

THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE TRUE WIFE.

From an article by Rev. J. D. Houston in the *Scottish Advocate*.

The wife's kingdom is at home, and she maintains her rule in it by love—a love that “beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things”—a love that will cast out, and away, all fear and doubt. The wife can make the home a happy realm, or the reverse, as she bears herself. If she makes the home a real home, a calm retreat where all fair graces reign, she will do much to gain the husband. What drives, sometimes, the poor man from his home? Is it not the neglect, the slatternlyness of the wife? The drunkard is often driven to the alehouse by the unlovely nature of his surroundings at home. This is certainly no palliation of his vice, but the wives should look to it. If the wife makes the home comfortable, if she has a joyous welcome for her toiling, tired husband, he will be gained—the might of love will save him. The power of a true wife over a man, to drive the wild beast out of him, cannot be expressed. There have been rough, cruel, ill-tempered men who, as soon as they came within reach of the living influence of a saintly woman, have changed completely for the time, the spell of a holy anointing seemed to come upon them, and their angry tones have softened down to the harmonies of love. But this is not invariably the case. There are many bad husbands, who have not yielded to the might of loving tenderness; men of brutal passion, the devotees of strong vice, utterly selfish, “without natural affection.” Some of the truest women have been linked to such men, and they have done their part nobly, though it has pressed their very life out. They have trodden their dark pathway with the step of heroines. They have not told the world their unparalleled sorrow. Neglected, trampled down, treated with devilish cruelty, they have never forgotten their vow, which bound them to love and to cherish till parted by death. Through all their darkness, in spite of the burden of broken-heartedness which they can hardly bear, these noble souls have held on their way, never losing their faith in wifehood, though the man no longer deserves the name of husband—though the wretch who once vowed before God to love and to cherish her has rudely dashed her from his heart, and has darkened and desolated the home which he once made for her. We never can gauge the faithfulness of a true woman's heart. She hopes against hope. She holds by duty though her wifehood is but a cruel irony; and if at any time, after long long waiting and praying, her husband comes back, and sits down clothed and in his right mind beside her, how readily will all the dark past be forgotten and forgiven, and the receiving of him who comes back shall be, to her who has waited and prayed, indeed life from the dead.

Perhaps we sum up all the conditions of true wifehood when we say the true wife is the *helper* of her husband. “I will make him an help meet for him.” So said God as He admitted the sore want of the first