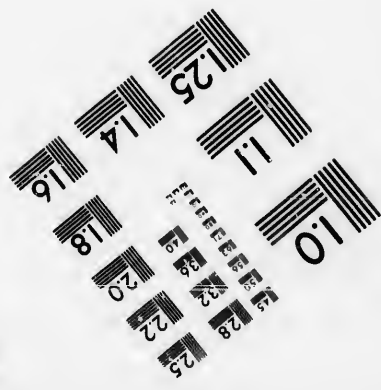
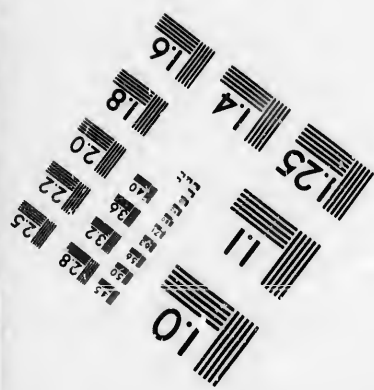
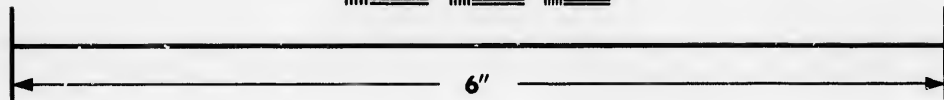
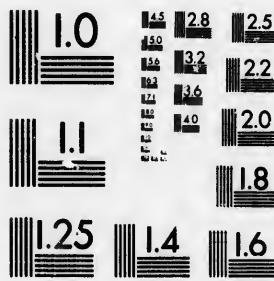


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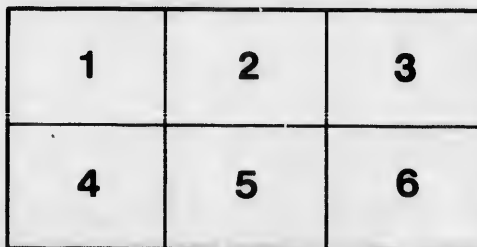
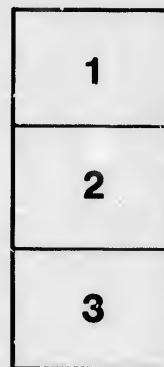
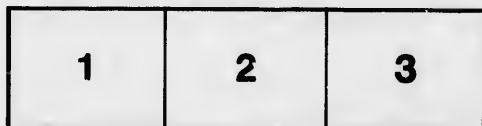
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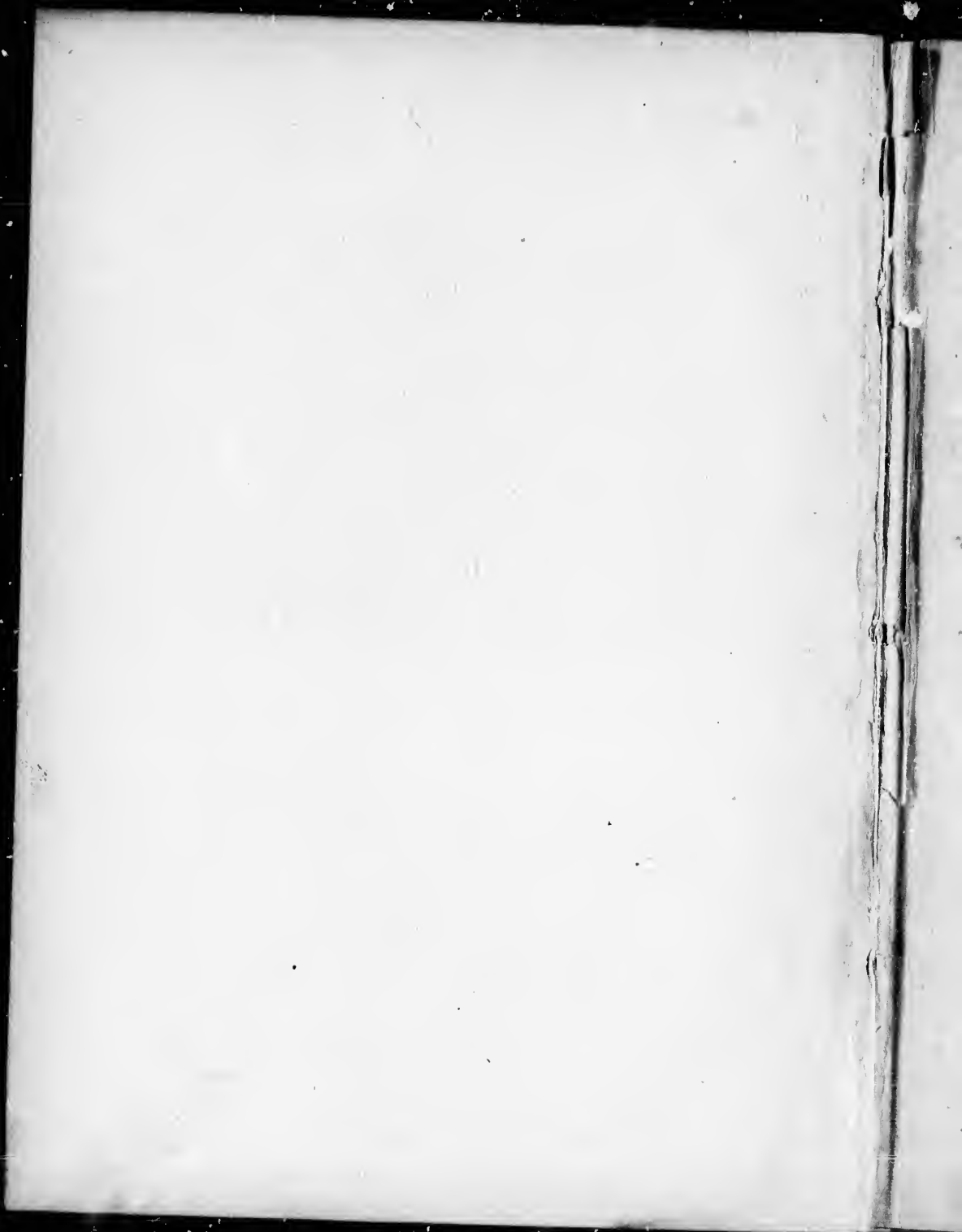
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MARRIAGE AND HOME;

—OR,—

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

A CHRISTIAN TREATISE

ON THE

MOST SACRED RELATIONS TO MORTALS KNOWN

LOVE

MARRIAGE

HOME

YOUTH, BACHELORS, LOVERS, HUSBANDS, WIVES
PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

A GUIDE TO OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS

A COUNSELLOR TO PARENTS.

COMPILED AND WRITTEN

BY A CLERGYMAN.

BRADLEY, GARRETSON & CO.,
BRANTFORD, ONT., PORT ADELAIDE AND MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

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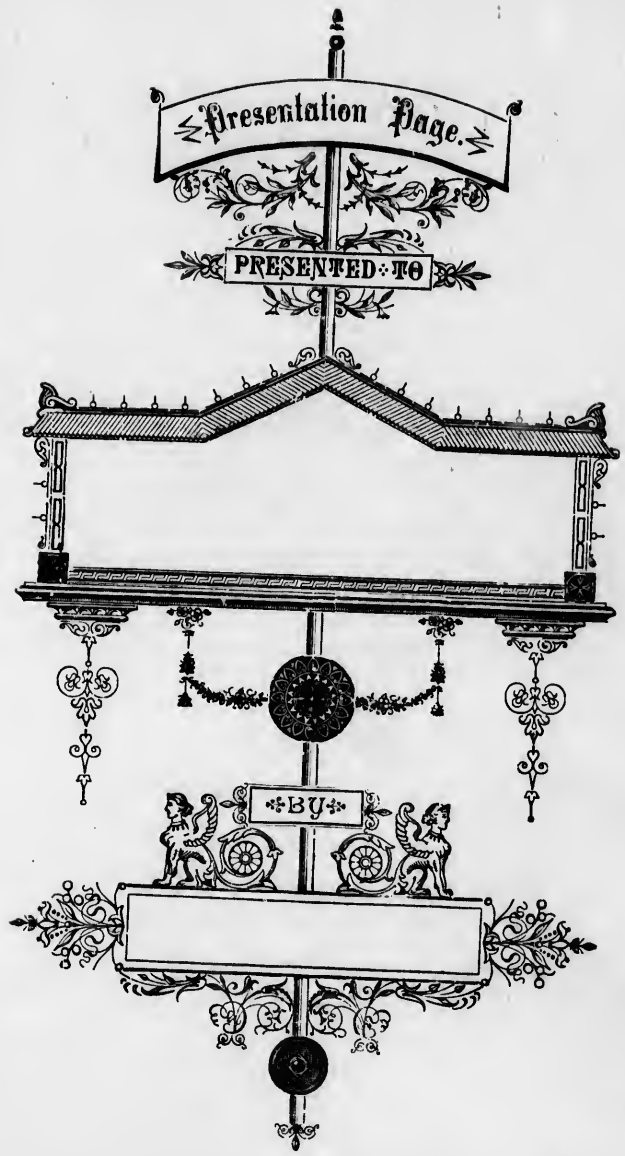
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John H. ...

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Publishers' Preface.

THE publication of a book on this subject has been contemplated for years, and the present volume is now completed, and offered to the public with the same hopes and motives of which the conception was born—that the book will have a large sale, be read by thousands who contemplate the marriage relation, as well as those who have consummated it; that its mission will be to do good, to furnish entertainment, to give instruction upon a subject not often attempted in books; in short, to enthrone in the hearts of its readers a proper respect and reverence for the holiest relations of human beings, the relations suggested by the words, love, courtship and marriage.

The natural relation of young men and women embraced in the term courtship, it is feared, is more often thought and spoken of with feelings of mirth and jest, than otherwise. How often has the unmarried reader heard this subject discussed with seriousness? How often read in our current literature good and wholesome advice on the subject, or, for that matter, an attempt at it? Has he ever heard a sermon on this theme from his pastor, or has the good man ever dared to speak of it in his pastoral visitations? He has inquired about your health, your spiritual welfare and worldly pros-

perity ; but the subject which occupies most of your thoughts, and which more nearly concerns your present and future happiness than any other, he does not touch ; and, if he does, he has unusual courage and wisdom. Parents, as a rule, do not attempt to give advice to their marriageable children on this subject until it is too late, and if one has the temerity to ask advice, he is often laughed at or snubbed.

What books are there on our centre tables, or in our libraries, to which the young may have access, wherein they may get solid and pure counsel to regulate the emotions that find a place in the hearts of all who are worthy to be called human ? "Love is blind," it is said, and there is but little effort made to get off the bandages.

Our sons and daughters receive careful instruction and training on other matters—we do not leave them to chance, to blind nature, to circumstances—why should we do so in a matter with which their destinies are associated ?

There are no more serious or holier relations than lover, wife mother ; or lover, husband, father ; there are no relations of more practical importance to the Church and the State, and we insist no one of them is a subject for neglect, much less of jest ; but on the contrary, should be regarded by young and old with the profoundest and most serious of feelings, and the duties, laws, and conditions of each state should be persistently studied.

Why should it provoke a smile to propose the establishment of chairs in our ladies colleges for the study of matrimony ? What lesson of more practical or philosophical importance could a young man study in the university, than how to choose a wife, and how to treat her afterwards ? What study could possibly have a greater fascination for young men and women than the study of the philosophy of love ? What philosophy presents greater difficulties to be mastered, facts to be explained, or problems to be solved ? Where are there more subtle influences to be fathomed, or complex laws to be elucidated ? The study of this subject would surely

serve the double purpose to the student of mental gymnastics, giving the mind a vigorous training, enabling it to grapple with the profoundest of subjects, and what is even of greater importance, impart knowledge that can be used to great practical purpose in the journey of life.

Is it too strong to state that a man's wise or foolish love will have a greater effect upon his career than anything else? We think not, and therefore firmly believe it is the duty of parents, ministers, and all other educators, to impart to the rising generation as much knowledge as they may be able on this subject. Many a noble life has been blighted through ignorance of the nature of this emotion, that might have been saved if such books as the present volume had been freely circulated, and if more attention had been given this subject by those who have the training of our boys and girls.

It is the earnest wish of the publishers that this book will to some extent accomplish the good work they have designed for it, and yet be but the forerunner of other books on this same theme that shall more nearly approach their ideal than this volume does.

Those who expect to find in these pages anything to minister to prurient tastes will be mistaken. The writer of this preface, who is a father, has sought to furnish such a book as he would wish his own sons and daughters to read, and, at the same time, a book to be helpful and entertaining to parents.

THE PUBLISHERS.



Author's Preface.

THAT orator was pronounced guilty of an *Hibernianism* who, on rising to address an audience, said, "I will say a few words before I begin;" he being only second in proverbial "bull-making" to him who, on purchasing a pair of new boots, and finding them too small, declared, as he threw himself back in his chair, "I shall have to wear them two or three days before I can get them on." Now, we are free to confess that, in this crisis of our history, we are in sympathy with both these individuals; for we, too, would like to say a few words—explanatory, if not apologetically—before we commence the main subject of this somewhat unique and adventurous volume; and also, somehow or other, test the public's opinion and acceptance of the same before it is offered for their purchase—a clear impossibility! We certainly walk softly at this juncture, and feel our unexplored way as delicately as did the gentlewoman of whom we have heard, who, being reduced in circumstances, and driven from a state of affluence to the stern necessity of selling lucifer matches for a living, pursued her humble avocation with much doubt and misgiving, and after every fluttering attempt at crying her petty

wares, she shrank back within herself, and coveringly exclaimed : "Oh ! I hope nobody will hear me."

Before opening our "contents" we would fain bow to the critics (who stand without, waiting at every corner of literary communication, and with ubiquitous and argus-eyed observation keep the scribal world in awe), and inform them that we have made no attempt at being profound. Believing, with a heathen sage, that "wisdom (of a certain kind at least) at proper times is well forgot," we have written with great plainness of speech. "All truth is simple," and precept, to be obeyed, must, like *prescription* or *direction*, be written, as it were, "on tables, that he may run that readeth it," or, as we sometime misquote, "that he who runs may read,"—like one that passes a guide-post or mile-stone in his course, who can at a glance take in the meaning of the pronounced inscription, even without slacking his running speed therefor.

We have written a "running hand," if we may venture a pun on that chirographical phrase, and trust that we have not left our intent obscure, or our meaning at all indistinct ; but have striven to profit by the sage, though quaint advice, administered early in our pupilage, "Make your ideas to stand out like rabbit's ears, so that the hearers may get hold of them."

And if we have sometimes just for variety's sake, turned aside to kindred subjects—as indicated on the Title Page,—we hope that we have not gone wholly astray, nor so far out of our way, as to divert the mind from the main topics of discussion, but rather have acted the part of the preacher Bramwell, who, according to one authority, did not sufficiently "stick to his text," and was charged with wandering from his subject. "Yes," said another, "he does most delightfully wander—from the subject to the heart" Our wanderings, which we confess are not few, are, we flatter ourselves, after the same benign fashion.

These pages attempt to mingle the instructive with the entertaining, and the entertaining with the edifying, and herein our

thoughts have gone up and down—now Godward and now manward, now in the direction of earthly loves and now in that of heavenly or divine affections, with something of the celerity, if not the majesty and felicity, of Jacob's visioned angels on the shining Bethel ladder, as raptly seen by the heaven-dreaming patriarch, "ascending and descending on it."

We are informed by the Apocrypha that the manna in the wilderness suited itself to every man's taste and desire. So that, according to this statement, every person throughout the camp, irrespective of age, sex or condition, would enjoy not only a profitable, but a palatable meal. We cannot, of course, expect any such miraculous and phenomenally-gratifying results to attend our attempt at furnishing mental or moral aliment to the million, but we have striven, nevertheless, to provide viands of all sorts, and from every clime, to satisfy, if possible, each legitimate taste, and to nourish and strengthen every pure and holy desire.

And, we may observe, that something more than stale joke and piquant current jest are needed on the great and grave subjects of "Love, Courtship and Marriage," and of man's duty with regard to the same.

The region of the heart is a vital one, whether considered physically, morally or spiritually, and to tamper with human affections in the infinitely varied and sacred relations of the present life, is to simply play the part of Solomon's madman, who "casts firebrands, arrows and death, and then says, Am not I in sport?" And, alas! that we find on these matters men are everywhere shunning the right way, and "walking in a way which is not good." God's best earthly gift to man, and the greatest paradise treasure even, is in many cases rigorously ignored, or ruthlessly and positively spurned as a thing of no practical benefit, and men, growing unmanly in shirking the burden of domestic responsibility, are leaving one-fifth of the marriageable fair to lead a lonesome and comparatively inutile, unproductive life, as they lie like gloves that have lost their

mates, on the shelf of non-appropriation. Let the candid and generous youth of our land remember that no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth unto himself. One single life compels another of the like kind, somewhere. Every voluntary celibate means also an involuntary one of the opposite sex. All unsupporting men leave an equal number of unsupported women. And woman was made for man, and not for herself; she being but a "help—meet or fit—for him." She is the weaker vessel, and should be honored by grateful recognition and delightful protection. "Two are better than one" to fight the battles of life—a fact proved by the following striking, yea, startling statistics, which we earnestly submit to the celibate's perusal:—

"According to M. Lagneau, the well-known statistician, there is a lower rate of mortality among bachelors under twenty-two years of age than among married men. Above that age the contrary is observed, and married men live longer than bachelors. Among bachelors 38 per 1,000 are criminals, among married men 18 per 1,000."

Thus it will be seen that bachelors outnumber the "benedicts"—so called—by over two to one in our prisons, galleys and places of penal retribution. Men that refuse to be transported by the pleasures of a wife, and love, and home, are the more frequently transported at the pleasure of the State.

And yet with these truths before us we find that such is the growing aversion to matrimony on the part of our progressive youths in this advancing (?) age, that no less than two millions of celibates are found in France alone, and that the French legislature, to encourage matrimony and the raising of large families, have adopted a law which provides for the free education and board of every fifth child.

Many men and women remain unmarried, not because the opportunity is lacking of making an eligible choice, but, rather,

because the "chances" are too numerous, and the commonness of the blessing in this, as in many other things, leads to its rejection.

Fable tells of a certain animal, not remarkable for its sagacity, which stood hesitating between two mounds of hay until it starved to death; and we remember the story of a somewhat unpracticed sportsman taking frequent aim at a flight of birds without ever discharging his gun, and excusing his strange conduct to a remonstrating friend by saying, "Why, I no sooner take aim at one than another gets in its place." The sapient and uncertain celibate can, of course, make the application.

In this introduction to our book, we would introduce the unmarried reader to Divine Wisdom herself, who, in the many-tongued Proverbs, yearns over the sons of men with more than motherly solicitude, as she bids them to be wise in time, to make early provision for the future; to trust in the Lord with all their heart, and lean not to their own understanding; to drink waters out of their own cistern, and running waters out of their own brook; to marry early, or in other words, to rejoice with the wife of their youth; and also urging them to a speedy compliance, and pressing them to an immediate issue, yea, hastening their footsteps (as the angel the lingering Lot's, having him up and out early, even before sunrise, and laying hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hands of his two daughters, and bringing them forth and setting them without the city), as she says:—

"Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity which he hath given thee under the sun, for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labor which thou takest under the sun."

For how shall a young man cleanse his way,
But by taking heed, as the Scriptures say,
To the Word of God, which will guide his feet
To the path of life, "Youth's Guide Complete."

And, now, having met the reader thus in the porch of the Preface, and given him the clue to the labyrinth of our good intent, we would kindly invite him to pass into the house and make himself at home ; believing, as we do, that :

The preface of a book like a porch should be,
 Affording ready passage to a dwelling fair,
 The author being the porter, who benignantly
 Extends to all a welcome who would enter there.

The pages turn, like leaves of folding doors, to rooms
 Prepared and ready furnished, of various form and size ;
 Or like gardens giving forth, from their incense-breathing blooms,
 Delectable perfumery, upwafting to the skies.

While the poems are the bells, which with many changes ring
 Responsive at your pleasure, whene'er you bid them play ;
 Or like minstrels in a tower, or like birds that blithely sing,
 Where fruitful trees rejoice, or glad fountains toss their spray.

Their golden feet glide onward, as the rhyming measures flow,
 Like wings that twinkle sunward, or like doves that " homing " go,
 While the Index points their numbers, and the head-lines lead the
 way ;—

But ere the verse encumbers we will, brief, conclude our lay.

Yours philanthropically,

THE AUTHOR.

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MARRIAGE ETIQUETTE.

(See fourteen page Index for full contents.)



Love.

BEGIN we this Look where all things began—with God ; yea, with God in Christ, who is our beginning—"the beginning of the creation of God." He is before all things (not he *was* before all things, but he *is* before all things), and by him all things consist.

All fire, says science, came originally from that fount of flame, the sun, and all tends upward again as if seeking its primal source. Though burning at second hand in grosser flame from coal, and wood, and various oils, and diverse inflammable substances, where it is, so to speak, "bottled up" for perpetual use, yet all these things have been touched with the solar finger and made, primarily, hot from that central source of heat, the orb of day—"For there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

So all life is, directly or indirectly, from the "fountain of life," and all pure love is mediately or immediately from the very heart of God. Love is Jehovah's only *passion name*, and twice John mentions it in one chapter—"God is love."

It is the voice of wisdom in the Apocrypha—love! "I am the mother of fair love and fear and knowledge and holy hope. I therefore being eternal am given to all my children which are named of him, *i. e.* chosen of him. * * * In three things I was beautiful and stood up beautiful before God and man, the unity of brethren ; the love of neighbors ; a man and his wife that agree together."

Yea, love is the first lesson of Wisdom's school—the very spirit and controlling genius of her divine institutions. “I love them,” she says, “that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me. All them that hate me love death.”

Blessed school of the heart or soul where love is the principal thereof, and also the principal thing taught therein!

Ye children then hasten and come to Christ's school,
Where Wisdom your teacher shall be ;
Her lessons are pleasant and kind is her rule,
“I love them,” she saith, “that love me”

“Receive my instruction,” she cries, “and not gold,
Obey my commandments and live ;
My precepts shall guide you in youth, and when old
I a good understanding will give.”

Her “house” is before you ; go, knock at the door,
And it shall be opened to you ;
O, wait at her portals and wander no more,
Her counsels are faithful and true.

If we can only persuade men to love aright the great work of life is accomplished. Man will always go whither his love directs, whether rightly or wrongly, be it observed. We would seek to guide the reader, therefore, in “the way of *His* precepts,” and instruct him to love only what is lovely, and what will assist him in the best enterprises and associations of the soul. We would admonish him, then, to “keep his heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life ;” and how is a house to be kept or guarded but at the entrance or avenues leading thereto? So how can the heart be preserved except at the senses? “The five senses,” says Adams, “are the cinque ports where all the traffic of the devil is taken in.” Here temptation chiefly presents itself, and here man needs to set a double guard to prevent unlawful intrusion.

The senses God has given
 Are inlets to the soul,
 Fair doors that ope to heaven,
 Or yield to sin's control.
 And Good and Evil seek
 For mutual entrance there,
 Yea, constant watch they keep,
 Man's sympathies to share.
 Dark fiends hold earthly court
 In unbelieving breast—
 Sin's hold, "the strong man's" fort!
 "My house," he cries—hell's rest.
 Go, summon heavenly force,
 Lest they thy soul should win—
 Keep guard: nought lurks so close
 As thy besetting sin.

"He that stands sentry here keeps his castle safe, preserves the purity of his soul, maintains his virgin innocence, and truly enjoys himself. This it was that made the virgins cover their faces with veils, that they might neither tempt others with their beauty, nor be tempted with the comely looks of their spectators; this made the world take notice of the holy looks of Christians, and observe how with their lives and conversation the motions of their eyes and all their gestures changed."

Hence it is that the Greeks, in order to punish sin at the portal where it chiefly entered, put out the eyes of the criminally lascivious. Zaleucus, the lawgiver of the Locrians, executed this law in a remarkable manner on his own son, "mitigating the sentence and redeeming one of his son's eyes by another of his own, so at once becoming a memorable example of justice and mercy."

If, as the Scriptures say, some men's eyes are full of this particular kind of sin, what need there is of watching these watchers of

the body, and of looking after these lookers on the meretricious and ever-tempting forbidden.

If Job found it necessary to make a covenant with his eyes that he might not think of another than his own fair partner, so let every man in his early life devote himself to one alone, and not continue to live at all hazard and peradventure; but pray the prayer, rather, "turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity." For though "the wise man's eyes are in his head, the fool's are in the ends of the earth," and better is the sight of the eyes than the wandering of the desire, literally, "the walking of the soul."

"It is most true that eyes are made to serve
The inward light, and that the heavenly part
Ought to be a king; from whose rules who do swerve
Rebels to nature, strive for their own smart."

Their eyes but met and then were turned aside;
It was enough! that mystic eloquence,
Unheard, yet visible, is deeply felt,
And tells what else were incommunicable.—*Derosier*

"The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And, though they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Though thro' the tenderest part of all, the eye."

"O the eye's eloquence,
(Twin-born with thought) outstrips the tardy voice
Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash,
The sluggish thunder peal that follows it."

Man has preeminence above the beast not only in being possessed of a soul, or an immortal principle, but also in having an extra muscle to his eye, a fifth, fine cord, to roll it upward, called by the ancients the heaven-string, and it is a fact that such string, cord or muscle, lay useless in Nebuchadnezzar all the time that a beast's

heart was given unto him ; for, saith he, in speaking of his recovery to man's estate, " And at the end of the days I lifted up mine eyes unto heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the most high that liveth forever and ever."

" Behold Plato's man," said one, as he threw down before his students a chicken stripped of its feathers, to show that something more was needed than the possession of two legs to make the biped we call " man."

" Behold a hieroglyphical man," we would say, as we present him after the early fashion of picture writing, thus OMO. Breathe on the initial letter and you have *homo* (man). The two *o*'s stand for the eyes, and the *m* for the rest of the face.

Even as Dante, in describing the gaunt face of a starved man, says :—

* * *
" Who reads the name
For man upon his forehead there, the *m*
Had traced most closely."

" That region of the face, which includes the eyebrows, eyes and nose, also includes the chief region of the will and understanding."

" The eyes, considered only as tangible objects, are, by their very forms, the windows of the soul — the fountains of life and light."

" The images of our secret agitations are particularly painted in the eyes, which appertain more to the soul than any other organ ; which seem affected by and to participate in all its emotions ; express sensations the most lively, passions the most tumultuous, feelings the most delightful, and sentiments the most delicate."

" Let thine eyes, then," O man, " look right forward, and thine eyelids straight on." The dove, whose name rhymes with love, has but one mate, but she has ever that one, and she loves till death. So the purity and faithfulness of the Church, and of Christ himself, are compared to this bird. " Thou hast dove's eyes within thy

locks." "His eyes are like the eyes of the doves by the rivers of water."

The question was once asked, which was the most beautiful eyes, and the answer came direct and appropriate, "The eyes of compassion or love." So

Love's eyes are dove's eyes, beside the crystal river ;
 Love's eyes are dove's eyes, that sweetly beam forever ;
 Love's eyes are dove's eyes, so constant meek and pure ;
 Love's eyes are dove's eyes, in rocky dwelling, sure ;
 Love's eyes are dove's eyes, that seek the quiet bower ;
 Love's eyes are dove's eyes—fair innocence their dower ;
 Love's eyes are dove's eyes, beside the crystal river ;
 Love's eyes are dove's eyes, that sweetly beam forever.

Pericles, when Sophocles showed him an extraordinary beauty, and seemed pleased with it, said, "it is not enough to keep clean hands, oh, Sophocles, but you must keep your eyes clean, too."

And well does the judicious Hooker exclaim : "Shall we suffer sin and vanity to drop in at our eyes, and at our ears, at every corner of our bodies and of our souls, knowing that we are the temples of the Holy Ghost? Which of you receiveth a guest whom he honoreth, or whom he loveth, and doth not sweep his chamber against his coming? And shall we suffer the chamber of our hearts and consciences to be full of vomiting, full of filth, full of garbage, knowing that Christ hath said, "I and my father will come and dwell with you'?"

Bacon, with a depth of penetration peculiar to his own philosophical mind, has not lost sight of the power of *sight* itself, but says :—

"The affections, no doubt, do make the spirits more powerful and active, and especially those affections which draw the spirits into the eyes ; which are two, love and envy, which is called *oculus malus*. As for love, the Platonists (some of them) go so far as to

hold that the spirit of the lover doth pass into the spirit of the person loved, which causeth the desire of return into the body whence it was emitted. Whereupon followeth that appetite of contract and conjunction which is in lovers. And it is observed, likewise, that the aspects that procure love are not gazings, but sudden glancings and dartings of the eye. As for envy, that emitteth some malign and poisonous spirits, which taketh hold of the spirit of another; and is likewise of greatest force when the cast of the eye is oblique."

Let us then begin all things with God, and "set the Lord always before our face," singing with the best of our Christian poets:—

Him first; Him last; Him midst and without end.—*Milton.*

* * * From Thee begin, dwell all on Thee, with
Thee conclude my song, and let me never, never stray from Thee.
—*Thompson.*

As also saith St. Paul: "For of Him, and to Him, and through Him, are all things, to whom be glory forever. Amen."

For as there is love in truth (gospel truth especially), so there is truth in love; and truth must have the first place in all our affections, pursuits and actions, even as the heathen themselves did acknowledge and teach.

Hereby you shall know whether I write in earnest or not; for when I write in earnest I begin my letter with one God, and when I write not in earnest I do begin my letter in the name of many gods.—*Plato.*

Before all things we must affirm that there is one God, and that this God governeth all. and hath providence over all.—*Epictetus.*

But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins.—*James.*

Anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see.—*Revelation.*

"Pure, sweet, serene,
 The light of heaven in her eyes,
 She moved about our lower earth,
 Oft bringing a glad surprise
 To others who found their daily lives
 Only dull cankering care ;
 For one of God's angels seem to stoop
 In their homely tasks to share.

Bright wings she wore,
 But folded out of our sight ;
 To serve in lowly, simple ways
 Was sweeter to her than flight.
 But ever she welcomed with ear attent
 Voices from heaven still and small,
 Till gladly her spirit upward sped
 At her loving Father's call."

Ye are stars of the night, ye are gems of the morn,
 Ye are dewdrops whose lustre illumines the thorn ;
 And rayless that night is, that morning unblest
 Where no beam in your eye lights up peace in our breast.

"O eyes, which do the spheres of beauty move,
 Whose beams be joys, whose joys all virtues be ;
 Who, while they make love conquer, conquer love ;
 The schools where Venus hath learned chastity.
 O eyes, where humble looks most glorious prove,
 Only loved tyrants, just in cruelty ;—
 Do not, O do not, from poor me remove,
 Keep still my zenith, ever shine on me !
 For though I never see them, but straightways
 My life forgets to nourish languished sprites ;
 Yet still on me, O eyes, dart down your rays !
 And if from majesty of sacred lights

Oppressing mortal sense my death proceed,
Wreck's triumphs be which love high set doth breed."

"Magic, wonder-beaming eye ;
In thy narrow circle lie
All our varied hopes and fears,
Sportive smiles and graceful tears ;
Eager wishes, wild alarms,
Rapid feelings, potent charms,
Wit and genius, taste and sense,
Lend through thee their influence.
Honest index of the soul,
Nobly scorning all control ;
Silent language ever flowing,
Every secret thought avowing,
Pleasure's seat, love's favorite throne,
Every triumph is thy own "

"They say the brunettes are arch coquettes,
That they break the hearts that love them,
But that eyes of blue are tender and true
As the sky that bends above them.

Ah ! but you will find love is color-blind,
And he comes with as little warning
To hearts that lie back of eyes that are black
As of those that are blue as the morning.

So all the coquettes are not the brunettes,
Nor the maidens with golden tresses ;
There are those unto whom love never has come
With his kisses and caresses."

N. Y. Mail and Express.

Oh ! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light.—*Byron.*



LOVE BETTER THAN LATIN.

ONE pleasant evening in summer I sat talking with a mother, who held upon her lap a restless, teasing child. I spoke hopefully of the future, and chanced to touch upon my future course of study. She wearily replied: "The time was when I, too, looked forward to the future,—my whole aim being to study Latin; but I gave it up, for what—*drudgery*. O, I was foolish." "No, no, mamma," said the little sprite. "Not foolish, for if you had studied Latin you wouldn't had me now." Sweet comforter! The mother drew the little one to her bosom, saying: "True, darling, you *are* better than Latin." How I longed for every complaining mother of the land to witness with me this little scene; each one to hear the child's rebuke.

LOVE BETTER THAN KNOWLEDGE.

"Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth," *i. e.* buildeth up. Charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.—*Paul*.

LOVE BETTER THAN GIFTS.

But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.



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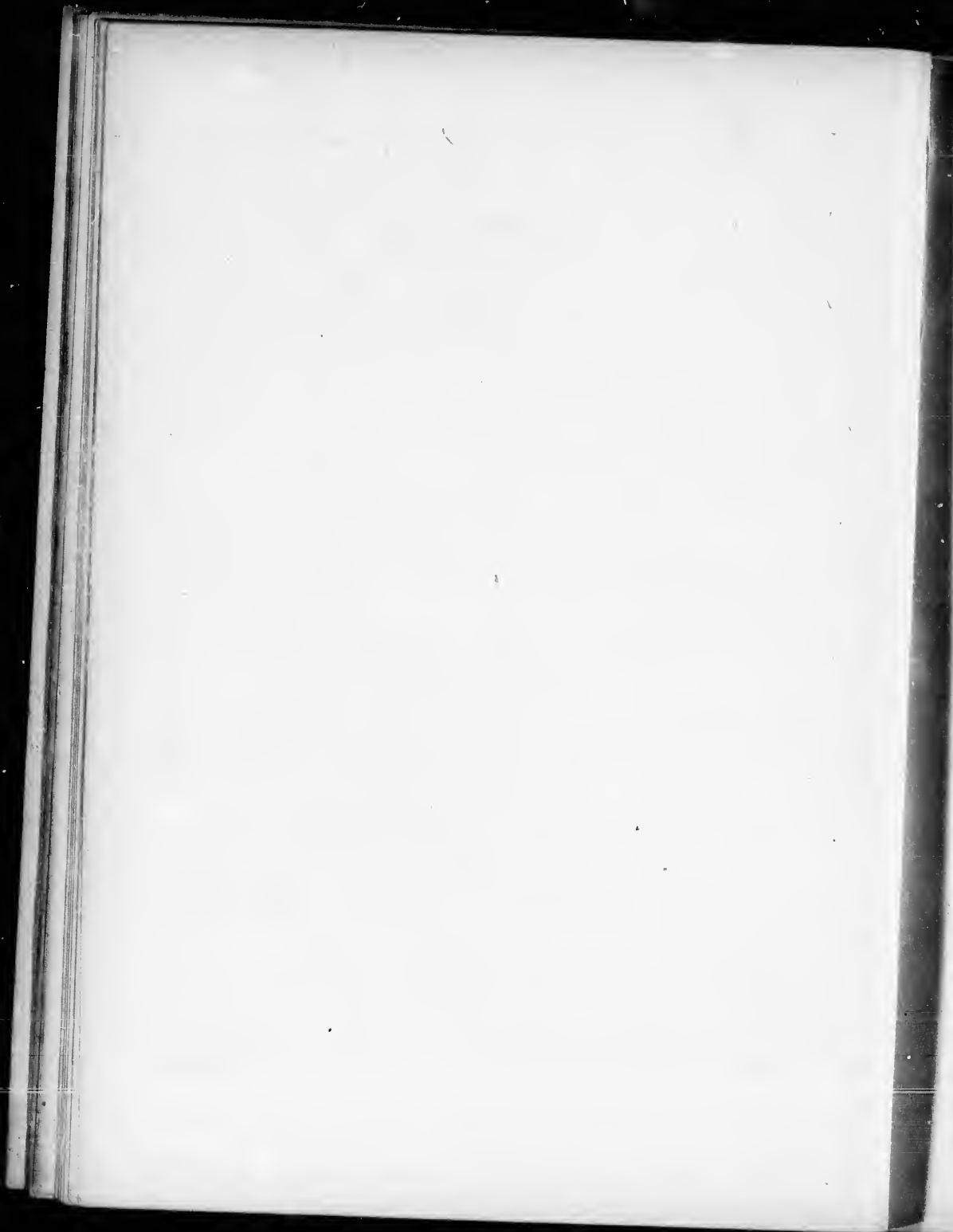
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Ah! where did baby start from,
And how far has he come?
What angel-bright conductor
Did guide him to our home?



And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts.—*Ibid.*

LOVE THE GREATEST COMFORT.

If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies.

Fulfil ye my joy, that ye be like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind.

LOVE, ITS EXPULSIVE POWER.

Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, and would itself excel;
Which he, beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.—*Spenser.*

LOVE'S HOLY INFLUENCE.

By love's delightful influence the attack of ill-humour is resisted, the violence of our passions abated, the bitter cup of affliction sweetened, all the injuries of the world alleviated, and the sweetest flowers plentifully strewed along the most thorny paths of life.—*Zimmerman.*

'Tis love combined with guilt alone, that melts
 The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth ;
 But virtuous passions prompt the great resolve,
 And fan the slumbering spark of heavenly fire.—*Johnson.*

LOVE A GIANT POWER.

Love is such a giant power that it seems to gather strength from obstruction, and at every difficulty rises to higher might. It is all dominant—all conquering ; a great leveller which can bring down to its own universal line of equalization the proudest heights, and remove the stubbornest impediments. There is no hope of resisting it, for it outwatches watch—submerges everything, acquiring strength as it proceeds ; ever growing, nay, growing out of itself.—*Newton.*

Love ! what a volume in a word ! an ocean in a tear !
 A seventh heaven in a glance ! a whirlwind in a sigh !
 The lightning in a touch—a millennium in a moment !
 What concentrated joy, or woe, in bless'd or blighted love !

—*Tupper.*

LOVE'S YOKE EASY.

Life without love's a load, and time stands still ;
 What we refuse to him, to death we give ;
 And then, then only, when we love, we live.—*Congreve.*
 Almighty love ! what wonders are not thine !
 Soon as thy influence breaths upon the soul,
 By thee, the haughty bend the suppliant knee—
 By thee, the hand of avarice is open'd
 Into profusion ; by thy power, the heart
 Of cruelty is melted into softness ;
 The rude grow tender, and the fearful bold.—*Paterson.*

Like the fabled lamp in the sepulchre, thou sheddest thy pure light in the human heart, when everything around thee there is dead for ever!—*Carleton.*

ADAM'S IMPRESSIONS ON SEEING EVE.

When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in paradise, and relating to an angel the impressions he felt on seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her—like a Grecian Venus—by her shape, or features, but by the lustre of her mind which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming:

“Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture—dignity and love.”

LOVE'S ECSTASY.

Oh! speak the joy, ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss;
All various natures pressing on the heart.
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven;
Those are the matchless joys of virtuous love.—*Thomson.*

LOVE'S FLAME THE PUREST.

Affection lights a purer flame
Than ever blazed by art.—*Cowper.*

O, “Love is of God,” it is said by the saint,
Who leaned on Immanuel's breast;

When love waxeth cold, then the heart groweth faint,
 And man is a mourner unblest
 Love is the dwelling of spirits new-born ;
 Yea, love is the home of the soul :
 And only the reprobate treat it with scorn,
 For love makes the wounded heart whole.

LOVE'S ALACRITY.

Love brooks no restriction, and is impatient of delay. It is ever "on time," and anticipates the sun, saying as in David " Mine eyes prevent the dawning of the day." It sets the clock forward, and would fain do the same with lagging opportunity. It is alert, eager, watchful, as it cries in the Psalms, " Thou holdest mine eyes waking," and exclaims with the spouse in the " Song of Songs," " I sleep, but my heart waketh." It counts the days, hours, minutes, seconds. It invents no excuses, for it needeth none. It sees, hears, moves! It has the eye of a lynx, the ear of a mole ; it sleeps like a deer, and wakes like a bird—agile, thoughtful, tuneful, hopeful, glowing, mighty love !

Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart on the mountains of Bether.—*Canticles.*

It is the voice of my beloved, behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.—*Ibid.*

And the young man deferred not to do the thing, because he had delight in Jacob's daughter : and he was more honorable than all the house of his father.—*Bible.*

Then said she, Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall : for the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day.—*Ruth.*

And there was set meat before him to eat ; but he said, I will not eat until I have told mine errand. And he said, speak on.—*Genesis.*

The king's business requireth haste.—*Bible.*

Send Ipigenia quickly forth with me,
 Hymen is now propitious, all things wait
 To grace the solemn gladness of this day ;
 The holy water's ready, with the cakes,
 To cast upon the fire, the calves are brought,
 Whose blood in grateful vapors must arise,
 T' atone the breach of chaste Diana's rites.

—*Potter's Antiquities.*

—
 "Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move."

—
 And they ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of
 lightning.—*Ezekiel.*

—
 O love! O love! 'tis love dat moved de mighty God;
 O love! O love! 'tis love dat died for me :
 O love! O love! 'tis love dat drives my chariot wheels ;
 O love! O love! and death must yield' to love.

'Tis love dat sot me free,

'Tis love dat died for me !—*Stanza of Negro Melody.*

—
 PAIRING SEASON.

—
 Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air,
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd
 Steal from the barn a straw : still soft and warm,
 Clean and complete, their habitation grows.—*Thompson.*



LOVE AS A MARSHALL.

AND Jacob lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold, Esau came, and with him four hundred men. And he divided the children unto Leah, and unto Rachel, and unto the two handmaids.

And he put the handmaids and their children foremost, and Leah and her children after, and Rachel and Joseph hindermost.

And he passed over before them, and bowed himself to the ground seven times, until he came near to his brother.

And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck and kissed him: and they wept.

And he lifted up his eyes, and saw the women and the children, and said, Who are those with thee? And he said, The children which God hath graciously given thy servant.

Then the handmaidens came near, they and their children, and they bowed themselves.

And Leah also with her children came near, and bowed themselves: and after came Joseph near and Rachel, and they bowed themselves.

And he said, What meanest thou by all this drove which I met? And he said, These are to find grace in the sight of my lord.

And Esau said, I have enough, my brother; keep what thou hast unto thyself.

And Jacob said, Nay, I pray thee, if now I have found grace in thy sight, then receive my present at my hand: for therefore I

have seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God, and thou wast pleased with me.

Take, I pray thee, my blessing which is brought thee ; because God hath dealt graciously with me, and because I have enough. And he urged him, and he took it.

And he said, Let us take our journey, and let us go, and I will go before thee.

And he said unto him, My lord knoweth that the children are tender, and the flocks and herds with young are with me : and if men should overdrive them one day all the flocks will die.

Let my lord, I pray thee, pass over before his servant : and I will lead on softly, according as the cattle that goeth before me and the children be able to endure, until I come unto my lord unto Seir.

See the tact displayed by Jacob in this unwonted emergency. Behold how he places the dearest the nearest to his person, and how Rachel and her children move close beside him in the procession of the great, kindred caravan. How suggestive of the blessed, comforting text : " The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him, and He will cover him with His hand all the day long." And though God is no respecter of persons, yet he has ever had those to whom He showed special regard, for He that readeth the heart knoweth who is most worthy. Peter, James and John stood foremost in the Redeemer's esteem, and subsequent events proved to the church and the world the correctness of the Saviour's choice. They are the chiefest of the Twelve in their usefulness. See Peter at Pentecost ; see John at the cross, and read James' scathing reproof to the pride of the primal Christian congregations. These are almost the only men of the Twelve that have written epistles or letters to the churches ; and though Peter followed Jesus afar off (as it is written of him), yet he *did* follow, which is more than is declared of many of the rest, who all forsook him and fled.

*2

LOVE AS A CHARIOTEER.



FOR EVER I was aware (I knew nothing) my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadab.—*Canticles.*

I ran as swift as the nobles of my people in their chariots.—*Marginal Reading.*

Then she saddled an ass, and said to her servant Drive, and go forward ; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee.

“SLACK NOT THY RIDING EXCEPT I BID THEE.”

“Whate'er may chance us on the way,
Whoe'er may wish our course to stay,
Thy riding do not slack ;
For salutations now no time,
To pause were little less than crime,
Be lightness driven back.

Our cause demands the utmost háste,
A life is lost if time we waste,
Thy riding do not slack :”—
That Shunnamite, my soul, is thee,
Thou rid'st the Truth ; *Alacrity*
The lad that holds not back.

A thousand ills may thee beset,
Obstruction block thy pathway, ye ;
Thy riding do not slack ;

The God, who bids thee forward go,
Will lay proud opposition low,
And drive the oppressor back.

God's arm directed David's stone,
When he Goliath met, alone,—
Thy riding do not slack ;
The Lord, a "man of war," is known,
Philistia soon was overthrown,
Dread Gath was driven back.

See Gideon's troop, with trump and lamp,
Surrounding sleeping Midian's camp :
Thy riding do not slack ;
The "pitchers" break—the lights outflare !
A sound of "sword" and "God" in air,
Hurls th' alien armies back.

See Jericho's high-standing wall,
Her "Gammadim" in towers tall :
Thy riding do not slack ;—
The trumpeters go round and round—
One last, long blast—it shakes the ground,
The giant hosts fall back.

No lion treads the "narrow way,"
No ravenous beast may thee waylay,
Thy riding do not slack ;
They roar and rage, but strong their chain,
They fret themselves and howl in vain,
Christ drives e'en devils back.

"Would you not be afraid to go to heaven as Elijah did?"
asked one of a little boy. "No," he replied, "not if God were
the driver."



“DEVIL, I NEVER STUCK FAST YET;”

OR SAMMY HICKS.

SAMUEL HICKS was one of the men of “mighty faith” in the Lord, and as a preacher among the Methodists of England, was eminent for his happy spirit, remarkable trust, and unbounded liberality.

At one time he attended a missionary meeting near Harrowgate. “We had a blessed meeting,” said Samuel, “I was very happy and gave all the money I had in my pocket.” After the meeting was concluded he mounted his horse to return home. No one had offered to pay his expenses—he had not a farthing in his pocket. Advanced in life—a slow rider, and not a very sprightly horse—in the night—alone—twenty miles from home. Think of the loneliness; the time for the tempter to come and lead him to distrust his Lord. But he struggled; the trial was short, and the victory complete, for said he, “Devil, I never stuck fast yet.”

Just as he entered Harewood, a gentleman took his horse by the bridle, asked him where he had been, talked with him long, and to whom Samuel’s talk was a wonderful consolation. Said Sammy:

“I have not wanted for any good thing, and could always pray with Job, ‘The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.’”

The gentleman asked, “Can you read?”

“Yes,” returned Samuel.

“Then,” replied the gentleman, holding a piece of paper in his hand, which was rendered visible by the glimmering light of the

stars, "there is a five-pound note for you. You love God and His cause, and I believe you will never want."

And Sammy said, "I cried for joy. This was a fair salvation from the Lord. When I got home, I told my wife. She burst into tears, and we praised the Lord together, and he added: "You see, we never give to the Lord but he gives in return."—*Wonders of Prayer.*

DRIVE ON.

"Drive on until the devil is driven out of the country," was the usual salutation extended to his itinerating brethren by one of America's most ardent Methodistic pioneers. Would that the injunction was more universally heeded by his successors.

You all know the name of that great Welsh Baptist minister, Christmas Evans, and how gloriously he preached. He was accustomed to spend much of his time in making evangelistic journeys from town to town, with his little pony and chaise; and so, when he came to die, they gathered around the old man to listen to his last words, and after he had said some things about his Master, he began to dream, and the very last thing he said was, "Drive on, drive on." And somehow I thought it was a very good word to address to you, my brethren of the Baptist Union, and to you, my brethren of all Christian denominations. Drive on! Drive on! There is such a tendency to pull up to refresh—such a tendency to get out of the gig and say, "What a wonderful horse! Never saw a horse go over hill and dale like this horse—the best horse that ever was; real sound Methodist or Baptist horse." Now, brother, admire your horse as you like, but drive on. I have known some to have often felt a sort of disposition to go back; they have been afraid. "Philosophers tell us that the road is up; we cannot go

that way ;" but I say, Drive on, over philosophers and all. You will find, when you get to that desperately bad piece of road that they are always telling us of, that, after all, it has been improved by being broken up a little and being rolled down again—at any rate drive on! Oh, if there are any of you that have got to sitting still in your gig, admiring the scenery and counting over the souls that you have already brought in, drive on, brethren, do drive on. Your Lord and Master tells you to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature ;" and you feel perfectly certain that you have obeyed that command because you have opened a little room three and a half miles from where you are! There is more to be done, a great deal, than you have attempted, and much more than, if you have attempted it, you will be likely to accomplish—drive on.—*Spurgeon.*

TOO FAST DRIVING.

Come and see my zeal for the Lord of Hosts.—*Jehu.*

The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously.—*Watchman on the City Wall.*

For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge.—*Paul.*

Be not right(*rite*)eous overmuch, why shouldst thou destroy thyself.—*Solomon.*

Beware of driving too furiously at first setting out. Take the cool of the day. Begin as you can hold on. I knew a lady who, to prove herself perfect, ripped off her flounces and would not wear an ear-ring, a necklace, a ring, or an inch of lace. Ruffles were Babylonish, a ribbon was carnal ; and yet under all this parade of outside humility, the fair ascetic was—but I forbear to particularize, suffice it to say, that she was a conceited antinomian.—*Toplady.*



LOVE'S COYNESS.

LOVE is the embodiment of Shelley's poetical "Echoes," going flying on, ever on, but still crying, "Follow, follow." It is the dusky maiden, mounted on her Barbary steed, that (seemingly) hastens her escape from her pursuing lover, but halts to be caught, and would not for the world distance her pursuer. It is the "fox that feigns sleep to catch the chickens." It is the Spanish friar that says, "I don't want it; I don't want it, but drop it into my hat." Yea, it is Solomon's shrewd buyer, who voiceth, "It is naught, it is naught, but when he is gone away then he boasteth." So is it, so has it ever been, and so will it be, so "long as the grass grows and water runs."

I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence;
And, when he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
Lies hid, and, like a miser in the dark,
To feast alone.

—Dryden.

"Love me, love, but breathe it low,
Soft as summer weather;
If you love me, tell me so,
As we sit together.
Sweet and still as roses blow—
Love me, love me, but breathe it low.

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

Words for others, storm and snow,
 Wind and changeful weather—
 Let the shallow waters flow
 Foaming on together ;
 But love is still and deep, and O!
 Love me, love, but breathe it low."

The girls of Italy, who know how often this artifice is employed in affairs of love, have a ready retort against sarcastic young gentlemen in the adage, "He that finds fault would fain buy."

-
- "The sweetest grapes hang highest."
 "He that lacks (disparages) my mare would buy my mare."
 "'Sour grapes,' said the fox when he could not reach them."
 "The figs on the far side of the hedge are sweetest."
 "Every fish that escapes appears greater than it is."
 "Far away fowl have fair feathers."

She wad vote the border knight,
 Though she would vote her love ;
 For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And fools o' change are fair.—*Burns.*

"She lookit at the moon, but licht i' the midden."

It is recorded of a celebrated beauty, Becky Monteith, that being asked how she had not made a good marriage, she replied :
 "Ye see, I wadna hae the walkers and the riders gaed by."—*Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

Though the laws of propriety are so rigorously strict in Mexico that a gentleman may not ride in the same carriage with the lady to whom he is betrothed, yet most desperate flirtations are openly indulged in to an extent which would put to blush New York, Chicago or San Francisco. Following a *senorita* up and down the promenade, and staring intently in her face is an accepted mode of compliment gratifying to the recipient, but fraught with danger to the adorer if she happens to have other devoted swains, and it not unfrequently happens that duels are the result, she being pre-eminently the belle who can boast the greatest number of such encounters.

A romantic love story is at present going the rounds of the Italian papers. In 1881, a young merchant in Boulogne fell in love with a beautiful girl, who reciprocated his feelings. But the young man was so absurdly jealous that the girl concluded the only way to make him more reasonable would be to break the engagement, and keep him at a distance for a while. But this only increased his passion, and one day, after being again refused, he pulled out a revolver and shot her. The shot was not fatal, but the girl was ill for a long time, while her lover was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. Recently the girl has been visiting the prisoner, and the other day she informed her parents that she had made up her mind to marry her lover, notwithstanding all that had happened, and in prison. The ceremony was performed without opposition, and a petition is now in circulation to secure a pardon for the young merchant.



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



OW men love dreams—especially *women*. How, surrounded by the halo of romance, many of our young sisters dream away in useless reverie, their invaluable lives :—

“As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean.”

And between night dreams and day dreams there is little left for the hours of purposeful waking. But the waking comes at last, however much deferred, and however much the charmed victims of beguiling sloth may fold their arms for a season of more prolonged and beguiling slumber, and pleading cry :—

“If this be a dream, let me sleep on,
And do not wake me yet.”

Every dream must be broken. “Error has no future.” Fancy is ephemeral—a mere, dancing day-fly. Imagination, that irrepressible high-flyer, must come down from his visionary altitudes, and his phantasmagoric ascensions,

Icarus' wings of wax will melt as he approaches the sun of meridian (or mid-life) truth. Fact, stern fact, iron, inexorable, aye, inevitable fact, awaits us all. And woe to the soul who is not prepared to meet it. And (both as it regards this present and the future life) :—

“Truth known too late is hell.”—*Young*.

