

"that on no occasion when a sarcasm against matrimony would be introduced has he failed to season it with such bitterness as spoke of an inward consciousness of domestic misery." That the "married manner" of Dryden was largely to blame for the infelicity of his home may be gathered by his reply to his wife who had told him that "she wished she were a book, in order that she might have more of his companionship." "Be an almanac, my love," he said, "so that I might change you every year." The girl that Haydn married turned out a shrew, so it is not always the wife who has to condone the "married manner" which is the "fly in ointment" of so many married lives.

THE WIFE-BEATER.

Whilst it is the course of wisdom to avoid friction wherever that is possible, there is much of the misery of married life which is the outcome of sheer brutality, the lower instincts of the uncultured animal; making of his physical superiority a weapon to ill-treat, rather than to protect, the weaker creature who is unfortunate enough to call him husband. Truly, there are many cases where the law of reprisals may be used with curative as well as punitive effect. That this fact is being recognized, and is more or less frequently being acted upon, is thus given voice to in the columns of the Toronto News, on the 17th of April last:

"Dr. Arthur Jukes Johnson joins Warden Gilmour, Mr. Dewart and the late Judge McDougall in advocating the whipping of wife-beaters and other assaulters of women. During his long experience as coroner in this city, Dr. Johnson has reviewed many cases of manslaughter and murder, the results of wife-beating. A brutal husband gets into the habit of abusing his wife, generally when he is more or less under the influence of liquor. The beatings become more severe, his cruel desire to inflict bodily chastisement growing with the habit. Finally he maltreats her beyond her powers of endurance, and the woman dies under his hand.

"The case is cited of an old woman who lived on the Canada road, east of Toronto, and whose husband at different times broke both her forearms, smashed her nose repeatedly, crushed in her cheek-bone and damaged her face until one old injury overlapped the other, so that no surgeon could separate the scars. A Toronto plasterer who had the wife-beating habit finally pounded his wife to death, and was hanged for it. There was a similar case at Weston, and another three or four years ago near Belleville, in which a drunkard beat his paralytic wife until his last blow put her out of misery.

"A more recent example is that of the man Blyth, now awaiting execution. He has been a habitual wife-beater, and, like most men of his class, he is a powerful man physically, and very ugly-tempered. It is contended that imprisonment has no effect upon such offenders. They are housed and fed comfortably, while their abused wives and offspring suffer and starve. Corporal punishment acts as an effective deterrent in such cases.

"In Dr. Johnson's opinion nine out of ten of the cases of fatal wife-beating never would have occurred had the husband been properly lashed for his early offences. The further statement is made that where a male relative of the wife has thoroughly thrashed the wife-beater the latter has never been known again to indulge in the pastime. In the opinion of many authorities in criminal practice, Parliament should adopt Mr. Bickerdike's bill authorizing the whipping of this class of offenders."

Seeing to what catastrophes the "married manner" unchecked and indulged in to excess may lead, will not our readers agree with the opinion expressed in the above editorial, that as both in the offence and during its punishment the "weaker vessel" is by far the greater sufferer, the time has come when the moral code

of "tit for tat" should have fuller recognition, and corporal punishment for wife-beating and offences against women become the rule rather than the exception? H. A. B.

More About "The Married Manner."

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Dear Sir,—I would like to reply to an article I have read in your issue of the 13th, entitled, "Something About the Married Manner," signed "H. A. B." I am a wife of twenty-odd years' standing, and as such ought to know something of "The Married Manner," by virtue of experience and observation.

I am moved to indignation, as often as I see an article of that nature taking up valuable space in so good and widely-read a paper as "The Farmer's Advocate." First, because, personally, I hold love and marriage so divine and sacred a thing that to hear people in general, and wives in particular, speak in the tone of this article, is to me a sacrilege. I feel it not only profanes that sacred institution, marriage, but too often acts as a subtle poison upon the minds of our young people, destroying the beauty of the spiritual side of love, and coarsening or lowering high ideals.

