

A Lesson to a Bride.

BY REV. T. FENWICK.

When Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were about to be wedded, or welded, take whichever word you like, the Archbishop of Canterbury called the attention of the former to the fact that in the Marriage service of the Church of England, the woman is required to promise to obey the man, but he is not required to do so to her. It seemed to His Grace not in accordance with the fitness of things that a monarch should have to promise to obey any human being. In the coronation oath, the king or queen acknowledges no superior but God. But Her Majesty answered, "Omit nothing; I wish to be married in the same way as any other couple among my subjects who are members of my church would be." She was like the Protector, who gave orders that the warts should not be left out in his portrait. So the Prince and the queen were married just as if they had been a servant-man and a servant woman. I am sure that every bridegroom will readily say, "Ah! the story just told is a clear proof that Victoria was a sensible woman."

Our Methodist friends have struck out the word "obey" from their Marriage service. There was not the very slightest need of their doing so. In several passages in the Bible, the wife is commanded to be in subjection to her husband. It may be said that this makes her his slave. The fact that it is God who gives the command proves that it does not. He would not put her in a position in which she would be degraded, instead of being a helpmate to her husband. The marriage spoken of is God's ordinance. I would here remark that no human authority can legalize morganatic marriages.

To make plainer what I have said about the obedience of the wife to the husband, which God requires, I would take a very homely illustration. In the Bible we find God himself using illustrations of the most homely kind—for example, wiping a dish and turning it upside down, tossing a ball, and a cart pressed down by a weight of sheaves. Now, suppose a doctor were to say to a person whose health is weakly, 'You would find eggs, milk and fruit nourishing and strengthening,' the latter would never think of saying, 'Eggs are sometimes fit only for electioneering purposes; milk is sometimes sour or used to slightly dilute water; when fruit is rotten, it cannot be wrought into the system.' He knows that the articles mentioned are those in their fresh, or pure, state. Suppose this clause "obey in the Lord," or one of the same meaning, were put into the Methodist Marriage service, those opposed to the use of the word "obey" could not reasonably object to it, of course those in favor of it would.

A word in your ear, bridegroom, in passing: "Before you and the party of the second part stand before the minister, have the question of obeying settled."

Students of the ancient science of astrology, if any still exist of a more intelligent class than that which sometimes appears in the police courts for having abused the credulity of servant girls and country pumpkins, will be pleased to see that they can still count an Emperor among true believers. Reuter tells us that the Emperor of China has ordered his official astrologers to search for a propitious day for the return of the Court to Peking.

Queen Victoria's Childhood.

The most impressive thing about the distinguished life that has just closed is its steady and splendid development. There is plenty of proof that the little Princess Alexandrina Victoria was a very normal little girl. She was pretty, plump, and engaging with a warm, affectionate nature, but she was also headstrong and wilful; she was restless, and disliked lessons and tasks with the rest of her kind, and she had traits of the immature tyranny that might be expected in a child princess. It is told of her that on one occasion, on receiving a little Honorable Miss whom she had never seen before, she took her to the nursery and displayed her playthings. "These are my toys," she explained, "but you are not to touch them," and in a few minutes afterwards announced to her visitor, "I may call you Jane, but you are not to call me Victoria," a bit of rude imperiousness that the English Queen, years later, was prompt to correct in her own offspring. Yet the little Victoria welcomed heartily the few playmates of her lonely childhood, and one observant chronicler relates how he saw her walking through Kensington Gardens when she was about eight years old "with a girl of her own age by her side, whose hand she was holding and stroking as if she loved her."

A Wilderness Lullaby.

HELEN W. LUDLOW, IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Purple and gold in the sunset glow,
The undulant prairie rolls
Its waves to the west,
Where cloudlets rest
Like the Islands of Happy Souls.

Dusky and still as the pointed sails
Be-calmed at the River's bend,
Stand Indian homes
On grassy domes,
And the camp fires' wreaths ascend.

