

Phrosie, "She thinks she need not rise because I do not." Miss Startup now appears after her waltz, exclaiming—"You must excuse me, Mrs. Shoddy. I could not find you, and that *valse* was so *delicious*." Miss Startup does not always use appropriate adjectives, but she atones for the inelegance of her English by sprinkling it liberally with French. Mrs. Shoddy is very gracious to Miss Startup (who is the daughter of a bran new millionaire) enquiring anxiously—"Did ye see Allfred yit?" Alfred is the eldest hope of the house, and his mother would willingly give him a double portion of all things, including double I's in his name, while Mr. Shoddy, still more liberal with the alphabet, prefixes an H to the name of each of the elder children, which, with a sort of poetic justice, he deducts from those of the younger ones. Thus we have Hallfred, Hella and Heva, and then little 'Arry and 'Orace and 'Attie. Phrosie was very angry when Mr. Shoddy once remarked "Hugh-froze-in was a hodd name."

(To be continued.)

SERVICE AND WORK.

The article by "Quevedo Redivivus" on "Domestic Servants" I read with pleasure. The subject is deep-rooted, wide-spread, and generally interesting, but one, I fear, whose evils must be cured by individual advice in all cases. To put oneself in the place of another is perhaps the most difficult task any one can set about, but if success attends the effort, it should broaden the sympathies, enlarge the perceptions, and set at liberty from selfishness. What are some of the things the position of a servant involve? For one thing, an amount of self-denial that few in a higher social station can boast of. The daily stroll in the invigorating open air is not for them, and if there is an afternoon out at a time, all that is possible to be done must be got through before they go out, and on their return they find that much has been left for them to do up, even if they feel tired, which, being mortal, they sometimes must. No doubt, too, a servant has as keen a relish for the good things of life as others have, but we all know that the best of all the food goes to the family table, and she thus has to practise a daily denial in what may be a very trying way. Of course a servant can't expect to have the best of everything, but could at least some mistresses not try to make it easier for them even in this matter? Now, what are some of the qualities that go to make up a good general servant? Summer and winter she rises like clock-work (a great punishment to some of us), has the rooms warm, and a good breakfast ready by—say 8 a.m. All day long she is quick, quiet and orderly—ready to be put out of her own way to suit the wishes or caprices of her mistress. Cooks without waste, is always punctual, obliging, patient, civil, honest, sober; never grumbles or makes objections; does not *gad* nor have company come in to see her; and instead of shirking work, tries to do any extra thing she can to relieve her mistress. In short, she gives up her life in service. Such are some of the perfections we demand in a good servant; is it wonderful if we sometimes fail to find them? And when found, are not our whole-hearted thanks, constant, kindly courtesy—nay, rather veneration—due to such an individual? and do we not then realise what these words mean, "He that would be great among you, let him be your servant."

But we say "only a servant," and look down on what we find we can't do without. If for any reason whatever we do not or cannot cook our own food, attend to the thousand-and-one things the household work involves, is it not a clear case of obligation to get any one to do these things for us, even for money? Physical food is quite as necessary for us as mental food, and sometimes costs quite as much time in the preparation. It may seem absurd to some, but there is a close connection between the disposition of the cook and the state in which the meal is served, so that the more patient, generous, and refined our cook's nature has become, the more inviting and perfect the food will be. There is such a thing as *genius* in cooking, and in all branches of household work. We ought to respect genius in all its forms and treat those who have it, or strive to attain it, with consideration, even as regards those dreaded things "followers." If our daughters are allowed male friends, surely it can't be very wrong for our servants to desire such. The royal rule of life is the best to follow, even towards servants: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If we want never to receive thanks, encouragement or appreciation, let us withhold these from others. If we want to be treated as beneath notice, let us look down on others; if we want to be ground, grind others; if we do not want love, let us keep back love from others; but, if we want to be considered, consider others; if we want to be respected, respect others; if we want civility, be civil to others; and if we want others to do their conscientious duty to us, let us do ours to them. And it is wonderful how this law works out in life its inevitable and certain results.

