

Choose Wisely the Wife of thy Bosom.

Go, my son, said the eastern sage to Talmore, go forth to the world; be wise in the pursuit of knowledge—be wise in the accumulation of riches—be wise in the choice of friends; yet little will this avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

When the rulers of thy people echo thy sayings, and the trumpet of fame sounds thy name abroad among the nations, more beautiful will the sun of thy glory set, if one bright cloud reflects its brightness, and sullied for ever will be the splendour of the rays, if like a dark spot she crosses its surface.

Consider this, then, my son, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for little will all else avail thee if thou choosest not wisely the companion of thy bosom. See yonder, the maidens of Tinge. They deck themselves with the gems of Golconda and the rose of Kashmere—themselves more brilliant and beautiful; but ah! take not them to thy bosom; for the gem will grow dim, and the rose wither and naught remain to thee of all thou didst woo and win.

Neither turn thyself to the proud one who vaunts herself on having scanned the pages of Vedas, and fathomed the mysteries of the holy temple. Woman was not born to wield the sceptre, or direct the counsel; to reveal the mandates of Brama, or expound the sacred verses of Menu. Rather be it here to support thee in grief and soothe thee in sickness; to rejoice in thy prosperity and cling to thee in adversity. Reflect then my son ere thou choosest, and look to her ways whom thou wouldst make the wife of thy bosom.

A wife! what a sacred name, what a responsible office! she must be the unspotted sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crime of the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there.—A wife! she must be as pure as spirits around the Everlasting Throne that man may kneel to her, even in adoration, and feel no abasement. A wife! she must be the guardian angel of his footsteps on earth, and guide them to heaven; so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support, and replace him upon its firm foundation; so happy in conscious innocence, that when from the perplexities of the world he turns to his home, he may never find a frown where he sought a smile.—Such, my son, thou seekest in a wife; and reflect well ere thou choosest.

Open not thy bosom to the trifler; repose

not thy head on the breast which nurseth care and folly, and vanity. Hope not for obedience where the passions are untamed; and expect not honour from her who honoureth not the God that made her:

Though thy place be next to the throne of princes and the countenance of royalty beared upon thee—though thy riches be as the pearls of Omar, and thy name be honoured from the east to the west—little will it avail thee, if darkness and disappointment and strife be thy thine own habitation.—There must be passed thine hours of solitude and sickness—and thou must thou die. Reflect, then, my son ere thou choose, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for though thou be wise in other things—little will it avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

**THE FUGITIVE FROM LOVE.**

Is there but a single theme
For the youthful poet's dream?
Is there but a single wire
To the youthful poet's lyre?
Earth below, and Heaven above—
Can he sing of nought but love?

Nay! the battle's dust I see!
God of war!—I follow thee!
And, in martial numbers, raise
Worthy pacans to thy praise.
Ah! *She meets me on the field--*
If I fly not, I must yield.

Jolly patron of the grape!
To thy arms I will escape!
Quick, the rosy nectar bring;
"Io Bacche!" I will sing.
Ha! Confusion! Every sip,
But reminds me of *her* lip.

Pallas! give me wisdom's page,
And awake my lyric rage!
Love is fleeting, love is vain;
I will try a nobler strain.
Oh, perplexity! my books
But reflect *her* haunting looks!

Jupiter! on thee I cry!
Take me and my lyre on high!
Lo! the stars beneath me gleam!
Here, oh, poet! is a theme.
Madness! *She has come above!*
Every cord is whispering "Love!"



An enlightened people are a better auxiliary to the judge, than an army of policemen.