

wife in telling Pollygolly that she must leave us at the end of this month.

Mrs. Jones was pleased to ask me my views on the Servant Question in general. I addressed her to the following effect; and she, being a good judge, said that I spoke words of wisdom that should be printed. Between ourselves, she is a woman that deserves a good husband and a crown of gold. She does not encourage my explorations in search of the ORIGIN OF EVIL, but she always tries to lessen the practical evil she finds in the world.

Pollygolly came to us fresh from Burnsbrae—was obedient and industrious, and willing to learn. She was dressed very quietly and modestly, and she took good care of the wages we gave her.

In a few weeks she found associates, caught their ideas, got a beau, became fond of finery, wasted her wages in tawdry dress, tried to appear the fine lady. She dressed much “finer” than dear Jane,—and much more fashionably. She rejoices in high heeled boots, in a violent Grecian Bend, and in the Scotch Terrier style of hair dress. She devotes to her dress the thought which should be given to her duties. It is now quite impossible that she can ever make a good servant.

As she belonged to the same Church with ourselves, we invited her to sit in our pew, and we never kept her home from a religious service. I thought that, under these circumstances, I should speak to her—remonstrate with her, ask her the reason for her conduct, and explain to her the prospect before her. She took it kindly, but assured me she could not help herself. “One must be like one’s neighbours. They dresses fine, and I must dress fine. They goes out o’nights, and I must go out. They spends their money, and so must I. I would like to send something home to my poor old mother; but I have not a cent to spare. That bonnet cost me a month’s wages. I must go to Boston or New York. Jessie Maclean was not half as smart as me, but off she goes, and now she’s married to Billy Sinclair, and they keeps house themselves. Anyhows, we’ll get good wages in the States, and they’ll never call us “Servants” there, but “Helps.” And if we are “helps” to them they are “helps” to us.”

I told her how often I had found out of girls going away from the Provinces to the deepest poverty and distress—to beggary and ruin—in Boston and other American cities. A considerable proportion of the poor things rush off to ruin with awful speed.