

Married Life Can be Made Happy.

By MARY A. LIVERMORE.

A happy marriage does not depend upon good health and good habits alone. Unless on both sides there are well grounded respect and love, uniting the twain in oneness of sympathy and purpose, the marital union will lack the completeness and blessedness of which it is capable. Sorrows and trials are sure to be experienced. Infirmities of temper, common to all, will manifest themselves in an unpleasant manner. Illness, disappointments, poverty, with annoyances and irritations from un-

new life, each learns by experience where the other is stronger or weaker, and defers or directs accordingly. The husband will appeal to his wife for advice or suggestion in matters where he has learned that her judgment is superior to his; and she will carry some puzzling question to him for settlement, with the confession, "It is beyond me," and he must attend to it. This will come without any debate or discussion as to the leadership of the family.

Timothy Dwight, ex-president of

him bear his failures. But, as a rule, the one thing of which a Canadian wife is ignorant is her husband's business. The husband chooses to have it so. "Women know nothing about business." "I do not want to bother her with my affairs." "If she will run the house, I will find the money." These and like statements are the reasons he gives for his preference. So he buries himself in his office or counting room, and plunges into commercialism, ignoring all other pursuits.

The wife, left to herself, becomes the patron of local philanthropies, joins clubs, and pursues courses of reading and study, opens her house to lectures and musicals, and cultivates society. Her husband sees her less frequently as he becomes engrossed more and more in money making, and his children grow from babyhood

might be taken from them. Although he was a stern, cold man, feared and disliked more than he was loved, his marriage was almost ideal. His wife was neither intellectual nor brilliant, but she loved her husband devotedly, and he found in her "a place for his heart."

Before all forms of government, all types of civilization, all social institutions, and all advance in education, the relations of the husband and the wife make the everlasting foundation on which the social structure of the whole world rests. Just so fast and just so far as these relations become what they ought to be, just so fast and just so far will society be uplifted—but no faster and no farther. It is the family and the home that lay the foundation of country, and these depend on the relations of husband and wife.

The greatness of a nation is not made by its extensive territorial domain, nor by its vast wealth, nor yet by its impregnable fortifications, its battleships, and its trained soldiers. It may possess all these insignia of greatness and yet be weak, and like Rome, fall a prey to barbarian hordes. The greatness of a nation is made by its true men and women, who have been well born in good homes, where they have been carefully fashioned into a lofty type of manhood and womanhood. This is the large intent of marriage, which is not alone the cradle of the human race but the crown as well, and should be the symbol of a marriage that shall be immortal.

THE MAGAZINE FARMER.

I used to like the old place
But now it ain't no use;
It's laid out inartistic.
And it's tacky as the deuce;
You see I've been a-reading,
Till envy makes me green,
Of artistic agriculture
In a farming magazine.

It tells you how your pig pen
Should be on aesthetic lines;
And your Looey fourteen henhouse
Should be draped in ivy vines;
I'm goin' to sell the old place—
It's architecture's bum,
And I'll buy one of them dream-joints
In that magazine, by gum!

I'll raise no crops plebeian,
But I'll put in plants and shrubs;
I'll do no harvest sweatin'—
Leave that fer old-time dubs!
I may not last a season,
'Fore I meet the sheriff man,
But I'm goin' to be a farmer
On the magazinist plan!

A teacher in a down-town public school the other day received this note from the mother of a pupil who is opposed to her girl being taught physical culture, as she feels perfectly able herself to teach her the "jumps": "Please don't teach my Mina any fakel tortur. Make her mit the go-grafy, and Ile give her the jumps."



Threshing with Gasoline Engine on the Farm of J. & C. Burgess, Sask.

looked for sources, enter into the lives of married people, even when they are guarded against most carefully. All the resources of love and sympathy will be needed to bear them—patience, forbearance, faith in each other, good nature, politeness, and kindness. Married people should from the start cultivate that habit of looking at the bright side of things, which Dr. Johnson has pronounced "worth a thousand pounds a year."

It is not possible to overstate the value of cheerfulness in a home. One can hide the sun from his vision by holding a dime persistently between it and his eyes. We can so magnify the little ills of life by morbid contemplation of them as to obscure our pleasant surroundings from ourselves and to breed moroseness and gloom in the family circle. The most cheerful people usually are not those who are the least burdened with care, suffering, want, and work. Nor do those deserve the reputation of cheerful people who are gay and hilarious when all goes well with them and their tastes and wishes are gratified, but who drop into bad temper and "fits of the blues" the moment they are thwarted. Cheerfulness is a habit to be cultivated, a moral quality to be acquired, which drapes one's personality everywhere with sunshine as with a garment. It will glorify the humblest home, even when it lacks the decorations that money can buy, and will soothe and invigorate the most rasped and weary toilers in the struggle for existence.