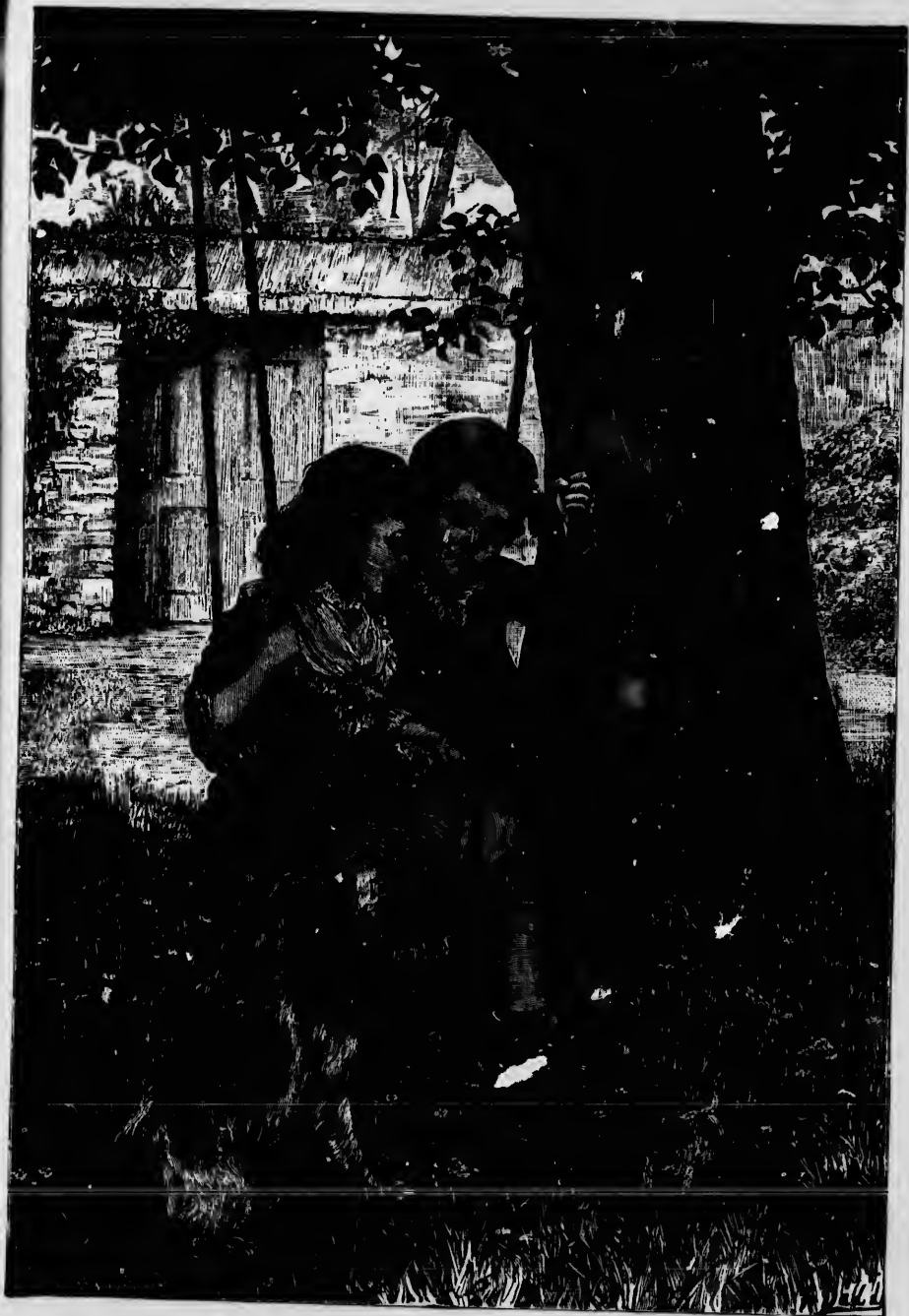


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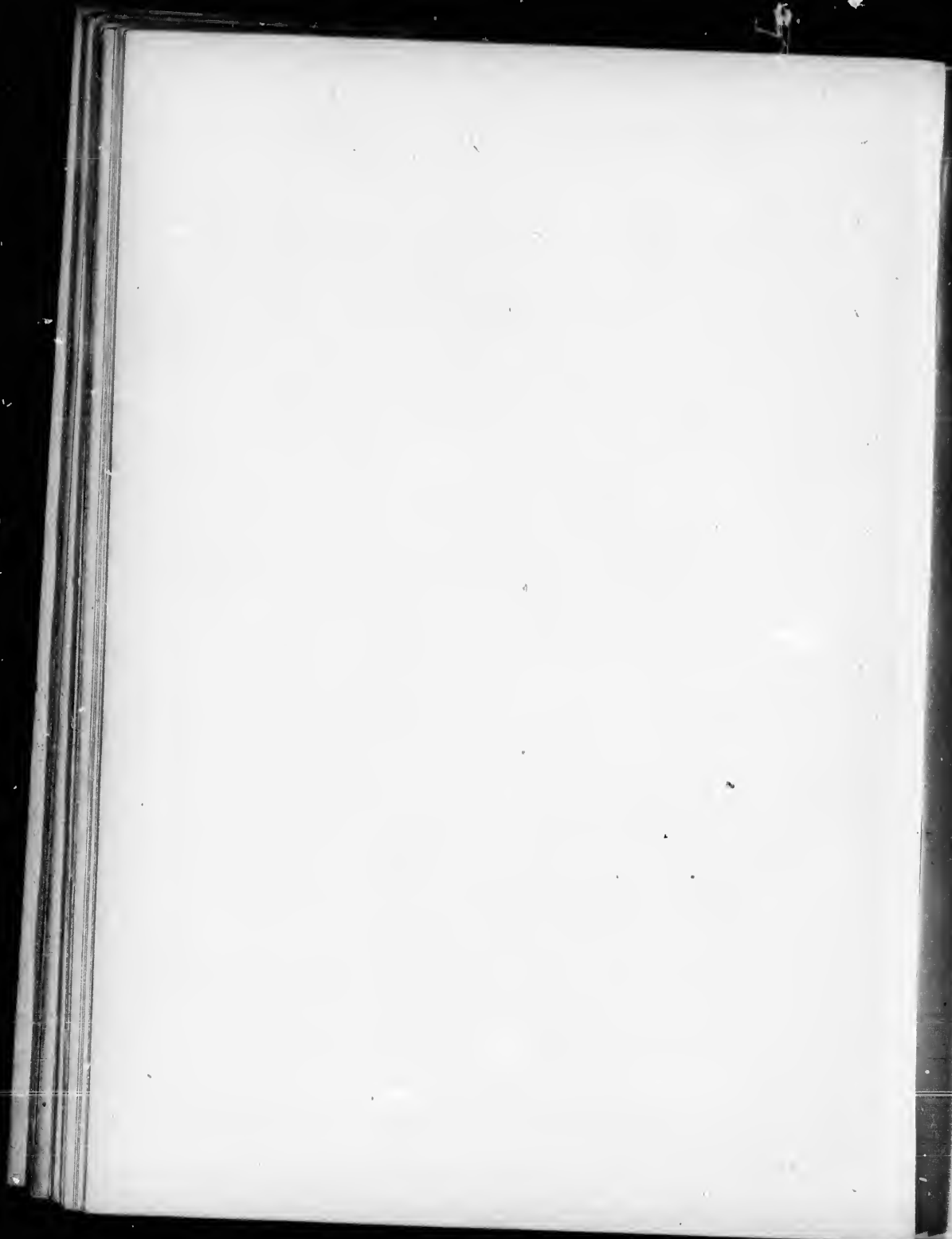
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"There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream."



Casting down imaginations is one of the mighty offices of the Holy Spirit in these "last times." And where is the youthful soul that is not too much committed to the wild wings of a "vain imagination?" All evil begins there—in the image making faculty of the soul. That is man's idol manufactory—his false-god shop.

They set up their idols in their hearts, and the stumbling block of iniquity before their face, and shall I be enquired of by them.—
Ezekiel.

But the emotion of youthful love, chaste in its virgin freshness, and beautiful in its primal and implicit trust, is a most glorious and enchanting thing; almost justifying the poet's musical and hyperbolic expression:—

"There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

But, alas, like Ephraim's piety (as reproved by the prophet), "it is like the morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away." The morning cloud is golden or ambient, bright and fraught with sunlight—"full with the glory of the day,"—and the early dew sparkles again with the gathering lustre—brightning yet as the beams of the sun increase—until at last it mirrors the face of the "king of day" in all his mounting splendor; but the warm brightness consumes it—it dies in its own glory—"it goeth away." So with young love, it is too fair, too sweet, too pure and delectable, too ethereal for earthly continuance, and we join with another poet in exclaiming:—

"Love! oh young love,
Why hast thou not security?"

Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day!
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.—*Shakespeare.*

Yes, young love resembles an April day, where we find "shadow and sunshine intermingling quick."

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

A FACT.

Miss Fanny, in a dream,
 Was heard distinct to say:
 "True Courtship is life's cream,
 And love will find its way."

They listening, gathered 'round,
 And said, "What is't you say?"
 Out flew on wings of sound,
 "Sure, love will find its way."

O, pleasant was that dream,
 It was the first of May:
 Well launched on life's young stream,
 Her countenance a-beam,
 Said, "Love will find its way."

And blest that happy youth,
 Who hears, his heart to stay,
 From Fanny's lips, the truth,
 "To you love finds its way."

"Bright is the froth of an eastern wave,
 As it plays in the sun's last glow;
 Pure is the pearl in its crystal bed,
 Gemming the worlds below;
 Warm is the heart that mingles its blood
 In the red tide of Glory's stream;
 But more flashingly bright, more pure, more warm,
 Is 'Love's first dream.'

Hope paints the vision with hues of her own,
 In all the colors of Spring,
 While the young lip breathes like a dewy rose
 Fanned by the fire-fly's wing.

'Tis a fairy scene, where the fond soul roves,
 Exulting in passion's warm beam ;
 Ah, sad 'tis to think we should wake with a chill,
 From 'Love's first dream.'

But it fades like the rainbow's brilliant arch,
 Scattered by clouds and wind ;
 Leaving the spirit, unrobed of light,
 In darkness and tears behind.
 When mortals look back on the heartfelt woes,
 They have met with in life's rough stream,
 That sight is oft deepest which memory gives
 To 'Love's first dream.'"

There was a time, fond girl, when you
 Were partial to caresses :
 Before your graceful figure grew
 Too tall for ankle dresses ;
 When "Keys and Pillows," and the rest
 Of sentimental pastimes,
 Were thought to be the very best
 Amusement out of class-times.

You wore your nut-brown hair in curls
 That reached beyond your bodice,
 Quite in the style of other girls—
 But you I thought a goddess !
 I wrote you letters, long and short,
 How many there's no telling !
 Imagination was my forte !
 I can't say that of spelling !

We shared our sticks of chewing-gum,
 Our precious bits of candy ;

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

Together solved the knotty sum,
 And learned the *ars amandi*.
 Whene'er you wept, a woful lump
 Stuck in my throat, delayed there !
 My sympathetic heart would jump—
 I wondered how it stayed there !

We meet to-day—we meet, alas !
 With salutation formal ;
 I'm in the college senior class,
 You study at the Normal.
 And as we part, I think again,
 And sadly wonder whether
 You wish, as I, we loved as when
 We sat at school together !—*Century Bric-Brac.*

BELIEVE ME.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy gifts fading away ;
 Thou wouldst still be ador'd, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And around the dear ruins each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear.
 Oh ! the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
 And as truly loves on to the close ;
 As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

LOVE AND LOVE

“There’s a love that only lives
While the cheek is fresh and red ;
There’s a love that only thrives
Where the pleasure-feast is spread
It burneth sweet and strong,
And it sings a merry theme,
But the incense and the song
Pass like flies upon the stream,
It cometh with the ray,
And it goeth with the cloud,
And quite forgets to-day
What yesterday it vowed.
Oh, Love ! Love ! Love !
Is an easy chain to wear
When many idols meet our faith,
And all we serve are fair.
But there’s a love that keeps
A constant watch-fire light ;
With a flame that never sleeps
Through the longest winter night.
It is not always wise,
And it is not always blest ;
For it bringeth tearful eyes,
And it loads a sighing breast.
A fairer lot hath he
Who loves awhile, then goes,
Like the linnet from the tree,
Or the wild bee from the rose.
Oh, Love ! Love ! Love !
Soon makes the hair turn grey ;
When only one fills all the heart,
And that one’s far away.”

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health, is short lived, and subject to ague fits.—*Erasmus.*

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious, esteem without love is languid and cold.—*Johnson.*

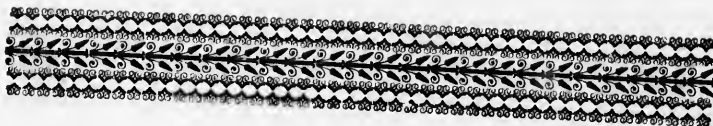
“Never forget our loves—but always cling
To the fixed hope—that there will be a time—
When we can meet—unfetter’d—and be blest—
With the full happiness—of certain love.”

“Let conquerors—boast
The fields of fame; he, who in virtue, arms
A young, warm spirit—against beauty’s charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all.”

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

“I dreamed—I saw a little rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets—in a garden playing .
Now stopping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower, or butterfly—his feet beguiled.
'Twas changed. One summer’s day I stept aside
To let him pass; his face—and manhood seeming,
And that full eye of blue—was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden, whom he called, ‘his Bride!’
Once more; ’twas autumn, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group—of youthful forms surrounding
The rooms—with harmless pleasantry resounding,
And, in the midst, I marked the smiling Sire.
The heavens were clouded! and I heard the tone
Of a slow—moving bell—the white haired man was gone.”

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LOVE'S VAGARIES.

NOW, when this man had held his peace, the third of them, who was Zorobabel, began to instruct them about women, and about truth, who said thus: 'Wine is strong, as is the king also, whom all men obey, but women are superior to them in power; for it was a woman that brought the king into the world; and for those that plant the vines and make the wine, they are women who bear them, and bring them up; nor, indeed, is there anything which we do not receive from them; for these women weave garments for us, and our household affairs are by their means taken care of and preserved in safety. Nor can we live separate from women; and when we have gotten a great deal of gold and silver, and any other thing that is of great value, and deserving regard, and see a beautiful woman, we leave all these things, and, with open mouth, fix our eyes upon her countenance, and are willing to forsake what we have, that we may enjoy her beauty, and procure it to ourselves. We also leave father and mother, and the earth that nourishes us, and frequently forget our dearest friends, for the sake of women! Nay, we are so hardy as to lay down our lives for them; but what will chiefly make you take notice of the strength of women is this as follows: Do not we take pains, and endure a great deal of trouble, and that both by land and sea, and when we have procured somewhat as the fruit of our labors, do we not bring them to the women, as to our mistresses, and bestow them upon them? Nay, I once saw the king, who is lord of so many people, smitten on the face by Apame, the daugh-

gone."

ter of Rabates Themasius, his concubine, and his diadem taken from him, and put upon her own head, while he bore it patiently ; and when she smiled, he smiled, and when she was angry, he was sad ; and according to the change of her passions, he flattered his wife, and drew her to reconciliation by the great humiliation of himself to her, if at any time he saw her displeased at him."

LOVE VERSUS THE SHOTGUN.

A lover, threatened with a shotgun, had to postpone his courtship, at Red Bend, Washington Territory, recently. It seems they have been having considerable trouble out there with their lady settlers. Every grown lady in the town was married or engaged, and there were over two hundred bachelors desiring to enter the married state. They were not able to keep a school teacher or a servant. Before they had been in the town a month they were married. One farmer, especially, had experienced annoyance from this cause. Every servant he engaged left him to be married as soon as she learned the ways of the household and was becoming useful. It was necessary, however, to have a servant, and he persevered. At last he became exasperated, and having secured a new servant, he resolved to keep off all lovers. She had not been there long before he noticed a young man slinking around his place, and seizing his shot gun, he went out. "What do you want here?" he asked. "Nothing," said the fellow, coloring up a little ; "nothing much. I was just calling on the girl in there. She's an old friend of my family." "Well, I'm a friend of your family, too," said the farmer, "to the extent that I don't want to kill you ; but if you don't keep away from here I'll murder you." The farmer's manner was so menacing that the young man went away. But a few days later the girl was missing, and the farmer learned that she and the young man had been married by the justice that morning. His opposition to the marriage, as the bride and her predecessors doubtless knew, was due to regard for his own inconvenience, into

which the question of their welfare did not enter ; and as they preferred marriage to a life of servitude, they did not consider him. It is a pity that sinners do not show the same resolution when they are urged to quit Satan's shameful service, with its dreadful wages, and defying his opposition, begin a life of union with Christ (Rom. vi. 22-23).—*Christian Herald*.

A FAIR COMPLIMENT.

Francis de Harley, Archbishop of Paris, under Louis XIV., was remarkably handsome, and affable in his manner. When he was appointed to his diocese, with several Duchesses, who waited upon him in a body to congratulate him, was the Duchess of Mecklenburgh, who addressed him in the following words :—" Though the weakest, we are the most zealous portion of your flock." The Archbishop answered, " I regard you as the fairest portion of it." The Duchess de Bouillon, who understood Latin, and was well read in Virgil, then repeated this line from that poet :—

"Formosa pecoris, custos formosior ipse."
(Fair is the flock, the keeper fairer still.)

LORD BOLINGBROKE'S CHOICE.

In Gay's time, there was a young creature, known to the world by no other title than Clara, who drew much attention at that time by the sweetness and pathos of her tones ; but her recommendation to particular notice was the circumstance of her being for many years the object of Bolingbroke's enthusiastic affection. The poor girl strayed for some time, during which his Lordship had not seen her ; it was after this interval, that meeting her, he addressed to her the following tender lines, beginning :—

"Dear, thoughtless Clara, to my verse attend,
Believe for once the lover and the friend."

And concluding thus :—

“To virtue thus, and to thyself restored
 By all admired, by one alone adored ;
 Be to thy Harry ever kind and true,
 And live for him who more than died for you.”

A series of calamities totally ruined her vocal powers, and she afterwards subsisted by the sale of oranges at the Court of Requests.

DIED TO PROVE HIS LOVE.

The woman whom a Swiss wooed was ten years his senior, and she had a fortune, while he was indigent. Under these circumstances she would not believe that his love was genuine, or his offer of marriage disinterested. In order to convince her, he committed suicide under her bedroom window.

A BEESWAX MARRIAGE FEE.

Many of the first settlers in Illinois were rude in speech and rough in manner. Money was scarce with them, and service was paid for in produce.

Governor B——— used to illustrate these incidents of frontier life by the following anecdote :—

One day there came to his office a young man accompanied by a young woman.

“Be you the squire?” asked the manly youth.

“Yes, sir.”

“Can you tie the knot for us right away?”

“Yes, sir.”

How much do you charge?”

“One dollar is the legal fee, sir.”

“Will you take your fee in beeswax?”

“Yes, if you can't pay cash.”

“Well, go ahead and tie the knot, and I'll fetch in the wax.”

"No," said the squire, thinking there was a good chance for a little fun; "bring in the beeswax first, and then I'll marry you."

Reluctantly the youth went out to where was hitched the horse upon which, Darby and Joan fashion, they had ridden, and brought the wax in a sack.

On being weighed, its value was found to be only sixty cents.

"Wal," said the anxious groom, "tie the knot, and I'll fetch more wax next week."

"No, sir, I don't trust; that is against the rules of this office."

Slowly the disappointed youth turned to go out, saying—

"Come, Sal, let's go."

"I say, mister," answered Sal, with a woman's wit, "can't you marry us as far as the wax will go?"

"Yes, I can, and will," replied the squire, laughing, and he did.

NOT A FAMILY MAN.

A bachelor, at Sidney, Neb., answered a matrimonial advertisement in an Omaha paper, a few days ago, requesting a photograph. The lady replied, sending not only her own photograph, but those of her four children by her first husband as well. The correspondence stopped there.

THE FICKLE KNIGHT.

"Gallant and tall, and a soldier withal,

Sir Harry goes courting the fair;

He has burnished his curls, and his white hand twirls

Through the tresses, with tender care.

He is whispering low, but don't let your hearts go:

Maidens, just watch, and you'll see,

That Sir Harry can smile, and mean nothing the while

For a gay deceiver is he.

Scout him and flout him, with pride and with scorn,

For he'll sue you, and woo you, and leave you forlorn.


He holds up his head, and tells of the dead
And the wounded his beauty has left,
Lightly he'll boast of the love smitten host
By his charms of their peace bereft.
Oh! heave not a sigh at the blink of his eye,
Though melting its beam may be;
He seeks to entrance your soul at a glance,
But a gay deceiver is he.
Scout him and flout him—he worships a stone—
For the image he dotes on is only his own.

This gallant and gay Sir Harry, they say,
Has reckoned his worth in gold ;
Sir Harry is not to be given away,
He's only a thing to be sold.
Maidens, don't fret, though his whiskers of jet
Right daintily trimmed may be ;
Oh! give him no part of a woman's warm heart,
For a gay deceiver is he.
Scout him and flout him with pride and with scorn,
And leave him and his beauty to live forlorn.





LOVE AND ROSES.

HEN Prince Aibert, at the Royal levee, received from her Majesty's own hand the rose, which marked her preference and sealed his betrothal, the happy German Prince at once slit a hole in the breast of his splendid uniform, and inserted the star-like flower as near his heart as he could, while he thus stood the envy of all royal rivals.

When young Alphonso, of Spain, was courting his present royal consort, he was in constant communication with her, and sent her every day some new and precious, and oftentimes surprising, love-token, equally exquisite and emblematical. On one occasion it was a brilliant rose (love's chosen emblem) on a golden stem, and ablaze with jewelled petals, with great ruby heart. At another time it was a casket containing a silver egg, and disclosing a golden yolk, and ravishingly unfolding a bright, blazing diamond—the precious in the precious, and ever growing more beautiful and delightful.

The Pope (if we understand rightly) gives a golden rose annually to any royal personage who happens, at the period of its bestowal, to be most in favor at the Vatican.

THREE ROSES.

Three roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down
Each with its loveliness, as with a crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like flower on flower, that night, on Beauty's breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair.

The third a widow, with new grief made wild,
Shut in the palm of her dead child.—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

The red rose says, "Be sweet,"
And the lily bids, "be pure,"
The hardy brave chrysanthemum,
"Be patient and endure."

The violet whispers, "Give,
No grudge nor count the cost."
The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming
In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower
Hath each a separate word,
Which read together, maketh
The message of the Lord,—*Susan Coolidge.*

JOY ROSES.

"Pray call me a pretty name," said he,
One night to his darling Carrie,
The girl he had courted so long that she
Thought he never meant to marry.
Up from his bosom she raised her head,
And her cheeks grew red as roses,
"I think I will call you 'man,'" she said,
"For they say that 'man proposes.'"

"The rose in her cheeks is red to-night,
Her eyes are filled with a tender light,
And her heart brims over with happiness,
For her lover's proposed, and she's answered "Yes."

FATE AND THE ROSES.

Roses gather but to wither,
Odors blow in summer weather ;
Wealth finds wings of migrant feather,
Pleasures fly like bloom from heather.
Heaviness succeedeth laughter,
Joy finds grief come quickly after ;
Roll the years and what is left us ?
Ruthless time has clean bereft us ;
In Jesus, then, be thy chief treasure,
Salvation knows nor time nor measure.

THE LAY OF DEATH.

"I breathe in the face of a maiden,
I kiss the soft mouth of a rose ;
Yet not that I hate them, but love them,
My black wings are spread forth above them,
And round them my pinions enclose.
I love them so well that they die,
Yet my heart with their sorrow is laden,
And sad with their cry.
Yes, cruel my fate is and bitter,
That all things that I love should decay,
Though my fingers fall soft as the blossom
I pluck, and would place in my bosom,
The petals drop sadly away ;
Even gold in my hand becomes rust,
And no gems on my forehead will glitter,
But change into dust.

Yet, oh Love! thou art strong, I am stronger,
 Though thou shouldest strive, I prevail;
 Thy footstep is fleet: mine is fleetest;
 Thy kiss it is sweet: mine is sweeter;
 I whisper the tender tale.
 O Love, thy dart pierces my wing;
 Though thy reign may be long, mine is longer,
 Lo! I am king!"

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

The tomb says to the rose above:
 "The tears wherewith the gloaming sprinkles thee—
 What dost thou with them flower of love?"
 The rose says to the tomb: "Tell me
 What thou dost with the many things that fall
 Into thy ever-gaping maw? Dull tomb,
 Those tears I transmute all,
 Honey and amber blending, to perfume,
 Amid the shade." "Sad plaintive flower,"
 The tomb in turn replies:
 "I make each soul that comes within my power
 An angel for the skies."—*Victor Hugo.*

THE BITTEREST ROSES; OR, ANOTHER'S ROSE IS WORN.

My bonds are fast, and time has done
 What time can ne'er undo;
 But though the chain may torture one
 It shall not fetter two.
 I've loved thee long—I love thee yet
 And blindly, fondly believed
 My earnest homage gladly met,
 And tenderly received.

I thought thy smiles most joyous beam
Was kept for me alone,
And dared to let my spirit dream
Of calling thee its own.

Thou wert the first to hail and greet
My presence with glad words,
That came as blithely and as sweet
As songs of morning birds.

But now 'tis past—the cup of bliss
Has fallen from my lip,
The soft dew of thy honeyed kiss
Some happier one will sip.

* * * * *

My flowers are lightly thrown aside—
Another's rose is worn,
My proffered vow now shades thy brow
With frown of silent scorn.

I breathe farewell with aching breast—
My "Good night" still deferred ;
But while thy hand by mine is pressed,
No kindred pulse is stirred.

My soul still pours its incense fire
Upon thy cherished name,
But findeth not the altar spot
Give back one ray of flame.

I would not breathe into thy ear
A murmur to reprove ;
But why didst thou once call me "dear ?"
Why didst thou *seem* to love ?

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

Why didst thou fling upon my way
 Hope's rosebuds of Life's morn,
 With rich perfume ; then crush the bloom,
 And leave but cloud and thorn ?

It may be sport to thee, fair girl ;
 But promise, ere we part,
 Thou'lt ne'er again weld such a chain,
 Then spurn the captive heart.

THE PLUCKED ROSE.

She plucked a rose, and idly pulled
 The crimson leaves apart.
 I whispered, " Tell me why it is
 That rose is like my heart."
 " What know I of your heart ?" said she,
 " Your riddle is too deep for me."
 " Because my heart was full of hopes,
 As leaves upon your rose :
 You scatter them from day to day,
 As now you scatter those ;
 And soon my poor heart, stripped of all,
 Forgotten, as the rose, must fall."
 Ah ! crimson cheeks and bashful eyes !
 My riddle was so plain ;
 She stooped and gathered from the ground
 The fragrant leaves again.
 " Ah, love !" I cried, " and can it be,
 Sweet hopes may yet return to me ?"

THE LADY AND THE ROSE.

Eastern fable tells of a lady who grew enamored of a beautiful
 rose, and she gazed with ceaseless longing on its surpassing loveli-

ness, and sighed and wept over its (to her) increasing charms; and as she did so the glow of the flower stole into her own delicate face, and its exquisite odor perfumed her warm breath, and all its fragrance and its beauty became her own. That lady is the soul of man, that rose is the "Rose of Sharon"—Christ in the "Song of Loves." That gaze is the look of devotion—earnest prayer. Those tears are the tears of penitence as she looks on Him whom she has pierced, and mourns for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and is in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born."

The Hebrew mothers, it is said, had a common superstition that a child, by so constantly looking in the face of its nurse, gradually became like her in feature and disposition, and hence they (when practicable) chose the most comely of their sex for the guardianship of their little ones.

This is all true in the realm of the spirit, or in the kingdom of grace. "For we all, with open face beholding, as in a glass, (so very clear) the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord."

Would you find the fairest flower
That in earthly garden grows?
Lo! it springs where wrath-clouds lower,
'Tis sweet Sharon's blooming rose.

Would you smell the choicest odor,
(Free to every wind that blows?)
See! it grows on heaven's border,
'Tis the deathless Sharon's rose.



LOVE AND LILIES.



LILY-CUP was growing, where the streamlet tide was
flowing,
And rich with grace and beauty there it bent ;
And passed the whole day long in dancing to the song,
Which gurgling ripples murmured as they went.
Though rush and weed were there, the place was fresh and fair,
And wavelets kissed the lily's tender leaf ;
The lily wooed the water, and drank the draught it brought her,
And never wore a tint of blighting grief.

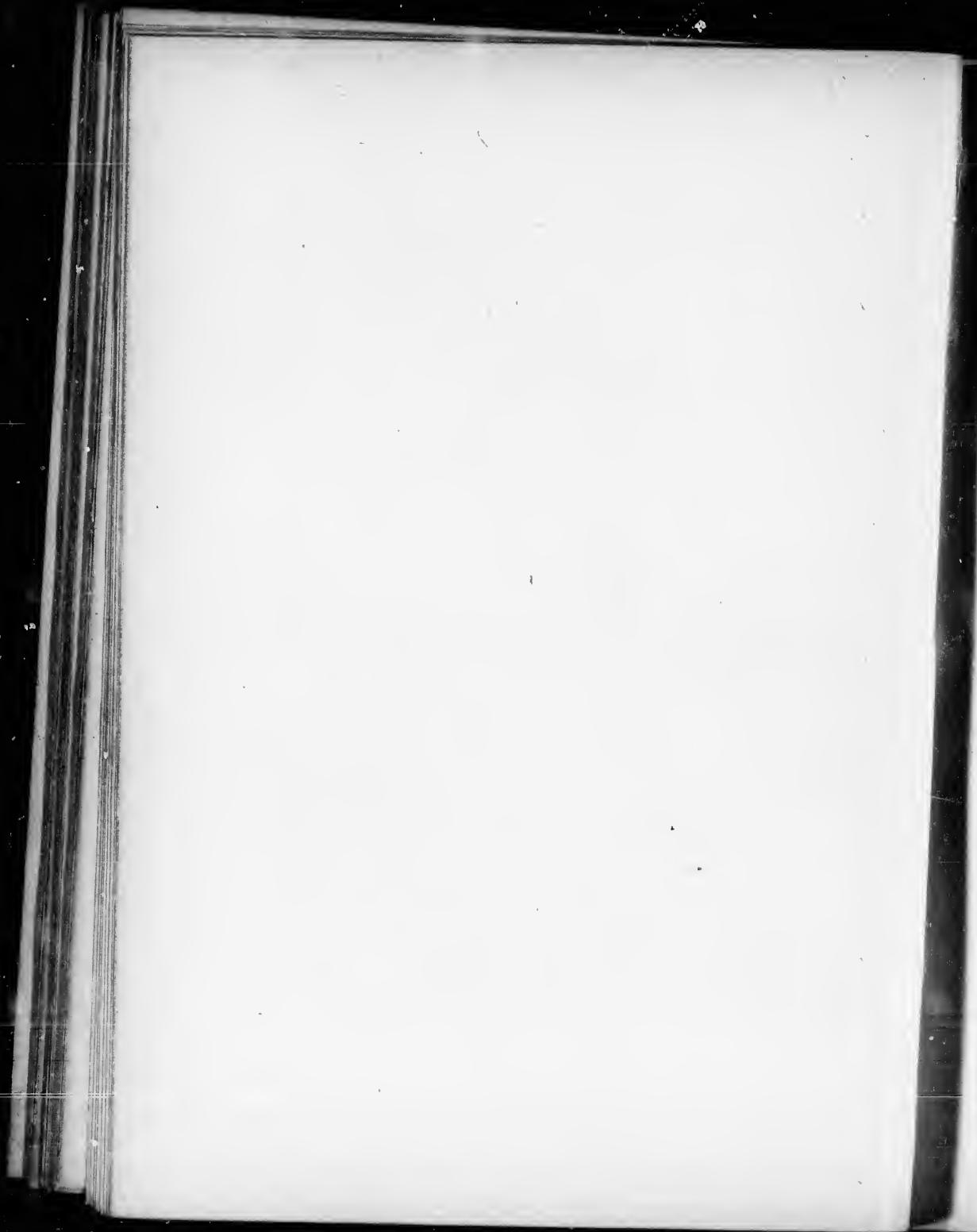
A strong hand came and took the lily from the brook,
And placed it in a painted vase of clay ;
But, ah ! it might not be, and sad it was to see
The suffering lily fade and pine away.
The fountain drops of wealth ne'er nursed it into health ;
It never danced beneath the lighted dome ;
But wofully it sighed for the streamlet's gushing tide,
And drooped in pain to miss its far off home.
Now human hearts, be true, and tell me, are not you
Too often taken, like the gentle flower ;
And do ye never grieve, when fortune bids ye leave
Affection's life-stream for a gilded bower ?
Oh ! many a one can look far back on some sweet brook
That fed their soul bloom, fresh, and pure and shining ;
And many a one will say, some painted vase of clay
Has held their spirit, like the lily, pining."



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She sits on the shore of the summer sea,
And waits in sweet expectancy;
Though times may change and tides may roll
One thought alone absorbs her soul.



WHICH IS FAIREST.

What's the fairest flower that blows ?
 Shall we say the crimson rose,
 With her passion and her pain,
 Drenched, for tears, in summer rain.
 Or, when sunlight fills her cup,
 Offering joy's incense up
 To the Beauty-giver high ?
 Crown her fairest ? Nay, not I.

What, then, is the fairest flower ?
 Wild rose, blushing in her bower,
 Childhood's emblem fresh and free,
 Full of shy simplicity.
 Vanishing like childhood, too,
 Quickly as the morning dew
 When the hours lead on the day ?
 Do we hold her dearest ? Nay.

Lilies from some woodland nook,
 Where but few e'er come to look ?
 Golden bells that tell the hour,
 From their lofty steeple tower,
 For the fays among the ferns,
 Or upright with rose red urns,
 Type of mirth Arcadian,
 Dear unto the heart of Pan ?

Nay, not ye, though fair ye are,
 Beauty's heaven a brighter star
 Holds enshrined. For purity
 Thou my saint and queen shalt be,
 Water-lily, pure and strong,
 Clean from every thought of wrong,
 Half of earth and half of heaven,
 Unto thee the crown be given.—*Boston Transcript.*



LOVE AND NIGHTINGALES.

WE were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrance of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight, being startled at so unexpected familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

we concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon

him at the address of the message, and was going to be saucy ; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he would be a better customer to her garden, if there were more nightingales and fewer bad characters.—*Addison, in "Sir Roger de Coverly."*

Love, like the nightingale, is partial to the shade,
 And ever sings the sweetest beneath the silver moon,
 Her music wakes the silence in vale and lowly glade,
 And makes the gladdest echoes when night is at its noon.

Love, like the nightingale, prefers to voice unseen,
 And comes into her garden to sing of one alone :
 The stars look down and listen, the dew-drops brightly glisten,
 And earth forgets her sadness, and sorrow stills her moan.

Love, like the nightingale, brings summer on her wing,
 And waiteth for the twilight, with cooling airs and balm :
 And happy he that hears her—she queen, and he is king—
 His life is one glad anthem, and every sound a psalm.





FALSE LIGHTS.

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one ;
Yet the light of a whole world dies,
With the setting sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one ;
Yet the life of a whole life dies,
When love is done.

LOVE casts such a glamour or meteor-glare over its object, that it is next to impossible to see that object in its true light, even as it is difficult to discern colors by artificial brightness. Nay, in the vain brilliancy of this sentimental lustre, even defects themselves assume the semblance of beauties, and grave faults are brightened into excellent virtues. And the love-smitten maiden, of whom we have read, had at least the tender passion, if not more sober reason on her side, when being remonstrated with for marrying a man with but one leg, she replied, "I would not have a man with two legs, they are so common." And who can read the following lines without being amused at the wondrously transforming power of elective affinity, which can thus find an argument for its existence (with an additional embellishment of song), in the blemish of a blind eyeball ?

Though a sable cloud benight
One of thy fair twins of light,
Yet the other brighter seems

As 't had robbed its brother's beams,
Or both lights to one were run
Of two stars, now made one sun.

Cunning Archer! who knows yet
But thou wink'st my heart to hit!
Close the other too, and all
Thee the god of Love will call.

AN EFFECT EFFACED.

A barrister, named Lee, was famous for studying effect when he pleaded. On a circuit at Norwich, a brief was brought to him by the relatives of a woman for breach of promise of marriage. Lee inquired, among other particulars, whether the woman was handsome. "A most beautiful face," was the answer. Satisfied with this, he desired that she should be placed at the bar, immediately in front of the jury. When he rose, he began a most pathetic and eloquent address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms which were placed in their view, and painting in glowing colors the guilt of the wretch who could injure so much beauty. When he perceived their feelings worked up to a proper pitch, he sat down, under the perfect conviction that he should obtain a verdict. What, then, must have been his surprise, when the counsel retained by the opposite party rose and observed, "that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums which his learned friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff; but he had forgotten to say she had a *wooden leg*." This fact, of which Lee was by no means aware, was established, to his utter confusion. His eloquence was thrown away; and the jury, who felt ashamed of the effect it had produced upon them, instantly gave a verdict against his client.

ONE LEG AND BENEVOLENCE.

"We were no sooner come to the Temple stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, 'You must know,' says Sir Roger, 'I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.'"—*Addison, in "Sir Roger de Coverly."*

LOVE'S IDOLATRIES.

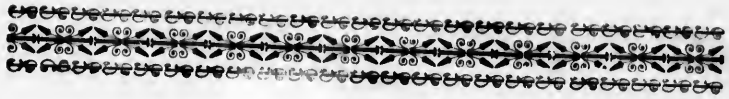
Doubtless a great deal of love existing between the sexes is little better than downright idolatry, being a positive breach of the first commandment. If not, why have we so many wrecks among us of love lorn humanity, of both sexes? The affections having lost their sober poise, sometimes the intellect itself becomes deranged, and the wits are lost along with the unbalanced moral nature. We should never so commit ourselves to the keeping or to the power of the creature, as to lose our chiefest hold of the Creator, This would then be the best corrective to our too-restive passions, and prevent the bitterness that must inevitably follow a disappointed, inordinate desire.





LOVE AND THE TELEPHONE.

IN 1872, Dr. Bell had a private school for deaf mutes in Boston. Among his pupils was Howard Glyndon, who is well known in literary circles. One day, while this lady was walking, she noticed that whenever street cars were passing, and the muff in which her hands were placed was pressed against her body, she experienced peculiar vibrations. On informing Dr. Bell of her sensations, he constructed what he called a sound-box, having drum-shaped heads, which was to be worn in front, under the clothing. Dr. Bell experimented with sound boxes till he struck upon a new idea. This idea excited him very much, caused him to work sometimes all night, and at length resulted in the telephone. Dr. Bell now needed capital to push his idea. He was poor, having nothing but his salary as teacher. The way the Bell telephone became a success was due to causes wholly outside of its own merits. Gardiner Green Hubbard, of Cambridge, Mass., had a deaf-mute daughter at school in Germany. Becoming dissatisfied with her progress, he had her come home, and employed Dr. Bell to teach her. The young lady was very lovable, and Dr. Bell soon discovered that the feeling he had for her was very different from the ordinary feeling existing between teacher and pupil. He felt compelled by honor to resign his position, which he did. But the mischief was done. The affection was mutual. At first the young lady's parents opposed the union, but when they found their daughter's happiness at stake they gracefully surrendered. Dr. Bell had won a charming wife, and obtained as father-in-law a wealthy business man. Gardiner Hubbard had every inducement to push the telephone. From this time on it was a success.—*Chicago Tribune.*



LOVE THE MEASURE OF THE MAN.

My love is my weight.--AUGUSTINE.

THE measure and original of all passions is love ; and the object of love is that which is really or apparently good. If our love be right it regulates all our passions ; for discontent or impatience ariseth from the absence of somewhat that we love or value ; and, according to the measure of our love to the thing we want, such is the measure of our discontent or impatience under the want of it.

He that sets his love upon that, which the more he loves, the more he enjoys, is sure to avoid the danger of discontent or impatience, because he cannot want that which he loves ; and though he loves something else that may be lost, yet, under that loss, he is not obnoxious to much impatience or discontent, because he is sure to retain that which he most values or affects, which will answer and supply lesser wants with a great advantage. The greatest bent and portion of his love is laid out in what he is sure to enjoy ; and it is but a small portion of love that is left for the thing he is deprived of, and consequently his discontent but little, and cured with the fruition of a more valuable good.

He that sets his love upon the creature, or any result from it, as honor, wealth, reputation, power, wife, children, friends, cannot possibly avoid discontent or impatience ; for they are mutable, uncertain, unsatisfactory goods, subject to casualties ; and according

to the measure of his love to them, is the measure of his discontent and impatience in the loss of them, or disappointment in them.

He that sets his love upon God, the more he loves him, the more he enjoys of him. In other things, the greatest danger of disappointment, and consequently of impatience, is when he loves them best; but the more love we bear to God the more love he returns to us, and communicates his goodness the more freely to us. Therefore we are certain that we cannot be disappointed, nor, consequently, have any ground of impatience or discontent, in that which is our *unum magnum*, the thing we chiefly value.

He that sets his entirest love on God, yet hath a liberty to issue a subordinate portion of love to other good things, as health, peace, opportunities to do good; wife, children, friends; and in these he may be crossed and disappointed. But the predominant love of God delivers the soul from discontent and impatience, even under these losses.

1. Because the soul is still assured of what it most values, the love of God returned to the soul, which compensates and drowns the other loss, and the discontent that may arise upon it.
2. Because the heart is satisfied that these losses come from the hand of him whom he loves, of whose truth, wisdom, love and goodness, he hath assurance, and therefore will be delivered out in measure, upon most just grounds, and for most excellent ends. He sends an instruction along with his rod, and the soul reads love as well in the rod of God as in his staff.
3. Because the love of God, taking up the principal bent and strength of the soul, leaves but a gentle and moderate affection to the things it loseth, and consequently a gentle and easy parting with them, or being without them. The great tumult and disorder that is made in the mind upon the losses, crosses, or discontents, is not so much from the intrinsical value of the things themselves, but from the estimation that is put upon them; were the love to them no more than they deserve, the discontent and impatience in the

loss would be very little. Our chiefest love, when it is placed upon God, is placed where it should be ; and the mind is then in its right frame and temper, and dispenseth its love to other things regularly, and orderly, and proportionably to their worth ; and thereby the discontent or trouble that ariseth upon their loss or disappointment, is weighed out according to their true value, agreeable to the just measure of reason and prudence : but when our love is out of its place, it becomes immoderate and disorderly ; and consequently, the discontents that arise upon disappointments in the things we immoderately love, become immoderate, exorbitant discontents, impatience, and perturbation of mind.

4. Our love to God brings us to a free resignation of our will to his ; for we therefore love him, because we conclude him most wise, most bountiful, most merciful, most just, most perfect ; and therefore must of necessity conclude that his will is the best will, and fit to be the measure and rule of ours, and not ours of his ; and inasmuch as we conclude that no loss or cross befalls us without his will, we do likewise conclude that it is most fit to be borne : and because he never wills anything, but upon most wise and just reasons, we conclude that surely there are such reasons in this dispensation ; and we study, and search, and try whether we can spell out those reasons of his.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

LOVE'S ESSENCE.

To make love complete, two things are required, according to Aristotle's description of it. *Affectus cordis* and *effectus operis*. The inward affection of the heart, and the outward manifestation of that affection by our deed, as occasion is offered, in being ready to our power to do him any good. The heart is the root of all true love, and we must begin here, or else all we do is but lost.—*Robert Sanderson (1656.)*

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BACHELORS







Bachelors.

ADRY subject," suggests one of our fair readers; "very dry indeed; almost dry enough to be dusty, in fact, and one which will tax the ingenuity of any writer to render in the least degree interesting." Too true, gentle critic, and yet we trust it will be found not altogether devoid of general interest. If nothing else can relieve the unpromising and barren topic, we will endeavor to make, at least, a *chatty* chapter; and chat, after all, is the cheeriest part of writing or discourse. We intend to move through these pages in good company, and bring to the aid of our weaker voice some of the most powerful and convincing utterances of the present and the past, or of ancient and modern times.

We would, therefore, introduce you at once to the presence of these nobler spirits, whose counsels have (in some cases) for ages won upon the ears of the nations, and which are at once delightful and, I had almost said, oracular.

Suffice it to say that the word "Bachelor" signifies an unmarried man; and "celibate" has the same signification, with a touch of additional dignity or smack of sacerdotalism; both of which will however, be used indifferently in these pages.



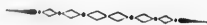
THE BACHELOR.

IHAVE no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for—a mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they play their parts ; which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theatre or scene.—*Burton.*

There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards the love of others, which, if it be not spent upon one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable.—*Bacon.*




I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dallance ; I would plant rich seeds
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old.—*Anon.*




“Averse to all the troubles of a wife,
Wedlock he loathed, and led a single life ;
But now when loving age his limbs had seized,
Justly he wants whom he before despised ;
He dies, and his remoter friends
Share his possessions.”

And serve him right.

I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of a population. From this motive, I had scarcely taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well.—*Goldsmith.*



If "the woman be the glory of the man," as St. Paul well states, where, let me ask, is his glory who has no wife to grace his years? And if it be true that, "a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband," is he not crownless who lives alone?



Pope was only twelve years of age when he wrote the verses of his first *known* poem, containing the words:—


Then let me live unseen, unknown,

Thus unlamented let me die—

Steal from the world, and not a stone

Tell where I lie.

He evidently thought better of it later on in life, and concluded that the world and he ought to live on more intimate terms, and also part better company. What need to *steal from* the world, if you have led an honest life in it?



What sturdy common sense characterized the earlier ages of the world in this particular? Did any of the patriarchs or "fathers" of the sacred race live bachelors? Did the antediluvians, any of them, remain single? All the way down the genealogical tree, from Adam to Noah, no mention is made of a solitary case of bachelorhood; but it is said of them in succession, that they lived so many "years, and begat sons and daughters." Genesis is as ignorant of

celibacy as it is of protoplasm ; and the one had made the world just as soon as the other. Think for a moment what had been the result if any of Noah's sons had been unmarried ! Or if even but one of the heads of the twelve tribes had lived a single life ! In the former case there had been one whole race fewer in the human family, and in the latter case, one tribe wanting in Israel.

Why even Cain, himself, counted accursed, dwelling in "the land of Nod," or Place of Wandering, restless as a "wild ass, used to the wilderness, the range of the mountains for her pasture, and she going searching after every green thing ;" Cain, according to his own testimony, "a fugitive and vagabond in the earth," (as one has said, a vagabond on his own territory), he being driven from the pleasant, fruitful lands, called euphemistically, "the presence of the Lord," still found solace in the nuptial state ; took his consort with him, and called his son Enoch (rest), and builded a city, and called it after his son's name. If a murderer may find rest in the married life, who need despair ?

Marriage is the best aid to quietude and good citizenship.

Now, Nicanor abode in Jerusalem, and did no hurt, but sent away the people that came flocking unto him. And he would not willingly have Judas out of his sight, for he loved the man from his heart. He prayed him also to take a wife, and to beget children ; so he married, was quiet, and took part of this life (lived together with him).—*Apoс.*

It is uncomfortable to want society, and unfit there should not be an increase of mankind, concerning which Plato has left these wonderful words : "This is the encouragement to marriage, not only that the human race may be perpetuated, but a man may leave children's children behind him when he is gone, to serve God in his stead."

"A help-meet" means fit for all the necessities and uses of life, and one in whose society he shall take delight: the best company keeper, and not a mere hireling, as the Hebrew phrase—*as before him*—imports, being in every way answerable to him, fitted for him, not only in likeness of body, but of mind, disposition and affection, which laid the foundation of perpetual familiarity and friendship. She shall always be ready to observe and serve him, as to "stand before any one," in the Hebrew language, signifies to do whatever is desired.



His heart is a harp out of tune,
 Who, with woman created to bless him,
 Ungrateful refuses the boon,
 Nor seeks tender love to caress him.
 Had Adam dealt Eve such disdain,
 When God the first consort provided,
 The race had been made but in vain,
 And the doom of creation decided.
 Adopt, man, the course that is best,
 Undreaming of marital trouble;
 One bird never yet built a nest,
 And all life in the ark was saved double.





SHALL BACHELORS BE TAXED?

THERE is a proposition on foot in several of the Eastern States to have laws passed taxing bachelors a certain sum each year. The object is two-fold, to raise money from a non-producing class of citizens, and to place bachelors under a ban, and show them that their manner of living, with no object in view, is not believed to be of value to a community. There are two sides to all questions, and we do not know which side to take, and consequently we will, as usual, straddle the fence. Bachelors, who are such from choice, will fight it out on that line, and claim that they had rather pay a reasonable tax, or even an exorbitant tax, than to marry. They will illustrate their position by pointing to thousands of married men who would be willing to pay their last dollar in taxes, if they could be placed back in the ranks of bachelors.

The bachelors will show that on the average they are happier, and more free from care, and enjoy themselves better than the average married man, and on that ground they ought to be willing to pay a tax. They will show that bachelors are, as a rule, rotund and jolly, while married men look as though something was eating them. There may be certain alleged beauties about the life of a bachelor while he is young and in his prime, but when he begins to get old, and pains rack his body, sickness confines him to his lonely bed, and he has to be assisted by strangers and hired help, he will realize what a fool he has made of himself, and what a failure his life has been. No wife or children to minister to his wants, the bachelor is a most forlorn object. It is then that he begins to look careworn, cross, and as though something was eating *him*, while

the married man who used to look that way is happy and contented. It is better to have some cares and discomforts as a married man at the front end of life, when one can endure them and see a piece of clear sky ahead, than to have a careless pic-nic in early life, with a prospect of dark clouds all the time after the individual becomes old enough to need kindly offices from loving friends, instead of hiring somebody to be sorry for him at so much a week. The most pitiful object in life is a sick old bachelor at a boarding house, a hotel or a hospital. It is then that he thinks over his list of friends, male and female, who have homes, and he would give the world to be an inmate of one of those homes. He thinks of the girls he might and ought to have married years ago, and as a hired nurse brings him some pills to take, he thinks how much easier he could take them from the hands of a loving wife or daughter. A bachelor with a crick in his back thinks the hand of the hired nurse who rubs it is a curry comb, and he thinks of some soft hand he has held in his, years ago, and he would give ten years of his life if he had given to the owner of that soft hand the right to rub the crick out of his back, but it is everlastingly too late. If he went searching for a wife now he would have to take one who was as old and toothless as he is, and her hand would be so harsh and bony that she would produce two cricks in the back where only one grew before. He realizes this when he tosses in pain; and the look on his face plainly shows remorse. Bachelor friends may make formal calls on him when he is sick, and wish him a speedy cure, but that kind of friendship does not fill the bill. He dies, and the bachelor friends act as bearers at his funeral, friends of other days ride in the carriages as mourners, and talk about the blank life of the deceased, but there are no tears, unless there is a sister who comes from a distance to attend the funeral and see about probating the will. The confirmed bachelor is in hard luck, and perhaps he ought to pay a tax, or license, and wear a check on his neck, so that all may know he is a bachelor.—*New York Sun.*

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

However melancholy the reflection, the fact remains none the less apparent that in nearly all quarters and civilized climes, there has during late years been a stringency in the matrimonial market which in France already seriously threatens the very existence of the nation, and in other countries is fast becoming a serious enough element to call for special legislation. In the natural order of things the fact has long been established that the members of the fair sex greatly preponderate in numbers over the lords of creation. The birth rate, in the first place, is unequal, and the many subsequent dangers to which men are subject, in war and other like dangerous avocations, still further decimates this number. An excess in the direction intimated is, therefore, but to be expected. Apart from this, however, it is now found that young men fully able to take upon themselves household cares, refrain from so doing, and this hitherto unusual feature is commencing to assume an aspect it might almost be said of vital importance. This "hanging back" element, it would seem, is chiefly peculiar to the middle classes, and from this the inference naturally arises that the trouble is mainly traceable to the fact that the "better half" portion of the community in such walks of life are apt to expect surroundings and comforts in their houses far beyond the means of the average clerk or others of kindred professions to supply. On the other hand, the workingman's wife in her marriage expects and knows that she will have to prove a helpmeet to her partner in a practical sense, while of course among the richer classes such considerations do not hold a place. It is this disregard of the old time construction of "helpmeet" principle among the middle classes, that is causing all the trouble, in the opinion of those who have given the matter attention.

STATISTICS OF BACHELORISM.

A married lady has favored us with the following report: Bachelors henpecked by their housekeepers, 3185; pestered by legacy-hunting relatives, 1796; devoured by *ennui* and selfish cares, 2064; troubled and tormented by nephews and nieces (so called), 1883; crabbed, cross-grained, and desolate in life's decline, 5384; happy, none.



MATHEMATICAL CHANCES.

Much as we may dislike to thrust arithmetic into the poetry of love, we feel that prudent maidens will thank us for reproducing certain statistics of marriage probabilities prepared by an Englishman who is good on figures. Assuming a woman's chances of achieving marriage to be one hundred, he reckons that if unmarried at twenty years of age she has lost fourteen and a half chances; at twenty-five, fifty-two. At thirty she may console herself that there are yet left fifteen and a half chances; at thirty-five she need not abandon hope, for eleven and a half chances are still hers, and even away up in the sixties she may still confidently count upon the one-fourth of a chance.





NATURE TEACHING THE BACHELOR.

BUT ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee ; and
the fowls of the air, and they shall teach thee :
Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee ; and
the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee —*Job*.
Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read ; no one
of these shall fall, none shall want her mate.—*Isaiah*.



* * * " There, well-pleased,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixed household kind. The careful hen
Calls her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
Whose breast with ardor flames as on he walks
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
The finely checkered duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
And, arching proud his neck, with hoary feet
Bears forward fierce and guards his osier isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens ; while the peacock spreads
His every-colored glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove
Flies quick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye and turns the changeful neck."



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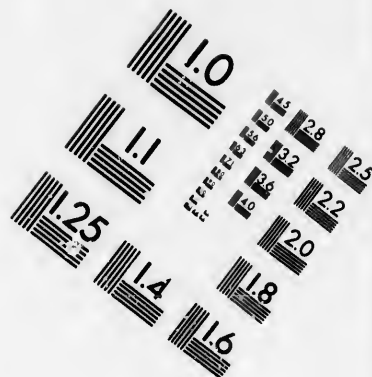
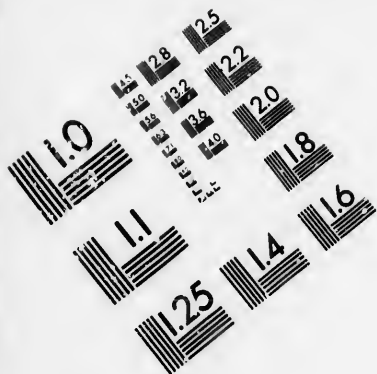
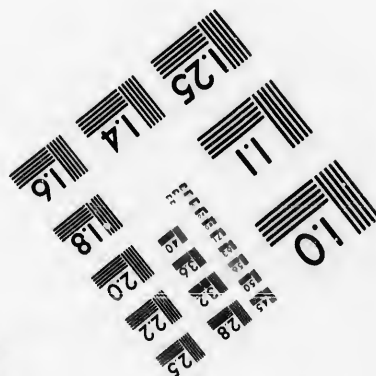
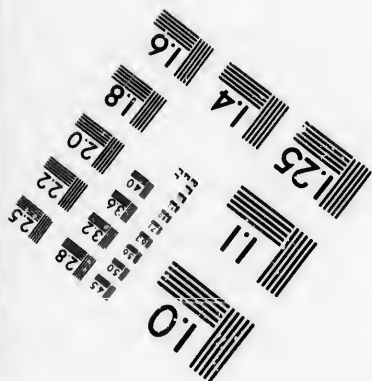
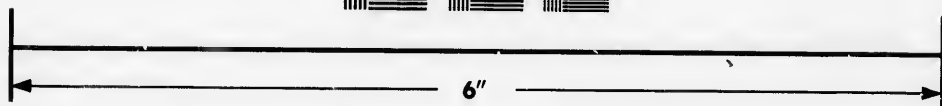
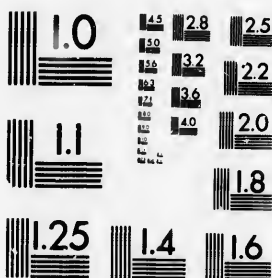


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THE PASSION OF THE GROVES.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing
 And try again the long forgotten strain,
 At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,
 Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn ;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning cloud, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love,
 That even to birds and beasts, the tender art
 Of pleasing teaches.

What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language felt, not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and through their breast
 These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?

While thus the gentie tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. * * The trembling steed,
 With hot impulse seized in every nerve,

Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong ;
Blows are not felt, but tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away.

