

enquired about my head, and I consoled her by the assurance that it was quite well. I proceeded to show her that—

If we suffer, others suffer with us. Others have been and still are in a much worse condition than we. (This is a style of consolation that never fails to take due effect with Jane, and her sisters of womankind in general.) If the worst come to the worst we'll do all the work ourselves, and live quite as happily as if we had fifty servants to devour our substance :

— “From the King

To the beggar, by gradations, all are servants;

And you must grant, the slavery is less

To study to please one than many.”

I was going on to quote the views of all the poets and philosophers, when Jane said that my own wisdom was quite enough for her. “We have been slaves to our servants long enough; let us now try to serve ourselves, as you say. And I know my cousin Maggie, poor child, will be glad to come and make her home with us and be as useful as possible. In case of need we'll send for your orphan niece too, and both these children will be like our own children, and we'll toil together. And then, may be you will not write that Essay on the “Origin of Evil?”

I shook my head ominously: “The subject is fresh, brand new, inviting as summer lawns and woods. I hear the call; I must obey. David Jones is a Prophet; Mrs. David Jones shall share the immortal renown of her husband.”

The prospect of a fate so brilliant affected Mrs. Jones's nerves again, but her smile was only a gleam of dawn. She instantly reverted to the Pollygolly question. Said she: “How was it with our forefathers? They had no troubles like ours? Surely servants, faithful, good and obedient, were abundant in those days, before there was any raving about “Women's Rights,” or “Communism,” or the “Equality of Man.”

Fortunately, a book was under my hand, printed in the year of grace 1725—before my great-grandfather was born. It was filled with grievous complaints about servants. I opened it and read a few extracts to show Jane that our forefathers were not exempt from trials like our own:

“Women servants are now so scarce, that from thirty to forty shillings a year, their wages are increased of late to six, seven, nay eight pounds per annum, and upwards, so that an ordinary