

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

"THY WILL BE DONE."

It was a cross to me,  
I felt it hard to bear!  
Why should I lift that burden up  
And take that load of care?  
Came a sad voice to me,  
Speaking with mournful power—  
"I have borne long for thee,  
Canst thou not bear one hour?"

It was a toil to me,  
Waking when I should sleep!  
Why should my eyes grow dim  
Watching the slow hours creep?  
Over the distant hills  
Came a voice full of pain,  
"I have watched long for thee,  
Oh! have I watched in vain?"

It was a rugged path—  
Tearing my weary feet.  
Here were such verdant fields,  
Rest in them would be sweet!  
Sobbing across the plains  
Came that sad voice to me—  
"I trode the way of tears  
Ending in Calvary!"

I clasp to my heart the cross  
He hath borne more for me.  
My watchful eyes search for the dawn,  
Soon may it come to me!  
Feebly I stagger on—  
If long the journey be,  
And I bear to the end—  
Lord! wilt Thou pardon me?

ESTELLE WILSON.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

"WHAT IS AN OGRE?"

BY

Λ

"What is an Ogre?" enquired Miss Lu, *stat. six*, of her charming sister Rosabel, whose acquaintance we have already made.

"An Ogre," said that sweet tempered girl, looking back into the period of her own childhood, "is a horrid ugly monster, ever so tall and strong, with a great mouth and great big teeth, who carries off little girls and women and shuts them up in big castles and puts them in dark dungeons and sometimes eats their tender flesh."

"Are there any Ogres now?" asked Lu, creeping a little closer to Rosabel.

"No, pet; brave knights killed them all long ago, and tore down their castles.

"I'm glad," said Miss Lu, and ran off to play.

After the child had left the room, I took Miss Rosabel's little hand in mine—Rosie allows this familiarity to an old man like me—and said: I think there are Ogres. I know those, *mutato nomine*, who answer the characteristics. True, these Ogres have not great brazen castles, nor do they delight in raw meat, but they carry off maidens now as then. I know a respectable Ogre, my dear, he wears the best of broadcloth, his shirt is of spotless linen, his conversation is pleasing and his voice low and sweet; but he carries off maidens. He plies them with his honey words, he creeps into their confidence, he wins their innocent loves, and then this monster robs them of their purity. Then the poor robbed little things wander about and Society sees that the Ogre has eaten their hearts out and it throws stones at them and tramples them under foot, and the Ogre goes off in his respectable broadcloth looking for another little maiden whom he may destroy. O, Rosie, there are few knights now-a-days to blow the winding horn at Castle Debauch, few knights to draw the good keen falchion and do battle for those helpless young women against the cruel Ogres. And Rosie, my dear, mark this, when some poor little child, some *petite bête*, with the fresh peach-down of the country on her cheeks, gets into one of those enchanted castles, your sex, Miss, feels no pity for her; but lifts up both hands and exclaims: "the forward little minx, why would she run into such danger?" Why, indeed? And should she escape out with the marks of the cruel manacles about her wrists and an ugly wound on her white palpitating bosom, her more fortunate sisters instead of taking her and bathing her little bruised hands and pouring oil and wine into that gaping wound, turn their backs on her and elevate their noses in a manner peculiar to your sex; instead of drawing this fluttering frightened little dove to their hearts and soothing and comforting it, they ring out bitter words of scorn and whistle the timorous little thing down the wind and laugh bitterly and say Society has a good riddance. But the Ogre puts on white kid gloves and goes to balls and parties and with the blood of some little sister on his cruel moustache is courted and made much of and leads out *la belle* in the dance and is run after and admired. And that very virtuous coterie which turned the bleeding girl out of doors invites Monsieur Ogre, *cum multis amicis* of his noble fraternity, into their midst.

There are Ogres who devour widows and orphans, Ogres with pious faces, who make long prayers and take the chief seat in the synagogue and hear the psalm chanted, may be by charity children in the organ-loft: "The Lord preserveth the strangers; He relieveth the fatherless and the widow, but the way of the wicked He turneth upside down." And then they go home and say: Ah, ha, we prosper, we are fat!