Nor undelighted by the boundless spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep.
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire was the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing the infusive force of Spring on man ;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody?

Then nature
Wears to the eye a look of love ;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tossed by ungenerous passions, sinks away.—*Thompson.*



WINGED "LOVE MAKING."

Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,

With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening, the least approvence to bestow,
 Their colors burnish, and by hope inspired,
 They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck,
 Retire disordered ; then again approach,
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire.—*Thompson.*



Shall things that creep, fly, mope or shine,
 Fulfil the great Creator's plan,
 And none resist the will Divine,
 But purblind, erring, wayward man ?

Leviathan, with scaly mate,
 Rides plunging through the dread abyss,
 And singing bird, blind mole and bat
 Find chief delight in wedded bliss.


There's nothing made for self alone,
 Each claims with others kindred share —
 From "flesh of flesh and bone of bone,"
 To teeming floods and tribes of air.





THE BACHELOR AMONG HIS DUMB FRIENDS. .

(See Cowper and "Puss," his Pet Hare.)



RASMUS wrote his "Praise of Folly," on horseback, while travelling through Italy. The Ethiopian Eunuch read Isaiah, while sitting in his chariot, probably touring among Judean hills. We, with less dignity of travel, wrote the subjoined poemlets while journeying on foot in England. It was a bright day—a charming air—and we were strolling leisurely along on one of those never-to-be-forgotten, richly-green, and ever-winding English lanes, so grateful to the eye of both philosophic and devout contemplation, and were pleasantly shut in (or shut out, which you please) by those beautiful, embowering hedges of bushy, blossoming hawthorn, in the pink-and-snowy freshness of their full May bloom, of which we gratefully sang :

The lane, the lane, the winding lane,
The ever-green lane for me ;
The glittering lane, the buttercupped lane,
The cowslipping lane for me.

O all things there are pure and fair,
And beautiful to see :
The pheasant rare, and the darting hare,
And the milkmaid from the lea.

Sequestered all from great and small,
God's works alone I know ;
The city's noise and the worldling's joys,
To me are empty show.

The bees loud hum, and the birds sing, " come
And help to swell the glee ;"
While the hedges green in their summer sheen,
Say, " all was made for thee."

The daisied grass, as along I pass,
A welcome waves to me ;
And the whortled shell and the pimpernel,
Cry, hail ! to the waving tree.

The brook and rill from adown the hill,
Both hymn of the distant sea,
And onward glide to the rolling tide,
And beckon still to me :

" O mortal haste ! no time to waste ;
Life brooks of no delay ;
We run alone, o'er moss and stone,
As a saint rides into day.

The lark on high in the azure sky,
Doth cheer me as I go ;
And the Cuckoo's note from her egg-cleared throat
Sweet-signals me below.

To other meads, my thought she leads,
Where wintry winds ne'er blow ;
But God's own light doth chase earth's night,
And end the reign of woe.

So on I move, with the winds that rove,
And clouds that float in light ;

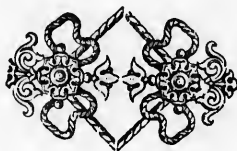
With my pilgrim song, I'll march along
To a home that's out of sight.

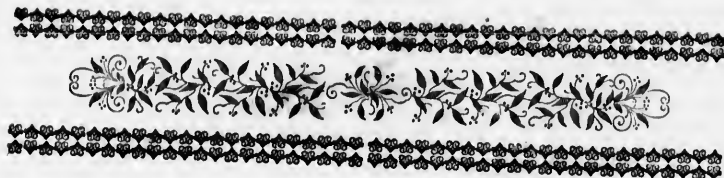
For life is a lane, a turning lane,
A *way-hiding* lane to me ;
A shady lane, a well-hedged lane,
That windeth in mystery.

Then, oh, the lane, the pleasant lane,
The nest-seeking lane for me ;
The primrosed lane, the may-flowered lane,
The love-making lane for me



As showing the comparative tameness and growing confidence of "protected" animals, when enjoying immunity from harm under well-enforced game laws, we remember having seen in a small field by the wayside a number of hares, pheasants, and lambs with their dams, all gently feeding together in unmolested quiet, as if anticipatory of the charming era of the grand millenium, when, as saith prophecy, "nothing shall hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain." And at Old Orchard Beach, Maine, while strolling in a dog-and-gun-forbidden grove, the bright birds seemed almost indifferent to our approach, and a happy squirrel had the pleasing audacity to come close up to us, and glide over our feet, as he played about our path with a decidedly friendly and not-at-all-afraid air.





ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

Lend me your songs, ye nightingales ! Oh ! pour
Into my verse, while I deduce
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring.—*Thompson*



FIRMAMENT voyager, whence comest thou,
And what are the tidings thou bringest ?
The time of thy coming, who taught thee to know,
As thy sun-seeking way thou now wingest ?

Over seas, under skies, dost thou wantoning roam,
That few of us ever may see ;
But say, as in brightness we welcome thee home,
What news dost thou carry with thee ?
We knew thee in childhood and ran in to tell
Our parents that " Cuckoo had come ;"
But where are the cars on which those voices fell ?
The lights of that dear vanished home ?
Oh, say, bird of passage, in all thy long flight,
Careering the broad heavens through,
Hast thou seen that dear sister that left our sight ?
That father or mother so true ?
They left us with summer and followed thy track,
To some far away region in space ;

But, say, will the absent ones ever come back :
 Again shall we see each bright face ?

“O, questioning mortal receive my reply :
 There’s nothing can perish that’s true,
 The holy and pure are all hid in the sky,
 And soon may be greeted by you.

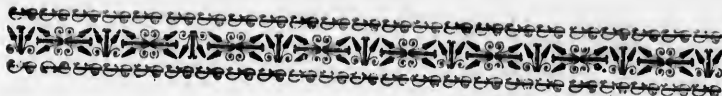
Since I left the autumn’s sere leaf has been seen,
 And winter’s wild winds have swept o’er,—
 The spring’s fitful change—tearful April hath been
 Whilst that I summered bright on yon shore.

I knew not the blasts, I saw not the change,
 I followed the sun on his way ;
 So these follow Jesus, the sweet plains they range
 Of love, and of life, and of day.

Their voices, like mine, though long silent, shall sing,
 When the ransomed of God shall return ;
 None aged, infirm ; but a-flight on swift wing
 To bid thee fore’er cease to mourn.

I come with this greeting—the winter is past ;
 I give thee this signal—the storms cannot last ;
 The rains must waft over, and leave the sky blue :
 Be this voice sufficient, Cuckoo, sweet Cuckoo.”





AN AMIABLE BACHELOR.

HORACE WALPOLE.

FROM the age of twenty-five his fingers were enlarged and deformed by chalk stones, which were discharged twice a year. "I can chalk up a score with more rapidity than any man in England," was his melancholy jest.

In spite of all his infirmities, Horace Walpole took no care of his health, as far as out-door exercise was concerned. His friends beheld him with horror go out on a dewy day: he would even step out in his slippers. In his own grounds he never wore a hat: he used to say, that on his first visit to Paris he was ashamed of his effeminacy, when he saw every meagre little Frenchman whom he could have knocked down in a breath walking without a hat, which he could not do without a certainty of taking the disease which the Germans say is endemical in England, and which they call *to catch cold*. The first trial, he used to tell his friends, cost him a fever, but he got over it. Draughts of air, damp rooms, windows open at his back, became matters of indifference to him after once getting through the hardening process. He used even to be vexed at the officious solicitude of friends on this point, and with half a smile would say, "My back is the same as my face, and my neck is like my nose." He regarded his favorite iced-water as a preservative to his stomach, which, he said, would last longer than his bones. He did not take into account that the stomach is usually the seat of the disease

One naturally inquires why the amiable recluse never, in his best days, thought of marriage: a difficult question to be answered. In men of that period, a dissolute life, an unhappy connection, too frequently explained the problem. In the case before us no such explanation can be offered. Horace Walpole had many votaries, many friends, several favorites, but no known mistress. The marks of the old bachelor fastened early on him, more especially after he began to be governed by his *valet de chambre*. The notable personage who ruled over the pliant Horace was a Swiss, named Colomb. This domestic tyrant was despotic; if Horace wanted a tree to be felled, Colomb opposed it, and the master yielded. Servants, in those days, were intrinsically the same as in ours but they differed in manner. The old familiarity had not gone out, but existed as it still does among the French. Those who recollect Dr. Parr will remember how stern a rule his factotum Sam exercised over him. Sam put down what wine he chose, nay, almost invited the guests; at all events, he had his favorites among them. And in the same way as Sam ruled at Hatton, Colomb was, *de facto*, the master of Strawberry Hill.

"His engaging manners," writes the editor of Walpoliana, "and gentle, endearing affability to his friends, exceed all praise. Not the smallest hateur, or consciousness of rank or talent, appeared in his familiar conferences; and he was ever eager to dissipate any constraint that might occur, as imposing a constraint upon himself, and knowing that any such chain enfeebles and almost annihilates the mental powers. Endued with exquisite sensibility, his wit never gave the smallest wound, even to the grossest ignorance of the world, or the most morbid hypochondriac bashfulness."

He had, in fact, no excuse for being doleful or morbid. How many resources were his! what an even destiny! what prosperous fortunes! what learned luxury he revelled in! he was enabled to "pick up all the roses of science, and to leave the thorns behind." To how few of the gifted have the means of gratification been per-

mitted! to how many has hard work been allotted! Then, when genius has been endowed with rank, with wealth, how often it has been degraded by excess! Rochester's passions ran riot in one century: Beckford's gifts were polluted by his vices in another—signal landmarks of each age. But Horace Walpole was prudent, decorous, even respectable: no elevated aspirations, no benevolent views ennobled under the *petitesse* of his nature. He had neither genius nor romance: he was even devoid of sentiment; but he was social to all, neighborly to many, and attached to some of his fellow-creatures.—*Grace and Philip Wharton.*



CELIBATES FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

His disciples say unto him, If the case of a man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry.

But he said unto them, All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given.

For there are some eunuchs, which were so born from their mother's womb: and there are some eunuchs, which were made eunuchs of men: and there be eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake, He that is able to receive it, let him receive it.

Neither let the son of the stranger, that hath joined himself to the Lord, speak, saying, The Lord hath utterly separated me from his people: neither let the eunuch say, Behold I am a dry tree.

For thus saith the Lord unto the eunuchs that keep my sabbaths, and choose the things that please me, and take hold of my covenant;

Even unto them will I give in mine house and within my walls a place and a name better than of sons and of daughters: I will give them an everlasting name, that shall not be cut off.



THE WISE BACHELOR.

PROVING A CLAIM.

A CITIZEN of Jerusalem, travelling through the country, was taken very sick at an inn. Feeling that he would not recover, he sent for the landlord, and said to him, "I am going the way of all flesh. If, after my death, any party should come from Jerusalem and claim my effects, do not deliver them until he shall prove to thee by three wise acts that he is entitled to them; for I charged my son before starting upon my way, that if death befel he would be obliged to prove his wisdom by obtaining my possessions."

The man died, and was buried according to Jewish rites, and his death was made public that his heirs might appear. When his son learned of his father's decease he started from Jerusalem for the place where he had died. Near the gates of the city he met a man who had a load of wood for sale. This he purchased, and ordered it to be delivered at the inn towards which he was travelling. The man from whom he bought it went at once to the inn, and said, "Here is the wood."

"What wood?" returned the proprietor; "I ordered no wood."

"No," said the woodcutter, "but the man who follows me did; I will enter and wait for him."

Thus the son had provided for himself a welcome when he should reach the inn, which was his first wise act.

The landlord said to him, "Who art thou?"

"The son of the merchant who died in thy house," he replied.

They prepared for him a dinner, and placed upon the table five pigeons and a chicken. The master of the house, his wife, two sons, and two daughters sat with him at the table.

"Serve the food," said the landlord.

"Nay," answered the young man; "thou art master, it is thy privilege."

"I desire thee to do this thing; thou art my guest, the merchant's son; pray help the food."

The young man thus entreated divided one pigeon between the sons, another between the two daughters, gave the third to the man and his wife, and kept the other two for himself. This was his second wise act.

The landlord looked somewhat perplexed at this mode of distribution, but said nothing.

Then the merchant's son divided the chicken. He gave to the landlord and his wife the head, to the two sons the legs, to the two daughters the wings, and took the body for himself. This was his third wise act.

The landlord said :

"Is this the way they do things in thy country? I noticed the manner in which thou didst apportion the pigeons, but said nothing. But the chicken, my dear sir! I must really ask thee thy meaning."

Then the young man answered :

"I told thee that it was not my place to serve the food, nevertheless, when thou didst insist, I did the best I could, and I think I have succeeded. Thyself, thy wife, and one pigeon, make three; thy two sons and one pigeon make three; thy two daughters and one pigeon make three; and myself and two pigeons make three also. Therefore is it fairly as regards the chicken. I gave to thee and thy wife the head, because ye are the head of the family. I gave to each of thy sons a leg, because they are the pillars of the family,

preserving the family name. I gave to each of thy daughters a wing, because in the usual course of events they will marry, take wing and fly away from the home nest. I took the body of the chicken, because it looks like a ship, and in a ship I came here, and in a ship I hope to return. I am the son of the merchant who died in thy house; give me the property of my dead father."

"Take it, and go," said the landlord, and giving him his father's possessions, the young man departed.—*Talmud*.



ANCIENT PROVERBS FOR THE YOUNG.

"Young man, talk not to me with infant wisdom. What are the sayings of the ancients. You ought to obey your parents. Listen:—'The father and the mother are the first deities a child has to acknowledge.' Is it not said, 'Children who obey willingly are as ambrosia to the gods?'" "Were you my friend you would not act thus; because, as the proverb says, 'True friends have but one soul in two bodies.'" "I am told you have been trying to ruin me: 'But will the moon be injured by the barking of a dog?'" "You have become proud, and conduct yourself like the upstart who must carry his silk umbrella to keep off the sun at midnight!" "You talk about your hopes of some coming good: what say the ancients? 'Expectation is the mid-day cream of life.'" "Cease to be indolent; for, as our fathers said, 'idleness is the rust of the mind.'"





A BACHELOR BEAU.



GEORGE Bryan Brummell, the second son of this worthy man, honored by his birth the 7th of June, 1778. No anecdotes of his childhood are preserved, except that he once cried because he could not eat any more damson tart. In later years he would probably have thought damson tart "very vulgar." He first turns up at Eton at the age of twelve, and even there commences his distinguished career, and is known as "Buck Brummell."

In the life of such a man there could not, of course, be much striking incident. He lived for "society," and the whole of his story consists in his rise and fall in that narrow world. Though admired and sought after by the women—so much so that at his death his chief assets were locks of hair, the only things he could not have turned into money—he never married. Wedlock might have sobered him, and made him a more sensible, if not more respectable member of society, but his advances towards matrimony never brought him to the crisis. He accounted for one rejection in his usual way. "What could I do, my dear *fella*," he lisped. "when I actually saw Lady Mary eat cabbage?" At another time he is said to have induced some deluded young creature to elope with him from a ball-room, but managed the affair so ill, that the lovers (?) were caught in the next street, and the affair came to an end. He wrote rather ecstatic love-letters to Lady Mary and Miss —s, gave married ladies advice on the treatment of their spouses, and was tender to various widows; but though he went

on in this way through life, he was never, it would seem, in love, from the mere fact that he was incapable of passion.

Perhaps he was too much of a woman to care much for women. He was certainly egregiously effeminate. About the only creatures he could love were poodles. When one of his dogs, from over-feeding, was taken ill, he sent for two dog-doctors, and consulted very gravely with them on the remedies to be applied. The canine physicians came to the conclusion that she must be bled. "Bled!" said Brummell, in horror; "I shall leave the room; inform me when the operation is over." When the dog died, he shed tears—probably the only ones he had shed since childhood: and though at that time receiving money from many an old friend in England, complained, with touching melancholy, "that he had lost the only friend he had!" His grief lasted three whole days, during which he shut himself up, and would see no one; but we are not told that he ever thus mourned over any human being. * * *

The man who could not eat cabbages, drive in a hackney-coach, or wear less than three shirts a day, was now supported by voluntary contributions, and did not see anything derogatory to a gentleman in their acceptance. If Brummell had now turned his talents to account; if he had practised his painting, in which he was not altogether despicable; or his poetry, in which, he had already had some trifling success; if he had even engaged himself as a waiter at Quillacq's, or given lessons in the art of deportment, his fine friends from town might have cut him, but posterity would have withheld its blame. He was a beggar of the merriest kind. While he wrote letters to friends in England, asking for remittances, and describing his wretched condition on a bed of straw and eating bran bread, he had a good barrel of Dorchester ale in his lodgings, his usual glass of maraschino, and his bottle of claret after dinner; and though living on charity, could order new snuff-boxes to add to his collection, and new knick-knacks to adorn his room. There can be no pity for such a man, and we have no pity for

him, whatever the rest of the world may feel. Nothing can be more contemptible than the gradual downfall of the broken beau. Yet, if it were doubted that his soul ever rose above the collar of a coat or the brim of a hat, his letters to Mr. Raikes in the time of his poverty would settle the question. "I heard of you the other day in a waistcoat that does you considerable credit, spick-and-span from Paris, a broad stripe, salmon-color, and *cramoise*. Don't let them laugh you into a relapse—into the Gothic—as that of your former English simplicity."—*Grace and Philip Wharton*.



THE FOP.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discord,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulf
 Of total ruin, honor, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp ;
 The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :
 While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

—Thompson.



THE FAMOUS CELIBATE. ST. PAUL.

HIS bodily presence, say they, is weak, and his speech contemptible.—*Paul's Enemies.*

Paul's stature was low, his body crooked, and his head bald.—*Chrysostom.*

He was small, stooping, and rather inclinable to crookedness; pale-faced, of an elderly look, bald on the head. His eyes lively, keen and cheerful, and shaded in part by his eyebrows, which hung a little over. His nose rather long, and not ungracefully bent. His beard pretty thick and of a sufficient length, and like his locks, interspersed with grey.—*Nicophorus.*

These are traditional accounts, and not much to be relied on, though probably they had some foundation in truth. Some think that he had a small, weak voice, but this also is conjecture. If such had been the case, we incline to the opinion that he would never have been called "Mercurius (the god of eloquence), he being the chief speaker."

Others have been bold enough to affirm that the Apostle had a vixenish wife, and that his matrimonial relations were the "thorn in the flesh," referred to by him. But this idea receives no support from the truth, but contrariwise, he says: "I say therefore to the unmarried and widows, It is good for them if they abide even as I."

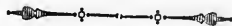


THE ASCETIC CELIBATE.

CHRYSOSTOM (GOLDEN MOUTH.)

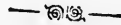
ST. CHRYSOSTOM, to fit himself for the ministry, as soon as he became reader, retired into a mountain, where, joining himself to a Syrian hermit, he learned austerity, continence, chastity and mortification; in this condition he spent four years, and then to subdue the lusts of the flesh more perfectly, he absconded himself in a desert, where his lodging was no other than the bare ground, his table no other than a great stone, and his exercise nothing but reading and studying the Scriptures, and mastering his carnal desires and sensual appetites.

And, indeed, about this time, A. D. 390, these exercises began to be almost universal, and we that have never used such severities would scarcely believe that ever there were such men, or that they did those mighty things that are recorded of them in history.—
Anthony Horneck



Chrysostom not unfrequently illustrates his subject by an anecdote. Thus to show how selfish men may become, and how insensible in their covetousness to everything but their own interests, he narrates the following story: "A drought once overtook our city, and all were trembling for the last of evils, and were beseeching

God to rid them o' this fear. And one might see then that which was spoken of by Moses : the heavens became brass, and a death, of all deaths the most horrible, waited for every day. But afterward, when it seemed good to the merciful God, beyond all expectation, there was wafted down from heaven a great and plentiful rain, and thenceforth all were in holiday and feasting, as having come up from the very gates of death. But in the midst of so great blessing, and the common gladness of all, one of these exceeding wealthy people, with a gloomy and downcast countenance, went about quite dead with sorrow ; and when many inquired the reason wherefore, in the common joy of all men, he alone is sorrowful, he could not even keep within him this savage passion, but goaded by the tyranny of the disease, he declared before them all the reason. ' Why,' said he, ' having in my possession ten thousand measures of wheat, I have no means of disposing of them left.' "



A CELIBATE'S LIBERTY.

Am I not an apostle ? am I not free ? have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord ? are not ye my work in the Lord ?
 If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you : for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord.
 Mine answer to them that do examine me is this :
 Have we not power to eat and to drink ?
 Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles, and as the brethren of the Lord and Cephas ?—*Paul.*



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"Adopt, man, the course which is best,
Undreaming of marital trouble ;
One bird never yet built a nest,
And all life in the ark was saved double."



BUILD A HOME

TAKE root somewhere, fellow comrade,
Look out for the rainy day ;
Don't float down the stream with driftwood,
'Mong the slush that floats away.
Cease your dreaming of a castle,
With its lofty spires and dome,
Steer for some prolific harbor,
Go to work and build a home.

'Riches never come by wishing,
Nor are castles built of dreams ;
They are only gay and dazzling,
Like the bright sun's golden beams.
Leave your wishing, dreaming, sailing
'Mid the bubbles and the foam,
And select some spot that's pleasant,
Go to work and build a home.

"Fast are autumn's days approaching.
Down the river lies the bay,
Where you'll find not many landings,
After youth has passed away ;
Then I pray you take root somewhere,
It is time to cease to roam,
Say you will, that's half the battle,
Go to work and build a home."

The French, it is said, have no word in their language for "Home;" even as the Indians (and we assume also that with them most of the untutored tribes,) have no equivalent for our English "Amen"

But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd, along:
 A waste of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand
 Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast,
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
 Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, poured
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
 But still advancing bolder, led him on
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace:
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the *Lord* of all below.

—Thompson.

HEW TO THE LINE.

The glancing blade with a mellow ring
 Went back and forth with the hewer's swing,
 As it neared the mark that straight and white,
 Told where the stick should be hewn aright.
 "Hew to the line!" were the words he heard
 Ere the last chip flew like a frightened bird;
 Some tiny shreds from the narrow strand,
 And the work was done to the builder's hand.
 It was simple all, but the words were fine,
 And an echo caught them, "Hew to the line!"
 Aye, "hew to the line," in the tasks of life,
 Let the chips briskly fly as you wage the strife.
 Yes, work with a will while the arm is strong,
 And the mark is plain between right and wrong.
 The boaster will rant and the weakling whine,
 But strike a mark and "hew to the line."

—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—❦—
 HOMELESS.

How often, with regard to this matter of "building a home," do men (to quote the words of an ancient sage), approve the better and pursue the worse! Take, for example, the case of John Howard Paine, the author of "Home, sweet home," as given by some touristic reporter:

Near Carthage, in a lonely spot rarely visited, sleeps a wandering minstrel of our own times, whose one immortal song has been heard everywhere the English language is spoken. Like the roving singers of lovely Provence, many times he had nothing but his harp. John Howard Payne was a gay Bohemian, extravagant in taste, lavish in expenditure; living much, too much, "mid pleasures and palaces," yet with a vein of sadness down deep in his heart. He died while holding the office of consul, and a plain mar-

ble slab, sent out by the Government of the United States, marks the grave of the homeless man, sixty years a wanderer on this earth, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." One winter he was without money or credit, and in London had not where to lay his head. He tried to quiet the pain of hunger and homelessness by looking in at windows and from the areas scenting good cheer. It was Christmas Eve; the snow fell fast, the wind was sharp and keen. At one luxurious house the hungry man stopped and watched the lighting of the Christmas tree. Its candles streamed brightly on the pavement, and among the evergreens he could see the red berries of holly, the toys and garlands, and the pretty heads of children. They danced and clapped their hands while the presents were distributed, and the air rang with shouts, laughter, and screams of delight. When the merriment had spent itself a little, one young girl went to the piano and struck up "Sweet Home," while the family joined in a rousing chorus. Was ever contrast so bitter? I have this from Mrs. Consul-General Heap. Payne told it to her long after those evil days were passed.—*Independent*.

It may not be amiss to state that since the foregoing article was written, Payne's remains have been removed to the metropolis of America, and a beautiful monument left in their place to mark the site of their first sepulture.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

John Howard Payne struck one of the deepest and tenderest chords of the human heart when he penned the exquisite lines of "Home, Sweet Home." The traveller wandering in foreign lands, the sailor keeping watch at midnight upon the great deep, the soldier bivouacking upon the battlefield, the poor wail in the populous city, and the felon in his lonely cell, have alike felt the subtle power of this immortal song. There is something in the

thought of home, "be it ever so humble," that touches a sensitive chord in every heart, causing it to thrill with the most exquisite emotions. What precious memories and hallowed associations cluster around our childhood's home! Unconsciously they weave themselves like golden threads into the warp and woof of our thoughts and feelings, producing pictures, the contemplation of which inspire us with hope and courage as we engage in the activities of a busy, rushing world. The farther we advance in life the more fondly we cherish the memory of home.

Home! how that blessed word thrills the ear!
 In it what recollections blend!
 It tells of childhood's scenes so dear,
 And speaks of many a cherished friend.

O! through the world, where'er we roam,
 Though souls be pure, and lips be kind,
 The heart with fondness turns to home,
 Still turns to those it left behind.

The bird, that soars to yonder skies,
 Though nigh to heaven, still seems unblessed;
 It leaves them, and with rapture flies
 Downward to its much-loved nest.

Though beauteous scenes may meet its view,
 And breezes blow from balmy groves,
 With wing untired and bosom true,
 It turns to that dear spot it loves.

When heaven shall bid this soul depart,
 This form return to kindred earth,
 May the last throb which swells my heart
 Heave, where it started into birth.

And should affection shed one tear,
 Should friendship linger round my tomb ;
 The tribute will be doubly dear,
 When given by those of "home, sweet home."



SERVE THEM RIGHT.

Let bachelors their woes deplore,
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more.

—Pope.



ADVANTAGES OF WEDLOCK.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

None but the married man has a home in his old age ; none has friends then but he ; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth ; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of wife and children.

There are no tears shed for the old bachelor ; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavements ; there is no one in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unfailing assurances of care and love. No, the old bachelor may be tolerated for his money ; he may eat and drink and revel as such do ; and he may sicken and die in a hotel or a garret with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey ; but where is the moistened eye, the gentle hand, the loving lips that ought to receive his last farewell ? He will never know what it is to be loved, and to live and die amid a loving circle. He will go from this world ignorant of the delights of the domestic fireside, and on the records of humanity his life is noted—a blank.

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MAIDENS

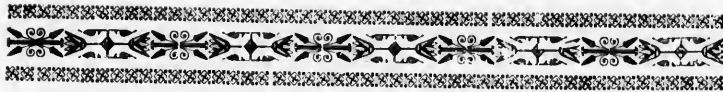




Maidens.

WILL some kind genius, with a language-framing capacity and possessed of a philanthropic and generous nature, invent a new word wherewith to designate that very useful—oftentimes beautiful—and utterly indispensable class of persons found in every community (except, perhaps, in a mining region, or on the extreme frontier of civilized life), puzzling to census-takers, and destructive usually of family registers, who are known to the world as “maiden aunts,” *i. e.*, “old maids,” or what is more euphonious indeed, but much more circumlocutory and inconvenient, “ladies of an age uncertain?” Such a man would be a benefactor to his race, and would earn the gratitude of all the unmarried belles, who have passed the figures of the ripening, slowly-rising “teens,” and merged into the declining and rapidly growing (if not October browning) “ties.” It is certain that some of the very best, choicest, most sensible and clever spirits are, in a true and proper sense, “left,” while many of their younger, pert, and more lavish, charm-flinging sisters are readily, and, I had almost said, indiscriminately appropriated. And why? Who will solve this social problem? Of these unwooed, nay, scarcely that, unwon beauties, Grace Greenwood very pertinently says, that among its other admirable manufactures, New England produces the best educated girls, the truest wives, the noblest mothers, and the most glorious old maids in the world.

We now, in behalf of our patient and, might we not say, long suffering sisterhood, await the coming of the magical word.



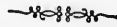
SPINSTERS.

A child no more ; a spinster now—
A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow ;
A cheek tinged lightly and a dovelike eye :
And all hearts bless her as she passes by.— *Mary Howitt*

THERE is no sweeter or more interesting character, whether in fiction or real life, than the spinster who has for some good reason refused a lover's proposal, and has now reached the hour of old maid. The ordeal through which she has passed seems to have refined her feelings, and of itself insensibly draws to her the regards of all who know her history. Such a one is eminently lovable and sympathetic, forward in all good works, the warm friend of married men and women, the confidante of many a tender passion. Age does not wither the beauty of her disposition. She never slanders, never retails ill-natured gossip ; but, on the other hand, though prompt to put in a sensible word on a crisis, does not deem it her mission to set all the people around her right. She makes an admirable aunt, and is very necessary to a large circle of cousins. Many a young fellow on the threshold of life bears a kindly remembrance of the good nature and tact with which she helped him to steer clear of the shoals where he might otherwise have been wrecked.

Formerly it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married till she had spun herself a full set of linen. Hence, all

unmarried women have been called spinsters: an appellation they still retain in deeds and law proceedings, though many are not entitled to it."



INCREASE OF SPINSTERS.

"That there is an enormous and constantly increasing number of single women in England is undoubted, and this is certainly indicative of an unwholesome social state. Many thousands of women have to earn their own living, in place of spending and husbanding the earnings of men. They pass their time in an incomplete and separate existence of their own, instead of completing and embellishing the existence of others. From the excess in the number of women thousands take service in factories, while others overcrowd the ill-paid ranks of needle-women and seamstresses.

Even in the richer classes there is the same inequality of numbers, and those who are relieved from the necessity of working for their daily bread, have yet to seek some occupation, some interest in life, to relieve the tedium of an objectless existence. Some pursue pleasure merely, though this soon palls upon the appetite; others take to charitable pursuits, doing, perchance, an equal amount of good and mischief. Those whose tastes lead them to literary or artistic pursuits, are perhaps the least unhappy. That a redundancy of unmarried women exists is evident; but it must not be regarded as caused wholly or mainly by a disparity in the number of the sexes. This difference does not at the most amount to 6 per cent., whereas the number of unmarried women in England amounts not to 6, but actually to 30 per cent., that is to say, only two out of every three women are married."





MAIDEN AND HERMIT.



* * * *

AND ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried ;
"Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray,
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he ;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd,
With richest proffers strove ;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

in humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale,
He carolled lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could naught of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his, but woe to me !
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle heart,
Importunate and vain ;
And while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die ;

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast ;
The wondering fair one turned to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that pressed.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign ;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine ?


"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."—*Goldsmith.*





CHARACTERISTIC MAIDENS

A BENEVOLENT MAIDEN.

ISS ST. PIERRE, the Tennessee heiress, thinks she can elevate the poor white people of the South. She intends to form colonies, and give the poor whites houses and work. She will give each family timber to build a house and a ten year's lease on twenty acres of land.



A TOILSOME MAIDEN.

Miss Elizabeth Marriott, a cultivated young lady of Stanfordville, Duchess County, N. Y., owns a farm, and does quite as much of the work upon it as her hired man. She does the mowing, raking, and loading hay, sometimes the ploughing. She has a young horse which is the terror of all the blacksmiths near, and it is quite impossible to have it shod unless its mistress is on hand to ensure the safety of the man's limbs.



A VAIN MAIDEN

A number of young girls were discussing the delights of their summer outings, and comparing notes as to the number of their dancing, boating, riding and mountain parties. One of the maidens was enthusiastic about the mountains, which she had visited for the

first time, and where she remained all summer. "Girls," she said, "I made a great mistake in having both my mountain dresses in grave colors. One ought never to go to the mountains without one bright-colored climbing suit, for the bright colors set off the mountains so well."



One of the innocent tricks of the Philadelphia shop girls is carrying their dinners disguised in a music roll. It looks as though they belonged to the conservatory, and were going for an early music lesson.



WHY GIRLS DON'T MARRY.

"A great deal has been said," remarked a lady clerk in the Treasury Department, "about why girls don't marry. So far I have only heard the men quoted, and they say a great deal about the girls losing their charms and becoming less feminine by mixing with the business world, and about wanting to better their condition by marriage. Now, if you reporters really want to know something about the matter, why don't you go to the women themselves? I'll just tell you one thing, and it's what I believe to be an important reason. When a girl is kept at home, and surrounded by girls, and hears of the greatness of the masculine part of the *genus homo*, and only meeting him at picnics and in the parlor, she conceives rather an exalted idea of what he really is. Then when she secures a position, and meets them as they are away from the gaslight's uncertain glitter, her idea of the actual fact falls considerably from what it was in her inexperience, even if she still retains the ideal in her mind. The fact is, we are like Diogenes—we are hunting for an honest man. We know more about them than we did, and so the right man is harder to find."—*Washington Republican*.

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Reflective and thoughtful and sober and sweet,
She has come to a place where two roads meet ;
And which she will take, the reader may guess,
By the love in her eye and the " home " in her dress.



FAMOUS SPINSTERS.

LOOK at the list. Elizabeth of England, one of the most illustrious of modern sovereigns. Her rule over Great Britain certainly comprised the most brilliant literary age of the English-speaking people. Her political acumen was certainly put to as severe tests as that of any other ruler the world ever saw. Maria Edgeworth was an old maid. It was this woman's writings that first suggested the thought of writing similarly to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain might well be called the mother of the Waverley Novels. Jane Porter lived and died an old maid. The children of her busy brain were "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the "Scottish Chiefs," which have moved the hearts of millions with excitement and tears. Joanna Baillie, poet and play writer, was "one of 'em." Florence Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of Balaklava hospitals, has to the present written "Miss" before her name. The man who should marry her might well crave to take the name of Nightingale. Sister Dora, the brave spirit of English pest-houses, whose story is as a helpful evangel, was the bride of the world's sorrow only. And then what names could the reader and the writer add of those whom the great world may not know, but we know, and the little world of the village, the church, the family know, and prize beyond all worlds.—
North British Advertiser.

FORTUNE AND LOVE.

Let me live without Fortune if Providence will it,
 For Joy can be found where small treasure is shed ;
 Those who bear a full cup are the aptest to spill it,
 And oftentimes walk with the narrowest tread.
 I care not though fate may deny me profusion,
 If earth will but show me some rays from above ;
 Tell me not that such life is a dreamy illusion—
 I could live without Fortune, but not without Love !

Oh ! 'tis pleasant to know there are beings above us
 Who tune the most exquisite strings in our heart,
 To feel that they would not be happy without us,
 And that we, in our loneliness, sigh when we part.
 Oh ! there's something divine in the thought that we cherish.
 A star-beam within us that shines from above—
 To know, that if all which gold gives us should perish,
 The greatest of Fortune still dwells in our Love !

Oh ! 'tis glory to feel that we live for some others.
 That Self is not all we depend on below,
 That affection yet links us to sisters and brothers,
 Whose faith will be constant, come weal or come woe.
 Though the vulture of trouble may harass our bosom,
 Ne'er fear while our spirit is fed by the dove ;
 Let the desert of Life give Eternity's blossom,
 And we'll live without Fortune, while favored by Love !
 —*Eliza Cook.*

 CELIBACY FAVORABLE TO AUTHORSHIP.

A survey of the lives of the later literary women shows us two things: First, that most of them were either single, or, if married, were childless; and, second, that they have been generally long-

lived. The list of literary spinsters includes Frederika Bremer, Emily Bronte, Hannah Moore, Harriet Martineau, Eliza Cook, Miss Sedgewick, the Carys, Miss Dickenson, Maria Edgeworth, Miss Mitford, Augusta Evans, Jane Austen ; while that of childless women includes Mrs. Nichols (Charlotte Bronte), Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Cross (George Eliot), Mrs. McLean (Letitia E. Landon). Several had one or two children only ; for example, Mrs. Barret Browning had one son, and Madame Darblay one son, Madame de Sevigne two children ; Madame de Stael also had children. It is, no doubt, true that both men and women of distinguished intellectual talents, and who are active brain workers, are liable to be childless or to have but few children. The longevity of female brain-workers is simply in accordance with the established fact of the longevity of masculine brain-workers. Thus, Hannah Moore died at the age of 88, Mrs. Somerville at the age of 92, Miss Mitford at the age of 69. At the time of her death Mme. de Sevigne was 70. Miss Bremer 64, Miss Edgeworth 82, Mme. Darblay 88.




AMERICA'S STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.


"In America, where life is lived double-quick, and where every product, from a continent downwards, is of the largest size, there are crops of over-taught girlhood ripe already for our inspection. Women of the middle classes there can discuss the nebular hypothesis of the binomial theory, as ours talk of lacework and the baby. Mr. Hudson, in his recent 'Scamper Through America,' declares that to converse in the railway cars with ladies returning from conventions and conferences was a genuine pleasure, an intellectual treat. But he adds that though one could revere them, almost worship them, to love them was out of the question."






DAUGHTERS.

ERTAIN it is that there is no relation so purely angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with and without regard to her sex. In love to our wives there is desire ; to our sons there is ambition ; but in that to our daughters there is something which there are no words to express.—*Addison.*


Of all the knots which nature ties
The secret, sacred sympathies,
That, as with viewless chains of gold,
The heart a happy prisoner hold ;
None is more chaste, more bright, more pure,
Stronger stern trials to endure ;
None is more pure of earthly leaven,
More like the love of highest heaven,
Than that which binds, in bonds how blest,
A daughter to a father's breast.—*J. W. Cunningham.*


In a father's love, like a well-drawn picture, he eyes all his children alike (if there be a parity of deserts), never parching one to drown another.—*Fuller.*

DAUGHTER'S NAMES.

And he called the name of the first Jemima : and the name of the second, Kezia ; and the name of the third, Keren-happuch.—*Job xlii. 14.*

These names are very characteristic, and are exactly of the same class as are at the present day given to the women in the East. The first name, *Jemima*, according to the Targum, means "day;" or may as probably have the signification of "turtle" or "dove," which it bears in the Arabic language. The second is *cassia*—the aromatic of that name. And the third appears to be correctly rendered by the Vulgate, *cornu-stibii*—"the horn or vessel of *stibium*," that is, of paint, such paint as the eyes were adorned with. All these names are in exact conformity with the present usages, in which the names of females are taken from whatever is considered agreeable and beautiful—flowers, fruits, gums, perfumes, precious stones, and the like. The last name is the most singular. It is one of the characteristics of the Orientals that they do not keep in the background the materials and instruments of personal adornment, but obtrude them on every occasion, as objects calculated to suggest agreeable ideas. Hence the vessels containing paints, unguents, and perfumes, give names to females, supply images to poetry ; and painted representations of them, with their names inscribed upon them, occur, equally with representations of flowers, on the walls of palaces in the East. It is also remarkable that this custom of painting the eyes should have existed at so very early a period as the name of Job's daughter intimates. Yet we know that it existed in the time of the kings (see II. Kings ix. 30) ; as also among the ancient Egyptians, as appears from their paintings and mummies, as well as from the fact that vessels with remains of the black powder, and the probes or pencils for applying it to the eye, have often been found in the ancient tombs.—*Dr. Kitto.*

THE HEART ASSERTING ITSELF, OR THE CLOISTER.

"Look on the placid water"—

The wily abbess spake—

'Look and receive, my daughter,

A lesson from the lake.

Upon its face no wrinkle

Is made by breeze of even ;

Bright in its bosom twinkle

The far-off stars of heaven.

'Tis thus the Bride of Heaven

Doth calmly pass her life ;

Her heart is never riven

By worldly sin and strife.

Serene in her seclusion,

In quiet doth her soul,

Unruffled by intrusion,

Look upward to its goal.'

'No, no, my Reverend Mother'—

The lady bright replied ;

'Unto my heart, far other

The lesson of the tide.

If it were always sleeping,

Devoid of fluctuation,

Soon o'er it would be creeping

The greenness of stagnation.

The great law of Jehovah

Is Action here on earth ;

It is the only power

Of spiritual worth.

Then tempt me not, and think not

To shake my soul with doubt ;

God helping me, I'll shrink not

But fight the battle out."



Intent on Love's errand, how lightly he rows!
His suit gains the faster, the slower he goes.



ACTIVITY THE RAREST JEWEL.

Work is with enjoyment rife,
 Conservates both health and life ;
 Merrily speeds on the day,
 Chases care and gloom away.

'Tis the bracelet on the wrist,
 'Tis the brooch of amethyst,
 'Tis the circlet on the brow.
 'Tis the fruit upon life's bough ;
 'Tis earth's blessing, not its ban,
 'Tis the assurance of a man.

Honour to the men who toil,
 Though at common tasks they toil ;
 Shirtless arm and gloveless hand—
 Honor to the noble band :
 Let men rank however high,
 Work is life's sole dignity.

Be no aimless idler then
 But a worker among men :
 Planning, building—every sun
 Something ended or begun—
 Filled with special toil thy hours,
 As befits thy gifts and powers.

—S. W. Partridge.



QUALITIES—SURPASSING LOVELINESS.

She had read
 Her father's well-filled library—with profit,
 And could talk charmingly Then she would sing
 And play, too, passably,— * * * *

She sketched from nature well, and studied flowers,
 Which was enough, alone, to love her for :
 Yet she was knowing—in all her needle work—
 And shone—in dairy—and in kitchen, too—
 As in the parlor.

--Anon.



When sailing on this troubled sea
 Of pain, and tears, and agony ;
 Though wildly roar the waves around,
 With restless and repeated sound,
 'Tis sweet to think that on our eyes
 A lovelier clime shall yet arise ;
 That we shall wake from sorrow's dream
 Beside a pure and living stream."



HUMAN WAYWARDNESS ; OR, HOW SHALL WE DISPOSE OF
 OUR DAUGHTERS.

Perhaps the native depravity of the human heart is nowhere more clearly discernible than in its constant longing, ceaseless yearning, and eager, incontinent hankering after the inhibited and forbidden. The story of the forbidden tree in Eden ; the fable of the "covered dish" on the ample table ; the old legend of Blue-beard's bloody room, that startled us in the nursery, all point in the same direction, and serve to show the truth opposing bias of the natural heart of unregenerate man. Man's very instincts are contradictory, and oftentimes the only way to persuade him to a course of right is to impress him with the belief that it is "very wrong"—a doubtful expedient, and not wholly in the interest of truth and strict morality.

We have heard of a French women, who, while greatly enjoying herself in a legitimate and ordinate way, yet complained that there

was not a touch of the inordinate about it, exclaiming: "Oh! that there were a little sin in it." So blind are men to the beauty of truth, to the majesty of the divine law, and to the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." They even, according to scripture, make a delicacy of it, a moral "sweetmeat," and "roll it under their tongue as a sweet morsel."

And nowhere is this seen more than in matters pertaining to affection between the sexes. Love is ever painted blind, and rightly so, for it is almost sure to run a tilt at discretion, and go directly contrary to the course of good counsel. The more barriers you put before it, the more will it summon its energies to surmount them, and for this reason, the following anecdote may not be without its significance, though the dissimulation involved in it we cannot quite recommend.



BROWN'S MATRIMONIAL METHOD.

"Brown, I don't see how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they are old enough, while none of mine can marry."

"Oh! that's simple enough. I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle."

"But what is that principle? I never heard of it before."

"Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me a good deal to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely, and built a high rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I drove them away and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away, the more anxious they became to eat the straw. After this had been repeated a few times, the cattle determined to eat

the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man I don't like begins calling on my girls, I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come as often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around, a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan works first rate. The young folks begin to pity each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry, I always give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way to manage it."



Nothing needs a lie.—*Washington.*

Buy the truth and sell it not.—*Solomon.*





MISSES.

ANOTHER word in the lesson was in the expression, "he will miss the mark," or some such thing as that. On asking the class what the word "miss" meant, all were silent, and looked a little confused. At length one fellow, sure that he had the proper answer, and confident thereby of getting to the top at one bound, took one step forward, and, impatient to reveal and profit by his discovery, shook his extended arm, waiting for my signal to come out with it. That given, with a look of triumph he shrieked out at the top of his voice, "Miss means a woman that hasna gotten a man!"—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie*

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

"Miss Nightingale forever!" they shouted in acclamation, as they gave the heroine of hospital fame a most generous ovation in England. "Nay, not *Miss* Nightingale for ever," she replied, with a significant and gracious, spouse-inclining glance. It were of course not natural nor congenial to such a broad and loving nature to be "Missed" for ever.

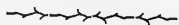
MERCY'S DECISION.

Mercy.—Well, said Mercy, if nobody will have me I will die a maid, or my conditions shall be to me a husband; for I cannot

change my nature, and to have one that is cross to me in this, I purpose never to admit as long as I live. I had a sister named Bountiful that was married to one of these churls; but he and she could never agree; but because my sister was resolved to do as she had begun, that is, to show kindness to the poor, therefore her husband first cried her down at the cross, and then turned her out of doors.

Prudence.—And yet he was a professor, I warrant you.

Mercy.—Yes, such a one as he was, and of such as the world is now full, but I am for none of them all.—*Bunyan.*



VIRGINS IN HARNESS.—◆ RUSSIAN CHARM.

The village of Minussinsk, in Russia, has been deeply troubled by the pest among its cows; and the conscript fathers of the community held a meeting to decide upon the best means of putting a stop to the calamity. It was agreed that resort should be had to the old Slavonic custom of "round-ploughing." The *Szeit* gives an account of the process. Seven virgins, two old women, and a young bachelor of good character are elected. At midnight a procession of the peasants is formed, led by the two old women carrying pictures of saints. In the rear of the procession the seven maidens are harnessed to a plough, which is guided by the young man. A light furrow is ploughed around the village; and thereby, according to the belief of the local agriculturists, a barrier is provided against the evil spirit which causes the pest: he has no power to pass over the mystical furrow.—*St. James Gazette.*

We are ready to vouch for it, that seven maidens, with an eligible young bachelor behind them, will never be able to plough a straight furrow.

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MOSS & CO. N. Y.

Love's watchfires burn with a steady glow,
Though the rains descend and the wild winds blow;
And affection's feet go at equal pace,
Though destruction drives in the tempest's trace.

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

He was a robust man and strong,
And she of slender mould,
They married young—too young, in fact,
To love real well when old.

He was a popular boy in town,
And she a country belle ;
Such contrasts mate and learn too late,
As more events will tell.

He set his heart on rapid gains,
And she, to do her part,
Slaved, worked and saved, took extra pains
To get an early start.

Long winter days, in timber woods,
She kept the camp and store,
And rapidly they gathered gold,
As few have done before.

She cooked the meals and made the beds,
Did washing for two score,
And proved a helpmate true indeed—
A wife and something more.

To crown their labor and success
And do a double part,
She raised his children one by one,
And gave them each a start.

He, foreman of the lumber woods,
And buyer for the store,
She, salesman of rude, clumsy goods,
Is now a belle no more.

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

The camp has brought her overwork,
And undermined her health :
The wrinkles thick upon her brow
Show how they use their wealth.

'Twas once his manly, honest boast
That she was very smart ;
That from her savings long ago
He got his early start.

'Tis said that miserly he grew
And scrimped and pinched his gold,
And every hardship gave to her,
And every luxury sold.

His frequent trips to city
With buoyant hopes and pride,
The sight of many handsome ones
Made him neglect his bride.

And now his heart is harder,
And now her face is old ;
While larger grow their riches,
His iron heart grows cold.

Dame Gossip tells a story—
A woman in the case—
But he rides on in glory,
And wears a smiling face.

A deacon and director—
A man of solid make—
He would—but she is in the way—
High social standing take.

And now, would you believe it?
He bribes a wicked one
To claim he's been too intimate—
Confesses what he's done!

A bill details the muddy lines,
And words unfit to say,
That he would break the wedded bonds,
And cast his wife away.

His wife who toiled so faithfully,
Whose wrinkles tell of care,
Who bore him four bright children,
Who wears, now, silver hair:

By threats and low devices,
He gains her name to deeds;
Poor soul! In agony like death,
What knows she what she reads?

The lawyers hear her story,
The bill is quickly done.
He gets his eight-tenths of the wealth,
And *she* gets barely one.

The press has heard the story,
The press repeats her cry,
They raise a furore on the streets,
They will not pass it by!

With ample wealth from banks and stocks,
He fetters not the press;
The more he tries to hush it up
The less it stops, and less.

Blind justice with her even scales
Stands silent, listening by,
As tempting gold is tendered her
By agents ever nigh.

But sturdy sense is at the helm.
And justice will be done ;
The deed's revoked, the Courts undo
The wicked work he's done.

And *she* applies—and prayers are heard,
To save a reckless wreck ;
And he—flies with his heart's desire,
Whose charms ensnare his neck.

So parted, yet so désolate,
She bears the cruel shame ,
The woman ever bears the cross,
While man is most to blame.

—*Detroit Commercial Advertiser.*





MATCH-MAKING







Match-Making.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

BE SURE and have plenty of light on the subject.
Look before you loup, ye'll ken better where to
leet.—*Scottish Proverb.*

No light like candle light. Choose neither jewels
nor women, nor linen by candle light.

By candle light a goat looks a lady.

The night shows stars and women in a better light.

If you want a wife, choose her on Saturday, and not on Sunday.

Nice feathers make fine fowls.

No woman is ugly when she is dressed.

Handsome is not what is handsome, but what pleases.

Never seemed a prison fair nor mistress foul.

He whose fair one squints says she ogles.

The swarthy dame, dressed fine, decries the fair one.

The fairer the hostess the fouler the reckoning.

A handsome landlady is bad for the purse, for this among other
reasons—that if the landlady is fair, the wine too is fair.

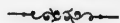
A bonny bride is sune buskit. (Buskit—dressed. She needs
little adornment to enhance her charms.)



ROYAL MATCH-MAKING.

When the present King of the Belgians, after an absence of
some years, paid a visit to his former friend, the Duke of Orleans

(Louis Phillippe), his Majesty of the French said to him, "Well now, you will want a wife. I have three charming girls. My Louisa is fair and flaxen; my Maria is brown, and black-haired; my Clementine is, perhaps, too young for you: but you shall see them all, and it is a hard thing indeed if *one* will not please you." He was not long before he made his choice, and the fair and sweet Louisa soon became Queen of the Belgians.



COMPLYING, YET DENYING.

Banker Goldschmidt—"Judge Ingersoll, my son would esteem it his highest good fortune if you would bestow upon him one of your girls."

Judge Ingersoll—"And which of my girls does your son fancy?"

Banker Goldschmidt—"I will call him, so that he can say for himself."

Judge Ingersoll—"And I will call my girls, so that he can make a choice for himself in their favor."

(Calls servant girls.) Confusion and disappointment.



LOVE THINE EQUAL.

Oh! wisest of the wise is he
 Who first within his spirit knew
 And with his tongue declared it true,
 That love comes best that comes unto

The equal of degree!

And that the poor and that the low
 Should seek no love from those above,
 Whose souls are fluttered with the flow
 Of airs about their golden height,

Or proud because they see around

Ancestral "crowns of light."

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The end is to have two made one
In will and affection.—*Ben Jonson.*

In the rich woman's house she commands always, he never.
He that marries for a dower, turns his back on freedom.
She hauds up her head like a hen drinking water.
Your wife and your nag get from a neighbor.
He that goes far to marry, goes to be deceived or to deceive.
The politic Lord Burleigh seems to have regarded this "going far to deceive" as a very proper thing to be done for the advancement of a man's fortune. In his "Advice to his Son," he says, "If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, afar off and quickly." There is an ugly cunning in that word *quickly*.

CONTENTED POVERTY.

Cleon hath a million acres—ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—in a cottage, I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—not a penny, I;
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres—but the landscape, I;
Half the charms to *me* it yieldeth, money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness—freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian; richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed, Cleon fears to die;
Death may come—he'll find me ready—happier man am I

Cleon sees no charm in Nature—in a daisy, I;
Cleon hears no anthem ringing in the sea and sky,
Nature sings to me forever—earnest listener, I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change? Not I
—*Charles McKay.*

VIRTUE BEFORE RICHES.

Themistocles had a daughter, to whom two men were wishing to make love ; one was very rich, but a simpleton, and the other poor, but a very wise man. The father preferred the latter, saying, "I would rather have a *man* without riches, than riches without a man."

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars ;
 The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
 Are scattered at their feet like flowers ;
 The generous inclination, the just rule,
 Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts.
 No mystery is here, no special boon
 For high, and not for low, for proudly graced,
 And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
 To heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth
 As from the haughty palace. He, whose soul
 Ponders this true equality, may walk
 The fields of earth with gratitude and hope."



AN UNEQUAL YOKE.

Those excellent, well-meaning, and highly philanthropical young women who, with marvellous temerity, marry men—as they express it—to reform them, vainly imagining that they will have more power over them after marriage than before, generally grossly miscalculate their influence, and find that the *forming* is done from the other side with a *de*, rather than a *re*, prefix. In other words, the would-be reformer of another is herself deformed by another. These good Samaritans "reckon without their host," and strongly remind us of an enterprising American farmer who, doubtless with a very laudable intent, conceived the idea of training a calf to early labor by first putting his own neck in the yoke with it ; but the bovine brain not being capable of apprehending the very benevolent design of his owner, and being somewhat alarmed at seeing a

human face in such close proximity to his own, at once took fright and incontinently ran away, dragging his disconcerted and unequal yoke-fellow along with him into some very unfrequented paths, and at a remarkably unusual rate of speed withal ; the man having all the disadvantage when thus bound neck and neck with the brute, and all that he could do under the curious and self-created circumstances was to solicit the commiseration of the by-passers, and ask their aid, as he expressed it, to "head us of, head us off." Moral : Don't yoke yourself with a calf.

Neither should any light and trivial reasons determine your course in such an important matter as this ; such as merely to "grace a holiday," and "make a sensation," or to "form a second couple at a wedding," and "surprise somebody ;" or from a mere pique at being jilted, which is merely cutting off the nose to spite the face ; or for testing the bare novelty of the marriage relation, just out of a mere love of variety, like the fair and fickle French woman, of whom we have heard, who "wished to die just for the change ;"—rushing into this grave situation as lightly as did the young man who, when asked why he got married, flippantly replied, "So as to have something to look at on Sundays."

Oh ! a thousand unworthy motives have led persons of both sexes to assume these great responsibilities, and to glibly "tie a knot with their tongue which they could not undo with their teeth," though we have seen them "set their teeth" hard enough afterwards. It was not till the important and indissoluble contract was made, and the solemn and inviolable compact entered into, that they fully awoke to the gravity of the inexorable situation !



"Ye maidens fair, consider well,
And look both shrewd and sly,
Ere rev'rend lips make good the knot
Your teeth will ne'er untie."

The adopted daughter of a North Carolina farmer ran away and returned to the family hovel on the mountain. A neighbor looking for her stray cows came across her standing in the door, and accepted an invitation to enter. Looking around at the squalor and filth, she exclaimed, "I don't see, Sallie, what made you leave them good folks, where everything was so nice and neat." "Wa'll," was the reply, "you see, I was just gorged with neatness."