To assert that marriage is a failure, or at best a lottery, were a small thing, to my mind, compared with the fact that the wife of a man "of solid goodness and loyalty" could talk so of her husband behind his back, and to a friend!

If this "middle-aged matron"—a woman who ought to have better sense—made her opening remarks in the sarcastic tone the words imply, it stamps her as a sharp-tongued gossip, and if in easy good-nature, it stamps her as a coarse one.

Who could imagine a faithful, loving wife dragging her husband's faults and failings out for inspection and discussion with anyone? And who could imagine such a wife coolly making a joke of her husband's rudeness to her? If her husband is the good and loyal man whom his wife "emphatically" asserts he is, then to my mind he is much superior to his wife, who is anything but loyal to him. Such a woman is to be congratulated that her husband remains so good and loyal. It is a high tribute to the real man in him, and shows how big and generous a thing the heart of a true man is.

With what horror would these same women regard the fact that their "John" and "Jim" were capable of treating them so!

Be it said to man's eternal honor, that even indifferent husbands are slow to speak slightly of their own wives, and quick to defend, should anyone be foolhardy enough to insinuate anything to their disadvantage. So if love is a bit blind before marriage, why awake it after, when its shortsightedness would constitute a virtue and a blessing?

I like that old saying, "Look for faults before marriage, and virtues after." It hurts me to think that by reading such an article men are justified in believing that even the wives of good and loyal husbands are not above maligning them to "intimate friends," and so we are lowered as a whole class. A man's mother and sweetheart stand for all that is best to him in womanhood. It is as natural as breathing for him to see in them the embodiment of his ideal, and it is only when that ideal reveals itself to be but common clay that "the deference of courtship days begins to fade away."

The trouble with many girls is that they have distorted views about marriage. The result of a lack of common-sense, plus much dime-novel reading, leads them to clothe a very "everyday" young fellow in the character of a cross between a dime-novel hero and an abject slave, that when they marry, and the sentimental mists have evaporated, leaves only a very "everyday" young fellow

—and the "Married Manner." Who is to blame? Let the men answer. The girl who marries for right motives, and the only man she loves, is not the woman who in after years needs complain of this odious "Married Manner."

I myself married a "good and loyal" man, and the married manner I have known for over twenty-three happy years is the same tender and chivalrous one of courtship days—days, by the way, which we have forgotten to discontinue. So I am still the sweetheart, with the honors of wifehood and motherhood added, while my John is still my devoted lover, though a gray-haired husband and father. And my John and I "aren't the only ones." So there are two sides to this "married-manner" question, as to all others, and you see it does not follow that because we happy ones are silent, that we must needs be few.

"ANOTHER JOHN'S WIFE."

Hope's Quiet Hour.

What Gifts are Offered To-day?

He gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them. Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the Name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.—Acts iii.: 5, 6.

"All common things, each day's events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend."

Sometimes people try to act on this strange maxim: "Expect nothing and you will not be disappointed!" but, happily, human nature is too strong for such cold, colorless philosophy. Being human, we must live expectantly, and both history and experience declare that those who have great expectations—helping to smooth the pathway of their hope by determined effort—are the people who succeed. The lame man, who begged from passers-by at the gate of the Temple, "gave heed" unto the apostles because he expected to receive something of them. And he was not disappointed of his hope. Let us be careful to expect good gifts from our Father, and then we shall find that He is continually pressing them into our hands, that His "apostles" or "messengers" are always fastening their eyes upon us, saying "Look on us!" as St. Peter and St. John attracted the attention of the lame man. God wants to give us good and perfect gifts, but we can only really make them our own if we appropriate them. A father may send his son to school and college, may give him opportunities of culture of every kind; and yet all the fine teachers and splendid opportunities can never make a man either educated or cultured—the acceptance of these good gifts lies in the student's own hands. We have been hearing a great deal about Lincoln lately—a man of world-wide fame—and yet I read the other day that "the sum of Lincoln's schooling was hardly one year."

