

THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE WIFE AND MOTHER.

(From ADVOCATE, (Scotland), by the late Rev. W. Sommerville, M. A.,
Nova Scotia.)

Every one has heard the aphorism, that a man must ask his wife's leave to be rich. It is the wise economy of the house which gives permanence to the fruit of labour abroad. I knew a farmer, occupying a few acres of land. He paid rent, tithe, county rates, fed and clothed his family, and had some hundreds of pounds out on interest. His success was a mystery. Had he lived earlier he might have been burned for collusion with the Devil. A neighbour once asked him the secret of his success, and he answered in one of those homely but luminous metaphors which we sometimes hear. "O, the secret is easily told, I have spent all my life in gathering eggs, and when I brought them home my wife *set* them." Here is the whole history of domestic prosperity in one short sentence. Another wife might have boiled the eggs and served them up to be eaten. In that case the contents of the first chapter of the history of domestic life would have been *poor*, and the contents of the last chapter *miserably poor*.

But it is not by physical co-operation and partnership in drudgery, nor yet in the department of money-making, that a wife contributes to her husband's success. In every department his ultimate triumph will be found associated with her presence and power. The exceptions are comparatively few. The farmer returns from the labours of the field. His hands are hardened. His limbs are weary. His face bears the traces of copious perspiration. The merchant comes home from the often anxious and wasting cares of the counting house. The politician seeks an escape from the irritating collision of public life and the discussion of the great questions that affect the destiny of millions. He is greeted by the smile of affection and welcome. He has now found a place of rest and sympathy and confidence. He is *at home*, shut in from the outside world by barriers that are stronger than walls of adamant and gates of brass. He *rests* now; and in the family circle where all is love and security and peace he forgets the struggles of the day. He lays an aching head, it may be, on the pillow smoothed by the care of a sleepless affection; and sleep—the sleep for which he is prepared by the wise tact which extracted from the care-worn bosom the sharp thorn—restores his wasted powers. He is ready to go forth in the morning, renovated, invigorated, hopeful, to meet the battle of life and to conquer. Give to a man the rest, the sympathy, the confidence, and the cheerfulness of a real home, and he cannot be broken down. He can accomplish anything within the limits of his physical endurance and his intellectual powers.

It is reported that Daniel O'Connell, who, whatever might be thought of his politics or the wisdom of his course, nevertheless achieved a kind