At the root of the whole question lies a wrong view of life and work. Genuine, good honest work, elevates both men and women, and it is a twisted state of society that makes men and women have any idea of looking down on labour of any kind that is done in the service of others and for the good of the world generally. There is nothing really more degrading than to eat the bread

of idleness. Work is Nature's law—is God's law. To work for the good of others is absolutely necessary to true spiritual existence, and forms us into genuine men and women; it is not what we *are*, but what we *do*, that makes the individual. J. A. Froude has a very striking allegory in *Frazer's Magazine* for November. It is entitled "A Siding at a Railway Station." The train is suddenly brought to a stand, by running into a siding. First, second and third-class passengers quickly find themselves outside and all on a level. By and by the station-master comes along, and there is an examination of baggage, but when the lids are taken off, the boxes are found to contain, not money, clothing or jewels, but samples of the work each man has done in his life, &c. The first examination is confined to the literal work done for the general good. Those only who have done real work are allowed to pass on, all others are rejected. It is the leading thought, that good honest work is necessary to genuine spiritual life. That is invaluable to all of us, for on our work depends the future state of our existence. Thus, what a man *does* is what he *is*, and so we see somewhat of how a man is judged by his works, and how his works do follow him. Work then of a useful sort should be the aim and joy of our lives, not the least we can do, but the most. If we can afford help for some of our household purposes, there are still many ways of employing willing hands.

In everyone's life there are abundant opportunities of doing kindnesses, giving ease and comfort; and if each individual, in their several conditions of life, did nothing but loving and wise actions, all the evil that is in the world would be conquered by good, and this can be done. Will we do it? To lose, by laziness, or unwillingness, or any cause, the chance that comes to us of doing kindness in any way to rich or poor, is really of more vital consequence to us than the loss of money or lands. All the good and beautiful things in our life are not ours to claim as a right and say, "This is *mine*," when the truth is, nothing is ours, but is given us for the use of others. The happiness ages have sought after lies at our very door, and we will not see it; it is to forget self and selfish ends in usefulness to others. This is the only true road to happiness, not to try to possess but to give, not to make ourselves happy but to make others so, and this is to be usefully and actively employed in the world's work. God Himself, the Creator and sustainer of the universe, calls Himself the "Former" and the "Workman"—even the "Potter"—and we are the work of His hands. This work is not for self but for others, incessantly, day and night, for He slumbereth not and fainteth not, neither is weary; while we drag out a miserable existence of working for self, and complain if we have no time to ourselves and no time for pleasure, and grumble still more because with it all we are not happy! Having proved man's way to happiness to be most unsatisfactory, let us try God's way, and prove that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

A TRIP TO CUBA.

No. III.

Christmas eve, with all its time-hallowed associations, but robbed of its northern accessories of snow and frost, found me borne along through the streets of Havana by the irresistible force of a dense crowd of rather dirty humanity. I was beginning to get used to Cuban disorder and want of cleanliness. A visit to the Chinese theatre—or rather to one of them, for there are two—had proved sufficient to fortify my nerves against any further display of outside filth. At best I must describe it as no more than fit for a first-class cattle-market, and the occupants, principally Chinese, as were all the actors, showed a very decided and unpleasant neglect, amounting often to a total absence of those customary articles of human attire, shoes and stockings. The slight acquaintance thus made with the West Indian representatives of the Celestial Land, I determined to more fully cultivate, and for this purpose I visited the quarter of the city known as the Chinese quarter. The influx of this nationality is most surprising, when we consider that it is estimated that there are to-day in Havana upwards of 70,000 persons of Asiatic origin. I saw some 2,000 of them, and succeeded in eliciting much valuable information from one of their number, a very superior man, a long way above the ordinary standard of Mongolian intelligence. Until very recently, when a representative of their government has been accredited at Havana, the Chinese, said my informant, were treated a little worse than dogs. While the value of their labour was readily appreciated, they were subjected to insults, abuse and ill-treatment of every description. On learning that I hailed from the dominions of the Queen of England, this gentleman unreservedly spoke in highly eulogistic terms of Her Majesty, and a group of yellow brethren, for whom he acted as interpreter, appeared to cordially agree with him on this as on most other points. A stay of two or three hours among these most interesting people, during which time they favoured me with a delicious cup of tea, convinced me that there is much more beneath the surface of the Chinese people than we have ever yet been disposed to admit. It is impossible to foresee what social and political revolutions may in the coming ages be effected by their increased emigration to this continent.

I think it was the contemplation of the crowded streets on Christmas eve that led me into this digression about Chinamen. But pigtails are not plentiful