

Mother.—And you can't do much, if they would. Really they oughtn't to marry yet.

Father.—Really we must leave it to themselves. I don't think you and I need trouble our heads about it. When Percivale considers himself prepared to marry, and Wynn timer thinks he is right, you may be sure they see their way to a livelihood without running in hopeless debt to their tradespeople.

Mother.—Oh, yes! I daresay—in some poky little lodging or other!

Father.—For my part, Ethelwyn, I think it better to build castles in the air than huts in the smoke. But seriously, a little poverty and a little struggling would be a most healthy and healing thing for Wynn timer. It hasn't done Percivale much good yet, I confess; for he is far too indifferent to his own comforts to mind it; but it will be quite another thing when he has a young wife and perhaps children depending upon him. Then his poverty may begin to hurt him and so do him good.

It may seem odd that my father and mother should now be taking such opposite sides to those they took when the question of our engagement was first started—as represented by my father in *The Seaboard Parish*. But it will seem inconsistent to none of the family; for it was no unusual thing for them to take opposite sides to those they had previously advocated—each happening at the time, possibly enlightened by the foregone arguments of the other, to be impressed with the correlate truth—as my father calls the other side of a thing. Besides, engagement and marriage are two different things, and although my mother was the first to recognise the good of our being engaged, when it came to marriage she got frightened, I think. Anyhow I have her authority for saying that something like this passed between her and my father on the subject.

Discussion between them differed in this from what I have generally heard between married people, that it was always founded on a tacit understanding of certain unmentioned principles; and no doubt sometimes, if a stranger had been present, he would have been bewildered as to the very meaning of what they were saying. But we girls generally understood; and I fancy we learned more from their differences than from their agreements; for of course it was the differences that brought out their minds most, and chiefly led us to think that we might understand. In our house there were very few of those mysteries which in some houses seem so to abound; and I think the openness with which every question, for whose concealment there was no special reason, was discussed, did more than even any direct

instruction we received to develop what thinking faculty might be in us. Nor was there much reason to dread that my small brothers might repeat anything. I remember hearing Harry say to Charley—they being then eight and nine years old—"That is mamma's opinion, Charley—not yours, and you know we must not repeat what we hear."

They soon came to be of one mind about Mr. Percivale and me—for indeed the only *real* ground for doubt that had ever existed was—whether I was good enough for him; and for my part I knew then and know now that I was and am dreadfully inferior to him. And notwithstanding the tremendous work women are now making about their rights—I so wish they had them, if it were only that certain who make me feel ashamed of myself because I too am a woman, might perhaps then drop out of the public regard—notwithstanding this, I venture the sweeping assertion that every woman is not as good as every man, and that it is not necessary to the dignity of a wife that she should assert even equality with her husband. Let *him* assert her equality or superiority if he will; but were it a fact, it would be a poor one for her to assert, seeing her glory is in her husband. To seek the chief place is especially unfitting the marriage feast. Whether I be a Christian or not, and I have good reason to doubt it every day of my life, at least I see that in the New Jerusalem one essential of citizenship consists in knowing how to set the good in others over against the evil in ourselves.

There now—my father might have said that! and no doubt has said so twenty times in my hearing. It is, however, only since I was married that I have come to see it for myself; and now that I do see it, I have a right to say it.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

THE Woman's Suffrage Bill will most likely be read in May next. Will the ladies conquer? is the question. Even if they do, another question arises, Will the majority even then vote, and use the power so excitedly fought for, after the first novelty wears off? Voting is a distinct trouble—such is the opinion of even many eager male voters—and ladies hate trouble, and besides are indifferent politicians, generally being far more interested in baby's or mother's health than in Mr. Gladstone's. Then all the gentle sex love Home Rule, and no more Home Rulers are wanted just at present in Parliament.

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