

It is not the work of a moment to understand and answer all these questions. A wise housekeeper should have asked them all, and got a good answer to each; that is one element of English home, health and comfort. Can every English housekeeper solve all this?

To feed her household well, agreeably, wholesomely, without stint, without waste—there is a technical problem of home life. What does each kind of food cost? What parts of food are the more wholesome, the more nutritious? What kinds of food do harm?—to the young, the middle-aged, the old? What quantity should be cooked, so as to give plenty without waste? What is the real value of each kind of food compared to its price? What is the price of food bought wholesale and bought at retail? What is the true weight of good kinds of food? How do I know good food from bad? How can I tell adulterated food from pure and wholesome food?

What are the wholesome ways of cookery? What kinds of cooking render wholesome food more or less nutritious, palatable? What dishes are comely, elegant, clumsy, gross, vulgar? How can I use the least sum of my husband's earnings in housekeeping, and yet never make him feel in want of any thing?

Shall I be told that all these things come by intuition, by experience, by practice? That they are for the servants to study, not for the mistress? That in every English household they are already perfectly well done? If I am assured that this is already known and done, I have only to admit, that no technical education in housekeeping is required by Englishwomen.

But I fear the truth is less pleasing; that many an Englishwoman sorely feels that that part of her education is at least not perfect. But I fear that many more Englishwomen and Englishmen do not know the truth about cookery and food. English food is often of the best materials in the world. English fuel is also of the best. English cookery, as a whole, is wasteful in the extreme, both of food and fuel. It is the fault of the Englishwoman; her want of technical education. She neither knows what is right, what is wrong, nor can she teach her servants what she herself is so ignorant of—the art of nutritious, wholesome, elegant, economical cookery.

Should the mother of a family know any thing about her own clothes—her husband's—her family's? What sort, quality, price of stuff, they should be made of? What stuffs wear well? what wash well? what wash out? Which parts wear out first? How to make these parts last the longest? What sewing holds? How many yards of stuff go to each piece of dress?—how much for lining, how much for trimming, how much for shaping, how much for sewing?

Should the head of a household know how to make any thing with her own hands—out of her own head? to cut out, to shape and fashion, to use a sewing-machine; to sew, embroider, mend? Should she know all about children's clothes, or nothing? Perhaps the Englishwoman we speak of may never want any of this sort of knowledge; she is born above all these things. But may I ask: Is it of no use to know thoroughly the things our servants have to do, or our shopkeepers? Should we not know when we are well served? when we are ill served? to distinguish between those who do well, and those who do ill; teach our inferiors, if they don't know; criticise their blunders, detect and correct their faults? Is it beneath the head of a household, to add to the pride of birth and the power of wealth, the excellence of superior intelligence and knowledge? Would it diminish your respect for a stately dame of a noble house, to know that she spared her husband's purse, and looked carefully after her own household? I know of a queen of ancient race, who taught her daughters to wash their own lace; for as she wisely said, "My dears, you never know what you may come to!" Was she a foolish or a wise mother?

All about clothes I think woman's work and woman's duty: price, stuff, shaping, sewing, durability, washing, ironing, and mending. A woman who cannot do all these things, and teach

them to servants and daughters by example and precept, has not to my mind got a good technical education.

There is no such physician as a wise wife or mother. Not to cure disease: that is a doctor's work: but to prevent disease, or to stop it at starting. What are our gravest illnesses?—neglected colds, indigestions, headaches. Who first finds out that we are ill? Who knows what has caused our illness? Who first takes alarm? Why should not every wife know the early symptoms of disease, the cause, the cure? There—not by the sick-bed, or in the hospital, but there, by the family fireside, the kindly mother should wisely watch the first symptoms of disease, wisely give the early warning, wisely apply the simple cure. Which is better in the house, a wise wife, or a perpetual physician? There is no technical training so valuable to a woman as that which shall enable her both to keep the doctor out of the house, and to send for him the moment he is wanted.

The most important part of the Englishwoman's home duty is still to come. The character of the next generation of Englishmen and Englishwomen is to be of their mothers' forming. Nearly all the education that forms character is mother's teaching—home education, family training. School may modify, but cannot supersede this first apprenticeship to human life. The world may cover and obscure the marks of mother's breeding: that early growth can never be uprooted!

If, then, the mother's teaching founds the future character, sows the early seeds of feeling, plants the first roots of principle, settles the tendencies and aims of life, grounds habits, prunes error, weeds out follies, checks faults, develops hidden talent, encourages native energy to steady application, and makes good the weak places of the young human creature—what afterthought, and pains, and toil, and painful undoing and still more painful regret, may not a wise mother spare her children's lives! What glorious privileges may she not confer on these young human souls, making of them treasures for their friends, their home, their country, and their God?

All nature is a book—a child's book. Its mother is nature's best interpreter, if only she first knew!

A mother's teaching, home education, family training—what a wide field of mother's work—all a child should know, all *that* its mother should be able to teach!

I have spoken only of infancy, of the first six or seven years, when as yet the school is not, and the teacher has not entered on the scene. If the mother's work must now cease, how glad will she be if she has done it well, and how grateful her children ever after! But must it now cease? Can a mother after seven be of no more help to her boys or girls—teach them no more? Let the mother herself say: can she help her boys in the evening, or in the early morning, with their figures, their reading, their exercises?

For my part, I doubt much if girls blessed with such a mother need ever go to school, or could ever better themselves by it. I am quite sure that a man would far rather marry such a mother's girl than the best boarding-school miss of the most fashionable girl's school.

But even if mothers do not or cannot teach all their children all they should know, of how great advantage to initiate, to choose, to watch the education! What teachers would grow up under the inspection of well-taught mothers for the education of their well-prepared children! Thus every knowledge of the mother proves a treasure to her child.

### On Traces of the Early Mental Condition of Man.

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(From the Transactions of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.)

If an antiquary is asked his opinion as to the early condition of mankind, he will probably take up the question with reference to an excellent test of man's civilization, the quality of the tools and weapons he uses. He will show how, within our own knowledge, the use of metal instruments has succeeded the use of