A marriage that saved a life sentence was solemnized recently in Wisconsin. A woman who was charged with murdering her husband was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the State prison for life, but the Supreme Court granted her a new trial, and on the second trial the jury disagreed. Since then she has married the principal witness against her, which renders his testimony worthless. She made an application to have her bondsmen relieved by giving her own bond in the sum of \$8,000, which was granted. She having married the State's most valuable witness, and the other witnesses being widely scattered, it is not likely that the case will ever be called. The accused woman displayed remarkable craft in effecting this marriage, but neither the State nor the bridegroom can be congratulated on the affair. If the woman is really guilty, the marriage does no more for her than enable her to evade justice. It is not so in the scheme of salvation provided in the gospel for guilty sinners. Their union with Christ, of which marriage is a type, completely satisfies justice, the penalty having been suffered by the innocent Victim.—*Christian Herald*.

A bride of an hour appeared in a Circuit Court in Illinois last week, as an applicant for a divorce. She stated that about three years ago a young man became a suitor for her hand, and she accepted him on condition that he could provide her with a home.

The young man seemed to have some difficulty in fulfilling the condition, and the engagement went on from month to month, until the lady began to get tired. Recently, however, the editor informed her that a home was ready for her, and the marriage was celebrated. An hour afterward, when the bride wished her parents farewell and was about to depart with her husband, the latter told her that they were going to boarding, and that he had been unable to provide a house to themselves. She was much incensed at this evasion, and said she did not consider a boarding-house a home. She finally refused to go with him, and taking off her wraps declared she would remain at home. She did so, and commenced a suit for divorce, which was granted her last week, with the right to resume her maiden name. So ends that marriage, in which there was evidently little love on either side. How different is the union between Christ and His Church, which Paul describes under the type of a marriage. The heavenly Bridegroom has prepared a mansion for His bride (John 14, 2), and she is ready to endure poverty for His sake (Rom. 5, 3-5).—*Christian Herald*.



THE CHOICE OF A WIFE IN CLASSIC TIMES.

The choice of a wife was but rarely grounded upon affection, and scarcely ever could have been the result of previous acquaintance or familiarity. In many cases a father chose for his son a bride whom the latter had never seen, or compelled him to marry for the sake of checking his extravagance. Nor was the consent of a female to a match proposed for her generally thought necessary: she was obliged to submit to the wishes of her parents, and receive from them, it might be a stranger, for her husband and lord. The result of marriages contracted in this way would naturally be a want of confidence and mutual understanding between husband and wife, until they became better acquainted with, and accustomed to

each other. Xenophon illustrates this with much *naïvete* in the person of Ischomachus, who says of his newly-married wife, "When at last she was manageable and getting tame, so that I could talk with her, I asked her," &c.—*Anthon's Greece*.



MARRIAGE A LOTTERY.

In Afghanistan, when two families are negotiating a marriage, an omen is consulted in the following manner:—Several slips of paper are cut up, and on the half of them is written "To be," and on the other half "Not to be." These pieces of paper are placed under a praying carpet, and the anxious father devoutly raises his hands in prayer to God for guidance, and expresses his submission to the all-wise decree of the Almighty in the matter of his son's or daughter's marriage. Then, putting his hand under the carpet, he draws out a paper. If on it should be written "To be," he thinks the marriage is ordained of God; if "Not to be," no overture or negotiation will be listened to. Sometimes, however, the interests of State, or the value of the dowry, or the termination of a long-standing blood feud will induce the pious Chieftain to put aside the omen as having been influenced by the powers of darkness.



AVOID VAIN PRETEXTS FOR MARRIAGE.

"Tis well to woe, 'tis good to wed,
 For so the world has done
 Since myrtles grew and roses blew,
 And morning brought the sun ;
 But have a care, ye young and fair,—
 Be sure ye pledge the truth ;
 Be certain that your love will wear
 Beyond the days of youth ;—

For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold ;
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold ;

But place not all your hope and trust
In what the deep mine brings ;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer chest, and own,
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can ;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

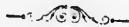
But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell ;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand ;
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

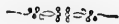
On the other hand many of our witty youths and cunning nymphs, of the marriageable fair, assign very vain and vapory reasons for preferring the single state, or for continuing in celibacy. "They don't wish to bury their young days." "When persons are married their young days are over." They "have seen enough of that in others," &c.



"The duke of Nivernois was acquainted with the Countess de Rochefort, and never omitted going to see her a single evening. As she was a widow and he a widower, one of his friends observed to him, it would be more convenient for him to marry that lady. "I have thought so," said he, "but one thing prevents me; in that case, where should I spend my evenings?"



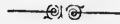
And the following anecdote is, of course, in everybody's mouth of a good father, who wished to dissuade his daughter from all thoughts of matrimony, quoted the words: "She who marries doeth well, but she who marries not, doeth better." The daughter meekly replied: "Father, I am content to do well; let those do better who can."



We commend that young lady for her provident wisdom; and we have some sympathy with a mother who evinces a pardonable solicitude for her daughters in this direction, the following paragraph notwithstanding:—

"It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea ate short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well-knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers that gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pud-

ding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the 'Squire that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle."



STYLISH LIVING.

"Friend H——— why have you never married?"

The prompt answer was: "I cannot afford to. The girls in my stratum of society nowadays are not satisfied without diamonds, sealskins, and opera-tickets, and my small income can't afford that.

So a warm-hearted man travels the life-journey alone, when, for his own sake, and for some good woman's sake, he ought to be mated. What H——— said, half in sport, has a serious side to it. There is no doubt that hundreds of young men deny themselves a wife, because they cannot support a wife who has extravagant notions of living.

Every young woman is not 'clean daft' on the subject of stylish living: there are as sensible girls left in this world as there were when Solomon wrote the Book of Proverbs. A friend of mine, who had just learned his trade, said to the young lady he loved: "You are having offers from young men in handsome circumstances. If you marry me I can promise you, for a while, nothing better than an upper story of a boarding-house."

She admired his frankness, and had sense enough to know that the genuine love of a pure and noble young man was a greater

prize than a parlor carpeted with Wilton and a wardrobe filled with satin and point lace. She married him, and he fought his way up to become a prosperous head of a firm in Broadway. If she had sold her maidenly heart for money she would have cheated herself deplorably. There is but one single, valid motive for wedlock, and that is pure, old-fashioned love—a love strong enough to stand any strain and to bear every pressure.

Probably there never was a marital union that did not involve a single particle of friction ; and simply because no man is a demigod and no woman a sinless angel. But even a few and inevitable frictions will not wear on the "rivets" if they are kept well-oiled with unselfish love. When wedded in the Lord, and wedded for heaven, they can bear an occasional disagreement of taste or judgment, or a few disappointments, and not love each other one whit the less. What cuts a wedding-ring through the soonest is wilful neglect.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler, in Brooklyn Advance.*



"THE MAN THAT HAS THE BUGGY'S GIRL."

She was only twenty months old, but, like every other child, constantly surprising her parents with wise sayings. When asked, "Whose girl is Ella?" the invariable answer was, "Papa's girl," or "Mamma's girl," according to which parent happened to be more in favor for the moment.

But a new element had come into the family, a gay, young belle of an aunt, whose numerous admirers came to take her walking riding and driving. Ella's rides were few, and, much to her wonder and chagrin, she was never invited. She was enviously watching the departing aunt, when we asked her to-day, "Whose girl is Ella?" With a shrewd twinkle of worldly wisdom lighting up her eyes, she answered, "The man that has the buggy's girl."

We all laughed. Papa moralized a little. "That's the way of the feminine world: but you are learning too young my child;" and went his way to the store.



RICH AND POOR MAN.

"So goes the world—if wealthy you may call
This, friend, that, brother; friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless—witless—never mind it,
You may have been a stable-boy—what then?
'Tis wealth, good sir, makes honorable men.
You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.

But, if you are poor, heaven help you! though your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels, too,
'Tis all in vain—the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score. Why should it take the pains?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise:—he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. 'Strange,' cried I, 'whence is it?'

He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried;
Some formally and freezingly replied, and some
Said, by their silence—"Better stay at home."

A rich man burst the door,
As Cræsus rich; I'm sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit.

And as for wisdom, he had none of it
He had what's better—he had wealth.

What a confusion!—all stand up erect—
These—crowd around to ask him of his health ;
These—bow in honest duty and respect ;
And these—arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these—conduct him there.
‘ Allow me, sir, the honor ;’—then a bow
Down to the earth—Is't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension ?

The poor man hung his head,
And, to himself, he said,
‘ This is indeed beyond my comprehension :’
Then looking round,
One friendly face he found,
And said, ‘ Pray tell me why is wealth preferred,
To wisdom ?’—‘ That's a silly question, friend !’
Replied the other—‘ have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold, or silver ore,
But wisdom—none can borrow, none can lend ?’ ”



SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S VENAL LETTER TO HIS SON.

“ Believe thy father in this, and print it in thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it ever so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised. Besides, poverty is oftentimes sent as a curse of God ; it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit ; thou shalt neither help thyself nor others ; thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to shun them ; thou shalt be a

burden and an eyesore to thy friends ; every man will fear thy company ; thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others, to flatter unworthy men, to make dishonest shifts ; and, to conclude poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds. Let vanity, therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that waste of worldly miseries. If thou be rich, it will give thee pleasure and health ; keep thy mind and body free, save thee from many perils, relieve thee in thy elder years, relieve the poor and thy honest friends, and give means to thy posterity to live and defend themselves and thine own fame."



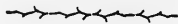
Be sure thou marry for love, but mind that thou lovest only what is lovely.

Tears are shed on God's altar for the one who forsakes his first love.

The children of a man who marries for money will prove a curse to him.

Love thy wife as thyself, honor her more than thyself.

He who loves his wife as himself, and honors her more than himself, will train his children properly ; he will meet the fulfilment of the verse, and thou shalt know that there is peace in thy tent, and thou wilt look over thy habitation and miss nothing.—*Proverbs, chiefly from the Talmud.*



"A good wife is like a snail. Why? Because she keeps in her own house. A good wife is not like a snail. Why? Because she does not carry her all on her back. A good wife is like a town clock. Why? Because she keeps good time. A good wife is not like a town clock. Why? Because she does not speak so loud that all the town can hear her. A good wife is like an echo. Why? Because she speaks when spoken to. A good wife is not like an echo. Why? Because she does not tell all she hears.

A ROYAL MATCHMAKER OUTWITTED.

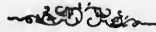
Going one day from Potsdam to Berlin, Frederick, writes Colonel Brackenbury, in his biography of the Prussian monarch, saw coming towards him in the opposite direction a magnificent girl, young, handsome, and of good figure, superb in the number of inches. He was at once struck with admiration for her, stopped to talk, and found that she was unmarried, and was on her way from Berlin to her Saxon home. "Then," said Frederick William, "you will be passing the gates of Potsdam, and will no doubt give this note to the commandant, receiving a dollar for your trouble." But women, even when tall, are not easily outwitted. The girl knew the king by sight and reputation, and, knowing that to refuse the note would probably bring her a shower of blows from the ratan, accepted the commission. Arriving near the gate of Potsdam, she found there a little weazened hag, to whom she entrusted the delivery of the letter, giving the dollar with it. Forthwith she sped away towards home. The commandant opened the note, and found himself ordered to marry the bearer to a certain gigantic Irish grenadier named Macdoll (? McDowall). He rubbed his eyes, but there could be no doubt about the clearness of the command. The grenadier was sent for, and then began a curious scene. The man was in despair. Such a mate for one of his thews and sinews seemed a horrible mockery. The proposed wife, on the contrary, was quite ready to submit herself to the orders of the king. There was no escape; to refuse further would be flat mutiny, and the soldier was actually obliged to obey. The mistake was not discovered till the next morning, when Frederick, finding himself thwarted in his designs for the development of giants in Germany, consented to the divorce of the ill-matched couple."



A young girl, who seems to know what she is talking about, objects to the criticisms which make it appear that those of her sex

who are true and womanly are scarce ; and she wishes to know whether it is necessary, when a young lady is receiving company in the parlor, that she shall lug in beefsteaks, washtubs, scrubbing brushes and smoothing irons, in order to convince a lot of ninnies of young men that she can work in the kitchen.

My daughter, when you note that the man who wants to marry you is just too awfully anxious to learn whether you can bake a loaf of bread or wash a shirt with Chinese dexterity, before you close the negotiations do you just fly around and ascertain if that man is either able or willing to earn enough flour to bake a biscuit, and if he has paid for the shirt he wants you to wash. Nine times out of ten, daughter, the man who only wants to marry a house-keeper can be kept more economically in the workhouse than he can in your father's house.—*Burdette.*



A FRIENDLY WARNING.

Ye maidens be not "thralls,"
By Mammon bought and sold ;
Nor long for marble halls—
While love is stark and cold.

Consider, ere you say,
The acquiescing "yes,"—
The gold that makes you gay,
May bring you sore distress.

The body's more than meat :
And life is more than style ;
Hard toil with love is sweet,
Compared with splendid guile.

The classic lantern take
And seek an honest man :

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

The horny hand may make
More bliss than riches can.

Yon lordling, puffed with pride,
Forbid to charm your eye ;
He'll win you, then deride,
And pass you heedless by.

I see a shining net
Prepared for beauty, sweet ,
Back! back!! I say, nor let
That snare entice your feet.

The matrimonial yoke
May prove the lariat's noose :
And fairest "gentle folk,"
Will foulest vice-traps use.

Look well before you leap ;
The gates lock fast behind :
Your heart bid prudence keep,
And grace control your mind.



PLAYING ON THE GRIDIRON.

The *Hebrew Leader* tells a good story and appends a moral: "A young lady of big accomplishments (and no pride) in the absence of the servant, stepped to the door on the ringing which announced a visit from one of her admirers. On entering, the beau glancing at the harp and piano which stood in the apartment, exclaimed, 'I thought I heard music ; on which instrument were you performing, Miss?' 'On the gridiron, sir, with an accompaniment of the frying pan!' she replied ; 'my mother is without help, and

she says I must learn to finger these instruments sooner or later, and I have this day commenced taking a course of lessons." This is part of the *Leader's Moral*: "Those who are brought up to work in the country and go to the city and make a fortune, indulge in the false pride of training their children to despise labor, which was the birthright of their parents, and make it a point to decry honest toil, in which they were themselves reared, and to which all their relatives are still devoted. This is a mushroom aristocracy and the most contemptible of all."



THE MODERN BELLE

"She sits in an elegant parlor,
 And rocks in her easy chair.
 She is clad in silks and satins,
 And jewels are in her hair;
 She winks and giggles and simpers
 And simpers and giggles and winks;
 And though she talks but little,
 'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies abed in the morning
 Till near the hour of noon,
 Then comes down snapping and snarling
 Because she was called so soon;
 Her hair is still in papers,
 Her cheeks still fresh with paint—
 Remains of her last night's blushes,
 Before she intended to faint.

She dotes upon men unshaven,
 And men with 'flowing hair';
 She's eloquent over moustaches,
 They give such a foreign air.

She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon ;
And if a mouse were to meet her,
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light ;
Her color is made of cosmetics,
(Though this she will never own) ;
Her body is mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air ;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair !
One of the very best matches—
Both are well mated in life ;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife !'

—*Christian Guardian.*





ADVICE TO CELIBATES.

Delay doth oftentimes prevent the performance of good things, for the wings of man's life are plumed with the feathers of death.—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THERE is an old proverb, familiar to all, which says “delays are dangerous.” And this is no less true in matters of love than in the common affairs of life. Hesitation grows on a man. Diffidence, like every-thing else, increases with nourishment. Give it no place. Now the tide of life is at the flood. Lose not the up-going stream ; but “launch out into the deep.” Let nothing prevent you. Head winds don't last forever. The skilful seaman tacks about and makes all breezes helpful. “He that observeth the wind shall not sow ; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.” Set sail, young man. Every captain needs a mate. It is dreary work sailing alone. We never see a bachelor, but we seem to hear the wail of the solitary, sea-tossed :

“Alone, alone, all, all alone !

Alone on the wide, wide sea !”

Don't go forth on the untried deep without company. Commence your voyage in a craft with a double name. If not the twin-sign of the heathen, “Castor and Pollux,”—the name of the Apostle's home-going boat—yet under the less classic, but more Christian

name of "Thomas and Mary," or "Richard and Sarah," as the case may be. Come, friend, pluck up heart. Reason urges it. Custom favors it. *Instinct* prompts it, and nought but self forbids it.

Now is the time,
With youth in its prime.



"Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise :
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream that stopped him shall be gone,
Which runs, and as it runs, forever shall run on."

O, fair is youth's bright morning. Hope beguiles you in the distant horizon. Hope! of which, in its Christian acceptation, Adams says: "Hope is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way and all the miseries of our pilgrimage. It tells the soul such sweet stories of the succeeding joys; what comforts there are in heaven: what peace, what triumphs, marriage songs and hallelujahs there are in that country whither she is drifting, that she goes merrily away with her present burden."

Youth is buoyant with expectation, bright with animating hope. Old age (so far as this life goes), has done with it. Know, then, your time, ye youthful band, and "whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with your might."

When you see a duty, do it;
When you find life's beauty, know it;
Joy is offered, don't forego it.

And do not mourn away your time, and lose one half the day of most inviting opportunity at the instance of your own fruitless indecision, as did he, of whom himself hath sung :

"I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
And therefore see no higher."
My view is darkened, and another spot
Seen on my moral sun.

For, be the duty light as angel's flight,
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite.
Receding as the skies.

And thus it is the purest must deplore
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more
Of duty they behold

--Robert Leighton.



The inconstant man changes his apparel as fast as his thought. As a verb, he knows only the present tense. He resolves not to resolve. He knows not what he doth hold. He opens his mind to receive notions, as one opens his palm to take a handful of water; he hath very much if he could hold it. He is sure to die, but knows not what religion to die in. In a controverted point, he holds with the last reasoner he either heard or read. He will rather take dross for gold than try it in the furnace. He receives many judgments, retains none; embraces so many faiths that he is little better than an infidel. He is almost weary of the sun for perpetual shining. He is full of business at church, a stranger at home, a sceptic abroad, everywhere a fool.—*Adams.*



The best standard of life is to adopt a course which it would be safe for all men to follow, not consulting our own ease or tastes or pleasant inclinations, but asking what is wisest, truest, best. It is easy to cajole one's self into the belief that our own way is the most excellent and praiseworthy; to think that we "are the men, and

that wisdom shall die with us ;" even going so far as to sing in our bachelor dungeons, and to dote on that more specious form of solitary confinement known by the name of "single blessedness;" but in the end we shall find "it is not good for man to be alone," even though at the present he may put a bold face on the matter, and go forth in life whistling the airs of freedom or singing the song of the tramp :

" On the tramp, with my bag on my back,
I'm free as a lord or a king ;
I am ready to work when I can,
And when I can't work I can sing !

The green lanes, and the fields, and the hills
Are ever my dearest delight—
Counting stars, as a nun counts her beads,
I drop off to slumber at night !

I am up with the morn, and a-foot
While town-folks are sleeping in bed,
Gentle birds sing their grace to my meals—
I've never yet wanted for bread !

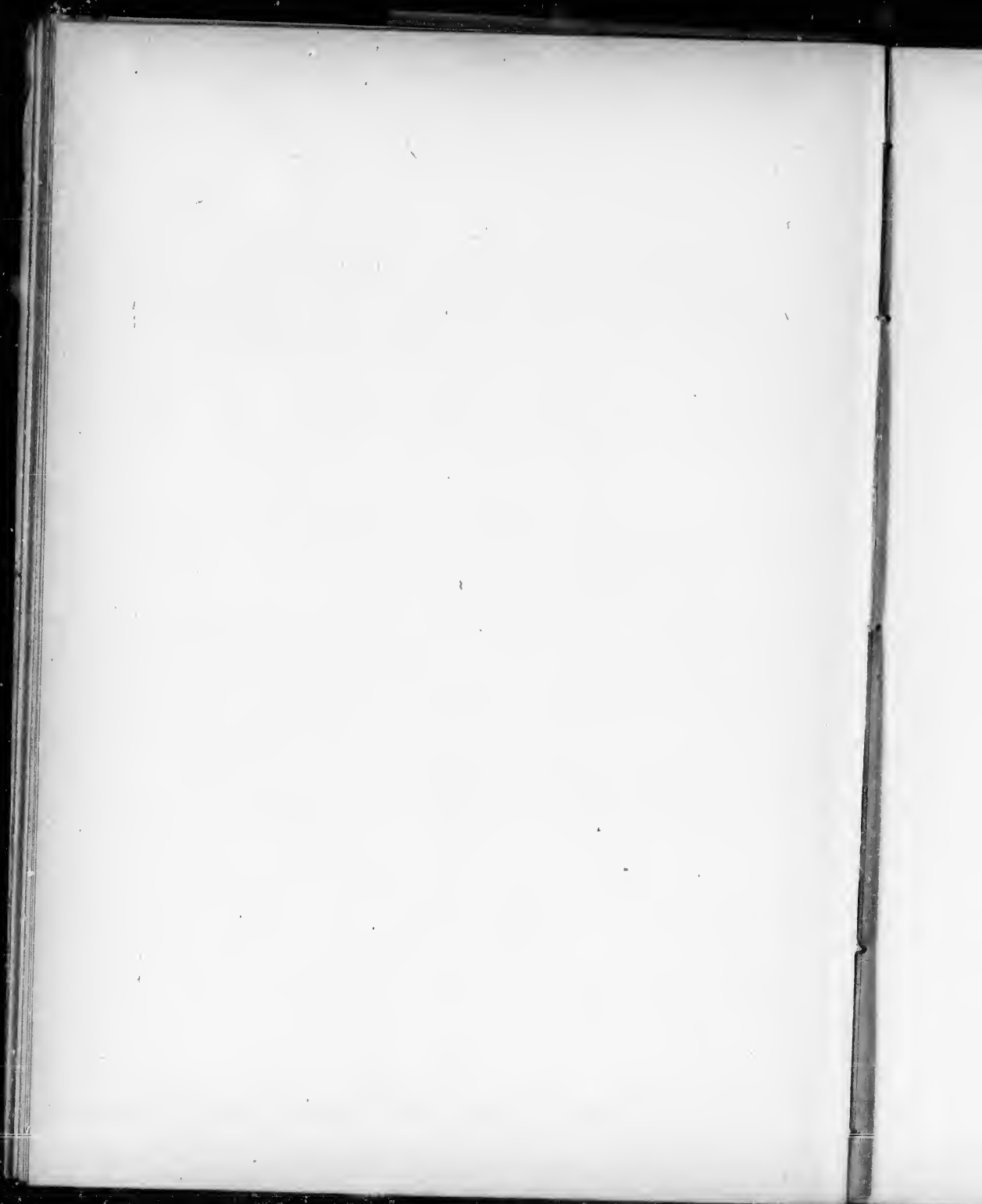
The bustle and noise of the city
My thoughts and my feelings confuse ;
And I'm never so happy a man
As when I can tramp it—and muse !"

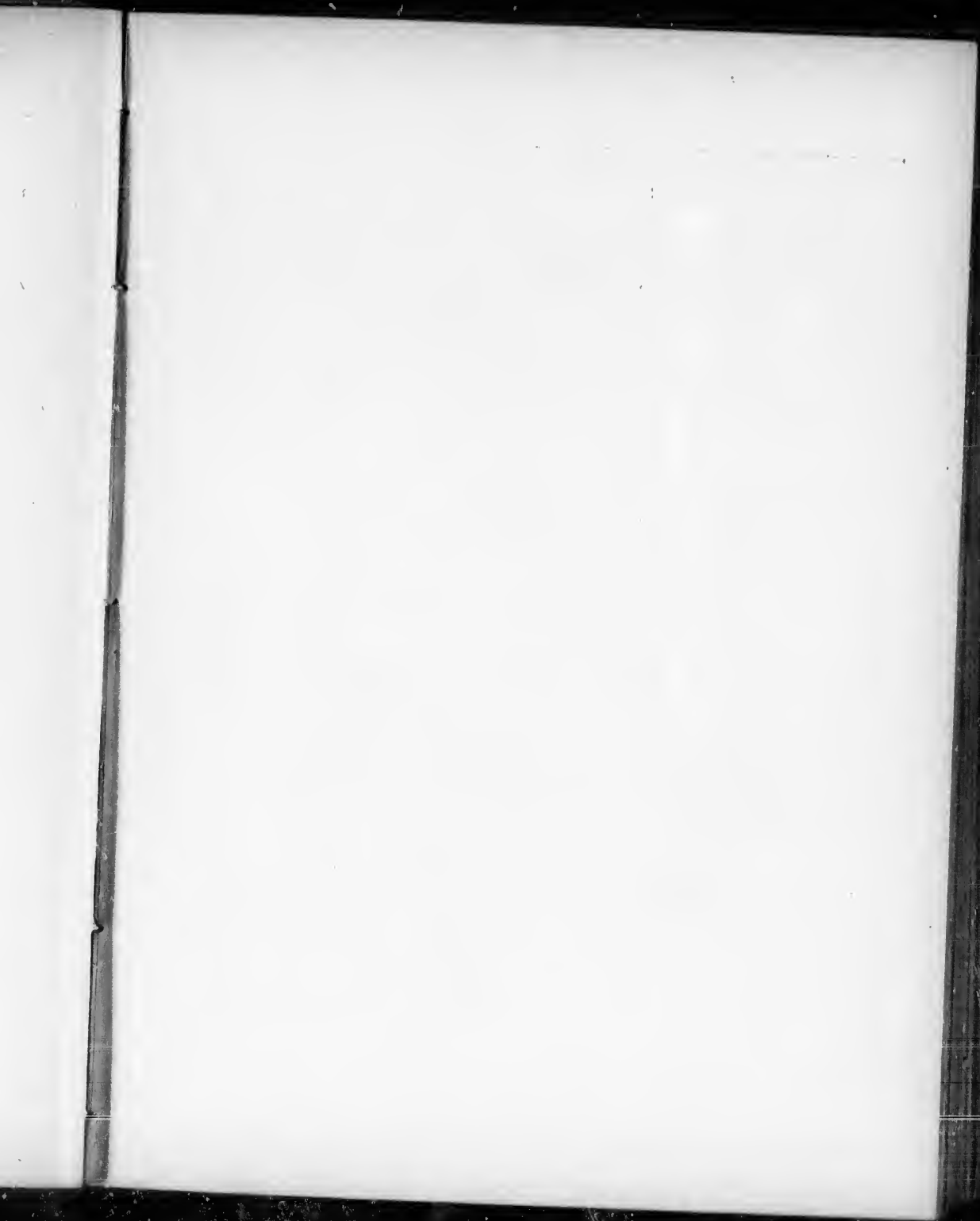




PROPOSAL









O Golden yoke!—round, light and fair—
Which links in one a wedded pair!
How sweet the burden love doth bear;
How bright the badge fair lovers wear!



Proposal.

IT IS oftentimes said of love, that it is not under the control of the will, nor at the option of any one, but that it simply "goes where it is sent." We would that some oracle would tell us by what power, and by whom it is sent. We certainly cannot for a moment allow that the "tender passion," as we see it to-day, is ever and always under the guidance of a divine will, or that it can boast a celestial origin. It is too wayward, carnal, headstrong for that; too inconstant, capricious, contradictory, variable and purblind to be of heavenly birth. Well may Cupid be painted as a child, and with wings, for who knows what trick he will play next, or whither he will fly, or where alight? Behold how love dotes in the old! How it vapors in the young! How it vaunts itself in middle age! How it unites the dissimilar! How it couples the incongruous! How it merges the incompatible! How it babbles all it knows in Samson! How it loses its head in Solomon! How it forgets itself (to use a euphemism) in David! How it changes color and suddenly transforms itself in Ammon! How, on the other hand, it makes the time to go in Jacob! How it sports itself in even the venerable Isaace! How it creates a world of its own, and crowds its universe into the compass of one fair object, even as a certain philosopher conceived that the whole globe might be compressed into the dimensions of a nutshell. Love knows no law, brooks no restraint, heeds no counsel, feels no age!



EVERY MAN ORIGINAL IN LOVE-MAKING.

PROBABLY there is no instance," said Sir Arthur Helps, "in which any two lovers have made love in exactly the same way as any two other lovers since the world began."

Cobbett's wife is said to have caught him by the grace with which she used the wash-tub ; but she was, it is said, never known to use it after the wedding.

Charlemagne's secretary was caught by a snow-storm while courting the Emperor's daughter at midnight, and she carried him home on her back, so that his footsteps should not be traced. The Emperor heard of it, took it in good part, and gave the fair burden-carrier to her precious "load."

It did not, unfortunately, fare so well with one of Cromwell's servants, whom he caught on his knees before his august daughter, pleading for her love, and who, on sternly demanding "what this all meant," was informed by the trembling suppliant, that he was merely beseeching her ladyship to intercede for him with one of her maids-in-waiting. The grim Protector at once summoned the lady in question into his presence, and asked her if she had any objection to receiving the gentleman's attentions, and

she, finding it a "chance" far beyond her reasonable expectations, replied in the negative; and, lo! the match and marriage were made on "short orders;" the gruff Commonwealth himself superintending the proceedings, and looking most determinedly on.



"In olden times it was the fashion for a suitor to go down on his knees to a lady when he asked her to become his wife, which, with very stout gentlemen, was an uncomfortable proceeding. The way in which Daniel Webster proposed to Miss Fletcher was more modern, being at the same time neat and poetic. Like many other lovers, he was caught holding a skein of thread or wool, which the lady had been unravelling. 'Grace,' said he, 'we have been untying knots. Let us see if we can tie one which will not untie in a lifetime.' With a piece of tape he fashioned half a true-lover's knot, Miss Fletcher perfected it, and a kiss put the seal to the symbolical bargain. Most men are more straightforward and matter-of-fact."

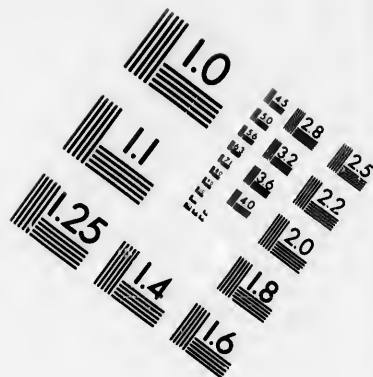
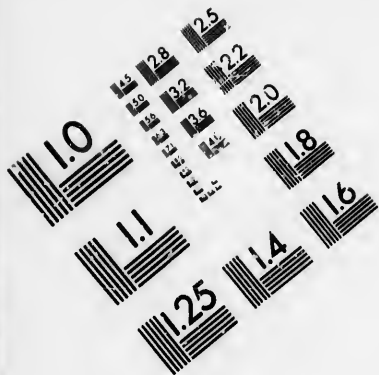


"Richard Steele wrote to the lady of his heart: 'Dear Mrs. Scurlock (there were no misses in those days), I am tired of calling you by that name, therefore say a day when you will take that of madam. Your most devoted, humble servant, Richard Steele.' She fixed the day accordingly, and Steeled her name instead of her heart to the suitor."

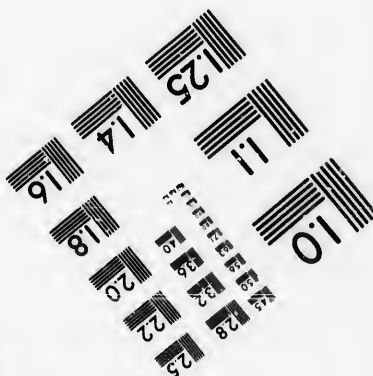
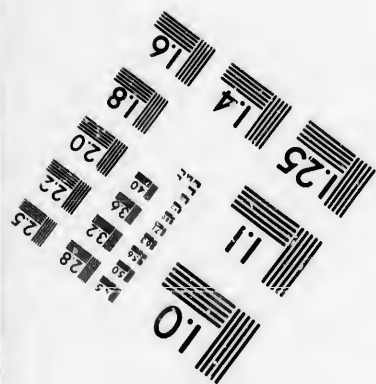
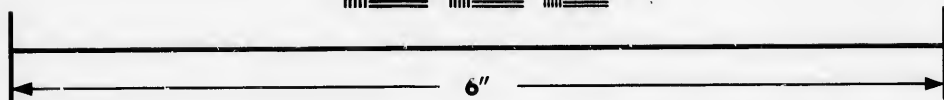
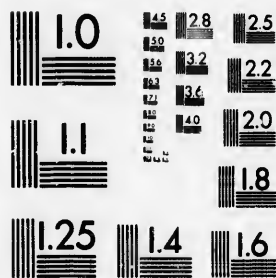


"The celebrated preacher, Whitfield, proposed marriage to a young lady in a very cool manner—as though Whitfield meant a field of ice. He addressed a letter to her parents, without consulting the maiden, in which he said that they need not be at all afraid of offending her by a refusal, as he thanked God he was quite free from the passion called love. Of course the lady did not conclude that this field, however white, was the field for her."





**IMAGE EVALUATION
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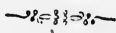


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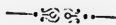
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"The brothers Jacob and William Grimm, whose fairy stories are doubtless known to many of our readers, were exceedingly attached to each other, and had no desire to be married. But it was thought proper by their friends that one of them should become a husband, and Jacob being the elder, it was agreed that he should be the one to enter the bonds of matrimony. A suitable lady was found, but Jacob declined to do the courting, requesting William to act as his agent. William consented, but soon found that he was in love, and wanted the lady for himself. He could not think, however, of depriving his brother of such a treasure, and knew not how to act. An aunt kindly relieved him in his difficulty by telling Jacob, who willingly resigned the damsel to his brother, and went out of the way till she had been made Mrs. William Grimm."



"A Scotch beadle was the one who popped the question in the grimmest manner. He took his sweetheart into the graveyard, and showing her a dark corner, said, 'Mary, my folks lie there. Would you like to lie there, Mary?' Mary was a sensible lassie, and expressed her willingness to obtain the right to be buried near the beadle's relations by uniting herself to him in wedlock."



"A similar unromantic view of the subject was taken by another Scotch maiden. Upon her lover remarking, 'I think I'll marry thee, Jean,' she replied, 'Man, Jock, I would be muckle obleeged to ye if ye would!'"



HOW THE KARENNS PROPOSE.

"Among the Karenns of Burmah, marriages must accompany the celebration of funeral rites. These are attended by the marriageable women and eligible bachelors of the village in which the

dead person has lived. Spectators of both sexes come in great numbers ; but their proceedings are limited to criticism and the picking up of ideas for future attempts of their own in the matrimonial market. There are, of course, numbers of old people present, but whether they do honor to the obsequies of their former neighbor, in what Europeans consider the orthodox way, is not apparent. It appears more likely that they come to observe the doings of their young charges.

The marriageable young men and maidens separate into two chairs, and seats themselves on opposite sides of the remains, all of them being dressed in their gayest. The opening of the funeral service begins with a chorus by the men, celebrating the beauties of the Karenn maiden in general, her charms of movement and modesty of carriage. The girls respond in a falsetto of the usual character, calmly accepting the eulogy of their graces, and making delicate allusions to the fifteen hundred desires, to some of which it is not impossible they may succumb.

This preliminary being over, the actual business begins, and the young bachelors, each in his turn, delivers himself of a love-stricken song to the damsel, whether previously known or not, who has won his affections.

The matter of the proposals thus publicly made is not, as a rule, very violently original. The girl is compared to a flower, to the hare in the moon, to the stars, to a rosary of emeralds or rubies, to a maid of the palace. It is asserted that she would ruin the peace of mind of a hermit, and bring him back to sober house-keeping. No painter could copy her charms ; his picture would be a failure, and he would be infallibly knocked in the head by the singer for his impudence in venturing so hopeless an attempt. The once rejected suitor usually adopts the plaintive line ; he is so disturbed in mind that he can neither eat nor drink ; he perspires so much with agitation that he will die before morning ; he is like the

water-lily that fades away when the sun shines upon it ; he is like the sun itself, for he cannot rest in peace, but roams about vaunting the praises of his love through all the city and country side. It may naturally be thought that the girls thus publicly wooed ought to feel embarrassed. If they are, Karenn maidens show more than feminine tact in keeping concealed whatever awkwardness they may feel. They look as if they liked the situation, rather than otherwise.

The answering of the proposal is a different matter. Ladies all the world over, in such circumstances, give answers which, common report says, ought not to be taken too literally. It is the same with the Karenn belle. Her answer, as a rule, is stereotyped. All the praise is appropriated as little more than her just due. She declares that it is a shameful thing not to be married, but it is a worse matter still to be divorced afterwards, 'to be like a dress that is washed ;' but she will do what she is bid, though she cannot think of being aught but afraid of men yet, all of which makes the aspiring lover grin with satisfaction. Occasionally, however, a sprightly damsel strikes out a line for herself. She hints that the song directed to her is rather niggardly in its praises. She is not going to sell herself under cost price. If people like to say she is mad after a husband, let them say so. She is not like day dim with the heat-haze, nor like a diamond that has lost the foil below to set it off, nor like a peacock's tail dragged in the wet, the signification of which is that the wrong man has proposed to her, and the lucky swain will be a foolish man if her eyes do not let him know that his suing will have a pleasanter answer.

Now and then a man gets a direct refusal, and as it is difficult to invest a blunt 'No' with melodious merit, the rejection is couched in somewhat the following fashion :—'Come to me when the full moon appears on the first day of the month. Come dressed in clothes that have never been stitched, and dress and comb before you wake.

Eat your rice before it is cooked, and come before daylight.' Such episodes are, however, rare, and generally occur through a swain's applying for the hand of one who is generally known to be reserving herself for some other."

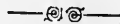


ONE FORM OF PROPOSAL AMONG THE INDIANS.

Among certain tribes of the Indians, the following manner of proposing is observed. If a young man resolves to marry, his relatives and the minister advise him to a young woman of the tribe. He enters the wigwam where she is and looks upon her. If he likes her appearance he tosses a chip or stick into her lap, which she takes, and with a reserved side look views the person who sent it, yet handles the chip with admiration, as though she wondered whence it came. If she likes him she throws the chip at him with a modest smile, and then nothing is wanting but a ceremony with the minister to consummate the nuptial tie. But if she dislikes her suitor, she with a surly countenance throws her chip aside, and he comes no more.



"Love," says one, "rules a kingdom of contrasts. Heine, dreaming of angels, marries a grisette. Freytag turns from a court to a kitchen. Bacon, master of philosophy, is joined to a woman with a loud voice, and dressed like a chamber-maid out on a holiday. And what is more pitiable than Keat's pouring out all the typical language of his soul at the feet of Fanny Brawn? He a poet, she a common-place. Idolatry on the one hand; a mixture of vanity and curiosity on the other."



In Northern Siberia if a young native desires to marry, he goes to the father of the girl of his choice and a price is agreed upon, one-half of which is then paid down. The prospective son-in-law

at once takes up his residence with the family of his lady love, and resides with them a year. If at the end of a year he still desires to marry the girl, he can pay the other half, and they are married on the next visit of the priest. If he does not want to marry he need not, and simply loses the half he paid at the start.



LEGAL COURTSHIP.

Mr. Chitty relates an anecdote of a young attorney who had been carrying on a correspondence with a young lady, in which he had always, as he thought, expressed himself with the greatest caution. Finding, however, that he did not perform what he had led the lady to believe that he would, she brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against him. When his letters were produced on the trial, it appeared that he had always concluded—"this, *without prejudice*, yours faithfully, C. D." The judge facetiously left it to the jury to determine whether these concluding words, being from an attorney, did not mean that he did not intend any prejudice to the lady; and the jury found accordingly.



A UNIQUE PROPOSAL.

A gentleman had long been paying attention to a young lady whom he was very anxious to marry, but could not screw his courage to the sticking point. At last he resolved to take the first opportunity which presented itself of asking the momentous question. No sooner, however, had he formed this resolution than fortune seemed to desert him. He often met the fair one, but never could get the chance of speaking to her alone. Driven to desperation, he one day succeeded in accomplishing his purpose at a dinner-party. Now it is very easy to hold converse with the person who sits next to you at a dinner-party, and abstain from mentioning names; but in this case the lady was on the opposite side of the table. He was, however, equal to the occasion, and, tearing out a leaf from a pocket

book, wrote on it, under cover of the table, "Will you be my wife? Write 'Yes' or 'No' at the foot of this."

Calling a servant, he whispered to him to take the note—which of course was folded up—to the "lady in blue opposite."

The servant did as he was directed; and the gentleman, in an agony of suspense, watched him give it to the lady, and fixed his eyes, with badly disguised eagerness, to try to judge from her expression how the quaintly-made offer was received.

He had forgotten one thing—namely, that ladies seldom carry pencils about them at a dinner party.

His love was, however, not to be baffled by so trifling an obstacle; and, after reading the note calmly, the lady turned to the messenger and said, "Tell the gentleman, 'Yes'."

They were married in due course.

TOO BASHFUL TO PROPOSE.

We have heard of a good lady who remonstrated with her daughter for not being more demonstrative in her affection, and encouraging the advances of a young man who seemed desperately in love with her, but who lacked the confidence to propose. The young lady ingeniously and candidly confessed that she had made many laudable efforts in that direction, but without avail. For instance, one evening, when they were out walking, he had asked her what was her favorite drink, and she said "Pop," but even that failed to bring the desired proposal, and so she had given it up as a failure.

COURTING ON BOXWOOD ROLLERS.

Roller skates were invented to enable young people to get away from the restrictions of society. This was said by an old married woman with three pretty daughters, but it is true all the same.

Roller skating has brought freedom to youth, and has added to the wrinkles of maternity, for that old national adage, "Maternal vigilance is the price of liberty," has been supplemented by the motto: Admission price, 50 cents. A calm joy has been spreading over the usually care-worn faces of counter-jumpers and entry clerks for weeks. There is a self-satisfied air of triumph resting on the features of the blonde book-folders, and a new hope sparkles in the eye of the brunette floor-walker, for the roller skate has opened the new door of flirtation. The whole ingenuity of man has been employed for a century in trying to devise some way by which the counter-jumper in his amorous moments could defy the old woman. It was not until the roller-skate was invented that the glad world of counter-jumpers shouted "Eureka."

These extraordinary facilities afforded to love's young dream, have produced a revolution in the household and in the community. The wife who can skate no longer shudders under the tyranny of the husband who cannot. The husband who skates is at last released from the thralldom of the wife. Matrimonial squabbles now terminate with an—"All right, my dear, if you cannot afford it. Hand me down my skates." "Do you love me deep enough for a new gros grain?" "No, I do not. My love never went further than a plain silk." "All right. Then I go to the rink to-night."

It is absolutely impossible to interfere. You might as well try to put a shooting star into traces. Here, alas! the poetry of motion kills the justice of matrimony. A husband who cannot skate cannot vindicate himself. Every one of these skating rinks is lined with hollow-eyed husbands, furrowed fathers, and melancholy mothers. They sit round and look helplessly on at the mad merriment. Let them but place one foot within that hive, and on their heads, yea, though they wore a crown, will fall the curse of the rink.—*Toronto Evening Mail.*

REFUSAL TO PROPOSAL.

I am glad that you are in love, 'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect both on man and woman. I must tell you how I have just treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter. Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker), he wrote me word that he was in love with my daughter, and desired to know what *fortune* I would give her at present, and how much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *sentiment* on *his-side*. My answer was, "Sir, I shall give her ten thousand pounds on the day of her marriage—my calculation is as follows—she is not eighteen, you are sixty-two—there goes five thousand pounds—then, Sir, you at least think her not ugly—she has many accomplishments, speaks Italian, French, plays upon the guitar, and and as I fear you play upon no instrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her upon my terms, for here finishes the account of the ten thousand pounds." I do not suppose but he will take this as I mean, that is, a flat refusal.—*Sterne*.





WHY MAY NOT WOMEN PROPOSE?

WH. I. some one say? We do not profess ability to decide on so important a matter. We leave it an open question—why may not the fair sex make a fair offer, and the gentler half of mankind perform the gentle work of genial wooing? Queens and princesses do it when they marry a degree below them in rank, and why may not the great commonalty have like privileges with them? No doubt our less favored sisters have recourse to many indirect or roundabout methods of “declaring their intentions,” and oftentimes institute certain ways-and-means committees of relatives and friends to compass their sweet designs of winning men; but a good deal of lengthened, tedious, anxious and circumlocutory process would be saved them, if a too-partial custom would but allow them the pleasure of an open and a frank avowal of the tender passion. And we are sure that with their tact and vivacity, and poetical dash, they would perform the work with far more grace and readiness than do many of their more ungainly brethren.

We are aware that there is a Cheshire proverb to this effect: “It is time to yoke when the cart comes to the caples,” (horses.) And a Scottish *saw* declares, that “when petticoats woo, breeks, come speed.” Nevertheless we find fair Scotia once passed an Act of Parliament in favor of it, which runs thus:

“It is ordainit that, during the reign of her maist blessit Majestie, ilka maiden ladye of baith high and low estates sall hae libertye

to bespeake ye man she likes beste; albeit gif he refaises to tak her till his wife, he sall be mulct in ye sume of ane hundredth pundes or less, as his estate may be; except and alwaies gif he mak it appeire that he is betrothed to another woman that he sall be free. Passed in the reign of Margaret, commonly called maid of Norway, A. D. 1028."

And the Spanish maiden, in *Iglesias*, deploures the fact that she cannot "tell her love," but must bear the sweet but burdensome secret in oppressive, yearning silence when she sings:

(From the Spanish of Iglesias.)

Alexis calls me cruel;
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest walks, can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame;
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man comes not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage,
They cannot seek his hand.—*Bryant.*

"NO."

Few have learnt to speak this word
 When it *should* be spoken ;
 Resolution is deferred,
 Vows to virtue broken.
 More of courage is required,
 This one word to say,
 Than to stand where shots are fired
 In the battle fray.
 Use it fitly, and ye'll see
 Many a lot below
 May be schooled, and nobly ruled
 By power to utter "No."

* * * *

Hearts that are too often given,
 Like street merchandise—
 Hearts that like bought slaves are driven
 In fair freedom's guise ;
 Ye that poison soul and mind
 With perjury's foul stains ;
 Ye who let the cold world bind,
 In joyless marriage chains ;
 Be ye true unto yourselves ;
 Let rank and fortune go :
 If Love light not the altar spot,
 Let Feeling answer "No."

—*Eliza Cook.*



THE BETROTHAL.



HAVE betrothed thee unto me in righteousness.—*Bible*
And the servants brought forth jewels of silver, and
jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah;
he gave also to her brother and to her mother precious
things.

And they did eat and drink, he and the men that were
with him, and they tarried all night.—*Genesis.*



Among the Greeks it was required that every marriage should be preceded by a betrothal. This, in fact, was indispensable to the complete validity of a marriage contract. It was made by the natural or legal guardian of the bride elect, and attended by the relatives of both parties as witnesses. The law of Athens ordained that all children born from a marriage legally contracted in this respect should be legitimate, and consequently, if sons, entitled to inherit equally. It would seem, therefore, that the issue of a marriage without espousals would lose their heritable rights, which depended on their being born from a citizen and a legally-betrothed wife. The wife's dowry was also settled at the espousals.

To associate with a man in secret, without the consent of parents, or the solemn rites of marriage, was disgraceful to a noble maiden. Marriage, to be lawful, must be contracted under the direction, or, at least, with the consent of parents, as we find from

the expressions of Briseis in her lament over Patroclus ; or from the refusal of Achilles to marry the daughter of Agamemnon without the consent of Peleus. The primitive custom of the purchase of the bride by the bridegroom, who prevailed in his suit by the weight of his gifts, had been so far softened in the Homeric age that the wishes of the daughter were consulted. When Penelope puts off her suitors under ingenious pretexts, Antinous urges Telemachus to send home his mother, and to commend her to unite herself to him whom her father approved of and she herself preferred.—*Anthon's Greece.*



JEWISH BETROTHAL.

Espousing, or betrothing, was nothing else but a solemn promise made by two persons, each to the other, at such a distance of time as they agreed upon. The manner of performing this espousal was either by a writing, or by a piece of silver given to the bride.

* * * * *

The writing that was prepared on these occasions ran in this form : " On such a day, of such a month, in such a year, A, the son of A, has said to B, the daughter of B, be thou my spouse according to the law of Moses and the Israelites, and I will give thee for the portion of thy virginity the sum of two hundred zuzims, as it is ordained by law.

And the said B has consented to become his spouse upon these conditions, which the said A has promised to perform. To this the said A obliges himself, and for this he engages all his goods, even as far as the cloak which he wears upon his shoulder. Moreover, he promises to perform all that is intended in contracts of marriage with Israelitish women. Witness, A, B, C."

The promise by a piece of silver, and without writing, was before witnesses, when the young man said to his mistress : " Receive this piece of silver as a pledge that thou wilt become my spouse."

After such espousal was made, which was generally when the parties were young, the woman continued with her parents several months, if not some years, before she was brought home and her marriage consummated ; for so we find Samson's wife remained with her parents a considerable time after espousal (Judges xiv. 8.)



COURTING BY PROXY.

And the man came into the house: and he ungirded his camels, and gave straw and provender for the camels, and water to wash his feet, and the men's feet that were with him.

And there was set meat before him to eat : but he said I will not eat until I have told mine errand. And he said, Speak on.

And he said, I am Abraham's servant.

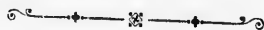
And the Lord hath blessed my master greatly ; and he is become great : and he hath given him flocks, and herds, and silver, and gold, and menservants, and maidservants, and camels, and asses.

And Sarah, my master's wife, bare a son to my master when she was old : and unto him hath he given all that he hath.

And my master made me swear, saying, Thou shalt not take a wife to my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, in whose land I dwell.

But thou shalt go unto my father's house, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son.

And now, if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me ; and if not, tell me ; that I may turn to the right hand, or to the left.



GALEED (HEAP OF WITNESS.)

A young man pledged his dearest faith to a maiden, beautiful and true. For a time all passed pleasantly, and the maiden lived in happiness, but then the man was called from her side. He left

her. Long she waited, but he did not return. Friends pitied her, and rivals mocked her; tauntingly they pointed at her, and said, "He has left thee; he will never come back." The maiden sought her chamber, and read in secret the letters which her lover had written to her, the letters in which he promised to be ever faithful, ever true. Weeping she read them, but they brought comfort to her heart; she dried her eyes and doubted not.

A joyous day dawned for her; the man she loved returned, and when he learned that others had doubted, and asked her how she had preserved her faith, she showed his letters to him, declaring her eternal trust.

Israel, in misery and captivity, was mocked by the nations; her hopes of redemption were made a laughing-stock; her sages scoffed at; her holy men derided. Into her synagogues, into her schools went Israel; she read the letters which her God had written, and believed in the holy promises which they contained.

God will in time redeem her, and when He says:

"How could you alone be faithful of all the mocking nations?"

She will point to the law and answer:

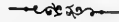
"Had not Thy law been my delight, I should long since have perished in my affliction" (Psalm 119).



THE WEASEL AND THE WELL; OR, "BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL
FIND YOU OUT.

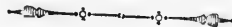
A young man, upon his journeys through the country, fell in with a young woman, and they became mutually attached. When the young man was obliged to leave the neighborhood of the damsel's residence, they met to say good-bye. During the parting they pledged a mutual faith, and each promised to wait until, in the course of time, they might be able to marry. "Who will be the witness of our betrothal?" said the young man. Just then they

saw a weasel run past them and disappear in the wood. "See," he continued, "this weasel and this well of water by which we are standing shall be the witnesses of our betrothal;" and so they parted. Years passed, the maiden remained true, but the youth married. A son was born to him, and grew up the delight of his parents. One day while the child was playing, he became tired, and lying upon the ground fell asleep. A weasel bit him in the neck, and he bled to death. The parents were consumed with grief by this calamity, and it was not until another son was given them that they forgot their sorrow. But when this second child was able to walk alone, it wandered about the house, and bending over the well, looking at its shadow in the water, lost its balance and was drowned. Then the father recollected his perjured vow, and his witnesses, the weasel and the well. He told his wife of the circumstance, and she agreed to a divorce. He then sought the maiden to whom he had promised marriage, and found her still awaiting his return. He told her how, through God's agency, he had been punished for his wrong-doing, after which they were married and lived in peace.—*Talmud.*



HUNGER STRONGER THAN LOVE; OR "WHEN WANT COMES IN
AT THE DOOR LOVE FLIES OUT AT THE WINDOW."

"Russian merchants, recently returned from China, give terrible details of the famine in the Celestial Empire. Not only were dead bodies freely eaten by the starving people, but famished men attacked the living, and preyed upon them with all the ferocity of the fiercest carnivora. A young man murdered and devoured the girl to whom he was betrothed, and men had been executed for killing and eating their own children."



PROPHETIC PROOF.

And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body; the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters which the Lord thy God hath given in the seige, and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee.

So that the man that is tender among you, and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and toward the remnant of his children which he shall leave.

So that he will not give to any of them of the flesh of his children whom he shall eat; because he hath nothing left him in the siege, and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates.—*Bible.*



HISTORIC PROOF.

And the king said unto her, What aileth thee? And she answered, This woman said unto me, Give thy son, that we may eat him to day, and we will eat my son to morrow.

So we boiled my son, and did eat him: and I said unto her on the next day, Give thy son, that we may eat him: and she hath hid her son.



THE CONSENT OF GUARDIANS.

Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, The thing proceedeth from the Lord; we cannot speak unto thee bad or good.

Behold, Rebekah is before thee, take her, and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken.

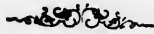
And it came to pass, that, when Abraham's servant heard their words, he worshipped the Lord, bowing himself to the earth.

When virgins had no fathers, their brothers disposed of them, (even as in Biblical history we find Bethuel consenting to Rebekah's

marriage with Isaac). When they had neither parents nor brethren, or if their brethren were not arrived to years of discretion, they were disposed of by their grandfathers, those especially on the father's side; when these failed, they were committed to the care of guardians.

Sometimes husbands betrothed their wives to other persons upon their deathbeds, as appears from the story of Demosthenes' father, who gave his wife, Cleobule, to one Aphobus, with a considerable portion. When he was dead, Alphobus took the portion, but refused to marry the woman; whereupon Demosthenes made his complaint to the magistrates, and accused him in an elegant oration.

And that this custom was not unusual, appears from the same orator's defence of Phermio, who being a slave and faithful in his business, his master gave him both his liberty and his wife.



GOOD DAUGHTERS MAKE THE BEST WIVES.

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, I mean from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her in whatever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded, that, were I to advise any friend of mine as to his choice of a wife, I know not whether my first counsel would not be, "Look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection, indicated by such a behaviour, joined to the habit of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—*Fordyce*.



"Marry your son when you will, and your daughter when you can."

"My son is my son till he's got him a wife ;
My daughter's my daughter all the days of her life."

This is a woman's calculation. She knows that a son-in-law will submit to her sway more tamely than a daughter-in-law.



THE DEPARTURE.

My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty :
To you, I am bound for life and education ;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband .
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.—*Shakspeare.*



"AND SHE SAID, I WILL GO."

And her brother and her mother said, Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at the least ten ; after that she shall go.

And he said unto them, Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way ; send me away that I may go to my master.

And they said, We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth.

And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go.

And they sent away Rebekah their sister, and her nurse, and Abraham's servant, and his men.—*Bible.*

Sweet and solemn falls the accents
Of the Holy Spirit's voice,
As He gently pleadeth with us,
Urging us to make our choice.
"Unto Christ, to Him who loves thee
With a love thou ne'er canst know,
Unto Him who died to save thee,
Wilt thou go?"