Have you ever seen the Ogres, Rosie, who build great gloomy looking castles, which they call factories? They send out and get the young children in and set them down to work and put task-masters over them, so that there is no laughing or talking and the little things grow hollow-cheeked on their low wages and pine for fresh air and sunshine and the joyous company of other children, and then some of them die and others run away and put paint on their faces and flout and flutter in the streets for a short time and then they die away too; but their empty places in the factory are soon filled by fresh recruits and the Ogre goes on and he builds his great Temple of Industry on the blood and the purity of little children. I would have some brave knight blow the horn and, pulling down his visor, do battle for these young ones and obtain for them a charter that is called in our dear mother land a Factory Act. And I would have those Ogres recollect that *qui se sert de la lampe, au moins de l'huile y met*.

You remember, Rosie, in that wonderful play of Macbeth how the poor guilty monarch gnashes his teeth at the ghastly procession the witches show him and exclaims in bitterness: "What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?" Do you think my line of Ogres is growing too long? Are you

shocked, my innocent little girl, that there should be so many monsters going about in society? Well, my dear, take an old man's prayer and may you never know the Ogre of which I next speak. I say no word against your gallant captain; but lovers are like peaches, the bloomiest of them has a kernel in their hearts and the kernel will distil a drop of poison. We know Ogres, both of us, dear, who are polite abroad, but they treat their wives abominably at home and wound them to the heart, not perhaps with blows but with taunts and dicers' oaths. They do not tie them up by the hair as Blue Beard used to do, for a modern *chevelure* might not be so secure, nor do they flog them and scar their beautiful breasts as the cruel Prince did the vivacious Amine, but they snub them and hurl cruel words at them and dig into their sensitive hearts with unmerited reproach. They keep them slaving in the kitchen and in the nursery, wearing out their lives for dogs' wages, while those great Ogres go out to parties and to their clubs and dance and are merry; flirting perhaps, behind the sofa with Mrs. Spargus or drinking too much toddy with Captain Rubicheck, and presently they come home and if their wives are sitting up they swear at them for wasting the gas, or if they have gone to bed they swear at them all the same and remind them of a time when they would have waited up all night long for them. Oh, you Ogres, I hate you!

There are Ogres to their own children, who make Tom and Harry long for the time that they will be big enough to run away to sea, while Em and Maggie glue their faces to the nursery window pane and long for Prince Prettiman to come and take them away. These are not happy homes, but the Ogre eats and drinks and gnashes his teeth and draws in the heart blood of his unfortunate children as he eats his beef and mutton.

There are other Ogres, *ma bonne*, and perhaps before the evening is over we will meet some of them and shake hands and drink wine together and we dare not enquire, *Qu'il abattra de têtes?* But we hate them, Rosie, and, my dear, if in the future, when you are nestling close by the Captain's side and some poor fluttering little creature, flying from an Ogre, comes to you with dumb imploring eyes, do not cast the first stone at her. For the sake of this present time, dear; for the sake of the old man who may then be dead and gone, drop one word of kindness into that wounded heart. Think of the Merciful Christ eighteen hundred years ago, when the woman taken in open sin was brought before Him, and rescue the little one from the Ogre.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE WIFE QUESTION.

My remarks in reference to the discipline of wives, struck a cord in many hearts. I have received several letters from husbands since the publication of the article on that subject, which I will be pleased to notice in this, in their order. Had I promulgated my theory a few decades ago, it would have been instantly scouted by all parties: but, of late, the gentle sex have so advanced in their sway in the world, that many men are becoming open to conviction. I feel that I have a grave and solemn responsibility imposed upon me, and I am preparing myself for the great crisis about to come.

My first communication runs as follows:

"To Joel Phipps, F. G. A., P. Y. Z., H. M. R., &c., &c.