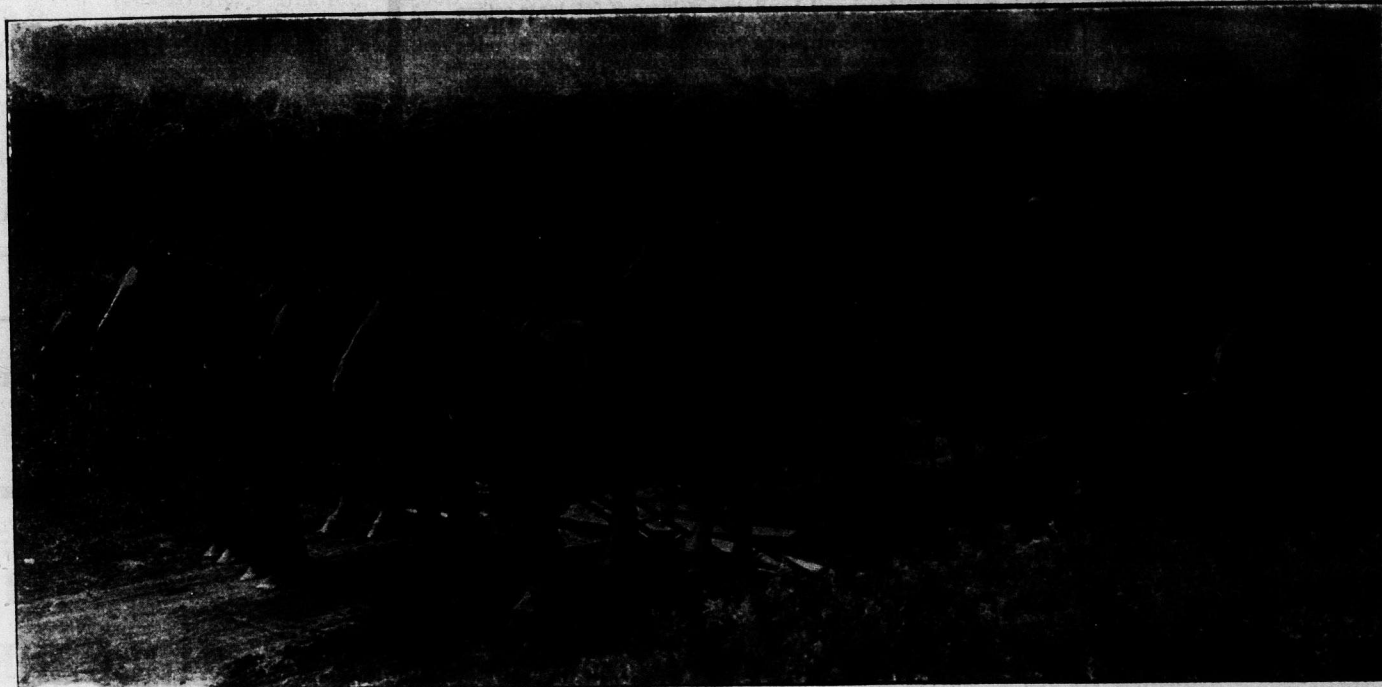
Who shall be the head of the household? Shall it not be the husband? Yes, he shall be if he will. The true wife desires nothing more than that her husband shall be king in his own right, and by his own act, for then she shall be queen. But when, instead of wearing the royal purple of an incomparable manhood, he clothes himself in the rags of a dissolute life, she too, falls of the throne, and the sceptre drops from her hands. This question never obtrudes itself upon a well-mated pair. In happy marriages the husband and wife alternately are subject and ruler, neither dreaming that such an arrangement exists. As they live in such congenial partnership, sharing the responsibilities of their

Yale University, was wont to say that a man must ask his wife if he may be rich. All know the truth behind this sententious statement. "If heaven allotted to each man seven guardian angels," said Lord Lytton, "five of them ought to be hovering night and day over his pockets; for the management of one's money is in much the management of one's self." Not infrequently the five angels of the pocket seem to reside in the wife, whose wise economy fills the house with comfort, sends sons and daughters to college, clears the mortgage from the homestead, and all from the moderate income of the husband. When there is a lack of this homely virtue in the wife and when, from ignorance or recklessness, she rushes into extravagance which the income does not warrant, there is hindrance for the children, embarrassment for the husband, and poverty for the household.

In some countries the wife is generally the partner of the husband, is interested in his business or profession, knows what income it yields, rejoices in his successes, and helps

to maturity without his guidance, and almost without his acquaintance. So, day by day, the two drift farther apart, each with diverse plans and interests, until at length, while ostensibly husband and wife, they are divorced as hopelessly, in sentiment and affection, as if all the courts of Christendom had decreed a separation.

It is pleasant to turn away from this picture of married life, originals of which may be found in all our cities, to another, which has just been unveiled to the reading public. "I married you in order to love you in God, and according to the need of my heart, and in order to have in the midst of the strange world a place for my heart which all the world's bleak winds cannot chill, and where I may find the warmth of the home fire, to which I eagerly betake myself when it is stormy and cold without." This is a quotation from the "Love Letters of Prince Bismarck" to Johanna von Puttkamer, his bride and mother of his children. They were written from the time of his engagement in 1846 to 1849, and scores of similar passages



Road grazing near Lumsden.