"Follow Me, and I will guide thee
Safe across earth's desert plain,
And beguile its dreary wasteness
With soft whisperings of his name,
Unto Him who waits to meet thee
In the heaven's eternal glow,
There to reign with Him forever,
Wilt thou go?"

"We will go," we answer gladly,
Blessed Spirit, at Thy call,
Though the road be full of danger,
Thou wilt bring us safe through all.
We will follow in the pathway
That alone our Master trod,
Knowing that its narrow windings
Lead us surely up to God.

"We will go," the world forsaking,
With its endless toil and strife,
Into all the peace and gladness
Of the resurrection life ;
Each new step our trust will deepen,
In His mighty love and grace,
Till at last, our journey over,
We behold him face to face.—*The Christian.*

WILT THOU GO WITH THIS MAN ?

Wilt thou go with this man to the lowlands afar,
 Like the needle still pointing invisible star?
 Leave "the land of sunrising"—dare flood and disaster,
 For the region where dwelleth thy new lord and master?
 Forsake thy dear kindred, companions and home,
 And direct thy way onward—still southward to roam?
 Wilt cross the deep desert, sweet Euphrates' water,
 And depart with this stranger, oh excellent daughter?
 Commit thy way to him on *bare testimony*,
 And seek the land flowing with milk and with honey:
 Adventure thy future for weal or for woe—
 Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go.

O Jesus, *our Isaac*, to Canaan thou'st gone,
 But thy love is still wooing and drawing us on:
 Thy servants bring presents and call us away,
 To behold thee again in thy brighter array:
 The jewels so fair are direct from thy place,
 And the pledges are bright with the smile of thy face.
 See! the bracelet of promise is what my Lord saith,
 And the ear-ring of gold is "the hearing of faith."
 The ring on my finger is the covenant of love,
 And my sandals are light as the wings of a dove;
 The palfrey that bears me, Revelation's white steed,
 Both charger and courser—for war and for speed:
 My loved one awaits me; O bid me not stay,
 He calls me his "Fair one," and bids me away
 Accepting these tokens, I answer Him so—
 Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go.



BETROTHAL BY THE SEA.

"Take me or leave me."

They are on the seashore—Love's favorite resort—where the waves are ever "saying, saying." Shells and pebbles and miles of glittering nothings stretch shining on to beguile there pleasant, love-allured footsteps. They are building castles in the air as assiduously and half as profitably as the children around them are constructing mimic rampart in the yielding, gravelled sand ; only of course to be washed away, "stormed and taken" by the ruthless forces of the next incoming tide. The deep is before them, "great and wide," emblem alike of the Infinite and of their own boundless affection. Little wavelets, like children in holiday time, garlanded with "sunbows," run racing along the all-encompassing main, and leap in bright laughter on the shelving stand. Seamews ride the musical crests of the breaking waters, and rock themselves to a charming repose on the mother deep's ample bosom.

Vessels outward bound are vanishing in dimness and silence together, and are softly dipping where the blue sea and bluer sky meet and mingle their mutual azure, glories, and are gliding on, oh, so calmly and beautifully, and so sweetly suggestive, withal, of some happier spirit on her way to a brighter abode, into the fair, half-magical and dim, all-beckoning unknown.

Sea monsters lift their dark heads above the encompassing floods and steal a glimpse of upper air and sunshine, and then disappear as if from a world too bright for their gross taste, and descend again with a splash like that of the apocalyptic millstone, and seek congenial aquatic gloom. But what, pray, to this enamoured pair are all the works of God and man, or the wonders of divine and human skill, compared with their interest in each other? What is the "circle of the floods," to the girle of that maiden's zone?

"Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

What, we repeat, O reader, are clouds and winds, and sails and wings, and glittering sands, and spacious seas, and boundless skies, and bannered processions, and gathering concourses, and festive melodies, and blazoned heraldries, and peerless pomp, and all the sublimities and pageantries that cluster about the centres of opulence and fashion, when once compared with the gratification they find in each other's company?

And now let us go near (turn eaves-droppers for a moment) and listen to the honeyed conversation of this mutually-interested couple.

"Mary," he says, as he presses his suit with the ardor of most vehement affection, "you can surely say something." "Yes," replies the deliberate and sweetly-calculating fair one, "I suppose I can say something." And while she speaks she is busy with the important work of tracing tiny channels in the sand with the end of her parasol to allow a little salt water to run out of one hole into another. "Well, what is it to be?" he pleads, with the energy of desperation, as he resolutely brings matters to an issue, "take me or leave me?" "Well," she answers, as she still continues her engineering work on a larger scale, "I don't exactly want to leave you." Happy man!



BETROTHAL BY LOT

PROVERBS xviii.—"The lot causeth contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty."

In nearly all cases where reason cannot decide, or where the right of several claimants to one article has to be settled, recourse is had to the lot, which "causeth contentions to cease." Though an Englishman might not relish such a mode of having a wife assigned to him, yet many a one in the East has no other guide than this in that important acquisition.

Perhaps a young man is either so accomplished, so respectable, or so rich, that many fathers aspire to the honor of calling him


"son-in-law." Their daughters are said to be beautiful, wealthy, and of a good family: what is he to do? The name of each young lady is written on a separate piece of *olah*, and then all are mixed together. The youth and his friends then go to the front of the temple, and being seated, a person who is passing by at the time is called, and requested to take one of the pieces of *olah*, on which a lady's name is inscribed, and place it near the anxious candidate. This being done, it is opened, and she whose name is written there becomes his wife.

Are two men inclined to marry two sisters? a dispute often arises as to whom the youngest shall be given. To cause the "contentions to cease" they again have recourse to the lot. The names of the sisters and of the disputants are written on separate pieces of *olah*, and taken to a sacred place, those of the men being put on one side and the females on the other. A person then, who is unacquainted with the matter, takes a piece of *olah* from each side, and the couple whose names are thus joined together become man and wife. But sometimes a wealthy father cannot decide betwixt two young men who are candidates for the hand of his daughter. What can he do? He must settle his doubts by lot. Not long ago the son of a medical man and another youth applied for the daughter of Sedambarah-Suppiyan, the rich merchant. The old gentleman caused two "holy writings" to be drawn up; the names of the lovers were inscribed thereon: the son of Kandan, the doctor, was drawn forth, and the young lady became his wife. Three Brahmins, also, who were brothers, each ardently desired the hand of one female, and, after many disputes, it was settled by lot, which causeth contentions to cease; and the youngest of the three gained the prize.



COMING OF AGE, OR EARLY BETROTHAL.

‘ Love always in season.’

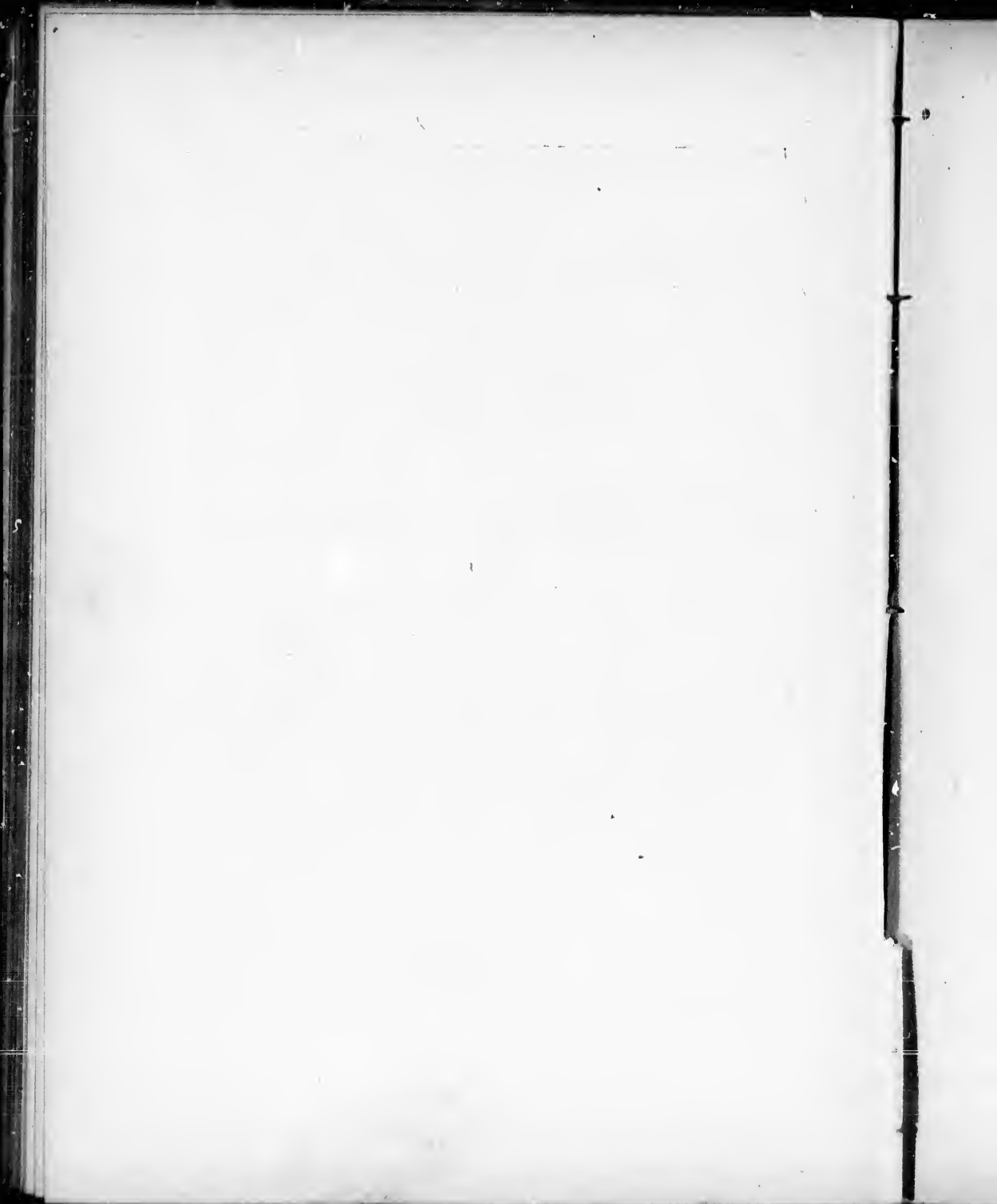
OST thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers near
Press the tenderest reasons?
Ah, they give their faith too oft
To the careless wooer ;
Maidens' hearts are always soft ,
Would that men's were truer !

Woo the fair one, when around
Early birds are singing ;
When, o'er all the fragrant ground,
Early herbs are springing
When the brookside, bank and grove,
All with blossoms laden,
Shine with beauty, breathe of love—
Woo the timid maiden.

Woo her when, with rosy blush,
Summer eve is sinking ;
When, on rills that softly gush,
Stars are softly winking ;



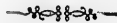
Her bright eyes are beaming,
Halt waking - half dreaming;
The future divining,
To love all-inclining.



When, through boughs that knit the bower,
 Moonlight gleams are stealing ;
 Woo her, till the gentle hour
 Wake a gentler feeling.

Woo her, when autumnal dyes
 Tinge the woody mountain ;
 When the dropping foliage lies,
 In the weedy fountain ;
 Let the scene, that tells how fast
 Youth is passing over,
 Warn her, ere her bloom is past,
 To secure her lover.

Woo her, when the north winds call
 At the lattice nightly,
 When, within the cheerful hall,
 Blaze the fagots brightly ;
 While the wintry tempest round
 Sweeps the landscape hoary,
 Sweeter in her ear shall sound
 Love's delightful story.—*Bryant.*



EARLY BETROTHAL IN ENGLAND.

"It may be interesting to compare the different ages at which Her Majesty's children have been married. The Princess Beatrice is now married in her twenty-eighth year, the Princess Royal married in her eighteenth year ; the Prince of Wales was married when in his twenty-second year ; the Princess Alice in her twentieth year ; the Duke of Edinburgh in his thirtieth year ; the Princess Helena in her twenty-first year ; the Princess Louise in her twenty-fourth year ; the Duke of Connaught in his twenty-ninth year ; the

Duke of Albany in his thirtieth year. The united ages at marriage of the five Royal Princesses make 111; the united ages at marriage of the four Princes make 111 years. By striking an average one finds that the Princesses are married at 22 1-5 years, and Princes at 27 $\frac{3}{4}$."



EARLY BETROTHAL IN FRANCE.

A word or two about Saint-Simon and his youth. At nineteen he was destined by his mother to be married. Now, every one knows how marriages are managed in France, not only in the time of Saint-Simon, but even to the present day. A mother, or an aunt, or a grandmother, or an experienced friend, looks out; be it for son, be it for daughter, it is the business of her life. She looks and she finds; family, suitable; fortune, convenient; person, *pas mal*; principles, Catholic, with a due abhorrence of heretics, especially English ones. After a time, the lady is to be looked at by the unhappy *pretendu*; a church, a mass, or vespers, being very often the opportunity agreed. The victim thinks she will do. The proposal is discussed by the two *mammas*; relatives are called in; all goes well; the contract is signed; then a measured acquaintance is allowed; but no *tete-a-tetes*; no idea of love. "What! so indelicate a sentiment before marriage! Let me not hear of it," cries *mamma*, in a sanctimonious panic. "Love! *Quelle betise!*" adds *mon pere*.

But Saint-Simon, it seems, had the folly to wish to make a marriage of inclination. Rich, *pair de France*, his father—an old *roue*, who had been page to Louis XIII.—dead, he felt extremely alone in the world. He cast about to see whom he could select. The Duc de Beauvilliers had eight daughters; a misfortune it may be thought in France, or anywhere else. Not at all; three of the young ladies were kept at home to be married; the other five were at once disposed of, as they passed the unconscious age of infancy,

in convents. Saint-Simon was, however, disappointed. He offered, indeed ; first for the eldest, who was not then fifteen years old ; and finding that she had a vocation for conventual life, went on to the third, and was going through the whole family, when he was convinced that his suit was impossible. The eldest daughter happened to be a disciple of Fenelon's and was on the very eve of being vowed to heaven.

Saint-Simon went off to La Trappe, to console himself for his disappointment. There had been an old intimacy between Monsieur La Trappe and the father of Saint-Simon ; and this friendship had induced him to buy an estate close to the ancient abbey where La Trappe still existed. The friendship became hereditary ; and Saint-Simon, though still a youth, revered and loved the penitent recluse of *Ferte au Vidame*, of which Lamartine has written so grand and so poetical a description.

Let us hasten over his marriage with Mademoiselle de Lorges, who proved a good wife. It was this time a grandmother, the Marechale de Lorges, who managed the treaty, and Saint-Simon became the happy husband of an innocent blonde, with a majestic air, though only fifteen years of age. Let us hasten on, passing over his presents ; his six hundred louis, given in a corbeille full of what he styles "gallantries ;" his mother's donation of jewellery ; the midnight mass, by which he was linked to the child who scarcely knew him ; let us lay all that aside, and turn to his court life.—*Grace and Philip Wharton.*

EARLY BETROTHAL IN CANADA.

"The chief social event in the lives of Canadian peasants is a wedding—almost the only set occasion for festivities. The priest then permits dancing among the relatives and allows unusual expenses to be incurred. Courtship is very short and circumspect.

It generally lasts but a few months. Engagements are made very much after the pecuniary interests followed in France, and the marriages generally occur at from 18 to 22 years of age."



EARLY BETROTHAL IN AMERICA.

The mode then in vogue of announcing some events appears strange at this time. The following form of a marriage notice, credited to a Kentucky paper, will give an idea :—

"In Lexington, Kentucky, Harrison Canins, aged 15, to Miss Eliza Plough, aged nearly 12. A long life to them! Mrs. Canins twelve years hence will be a spruce girl. The parties may be grandfathers and grandmothers ere they are 30."—*From the first volume of Christian Guardian, 1829*



EARLY BETROTHAL IN CHINA, OR "WOLVES AND BUTTERFLIES."

A Chinese orator told us, some time ago, that the people in his country call their boys "wolves," and their girls "butterflies,"—not altogether a meaningless nomenclature.

The fathers of families would sometimes meet incidentally in places of public resort, and strike up a marriage alliance between so many of their "wolves" on one side, and their "butterflies" on the other, the dear little creatures of both sexes not being at all privy to the arrangement, much less parties to the contract. These juveniles were oftentimes thus betrothed by proxy as soon as they were nicely out of the cradle, the marriage to take place in the course of so many years—say when they would be respectively from nine to twelve years of age.

A CHINESE GIRL GRADUATE'S TESTIMONY.

In the class of graduates for 1885, from the Women's Medical College in New York, was a remarkable character, in the petite person of Kin Yai Me, a Chinese student, who graduated at the head of the class. Very little has been known of her, because her guardians and adopted parents have been most zealous to prevent her from being interviewed during her college life. She speaks English better than some of her American friends; she wears No. 1 shoes, has the regulation almond-shaped eyes, bangs her hair, which is long and straight, and possesses all the politeness of her race as well as its color. Like the people she is one of, she has a remarkable memory, and this gift was one of the telling qualities that placed her above the average student.

When she was three years old she was left an orphan, and was adopted by the then United States consul in China, Dr. McCarter. Her father was a converted Chinaman, and became a Presbyterian mission minister; he was also educated by Dr. McCarter, and devoted himself to the mission work among his own people in China. Both father and mother of Kin Yai Me died of cholera when she was three years of age, and the father left her to the care and education of his friend, who has well performed his trust. Dr. McCarter prepared her for the Medical College, and, being both talented and ambitious, she went into the study of medicine well coached and full of promise. Some idea of how well she had been fostered by her adopted parents may be traced in the fact that Mrs. McCarter always escorted her charge home from the College on Second Avenue during her period of study. When she graduated she had won the highest position in the class, and during an interview with her, she told one of the classmates she should return to China and practise among the women of her race, but to equip herself still more for that work, she should study awhile longer before returning. Upon the subject of marriage, Yai Me said:

"To marry outside of China would be an act never forgiven there; besides that I shall never marry there, either, for I shall be too old."

"Too old?" was the surprised reply.

"Yes. I am an old maid. I shall be over 21 before I return, and that is too old for Chinese women to marry. At 25 years of age few Chinese women have any chances to marry. All marry between 12 and 18 years of age."

"You might be an exception," was vouchsafed.

"No," she replied, "there are other reasons. I would not marry any but the elder son. The wives of junior sons are all ruled by the wife of the eldest. They and their children are under her supervision, and you see I could only marry the eldest son, and I shall be too old to do so."

"How old were you when you entered the medical college?"

"Eighteen," she replied, "and, although I have graduated, I have still much to accomplish before I take up my life work in China."

Kin Yai Me loves her profession—is, indeed, an enthusiast in it. Her marvellous memory was the comment of her class. The determination to spare her from undue publicity and note was rigidly enforced, but her scholarship and intended career induced an interest that cannot longer be concealed.

She is a Presbyterian in religion, while with her adopted parents, at least, and in the observance of the marriage customs of her own country, she still holds her allegiance in no small degree to the Celestial Kingdom. She has a brother who occupies some official position in China, and she resides for the present in Washington.—*The Toronto Globe.*

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EARLY BETROTHAL IN JAPAN.

"Early betrothals have never been as general in Japan as in other eastern countries, and they are now decreasing yearly. Mar-

riages are arranged by their respective parents, assisted by a man and his wife (mutual friends of the family) as an intermediary. Contrary to the usual notion on this subject, the wishes of the young people are generally consulted. The statement sometimes made that the wife in Japan is a mere chattel, to be lightly acquired or disposed of, is absolutely false. Divorces among the better classes are scarcely more frequent, or more frequently sought, than in many parts of our own country. Our tricky divorce lawyers would starve in Japan. If a divorce is demanded, the matter must be laid before the families of the couple, with the intermediary spoken of, as arbitrators, and neither the man nor the woman can be released from the marriage vow without their concurrence. As divorce must result in the sending of the wife back to the father for support, separations, without a grave and sufficient reason, are not easily obtained.

The position of a wife, and especially of a mother, in Japan, is all that a true woman can desire. It is not the custom, except on special occasions, for women to mingle with men who are not of their own family by blood or marriage. The restriction is not imposed by the legal lord alone, it is a part of the family organization, and by the family imposed for the promotion of morality and good order in society. Nothing can exceed the beauty and harmony of the Japanese when at home. Disrespect and disobedience to parents are rare, and we have often been compelled to contrast the family discipline of Japan with that of our own, much to our own mortification."



EARLY BETROTHAL FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES.

"Now Herod brought up his son's children with great care; for Alexander had two sons by Glaphyra, and Aristobulus had three sons by Bernice, Salome's daughter, and two daughters; and as his friends were once with him, he presented the children before them,

and deploring the hard fortune of his own sons, he prayed that no such ill-fortune would befall these who were their children, but that they might improve in virtue, and obtain what they justly deserved, and might make him amends for his care of their education. He also caused them to be betrothed against they should come to the proper age of marriage: the elder of Alexander's sons to Pheroras' daughter, and Antipater's daughter to Aristobulus' eldest son. He also allotted one of Aristobulus' daughters to Antipater's son, and Aristobulus' other daughter to Herod, a son of his own, who was born to him by the high priest's daughter: for it is the ancient practice among us to have many wives at the same time. Now the king made these espousals for the children, out of commiseration of them now they were fatherless, as endeavoring to render Antipater kind to them by these intermarriages.



EARLY BETROTHAL IN HINDOSTAN.

The *Times of India*, commenting on a remarkable contribution to the discussion that has been going on for the last twelve months about the social status of Hindoo women, their position in the household, and their relation with the other sex, says:

"The story a Hindoo woman has to tell is a sad one, and no doubt all the sadder, inasmuch as her letter shows her to be possessed of very unusual natural abilities. The 'wicked practice of early marriage' has, she declares, destroyed the happiness of her life, coming between her and the things she prizes above all others—study and mental cultivation. 'Without the least fault of mine I am doomed to seclusion; every aspiration of mine to rise above my ignorant sisters is looked upon with suspicion, and is interpreted in the most uncharitable manner.' She writes with a good deal of feminine emphasis, but she amply proves her case, that the rich and poor, old and young, of her sex suffer much misery and pain and degradation through the strict observance of social institutions

invented by men for their own advantage. Every woman, on the death of her husband, even if he be a child-husband, is condemned to a life of perpetual widowhood. But a man may not only marry a second wife on the death of his first one, but can marry any number of wives at one and the same time. Even if he has only one wife, he continues to live in the bosom of his own family, and has never, under any circumstances, to submit to the tender mercies of a mother-in-law. In India all the boys and girls are betrothed indissolubly almost as soon as they are born. At the age of eight, at least, a husband must be found for every girl. Girls are generally, perhaps, married at this age, and their parents are still at liberty to send them to school until they are ten years old. But after that the leave of the mother-in-law must be obtained. 'But even in these advanced times,' exclaims our correspondent, 'and even in Bombay—the chief centre of civilization—how many mothers-in-laws are there who send their daughters to school after they are ten years old?' Thus the girls are taken away from school just when they are beginning to understand and appreciate education. Even girls belonging to the most advanced families are mothers before they are fourteen, and have thenceforth to devote themselves to the hard realities of life. The unfortunate bride may neither sit nor speak in the presence of any elder member of her husband's family. She must work with the servants, rise early, and go to bed late, and be perpetually abused and frequently beaten by her mother-in-law. She must live in the most rigid seclusion. Her husband, who is entirely dependent on his family, can never take her part, and, fresh himself from college, is apt to despise her for her ignorance, and to tolerate her as a necessary evil. Our correspondent deliberately declares that 'the treatment which even servants receive from their European masters is far better than falls to the share of us Hindoo women. We are treated worse than beasts.' The strength both of mind and body is sapped by these early marriages. The children either die off as weakly seedlings or

grow up without vigor. The women lose their beauty at twenty, are long past their prime at thirty, and old at forty. But a worse fate awaits them if instead of being Hindoo wives they are Hindoo widows. Of this wretched fate our correspondent fortunately knows nothing personally, and so cannot write from experience. But there are 22,000,000 widows in India, many of whom lost their nominal husbands when they were children, and none of whom can ever marry again. For the rest of their lives they are deprived of ornaments and colored garments, their heads are shaved, they are condemned to the coarsest clothes and the poorest food, and wear out their days in seclusion as the low drudges of the household. They have to live like nuns, but amid all the temptations in a little world in which they are regarded as inferior beings, and when they hide their shame they are handed over to the English law for punishment"



It may truly be said with regard to early marriages, that "opinions differ," not only among individuals but among nations also, and oftentimes among those of the same name and nation. With regard to the ancient inhabitants of Greece and Rome, we find the sages giving various and even diverse counsels. Among the former, for instance. "The time of marriage was not the same in all places. The Spartans were not permitted to marry till they arrived at their full strength, and though we do not find what was the exact number of years they were confined to, yet it appears from one of Lycurgus' sayings that both men and women were limited in this affair; which that lawgiver being asked the reason of, said his design was that Spartan children might be strong and vigorous.

The Athenian laws are said once to have ordered that men should not marry till above 35 years of age; for human life being divided by Solon into ten weeks (or sevens), he affirmed that in the fifth of these weeks men were of ripeness to multiply their kind.

But this depended upon the humor of every Lawgiver, nothing being generally agreed on in this matter.

Aristotle thought 37 a good age ; Plato, 30 ; and Hesiod was much of the same judgment, for thus he advises his friend

The time to enter on a married life
Is about thirty, then bring home a wife ;
But don't delay too late, or wed too young,
Since strength and prudence to this state belong.

Women married sooner than men. Some of the old Athenian laws permitted them to marry at 26. Aristotle at 18, Hesiod at 15. The poet advising that woman be permitted to grow to maturity in four years, *i. e.*, four after ten, and marry in the fifth, *i. e.*, the fifteenth. Others think he means they might continue unmarried four years after their arrival at woman's estate, *i. e.*, at fourteen years, and marry in the fifth, *i. e.*, the nineteenth.

But as the women were sooner marriageable than men, so their time was far shorter, it being common for men to marry much older than women could expect to do, as Lysistrate complains in Aristophanes :

L. Y.—It's some concern to me when I reflect

On the poor girls that must despair of men,
And keep a stale and loathed celibacy.

P. R.—What, haven't the men the same hard measures, then ?

L. Y.—Oh no, they have a more propitious fate,
Since they at sixty when their vigor's past
Can wed a young and tender spouse to warm
Their aged limbs and to repair their years ;
But woman's joys are short and transient,
For if we once the golden minutes miss

There's no recalling, so severe's our doom ;
We must then long in vain, in vain expect,
And by our ills forewarn posterity."

But whether marrying early or late, they were all expected to enter the marriage state when opportunity allowed.

"The ancients believed in matrimony. Among the Romans all men of full age were compelled by law to marry, and an ancient English law obliged all men of twenty-five and upward to marry."

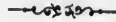
Modern times allow a good deal of liberty in this respect, and we fortunately are free from any iron-bound custom on the matrimonial matter. In America, where warmer climes promote a primer growth, (for there is an evident connection between genial suns and early marriages), it is no uncommon thing to see a young miss married midway of her teens. And by-and-by, judging from the precocity of this steam-and-lightning age, we shall have proposals made and betrothals arranged in the go-cart.



THAT LITTLE GIRL.

The jovial captain of one of the steamships now in port tells a good story relative to the May and December marriages so common in Brazil. A Brazilian gentleman, apparently over 50 years of age, was a passenger on his vessel. He was accompanied by two girls, one about 15, and the other younger. The gentleman was sea-sick in the cabin, and the girls were on deck, whereupon the captain endeavored to amuse them—took them on his knees, and told them stories, while he enjoyed their prattle and pretty smiles. In the midst of this pleasant occupation the gentleman came on deck. With a fierce expression he gazed upon the scene for a moment, and then inquired in a harsh, husky voice: "You, sir; are you married?" "Yes; I have a daughter older than your little girl here," said the captain. "She reminds me very much of mine." Here he

patted the pretty cheek. "That little girl, sir," exclaimed the indignant Brazilian, with great emphasis, "that little girl is my wife, sir." The captain collapsed.



Among us men are of age at twenty-one ; among the Romans they were so at twenty-five ; among the Jews thirteen years and one day. Females were of age according as circumstances regulated it—"the time appointed by the father." The father by his last will might fix any time for male or female.

Timothy was a young man ; but as among the Greeks and Romans the state of youth was extended to thirty years, no respectable young men were permitted to drink wine before that time ; and though he was now thirty-five years of age, yet he might still feel himself under the custom of his country relative to drinking wine, for his father was a Greek (Acts xvi. 1) ; and through the influence of his Christian profession, he might still continue to abstain from wine, drinking water only.—*Pictorial Explanatory New Testament.*



CONSENT OF PARENTS REQUIRED.

Virgins were not allowed to marry without the consent of their parents ; whence *Hero* in *Leander* in *Museus* tells *Leander* they could not be honorably joined in marriage, because her parents were against it :

"My parents to the match will not consent,
Therefore desist, it is not pertinent."

Hesmione in *Euripides* professes she had no concern about her marriage, but left that wholly to her father :

"I'm not concerned, my father will take care
Of all things that respect my nuptials."

The mother's consent was necessary as well as the father's ; nor were men permitted to marry without consulting their parents, for even the most early and ignorant ages were too well acquainted with the right which parents have over their children to think these had power to dispose of themselves without their parents' consent.

Acchilles in *Homer* refuses Agamemnon's daughter, and leaves it to his father Pelens to choose him a wife :

“If by heaven's blessing I return a bride,
My careful father will for me provide.”



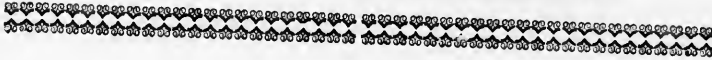
BETROTHAL DISPENSED WITH.

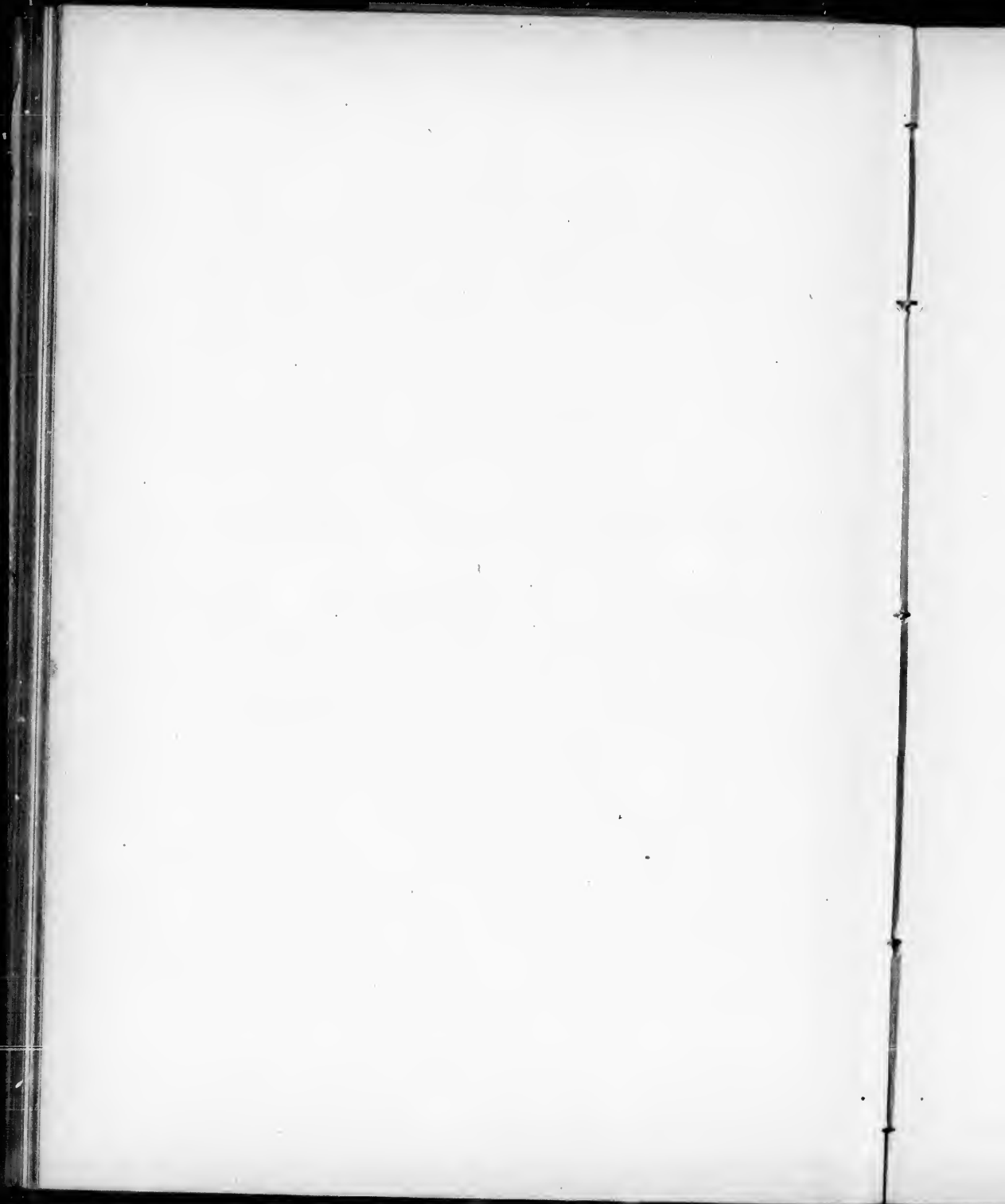
In the East you scarcely ever see a woman's face on the streets. A man does not even see his intended wife's before marriage, and not then unless he has paid for her. In Mohammedan countries all brides are sold to the highest bidder, the same as horses or camels, the money to be paid on delivery. Even after marriage the wife is kept like a prisoner in the harem, and always closely veiled when she appears in public.

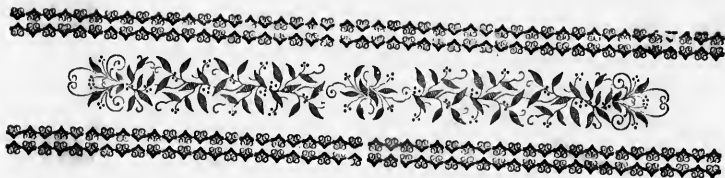




ESROUSALEM







Espousal.

IT HAS been said that every man is a hero at least twice in his brief earthly history, namely, at his birth and at his death ; and the married man, of course, adds another heroic period to his existence—that of his wedding day. Everybody feels a passing interest in the nuptial pair, and in the happy bridegroom little less than in his fairer bride. To this interesting epoch in a man's probationary state all things fair and pleasant are compared.

"The world is a wedding," says the Talmud, and that authority also avers in kindred sentiment, that "youth is a wreath of roses." And when, with vieing, varied beauty, youth meets youth—gentler youth with stronger youth—with the glory fresh in them of their charming, mutual prime, what sight on earth can be nobler and fairer withal ?

The sun, himself, is compared to one of the contracting parties, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber on his marriage morn, and "rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." And the earth is compared to the other (as also the Jewish church). "Thou shalt be called Heppzibah (my delight in her—the same name as Hezekiah's then reigning queen) and thy land Beulah (married), for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."

Even the dumb world is a wedding, and the earth is the bride of the sun. For every springtime, with the return of the "King of clay" from his wintry solstice, or stopping place, the earth "renews her mighty youth;" and, lo! this silent sphere, which is turned as clay to the seal, to be stamped afresh with life and beauty, grows cheerful in his beaming and benignant smile. And see! beneath his cheering ray, for there is nothing hid from the heat thereof, the erstwhile barren ground "brings forth and buds;" and the dumb air grows tuneful with songs of myriad birds that hail the nuptials of the celestial with the terrestrial; and the low world is yoked, like a buoyant car, to this heavenly courser, and is borne along and high aloft among the circling, sister, planetary chariots in his magnificent train, as he makes the stupendous passage of the ecliptic.

The clouds, too, seem wedded to the mountains of the earth, and oftentimes rest their soft and snowy forms, fair as a seraph's pinion, on their lofty, sky-kissing summits. And behold, also, how the migratory birds—wing-linked with brightness—are married to the glowing summer, as that queen of beauty and of song makes her fair-riding tour of the terraqueous globe, and woo her forever, as they follow her zone-sweeping train about the mighty circuit of the habitable globe.

Yes, even so, the dull earth, for nature loves contrasts, is married to the bright sun, and the low earth is joined by attraction to the high sun, and the slow earth is united by impulsion to the swift sun, whose surpassing velocity induced the heathen to offer only white chariot horses in solar sacrifice, and the cold earth is wedded to the warm sun, with his vivifying and eternally fructifying power, and from this auspicious union comes all her fruitfulness and glory.

And the soul, too, of man may well be described as being married to his body in most subtle, sacred bond, with union dear and precious.

"More closely wed than married pair."

The marriage tie being the "silver cord" of Solomon's wondrous, mystic song, or the fine, spinal marrow that holds the "golden bowl," and runs a sentient thread down all the trunk-supporting vertebra.

But the Jews say, with regard to Moses dying alone on Mount Horeb, that "God kissed his soul out of him," thus suggesting the gentleness and painlessness of his possible death. So grace may, through the mercy of God, soften the rigors of dissolving sense, and divine love may brighten the dark approach of the "king of terrors," even as a black face shines when the sun bursts full upon it. And though philosophy and science stand mute, with their "hand upon their mouth," hard by the last, terribly-trying scene of stern, dissolving nature, and fail to whisper living hope or breathe a breath of heavenly consolation; yet the Bible, blessed word, opens fresh, inspiring page, full of the energy of the resurrection; and the departing soul grows bright with the promise, and buoyant with eternal expectation, and pledges to the shuddering flesh, which now must die and leave her, that she will meet it again beyond the river, and remarry it in renewed power and glory on the great day of God; and beckoning it onward in triumph, she flaps her freed wings upward, singing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another."





THE DIVINE ESPOUSALS.

The love that crowns one king of men
Is not for idle telling;
'Tis deep and still, yet strong as death,
The love of man excelling.—MARGARET ROBBINS.

G O FORTH, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold king Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart."

It was customary among the ancients to adorn the heads of newly married couples with light wreaths, or marriage crowns, as if to show that this was the crowning day of their several lives. In accordance with this general usage, Bathsheba, the queen mother herself, bedecks the head of her son, the young prince Solomon, and hence the invitation, with its mystical meaning of the union subsisting between Christ and his church; and all are invited to the "marriage supper of the Lamb," for "behold a greater than Solomon is here."



Arrayed in glittering white,
With marriage wreath bedecked,
Awaiting nuptial rite—
Behold the Lord's elect.

The fair Bathsheba's son,
Himself surpassing fair ;
The glorious Solomon,
His wealth beyond compare.

But though the head be crowned
With light of blazing gems,
Except the heart be sound
In vain are diadems.

'Tis not the cap of state,
Nor joyful nuptial crown,
That makes the king so great,
'Tis love, and love alone.



THE SPOUSE'S ADMIRATION OF HIM.

"This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of
Jerusalem."

O, ye companions, list to me,
For my beloved is fair ;
His days are from eternity,
His love beyond compare.

Where'er I go, he leadeth me,
He moveth by my side ;
My bright, my heavenly bridegroom he,
And I, his blushing bride.



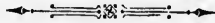
She shall be brought to the king in raiment of needlework, &c.
—*Canticles.*

My bridal wreath is christian joy,
 And sanctity my dress ;
 My banquet, bliss, without alloy,
 My robe is righteousness.

My chain of gold is his commands,
 My girdling, zone, his truth ;
 And Zion's vows my golden bands,
 My bloom—immortal youth.

His covenant my marriage ring,
 His smile my sun and moon ;
 His love is all the song I sing,
 And glory is my tune.

O, ye companions, list to me,
 Come with me to his *place* !
 Pavilioned in his brightness be,
 And taste his mighty grace.



THE KING'S DAUGHTER, OR THE ROYAL BRIDE.

“The king's daughter is all glorious within ; her clothing is of wrought gold.

She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework ; the virgins, her companions that follow her, shall be brought unto thee.

With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought ; they shall enter into the king's palace.”



“But what saith the Scriptures? ‘The King's daughter is all glorious within,’ (Ps. xlv.,) and as ships which are the fairest in show, yet are not always the fittest for use ; so neither are women

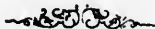
the more to be esteemed, but the more to be suspected, for their fair trappings; yet we condemn not in greater personages the use of ornaments; yea, we teach that silver, silks, and gold were created not only for the necessity, but also for ornament of the saints. In the practice whereof, Rebekah, a holy woman, is noted to have received from Isaac, a holy man, even ear-rings, habiliments, and bracelets of gold, (Gen. xxiv.,) therefore this is it we teach for rules of Christian sobriety, that if a woman neither exceed decency in fashion, nor the limits of her state and degree, and that she be proud of nothing, we see no reason but she may wear anything.

It followeth that she is like a ship, but what a ship? A ship of merchants—no doubt a great commendation, for the kingdom of heaven is like a merchant (Matt. xiii.), and merchants have been princes (Isa. xxiii.), and princes are gods (Ps. lxxxii.) The merchant is of all men most laborious for his life, the most adventurous in his labor, the most peaceable upon the sea, the most profitable to the land; yea, the merchant is the combination and union of lands and countries. She is like a ship of merchants, therefore first to be reckoned, as ye see, among the laity; not like a fisherman's boat, not like St. Peter's ship, for Christ did call no she apostles. Indeed, it is commendable in a woman when she is able by her wisdom to instruct her children, and to give at opportunities good counsel to her husband; but when women shall take upon them, as many have done, to build churches, and to chalk out discipline for the church, this is neither commendable nor tolerable; for 'her hands,' saith Solomon, 'must handle the spindle,' (ver 19), the spindle or the cradle, but neither the altar nor the temple; for St. John commendeth even to the elect lady, not so much her talking, as her walking in the commandments (2 John v. 6); therefore to such preaching women it may be answered, as St. Bernard sometimes answered the image of the blessed Virgin, at the great church at Sire, in Germany. Bernard was no sooner come into the church but the image straight saluted him, and bade him, 'Good morrow,

Bernard ;' whereat Bernard, well knowing the jugglery of the friars, made answer again out of St. Paul: 'O, your ladyship hath forgot yourself; it is not lawful for a woman to speak in the church.'

* * * * *

The bride that hath good cheer within, and good music, and a good bridegroom with her, may be merry, though the hail chance to rattle upon the tiles without upon her wedding day; though the world should rattle about his ears, a man may sit merry that sits at the feast of a good conscience; nay, the child of God, by virtue of this, in the midst of the waves of affliction, is as secure as that child, which in a shipwreck was upon a plank with his mother, till she awaked him securely sleeping, and then with his pretty countenance sweetly smiling, and by-and-by sportingly asking a stroke to beat the naughty waves, and at last, when they continued boisterous for all that, sharply chiding them, as though they had been but his playfellows. O the innocency! O the comfort of peace! O the tranquility of a spotless mind! There is no heaven so clear as a good conscience.—*Sermon by Robert Wilkinson, of Cambridge, preached before the King's Majesty at the nuptials of an Honourable Lord and Lady.*



THE BRIDEGROOM'S ADMIRATION OF THE BRIDE.

"Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely."

O blessed lips!
 The wild bee sips
 At no such fount of nectared juice,
 As those that hear
 Thy speech with fear,
 And know truth's ordinance and use.

Like scarlet thread,
So lively red,
With saving health and hallowed blood ;
Thy testimony
Drops like honey,
And still proclaims the Christ of God.

“ How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter !”

How beautiful those feet with shoes,
Which gospel preparations use !
They win their way
Like light of day,
And who their entrance would refuse.

“ Thou art comely through my comeliness, which I have put upon thee.”

O glorious dress—
Christ's righteousness !
Whose shadowy train love's pattern bears ;
Fair 'broidery,
Which angels see,
And glory decks the robe she wears.

“ Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate (a cut pomegranate showing the red juice inside) within thy locks.

Contrition's flush,
Pure virtue's blush,
So weil thy countenance doth grace ;
Like pulp of wine,
Thy temples shine,
While heaven approves with smiling face.

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

Repentance meet—
 Compunction sweet—
 And holy shame's suffusive glow,
 Thy brows adorn,
 Like rosy morn,
 And love's red seal enstamps thee now.



"The smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon"

With odors sweet,
 Her welcome feet
 Now tread the golden palace floor,
 And clearly o'er
 The pearly door
 Is writ: "They shall go out no more."



"The smell of thy nose is like apples."

Her grateful breath
 Revives e'en death,
 "The smell like apples"—Scripture saith;
 She breatheth bloom,
 E'en through the tomb,
 And fills the world with choice perfume.



"Thou art all fair my love; there is no spot in thee"

O spotless fair!
 Beyond compare,
 Sweet Zion, bound by sacred vows;
 Be thine our state,
 All new-create
 Meek members of the heavenly spouse

"Forget also thine own people, and thy father's house, so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty, for he is thy lord, and worship thou him."

She shall come before the king,
 Royal praises she shall sing
 In his ear,
 Sweet and clear,
 Like sounding chime of silver sphere



THE BRIDAL CHARIOT, OR NUPTIAL COUCH.

"King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon
 He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem."

"Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel.

They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night."



After these preliminaries, the bride was generally conducted from her father's house to that of the bridegroom in a chariot, drawn by a pair of mules or oxen, and furnished with a kind of couch, as a seat. On either side of her sat the bridegroom and one of his most intimate friends or relations.

Mention is expressly made in Hesiod of the carriage which was used on this solemn occasion; for driving in chariots is characteristic of the heroic age, and is appropriate either to high festivals and solemnities, or to great distances. Torches were carried by the side.

The nuptial procession was probably accompanied, according to circumstances, by a number of persons, some of whom carried the nuptial torches, and in some places, as in Bœtia, it was customary to burn the axle of the carriage on its arrival at the bridegroom's house, as a symbol that the bride was to remain at home, and not go abroad. If the bridegroom had been married before, the bride was not conducted to his house by himself, but by one of his friends.

The Greeks kept the marriage bed as a relic in the court, just opposite the door of the house.—*Anthon's Greece.*



Thou satest upon a stately bed. * * * Upon a lofty and high mountain hast thou made thy bed.—*Bible.*

I have decked my bed with coverings of tapestry with carved works, with fine linen of Egypt.

I have perfumed my bed with myrrh, and aloes, and cinnamon.—*Proverbs.*





MARRIAGE FELICITIES.

MARRIAGE (Matt. xxii. 2) is a divine institution. It is also a civil contract, (Gen. ii. 21) uniting one man and one woman together in the relation of husband and wife. Among the benefits of the institution are (1), Domestic comfort ; (2) Provision for the health, education, and support of children ; (3) The distribution of society into families, or small communities, with a master as governor over them, who has natural as well as legal authority ; (4) The security which arises from parental anxiety, and the confinement of children to permanent habitations ; and (5), The encouragement of industry.

No sins are more frequently and pointedly condemned by the Bible, than such as violate or impair the sacredness of the marriage relation ; and nothing is wanting to raise this to the highest, purest and most sacred relation in which two human beings can stand to each other, but obedience to the precepts of the Holy Scriptures on this subject."



"MARRIAGE IS HONOURABLE IN ALL."

Marriage is born of the skies,
And woman for man was made fair,
And the sweetest and tend'rest of ties
Are those which unite wedded pair.

'I will make a help meet,' it was said,
 When man stood in Eden alone,
 And so out of his side—not his head—
 Was made 'flesh of flesh, bone of bone.'

And woman stood forth to the view,
 Fair woman! sweet creature of God;
 And thus out of one were made two,
 Then two were made one, which seems odd.

So bachelors all take a wife,
 You cannot improve on God's plan;
 She'll double the joys of your life,
 And finish your growth as a man.

The foregoing effusion, written and presented as a "bridal gift," at a wedding not a thousand miles from Brantford, Ontario, is not inserted here merely to fill up space, or to please the ear with the jingle of light rhyme; but from a belief in the truth of the genial matter therein contained, and we find ourself in excellent company withal—which though Apocryphal in name, is yet not so in sentiment, when it says, "Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

"The grace of a wife delighteth her husband, and her discretion will tatten his bones.

As the sun when it riseth in the high heavens, so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of the house."

The Greeks called a married man by a name, which signified "complete," implying that an unmarried one was not altogether perfect: and rightly so, for, as saith the poet:

A wife's a man's best piece; who till he marries,
 Wants making up: she is the shrine to which
 Nature doth send us forth on pilgrimage;
 She was a scion taken from that tree,

Into which, if she has no second grafting,
 The world can have no fruit ; she is man's
 Arithmetic, which teaches him to number
 And multiply himself in his own children ;
 She is the good man's paradise, and the bad's
 First step to heaven, a treasure which, who wants,
 Cannot be trusted to posterity,
 Nor pay his own debts ; she's a golden sentence
 Writ by our Maker, which the angels may
 Discourse of, only men know how to use,
 And none but devils violate.—*Shirley*.

And the gallant Pope, deformed and unshapely as he was, comes
 to woman's defence, and rightly champions her cause, when he
 sings :

Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair ;
 With matchless impudence they style a wife
 The dear-bought curse and lawful plague of life ;
 A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,
 A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.
 Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
 But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard,
 All other goods by fortune's hands are given,—
 A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
 A wife ! ah, gentle deities, can he
 That has a wife, e'er feel adversity ?
 Would men but follow what the sex advise,
 All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.

“ Marriage was very honourable in several of the Grecian Com-
 monwealths, being very much encouraged by their laws, as the
 abstaining from it was discountenanced, and in some places pun-
 ished ; for the strength of States consisting in their number of peo-

ple, those that refused to contribute to their increase, were thought very cold in their affections to their country. The Lacedemonians are very remarkable for their severity against those who deferred marrying, as well as those who wholly abstained from it. No man among them could live without a wife beyond the time limited by their Lawgiver, without incurring several penalties; as first, the magistrates commanded such, once every winter, to run round the public Forum nude; and to increase their shame, they sung a certain song, the words whereof aggravated their crime, and exposed them to ridicule. Another of their punishments was, to be excluded from the exercises wherein young virgins contended. A third penalty was inflicted upon a certain solemnity, wherein the women dragged them round an altar, beating them all the time with their fists. Lastly they were deprived of that respect and observance, which the younger sort were obliged to pay to their elders; and therefore saith Plutarch, no man found fault with what was said to Dercyllidas, a great captain, and one that had commanded armies, who coming into the place of Assembly, a young man, instead of rising and making room, told him, 'Sir, you must not expect that honour from me being young, which cannot be returned to me by a child of yours when I am old.' To these we may add the Athenian law, whereby all that were commanders, orators, or intrusted with any public affairs, were to be married and have children."

For, says Solomon, In the multitude of people is the king's honour; but in the want of people is the destruction of the prince.

And the first commandment (after the prohibition) is, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth. Whereupon some have made it a question, whether this is not a command, obliging all men to marriage and procreation, as most of the Jewish doctors are of opinion. But to this it may be replied: 1st. That it is indeed a command, obliging all men so far as not to suffer the extinction of mankind, in which sense it did absolutely bind Adam and Eve, as

also Noah, and his sons, and their wives, after the flood. But, 2nd that it does not oblige every particular man to marry, appears from the example of our Lord Jesus, who lived and died in an unmarried state; from his commendation of those who made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of God (Matt. xix. 12), and from St. Paul's frequent approbation of Virginity (1 Cor. vii. 1, &c.) And therefore, 3rd, it is here rather a permission than a command, though it be expressed in the form of a command, as other permissions frequently are. Vid. Genesis ii. 16; Deuteronomy xiv. 4.—*Pool's Annotations.*

And how well this command to "increase and multiply" was obeyed in the early ages of mankind, and how highly commendatory the fulfilment of it was among even the Jews themselves, may be inferred from the fact that the Hebrew Judges (see Book of Judges) were all, or almost all, men of large families.

And Jerubbael the son of Joash went and dwelt in his own house.

And Gideon had three score and ten sons of his body begotten: for he had many wives.

* * * *

And he went unto his father's house at Ophrah, and slew his brethren the sons of Jerubbael, being threescore and ten persons, upon one stone: notwithstanding yet Jotham the youngest son of Jerubbael was left, for he hid himself.

* * * *

And after him arose Jair, a Gileadite, and judged Israel twenty and two years.

And he had thirty sons that rode on thirty ass colts, and they had thirty cities, which are called Havoth-jair unto this day, which are in the land of Gilead.

* * * *

And after him Ibzan of Bethlehem judged Israel.

And he had thirty sons, and thirty daughters, whom he sent abroad, and took in thirty daughters from abroad for his sons. And he judged Israel seven years.

* * * *

And after him Abdon, the son of Killiel, a Pirathonite, judge of Israel.

And he had forty sons and thirty nephews, that rode on threescore and ten ass colts : and he judged Israel eight years.

It will, therefore, be clearly seen that to decry matrimony is to deny posterity, to ignore paternity, and to despise the truest and dearest company ; for even a *small* family may prove a *great* blessing, and a *little* woman be a *large* treasure, as observes the somewhat facetious, but decidedly magnanimous "Reed Burton," when he thus exclaims :

I'd like a wife—a little wife ;
I ask no stately dame ;
No regal Juno's lightning glance
Can set my heart aflame.
Let others bend, with eager gaze,
At haughty beauties' throne,
But, ah ! it is a fairy queen
Who claims me as her own !

A dainty, wee and winsome thing,
Like her, the poet sings ;
Who seems to tread this grosser earth
Upborne by fairy wings—
Who walks, and talks, and sings, and smiles,
In such a witching way,
That love must in her pathway spring
As flowers spring in May!

Ah! Nature is a thrifty dame,
Who will economize ;
Her precious things she always makes
So very small in size.
And though her ruder wealth she pours
On river, sea and land,
Her perfect works are miniatures,
Wrought finely out by hand.

The little bird, as all can vouch,
Has e'er the sweetest song ;
To little flowers in the shade
The sweetest blooms belong ;
The little gem of purest ray
Is found without a flaw—
And little women rule the world
By universal law.

And yet her hands, so soft and white,
Seem only made to cling ;
Her little fingers, rosy-tipped,
Seem fettered by a ring ;

* * *

But trust those feet—those little feet—
To never trip or fall ;
And trust those little hands for help,
If help can come at all ;
And trust that little head to solve
The puzzling things of life—
For biggest heart, and mind, and soul,
Go trust—a little wife !

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

A SOUVENIR OF LOVE.

Dearest, sweetest, fondest, best,
 Lean your head upon my breast ;
 Loving arms shall thee entwine,
 Loving hands be placed in mine ;
 Throbbing hearts with pleasure beat,
 Happy eyes in gladness meet ;
 Peace and joy now reign supreme,
 Love our all-absorbing theme.

Picture of a living love,
 True as angel-notes above ;
 Constant as the Polar star,
 Shining in the heavens afar ;
 Deep and boundless as the sea,
 Ever pure and ever free ;
 Warm and bright as Southern skies,
 Earthly Eden—Paradise !

