

Those who do well save but little money, and are no better off at the end of five years than if they had staid in Halifax or St. John. My reasoning and appeals were lost on poor Pollygolly. Some of her companions were going away, and she must go too.

I told Jane how often mistresses are more to blame for bad servants than the servants themselves are blame-worthy for their badness. The ladies do not know household duties, and do not teach their servants. One good result of the present scarcity of household servants will be that our wives and daughters must study and practise housekeeping. They must understand about the washing and cooking, the sewing and the sweeping. They must be at home in the kitchen as well as in the drawing room—in the pantry as well as in the library. Americans and Provincials must, like well trained English-women, learn the whole art and science of housekeeping. They will thus be able to add immensely to the comfort of the family, and to save an unknown amount of money.

Jane had been reading John Ruskin, and she flattered me by saying that these were his sentiments exactly. She referred again to the “*Internationale*,” which led me to say:

There is some connection after all between the Internationalists, the Communists, and the Servant Girls. It is the same grand social upheaval that manifests itself in different ways, according to circumstances, in a burning palace of the Louvre, in Petro-leuse exploits in the streets of Paris, and in the burning of your roast beef under the eye of Pollygolly. Her heart was stirred with a longing for change, for improvement in her social condition, and this led to her neglect of duty. There are wild, wide movements of humanity—instinctive, irrational, and so far unaccountable—in which all have a share more or less directly. There are upheavals and revolutions, more or less swift and strong, in constant progress. We are now in the heart of one of these vast currents; but we cannot well tell whither we are drifting. The birds of passage flock from land to land over raging seas, in obedience to a general instinct. Man (including our Pollygolly) is also very largely a creature of circumstance—a slave of instinct. You see the movement in your kitchen, Mrs. Jones: well,—look abroad and you will see it in English factories, Welsh mines, Scotch shipyards, New York Crispin societies, and in Trades Unions, International Societies, and also in the great upheavals in Church and State, in the old and new world. Jane here kindly