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# THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XXIV, No. 5.

TORONTO, MAY, 1902.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

## Married, Yet in Love.

Rev. E. J. Hardy, author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

**I**T has been said that marriage is the door that leads dejected mortals back to earth, but this is by no means always the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion" or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a glass, soon broken. There is a love that is feverish, violent, and full of profession, but, having gained its object, its force is soon exhausted. It cannot endure in the hour of trial. If beauty, health and wealth should fail it would fail. How different is true love! It is sympathetic in every state. The rosy time of courtship is not degraded by its decline. When the flowers begin to fade and when the winter of life is come it loves its object till life is extinct, and then it longs for reunion in a better world. We are so often assured nowadays that marriage is a failure that it was quite refreshing to read lately a letter in a newspaper which concluded as follows:—"I have gone over the boundary line of fifty, my wife is four years younger, and to-day she is 'my sweetheart, my wife,' and she tells me I am still her 'king among men.'"

We have ourselves known many couples—perhaps, indeed, the majority of those with whom we are acquainted—who might be described negatively as "married, but not unhappy," but here is a man who retains even the enthusiastic feelings of a sweetheart for his wife.

I was told lately by a clergyman that he knew a couple who were most happy in a marriage that lasted sixty-four years. The man married, when 22, a girl of 20. People used to wonder which of the two would die first. The woman died aged 84 and the man fourteen months afterwards. Talking of their married life he would say:—"Me and my missus never argued."

### "Always a Lover."

To be polite and pleasant to each other and never to argue is the way husband and wife cause love to survive their marriage. A friend who was with me at a hotel said of a couple who were also staying there:—"I did not know they were married, for the lady always converses with the man and is so polite

to him." What a satire on other couples! Shakespeare says that men are "April when they woo, and December when they wed," but if this be a rule it is one to which there are a great number of exceptions. Not a few women can say of their husbands what the wife of the celebrated actor Garrick said of hers:—"He never was a husband to me; he was always a lover."

"There is real love, just as there are real ghosts. Every person speaks of it; few persons have seen it." This cynical remark of Rochefoucauld is certainly not true in reference to love before marriage, and the existence of love after it rests on far better evidence than the existence of ghosts. I have never seen a ghost, but I have often and often seen love surviving matrimony, growing stronger and truer as the years passed on instead of fading away. I have seen many a husband-lover and sweetheart-wife.

### Died to Save Husbands.

Benjamin Franklin experienced the truth of his own proverb. "There are three faithful friends, an old wife, an old dog, and ready money." After a married life of forty years, he said, "We throve together, and ever endeavored to make each other happy."

Poets are an irritable race, but some of them have made good and loving husbands. "And what did you see?" one was asked who had been into the lake country and had gone to Wordsworth's home. "I saw the old man," he said, "walking in the garden with his wife. They were both quite old, and he was almost blind, but they seemed like sweethearts courting; they were so tender to each other and attentive." So too, Miss Martineau, who was a near neighbor, tells us how the old wife would miss her husband, and trot out to find him asleep, perhaps in the sun, run for his hat, tend him, and watch over him till he awoke.

Many wives deserve but few receive such an I. O. U. as that which the grateful humorist Hood gave to his wife in one of his letters (when absent from her side). "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause."

"Out of the strong came forth sweetness," might be said of many famous soldiers. That Lord Lawrence of Indiana fame enjoyed an earthly paradise in his home may be seen by the following anecdote: His Lordship was sitting in his drawing-

room, when an admirable woman Lawrence whispered with his dying breath, "To the last gasp, my darling!"

The contemplation of nature's calm and orderly working has a soothing influence upon her students, and perhaps this is why so many celebrated scientific men have been good husbands. After twenty-eight years' experience, Faraday spoke of his marriage as an event which, more than any other, had contributed to his earthly happiness and healthy state of mind. For forty-six years the union continued unbroken; the love of the old man remained as fresh, as earnest and as whole-souled as in the days of his youth. Another man of science, James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam hammer, had a similar happy experience. "Forty-two years of married life finds us the same devoted 'cronies' that we were at the beginning." This shows that he did not put his wife under the steam hammer or nag at her, which would have been nearly as bad.

Much of what we know about the queen bee and the other bees was found out by a man living in Geneva, called Huber; and yet he was blind and only saw through the eyes of Aimee, his wife. She observed the bees and told him about them. Her friends said to her, "Do not marry Francis Huber; he has become blind," but she replied, "He therefore needs me more than ever now." No wonder that Huber then spoke of her in old age:—"Aimee will never be old to me. To me she is still the fair young girl I saw when I had eyes to see, and who afterwards, in her gentleness, gave the blind student her life and her love."

Considering how weak the health of Charles Darwin was, he would probably never have been able to make his fruitful discoveries if he had not had a wife and children who saved him from trouble and gave to him the leisure of a happy home.

### Need for Good Temper.

And yet there is sometimes need of patience and good-temper on both sides of a scientific household. The wife of the late Prof. Agassiz was one morning putting on her stockings and boots. A little scream attracted the professor's attention. Not having risen, he leaned forward on his elbow and anxiously inquired what was the matter. "Why, a little snake has just crawled out of my boot!" cried she. "Only one, my dear?" interrogated the professor, calmly lying down again, "there should have been three." He had put them there to keep them warm.

A monster lobster was once forwarded to the house of the celebrated naturalist, Frank Buckland, while he was away inspecting salmon rivers. Mrs. Buckland, not wishing this fine lobster to become stale, invited a few friends to supper, and the beautiful specimen was disposed of. On Buckland's return he inquired for the lobster, a letter having been forwarded to him, requesting that the shell might be carefully prepared and saved. His dismay may be imagined upon hearing of the lobster's fate. Laughing heartily, however, he had the dust heap searched and every fragment of the lobster's shell carefully collected; these he cleverly put together, and produced a fair model of an almost unique specimen.

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DOROTHY ADAM

A little Aberdonian who is a reader of THE LADIES' JOURNAL. Dorothy is shown wearing sandals which is her practice during the summer months

room at Southgate, with his sister and others of the family, all engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's upstairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again, a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter, and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading; once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in, "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied. To this