Dear Sir,

I read with intense interest your article which appeared in the CAN. ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the 30th ult., I feel, Sir, you have approached a subject of great importance and one that is destined, sooner or later, to agitate the whole social world. As you speak with so much knowledge and ability in the matter, I feel constrained to ask your advice and counsel on two or three particulars of a personal character. I have been married now for nearly eight years, and my wife has succeeded in enshrining me on every occasion on which we have been compelled to differ in opinion. Now, Sir, I want you to understand that I am a solid man, and one that is not accustomed to being trifled with. When I was engaged to my wife, previous to our union, I took care to comport myself in a resolute and independent manner, and she had occasion to feel, several distinct times, that I would allow no nonsense about me. After we were married the tables seemed to turn. She got into the habit of making extravagant demands, to which I could not conscientiously concede; so I put my foot down at once, and stated that it *could not be*. I spoke decisively. But still Charlotte persisted. I remonstrated loudly, and swept all before me in argument; yet invariably she gained her wish. Now, Sir, what am I to do? I don't want to tear the house down. I am not fond of "scenes;" I have tried them two or three times, and have been miserable for days after. I shall be happy to have your opinion.

Yours, truly,

AMOS DINGLEY."

I am confident, Mr. Dingley, that you are altogether wrong in your *modus operandi*. As matters stand, I take it that you make yourself perfectly transparent to your better half. She sees right through you, and consequently has no occasion for fear or awe. You profess, and, doubtless are, actuated by good motives, but you can never get along successfully so long as your purposes are so lucid. You must get up mystery—this is what puzzles and frightens a woman. Startle and terrify her by the most enigmatical course of conduct; for instance:

Your wife begins to agitate the matter of having your mother-in-law make a six weeks' visit at your house. You shudder, and see nothing in this but six weeks' torture. Don't come out strong and say "no," or that you "don't think it best." Don't argue the matter; she'll wax you on this ground, I'll go as high as two dollars and a-half on that. But open your eyes as wide as possible, and fix your gaze upon her; she will return your look with a mixture of surprise in her own. Proceed, then, to produce a vacant idiotic sort of grin, you know how to do this, (you ought to see how naturally I can assume it). This will increase her wonder. Above all things don't utter a syllable *apropos* the subject-matter, and as soon as your meal is done leave the table in a very excited manner; seize your hat and make for the door. During that evening she will begin to have apprehensions that something is wrong with you.

When you return in the evening, don't fail to have a bottle, labelled "Old Rye," in your breast pocket; if you are not fond of that beverage, fill it with water, (I have never had to practice this water deception, as yet; I prefer the original contents). As you enter the parlour gaze round in an abstracted manner. If she remonstrates, or undertakes any artifice prejudicial to your interests, begin to stagger a little,

and haul out your bottle. She will forthwith rush up to you in intense alarm and exclaim:

"Amos, my dear—my husband! what is the matter?"

"Mosh'er'n-law ish it, eh? Ish it?"

"Oh, Amos, Amos!" (Here she will burst into tears).

Then you must proceed to kick over one of the chairs.

She will then throw her arms around your neck and seize the "Old Rye" bottle with one of her hands, and then relapse into powerful sobbing.

You must now tragically tear yourself away and accidentally tumble over on to a couple of chairs, taking them down with you. Then spring up and exclaim in a high key:

"Mosh'er'n-law; eh? eh? eh? Comin here to vishit, eh? Shik weeks, eh?" (Here thump your fist down on the table).

Thereupon Mrs. D. will "go for" you again, and, once more, throwing her arms lovingly around your neck, will sob out: "O, Amos! my dear—my darling! No! She shan't! Oh, Amos, won't you be yourself again—to your own wife?"

Now you may moderate. Take the bottle, and open the window and smash it with great force. Make great efforts to compose yourself. Caress your wife a little. Retire early. Sleep soundly, and it will be some time before you are troubled about your mother-in-law again.

This is the way to do things. I discovered it before the end of the second year.

