

"CHOOSE WHERE YOU LOVE, AND RESOLVE TO LOVE YOUR CHOICE."

"MAN FOR THE FIELD, AND WOMAN FOR THE HEARTH."

"Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit

A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each."—TENNYSON.

THE eminent French statesman and historian, DE TOCQUEVILLE, wrote of his wife—

"Many external circumstances of happiness have been granted to me. But more than all, I have to thank Heaven for having bestowed on me true domestic happiness, the first of human blessings. As I grow older, the portion of my life which in my youth I used to look down upon, every day becomes more important in my eyes, and would now easily console me for the loss of all the rest."

And when De Tocqueville was thrown into prison by the *coup d'état* of 1861, during which period he devoted himself to his literary pursuits, and completed his last work—*L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, he wrote:—

"After sitting at my desk for five or six hours, I can write no longer; the machine refuses to act. I am in great want of rest, and of a long rest. If you add all the perplexities that besiege an author towards the end of his work, you will be able to imagine a very wretched life. I could not go on with my task if it were not for the refreshing calm of Marie's companionship. It would be impossible to find a disposition forming a happier contrast to my own. In my perpetual irritability of body and mind, she is a providential resource that never fails me."

*Happy the man on whose marriage-hearth temper smiles kind
from the eyes of woman.*

BULWER.

"By the tender management of my weaknesses, she cured the worst of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by love for me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness, and im-providence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her, whatever I shall be."
—MACKINTOSH.

*To come with jaded spirit home at night,
And find the cheerful fire, the sweet repast,
At which, in dress of happy cheeks and eyes,
Love sits, and smiling, lightens all the board.*

J. S. KNOWLES.

COUNT ZINZENDORF, the founder of the Moravian settlement of Herrnhut (who so generously offered a home on his estate to such of the Moravian brethren who wished to escape the persecutions of the Austrian Government) was united to a woman, who, by her woman's love and resolute spirit, sustained and strengthened him in his many troubles and trials—banishment being one of them—and cheered him in all his labours by her unflinching courage; and to her memory he pays the following tribute:—

"Twenty-four years' experience has shown me that just the help-mate whom I have is the only one that could suit my vocation. Who else could have so carried me through my family affairs? . . . Who would, like she, without a murmur, have seen her husband encounter such dangers by land and sea?—who undertook with him, and sustained, such astonishing pilgrimages? Who, amid such difficulties, could have held up her head and supported me? . . . And finally, who, of all human beings, could so well understand and interpret to others my inner and outer being as this one, of such nobleness in her way of thinking, such great intellectual capacity, and free from the theological perplexities that so often enveloped me?"

*My wife! how fondly shall thy memory
Be shrined within the chamber
of my heart!*

*Thy virtuous worth was only known
to me,*

*And I can feel how hard it is
to part;*

*Farewell, sweet spirit! thou shalt
ever be*

*A star to guide me up to heaven
and thee,*

CHESTER.

The following touching testimony was inscribed by CARLYLE on the tombstone of his wife in Haddington churchyard:—

"In her bright existence, she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft amiability, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted."

THE adventurous and enterprising traveller, LEDYARD, has paid the following graceful tribute to the natural kindness of woman—

"I have observed that women in all countries are civil, tender, obliging, and humane. I never addressed myself to them, in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark—through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland—rude and churlish Finland—unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar,—if hungry, cold, dry, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so. And to add to this virtue—so worthy the appellation of benevolence—these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

*To be man's tender mate was
woman born—*

*And, in obeying nature, she
best serves*

The purposes of Heaven.

SCHILLER.

"A good wife is Heaven's best gift to man—his angel and minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels; her voice is sweet music—her smiles his brightest day—her kiss the guardian of his innocence—her arms the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy his safest steward—her lips his faithful counsellors—her bosom the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

*Oh, were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there!
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
W'd thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
W'd be my queen.*

R. BURNS.

"In great crises it is woman's special lot to soften our misfortunes."—NAPOLEON I.

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