

desires to make the partner of his joys and the consoler of his sorrows, and to have some knowledge of her in a domestic relation.

It seems hard in this our day to find the medium between the fashionable wife, all frivolity, dress, and excitement, and the female virtuoso, or the woman without tact; but there are women, of many of whom it may be truly said in scriptural language, "the heart of her husband does surely trust her." How often are these women linked to the vicious and the unstable, are obliged to shut their eyes to facts, and when love is gone live on enduring? Marriage to them has been a desperate thing, a curse and slavery, instead of the nearest approach to perfect happiness permitted on earth.

Of the drunken ruffian, quick with the blow, we have nothing to say—he is scarcely one remove from the beasts that perish, and, as a rule, belongs to the extreme lower class; but amongst the so-called gentlemen there is the overbearing, tyrannical husband, at whose voice children and servants flee, soured probably by difficulties in his business or profession, but surlily keeping his trials from his wife, and snappishly resenting all her attempts to win his confidence. Who so capable as she to soothe and to aid by her womanly tact and discrimination, made keener by its concentration in her little world—home; and have we not sacred warrant that the wife is a helpmeet for the man, not a slave to minister to his material wants only, whilst he grudgingly doles out his money, never dreaming that the order of his house is only arrived at by a thousand little domestic cares, so heavy in the total, yet a labour of love when lightened by kind, husbandly interest. This man acts as if he were devoid of affection himself and grossly presumes on his wife's early inculcated sense of duty.

Then we have the henpecked husband. Now the censorious world contemptuously laughs at his name, and discusses the anxious, irritable wife; it never troubles itself to consider the weak, vacillating man he must necessarily be in his safest condition. He is a never-ceasing anxiety to his wife, who knows he must either be a fool or a scoundrel. She toils early and late with brain and fingers to rectify his sins of omission. Her pitiful tenderness must always follow him and hold his wavering mind in check lest his selfish folly should bring more troubles into the household impoverished by his careless indifference, leaving his wife to fight the battle of life single-handed. He is only amiable when gratified, loving when spared a difficulty, giving a few flattering words of praise at his wife's clever management—more painful than pleasing, for she knows their value—ill-tempered if forced to do anything he dislikes, and coarse in his taunts about nagging and bickering. If she is righteously and sternly compelled to give ugly names to his procrastination he will occasionally cry *Peccavi*, thereby firmly believing he has washed out all his sins and may begin them again on the morrow. With such a man a wife cannot take the inferior attitude which all womanly women really delight in, but must unpoetically fulfil Wordsworth's picture of

A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.

Then last, but not least, we have the salt of the earth—great and gifted, tender and true men whose lives are spent in making strong resolutions which they seldom fail to carry out. A husband from this class is at peace with himself; therefore gives joy to others, bringing home light and comfort at all times and under all circumstances. Self-governed, he justly exercises rule over his wife, whose happiness it is to anticipate his wishes and acknowledge his supremacy. Excepting the few in whom the taint of moral baseness is hereditary, men know full well that women, through their strong affections are what men make them.

It is also want of faith in men that makes women unjust to each other, preventing the friendships there might be between them, so sacred and helpful, for woman only knows woman as she really is. As Byron says—"Man to man so oft unjust, is always so to woman."—*Land and Water*.

HARMONY.

In the generality of families the quality of harmony is conspicuous by its absence. I am not speaking of it in a musical sense, but as applied to the every-day routine of "our discordant life." One may go to stay at any number of houses without finding one where perfect harmony reigns. You may have previously imagined that the Robinsons were a perfect united family; but a fortnight spent with them will probably quite undeceive you; for there is no way of getting to know people like staying with them for a time—not staying as one of a large number of visitors, but when you are made quite at home, and treated as one of the family.