The next letter runs this way:

"To Joel Phipps, F. G. A., P. Y. Z., H. M. K., Q. X., &c., &c. My Dear Sir,

Would you inform me, as you seem to possess great knowledge and tact in such matters, what a husband is to do when his wife meets his reasonable decisions with tears. I overcome my wife fairly in every argument; I utterly silence all her objections; but then she bursts out into violent weeping; and, although I know I am right—hang it—I can't stand it, and give right in. I am thus losing all power to regulate things properly, and my authority will soon be a thing of the past. I am desirous of hearing your views.

Seriously, yours,

TIMOTHY WARDLE.

Your case is quite a simple one, Mr. Wardle, and admits of an easy solution. There is no getting over it, you have got to harden yourself. If those tears were tears of sorrow, or pain, it would, indeed, be cruel to ignore them; but they are not. They are the result of deliberate and keen calculation, and are intended for effect; hence you must meet them firmly, without flinching, and without a pang. When I was a single man the sight of a woman in tears was one of the most affecting sights I knew of. To have seen Clara in tears in those days would have wrought me up to a frenzy; but I did not then know how cheap the article was, how easily summoned. Clara has tried the little game two or three times since our union, but they were all miserable failures, and she has given up the experiment. It would excite your admiration, Sir, to see the quiet fortitude, gradually merging into provoking mirth, with which I view such little pantomime.

Never mind those tears. Smile sweetly like the Heathen Chinese. Ask the price of butter. Mention incidentally that the Royal Commission meets at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Refer casually to the Carlist Insurrection in Spain. You will be surprised to watch the effect on your anguish-stricken spouse. How gradually her tears will give way to wrath, and wrath to violent, hissing anger. Then you have her. Once angry, she is in your power. You may dictate terms, and do the caressing in the bargain. It only requires a little firmness, and works like a charm.

Several other pertinent communications will have to remain over. I have great hopes of the success of my "new departure," in working a wholesale reform. The subject is receiving my strict attention. Of my own experiences I shall speak more at large in another article. In the meantime, I hope husbands everywhere will rally now in the general struggle for their bartered freedom, and for their lost rights and immunities.

JOEL PHIPPS.

Scraps.

A correspondent of the New York Mail says that "kissing a lady with an Elizabethan ruff on is about as much fun as embracing a circular saw in full motion."

A new epidemic has appeared in India. The person attacked suddenly faints away, and dies after breathing hard for a few minutes. Strange to say, this malady generally affects the most healthy persons.

Father Hyacinthe has advanced a step further towards Protestantism, as he now denies that there are any material changes in the Eucharist—the "presence" is a spiritual, not a corporal one.

Chang, one of the Siamese twins, was recently summoned as a juror in a case in North Carolina. Eng of course had to accompany him. Exception is taken to the verdict on the ground that a man not a member of the jury was present in the jury-room where it was agreed upon.

A "funny-man" correspondent writes to the Missouri Republican that he has got a situation for his baby. "He is apprenticed in the day-time to an image-maker. His part of the work is to be planted in a pot of melted wax, and when it is cool the modeler takes him out and pours in plaster of Paris and makes Cupids."

When there is not a breath of air stirring, and you are in danger of stifling, attempt to light a cigar out doors, and you will be surprised at the breeze that will start up. We have seen a man try this experiment in a dead calm, and by the time he had scratched thirteen matches it was really so windy as to be uncomfortable.

A curious controversy is in progress between the conjurers and the spiritualists. The latter assert that the rappings and other phenomena which take place at their *séances* are the work of disembodied spirits: the former maintain that many, if not the whole, of these so-called spiritual manifestations are but clever tricks.

Emma Black saved a man's life the other day on the Mississippi in a curious way. He was fishing, and was spilled out of his boat. Being unable to swim, he would have perished had not the maiden, discovering his danger, swam out to him, and throwing into his hands her back hair, four feet in length, towed him back to the land. We believe the narrative.

The Paris Figaro notes the singular destiny of Royal theatres. The Versailles theatre is now used for the sittings of the Assembly, and the Compténe Theatre, exactly modelled, according to the ex-Empress's wish, on that at Versailles, will be occupied by the court-martial to try Marshal Bazaine,—real drama: played in these edifices built for the performance of fictitious comedies.