But the whole of life is our school-time, and, if we fail to profit by that opportunity of schooling, it is entirely our own fault. Let us meet life in the expectant fashion of the beggar in our text, knowing that God is sending gifts to us continually by the hands of many messengers; gifts intended to help us to grow strong and brave and beautiful in spirit. What a pity it will be if we drift carelessly through life—as boys often drift easily through school and college—and so miss the education offered by our Father?

God gives us the materials out of which Character—that glorious and lasting possession—may be made; but if we don't use the materials we must suffer the loss. An artist can create beauty out of any material—gold, silver, marble, wood, bone, may be carved into beautiful objects by a diligent and talented sculptor. Let us look at some of the gifts our Father is sending us to use. One of them is surely the great gift of Life. There is the great book of Life that reminds us how God has helped and guided us all along the way, and for

has forgiven us and given us fresh starts over and over again. There is the memory of past failures to keep down pride and make us more eager to do well. There is sympathy with others to be gained from remembrance of our own sorrows and our own sins. There is courage and endurance to be strengthened by the remembrance that even the worst pain and difficulty is always transitory.

Then there is the wonderful, glorious Present to be welcomed and made eternal use of. Never imagine that your opportunities are narrow or your talents too insignificant to be worth much to God or the world. It is inspiring to remember that God has called you—yes, YOU!—to do a work so great that even He cannot do it without your help, unless He were to destroy the freedom of will which has made man the child of God, and convert him into a soulless puppet. I mean that when God gave man "Free-will," He gave him the power of cultivating a beautiful soul and the awful power of flinging character away. God can easily do the seemingly "great" things. He can rule kingdoms, decide battles, heal the sick, raise the dead, feed the hungry, clothe the naked. But He wants to make each of His children beautiful, and—having put power in the hands of the children—a large part of the privilege and responsibility of the work rests on us. Like Israel of old, we must fight for every inch of our Promised Land, although every inch of it is a "Gift." We must "work out our own salvation," as St. Paul warns us, although it is God Who works within us enabling us both to will and to do of His good pleasure.

But let us return to the glorious Present. What gifts is it offering us to-day? Work comes and offers many things. I will mention a few, the rest you may discover for yourselves. There is the joy of doing everything well, which, after steady cultivating, becomes the deeply-rooted tree of habitual thoroughness. When Mrs. Garfield once found herself forced to make her own bread, says Gannett, she decided to make it a pleasant occupation, by trying to see what perfect bread she could make. It was like an inspiration, and the very sunshine seemed flowing through her spirit into the white loaves. She wrote to her husband: "I need not be the shirking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield its best fruits." That was the wonderful message of the Gospel, which ennobled even the enforced labor of slaves. No one could make them slaves in soul. If they did their work willingly, unto the Lord and not unto men, not with eye-service as men-pleasers, they were kings in spirit, reigning daily over the kingdom of their work.

And as it is with work so it is also with one's daily cross, whatever it may be. One who endures it bravely, because he cannot escape it and will not sink under it, has still a height to climb before he secures the richest gifts it offers to him. He must "take it up" before he can enter into the joy of Christ, Who said that no man had taken His life from Him, but He had Himself laid it down in free sacrifice. One who "accepts" pain, of body or heart, is crowned with a martyr's glory, even though the pain is inevitable and he cannot avoid it.

Then there are other messengers sent by God with precious gifts to adorn our souls with new beauty. There are all the people we meet. Are we allowing them to pass us by, without really touching their persons? The multitudes thronged and pressed about Christ one day, but were not helped by the bodily contact. One earnest woman pressed purposefully through the careless crowd, determined to touch Him—even though she could only reach the border of His garment—and she was helped instantly by His holy personality. The science of psychology is still very young, but we know it to be a fact, and we instinctively feel it to be a truth, that souls can reach out to influence souls without a word being spoken. Let us try to realize that no one is insignificant or powerless in God's world. Everyone we meet has some power and knowledge that we have not, and can teach us valuable lessons. God calls us all to help others, but He also calls us to take the humbler attitude of learners; and we shall miss great good if we stand aloof from our fellows and do not try to reach