Cradling a wilderness babe to rest,
A little gay hammock swings,
Like New Moon's boat
In air aloft,
While the mother her lullaby sings.

*"Hi-sunk nink ha-moo-a nigaje,
Ho chin-chin pin nink,
Ha-moo-a, ha-moo-a."*

"Oh, hush thee now, little Brother,
Thy bright eyes droop
So low, so low."

Drink Like a Beast.

The following story is told of the late Dr. Kidd, of Aberdeen, and his beadle. The beadle, it appears, was a victim to the national vice of spirit drinking. He had been many times censured and as many times forgiven, but all in vain, for he frequently fell into his old ways. One day in a state of intoxication, he confronted the doctor, and challenged him in a reckless way to come and drink with him. Recognizing the futility of trying to reason with the man in such a state, Dr. Kidd replied, "Oh, ay, Jeems, I'll go wi' ye, and I'll drink like a beast to please ye."

"Hooray!" said the beadle, "come along." So they entered an inn, that ill assorted couple, the mark of observation of many of the curious. James started to order a "mutchkin," while the doctor filled a glass with cold water. "Hoots," shouted the beadle, "ye said ye would drink like a beast, doctor." "Ah, Jeems, and so I have," was the prompt reply "for ye know a beast is wiser than a man, and drinks only what's good for it and that's water."

Bump the Cross Words.

"Mamma, I really don't mean to say naughty things," said Eddie.

"Then why do you say them?" answered mamma.

"Why, when I feel cross, the cross words just rise up in my throat, and out they will come, or else I would choke."

"No," said mother, "don't let them out."

"Can I help it?" said Eddie.

"You must learn to shut your mouth, and make a fence of your lips, so that the cross words cannot get out."

"They'll come again, more and more of them," said Eddie.

"No, if you will keep them back, and not let them out, by and by they will stop coming."

Then Eddie stopped to think. After thinking, he said: "I know; it is just like kitty. When kitty came here, she thought she could jump right through the window glass. But she only bumped her head against the glass, and could not get through. And then she stopped trying. And perhaps the cross words will be just like kitty. When they can't get through the fence they will stop coming. I will just let them bump their heads against my lips."

And so he did and he conquered the bad words.

A Princess of Her People.

"No other Jewish woman, perhaps has been more admired by both Jew and Gentile than Rebecca Gratz (of Philadelphia) was in the drawing-room, the synagogue, and in the humble homes to which she ministered," writes William Perrine, in the Ladies' Home Journal. It was her unfailing habit to begin each morning with a prayer of thanks for protection during the night, and to review the day in her evening orison. Among the women of the synagogue, in which she would not tolerate the least departure from the law and precepts, her judgment was regarded by the faithful as hardly short of inspiration. In her philanthropy and in her pursuit of educational improvement Rebecca Gratz knew no creed. She helped to found an asylum for orphans in which she served with Christian colleagues. The first Hebrew Sabbath School in America, of which she was long the head, owed its origin to her, and into a sewing society, into a system for distributing fuel to the poor, and into countless little tasks of charity, she was foremost in gathering the energies of Jewish women. Thus it was that in the streets of Philadelphia it came to be the habit to point her out as 'the good Jewess' not less often than 'the beautiful Jewess.' It was Rebecca Gratz who was the original of the Rebecca of 'Ivanhoe,' the character being drawn from the word picture that Washington Irvine had painted of the Philadelphia Jewess to Sir Walter Scott."

A Moderate Wedding Outfit.

A moderate outfit for a bride would be a good street costume, several odd bodices, a black skirt, a silk gown and a house gown. These, with the clothes which she already has, entirely renovated and remodeled, and a sufficient amount of neatly made under-clothing is all that any girl in moderate circumstances needs for her trousseau—even less would be in order.—Emma M. Hooper, in Ladies' Home Journal.

"The person who tells you the faults of others will tell others of your faults."