Love like this doth ever sing,
 Echoes wake and echoes ring ;
 Love and pain *may* sometimes meet,
 Love can make the pain a sweet ;
 Grief and care shall flee away,
 Darkest night be turned to day ;
 Winter snows to Summer showers,
 Autumn leaves to Spring's fresh flowers.

Sordid pleasures have their day,
 Truth and Love shall ne'er decay ;
 Heaven and earth their blessing give,
 Love and Truth shall ever live ;

Then let love our bosoms thrill,
 Empty hearts may have their fill ;
 The poorest may be rich in love,
 Bless'd on earth and crown'd above !

—*Bonus Aragus.*

—*—*—
 WEDDED ONENESS.

“Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife : and they shall be one flesh.”

The mutual identity and relationship of the primal married pair stand clearly revealed in three striking particulars. First, they were made of the same living substance—flesh and bone :

“And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh : she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man.”

Second, they were created the same day. God created them male and female, and called their name Adam in the same day that he created them. Some of the Rabbis say (and what is it they won't say ?) that Eve was not created till Sunday (or, rather, the Jewish Sabbath). “But let God be true and every man a liar.”

Thirdly, they were called by the same name, “Adam.” One name stood for both. Her identity was lost in his. He called *their* name Adam in the day that he created them. Here, then, at the very beginning, we have the origin of the custom of the woman taking her husband's name. Adam himself afterward called her Eve (living), significant of her universal motherhood, or “because she was the mother of all living.” Yet, though the proper name was not given her at the first, the common noun was pronounced upon her at sight, as it were. She shall be called Woman, says the enraptured Adam, because she was taken out of the man,

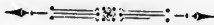
“Rabbi Joshua, of Saknin, said in the name of Rabbi Levi : ‘The Lord considered from what part of the man he should form

woman ; not from the head, lest she should be proud ; not from the eyes, lest she should wish to see everything ; not from the mouth, lest she should be talkative ; nor from the ear, lest she should wish to hear everything ; nor from the heart, lest she should be jealous ; nor from the hand, lest she should wish to find out everything ; nor from the feet, in order that she might not be a wanderer ; only from the most hidden place, that is covered even when a man is naked—namely, the rib.”—*Talmud*.

Some think that Adam called his wife Eve, in belief that God would make her the mother not only of all mankind in common, but of the promised seed in particular, by whom he hoped to be raised from the dead to immortal life.

So *Eva*, or *Havah*, may be interpreted *viva*, or *vivificatrix*, because she was the mother of all, and because mankind, when sentenced to death, were by her saved alive.

Hence, when the first child was born, she called him, jubilantly, *Cain* (possession), saying, I have gotten a man from the Lord (no common child, this) ; but she soon found that he was more related, morally, to the devil, and hence in her chagrin and disappointment she called the second son *Abel* (vanity or breath,)



THE BEST HELPER.

Man's other helpers come and go ;
 But this of God's providing,
 Still faithful clings through weal or woe,
 For evermore abiding :—

His help in sickness, help in health ;
 In youthful prime, and life's declining ;
 His help in poverty and wealth,
 Man's twin life-light forever shining :

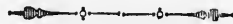
His help to counsel, comfort, cheer,
 Whate'er may overtake him ;
 His help to wipe away the tear,
 Though all mankind forsake him.

Thou fairer Adam !—sweet "Man-Ess"
 Earth's charm ; man's consolation ;
 Thy genesis was but to bless,
 All grace in thy creation !



WEDDED LOVE.

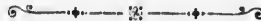
Hail ! wedded love ! mysterious law ! true source
 Of human offspring ! sole propriety
 In Paradise, of all things common else !
 By thee adulous lust was driv'n from men,
 Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee
 (Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure)
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets !
 Whose bed is undefil'd, and chaste pronounc'd—
 Here love his golden shafts employs ; here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings ;
 Reigns here, and revels.—*Milton.*



THE MARRIAGE BOAT.

Oh ! surely marriage is a great and sacred responsibility. It is a bark in which two souls venture out on life's stormy sea, with no aid but their own to help them ; the well-doing of their frail vessel must in future solely rest upon themselves ; no one can take part either to mar or make their bliss or misery. From the husband

alone must henceforth flow all the happiness that the wife is destined to know ; he is the only being she must care to please ; all other men are now to be to her but shadows glancing on the wall. And he—what is his share in the compact ? How does he fulfil his promise—redeem his pledge ? For does he not swear to guard and cherish, and look leniently on the faults of the gentle girl he takes to his heart ; and in return for all her duty and sweet obedience, be true to her in sickness and health, in wealth and in poverty, for ever and for ever ? And blessed are the unions in which those feelings are fostered and preserved.—*Hamilton.*



Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offence of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.—*Rowe.*

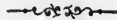


ADAM'S SLEEP—WAS IT A TRANCE ?

“ And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept ; and he took one of the ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof.” The deep sleep made Adam less sensible of the pain which otherwise he would have felt in the opening of his side if he had not been unconscious, or if his mind had not been wholly intent upon something else, as it was in this sleep, which was accompanied with an ecstasy (so the seventy translate this word, and it is agreeable to what we read in Job iv. 13)—in thoughts from the visions of the night, when *deep sleep* falleth upon man, &c. And it is thought that it was represented to Adam's mind both what was done to him and the mystery of it, as appears by his words in the 23rd and 24th verses, where he says, “ This is now bone of my bone,” &c.

THE "SEVENTY" CALL IT AN ECSTACY.

Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
 Of fancy, my internal sight, by which
 (Abstract as in a trance) methought I saw
 Tho' sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious, before whom awake I stood—
 Under his forming hands a creature grew
 Man-like, but different sex ; so lovely fair,
 That what seemed fair in all the world, seemed now
 Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained,
 And in her looks, which from that time infused
 Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before ;
 And into all things from her air inspired
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.—*Milton,*



THE NUMBER OF MAN'S RIBS.

"And he took one of the ribs," &c. *Thomas Bartholinus*, a famous physician, thinks that Adam had thirteen ribs on each side, and that God took away one pair, with the muscular parts that adhere to them, and out of them made Eve. For commonly men have but twelve ribs, though sometimes there have been found, as *Galen* and *Riolanus* testify, those who have had thirteen, and very rarely some who have had but eleven. Even as *Bartholinus* himself observed in a lusty strong man whom he dissected in the year 1657, who had but eleven on one side, and a small appearance of a twelfth on the other.

"And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman." Eve was not made out of the ground, as Adam had been, but out of his side, that he might breed a greater love between them as part of the same whole ; whereby he also effectually re-

commended marriage to all mankind as founded in nature, and as the re-union of man and woman. It is likewise observable that there is no mention made of his breathing a soul into her as into him ; for Moses only explains what was peculiar to Eve, which was her being made out of his side, the rest is supposed in these words : "I will make a help meet (fit) for him," which the vulgar Latin rightly translates, *simile er*, like unto himself. And as the word *anti* among the Greeks denotes likeness and similitude, as well as contrary, the woman, therefore was in all things like him ; only he made out of the earth, she out of him, that he might cleave unto her with the dearest love and affection. It is also intimated (Gen. i. 27) that they were both made in the image of God, which effectually disposes of the curious and silly notion of the Chinese, that women have no souls.



SATAN JUBILANT OVER THE FALL.

In the old Greek mysteries, the people used to carry about a serpent, and were instructed to cry "Eva," whereby the devil seemed to exult, as it were, over the unhappy fall of our first mother.

Philip Melancthon tells a story to this purpose, of some priests somewhere in Asia, who carry about with them a serpent in a brazen vessel, and as they attend it with a great deal of music and charms in verse, the serpent lifts up itself, opens its mouth, and thrusts out the head of a beautiful virgin ; the devil in this manner glorying in the downfall of Eve among these poor idolators. And an account of much the like nature is given us in books of travel in the West Indies.—*Nichol's Conference.*

There was a story of Adam and Eve, of the tree and the serpent, extant among the Indians long ago, and, as travellers tell us, is still preserved among the inhabitants of Peru and among the Brahmins.

A BETTER HALF BRINGS BETTER QUARTERS.

"When Dr. Wendell Holmes' brother John was advised to take a wife and live in a better house, he said he presumed, if he should get a better half, he would be sure of better quarters."

"I've a neat little cottage,
It stands by the street ;
If its outside is humble,
Its inside is neat.

I love my sweet Jinnie—
She's buxom and fair,
And sings like a birdie
To welcome me there !

I mind not the hardship,
The trouble of life,
For we keep up the courtship,
Although she's my wife."

 WEDDED LOVE'S DEVOTION.

I feel my spirit humbled when you call
My love of home a virtue ; 'tis the part
Yourself have play'd has fix'd me ; for the heart
Will anchor where its treasure is ; and small
As is the love I bear you, 'tis my all—
The widow's mite, compared with your desert :
You and our quiet room, then, are the mart
Of all my thoughts ; 'tis there they rise and fall.
The parent bird that in its wanderings
O'er hill and dale, through copse and leafy spray,

Sees nought to lure his constant heart away
 From her who gravely sits with furl'd wings,
 Watching their mutual charge: howe'er he roam,
 His eye still fixes on his mossy home.—*Clarke.*



WEDDED LOVE'S TRUE HARMONY.

Hail, holy love, thou word that sums all bliss,
 Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
 Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,
 Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
 Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!
 On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
 In Heaven! sweet chord that harmonizes all
 The harps of Paradise!
 Hail, love! first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
 The sparkling cream of all time's blessedness
 The silken down of happiness complete!
 Discerner of the riper grapes of joy,
 She gathereth, and selecteth with her hand,
 All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
 All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
 All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul;
 And brings the holy mixture home, and fills
 The heart with all superlatives of bliss.

—*Pollok.*



Behold Eve coming forth,
 Made to double Adam's worth—
 Completing nature's animated plan;
 For we find in all the past,
 Ere the fairest thing, the last,
 And "woman is the glory of the man."

THE BRIDE.

She standeth blushing by his side,
Fairest of earth-born creatures ;
The lily's bloom and rose's pride,
Well-wedded in her features :

Love's pilgrim with a backward sigh,
Going out—no more returning :—
A newer star illumes the sky,
A brighter sun is burning.

Two living streams converging flow,
With current nought can sever ;
The confluent waves no reflucence know,
What God doeth is forever.

The stronger with the gentler glides,
The grosser with the finer ;
As Harmony her numbers guides,—
The major with the minor.

And what with her shall we compare,
In this, life's grand transition ;
What symbol, object, emblem fair,
Shall furnish Type's provision ?

Like startled, shy, spray-swinging bird,
With balanced wing a-quiver ;
That sees the grass beneath her stirred,
Beside the bending river :

She hangs uncertain poised for flight
Yet doubting the occasion ;
Like wav'rer undecided, quite,
'Twixt warning and persuasion :

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

Like timid deer, in distant dell.
 Descrying object moving ;
 Some shadowy form it knows not well,
 Through woodland twilight roving :

 She gazing, starts, and starting, turns ;
 Then turns again and pauses ;
 Her eager spirit trembles, burns
 To find out what the cause is :

 Like ship descending down the "slips,"
 Gay-decked for trial motion—
 Going trembling forward as she dips,
 To embrace the buoyant ocean.

 As conscious when she woos the wave,
 And walks the tidal water,
 The deep must be her home or grave ;
 Fair *Neptune's* bannered daughter :

 In such suspense the maiden stands,
 'Twixt love and home endearment ;
 For none e'er felt love's golden bands,
 But knew what wholesome fear meant :

 Solicitous, yet anxious, she,
 To prove untried relations ;
 Like traveller 'lured by minstrelsy,
 Of foreign celebrations :

 Some fragments of the strain he knows,
 But not the complete measure ;
 And longs the burden to uncloze,
 Of song's unfolding treasure.

 Oh, stronger is elective love,
 Than love of sister, sire ;
 And they who feel its ardor prove,
 The coals are coals of fire.



MARRIAGES IN STRANGE PLACES.

MARRIAGES have oftentimes been celebrated in curious places, for the sake of novelty, or notoriety, or both. In passing through the Mammoth Cave, the guide points out a place, near what is called the "Gothic Pulpit" (a remarkable formation of stalagmite, closely resembling an old-fashioned "desk," as the pulpit is called in America), where a young belle of Southern climes was wedded to the object of her choice, against the express wishes of her dying aunt, whom she had promised that she never would marry "any man on the face of the earth." So the ingenious and prevaricating maiden took her affianced below the earth to marry him, and thus kept her word and got a husband, too.

Others have been married in balloons, and have gone up as high above the earth as the aforesaid party did below it.

But a better and more sensible wedding, and scarcely less unique, was celebrated by a minister of the gospel, who has now gone to his reward.

"It is said of the beloved Summerfield, that on one occasion, before a large audience, he announced a marriage ceremony about to be performed. The excited assembly, in almost breathless suspense, waited the introduction of the parties concerned, when the devoted one announced himself as one of the parties, and observed, in a manner solemn as eternity, that he was now about to be united in marriage covenant. He then, with a solemnity never to be for-

gotten, brought himself under the bonds of allegiance to Christ—to take him as the bridegroom of his soul and supreme object of his heart's adoration; and to have all his interests for time and eternity in prominent, entire and perpetual oneness with Christ.

'You may say, I am fearful of thus solemnly engaging myself, lest, in an unguarded moment, I may violate my pledge—and is it not better to remain unpledged, than to vow and not perform? Can you conceive yourself so won with the loveliness of a fellow-being as to venture in marriage covenant without fearful forebodings of inconstancy? Were I, on this principle, to dissuade you from entering into the solemnities of the marriage contract with one worthy of your love, would you not reproachfully repel the suggestion with the persuasion that I had but little knowledge of the strength of your affection, or the exceeding amiability of your friend? Would you not rather contemplate the blessedness of an enduring relationship, in confident expectation that a riper knowledge would but heighten your estimation, and increase the ardor of your love?

And now can you not, in expectation of corresponding results, contemplate an ever-enduring union with the Altogether Lovely?

If you ever thus take Christ as the bridegroom of your soul, the decisive hour must arrive for the consummation of that union. It has only been delayed for want of an entire acquiescence on your part. The heavenly bridegroom even now is waiting with glorious attendants from the upper world to hear your decision, to witness the consummation, and to ratify and record on the pages of eternity the infinitely responsible act. He now presents the terms of the covenant, and invites you in his strength to lay hold upon it. Will you keep him longer waiting, and subject yourself to the fearful probability of his taking a returnless departure, or will you signalize this eventful, solemn hour on the annals of eternity, as the specific period when you subscribed your name to a covenant which

brought you under obligations never to be annulled, of a perpetual surrender of your being to him?

O happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad."



MARRIED ON HORSEBACK.

"A romantic marriage occurred last Monday night, about eight o'clock, in front of the residence of Justice McCann, on Green St., Louisville. George A. Elkins and Mollie Stewart, a runaway couple hailing from Henry County, Ky., shouted a loud hello several times to attract the attention of the magistrate, who came out to the street with a lantern, and asked what was the matter.

The young gentleman and lady were seated on the same horse, and were drenched with the rain which had been falling for several hours. Elkins said they wanted to be married at once, and that the ceremony would have to be hurried, as the father and brothers of the young lady were in pursuit of them.

The Justice asked the couple to shew their license, which was done, and then invited them into the house, where the ceremony could be performed. This the couple refused to do, on the ground of not having sufficient time, and asked, instead to be married then and there on horseback.

The 'Squire consented after some hesitation, and called to Col. Hardin, who happened to be passing at the time, to hold an umbrella over the head of the two while the service could be performed. The ceremony was brief, and at the conclusion the groom remunerated the 'Squire with a liberal sum, when the couple rode away. The bride was young, very pretty, while the husband looked like a prosperous and well-to-do young farmer."



MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

BRIDEMEN, OR "THE CHILDREN OF THE BRIDECHAMBER."



WHEN came to him the disciples of John, saying, Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not? And Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bridechamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them? but the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast.—*New Testament.*

The children of the bridechamber were the "bridemen," the young men who used to be attendants at marriages on the bridegroom. Their attendance continued seven days, during which time they were exempted from attending to the stated times of prayer, the use of phylacteries, the dwelling in booths, if at the time of the Feast of the Tabernacle, and from the occasions of fasting. The Pharisees themselves sanctioned these regulations.

It would be unreasonable for the companions of a bridegroom to fast during the days allotted to his nuptials, which were usually spent in feasting; but if any calamity tore him from them, their joy would be turned to mourning, and their feasting into fasting. In like manner, it would be improper for his disciples to fast while they had the comfort of his presence; but he would soon be taken

from them, and then they would meet with hardships and trials, which would make fasting seasonable.—*Pictorial and Explanatory New Testament.*



THE WEDDING GARMENT.

And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment.

And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.

Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

For many are called, but few are chosen.—*New Testament.*



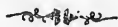
In the East, everyone that came to a marriage-feast was expected to appear in a handsome and elegant dress, which was called "the wedding garment." This was frequently a white robe. When the guest was a stranger, or was not able to provide such a robe, it was usual for the master of the feast to furnish him with one; and if he who gave the entertainment was of high rank and opulence, he sometimes provided marriage robes for the whole assembly. To this custom we have allusion in Homer, and other classic writers, and there are some traces of it in the entertainments of the Turkish court at this very day. It must be remarked, also, that it was in a very high degree indecorous and offensive to good manners to intrude into the festivity without this garment.

It is well known that banquets were generally celebrated in rooms that were finely illuminated and richly ordered. And considering how splendid and magnificent the entertainments of the Eastern princes were, it cannot be thought an unnatural circumstance

that such an affront as this offered to the king, his son, his bride, and the rest of the company, should be punished with bonds and a dungeon.—*Pictorial and Explanatory New Testament.*

Every guest invited to the wedding, at the royal marriage of Sultan Mahmoud, a few years ago, had made expressly for him at the expense of the Sultan a wedding garment. No one, however dignified by his station, was permitted to enter into the presence-chamber of that sovereign without a change of raiment.

The dungeons were not far from the banqueting room, but deep down, below the very foundations, in the bowels of the earth, and suggestive of Joah's dreadful hyperbole, "the belly of hell."



The wedding garment was of another fashion than all the rest ; therefore, if thou fashionest thyself like all the rest, thou has not on the wedding garment, for this was nothing like unto the rest. Christ's garment was of another manner of fashion, differing from the rest of the world ; so thy life must be of another fashion than the world, or else, as the fashion of the world passeth away, so thou shalt pass and perish with it. God doth not like the fashion of the world. * * * Then you must not make religion but a table talk, for this is the fashion of the world ; then you must not turn with the time, for this is the fashion of the world ; then you must not defer to do good till you die, for this is the fashion of the world. The world is a bad pattern to follow, because, as the flesh followeth the devil, so the world followeth the flesh. Therefore, say no more, "we must do as the world doth," but say, "we must not do as the world doth." You say, you go so because it is the fashion ; God saith, "go not so because it is the fashion." If you come but in the fashion, you shall be in the abuse. There is no man that weareth the cutter's fashion, but he is a cutter ; none which cutteth his hair like them which are proud, but he is proud ;

none that colareth her face like them which are wanton, but she is wanton ; none which sweareth like them which lie, but he will lie as well as swear. Therefore, make not your life of the world's fashion.

He which biddeth us *refrain from every show of evil* would have us refrain from the show of idolatry and the show of heresy, for these are the greatest evils. But if we be not idolatrous, yet have we the show of idolatry ; if we be not of Anti-Christ's religion, yet we be of Antichrist's fashion so long as we show forth the same badge and cognizance: you know what I mean. This is to jump with the world, and leap to hell. This is not to be in fashion, but out of fashion. Therefore hear ye now the best fashion.

* * * * *

The way is like a thicket, and the door like a needle's eye, therefore it is impossible for you to come thither. But when you send Faith, Hope and Love, those messenger of peace and truth, they will bring you word, saying your ruffs must be ruffled, and your fardingales (crinolines) crushed, pride must be put off, and other sins ; and none shall be kept out of heaven but such as will take their sins with them, for they be unbecoming the country. So that ere we come thither we must leave them, like the shadow when we go in at the door, and we must shake hands with them, and bid them farewell.—*Henry Smith, (1670).*





ECCENTRIC BRIDEGROOMS.

SOME SPICY ANECDOTES RELATING TO WEDDINGS, MISLAPS
TO MINISTERS, ETC.

THERE was a clergyman who married a couple, and at the wedding breakfast one of the bridesmaids expressed a wish to see that mystic document, a wedding license, which she had never beheld in her lifetime. The request occasioned a fearful discovery. The clergyman had quite forgotten to ask for the license; the bridegroom had left it to the 'best man' to procure it, and this the man had forgotten to do. Of course the marriage was no marriage at all. The wedding party broke up in dismay, and the ceremony was performed again next day. The poor clergyman, however, never got over the effects of his blunder."



"On another occasion, a clergyman got himself into considerable trouble. He was of the type known as Ritualistic, and persuaded a worthy couple, who had been married at a non-Conformist chapel, that they had not been ecclesiastically married at all, and that it was necessary that they should be married over again at the parish church. This was very much resented by the non-Conformist interest, and the clergyman was put upon his trial at the Oxford

assizes. The judge took a very lenient view, and said that, as the parties had already been legally married, further service was illusory, and that he might just as well have read 'Chevy Chase' over them."



"In one of his novels, Charles Reade makes his hero, a clergyman, wonder whether he might not legally marry himself to the heroine, especially as they were both cast upon a desolate island. It may be well that novelists and novel readers should be aware that for a clergyman to officiate at his own marriage is utterly illegal."



"One day an elderly gentleman met a young one. 'I have had a hard day's work,' said the young Levite. 'I began at seven o'clock this morning by marrying a couple.' 'Allow me to inform you,' said his senior, 'that a marriage at that time of day, according to English law, is no marriage at all. Moreover, to the best of my belief, you have made yourself liable to seven years' penal servitude. Between eight and twelve is the prescribed time. You had better go back as soon as you can and marry them over again.'"



"I have known brides, when the grooms have failed to make the proper responses, to prompt them immediately, with the greatest facility. As for the men, they commit all kinds of blunders and bunglings. I have known a man, at that very trying and nervous moment, follow the clergyman within the communion rail, and prepare to take a place opposite him. I have known a man, when the minister stretched out his hand to unite those of the couple, take it vigorously in his own, and give it a hearty shake. Some ladies have an almost unconquerable reluctance to use the word 'obey'; one or two, if their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the word 'nobey.' The word, however, has

formally to be admitted into the language. There was one girl, who was being married by a very kind old clergyman, who absolutely refused to utter the word 'obey.' The minister suggested, that if she was unwilling to utter the word aloud, she should whisper it to him, but the young lady refused even this kind of a compromise. Further, however, than this the clergyman refused to accommodate her; but when he was forced to dismiss them all without proceeding any further, the recalcitrant young person consented to 'obey.'

"The difficulty, however, is not always made on the side of the lady. On one occasion the bridegroom wished to deliver a little oration, qualifying his vow, and describing in what sense and to what extent he was using the words of the formula. He was, of course, given to understand that nothing of this kind could be permitted. There was one man who accompanied the formula with sotto voce remarks, which must have been exceedingly disagreeable to the officiating minister. He interpolated remarks after the fashion of Burchell's 'Fudge.' 'With this ring I thee wed; that's superstition.' 'With my body I thee worship; that's idolatry.' 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow; that's a lie.' It is a wonder that such a being was not conducted out of church by the beadle."

"This puts me in mind of an anecdote that is told of a man, who in his time was a Cabinet Minister. There was a great discussion on the question whether a man can marry on £300 a year. 'All I can say,' said the great man, 'is that when I said, With all my worldly goods I thee endow, so far from having £300, I question whether, when all my debts were paid, I had 300 pence.' 'Yes, my love,' said his wife, 'but you had your splendid intellect.' 'I didn't endow you with that, ma'am,' sharply retorted the right honorable husband."

"Sweet girl! you know three hundred pounds
 Would prove a slender axis
 For household wheels to run their rounds
 In yearly rent and taxes.
 You see, dear, that our home must be
 Out West, about the squares,
 With good reception rooms—full three—
 And servants' flights of stairs.
 You must have 'soirees' now and then
 (Though I can't see their use),
 And I must often have some men
 To dinner—'a la Russe.
 I've asked my uncle for his aid,
 Of course, he won't accord it;
 And so our bliss must be delayed,
 For means, love, won't afford it."



"The following case was related to me by a Bishop of the Church of England: There was a man who officiated as a clergyman in a large town for about fifteen years. At the lapse of that time it was accidentally discovered that he was an impostor. A bishop came, or the man went into a new diocese; anyhow, the request came that he would produce his letters of orders. Letters of orders are precious and remarkable documents; if once lost they cannot be replaced. The pseudo clergyman replied, expressing his regret, that in the course of removal the letters had been hopelessly mislaid, but hoped that the length of time in which he had served in the diocese would be a sufficient voucher. The Bishop wrote back to say that he regretted the loss of the letters of orders, and that it would be quite sufficient if he gave exact dates, which would enable him to refer to the diocese registry. The imposture then became known. It was a matter of great anxiety to settle what

had best be done under such circumstances. Of course, a very large number of marriages had been performed during these fifteen years, not one of which was legal. The first suggestion was that an act should be passed making these marriages legal. There was objections to this course. It was considered that an immense deal of pain would be caused by the publication of the invalidity of these marriages, and that peculiar hardships would be done in the case of children where one or both parents had died in the meantime. On a certain evening there was a solemn discussion between the Bishop of the diocese and the Home Secretary, the result of which was a communication to the false clergyman, that if he left England immediately, and forever, proceedings would not be taken, but that otherwise he would be prosecuted."

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"At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words, 'love, honor and obey,' the groom interrupted him, and said: 'Read that agin, sah; read it once mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meaning. Ise been married befo!'"

—◆◆◆—

A VERY ECCENTRIC MARRIAGE.

Here is an extract from a newspaper of 1811:—"Last week, in Hertfordshire, John Freeman, a chimney-sweeper, to Miss Priscilla Thackthwaite, with a fortune of £4,000. Miss Thackthwaite was a very eccentric character, and on her coming of age, declared that she would be married either to a soldier, a sailor, a cobbler or a chimney-sweeper. In consequence of this declaration, Peter Norman, a soldier; Henry Dalton, a sailor; James Hunt, a cobbler, and John Freeman, a chimney-sweeper, respectively paid their addresses to this fair female, and exerted all their abilities to win her heart. After a minute's deliberation on the merits of the different suitors, she gave the preference to the member of the sooty tribe." *English Exchange.*

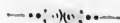
CREELING THE BRIDEGRROOM.

A Scottish custom of "Auld Lang Syne," in connection with marriage, was as follows:—Early in the day after the marriage those interested in the proceedings assembled at the home of the new-married couple, bringing with them a "creel" or basket, which they filled with stones. The young husband, on being brought to the door, had the creel firmly fixed to his back, and with it in this position had to run the round of the town, or at least the chief portion of it, followed by a number of men to see that he did not drop his burden, the only condition on which he was allowed to do so being that his wife should come after him and kiss him. As relief depended altogether on the wife, it would sometimes happen that the husband did not need to run more than a few yards; but when she was more than ordinarily bashful, or wished to have a little sport at the expense of her lord and master—which it may be supposed would not infrequently be the case—he had to carry his load a considerable distance. This custom was very strictly enforced, for the person who was last creeled had charge of the ceremony, and he was naturally anxious that no one should escape. It would seem that this practice came to an end about sixty years ago, in the person of one Robert Young, who, on the ostensible plea of a sore back, lay abed all the day after his marriage, and obstinately refused to get up and be creeled. He had been thrice married before, and no doubt felt he had enough of creeling.



"A couple were married at a fair, for a prize, recently, at Onondaga, N. Y. A local journal says: 'In response to the offer of a prize, a couple mounted a high platform, and were married in the presence of assembled and hurraing thousands. Cheering and laughable exclamations broke out at the various points in the ceremony, embarrassing the minister very much. Finally it was over,

and the fair bride was kissed by the groom, and six groomsmen, fourteen reporters, and more than twenty-five men who had taken prizes.' It was an incongruous beginning to the serious duties of married life—the climax, so far as we have reached yet, to the tendency to regard the entrance upon the solemn obligations of matrimony as a joke. The same journal suggests, with grim pleasantry, that next year the managers of the fair should vary the programme by offering a prize to any one who will die on the grounds. That would be a matter still further removed from the sphere of joking but the carelessness commonly displayed in rightly preparing for that momentous event, which lies before every one, proves that the gravity of that also is not generally realized (Ps. xxxix. 4)."



"A romantic marriage took place in Brooklyn, N. Y., a short time ago. In the summer of 1885, a wealthy widow lady residing in Brooklyn died, and left an eccentric will. She bequeathed the whole of her property, valued at \$80,000, in trust to her young companion, a charming French lady, who some years before had answered her advertisement for a reader and pianist. The young lady was enjoined to search for the testator's only son, who ran away from home in 1871. It was the widow's wish that if the son could be found he and the young French lady should marry, and divide her estate equally. If either of the two refused to marry, the party refusing was to have one-fourth of the estate, and the other party the remaining three-fourths. The search for the runaway, which the widow had prosecuted without success, was resumed, and this summer he was discovered in Mexico. He returned to Brooklyn six weeks ago, but the nature of his mother's will was concealed from him. The lawyer, however, introduced him to the French lady, who was a total stranger to him. They became attached to each other, and before the young man was informed of his mother's arrangement, he asked her to marry him. Then he

learned that he was unconsciously fulfilling his mother's wishes. As he was an undutiful son, it is possible that unconscious obedience was the only kind of obedience he would render. God has often made use of ungodly men as instruments to carry out His purposes. They do His will while they imagine they are following their own volition (Isa. x. 6-7)."



A METHODIST MINISTER'S MATRIMONIAL METHOD.

About forty years ago there lived a Methodist preacher who had resisted all persuasions to marry until he had reached a tolerably advanced age. Shortly after entering one of his circuits, a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would probably not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his reputed eccentricities. "Do you think tho?" was the response, for he very perceptibly lisped, "then I'll go and thee her." He was a man of his word. His ring at the door-bell was answered by the serving maid. "Ith Mith P— witbin?" briskly, but calmly, asked the minister. "Yes, sir. Will you walk in?" "No, I thank you. Be kind enough to thay to Mith P— that I with to thepeak to her for a moment." Miss P— appeared, and repeated the invitation to walk in. "No, thank you; I'll thoon explain my bithiness. I'm the Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My friendth think I'd better marry. They recommend you for my wife. Have you any objection?" "Why—really, Mr. S—." "There—don't anthwer now. Will call thith day week for your reply." At that day week he reappeared at the door of Miss P—'s residence. It was answered by the lady herself. "Walk in, Mr. S—." "Cannot, ma'am. Have not time. Start on my circuit round in half an hour. -Ith your answer ready, ma'am?" "Oh, do walk in, Mr S—, it is a very

serious matter. I should not like to get out of the way of Providence." "I perfectly understand you, Mith P——. We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready, ma'am." He called on that day week at that hour. She was ready; they were married, and lived happily together.—*Christian Leader*.



Unpoetical and unsentimental as the above manner of courtship may appear to the general reader, and distasteful as it may seem to the romantic maiden or the chivalrous "cavalier," it is nevertheless infinitely preferable, both for piety's sake and propriety's sake, to the usual dilly-dallying, shilly-shallying mode of amorous procedure altogether too common in our midst, both among the religious and the irreligious portion of the community. All candid Christians will, we think, be ready to admit that the courting period of life, though very entertaining, interesting, and oftentimes all-absorbing in character, is nevertheless one of the barrenest spots in the career of a useful professor of the faith of Christ. This common sense, practical way of assuming the responsibilities of the marriage relation seems, despite its dryness and brevity, to be more consistent with the dignity of the clerical order than the lighter course of conduct pursued by a certain German clergyman, who recently married an English woman with romantic ideas out on an iceberg in the Arctic ocean.



A WESTERNER'S WEDDING DISPATCH.

* * * Then he looked across the street, and saw the signs of the Chicago Museum. "A show, hey? Well, I'll take that in, sure." He bought a ticket and passed in, and was soon contemplating the pretty girls in the costumes of all nations. Round and round he walked, and all the time his wonder grew. He glanced furtively and bashfully at the beauties in their gorgeous

and becoming costumes. "Wonder if they can't talk United States?" he thought. Finally he found a post against which he could stand, and thus braced, he pushed his hat brim up out of the way, and stared long and earnestly at one of the young ladies, who seemed to take his eye. The girl was fully conscious of this admiring look, but, like a well-behaved woman, took no notice of it until after the space of some minutes, when the steady gaze brought a color to her cheeks, and a half smile to her face, which she attempted to hide by quickly turning about. This was not lost to the keen eye of the western man, and several times he moved forward as if to speak to the girl, but each time shrank back bashfully and resumed his first position. The girl became somewhat nervous. She attempted to dust off the front of her booth with a feather brush, but it flew from her fingers upon the floor. The man sprang quickly forward, and handed it to her with untaught grace.

"Thank you, sir," she said, with a smile and a blush.

"Oh, can you talk American?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "Why not?"

"Oh, I dunno; you're wearing a furrin rig, you know."

"Yes, I am an American," she said.

"It's a mighty purty rig, anyhow," he said.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes. Do you stay here all the time?"

"No; I live at home. I'm only here for a couple of weeks."

"I'm a stranger in town," he said.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, I live in Arizona."

"Is that far away?"

"Yes. It's lonesome for me out there sometimes."

"Why don't you live in a city?"

"'Cause I've got a ranch and a lot of cattle."

She looked at him with sudden respect, for she had heard of the western cattle kings.

"I was going east to see a gal," he said after a pause. "But I don't think I'll go now."

"Why not?"

"Cause I've found a girl that suits me in Chicago."

"You're lucky," said the girl, smiling at the simplicity of the man. "Who is she?"

"You."

"Oh, go on with your foolishness. You never saw me before."

"No," said he; "but I'm going to stay in Chicago and see you again. Fact is, I want a wife. I'm a plain man. If you'll marry me, say so."

"This is so sudden, and I don't know you—

"Never mind that. Where do you live?"

"No. — Blank street."

"Father and mother living?"

"Father is dead. I live with my mother."

"And you come here to make a little money toward paying the rent?"

"How did you know?"

"Never mind. I'm coming up to see you to-night. I've got letters to Chicago men that will show who and what I am. If your mother will go along with us, I'll be glad to have her along. Anyway, I'm going to take you."

"You're very confident, seems to me," said the young lady, who had suddenly come to think a yellow beard handsome.

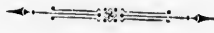
"Never mind," said the Arizonian. "Tie up the dog and leave the latch string out to-night, for I'm coming," and he walked away.

To-day there is a vacancy in the "Bazaar of Nations," for one of the prettiest girls has gone, and in a neat little cottage in the north division an old lady and girl are sewing on a serviceable bridal outfit.



WEDDING PRESENTS AND BRIDAL OUTFIT.

IT HAS just been ascertained that during the Czar's recent visit to Denmark he arranged to give a grand wedding present to his brother-in-law, on the occasion of the latter's marriage to Princess Marie of Orleans. The Czar mysteriously purchased a villa near the city of Copenhagen, and there was considerable speculation as to his object, and he has now given orders to have the villa pulled down, and a palatial chateau erected on its site. The chateau is to be superbly furnished, and is then to be presented as a bridal gift to Prince Waldemar.



And Caleb said, He that smitheth Kirjath-sepher, and taketh it, to him will I give Achsah my daughter to wife.

And Othniel, the son of Kenaz, Caleb's younger brother, took it : and he gave him Achsah his daughter to wife.

And it came to pass, when she came to him, that she moved him to ask of her father a field : and she lighted from off her ass ; and Caleb said unto her, What wilt thou ?

And she said unto him, Give me a blessing : for thou has given me a south land ; give me also springs of water. And Caleb gave her the upper springs and the nether springs.—*Judges.*

WEDDING PRESENTS AS A SOURCE OF REVENUE.

"I am getting tired of this," said an Englewood citizen. "I like to be courteous to neighbors, and don't mind helping a young couple to a lift, but I guess I'll quit. Here is an invitation to another wedding. Of course it will be very swell. Hundreds of people who barely know the couple will attend and carry gifts just because it is to be a fashionable event, and they like to have their names in the papers. Twice within the last year I have gone to jewellery or furnishing stores kept by acquaintances of mine, and there found for sale articles which my wife or I had given the proprietors at their weddings. Of course they were duplicates, and no household needs 23 pickle-dishes or 19 spoonholders, but I guess I won't go to any more weddings outside of my own family. I don't object to helping set a young couple up in their house, but I draw the line on setting them up in business."—*Chicago Herald*.



AUTUMN WEDDING STYLES.

"The first thing which strikes the eye of the fortunate person who is invited to see the bridal gifts is the predominance of silver-ware. We have now passed the age of bronze and brass, and silver holds the first place of importance. Not only the coffee and tea sets, but the dinner sets and the whole furniture of the writing-table, and even brooms and brushes, are made with repousse silver handles—these, of course, for the toilette, as for dusting velvet, feathers, bonnets, &c.

The oxidized, ugly, discolored silver has all gone out, and the beautiful, bright, highly-polished silver, with its own natural and unmatchable color, has come in. The salvers afford a splendid surface for a monogram, which is now copied from the old Dutch silver, and bears many a true lover's knot, and every sort and kind of ornamentation; sometimes even a little verse, or posy, as it was

called in olden time. One tea-caddy at a recent wedding bore the following almost obsolete rhyme, which Corydon might have sent to Phyllis in pastoral times :—

‘ My heart to you is given ;
 Oh, do give yours to me ;
 We'll lock them up together,
 And throw away the key.’

It should be added that the silver tea-caddy was in the shape of a heart, and that it had a key. Very dear to the heart of a housewife is the tea-caddy which can be locked.

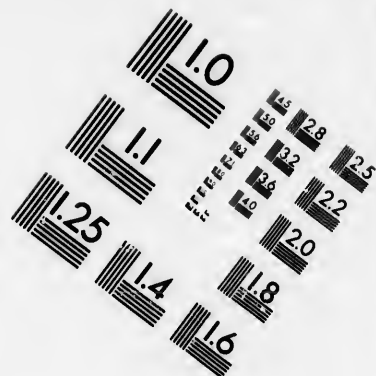
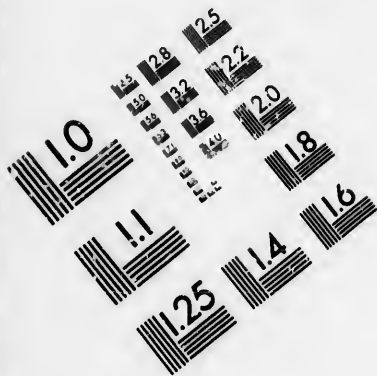
Another unique present was a gold tea-scoop of ancient pattern, probably once a baby's pap spoon. There were also apostle-spoons, and little silver canoes and other devices to hold cigarettes and ashes ; little mysterious boxes for the toilette, to hold the tongs for curling hair, and hair pins ; mirror frames, and even the chair backs and tables—all of silver.

Friends conspire to make their offerings together, so that there may be no duplicates, and no pieces in the silver service which do not match. This is a very excellent plan.

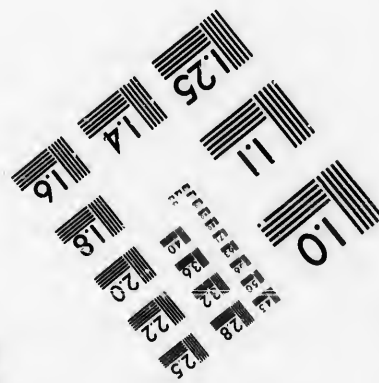
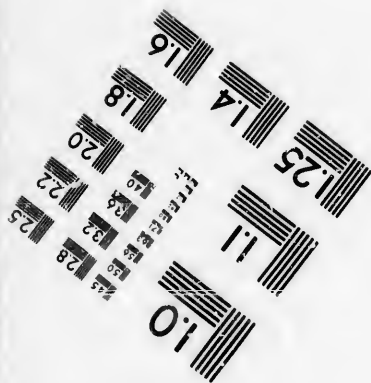
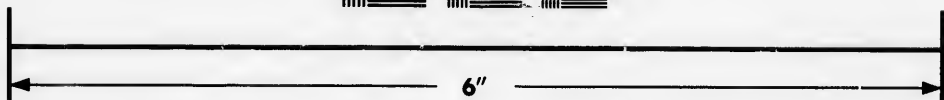
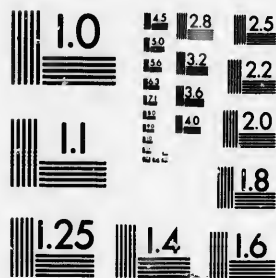
It is no longer the fashion to display the presents at the wedding. They are arranged in an upper room, and shown to a few friends of the bride the day before the ceremony. Nor is it the fashion for the bride to wear any jewels. These are reserved for her first appearance as a married woman.

The bride now prefers simplicity in her dress—splendid and costly simplicity. An elegant white satin and a tulle veil, the latter very full, the former extremely long and with a sweeping train, high corsage, and long sleeves, long white gloves, and perhaps a flower in the hair—such is the latest fashion for an autumn bride. The young ladies say they prefer that their magnificence should wait for the days after marriage, when their jewels can be worn.





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There is great sense in this, for a bride is interesting enough when she is simply attired.

The fashion of bridesmaids has gone out temporarily, and one person, generally a sister, alone accompanies the bride to the altar as her female aid. The bride, attended by her father or near friend, comes in last, after the ushers. After her mother, sister, and family have preceded her, these near relatives group themselves about the altar steps. Her sister, or one bridesmaid, stands near her at the altar rail, and kneels with her and the bridegroom, as does the best man. The groom takes his bride from the hand of her father or nearest friend, who then retires and stands a little behind the bridal pair. He must be near enough to respond quickly when he hears the words, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" The bride and groom walk out together after the ceremony, followed by the nearest relatives, and proceed to the home, where the wedding breakfast is served. Here the bridal pair stand under an arch of autumn leaves, golden rod, asters, and other seasonable flowers, and receive their friends, who are presented by the ushers.

The father and mother do not take any stated position on this occasion, but mingle with the guests, and form a part of the company. In an opulent country house, if the day is fine, little tables are set out on the lawn, the ladies seat themselves around, and the gentlemen carry refreshments to them; or the piazzas are beautifully decorated with autumn boughs and ferns, flowers and evergreens, and the refreshments are served there. If it is a bad day, of course the usual arrangements of a crowded buffet are in order; there is no longer a 'sit down' breakfast; it does not suit our Canadian ideas, as recent experiments have proved. The gentlemen of the bride's family should wear gloves of pearl-colored kid, embroidered in the seams with black.

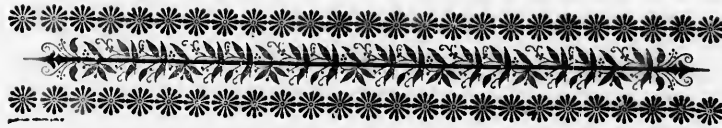
If the marriage takes place at home, the bride and groom enter together, and take their place before the clergyman, who has already

entered ; then comes the father and mother and other friends. A pair of hassocks should be arranged for the bridal pair to kneel upon, and the father should be near to allow the clergyman to see him when he asks for his authority.

For autumn weddings nothing is so pretty for the travelling dress as a tailor-made costume of very light cloth, with jacque to match for a cold day. No travelling dress should of itself be too heavy, as our railway carriages are kept so very hot.

I saw a very pretty wedding-dress the other day. One gets so tired of the hackneyed compositions of satin, lace, and orange blossoms that when anything original in this line is forthcoming it is well to make a note of it. The front of the skirt was white satin, covered with very soft white lace, thickly studded with pendent tassels of crystal beads. The lace was arranged in very full folds, and these were caught together just above the pleatings that edged the skirt in small gathered groups—a very effective way of arranging them. The front of the bodice was also covered with similar straight folds of the lace, tasselled with white jet. At the waist these were held with a small strap of white satin, tied at one side with a very small bow. The bodice and train were of white and silver brocade—an exquisite material. The wreath was of orange blossoms, with a few small oranges among the flowers here and there. A garland to match was on one side of the skirt.

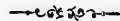




"MANY A SLIP 'TWINX CUP AND LIP."



URIIOUS notions in a matrimonial way are heard ever and anon from Boston. A young gentleman living in the South End was once engaged to a young lady of New York, and the time was fixed for the marriage. The young lady had procured her trousseau, and the invitations had been ordered, when the young man changed his mind, and jilted the prospective bride most heartlessly. His fickle fancy had been caught by another, and the piquant point of the tale is that last week he was overheard asking his former betrothed to plead his cause with his present flame. The reply of the young lady was unfortunately not reported."



Alas ! for human fate ;
Alas ! for fickle youth ;
In high or low estate
There's nothing true but truth.

Let truth, then, guide your way—
Obey the written word ;
None ever went astray
That married in the Lord.

Love's car, at random driven,
Must meet mishap most dire ;

Commit the reins to heaven,
God guides the steeds of fire.

Strong Samson growth weak,
By Passion's steeds o'erthrown ;
Who bars and bands could break
Lies foiled by love alone.

Great Solomon, though wise,
Drives, doting to his doom ;
His heart pursues his eyes,
And gives his God no room.

King David's chargers fly,
Precipitate and wild ;
Till judgment meets his eye,
And slays his new-born child

If saints, themselves, thus fail,
Then how wilt thou succeed ?
Through faith thou shalt prevail,
And be from bondage freed.

Through all thy course below,
Be Christ thy God and Guide ;
He "teacheth how to go,"
And none can help beside.



DIED ON HER WEDDING DAY.

"A Washington despatch says: It has been known for some time past among the German residents of Washington that Dr. Emil Bessels, the scientist who was on the Polaris Arctic expedition, and Madame Raverra, the singer, were to have been married on Saturday last, but when the carriage containing a friend of the

doctor arrived at the Smithsonian institute to take him to the wedding, it was found that he was confined to his bed by a sudden attack of sickness. The ceremony was postponed until the following Monday. When on that day the bridal couple reached the residence of the minister, they met with another disappointment in the absence of the minister in Baltimore. On Wednesday all the arrangements were made for the wedding, the minister was notified and the friends informed. The expectant bridegroom drove to the house of his bride to take her to the house of the minister, but was shocked to learn that she had been taken suddenly and seriously ill. The progress of the disease was so rapid that by evening Madame Raverra was dead. She was to have been married at twelve o'clock.



And this should be the bridal day ;
 When hope, joy, love and health
 Should crown life's fairy month of May
 With all their dazzling wealth.

This morning should the bridegroom come
 To claim, with rapture wild,
 The "only daughter" of the home,
 The one, rare, matchless child.

The hour that lovely form should stand,
 To breathe the sacred vow ;
 The golden ring upon her hand,
 The pearl-wreath on her brow—

But no ! ah, no ! earth's darkest cloud
 Has cast its rayless gloom ;
 Her wedding robe will be—the shroud ;
 Her marriage couch—the tomb.

Go! hide away the snowy veil
 That should have hid love's flush;
 Her cheek will keep unchanged and pale;
 Death's kiss will bring no blush.

* * * *

"God's will be done!" he faintly cries;
 "My doting heart may break;
 I deemed her *mine*, but she was *thine*,
 And he who gives can take.—*Eliza Cook.*

—•••—

TEDIOUS WOOING IS LOVE'S UNDOING.

Miss Cecilia McMahon, of Dublin, has proved this fact to her cost, and also to the cost of her unfaithful lover, Mr. Coleman, whom she has sued for breach of promise. "In 1863 the plaintiff was a young girl of 17 years, and the defendant was 32 or 33 years of age, and he asked her then to marry him, and was accepted. From that time over twenty years ago, up to a few months since, he had treated her as his affianced wife, introduced her to his friends, had given her engagement rings, and had written her letters breathing affection and love. Defendant got plaintiff to postpone the wedding till his mother's death, on the ground that if he married while she was alive his mother would not leave him her property. This poor boy of 54 or 55 years of age did not like to marry until the old lady died. The difficulty was now removed, because six months ago the old lady had been gathered to her fathers. A coolness arose between the plaintiff and defendant some time ago, and in April last the plaintiff wrote to the defendant asking him what were his intentions with regard to the engagement. To that letter no reply was received, and proceedings were taken. The jury found for plaintiff £100 damages."



MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

RUTH iii. 9.—“ I am Ruth, thine handmaid : spread therefore thy skirt
over thine handmaid.”

THE prophet Ezekiel, in describing the Jewish Church as an exposed infant, mentions the care of God in bringing her up with great tenderness, and then at the proper time marrying her, which is expressed in the same way as the request of Ruth : “ I spread my skirt over thee ; and thou becamest mine.”

Dr. A. Clarke says : “ Even to the present day, when a Jew marries a woman, he throws the skirt or end of his *taileth* over her, to signify that he has taken her under his protection.”

I have been delighted at the marriage ceremonies of the Hindoos, to see amongst them the same interesting custom. The bride is seated on a throne, surrounded by matrons, wearing her veil, her gayest robes, and most valuable jewels. After the *thali* has been tied round her neck, the bridegroom approaches her with a silken skirt (purchased by himself), and folds it round her several times over the rest of her clothes.* A common way of saying, “ He has married her,” is, “ He has given her the *koori*”—has spread the

* This part of the ceremony often produces powerful emotions on all present. The parents on both sides then give their benediction.

skirt over her. There are, however, those who throw a long robe over the shoulders of the bride instead of putting on the skirt.

An angry husband sometimes says to his wife, "Give me back my skirt," meaning that he wishes to have the marriage compact dissolved. So the mother-in-law, should the new daughter not treat her respectfully, says, "My son gave this woman the *koori* (skirt), and has made her respectable, but she neglects me."

The request of Ruth, therefore, amounted to nothing more than that Boaz should marry her.—*Roberts.*

In the celebration of marriages in the East at the present day, many of the peculiar customs of ancient times are observèd. At a Hindoo marriage, says a modern missionary, the procession of which I saw some years ago, the bridegroom came from a distance, and the bride lived at Serampore, to which place the bridegroom was to come by water. After waiting two or three hours, at length, near midnight, it was announced, in the very words of Scripture, "Behold the bridegroom cometh ; go ye out to meet him." All the persons employed now lighted their lamps, and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession ; some of them had lost their lights, and were unprepared, but it was then too late to seek them, and the cavalcade moved forward to the house of the bride ; at which place the company entered a large and splendidly illuminated area, before the house, covered with an awning, where a great multitude of friends, dressed in their best apparel, were seated upon mats. The bridegroom was carried in the arms of a friend and placed in a superb seat in the midst of the company, where he sat a short time, and then went into the house, the door of which was immediately shut, and guarded by Sepoys. I and others expostulated with the door keepers, but in vain. Never was I so struck with our Lord's beautiful parable as at this moment—"and the door was shut !"

The journal of one of the American missionaries in Greece contains the account of an Armenian wedding which she attended ; and after describing the dresses and previous ceremonies, she says, that at twelve o'clock at night, precisely, the cry was made by some of the attendants, Behold the bridegroom cometh : and immediately, five or six men set off to meet him.

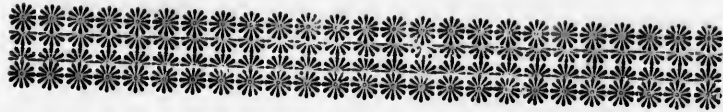
The custom of crying and shouting at the approach of the bridegroom seems to have been continued from the days of our Saviour.

For a very interesting and minute account of the laws and customs of ancient nations, respecting marriage, polygamy, divorce, &c. the ceremonies attending an eastern wedding, and the figurative allusions of the sacred writers to these topics, the student is referred to Biblical Antiquities, ch. vi. par. 1 ; Omar, pp. 145—152 ; and Evening Recreations, vol. ii. pp. 89-99, by Am. S. S. Union.

It was the custom to crown the married couple. Hence the allusion, Sol. Song iii. 11, Isaiah xlix. 18, where the word ornament might well be rendered crown,—*Union Bible Dictionary*.

The Rhodians had a peculiar custom of sending for the bride by a public crier. When the bridegroom entered the house with his bride, it was customary to pour figs upon their heads. The day of the bride's departure from her father was celebrated in manner of a festival. It seems to have been observed at her father's house before she departed, being distinct from the nuptial solemnity, which was kept at the bridegroom's house, and began at evening, the usual time of the bride's arrival there. The bride being come to the bridegroom's house, was entertained with a sumptuous banquet, called by the same name with the marriage.

Among the ancients, when persons were newly married, they put a yoke upon their necks, or chains upon their arms, to show that they were to be one, closely united, and pulling equally together in all the concerns of life.



FIRE, OIL AND WATER

OR FLAMBEAUX, UNGUENTS AND BAPTISM USED AT ANCIENT WEDDINGS.

THERE was a custom," says a learned Jew, "of bringing the bride from her father's house to her husband's in the night before she entered the nuptial chamber, and to carry before her about ten staves, and on the top of each staff was the form of a brazen dish, and in the midst of it pieces of garments, oil and pitch, which they set fire to and lighted before her."

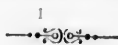
In many parts of the East, particularly in the Indies, it is the custom, instead of torches and flambeaux, to carry a pot of oil in one hand, and a lamp, which is thus supplied with oil in the other. Mention is made in "The customs of the East Indians and of the Jews compared," of flambeaux used at bridal ceremonies made of pieces of linen squeezed hard together in a round form. Those who held them in one hand have in the other a bottle of oil, and pour out of it from time to time on the linen, which otherwise gives no light.

Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their lamps.—*Matthew.*

"The servants then did flaming torches bear,
Which darted forth a quivering light from far."

“ They were sometimes attended with singers and dancers, as Homer acquaints us in his description of Achilles' shield :—

With nice and curious touches next appear
 Two stately cities in one nuptial are ;
 Here polished art with nature doth agree
 In framing figures of festivity,
 Feasts, revels, balls, the sculpture represents,
 With various sorts of music instruments.
 Lamps shine with brightness on the solemn state,
 While the brisk bridegroom leads his charming mate ;
 Measures young men observe with active feet
 While the pomp advances 'long the dusty street ;
 The music plays, 'Hymen, Hymen,' they cry,
 While aged matrons stand admiring by.



There are of opinion, who think that the use of these torches was not only to give light, but to represent the element of fire: for no marriages were thought happy which were not contracted by the light of fire, for which reason the custom likewise was to besprinkle the new married woman with water; yea, they did both in the time of their contract touch water and fire provided for that purpose. The signification of this ceremony some think to be thus: The fire, because it is an active element, to represent the man; the water, because it is passive, to represent the woman.

Others say, that in the community of these two elements was intimated the community between man and wife of all their goods and possessions, which was more fully declared in that fore-quoted proverb used by the wife.

What meant the ancient heathen to bear before the bride fire and water but to signify purity? Water, the washer of all unclean

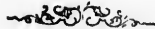
things, and fire, the trier of all impure things, but to teach them that though their love must be single, it must be hearty, it must be endless, and it must be pure.—*Charles White, of Canterbury, 1637.*

“The matter, whereof these torches were made, was a certain tree from which a pitchy liquor did issue; it was called Teda, and hence have the poets figuratively called both the torches and the wedding itself Tedas.”



