talk is about their neighbours, and scandal and backbiting is the staple of their discourse. Well, after a long gossip, the gossips at last turn into their houses, and then they find the time has flown away more rapidly than they expected; then all is hurry-scurry, and when the good man comes home to his dinner, he finds his wife peeling the

potatoes, and the pot not on, and everything about the room in woeful disorder. He goes upstairs and finds the beds not made, nor the slops emptied; then he comes down stairs with a very sour temper, and having at the same time an empty and gnawing stomach, and finding that the dinner is not likely to "come off" for some time, he begins to grumble; then of course the wife begins to scold, and gives the husband ten words for one; then comes abuse and recrimination, and at last a quarrel ensues, perhaps blows take place, or a table is kicked over, and the poor man goes off without his dinner to his work, or he stops at the first public house he comes to, gets tipsy, and does not go to work at all.

This is by no means the worst thing that can come of gossiping. I know of a case that occurred to an artisan who was earning very good wages, for he was foreman in an iron foundry, who had a gossiping wife. She not merely gossiped with her head out of the window, but *went about* gossiping, and a vast deal of time she wasted in this way. She was, like the rest of her tribe, a backbiter, and felt a great pleasure in scandalizing her neighbours. She was particularly free in her remarks concerning a poor invalid mantua-maker, whom she designated as being no better than she should be (which is the case with most of us). But the mantua-maker had a brother-in-law who was a lawyer, and a case of defamation of character was soon got up. The poor artisan, in trying to stay proceedings by offering compensation, only made matters worse. Judgment went by default of appearance. Ten pounds damages was obtained, and forty pounds expenses, which the unfortunate husband to this gossiping wife had to pay by instalments of ten shillings a week, for a period of two years. So much for gossiping.

DOCTORING.

One of the greatest drawbacks upon a working man is sickness; yet I believe that a large portion of the sickness, feeble health, and mortality, among the working classes, arises from their own fault, and is the natural result of a gross neglect of a few of the plainest principles of science. It is true, many men have to work at unhealthy trades, but even much of the evil belonging to them may be averted by attention to cleanliness, and a slight acquaintance with the laws of life; and the working man should never forget that his health and strength is his wealth, his *capital*, his *all*. Every day of sickness is a dead loss, not only to himself but to his family; and when continued for any length of time, must bring ruin with it.

There is then clearly but one course for a working man, he must take care not to impair his health, either by drinking, or by debauchery, or by dirtiness, or by want of attention to those natural laws which the Creator has given to us for our preservation, and which will teach him that sobriety is necessary to health, that cleanliness is necessary to health, that well-ventilated rooms are necessary to health, that warm clothing is necessary to health, that a pure atmosphere and good water and an open situation are necessary to health;* and he should therefore set his mind upon procuring as many of these as he conveniently can; and to guard against sickness, which may befall him notwithstanding all his care, he should be a member of some good provident benefit club, which he will find of inestimable advantage to him.

When a man requires a doctor—and there are many doctors who are the kindest friends to the poor, and who make very great sacrifices for them—he should follow his

* See Tracts on Air, Food, Clothing, &c., of this series.

directions entirely; this is his absolute duty, for his life often depends upon his doing so. In many other matters I like that a man should "think for himself;" but when a man is sick, he is not in a condition to *think for himself* any more than he is to *work for his living*, and therefore the doctor's directions should be always followed to the very letter, if a speedy restoration to health is desired.

In all this, my friends, there is still "one thing needful" for us to consider. The *soul* has diseases as well as the *body*, and of a far more dangerous tendency. The diseases of the body terminate in death; those of the soul remain for ever, unless they are purged away by the atoning blood of an all righteous and merciful Saviour; and hence, while we labour, as it is our duty to do, for the things that perish—while we walk honestly in our daily occupations—while we strive to make our homes comfortable, and our wives and families happy, we should not forget that our home is not here, and that in our "Father's house there are many mansions." In the Word of God we shall find both the food and physic of our souls; and having faith in its holy teachings and loving promises, we shall be enabled to go on in peace through the turmoils and troubles, the trials and temptations of life.

THE END.

82-1.8

14938

"Mother's Last Words."

A BALLAD FOR BOYS.

By MRS. SEWELL,

*Author of "The Children of Summerbrook,"
"Our Father's Care," &c.*

TWENTY-SIXTH EDITION.

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTIETH THOUSAND.

LONDON:

JARROLD AND SONS, 12, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Price 2d., or in stiff enamelled wrapper, 3d.