

of men, and as He declared His will to gratify his longing desire. There is a world of meaning in the sentence. The ideal wife is the helpmeet of her husband.

“Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.”

Not by any means the slave of man, but his co-partner in bearing the burdens of this mortal life. It is only in savage state that the wife is made the hewer of wood and the drawer of water to her indolent and haughty lord. The condition of the wives in dark lands is the impressed stamp of heathenism, the sure token of uncivilization and savagery. Wherever the light of Christ has pierced the darkness, woman at once takes her place side by side with man—his equal, companion, helper. How well she can help. No one can help better. She can do so many things, and so deftly, that he can never do. By a gentle word, by a loving look, by a trustful bearing, she can strengthen her husband for his task. With her larger faith, with her better hope, with her less-mingled single-heartedness, she drives away the clouds from his sky. Seeing her in her attitudes of assistance, feeling the touch of her thousand unspoken sympathies, the despondent man takes heart again. The sunshine of her appreciation will enable him to bear the cold blasts of the world's neglect. She can help him in many ways. She may not actually go out and do his work for him, but she can make his work lighter, yea transform it into a pleasure task. She may not actually write his books or his sermons for him, but she can keep step with him in the high paths of literature and truth, and she can cheer and direct him by the utterances of her instinctive and quick realization of the true, the beautiful, and the good. Some of the grandest and brightest souls have leant much upon their wives, and have readily acknowledged their indebtedness to them. It is sad to think that many of the kings of literature have been unhappy in their marriages. They have been joined to uncongenial spirits, and it is to be feared that they have not done much to make their wives the helpers which they ought to be. But there are bright exceptions. It makes that great man who has lately passed away doubly dear to us to read the beautiful words in which he speaks of his wife. Let us not forget as we read the magic words of Thomas Carlyle, that the loving ministering of his wife, in many indefinable ways, helped him to write them.

Once more we must seek the conditions of true wifehood in the woman's husband. A man can do much to make or to mar the wife which he takes to his bosom. If she is a bad wife the fault may not altogether lie at her own door. She is the weaker vessel, and she is a plastic vessel which can be easily fashioned to honour or dishonour. A fair young girl is taken from a happy home, uninitiated into the world's ways, with leaping desires of undefined pleasure, bright with a joyous hope in the future; he who takes her can at least help in the fashioning of her into a true wife. If he fulfils his marriage vow, if he loves and cherishes his wife, if he is utterly faithful to her, his influence will touch her fine spirit to finest issues. If he trusts her all in all, if he confides in her, if he takes her always into his counsel, if he is guided by her wise advice, if he permits no shadow of a secret to be between her and