And, on coming down to our own age for a moment, we hear the pleasant voiced Bryant, in versifying the astrological figment of the conjunction of Jupiter and Venus as being a sign favorable to marriage, sing :—

“Light the nuptial torch,
And say the glad, yet solemn rite, that knits
The youth and maiden. Happy days to them
That wed this evening!—a long life of love,
And blooming sons and daughters! Happy they
Born at this hour—for they shall see an age
Whiter and holier than the past, and go
Late to their graves. Men shall wear softer hearts,
And shudder at the butcheries of war,
As now at other murders.”



ANOINTING THE DOOR-POSTS.

“When the woman had thus been brought to the door, then did she anoint the posts of the door with oil, from which ceremony the wife was called ‘The Anointed.’”



LIFTING THE BRIDE OVER THE THRESHOLD.

“This ceremony of anointing being ended, the bridemen did lift her over the threshold, and so carried her in by a seeming force, because in modesty she would not seem to go without violence.”

ANCOINTING THE HEAD WITH OIL.

On all joyful occasions the people of the East anoint the head with oil. At their marriages, and other festive seasons, the young and the old may be seen with their long, black tresses neatly tied on the crown of the head, shining and smooth, like polished ebony. The Psalmist, therefore, rejoicing in God, as his protector, exclaims, "Thou anointest my head with oil."

It is an act of great respect to pour perfumed oil on the head of a distinguished guest; the woman in the Gospel thus manifested her respect for the Saviour by pouring "precious ointment" on His head.—*Roberts.*



WINE AND OIL.

Wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil that maketh his face to shine.—*David.*

A prospective bridegroom quoted the above passage in favor of having wine at his wedding. The witty bride told him if he had wine she would have the oil, which led the young man to no longer insist on having a vinous celebration of the nuptials.





HYMNS AND HYMENS.

WHO WAS HYMENEUS?

THIS Hymeneus, we are told, was an Argian, whom they received into the number of their gods because he had saved some Athenian virgins from the lascivious cruelty of the Pelagians. The word "Hymen" was sometimes used for the marriage song, as "Many hymens sung," "Your hymens, hubbubs, flambeaux and scrapers."

Drop the vowel from the word Hymen, and you have Hymn, a joyful ode to the Deity :

"O joyful sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear ;
I, even I, shall see his face,
I shall be holy here."



HYMENEAL FESTIVITIES.

A joyful marriage song was sung as the bridal train moved along—a hymn in short, for even the old Greeks point out the etymological relation between Hymeneus and the hymn. Pipes and harps resounded ; but as song was never without the accompaniment of the measured step beating the cadence, the dance and dancers were a necessary appendage to the festival. The pipes, however, were clearly of Phrygian origin, and were connected with

Oriental manners. The observations of the scholiast expressly tells us that the pipe was unknown to the earlier Greeks. How essential song and dance were to the nuptial feasts is clear from the command of Ulysses, that in order to deceive the Ithacans, there should be song and dance in the palace after the massacre of the suitors, as if a nuptial feast were celebrated.

Before the marriage ceremony the bride was conducted to the bath, after which she was dressed in a garment presented by the bridegroom. Thus, in the passage above quoted, Ulysses bade all the maidens bathe and adorn themselves. Minerva's injunction to Nausicaa shows that the dresses of the bridesmen were presents from the bride. When, at length, the guardian of the nuptial chamber had conducted the espoused pair, with a train of torches, to the couch spread with carpets and rich coverings, she retired, and the bridegroom loosed the girdle of the bride, as Neptune did that of Tyro. The custom of greeting them with the epithalmian song and with shouts was of later origin.

Second marriage was deemed contrary to the laws of modesty.

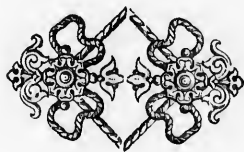
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Both bride and bridegroom (the former veiled) were, of course, decked out in their best attire, with chaplets on their heads, and the doors of the houses were hung with festoons of ivy and bay. As the bridal procession moved along, the Hymenean song was sung to the accompaniment of Lydian flutes, even in olden times, as beautifully described by Homer, and the married pair received greetings and congratulations of those who met them. After entering the bridegroom's house, into which the bride was probably conducted by his mother bearing a lighted torch, it was customary to shower sweatmeats upon them as emblems of plenty and prosperity.

After this came the nuptial feast, which was generally given in the house of the bridegroom or his parents; and, besides being a

festive meeting, served other, and more important purposes. There was no public rite, whether civil or religious, connected with the celebration of marriage among the ancient Greeks, and therefore no public record of its solemnization. This deficiency, then, was supplied by the marriage feast; for the guests were, of course, competent to prove the fact of a marriage having taken place; and Demosthenes, indeed, says they were invited partly with such views. To this feast, contrary to the usual practice among the Greeks, women were invited as well as men, but they seem to have sat at a separate table, with the bride still veiled among them. At the conclusion of this feast she was conducted by her husband into the bridal chamber; and a law of Solon's required that, on entering it, they should eat a quince together, as if to indicate that their conversation ought to be sweet and agreeable. The song called *Ephthalamium* was then sung before the doors of the bridal chamber.

—*Antho's Greece.*





PRESENTING THE HAIR AT MARRIAGE.



ON the day before marriage the Grecian maidens shaved off their hair, and presented it to the different divinities worshipped by them.

“When maiden blushes could make no pretence,
And vigorous age had sullied innocence,
As anciently the Argives hither came
To vent their passion and their love proclaim,
They paid Diana then their virgin hair.

* * * *

Pollux mentions some who offered their hair to Diana and the fatal sisters. At Trœzen the Virgins were obliged to consecrate their hair to Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, who died for his chastity, before they entered into the marriage bonds. The Megarensian virgins offered their hair with libations at the monument of Iphinoe, daughter of Alcahous, who died a virgin.

* * * *

Then did Achilles, that brave prince, prepare
For other rites, and shave his golden hair.

* * * *

The custom of nourishing the hair on religious accounts seems to have prevailed in most nations. The Jews had their Nazarites. Osiris, the Egyptian, consecrated his hair to the gods; and Arian

tells us that in India it was the custom to preserve the hair for some god, which they first learnt from Bacchus.—*Potter's Antiquities of Greece.*



When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord thy God hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive,

And seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and hast a desire unto her, that thou wouldst have her to thy wife ;

Then thou shall bring her home to thine house ; and she shall shave her head and pare her nails ;

And she shall put the raiment of her captivity from off her, and shall remain in thine house, and bewail her father and her mother a full month : and after that thou shalt be her husband, and she shall be thy wife.

And it shall be, if thou have no delight in her, then thou shalt let her go whither she will ; but thou shalt not sell her at all for money, thou shalt not make merchandise of her.—*Moses.**



MARRIAGEABLE LADIES DISTINGUISHED BY THEIR HEAD-DRESS.

“ The following details with regard to the hair-dressing of the Japanese ladies may be of interest in these days, when ladies are ignorantly adopting the styles, and may help to elucidate much of the mystery which always surrounds the meaning of a Japanese picture. In Japan, a girl at the age of nine begins to wear her tresses tied up with a narrow crimson scarf bound round the back of her head. The forehead is left bare with the exception of a couple of locks, one on each side. When she is of marriageable age she combs her hair forward, and arranges it in the shape of a fan or butterfly, decorating it with silver cord and ball-topped pins

*See Mark x. 2.12.

of various colors. An inconsolable widow cuts her hair short, and goes in for no adorning whatever : a consolable widow wears tortoise-shell pins set horizontally at the back of her head, and twists her hair in loose coils about them. By all these simple means much confusion is avoided. This last mode is one most adopted by American ladies ; therefore, while its significance would be Greek to an American gentleman, it would have the above significance to a 'Jap' visitor."

In monuments of antiquity, the heads of the married and of the single women may be known, the former by their hair being parted from the forehead over the middle of the top of the head, the latter by being quite close, or by being plaited and curled all in a general mass.



HAIR PEARL-EMBROIDERED FORBIDDEN TO CHRISTIANS.

In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety ; not with braided hair or gold, or pearls, or costly array ;

But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.

* * * * *

Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel :

But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that, which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.

For of this manner in the old time the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands.—*New Testament.*

Plaiting the hair was commonly used in those times by lewd women.

Among the Jews there were women who made it a gainful profession to plait women's hair. The art must have required some practice and skill, since it seems that the taste of the Jewish women inclined them to have their hair set up by the aid of crimping pins in the forms of horns and towers.

It was also practiced anciently in every part of the East, and is to the present day in India, also in Barbary. It was prevalent among the Greeks and Romans, as ancient gems, busts and statues afford sufficient evidence.



LONG HAIR NOT SEEMLY FOR MEN, NOR SHORT HAIR COMELY
FOR WOMEN.

Doth not nature itself teach you that, if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him.

But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her, for her hair is given to her for a covering.

But if any man seem to be contentious, we have no such custom, neither the churches of God.—*New Testament.*

So sweetly do Scripture and nature agree, and so doth divine truth harmonize with whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are of good report, that we find all fashions that arise to contravene the combined tenor of the eternal twain gradually sink into disesteem and fall into merited reproach and contempt, and so it is proved by observation and experience and history combined, that the Bible sets the best fashions; the Puritan Roundheads (so called in ridicule) have a world of followers to-day, while the Royalists, who so named them, are altogether out of style.

Thine hair upon thee is like Carmel.

His head is bushy and black as a raven.—*Canticles.*

But in all Israel there was none to be so much praised as Ab-salom for his beauty : from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head there was no blemish in him.

And when he polled his head (for it was at every year's end that he polled it : because the hair was heavy on him, therefore he polled it) he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels after the king's weight.—*Samuel.*



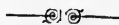
SAMSON'S HAIR.

And she made him sleep upon her knees ; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head ; and she began to afflict him, and his strength went from him.

And she said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep, and said, I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.—*Bible.*

He sleeps on her knees, and his locks are close shorn,
 Uncut from his Nazarite birth ;
 Lo ! his vigor is gone, and he wakes to rude scorn :
 Heaven's *Anteus* tumbles to earth.

So the sinner thus sleeps on the lap of fair Sloth,
 While the shears of fair Vice are being plied ;
 See ! his locks are fast falling—the Phillistines rush forth,
 And his glory lies humbled, and pride.



It is an instructive thought, that among the Gentile nations the marriageable parties never forgot their Gods. These were the first to be remembered. For, as saith the prophet, surely every man will walk in the name of his god. Though their spot was not the spot of God's children, yet the mark of the idol was ever there.

Fathers, mothers, youths and maidens were all invited at the marriage season to propitiate with offerings their respective divinities, and nothing was ever done without consulting their celestial guardians.



With regard to the sacrifices then offered, they are spoken of by the poet as a dialogue between Clymenestra and Agamemnon :

Cly.—Well, have you killed the victim for the goddess,
My daughters wedding to initiate?

Aga.—I'll see that done, for that is my design.

Cly.—And then the wedding dinner? *Aga.*—That we'll have,
When to the gods the victims offered are.




When the victim was opened, the gall was taken out and thrown behind the altar, as being the seat of anger and malice, and therefore the aversion of all the deities who had the care of love, as well as those who became their votaries. The entrails were carefully inspected by the soothsayers, and if any unlucky omen presented itself, the former contract was dissolved as displeasing to the Gods, and the nuptials prevented. The same happened on the appearance of any ill-boding omen without the victim; thus we find in Achilles Tattius, that Clitophon's designed marriage with Calligone was hindered by an eagle, that snatched a piece of the sacrifice from the altar.

The Athenian virgins were presented to Diana before it was lawful for them to marry, and it was not permitted them to enter into the married state till they had paid their devotions to this goddess in her own temple at the citadel. Venus, too, the goddess of love and hearts, and all the rest of the divinities superintending marriages, were invoked.—*Potter's Antiquities of Greece.*



THE ORIGIN, USE AND DESIGN OF THE RING.

HE ring, as given in marriage, is a pledge, and the word "wed" in Anglo-Saxon means the same thing. The wedding ring, therefore, is a sacred and symbolic token given by the man to avouch that he will perform his part of the contract, thus: "With this ring I thee wed." A symbol of eternity in its roundness, and of truth in its preciousness, and of chastity in its plain and unengraved design, it remains forever the universal emblem of fidelity and mutual love.

RING MONEY.

"In ancient Egypt, and probably also in ancient Etruria, the oldest form of money was a ring, and when an Egyptian took home his bride, in pledge of investing her with his personal wealth, he placed a ring, or piece of money on her finger; from Etruria the same usage originated the invention, even after coined money was invented, of the *annuli sponsalii*, and from them and their Roman successors the wedding ring has been handed down as a necessary part of the conjugal ritualia to the present day. It seems probable that the Alexandrian Christians first engrafted into Christianity at an exceedingly early period the significant symbol, and spiritualizing the ornament, introduced it into the church as a pledge of the mystic union of the husband and wife, and of the bishop and his

church, which in the Roman and Ultra-Anglican communions it still retains. Long may the plain gold ring remain a sacred emblem, and be associated with all the truest poetry of life, and may none of those who read this article regard it in any other light, or regret to bestow or receive it."



WHY THE RING IS PLACED ON THE FOURTH FINGER OF THE
LEFT HAND.

"Originally the fourth finger of the left hand was chosen to be thus ornamented, as it was supposed to compress a small nerve which went from the digit direct to the heart. Afterwards the second finger of the right hand, and then again the last of both, were adorned with rings. Increasing in degeneracy and foppery, at the time of Martial, every joint of each finger had its separate annulus. These amounting to a cumbrous load in the warm weather, necessitated the introduction of summer, as distinguished from winter, rings (a custom adopted also by the Romans). This convenient resource enabled the wealthier Grecians to display still more and a greater variety of jewellery, and the climax of absurdity and extravagance was attained in the fashion, which survived the fall of the people who originated it, of wearing weekly rings."



THE RING NOT TO BE FORCED.

I think death were a better thing
Than loathed love and marriage ring
Forced on my soul together.

—*E. B. Browning.*

"The gentlest effort may put a wedding ring on the finger, but a thousand horse-power cannot draw it off."

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

A MATHEMATICAL COLLOQUY.

Laura.—On me he shall ne'er put a ring,
So, mamma, 'tis in vain to make trouble ;
For I was but eighteen last spring,
While his age exactly is double.

Mamma.—He is but in his thirty-sixth year,
Tall, handsome, good-natured and witty ;
And should you refuse him, my dear,
You may die an old maid without pity.

Laura.—His figure I grant you may pass,
And at present he's young enough plenty ;
But when I am sixty, alas !
Won't he be a hundred and twenty ?

—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

 HOW THE WHOLE HAND WENT THROUGH A FINGER-RING.

A little, skipping *minim* of mortal existence was shown among the wonders of the Centennial at Philadelphia, who was so diminutive in size that when twelve years of age she stood but twenty-one inches in height. Her legs were four inches in circumference, and her feet three inches long. There was nothing long about her but her tongue, and that certainly was not *short*. She was of Spanish extraction, Spanish complexion, and Spanish volubility of speech ; and she looked irresistibly funny as she crouched down, all out of sight but her head, into the dimensions of a spectator's silk hat, and peered at you over the encompassing brim. We saw her squeeze her lilliputian hand through a rather large finger ring, and she also sat on a boy's hand, and felt, apparently, comfortable.

 CHARLEMAGNE AND THE RING.

We are told that the Emperor Charlemagne was bewitched by a ring, and that he followed the one who possessed this ring as a

needle does a lodestone. It is said that he fell in love with a peasant girl (Agatha), in whose society he seemed bewitched, insomuch that all matters of state were neglected by him ; but the girl died, to the great joy of all. What, however, was the astonishment of the court to find that the king seemed no less bewitched with the dead body than the living, and spent day and night with it, even when the smell was quite offensive. Archbishop Turpin felt convinced that there was sorcery in this strange infatuation, and on examining the body found a ring under the tongue, which he removed. Charlemagne now lost all regard for the dead body, but followed Turpin, with whom he seemed infatuated. The Archbishop now bethought him of the ring, which he threw into a pool at Aix, where Charlemagne built a palace and monastery, and no spot in the world had such attractions for him at Aix-la-Chappelle. where the ring was buried. —*Researches de la France.*



ALEXANDER'S RING.

'Finding that there was no hope of recovery left, he delivered his ring to Perdicas, and permitted all his soldiers to kiss his hand. On being asked to whom he left his empire, he answered, 'To the most worthy ;' adding at the same time that he foresaw with what strange rites they would celebrate his burial."

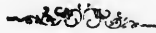


SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S RING.

"Lord Chesterfield, however, triumphantly pointing to the fruits of his taste and distribution of his wealth, witnessed, in his library at Chesterfield House, the events which time produced. He heard of the death of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and of her bequest to him of twenty thousand pounds, and her best and largest brilliant diamond ring, 'out of the great regard she had for his merit, and the infinite obligations she had received from him.'"

QUEEN CAROLINE'S (WIFE OF GEORGE II.) RING.

When alone with her family, she took from her finger a ruby ring, which had been placed upon it at the time of the coronation, and gave it to the king. "This is the last thing," she said, "I have to give you; naked I came to you, and naked I go from you; I had everything I ever possessed from you, and to you whatever I have I return." She then asked for her keys, and gave them to the king. To the Princess Caroline she intrusted the care of her younger sisters; to the Duke of Cumberland, that of keeping up the credit of the family. "Attempt nothing against your brother, and endeavor to mortify him by showing superior merit," she said to him. She advised the king to marry again; he heard her in sobs, and with much difficulty got out this sentence: "*Non, j'aurai des maitresses.*" To which the queen made no other reply than; "*Ah, mon Dieu! n'empêche pas.*" "I know," says Lord Hervey, in his Memoirs, "that this episode will hardly be credited, but it is literally true."—*Grave and Philip Wharton.*



RINGS AND THEIR SIGNIFICATION.

"It is understood, says an American authority, that a gentleman who desires to marry wears a plain or chased gold ring upon the first finger of the left hand. When he becomes engaged, the ring passes to the second finger. After marriage it passes to the third finger. If, however, the gentleman desires his lady friends to clearly understand that he is not 'in the market,' and does not wish to marry at all, he wears the signet upon his little finger. This will inform all the ladies that he is beyond their reach. With the ladies, a plain or chased gold ring on the little finger of the left hand indicates 'not engaged,' or 'ready for an offer.' When engaged, the ring passes to the third finger on the right hand. When married

the third finger on the left hand receives the ring. When a young lady wishes to defy all suitors, she places rings—one on the first and one on the fourth finger."



SPURIOUS ENGAGEMENT RINGS.

"That ring," said the jeweller, as the reporter picked up a seven stone, cluster diamond, "will cost you \$12. If you return it within six months you will receive a rebate of \$5." "What! Only \$12 for a cluster diamond ring!" exclaimed the astonished scribe. "I said \$12," was the calm reply. "Here (lifting out another tray) is the mate to it—price \$180." "Enlighten me," pleaded the reporter. "I will, although it is odd that you haven't caught on to this little game. The American is a hustler in all things. If he falls in love, he goes with the same rush that characterizes a business transaction. He wants to be engaged and have the day set, but in perhaps three cases out of ten his ardour cools before the fatal day arrives, and he 'throws' the match." "I see." "He has given the girl an engagement ring. He can scarcely muster up courage to ask for its return, and the chances are he wouldn't get it if he did. This cluster diamond ring at \$12 fills a want long felt. The gold-plating will wear for six months, and the paste diamond will sparkle and glisten for about the same length of time. If at the end of six months he discovers that his feelings have changed he breaks off the match, and is little or nothing out of pocket. If time has only welded his love the firmer, so to speak, he gets the spurious ring from her to have their initials engraved on the inside, and comes here and changes it for the simon-pure. See."

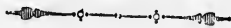


NEWTON'S DREAM RING.

Says Newton, in the narrative of his life:—"I thought it was night, and my watch upon deck; and that I was walking to and

from by myself, a person came to me and brought me a ring, with an express charge to keep it carefully ; assuring me that while I preserved that ring I should be happy and successful ; but if I lost or parted with it, I must expect nothing but trouble and misery. I accepted the present and the terms willingly, not in the least doubting my own care to preserve it, and highly satisfied to have my happiness in my own keeping. I was engaged in these thoughts when a second person came to me, and observing the ring on my finger, took occasion to ask some questions concerning it. I readily told him its virtues, and his answer expressed a surprise at my weakness in expecting such effects from a ring. I think he reasoned with me some time upon the impossibility of the thing ; and at length urged me in direct terms to throw it away. At first I was shocked at the proposal, but his insinuations prevailed. I began to reason and doubt, and at last plucked it off my finger and dropped it over the ship's side into the water, which it no sooner touched than I saw in the same instant a terrible fire burst out from a range of mountains. I perceived too late my folly ; and my tormenter with an air of insult informed me that all the mercy God had in reserve for me was comprised in that ring which I had wilfully thrown away. I understood that I must now go with him to the burning mountains, and that all the flames I saw were kindled on my account. I trembled, and was in great agony ; so that it was surprising I did not then awake ; but my dream continued ; and when I thought myself on the point of a constrained departure, and stood self-condemned without plea or hope, suddenly a person came to me and demanded the cause of my grief. I told him the plain case, confessing that I had ruined myself wilfully, and deserved no pity. He blamed my rashness, and asked if I should be wiser supposing I had my ring again. I had not time to answer before I saw this unexpected friend go down under the water just in the spot where I had dropped it ; and he soon returned, bringing the ring with him. The moment he came on board, the flames in

the mountains were extinguished, and my seducer left me. Then was 'the prey taken from the hand of the mighty, and the lawful captive delivered' "



TEST RINGS.

With the Romans first arose the use of test rings, or those the germ of which, either like the toadstone (*Craupadine*), was supposed to detect poison, or, like the amethyst, to prevent intoxication. The jewel was occasionally the cover of a small recess, destined either to contain poison, or a sovereign remedy against the plague. These last uses of the ring have continued almost to the present day, while in Italy the amethyst ring is yet worn by monks to secure their safety from post-prandial excesses.



THE DEATH RING.

A man who wished to buy a handsome ring went into a jeweller's shop at Paris, and desired to see some. The jeweller showed him a very ancient gold ring, remarkably fine, and curious on this account, that on the inside of it were two little lion's claws. The buyer, while looking at others, was playing with this; at last he purchased another, and went away. But he had scarcely reached home when first his hand, then his side, then his whole body, became numb and without feeling, as if he had had a stroke of the palsy; and it grew worse and worse, till the physician, who came in haste, thought him dying. "You must somehow have taken poison," he said. The sick man protested that he had not. At last some one remembered this ring; and it was then discovered to be what used to be called the death ring, and which was often employed in those wicked Italian States three or four hundred years ago. If a man hated another, and desired to murder him, he would

present him with one of them. In the inside was a drop of deadly poison, and a very small hole out of which it would not make its way except it was squeezed. When the poor man was wearing it, the murderer would come and shake his hand violently, the lion's claw would give his hand a little scratch, and in a few hours he was a dead man. Now see why I told you this story. For four hundred years this ring had kept its poison, and at the end of that time it was strong enough to almost kill the man who had unintentionally scratched his finger with the claw; for he was only saved by great skill on the part of the physician, and by the strongest medicines. I thought when I read this story how like this poison was to sin. You may commit a sin now, and for the present forget it; and perhaps ten or twelve years hence the wound you then, so to speak, gave yourself may break out again, and that more dangerously than ever. And the greatest danger of all is, lest the thoughts of sins we have committed, and the pleasure we had in committing them, should come back upon us in the hour of death.—*Dr. F. M. Neale.*



THE ROYAL LOVE RING.

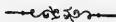
“How Princes make love is told in the ‘Reminiscences of the Marquis Custine,’ which have just appeared in Paris. When the Czar Nikolaus was eighteen years old he spent two days in Berlin, where he saw the Princess Charlotte, two years younger, and of a delicate beauty which at once attracted him. She, however, showed no signs of reciprocating his affection. On the evening before his departure he sat next to the Princess at dinner. “I shall leave to-morrow,” he suddenly remarked. She did not show any surprise, but quickly answered, ‘We shall all be sorry that you leave us so soon. Cannot your departure be delayed?’ ‘That depends on you.’ ‘How so?’ asked the Princess. The Prince now declared his love, somewhat to her embarrassment, as she thought

they would be overheard. As a pledge of her love he asked for the ring she wore, suggesting that no one would notice it if she took it off, and pressing it into a piece of bread pushed it towards his plate. The ring, however, was not hers, but belonged to her governess, who had received it of the Empress of Russia. And in taking it off to give to the Prince, she read for the first time on the inside the inscription, 'Empress of Russia.'



WEEKLY RINGS.

"All that has been related of Athenian extravagance, and of the forms of Athenian jewelry, applies as correctly to that of the Roman people under the Emperors; one of the latest of whom, Heliogabalus, resolving to outdo the weekly rings of the satirist, never wore the same dress or jewel twice. Inscriptions upon the ring itself, as well as upon the inlaid stone, now frequently occur, and the rings fashionable under the decline and fall of the Roman Empire increased in elaboration, size and number, till, as frequently happens in the records of folly, one excess counterbalanced the other, and it only became a question of caprice whether the Latin exquisite would burden himself with one gold ring of twenty ounces weight (Troy), or twenty or thirty annuli of equal costliness, but of smaller bulk."



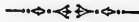
EVENING RINGS.

"Strict taste in Paris just now is said to call upon a gentleman in evening dress to wear two rings on the little finger of the right hand. There must not be less than two rings or more, and no other finger than the one named may afford the ornaments a resting place."

RING THRIFT.

"The *Whitehall Times* tells of a man in that village who had the gold from his dead wife's teeth made into an engagement ring which he gave to a woman whom he was about to marry.

"Miss Emma Nevada received a bracelet instead of a ring as an engagement pledge from her fiance, Dr. Palmer, who wears the key on a little gold pin.



"LET LOVE ABIDE."

In the gardens at Bramshill an ancient wedding ring was dug up. The posy on it, "Let love abide:"

Do shadows of the days of old still linger in the garden ways ?
 Long hidden, deep beneath the mold, they found a ring of other
 days,
 And faith and hope and memory cling about that simple wedding
 ring.

It bears a posy quaint and sweet, (and well the graven letters
 wear,)
 Let love abide—the words are met for those who pray love's end-
 less prayer ;
 The old heart language, sung or sighed, forever speaks, Let love
 abide.

Oh, noble mansion, proud and old, and beautiful in shade or
 shine,
 Age after age your wall enfold the treasures of an ancient line !
 And yet—let time make all the rest, if love abide, for love is
 best.

—*Sarah Doudney.*



A trying hour to hand and heart ;
She yields : the seal is given ;
United they, till death them part ;
May they be one in heaven.

THE PRINCE AND THE RING.

"There was an Oriental Prince who once sent a love present to his betrothed, and when she opened the love present to her surprise it was an iron egg—an ugly, rough, iron egg—and so she dashed it upon the ground, feeling angry that her prince should send such a thing as that. But as it fell on the ground the egg opened, and out of the egg came a silver yolk, and on examining the silver yolk it also opened, and out of the silver yolk there came a ruby crown, and on examining the ruby crown curiously it opened, and out of the ruby crown there came a diamond ring, and that was the token of love."

That iron egg is law—legal restraint—the holy commandment, stern and dreadful to the sinner in his sins. It arrests, arraigns, convinces and condemns. That silver yolk is the benevolent design or goodness hid in law. "Wherefore the law is holy, just and good." A thorn hedge is good if it keeps you out of the ditch, or prevents the penalty of trespass. That ruby crown is Gospel—the fulfilment and consummation of law—the truth and grace that came by Jesus Christ. And that diamond ring is the covenant of love that God makes through Christ with his chosen people.

"Bring hither the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring upon his finger and shoes on his feet."—*Testament.*



THE LOST RING.

Deep down in the slush of the city
 Fell a ring from a proud lady's finger
 With solicitude, moving to pity,
 As chained to the spot she did linger.
 Down stooping, (it seemed but in vain,
 While by-standers loudly did mutter,)
 She braved mingled comment and rain
 And plunged her fair hand in the gutter.

Of naught did she think but her pearl,
 And her gold of the seventh refining,
 A jewel once fit for an Earl,
 For a moment obscured in its shining.

She searched there again and again,
 Consulting no spectator's pleasure ;
 And now as reward for her pain,
 She drew forth her beautiful treasure.

On tissue of silk, and with care,
 She wiped it and brought forth its brightness ;
 When it shone with a light heaven-fair,
 Like the wing of a seraphin whiteness.

The vulgar now ceased their vile scorn,
 Ashamed as they saw her rewarded :
 But with trophy triumphantly borne,
 She left the low horde unregarded.

The moral is clear to you all,
 The reader can make th' application ;
 The ring—is the soul since the fall,
 That gutter is Sin's degradation.

There are spirits degraded and low,
 Deep sunk in corruption's own mire,
 That may rise yet as stars set to glow
 And to sparkle like jewels on fire.

And Christ is "the Arm of the Lord"
 Made *bare* "for our grand restoration ;
 He picks up the lost by His Word,
 And counts them the gems of salvation.



RING POSIES.

Aki (Greck for "always.")
 A heart content, Can ne'er repent.

All I refuse, And thee I choose.
 All for all.
 Bear and forbear.
 Beyond this life, Love me dear wife.
 De bon cur (Found at York).
 Death never parts Such loving hearts.
Dien vous garde.
 Endless my love, As this shall prove.
 Forever and for aye.
 God alone Made us two one.
 God did decree, This unity.
 God tend me well to keep.—*The ring given by Henry VIII. to
 Anne of Cleves.*
Got bwar uns beid, In leib and leid (With clasped hands, &c.)
 Heart and hand, At thy command.
 I have obtained, Whom God ordained.
 In love abide, Till death divide.
 In loving thee, I love myself.
 In thee my choice, I do rejoice.
 In unity, Let's live and die.
 Joy be with you.
Le cuer ke my (Fifteenth Century, with Virgin and Child.)
 Let love increase.
 Let reason rule.
 Let us love, Like turtle dove.
 Live to love, love to live.
 Live happy.
 Love for love.
 Love always, By night and day.
 Love and respect, I do expect.
 Love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Love me and leave me not.

May God above Increase our love.

May you live long.

Mizpeh (*i. e.* watch-tower.)

My heart and I, Until I die.

My wille were (Gold signet-ring, with cradle as device.)

Never newe, (Alianour, wife of the Duke of Somerset.)

No gift can shew, The love I owe.

Not two but one, Till life is done.

Post spinas palma.

Pray to love, and love to pray.

Quod deus conjunst homo non separet (Sixteenth century, G. H. Glover, Esq.)

Silence ends strife, With man and wife

Tecta lege, Lecta tege, (Ring of Matthew Paris; found at Hereford.

Till death us depart, (Margaret, wife of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Till my life's ende, (Elizabeth, wife of Lord Latymer.)

To enjoy is to obey.

Tout pour vous, (Fifteenth century, with St. Christophcr.)

Treu and fest.

True love, Will ne'er remove.

We join our love In God above.

Wedlock, 'tis said, In heaven is made.

Where this I give, I wish to live.

When this you see, Remember me.

Where hearts agree, There God will be,

Your's in heart.

—*Dr. Brewer.*

DAME LIONES' RING.

A ring was given by Dame Liones to Sir Gareth during a tournament. "That ring," said Dame Liones, "increaseth my beauty more than it is of itself; and this is the virtue of my ring: That which is green it will turn to red, and that which is red it will turn green; that which is blue it will turn white, and that which is white it will turn blue, and so with other colors. Also who beareth my ring can never lose blood.—*Sir. T. Malvroy's History of Prince Arthur.*



CORCUD'S RING.

This legendary ring was composed of six different metals. It ensured the wearer success in any undertaking in which he chose to embark. "While you have it on your finger," said the old man, "misfortune shall fly from you house, and nobody shall be able to hurt you; but one condition is attached to the gift, which is this: when you have chosen for yourself a wife, you must remain faithful to her as long as she lives. The moment you neglect her for another you will lose the ring.—*T. S. Guculette's Chinese Tales, 1723.*



THE VIRGIN'S WEDDING RING.

There is a ring, kept in the Duomo of Perugia, said to have been given to the Virgin Mary on her betrothal to Joseph, which is carefully kept under no less than fourteen locks.





BLUSHING.

IT HATH been observed that in anger the eyes wax red, and in blushing, not the eyes, but the ears and the parts behind them. The cause is, that in anger the spirits ascend and wax eager, which is most easily seen in the eyes, because they are translucent, though withal it maketh both the cheeks and gills red. But in blushing it is true that the spirits ascend likewise to succor both the eyes and the face, which are parts that labor ; but then they are repulsed by the eyes, for that the eyes in shame do put back the spirits that ascend to them, as unwilling to look abroad. For no man in that fashion doth look strongly, but dejectedly, and that repulsion from the eyes diverteth the spirits and heat more to the ears and the parts behind them.—*Bacon.*

Among the Grecians the bride was usually conducted in a chariot from her father's house in the evening to conceal her blushes.



THE ROSY BLUSH OF HONEST LOVE.

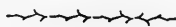
“Zeno was told that it was disreputable for a philosopher to be in love. ‘If that were true,’ said the wise man, ‘the fair sex are indeed to be pitied ; for they would then receive the attention of fools alone.’”

Why should I blush to own I love?
 'Tis love that rules the realms above.
 Why should I blush to say to all,
 That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
 Lest love's dear secret be betrayed?
 Why the stern brow, deceitful move,
 When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
 On passion that I dare not tell?
 Such weakness I would ever prove—
 'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet, to love.

—*Kirke White.*



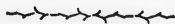
* * Clear Chastity,
 With reddening blushes as she moves along,
 Disordered at the deep regard she draws.

—*Thompson.*



O love! when womanhood is in the flush,
 And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
 His first breathed word, and her half-conscious blush,
 Are fair as light of heaven, or flowers in spring.

—*Allan Cunningham.*



Let me forever gaze
 And bless the new-born glories that adorn thee;
 From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
 Ten thousand little loves and graces spring.

—*Rowe.*

"A BLUSH IS THE CREAM OF MODESTY."

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye doth tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say, "'Tis Cupid's fire."

—*Harrington.*

The blush is Nature's alarm at the approach of sin—and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.—*Fuller.*

O Lord, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up my face to Thee, my God.—*Ezra.*

BLUSHING NOT ALWAYS A CRITERION OF TRUTH.

"There is beauty in the blush of a rose, and there is beauty of a higher character in the blush that mantles the cheek of modesty, and yet there may be just as little of loyalty to God in the living as in the inanimate object."

That holy shame, which ne'er forgets
What clear renown—it used to wear;
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine—has been there."

"A flush,

(As shame, deep shame, had once burnt on her cheek,
Then lingered there forever) looked like health,
Offering hope, vain hope, to the pale lip;
Like the rich crimson of the evening sky,
Brightest when night is coming."

They were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush.—*Bible.*

"When the heart is past hope, the face is past shame."

THE COLOR OF BLUSHES.

Take courage, that is the color of virtue.—*Diogenes to blushing Student.*

Swarthy nations blush white.

Tell an Arab lady that she is as beautiful as a camel, and her skin will tinge with an approving blush.

Tertullian makes himself very merry with those that pretend to be Christians, and call for a bodkin to dress their hair, and the blushes of such a paper to beautify their complexion.

I like her not ; she is a fair craft sailing under false colors.—*Sailor speaking of a noted beauty.*

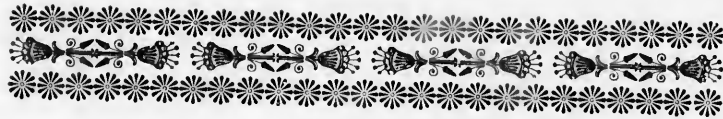
“A female, praising the beautiful color used by the artist on her miniature, was told by him that he did not doubt she was a woman of good taste ; for they both bought their rouge at the same shop.”



NO BLUSHING IN PARADISE.

Into this paradise of pleasure the Lord God conducted our first parents ; who, at this time were naked and yet not ashamed, because their innocence was their protection. They had no sinful inclinations in their bodies, no evil consciences in their minds, to make them blush : and, withal, the temperature of the climate was such as need no clothing to defend them from the weather. God having given them (as we may imagine) a survey of their new habitation, shown them the various beauties of the place, the work wherein they were to employ themselves by day, and the bower wherein they were to repose by night.—*Stackhouse.*





WEDDING CHEER.

“THE CONSCIOUS WATER SAW ITS LORD AND BLUSHIED.”

AND the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee ; and the mother of Jesus was there.

And both Jesus^l was called, and his disciples to the marriage.

And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman what have I to do with thee ? mine hour is not yet come.

His mother saith unto the servants, Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.

And there were set there six waterpots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece.

Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.

And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bear it.

When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was ; (but the servants which drew the water knew) ; the governor of the feast called the bridegroom.

And saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine ; and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse, but thou hast kept the good wine until now,



“They have no wine,” she said,
The mother of our Lord ;
And scant the feast outspread
Upon a wineless board.

For wine, 'tis said, doth cheer
The heart of God and man ;
The grape's enlivening “tear”
On Jewish altars ran.

A drink offering most meet
Prepared for God above,
The cluster's blessing sweet,
The churches' cup of love.

Then let thy bounty deign
The needed festal cheer ;
Nor poverty complain
Of want, while thou art near.

“Oh ! woman, what have I,”
He said, “to do with thee ?
Should miracle supply
E'en vinous luxury ?

Shall need so trivial dare
Demand divine display,
Or ask angelic fare
To grace a wedding day?

Did I for this come forth
Endued with heavenly might,
To aid convivial mirth,
And crown the nuptial rite ?”

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

Thus Jesus tries her faith :
 The Master seems austere—
 As when of old He saith,
 "Shal! dogs eat children's fare?"

But grace cannot say nay,
 The bounty surely comes ;
 None empty go away :
 E'en dogs may eat the crumbs.

Our Saviour still doth bless
 The portion of His saints,
 Doth all their griefs redress,
 And banish their complaints.

And she who knows His love
 Is equal to His power
 Stands waiting now to prove
 Messiah's primal hour.

And turning to the guests,
 ● With admonition true,
 She earnestly requests
 That what He bids they'll do.

"The vessels fill," he cries,
 "Up to the flowing brim ;"
 With wonder and surprise,
 They gladly wait on Him.

His word and work are one :
 Behold the empurpling sign ;
 From every urn doth run
 A fountain of red wine.

Thus, men must do His will,
If they his grace would prove,
For earthly labor still
Must wait on heavenly love.

The slothful ne'er may know
What good in action lies,
Nor how through duties flow
The wines of Paradise.

Yon runner waxeth warm,
Increasing heat with speed ;
And harvests golden charm
Must wave from plenteous seed.

The soul, like rising tide,
Doth find in motion rest,
And halcyon-like doth ride
On billow's heaving breast.

The sea's unceasing roll
Preserves his waters pure ;
While summer-sleeping pool
Breeds dull stagnation, sure.

Those fowl ne'er cl'imb the sky
Who feed on grosser food ;
The wings that highest fly
Are warmed with richest blood.

Reward comes after task,
'Tis work, and work alone,
Can turn to vinous cask
Rude waterpots of stone.

PROPOSAL AND ESPOUSAL.

“Draw out,” He says, “and bear
 To th' governor of the feast :
 Let all the guests have share,
 From th' greatest to the least.

Around from cup to cup
 The heavenly liquor flows ;
 Till all, rejoicing, sup,
 And every bosom glows.

Oh ! viand exquisite,
 Oh ! more than palace cheer,
 What words can thee besit ?
 A God-like chalice here.

No deleterious draft,
 No questionable boon,
 Was ere from mercy quaffed
 Since rolled the sun and moon.

The governor, with joy,
 Partakes the gift divine :
 (That good can never cloy
 Where heaven and earth combine.)

“Of wines, men at the first,”
 Saith he, “set forth the good—
 When men have drunk, the worst :
 (Dull taste hath merriest mood.)

But nobler than the rest—
 And far more generous—thou,
 Of wines hast kept the best
 And choicest until now.”

Thou stem of Jesse's rod,
 This lesson now make mine ;
 All duties done to God,
 Turn water into wine.

CHRIST AT THE WEDDING.—(FOR THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.)

The first public miracle graceth a marriage. It is an ancient and laudable institution, that the rites of matrimony should not want a solemn celebration. When are feasts in season, if not at the recovery of our lost rib? if not at this main change of our estate wherein the joy of obtaining meets with the hope of further comforts. The Son of the Virgin and the mother of that Son are both present at a wedding. It was in all likelihood some of their kindred to whose nuptial feast they were invited so far, yet it was more the honor of the act than of the person that Christ intended. He that made the first marriage in Paradise (and doubtless the same blessed Second Person in the Trinity gave Eve to Adam) bestows His first miracle upon a Galilean marriage. He that was the author of matrimony, and sanctified it, doth by His holy presence honor the resemblance of His eternal union with His church. How boldly may we spit in the faces of all impure adversaries of wedlock when the Son of God pleases to honor it.

(God turns the key in wedlock's gate
 And guards it with His thunder ;
 What God hath joined, O blest estate !
 Let no man put asunder.)

The glorious bridegroom of the church knew well how ready men would be to place shame even in the most lawful conjunctions, and therefore his first work shall be to countenance his own ordinance. Happy is that wedding where Christ is a guest. Oh !

Saviour, those that marry in Thee, cannot marry without Thee. There is no holy marriage where thou art not, however invisible, yet surely present by thy spirit and benediction.—*Hall's Contemplations, 1664.*



THE GOVERNOR AND ETIQUETTE OF MARRIAGE FEASTS.

“At nuptial feasts there were guests of two sorts: first, those that had been invited, and, secondly, those that came of their own accord, and who were expected to bring presents.

The Jewish nuptial feasts continued seven or eight days (Gen. xxviii. 29; Judges xiv. 14). What is here related of the wine falling short, may therefore be understood as of the fifth, sixth or seventh day, for it is scarcely probable that such a deficiency should have occurred much sooner. It seems to have been occasioned by the unexpected arrival of Jesus and his disciples; Jesus being invited as being in the neighborhood, probably not as a prophet, but as a countryman, relation and acquaintance. The idea of a relationship arises from the circumstance of Mary being so much concerned about procuring the supply of wine, and also because, when the feast was over, Jesus went down to Capernum with his brethren and relations, who were distinct from his disciples (Matthew ii. 12) from which it would seem that they all came together, as parties interested in this marriage.

* * * * *

The waterpots were there that the Jews might wash their hands before they made their meal, which is still their practice.

* * * * *

Bishop Cumberland estimates the firkin at a gallon. Some, however, consider this measure to be the same that is in the Old Testament called the bath, which some say held seven gallons and

a half, and others, only four and a half. There is some difficulty in exactly reckoning the measures of the ancients.

* * * * *

Dr. E. D. Clark, the traveller, makes an interesting observation on Cana. He says, 'It is worthy of note, that walking among the ruins of a church we saw large, massy stone pots, answering the description given of the ancient vessels of the country, not preserved and exhibited as religious relics, but lying about, disregarded by the present inhabitants as antiquities with whose original use they were unacquainted. From their appearance and the number of them, it was quite evident that a practice of keeping water in large stone pots, each holding from eighteen to twenty-seven gallons was once common in the country.

* * * * *

The governor of the feast among the Jews blessed the cup, and then sent it round among the guests. The Greeks had such an officer; and it is thought that from them the example was copied by the Jews. He was chosen from one of the most agreeable of the guests, and his duty was to taste the wine, and watch the guests so that if any of them began to be intoxicated, he was to prevent its progress by diluting the liquor for them as it was sent around. The Greeks called him the Symposiarch.—*Pictorial Explanatory New Testament.*



When the Almighty deigns His favors in providence or grace, He does not give like a man, by measure, or by stint, and limit himself to a precise quantity for bestowal, but He gives like a God, and makes our cup to run over. Even as it was said of Alexander that he gave like a king, an ass' load of gold, or five hundred-weight of frankincense (very precious) at one time; or as the monarchs of old, sometimes made wine to run down the streets on the day of their coronation, to show the abundance of the royal resources.

"And we cannot charge the providence of God with being instrumental to all the gluttony and drunkenness which is committed in the world, merely because He affords that meat and drink which men of immoderate appetites abuse to excess."

"It is a high commendation of providence that it crowns us with plenty (whatsoever use we make of it) and bestows upon us richly all things to enjoy, (and who can number the clouds in wisdom or stay the bottles of heaven). So it was not unbecoming a person invested with a divine commission to give on this occasion an eminent instance of his flowing liberality, and by his gracious providence for the family to leave a grateful memorial behind of his benevolent regard to the persons that very likely, were his relatives and had just entered into the honorable estate of matrimony."

"Among the Jews there was always the greatest decency and sobriety imaginable, observed in the celebration of their marriages. To this purpose a governor of the feast (as some say of the sacerdotal race) was always chosen, whose office it was to have superintendency of the dishes and wine, and to oblige the guests to observe all the decorums that religion required, and not only so, but other persons, at this time were likewise appointed to break glass vessels, as a common signal to give the company notice that they had already drunk enough and were not permitted to run to excess."

"The question, what have I to do with thee? or what is it to you and me? The care of providing wine on this occasion, does not properly belong to you and me: but, admitting it did, my hour is not come. It is too soon as yet to set about it, because it is highly fitting that the necessity of that supernatural supply which I intend them, should be a little more felt in order to recommend the benefit itself, and to give the manner of attaining it, a power of making a deeper impression on their minds."

“But what is this I hear? A sharp answer to the suit of a mother? Oh woman what have I to do with thee? He whose sweet mildness and mercy never sent away any suppliant discontented, doth he only frown upon her that bare him? He that commands us to honor father and mother, doth he disdain her whose flesh he took? God forbid: love and duty doth not exempt parents from due admonition. She solicited Christ as a mother, He answers her as a woman. If she were the mother of his flesh, his deity was eternal. She might not so remember herself to be a mother, that she should forget she was a woman nor so look upon him as a son, that she should not regard him as a God. He was so obedient to her as a mother, that withal she must obey him as her God. That part which he took from her shall observe her; she must observe that nature which came from above, and made her both a woman and a mother. Matter of miracle concerned the Godhead only; supernatural things were above the sphere of fleshly relation. If now the blessed Virgin will be prescribing either time or form into Divine acts, O woman, what have I to do with thee? my hour is not come. In all bodily actions his style was, O mother: in spiritual and heavenly, O woman. Neither is it for us in the holy affairs of God to know any faces; yea, if we have known Christ heretofore according to the flesh, henceforth know we him so no more.

“O Blessed Virgin, if in that heavenly glory wherein thou art thou canst take notice of these earthly things, with what indignation dost thou look upon the presumptuous superstition of vain men, whose suits make thee more than a solicitor of Divine favors? Thy humanity is not lost in thy motherhood, nor in thy glory. The respects of nature reach not so high as Heaven. It is far from thee to abide that honor which is stolen from thy Redeemer.

“There is a marriage whereto we are invited, yea wherein we are already interested, not as the guests only, but as the bride; in

which there shall be no want of the wine of gladness. It is a marvel if in these earthly banquets there be not some lack. In thy presence, O Saviour, there is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore. Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the lamb."



THE BEST WINE LAST.

So Cana said : but still the first was good
 For skilful nature wrought her very best ;
 Turning the sunshine into hues of blood,
 Bringing the ripened clusters to be pressed.

The good, the better, and the last the best,
 This is the order of the Master's wine ;
 More than the yesterdays to-day's are blest,
 And life's to-morrows may be more divine.

We "bid" thee, master, come and be our guest
 Life's common things thou turnest into wine ;
 Our cares, our woes, our bitter tears are blest,
 If only thou dost "cause thy face to shine."

—Good Words.



"The love of the world in its commencement is sweet, but in the end bitter ; the love of God at first appears bitter ; but in the end it becomes sweet. This is proved to us in a remarkable manner by the evangelist's account of the marriage feast at Cana, where it is said, 'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse ; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.' The natural man first imbibes the good wine—that is to say, he is dazzled by the deceit-

ful sweetness of earthly pleasures ; when these false desires have made him drunken, then must he drink the bad—conscience and its sting approaches. But Jesus keeps the good wine until the end. Will he satisfy a soul with his love—he first permits it to undergo sorrow and suffering, that the gracious draught may be so much the more refreshing and the sweeter.—*Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours, 1185.*



GREAT PERSONAGES AT MARRIAGE FEASTS.

“Christ himself, in Cana of Galilee, honored marriage with his own presence. It is a custom among men to grace their feasts and solemn meeting with the presence of high personages. Absalom invited the king unto his house. The prophets of God in former ages were of such account that noble men, yea princes, thought themselves honored by their presence. Naaman, a great man, and honored in the Syrian court, waited with his horses and chariots at the door of Elisha ; and yet could not speak with him in person, but was answered by a messenger. Saul intreated Samuel to honor him with his company. If these prophets were a countenance and honor unto persons of so high estate, what then is Christ, whose shoe latchet John the Baptist, who was more than a prophet, was not worthy to untie? Nay, more than that, it pleased Christ to do the greater honor unto the marriage, to show forth there the first fruits of his Godhead ; he graced the bridegroom with the *hansell* of his miracles.”





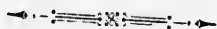
CHARACTERISTIC WEDDINGS.

THE PALMER-NEVADA WEDDING.

BRIDESMAIDS generally enter behind the bride. On this occasion they preceded her, and nearing the chancel, stepped aside with their beaux or *garçons d'honneur*, on whose arms they leaned. This was to let the bride, when she came, enter first within the railings. The manœuvre was prettily executed, and would have done credit to an operatic performance. This bevy of bridesmaids was composed of really beautiful girls; but the two who held their heads easily looked to the most advantage. There were no nodding plumes on the heads of the other two, but one would fancy they thought there were. One had very vivacious eyes. There was something in their style of dress resembling that of the vestal virgins, while the veils were Byzantine. All four were in white from top to toe, and owing to white tulle in their skirts and head-gear, looked quite ethereal. They carried roses in their hands to scatter before the bride as she was leaving the altar with her husband.

The bride—her head bore high wreath, Lucia fashion, of orange blossoms, and her skirt was thickly edged to correspond. The fragrance of the garniture filled the church. Her train—so long! so long!—was worn gracefully. Behind, the veil was no shorter.

She was prettily *emue*, but without agitation, and the eyes expressed confidence and religious feeling. A painter who is doing an episode in St. Cecilia's life begged me to obtain an invitation for him to the wedding, in hope of gleaning there something that would do in his picture. I have not heard to what extent he succeeded.—*London Truth.*



A DRUIDICAL WEDDING.

The following description of a marriage in the Druidical days is given in Saintine's *Myths of the Rhine* :

" At a place where two roads meet, the cracking of a whip is heard ; hogs, sheep and small oxen are driven aside to make way for a kind of procession, consisting of grave and solemn men and women.

It is a wedding.

Two young people have just had their union blessed by the priests under the sacred oak. The bride is dressed in black, and wears a wreath of dark leaves on her head. She walks in the midst of her friends. A matron, who walks on her left, holds before her eyes a white cloth ; it is a shroud, the shroud in which she will be buried one of these days. On her right a Druid intones a chant, in which he enumerates in solemn rythm all the troubles and all the anxieties which await her wedded life.

' From this day, young wife, thou alone wilt have to bear all the burden of your united household.

You will have to attend the baking oven, to provide fuel, and to go in search of food ; you will have to prepare the resinous torch and the lamp.

You will wash the linen at the fountain, and you will make up the clothing.

You will attend to the cow, and even to the horse if your husband requires it.

Always full of respect, you will wait on him, standing behind him at his meals.

If he expresses a wish to take you with him to war, you will accompany him to carry his baggage, to keep his arms in good condition, and to nurse him if he should be sick or wounded.

Happiness consists in the fulfilment of duty. Be happy, my child.'

What is still more strange is that this do'lorous wedding song, but slightly altered, is still in some parts of France, at this day, addressed to brides by local minstrels.



MORAVIAN MARRIAGES.

"We highly reverence marriage, as greatly conducive to the kingdom of Christ. But neither our young men nor women enter into it till they assuredly know they are married to Christ. When any know that it is the will of God that they should change their state, both the man and the woman are placed for a time with some married persons, who instruct them how to behave, so that their married life may be pleasing to God. Then their design is laid before the whole church, and after about fourteen days they are solemnly joined, though not otherwise habited than they are at other times. If they make any entertainment, which is not always, they invite only a few intimate friends, by whose faithful admonitions they may be the better prepared to bear their cross and fight the good fight of faith."



QUAKER MARRIAGES.

Divorces are actually unknown among the Quakers, and this absence is accounted for by the extraordinary precautions employed when two young persons desire to be united in marriage.

The parties place their proposals of marriage in a written form, which is referred to the Society of which they are members, and is first acted upon at a "Preparation Meeting" thereof. If all the attendant circumstances are in every respect in accordance with the views of those present, the proposal is approved, and is then introduced at the "monthly meeting," where it is again passed upon, and a committee of investigation into the characters, habits and circumstances of the engaged twain is appointed. These committees always consists of two member of each sex. The committee, after a most thorough examination and investigation, makes its report, generally at the succeeding "monthly" meeting. This ends the preliminary arrangements, and the twain are then at liberty to proceed in the accomplishment of their marriage, a committee of two of each sex being appointed by the meeting to see it orderly conducted, and the marriage certificate delivered to the Recorder. As a rule, the impressive ceremonies are generally conducted at the home of the bride, and occasionally in the "meeting house." At the nuptial ceremonies, the certificate of marriage is given to the couple, which, after receiving their own signatures, is in turn signed by every person present, and frequently contains a hundred or more names. Engagement or wedding rings are rarely given.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*



"CATCHING A TARTAR," OR A TARTARY WEDDING.

"Among the Kirghese the practice of polygamy obtains. Generally the eldest brother of a family has more than one wife. The first wife is mistress of the household, and is called *baibiche*. To her are subject, not only her husband's other wives, but also the other inmates of the family. The head of the household will often send a portion of his herd several hundred miles away under the care of this wife, while he himself will either remain with his other wives about the grazing ground, or go and encamp somewhere by

himself. In winter the family comes together again. The manifold circumstances connected with marriage among Kirghese are somewhat formidable, and involve the payment of a *kalim*, besides the giving of various presents. The affair is arranged as to its preliminaries by matchmakers, and the bridegroom after betrothal has sometimes to wait for a year or more until he can bring the remaining portion of the *kalim*. If during this period the betrothed girl should die, her parents are bound to give instead their next daughter, or in default, to return the *kalim*, and pay also a fine of one or two horses and robes or furs. So also is it if the girl should refuse to marry, which she may do on account of the ill-health, or his poverty (in some localities), her personal dislike. Yet another custom is that if the bridegroom die or refuse to marry the girl, his parents are bound to take her for their next son, paying a fine, usually a camel, in case of refusal. When the prescribed period of betrothal is at an end, the bridegroom, dressed and mounted at his best, goes with his friends to the *aul* or village of the bride, where the tent has been prepared for his reception. Throughout the ceremonies of betrothal, the bride's brother has the right of pilfering from the bridegroom whatever he pleases; but now the bride's relations come and take as presents almost everything he has—his coat, hat, girdle, horse and saddle, saying each one that they are for the education of the bride—a seizure that is afterwards repaid by the relations of the bridegroom on the visit to the home of the relations of the bride."