You then find out all the little daily disputes—see the traits of character exhibited in the home circle that outsiders never dream of for a moment. Mr. Smith is such a popular man, so much liked at his club, and has so many friends who would be delighted to do anything to oblige him, but who would be very much surprised to hear that he can get into a rage at dinner if the joint is overdone. If you stay in the house you see this; and you also see in his wife's eyes the tears of wounded pride at his descending to storming at her

before a visitor. Then he will sit silent and gloomy at the breakfast table because that meal is ten minutes later than usual. These trifles disturb the harmony, and cause a feeling of discomfort throughout the entire household. The visitor, of course, feels that she is not wanted, and wishes herself anywhere but in her present quarters.

There are a few happy places where this is never the case—where you may spend a fortnight or three weeks, and when you leave wonder why you have enjoyed the visit so much. It is simply because there is no discord, no raising of voices in dispute, but smiles and good humour are the order of the day.

If any of my readers possess fowls, and spend occasionally a few minutes in watching them, they may have been amused, as I have been, by seeing how the cock, if he is of an unamiable temper, will give a vicious peck to one of the hens, who, not daring to return it, shows her mortification by a fierce dig into the back of her next neighbour. This one passes it on again, and so on.

Now this is exactly what happens among beings of a superior order. Mr. Smith, to use a homely phrase, gets out on the wrong side of the bed in the morning, and grumbles at his wife because there is a button off his shirt. His wife hears him in silence, but woe betide the next person who comes in her way. It may be a daughter who has rendered herself liable to a lecture by lying in bed after the seven o'clock bell rang; she is restrained by long habit from replying angrily to her mother, but she can and does snub her little brother so sharply as to make him cry. The harmony is probably gone for the rest of the day. It is difficult to say where the fault lies. Doubtless, if any one individual obstinately refused to be put out, smiles would be restored; but, unfortunately, people who *will* not be vexed are very rare.

I have heard from a most amiable-looking girl the remark, "My sister and I cannot get on together. We really cannot agree. If we were condemned to live together we should hate each other." It is a sad state of affairs, but not unfrequently the case. In all probability both are determined, and when their wishes clash, neither will give way. If either possessed that much-to-be-coveted accomplishment, the power of yielding with good grace, all would be well. If the members of a household had a due sense of the value of that harmony they so rudely and so frequently dispel, they would make a good many sacrifices rather than disturb it. As a rule, they are such pitiable small things that put people out of temper, things that should be dismissed with a laugh, and never seriously considered for an instant. It seems incredible that a human being, possessed of powers of mind given to no other animal—one of the "lords of creation"—could become intensely angry at receiving his turtle soup without a sufficient allowance of green fat to please him. But it is so, as anyone given to observing his fellows must know very well.

If any loss occurs to the head of a family you will find that his vexation goes all through the house, the consequence of the passing-on system mentioned above. The baby is cross, and requires twice as long in getting to sleep as usual. Poor little thing! it is not to be wondered at, when its mother had not more than half her usual patience. The other children quarrel, the servants ditto. A woman, to make the perfection of a wife for a business man, should have unlimited patience, never allow herself to get worried, but be always cheerful, managing, sympathetic, ready to smooth down all the rugged portions of the road of life for those who tread it in her company. Her best reward will be in seeing her children grow up imitating her and walking in her footsteps, and in knowing that, should they all live to be old men and women, her memory will be cherished in their hearts with undying love.—*London Queen*.

BUILDING UP.

With infinite patience and toil to develop
Whate'er may be in us of good and of beauty,
To build up our nature with labour incessant
That our future may cast into shadow our present,—
This is our mission in life, and our duty.

But that which is built to endure is built slowly,
And all that the world has of great and of noble
Hath slowly been wrought out with toil and with trouble;
And they are learned who end with discerning
That men may grow grey and yet still be but learning.

It taketh brief time, and but little invention,
To build up a fabric of lath and of plaster;
But it taketh long years, and the mind of a master,
To build a cathedral with arch and with column,
Meet for God's glory—majestic and solemn.

Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work, and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—*Carlyle*.