INDIAN WEDDING.

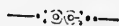
If you would like to see *one* form of Indian marriage (for all tribes have not the same ceremonies, by any means) just step with me into this wigwam. There they stand—the bridegroom and the bride—surrounded with any number of relatives and witnesses, for everybody likes to see a wedding. A pipe, with bowl of pol-

ished stone, and flattened at the sides so as to admit of two hearts being carved thereon—a larger one below representing the brave's, and a smaller one above to symbolize the squaw's—is handed the former, who smokes a little, and then gives it to the latter, and she after taking a few whiffs, passes the same to her nearest friend, and so it goes to all the company. Thus two are smoked into one, according to what is called the "Pipe Ceremony."



GYPSY WEDDING.

"Few more fantastic scenes can be conceived than a gypsy wedding. The place usually chosen is a sand pit. In two long rows fronting each other the attendants take their stand, leaving a path in the middle, half way down which a broomstick is placed, held up about eighteen inches above the ground. The bridegroom is called, walks down the path, steps over the broomstick, and awaits the maiden's arrival. She, too, is called, walks down between the rows of gypsies, lightly trips over the stick, and is then received into the arms of her husband. A few days of feasting follow, and then the wild, wandering life is resumed. Children grow up in the tent or van, and as the wants become greater, the gypsy matron adds another to her resources of making a livelihood."



ELOPING WITH A GYPSY PRINCESS.

"Great excitement exists in the gypsy camp near Yalesville, just north of Wallingford, Conn., in consequence of the elopement of the sixteen-year-old daughter of 'Prince' William with a New Haven young man of twenty-five, who had fallen violently in love with the gypsy princess. She did not return to the camp one night at the usual hour, and consequently there was a great uproar. The young man had paid frequent visits to the camp, and the girl

had had her palm as frequently crossed with silver, because she predicted for him great fortune. Still his actions had not excited the suspicions of the other gypsies.

The young woman is beautiful, has black eyes, and long, dark hair, and is one of sixteen children that call 'Prince' Williams father. The latter, who is a veritable prince among the gypsies, was born in England fifty years ago. His headquarters are in Boston, where he owns a well-stocked livery stable, which he looks after in the winter, but in the summer his sons attend to it, while he roams at the head of his band through New England.

He is reputed to be very wealthy, and owns, besides, farms in East Hartford, Mass., and Canada. His wife is the purchasing agent and treasurer of the band, and drives many a sharp bargain with those with whom she deals. The prince and princess have a magnificent wagon, in which glass and gilt predominate as ornaments, and is said to have cost over \$1,000.

No trace has been found of the runaways, and detectives have been put to work on the case, with instructions to spare neither pains nor expense to accomplish their capture. The vengeance of the camp will be visited on her, as marriage outside the camp is regarded with horror by these strange people."

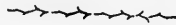


A CELEBRATED WEDDING ON A MEMORABLE DAY, OR MARRIED
WHEN THREE SUNDAYS CAME TOGETHER.

Edgar A. Poe, with characteristic cleverness and ingenuity, proves by a scientific fact the accomplishment of a seeming impossibility, and shows how a certain guardian uncle's supposed futile promise came to be unexpectedly and surprisingly claimed and performed. For has not that queer old gentleman met the pleadings of an importunate suitor for the hand of his rich

neice by telling him, with sundry knowing smiles and winks and covert expressions of high glee, that he (the young man) shall have the girl on that auspicious day—whenever it may occur—that three Sundays come together.

Now, it so happens that this droll old gentleman has two friends who are fond of travel, and who, fortunately for the young couple, conceive the project at this time of an extensive tour, or circumnavigating the globe. On their safe return, meeting at their old friend's house to recount the adventures of their respective tours, it is found that "Mr. Smitherton," who set sail eastward, has been so continually anticipating the rising of the sun that he has gained a day in his course; while on the other hand, "Mr. Rumgudgeon," who started westward, has been gradually leaving the sun behind him on his constant way, and has consequently lost the same length of time. Therefore, as will be seen by the discerning reader, Smitherton's Sunday has nimbly stepped over into Monday, and Rumgudgeon's Sabbath has slid back into Saturday, while the aforesaid uncle's Day of Rest remains unchanged, proving that nothing is impossible to love, and that "all things come round to him that waits."



WHERE THE SUN JUMPS A DAY.

"Chatham Island, lying off the coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific Ocean, is peculiarly situated, as it is one of the habitable points of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just in the line of demarcation between dates. There high twelve on Sunday, or noon, ceases, and instantly Monday meridian begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side, and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noonday day dinner on Sunday, and it is Monday noon before he finishes it.

There Saturday is Sunday, and Sunday is Monday, and Monday becomes suddenly transferred into Tuesday. It is a good place for people who have lost much time, for by taking an early start they can always get a day ahead on Chatham Island. It took philosophers and geographers a long time to settle the puzzle of where Sunday ceased and Monday noon began with a man traveling west fifteen degrees an hour, or with the sun. It is to be hoped that the next English Arctic expedition will settle the other mooted question: 'Where will one stop who travels north-west continually?'



A POLISH WEDDING, OR THREE DAYS MARRYING.

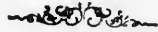
The following is a description of a wedding which occurred at a place called Morris' Mills, in the neighborhood of New York, and after a courtship of a few weeks continuance, on the day appointed it is said:—

“With a number of their friends, and relatives the pair left for New York, where the nuptial knot was tied at the Polish church in Stanton street, by their priest. As soon as they were made one they took the first train for home, and on their arrival at Bloomfield all the Poles in the place assembled at their home, in Poland lane, for the express purpose of giving them a serenade, and to join in the festivities of the day. All kinds of instruments, drums, tin pans, violins, tambourines, and bones, were used on this occasion, together with the burning of tar-barrels, in order to make everything pertaining to the wedding a success.

The wedding reception, which lasted until midnight of Tuesday, making three days, as is the custom in their native land, commenced on Saturday evening, and an enjoyable time was had at the residence of the bride's parents. All day Saturday and Sunday the many friends of the happy couple had an opportunity of visiting them, and after offering their congratulations were escorted into a

room near the kitchen, where they were treated to all the beer they wanted, together with a Hibernian sandwich made expressly for the wedding reception, and which was greatly enjoyed by all who partook of the supper. After they had eaten, the guests were taken into a large and spacious room, where dancing was kept up until midnight, the music being furnished by members of the party. The bride and groom separated each night after bidding every one good night, going to their respective homes, to meet again at noon of the morrow, when the same performance was gone over until midnight.

On Tuesday evening, at 12 o'clock, when the marriage feast ends, the happy ones are considered married, and are allowed to go to the home which has been prepared for them a short distance from that of the wife's parents."



MARRIAGE THROUGH A DREAM.

The father of the Jewish Rabbi, Moses Maimonides, entered into the conjugal state in advanced life through having dreamt several successive times that he was wedded to the daughter of a butcher in his neighborhood; the lady whom he did eventually marry.



A SEPTUAGENARIAN WEDDING.

'Tis often said that first love, when sincere, is enduring, and from memory never fades; that though people may deceive themselves with the idea that it has been crushed and buried beyond resurrection, it needs but the sight of the loved one's face, or some tender recollection, to restore the affection that was not dead, but only slumbering. A very striking exemplification of this was furnished the other day in the marriage of the Rev. William D. Buck and Mrs. Alvira Austin, at the advanced ages of seventy-six and

seventy-two respectively, which was solemnized in this city. It was learned last evening, on excellent authority, that the groom in his early manhood was devotedly attached to the lady who is now his wife, and in fact they were engaged. Some one of those peculiar matters, which it is often difficult to explain, broke off the match. In time each made a different choice and married. In the course of events the Rev. Mr. Buck saw his wife, and two sons she had borne him, laid in the grave. Chance, or was it fate, brought him face to face with the sweetheart of other days. The old love was awakened, he wooed and won her.—*Buffalo Courier.*



When age weddeth age, why should we complain,
 "There's no law against it" in reason or truth ;
 So long as true love in the heart doth remain
 The old may be happy as well as brow youth.

Though the head may be white, yet the soul is still young,
 The spirit knows nothing of time, chance or change ;
 And vows may be true, spoke by faltering tongue :
 Then to seek wedded comfort—why should it seem strange ?

We need it the more as the years grow apace ;
 Companionship sweetens as life growth dears ;
 Deny us not then *one* familiar face
 To cheer life's decline and to wipe the last tear.



INCIDENTAL MARRIAGES.

I do not know whether it has ever been noticed that the premature announcement, or rather the publication, of an engagement between two people who previously had never thought of sharing their fortunes, however large or small, and of entering upon a mar-

riage compact, has brought about such a happy result. I happen to know of two very happily married couples who for the first time found they loved each other by a notice appearing in print that they were engaged. One gentleman, in particular, started for a certain newspaper office with every intention of razing the building to the ground, in consequence of the publication of this statement, and when about half way on his mission had thought the matter over, and concluded to retrace his steps and make a formal proposition of marriage to the young lady. This he did, and was accepted. Another gentleman was asked so repeatedly whether he was engaged to a certain young lady in New York society that he concluded she would make him a good wife, and he, likewise, is married to her. Similar results rarely occur. After all, perhaps, these social paragraphs more often conduce to happiness than they bring about the annulment of matrimonial proceedings.—*From Town Talk.*

PLAYING AT WEDDINGS.

But whereunto shall I liken this generation? It is like unto children sitting in the markets, and calling unto their fellows,

And saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced : we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.—*Bible.*

That was a humorous, though dishonest, little school-boy who, once upon a time, during recess, stole into the master's garden—adjacent to the playground—and hiding among the vines, helped himself most bountifully to the rich clusters of ripe grapes, that sweetly hang in charming abundance there. But before he put the tempting morsel to his longing but forbidden lips, he sought to qualify the doubtful act by pronouncing a sacred formula over it,

he saying, as he quoted from the Book of Common Prayer : " I publish the banns of matrimony between"—these grapes and my mouth—"if any person knoweth any just cause or impediment why they should not be joined together let him now declare it." As no one seemed to be present to interrupt the pleasant ceremony, the marriage was going on between the fruit of the vine and the palate of the urchin, when, lo ! a boding presence stole in upon the peaceful scene, and a voice, which proved to be the master's himself, cried out, as it came rushing nearer and nearer, and therefore sounding louder and louder on its approach, " I publish the banns of matrimony betwixt this stick and your back. If any person knoweth any just cause—" " I forbid the banns," cried the surprised youth, whose wit, like fire in flint, was struck out of him by fear. " Why?" thundered the frowning pedagogue, as he held the uplifted birch in ominous proximity to the culprit's trembling back. " Because the parties are not agreed," replied the ready boy. As this fact was unanswerable, and as the irate teacher had been unwittingly betrayed into employing the legal form of settling the dispute, the case was dismissed with sundry charges.



MOCK MARRIAGES AND MINISTERIAL COMMENTS THEREON.

In a special from Buffalo to New York, a correspondent writes :
" There has been some stir in the religious portion of the community over the celebration of mock Japanese weddings in Riverside, Westminster and other churches. The craze began shortly after " The Mikado " had been performed here, and the results have given the ministers some uneasiness. The last church ceremony was at Riverside Methodist Church, the principal performers being Joseph C. Adams, a bookkeeper, and Miss Mary Scott, a school teacher, the handsomest couple in Black Rock. They do not consider themselves married. It would be embarrassing if the marri-

age should prove to be genuine, inasmuch as it is whispered that both parties have other attachments. A leading minister said to-day :

'I have not seen the Mikado. But, if what I have been told is correct, Dr. Smith has been indiscreet in allowing a representation of the opera in his church. The name *Yum Yum* is vulgar and slangy, and even a comical wedding between such a character and a lord high executioner is distasteful to religious people. I am told that the ceremony was even more binding and formal than at Riverside. It is shocking. It is demoralizing, and, in common with other Presbyterians, I protest against such practices.'

The Rev. Patrick Cronin, editor of *The Catholic Union*, who is closely in sympathy with Bishop Ryan, has written a letter in which he says : 'Mock marriages are a dangerous game to play. The essence of marriage is the consent of the contracting parties ; and when this consent is clearly manifested (usually by words) there is no longer any *mock* about it. The consenting parties are wedded. It seems to me that the many melancholy instances furnished by the public press of frolicksome mock marriages, how they have blighted happy homes and withered human hearts, should be sufficient warning against such amusement, which begins in smiles, but so often ends in tears.'

The Rev. Dr. Brown, rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, says : 'The mock marriages tend to irreverence, however unintentional, and to the depreciation of the solemn service of matrimony. I hope they may be discontinued.'

The Rev. Mr. Falk, rabbi of the Temple Beth Zion, says that he was surprised that Japanese mock marriages should have been allowed in any house of worship, and characterizes them as profane entertainments.

Other clergymen denounce the craze with more or less vehemence: the only advocates it has being the ministers who tied the impersonators of *Yum-Yum* and *Nanki-Poo*."



A TWICE-WEDDED PAIR.

Not a little surprise has been created by the news of the elopement of Miss Belle M—, daughter of Mr. Edward M—. The family are well known to many in London. The young lady had for some time past been engaged to the gentleman who is now her husband, Mr. A. Willard F—, who spent last Sunday in the city. He being very anxious for an early marriage, urged Miss M— to obtain her parents consent to an immediate union, and accompany him home. He was especially anxious to be married at once as it would probably be many months before he could again secure leave of absence. Knowing that her parents would raise objections to such a summary proceeding, although they were perfectly satisfied with her choice, Miss M— decided to accompany her affianced to Detroit, without their approval, leaving a note for her father, telling him the reason of her departure. The young couple left on the afternoon train, and on their arrival in Detroit were at once united at the office of a justice of the peace. Mr. M— left on the first train after receiving the note, and on finding his daughter, was informed of the marriage. As Mr. M— did not like the idea of a marriage unless solemnized by a minister of the gospel, the young couple acceded to his wish, and were remarried on Tuesday in Grand Rapids by Rev. Sanfield Cobb, Presbyterian minister.—*London Advertiser*.



EXPENSIVE WEDDINGS.

In India, and in the great cities of Central Asia, the expenses of a wedding are very great, and consequently some parents excuse

themselves in disposing of their daughter on the score of expense—the difficulty they find in defraying the expenses of the wedding. The unnecessary expenses of their marriage ceremonies, the dinners, the music, and the marriage presents, often hamper a family through life. Parents, however poor, think it absolutely necessary to celebrate the marriage of their daughters at a great expense.

For example, a munsh, or clerk, receiving the modest salary of thirty shillings a month, will spend a hundred pounds upon his daughter's wedding, especially if she should be fortunate enough to secure the hand of a husband in a nobler or better-born family than his own. The dearly-loved customs cannot be passed over. And if parents find it impossible to meet the pecuniary demands of the marriage ceremonies, the needless parade of music, the useless articles of finery for the girl's person, and the marriage portion in goods and chattels the girl has no alternative but to remain single all the days of her life.

There are many daughters in high-born but needy families in this position. It is this difficulty that in darker days induced Mohammedan villages to follow the example of the Rajputs and to destroy their female children at their birth.

It is related by Mrs. Meer Hason Ali, an English lady who married a Mohammedan gentleman in Lucknow some fifty years ago, that Nawab Asoof ud Dowlah, hearing with horror of the frequent occurrence of female infanticide amongst poor villagers, issued a proclamation to his subjects in Oude, commanding them to desist from this barbarous custom, and as an inducement to the wicked parents to preserve their female offspring alive, offered grants of land to every female as a marriage portion.

Even in the present day the birth of a daughter casts a temporary gloom over a Moslem family, whilst the birth of a boy is a

season of rejoicing. Some say it is more honorable to have sons than daughters, but others believe that it is the expense and trouble of settling the daughters that is the real cause of this unnatural feeling.—*The Leisure Hour.*



“AND THEY MADE LIGHT OF IT.”

Ye sons of frivolity,—
 Daughters of jollity—
 That sport in low fashion,
 Till play becomes passion,
 With things esteemed holy,
 Your faith grown to folly ;
 Adepts in mere vanities,
 Accomplished inanities :
 Who deem it a merit
 To quench the good Spirit.
 Your heaven in laughter,
 While hell follows after ;
 Alas ! for this lightness
 (Sure bane of uprightness)
 Of sin's rising leaven,
 It swells up to heaven,
 And braves the Creator
 In dispute which is greater,
 With Satan consorting,
 In evil disporting ;
 Unheeding, unshaming,
 It meets judgment's flaming
 And knoweth no turning
 Till plunged in the burning.





THE MARRIAGE BOND.

THE bond of wedlock is the closest of all bonds. It excels, but dissolves none. This leaving of the parents loseth not the duty which the law lays on the child. Rachel, though married to Jacob, yet prayeth pardon for her duty of Laban her father. She did it not ; but in praying pardon she acknowledged it. Joseph did it ; though in power next to the king, yet did he reverence his father even with his face down to the ground. Not in case alone of reverence, but also of relief, obedience, protection, and whatsoever duty is comprised besides within that general term of honor. But still with this proviso, that the duties to be done by the child unto the parent disturb not the conjunction between the married couple. They must give place to this, as both the straighter bond and the more ancient. The decalogue is younger than this institution. Husband and wife were before child and parent. Sinai must yield to Paradise. That which God bids doth dispense with, that which Moses bids. Or say that God bids both ; Moses was but God's mouth. God commands not contraries. The one includes the tacit acceptance of the other. That abrogates not this. Say the most you can against it, that God speaks not preceptive, but permissive only ; yet so it is an indulgence. The latter is the law ; and a man is tied to that. But wedlock hath a privilege, and the

married man by it may leave both father and mother, and cleave unto his wife.

Whether this describes the marriage bond or defines the marriage duties, I will not say. Let it be the first. Christ hath but called it a conjunction ; it is more. Conjunction is sometimes of things remote. The sun and moon are far asunder, even in their conjunction. Saint Paul's term hath more emphasis, and the evangelists have it, too ; 'tis an agglutination. Glue joins two bodies as but one. My text's term is significant : can things be closer than cleave together. But Saint Paul's term is more pregnant. Glue not only closeth, but fastens, too ; fastens so firmly that the bodies joined together will rather rend in the whole than sever in the joint. The bond of marriage is indissoluble. Of two things glued together, the one will pull away with a piece from the other rather than 'twill part from it. See we it not in this very subject ? Death offers violence to this bond, and will dissolve it. The man and wife must yield. They must, but will not. Death sunders them by force ; but how ? The one pulls away with it a part from the other, and that part is the heart. The corpse of the dead carries away with it even the soul of the survivor. Not the soul only, but the body too, sometimes. Doth not one month, one week, sometimes one day, bury both wife and husband ? Not in contagious times (then 'tis no marvel), but merely through the tenacity of this glue, the bond of wedlock ; it hath so soldered their souls together that the man will say of the woman, as Jacob did of Joseph, "Surely I will go down into the grave unto my wife sorrowing."

So straight, so firm is the bond of marriage, that not only not Christ's term expresses it, a conjunction, to be joined together ; but not my text's term either, an adhesion, to cleave together ; no, nor yet that of Saint Paul's, an agglutination, to be glued together. Glue makes two things as one, *quasi unum* ; but marriage makes two merely one ; the words of my text, "And they twain shall be

one flesh," meant not in the children of their bodies, that the parents shall be one in them, as the Greek fathers mostly construe it, moved by the phrase, *in carnem unum*. Christ hath removed that scruple, *una caro sunt*, they are one flesh. The wife and husband, though they never have child, or if they have, yet before they have, yea, the very instant of the marriage, saith our Saviour, they are no longer two, but even then are one flesh. And therefore Saint Paul calls the woman's flesh, her husbands, and a man's wife, himself. And this not religion only teacheth, but law, too; which reputeth the wife and husband but one person. As when God formed Eve of Adam, he made one two; so when he brought her to Adam he made two one.—*Extract from a wedding sermon by Richard Clarke, Archbishop of Canterbury, (1637.)*



ANCIENT MARRIAGE BOND.

* * We come unto the solemn ceremonies used by the Romans in their marriages. We will first shew the manner of their contracts, when each did promise the other to live as man and wife. Now the manner of contracting was commonly thus: They did, for the greater security, write down the form of the contract upon tables of record, as appeareth by Juvenal, Sat. 6.

These tables were also sealed with the signets of certain witnesses there present, who were termed, from their act of sealing, Signatures. Moreover, before they would begin the ceremonies of their contract, the man procured a soothsayer, and the woman another, with whom first they would consult. The token or sign which these soothsayer in the time of observing accounted most fortunate was a crow.

The man also gave, in token of good will, a ring unto the woman, which she was to wear upon the next finger unto the little finger of

the left hand, because unto that finger alone proceeded a certain artery from the heart.

Again, because of the good success that Romulus and his followers had in the violent taking away of the Sabine women, they continued a custom that the man should come and take away his wife by a seeming violence from the lap or bosom of her mother or the next of kin.

She being thus taken away, her husband did dissever and divide the hair of her head with the top of a spear, wherewith some fencer formerly had been killed, which ceremony did betoken that nothing should dis-join them but such a spear, or such like violence."



MARRIAGE DOWRY.

At the time of the marriage, also, the man gave his wife a dowry-bill, which the scrivener wrote, and the bridegroom paid for, whereby he endowed his spouse, if she were a virgin, with two hundred deniers (that is fifty shekels); and if she had been married before, with an hundred deniers (that is twenty-five shekels), and this was called the root or principal of the dowery. The dowery might not be less, but more, so much as he would, though it were to a talent of gold. There is mention of a contract between Tobias and Sara, and that was performed not by a scrievener, but by Ragnel, the woman's father; where, we may observe, that before the writing of this bill, there was a giving of the woman unto her husband. The form of words there used is: "Behold, take her after the law of Moses."—*Tobit vii. 16.*

A copy of this dowery-bill is taken by Bertram out of the Babylon *Talmud*. The words thereof are thus: "Upon the sixth day of the week, the fourth of the month, in the year five thousand, two hundred and fifty-four of the creation of the world, according to

the computation which we use here at —, a city which is situate on the sea-shore : the bride-groom, Rabbi Moses, the son of Rabbi Jehuda, said unto the bride-wife Clarona, the daughter of Rabbi David, the son of Rabbi Moses, a citizen of Lisbon : Be unto me a wife according to the law of Moses and Israel, and I, according to the word of God, will worship, honor, maintain and govern thee according to the manner of the husbands among the Jews, which do worship, honor, maintain and govern their wives faithfully ; I also do bestow upon thee the dowery of thy virginity, two hundred deniers in silver, which belong unto thee by the law, and moreover thy food, thy apparel, and sufficient necessaries, as likewise the knowledge of thee according to the custom of the whole earth. Thus Clarona the virgin rested, and became a wite to Rabbi Moses the son of Jehuda, the bridegroom."



JEWISH MARRIAGE SONG.

The rites and ceremonies of their marriage were performed in an assembly of ten men at least, with blessings and thanksgivings unto God, whence the house itself was called the house of praise, and their marriage song, the song of thanksgiving, the sum whereof is this : The chief of the bridemen taketh a cup and blesseth it, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, the king of the world, which createth the fruit of the vine." Afterward he saith : "Blessed be the Lord our God, the King of the world, who hath created man after His own image, according to the image of His own likeness, and hath thereby prepared unto Himself an everlasting building. Blessed be Thou, O Lord, who hath created him." Then followeth again : "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, who hath created joy and gladness, the bridegroom and the bride, charity and brotherly love, rejoicing, and pleasure, peace and society. I beseech Thee O, Lord, let there be suddenly heard in the cities of Judah, and the

streets of Jerusalem, the voice of joy and gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the bride, the voice of exaltation in the bride-chamber sweeter than any feasts, and children sweeter than the sweetness of a song." And this being ended, he drinketh to the married couple.



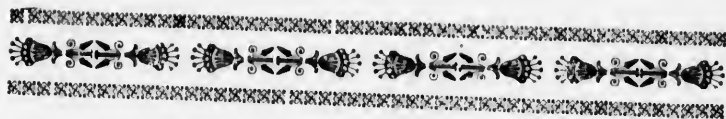
NUPTIALS.

The marriage bond is sometimes spoken of as the nuptials, from nuptic, which "tie" comes from a word signifying "a covering;" because the virgins, when they came to their husbands, for modesty and shamefacedness, covered their faces, even as Rebekah, on meeting Isaac, cast a veil over her face; and Potter, in his *Antiquities*, tells us that the bride was usually brought to her husband with a yellow covering or veil, called the nuptic, over her face, and was conducted to his house with five torches, signifying thereby the need which married persons have of five gods or goddesses, *i. e.* Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Suadela, and Diana.



A WEDDED JUDGMENT, OR THE BOND OF INIQUITY.

Paul speaks of being bound together with his yoke fellows in the Lord; but there are some, alas! that are bound together in the devil. The worst judgment that can befall an evil man is to marry a woman as wicked as himself; as witness Ahab and Jezebel. And well saith the Apocrypha, "A wicked woman is given as a portion to a wicked man." "If ye walk contrary to me, I also will walk contrary to you," saith the Almighty; and this is often done, even at the hymeneal altar, where God curseth a wicked man's blessings in the very gift of his wife. And thus beginning under the curse, they continue under it, and live a cursed life and die a cursed death together—a brood of the ungodly, a generation of vipers.



THE WEDDING SHOE.

“THE HOUSE OF HIM THAT HATH HIS SHOE LOOSED.”



IF BRETHREN dwell together, and one of them die, and have no child, the wife of the dead shall not marry without unto a stranger; her husband's brother shall take her to him to wife, and perform the duties of an husband's brother unto her.

And it shall be that the first-born which she beareth shall succeed in the name of his brother which is dead, that his name be not put out of Israel.

And if the man like not to take his brother's wife, then let his brother's wife go up to the gate unto the elders, and say, My husband's brother refuseth to raise up unto his brother a name in Israel, he will not perform the duty of my husband's brother.

Then the elders of this city shall call him, and speak unto him: and if he stand to it, and say, I like not to take her;

Then shall his brother's wife come unto him in the presence of the elders, and loose his shoe from off his foot, and spit in his face, and shall answer and say, So shall it be done unto the man that will not build up his brother's house.

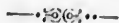
And his name shall be called in Israel the house of him that hath his shoe loosed.—*Bible.*

The fair Jewess spat in his face,
 Who denied her the marriage relation ;
 When his brother had left her embrace,
 And died without seed in the nation.

Down-stooping, she loosed off his shoe,
 Symbolic of broken dominion !
 As unworthy the name of a Jew,
 A dastard in public opinion.



In Turkey, the bridegroom after marriage is chased by the guests, who administer blows by way of adieus, or pelt him with slippers.—*Thirty Years in the Harem.*



THE SHOE A SYMBOL OF AUTHORITY.

Mr. Urquhart tells us that being at a Jewish wedding, and standing beside the bridegroom, he observed that when the bride entered, he stooped down as he crossed the threshold, drew off his shoe, and struck her with the heel on the nape of the neck."



In Anglo-Saxon marriages, the father delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her with it on the head to show his authority.—*Brewer*



Mr. Robert's, when travelling in the East, observed that an affectionate widow never parts with her husband's shoes. They are placed near her when she sleeps ; she kisses them and puts her head upon them ; and nearly every time after bathing she goes to look at them. They are a perpetual memento to her of the protection she has lost.

Throwing the wedding shoe over the head of the bride as she comes from the altar is still a custom in some parts of England.



WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

No one knows where the shoe pinches but he that puts it on.—*Old Saying.*

I wot weel where my ain shoe binds.—*Scottish Proverb.*

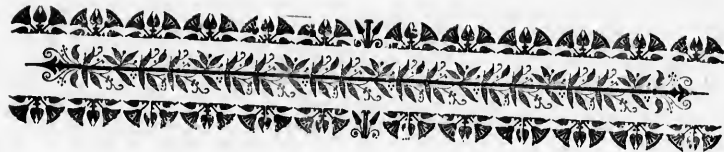
"The authorship of this proverb is commonly ascribed to Æmilius Paulus; but the story told by Plutarch leaves it doubtful whether Æmilius used a known illustration or invented one. The relations of his wife remonstrated with him on his determination to repudiate her, she being an honorable matron, against whom no fault could be alleged. Æmilius admitted the lady's worth; but pointing to one of his shoes, he asked the remonstrants what they thought of it. They thought it a handsome and well-fitting shoe. "But none of you," he rejoined, "can tell where it pinches me."



THE CHARM OF THE HORSE-SHOE

But the shoe around which superstition "rages" the most incontinently is not the common shoe of the cordwainer, be it old or new, whether the ornamental shoe of the Paris shop window, or the "old shoes and clouted" picked up from the slums and gutters and used with a decoction of sugar in the distillation of rum in New York city; but the shoe alike of the parlor and the stable, of bright bric-a-brac and neglected outhouse, of our modern needlework and of ancient sculpture (for we found the figure thereof four times repeated on a gravestone in Dryburgh Abbey, Scotland),

And only high heaven knows what we should do,
If we lost the bright charm of the gilded horse-shoe.



THE HONEYMOON.

OR THE FIRST MO(O)NTH AFTER MARRIAGE.

THE first month after marriage was called "The Honeymoon," from the practice of the ancient Teutons of drinking honey-wine (Hydromel) for thirty days after marriage. Attila, the Hun, indulged so freely in hydromel at his wedding feast that he died.

Hast thou found honey, eat so much as is good for thee, lest thou be full and vomit therewith.—*Solomon.*

"A sentimental bride put the following question to her mother on the eve of her wedding: 'How long does the so-called honeymoon last?' Her practical mamma replied: 'Till you ask your husband for money.'"

A bee was the symbol of the Egyptian kings. The honey was the reward they gave the meritorious; the sting the punishment of the unworthy.

The bees of Hymettus made the most celebrated honey; and the etymological relation of Hymen to Hymettus is patent to all.

"It was the custom of some heathen priests of old, in the service of their Gods, to wash or dip their tongues in honey; an excellent emblem to teach us how our tongues must be purified, and sanctified and seasoned with the word."

Because of the sweetness of a man's lips the king shall be his friend.—*Proverbs*.

The fair Servians held a lump of sugar between their teeth when getting married, to show that their conversation must be sweet and pleasant.

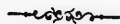
The Athenian law compelled the married parties on retiring to eat a quince together for the same reason.

Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to you own husbands; that if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of their wives.

While they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear.

—*Scripture*.

The Andamanese spend the honeymoon at home.



THE HONEYMOON PLEASANT IN ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

From the sentence, "Be attentive at the doors of the law," Rabbi Meir declared that every scholar should have at least three teachers, and that the word "doors" possesses a peculiar idea or meaning. For instance, a person in passing the door of the house in which he passed his honeymoon, or the door of a hall of justice in which he has been convicted or acquitted, or the door of a house in which he has sinned, what different thoughts, feelings, and recollections will be awakened in him.—*Talmud*.



'Tis said of the spouse, in Solomon's song,
That honey and milk are under her tongue;
For the church's lips drop as a sweet honey comb,
The charm of the soul and the music of home.



HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

THE derivation of these names seems to be as follows : Husband—House-band. Wive—Weaver. The man was called husband or house-band because he connected the family and kept it together. The woman was called wife, or the weaver, because she did the spinning or weaving.

The husband is the head of the wife, inasmuch as he is the head of the household, though she is associated with him, and as such he is entitled to the respect and affection of all.

The head is he, upholding all,
The joints and bands supporting ;
And she, th' enfolding sinews small,
With kindly head consorting.

In Bible times a man was called husband on his betrothal to a maiden, so sacred was the engagement considered. See Matthew i. 16, where Joseph is called the husband of Mary before marriage.

There are, we opine, no names in the Hebrew language—which is doubtless the oldest tongue of all—for such social nondescripts as “flirts” and “coquets.” They were the parasitical aftergrowth of a more *levity*-cal age than even Leviticus itself.

Rabbi Jose, says the Talmud, never called his spouse “wife,” but “home,” for she indeed made his home.



"Hail! pretty bud
Of flesh and blood."



Among the Ionians of Asia, the woman as we are informed by Herodotus, did not share the table of her husband; she dared not call him by his name, but addressed him with the title of lord, and lived secluded in the interior of the house; on this model the most important relations between man and wife had been also regulated at Athens.

But among the Dorians of Sparta, the wife was honored by her husband with the title of *Despoina*, though she lived in the interior of the house. like the Ionian female. Nay, so strange did the importance which the Lacedæmonian women enjoyed, and the influence which they exercised as the managers of their household and mothers of families, appear to the other Greeks, at a time when the prevalence of Athenian manners prevented a due consideration for national customs, that Aristotle actually supposed Lycurgus to have attempted, but without success, to regulate the life of women, as he had that of the men; and the Spartans were frequently censured for submitting to the yoke of their wives.—*Anthou.*



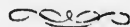
“A prudent wife is from the Lord,” saith Solomon, and woe to his happiness who spurns a gift of God.

He that getteth a wife, getteth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.—*Proverbs.*

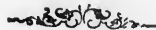


Good wives are called “discreet, chaste, keepers at home.” &c., keepers *at* home are usually keepers *of* home, *i. e.* active occupants of the chosen place, even as a man is said to be a “keeper of a vineyard,” which means vastly more than simply *guarding* the inclosure from unlawful intrusion of man and beast. But as Adam, the first husband and husbandman, was put, after his creation, into the garden of Eden “to dress and to keep it,” and to have it produce and

yield a sumptuous abundance ; so these are to keep their own house, even as a deacon of the church is enjoined to *rule* his own house.



“By the addition of one letter, a different Greek letter is given in some of the ancient MSS., which gives the meaning “workers at home.” Elsner, however, thinks the former word includes both ideas ; such women “take care of things belonging to the house and keep them, they look after domestic affairs with prudence and care.” The English ‘housewife,’ in its old significance, has been deemed closely equivalent to the the Greek *oikourous*.”



That they teach their young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children.

To be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed.—*Bible*.



THE MUTUAL DUTIES OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

“That man doth not exercise himself unto Godliness as a husband that loves not his wife without dissimulation ; or doth not, as much as in him lies, promote her spiritual and everlasting welfare ; that doth not care for dwelling with her, nor thinks it his duty to entreat the light of God’s countenance for her, or join in prayer with her ; that is intemperate in his wedlock, or thinks that the strict alliance between him and her warrants every immodest, extravagant and inordinate pleasure and desire, or that no decorum is to be observed in that estate ; that hath no care of her health, wealth and credit, or loves her more for her money and beauty than her virtue ; that gives her reproachful language, and reproves her

not with tenderness and compassion if her errors deserve reprehension ; that doth not instruct her so far as he is able, or doth not help her to bear the burden of the family ; that is a stranger to all pity, and cares not what becomes of her so himself can but enjoy health and prosperity ; whose carriage to her is churlish, and h's expressions to her dipped in gall and vinegar ; that exposes her natural defects before company, and aggravates her neglects, which should be qualified with softer constructions ; that, instead of comforting her, slights her, and is so far from healing her wounds that he doth what he can to make them wider ; that doth not allow her convenient food and raiment, and lets her want those necessary supplies which the law of nations binds him to ; that doth not protect her when she is in danger, nor redeem her from the malice and cruelty of those that use all means to disparage her ; that doth not trust her with the affairs of the family, if she be able to manage them, or conceals from her the things which appertain to their common safety ; that goes beyond the bounds of the authority God hath given him over her, and, instead of being her head, makes himself a tyrant and her a slave ; that doth not yield unto her reasonable requests, and by his good example encourage her to piety, gravity, charity and discretion ; that despises her good counsel, and will be sooner persuaded by a stranger or idle companion, than by her that lies in his bosom ; that laughs at her devotion, and takes pains to make her weary of her seriousness ; that takes it ill she should obey God more than him, and thinks nothing so tedious as her frequent exhorting of him to universal conscientiousness. Such a man for certain doth not exercise himself unto Godliness, but rather strives to work himself out of the obligations to it, and exercises himself unto hardness of heart and impenitence.

“ And, indeed, the same may be said of the woman that doth not discharge the duty of a wife, if married to a husband. If her religion deserve this name of exercising herself unto Godliness, her great care must be, according to the Apostle's rule, to reverence

her husband. After him must be her desire, it must be her glory to submit to him in the fear of God. In her mind she must esteem and value him as the image and glory of the great Creator. To love him must become natural to her; and to tend him, though ever so weak and calamitous, must be one great part of her care. Her conversation must be chaste, and the value she hath for him must appear in her words and actions. She must fear him as her master, and yet nothing must cause that fear but affection. She must deny herself for him, and in things indifferent his will must be her rule to go by. Her submission must be hearty, and it must not be any sinister respect, but conscience, that must produce it. She must waive her privileges that birth and breeding have given her, and honor him according to the law of him that joined them. Her study must be to make his life comfortable, and she must contrive soft expressions to engage his inclinations. Her language to him must be mild and peaceable, and her behavior such as becomes a woman that professes Godliness. Her conversation must be the same in his absence that it is in his presence; and she must give him such demonstration of her kindness that his heart may confide in her. To get a meek and quiet spirit must not be the least part of her prayer, and indolence and haughtiness of spirit she must shun as the pestilence. She must be a stranger to brawling, and her words must be weighed in a balance. She must flee idleness as an enemy, and contrive how to advance her husband's interest with honesty. She must encourage her servants to their labor, and guide them by her eye. Her feet must not be much in the streets, and she must remember it was an answer fit to be given to an angel, that Sarah was in her tent. Her ears must be open to her husband's counsel, and she must not think much of his reproof, and reprehension. The entertainment she gives him, must be with a cheerful countenance, and crossness of humor must be banished from her temper."



WRONG BEGINNINGS IN MARRIED LIFE.

THE first word of this heading should make us shudder, and the second should increase the tremor, for what is so dreadful as wrong? and what so disastrous as a wrong beginning? determining a faulty course all the way through. Man began wrong in Eden, and behold the dire result. A little turn to the right or left—even the slightest divergence from a straight course at the first, what a world of difference it makes in the end? See those two railway trains leaving the depot. For a time they run parallel with each other, but wait till they come at the switches and enter on the declining curves and then see how far apart they sever and drive wide leagues asunder. There are switches all along in life to run us off from the "Main Line" of righteousness, and prevent an even and equitable course and to bring us to a "dead lock" on the side line of vanity, vexation and confusion. Let us then pray, and especially when entering upon new and important relations, that we may not be led into, but away from, temptation, and delivered from evil or the evil one.

In riding along on the cars once upon a time, we heard the conductor call out "Forks." On looking out of the car window, we found the place took its name from a "fork" in the road, and we thought the cry might very appropriately be raised at a thousand points in domestic life, "Forks!" For we are ever coming "at

a place where two roads meet," and continually called upon to decide which we shall take, and upon that choice (often, too, made suddenly) depends the marring or making of our wedded career. Beware of the *cross* roads. Temptation stands like a wily guide at the head of every way to direct us whither we should *not* go; even as the Serpent met Eve under the forbidden tree, and as Satan stood at Joshua's right hand to resist him.

Be well aware,
Each wedded pair,
How ye begin,
Nor start in sin.

With grace your guide,
In love abide;
Be God your stay,
Now and alway.



We have heard of a prominent member of a church in Kingston, N. Y., who the other Sunday went early to church, and, in a fit of abstraction, took a seat in the pew just ahead of his own. The next person that came in, knowing that his pew was the one ahead of the prominent member's, also sat in the wrong pew. Every one that came in afterwards pursued a similar line of argument, and, in consequence, that morning everybody on that side of the church was in the wrong pew. The man who occupied the front seat thought "his pew" didn't look natural, but as Brother B. was just behind him, it wasn't possible he himself could be mistaken."



A certain lady tells us how she once learnt a lesson in the barnyard. She says:—"It was a frosty morning. I was looking out of a window into the barnyard, where a great many cows, oxen,

and horses were waiting to be watered. For a while they all stood very quiet and still. Presently one of the cows, in attempting to turn around, happened to hit her next neighbor. In a moment this cow kicked and hit her neighbour. She passed on the kick and the hit to the next. And directly the whole herd were kicking and hitting each other with great fury. I said to myself, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit.'"



The following Persian fable contains an excellent hint, which may be taken to advantage in more ways than one :

A holy dervise once a crystal cup,
Owned by the Prophet, carefully took up,
When—from some sudden impulse, turning round—
It fell, and lay in fragments on the ground.

A son (that moment blessed, and prayed from harm)
Upon the threshold fell and broke his arm ;—
A caravan to Mecca passing by,
The holy dervise, with kind words, drew nigh.

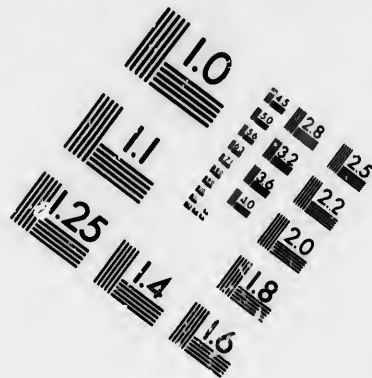
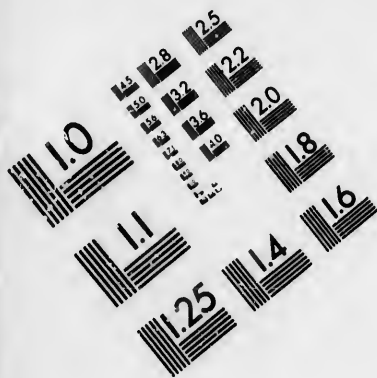
And stroked a sacred camel, who, as quick
As thought, returned his kindness with a kick !
Grieved and amazed he for a moment stands,
Then cries : " This day began with unwashed hands !"

We hasten forth some morning to the world,
And find our cup of joy to fragments hurled ;
Some looked for pleasure turned to bitter woe,
Some proffered kindness answered with a blow.

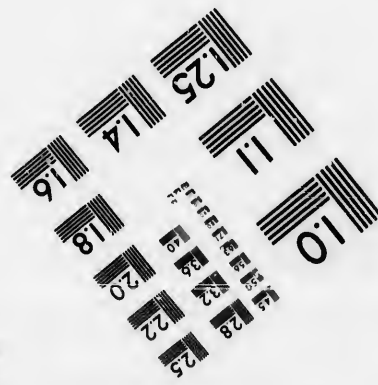
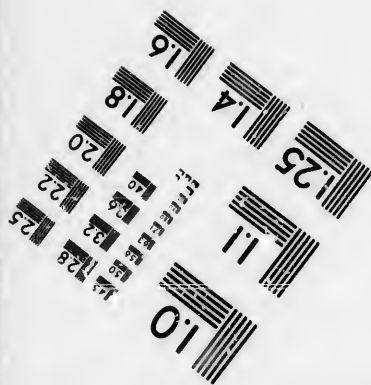
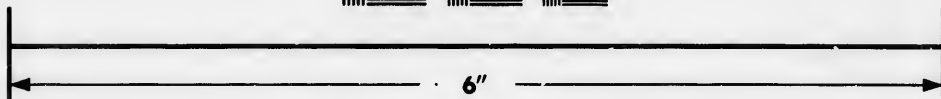
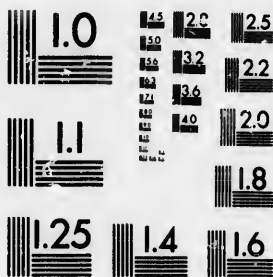
We, baffled, like the dervise, questioning, stare,
Then cry, " This day began without a prayer !"

—Mrs. F. P. Ballard.





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The beginning of strife is as the letting out of water, therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with.—*Solomon.*



“DRIVE GENTLY OVER THE STONES.”

This piece of advice, which is frequently given to inexperienced whips, may be respectfully suggested to the newly-married. There are stony places on the road to happiness, which, if not carefully driven over, may upset the domestic coach. The first rock ahead which should be marked “dangerous” is the first year of married life. Here especially, it is the first step that costs; as a rule, the first year either mars or makes a marriage. During this period errors may be committed which will cast a shadow over every year that follows.

On awakening suddenly from sleep we feel put out and rather cross. May not a young husband and wife experience feelings not entirely different when they awake to reality from the dreams of courtship and the fascination of the honeymoon? Everything must once more be contemplated after the ordinary manner of the world, once more with subdued feelings spoken of, considered and settled. For the first time, husband and wife see each other as they actually are. Each brings certain peculiarities into the married state, to which the other has to grow accustomed. They have now to live no longer for themselves, but for each other, and the lesson is not learned in a moment. In all things indifferent the husband and wife must be willing to yield, however new it may be to them—however different from what they themselves thought. Self must be sacrificed in order thereby to gain the help of another beloved existence. A lady once asked Dr. Johnson how, in his dictionary, he came to define *pastern* the *knee* of a horse; he immediately answered, “Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance.” This is the simple explanation of many an accident that takes place at the commence-

ment of the matrimonial journey. The young people have not yet learned the dangerous places of the road, and, as a consequence, they drive carelessly over them.—*The Quiver*.



HOW WINE BECOMES SOUR.

Newly-married people are generally warned by their more experienced elders to beware of their first dispute; and certainly a want of self-restraint mars home life more than anything else. Still "it's hardly in a body's power to keep at times from being sour," and we must not attach undue importance to the little tiffs of early married life. Generally speaking, there is not much fault on either side. Some men are inclined to be cross in the early morning, or on returning home in the evening, because their minds are intent on unpalatable items in the day's business. Forewarned is forearmed; the fact that it is so should be duly recognized, and nothing done to ruffle or annoy them. It is a great mistake for a man, in his early married life, to be overdone with domesticity. The young wife, if she is wise, does not insist on her husband giving up his club, male friends, and all the interests of bachelorship. She probably, is quite content with his company alone, but she is aware that a man is apt to weary of the *toujours perdrix*. Appearances should not be disregarded in home life; husbands attach much importance to what others think of their wives and their homes. It is a part of the science of home life to present a good face to the world; it argues bad housekeeping to be seen at a disadvantage. At the same time the young wife must never dwindle down into a mere housekeeper and head nurse, with a spice of the dressmaker. She must keep her place as a companion.

A good wife is a priceless treasure; and a husband is none the worse that he is made to realize she is a lady, and to be treated as such.—*The Quiver*.

HARD BEGINNINGS.

It has passed into a proverb, that "all things are hard at the beginning;" but if the beginning be good, "the latter end shall greatly increase." for, in the language of "Plantation Philosophy,"

"It 'peers dat all through life de hardest thing to do is de bes' arter it am done. It takes the harder' sorter work ter split er knotty piece o' wood, but arter it is split it makes de bes' fire."

And we have oftentimes observed the truth of the following, from the same quaint, philosophical pen :

"De wildes' man sometimes becomes de quietest citizen. Dar ain't nothin' more skittish then a young deer, but once ketch him an' he is de easies' thing in de worl' ter tame."



THE TWO DOMESTIC BEARS.

It has been well said that every house should have two bears in it—bear and forbear. These will prevent the intrusion of all other bears that might otherwise molest and destroy family concord.



NEVER QUARREL.

Husbands and wives ! husbands and wives !
As you value the peace and content of your lives,
Avoid, as a pest, the beginning of sin,
And each be the first, not the last, to "give in."

O ! death to all concord, suicidal strife !
Where quarrels obtain betwixt husband and wife ;
And hands that were joined in the holiest rite,
Unclasp in defiance—half challenge to fight.

What a loser is he in such conflict who wins
'Tis the bootless dispute of the Siamese twins ;

Fast bound by integument nothing can sever,
And loving, or loathing, still cleaving forever.

O, foolish the man, a mere human elf!
Who refuses to nourish and cherish himself;
Who spurns his own flesh, but increases his pains,
Augmenting his loss by the score of his gains.



A PLEASANT QUARREL.

The following remarkable quarrel, between two betrothed persons, may furnish a suggestion to the newly married pair to never let their disputes exceed the same in acrimony, and then "the more the better":—

"Mary," asked the young lady's mother at breakfast, "what was the matter with you and Harry in the parlor last evening?"

"Why, mamma? What?" inquired the daughter, demurely.

"Why you lowered and quarrelled for half an hour like a pair of pickpockets."

"Oh," she replied, remembering the circumstances, "Harry wanted me to take the big chair, and I wanted him to take it because he was company, you know."

"How did you settle it finally?"

"Well, mamma, we—we—we compromised, and both of us took it."



A FOOLISH QUARREL.

The shepherd came down from the Croffel steep,
For the weather was cold and rough;
"Gudewife," said he, "I have faulted the sheep
And I'm hungry and cold enough.

But, oh, its a pleasure, when duty's done,
 With your canny wee wife to bide ;"
 "Gudeman, ye ken that your dinner is won,
 And this is your ain fireside.

There is aitmeal cake and dish of broth,
 And there isna a better thing."
 "There's naebody asks a better, in troth
 The dish is a dish for a king.
 Gie me barley broth and a bit of cake,
 It will always for me suffice."
 "I dinna see how such a slip ye make,
 The broth isna barley—*its rice !*"

"I say it's barley." "I say its not,
 And I made it and ought to ken ;
 But I'll haud me tongue, I had most forgot
 It's nonsense to reason wi' men."
 "Never mind, gudewife, for the broth is good :
It—is—barley,—let that suffice."
 "Gudeman, I will hae this thing understood,
 It—is—not barley,—*Its rice !*"

So the quarrel grew on this simple plea,
 And grew hotter from day to day,
 Till each in the other no good could see,
 And the shepherd went far away.
 For 'tis trifles that mar our Love and Life,
 But trifles beyond all price ;
 And little cares then the sorrowing wife
 If the broth were barley or rice.

And far away in the Indian land,
 Remorse in his heart had her will ;

He thought of the day Jean gave him her hand,
 He thought of his cot on the hill ;
 He thought of the good Scotch broth and cake,
 (Ah, me ! these were things beyond price.)
 And said, " If Jean only broth could make,
 I'd be willing to call it—*rice*."

So back he went after many years,
 Went back to his wife with a kiss ;
 And she kissed him again through happy tears,
 And said in her humble bliss,
 "Gudeman, in your broth whatever you find,
 Whether barley, or rice, or peas,
 Just sup it wi' me, we are both of one mind,
 You may call it whatever you please !"

They learned to forbear, they learned to agree,
 And were happy for love's sweet sake ;
 There wasn't such broth in the North Countree
 As Jean for her husband could make.
 But somehow to barley she always stuck ;
 She said—" There's a differ in price,
 And rice never brought me aught but ill luck
 And sae I use barley—not rice !"

—♦♦♦—
 When souls that should agree to will the same,
 To have one common object for their wishes,
 Look different ways, regardless of each other,
 Think what a train of wretchedness ensues !—*Rowe*.

—♦♦♦—
 MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

If thy wife is small, bend down to her and whisper in her ear.
 —*Talmud*.

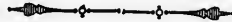
THE VALUE OF PATIENCE.

" *Duke* :

What comfort do you find in being so calm ?

Candido :

That which green wounds receive from sovereign balm.
 Patience, my lord ! why, 'tis the soul of peace ;
 Of all the virtues 'tis the nearest kin to heaven :
 It makes men look like gods. The best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit—
 The first true gentleman that ever breathed.
 The stock of patience, then, cannot be poor ;
 All it desires it has : what award more ?
 It is the greatest enemy to strife
 That can be, for it doth embrace all wrongs,
 And so chains up lawyers' and women's tongues ;
 'Tis the perpetual prisoner's liberty—
 His walks and orchards ; 'tis the bondslave's freedom,
 And makes him seem proud of his iron chain,
 As though he wore it more for state than pain.
 It is the beggars music, and thus sings—
 Although their bodies beg, they yet are kings.
 O, my dread liege ! it is the sap of bliss
 Bears us aloft, makes men and angels kiss ;
 And last of all, to end a household strife,
 It is the honey 'gainst a waspish wife."



ALWAYS LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Do you ever play at making believe ?

'Tis the merriest play I know,
 With the power a magic spell to weave,
 However the wind may blow.

If you've only a simple cotton gown,
A little the worse for wear,
Just make believe that in all the town
There isn't a dress so fair.

Instead of faded and scanty folds
You may fancy its rustling silk,
A warp that lustre of moonlight holds,
And a woof that is white as milk.

You may "make believe" with a bit of bread
And a cup of water poured,
That you sit with ease at a royal spread,
Nor lack at the festal board.

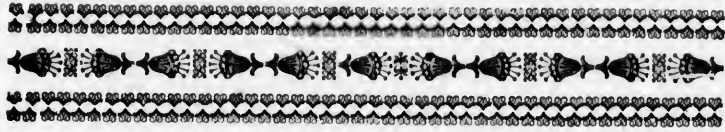
The people who "make believe" aright
Shorten the longest day ;
Brighten the gloomiest hours with light,
And laugh their troubles away.

It's always foolish to sigh and shirk ;
If anything must be done,
With an earnest purpose turn the work
To a "make believe" of fun.

And if only you try this "make believe,"
The cheeriest play I know,
You'll find that a magic spell 'twill weave
However the wind may blow.

—*Mary E Sangster, in Congregationalist.*





MANAGING HUSBANDS.

“ALL THE LABOR OF A MAN IS FOR HIS MOUTH!”

THERE is nothing on earth fetches a man like a good dinner and a well dressed wife presiding. The husband who can look forward to such a state of things every day of his life will never tire of home, and the wife who studies his comfort will have little difficulty in managing him according to her will. Men are gregarious animals, and will wander in spite of all allurements, but they are selfish enough to remain where they are best treated, and by taking a little trouble for a year or two of married life, the years that follow will, as a rule, find the husband always glad to go back to the pretty home where smiles await him and the dinner I spoke of. There are so many women who object to being “bossed,” as they call it. My dear ladies, you can always be boss if you take the trouble. By giving in, you can get your own way, as you never would by fighting for it. And, after all, it is better to feel you respect your husband so much that to give in to him is not a difficulty.

Nine men out of ten are manageable if you go the right way about it, and one great point is to act after marriage just as you did before. Argument and contradiction are vital enemies to mar-

ried peace. Should you wish for anything particularly, don't insist upon it after refusal. Some women are persistent and ask: "Why may I not? Why don't you do as I tell you?" and irritate the man. Rather bide your time and make an extra good dinner of his favorite dishes, put a bow on of the color he likes, make home and yourself sweeter than ever. You'll get it sure, even if you have to wait. Also when you want him to do any particular thing, which you know will be for his good, for heaven's sake do not say "Do it." Rather drop a hint that you think so and so would be a good thing to do. Get him interested and then let the subject drop. I venture to say that in a short time that man will do precisely as you wished. He will never permit you to think that he has traded the least on your common sense.—*San Francisco News Letter.*



We find that, physiologically, or in the construction of the human body, the stomach and heart lie in very close neighborhood, as though even nature herself would give the clue to the nearest way home, *i. e.* to the affections, and the following light couplet is not without weighty significance, which thus runs in lively measure:—

"The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their mouth, or I mistake mankind."



COOKING HUSBANDS.

A receipt for "cooking husbands" comes to us from a Women's Rights Convention, held in Michigan, which, notwithstanding its flippancy, contains some wholesome truths. We take the following selections:

"A good many husbands are spoiled by mismanagement. Some women let their husbands freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep them in a stew by irritating words and ways;

others keep them in pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. See that the linen in which you wrap your husband is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. * * * Make a steady fire of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him as near to this as seems to agree with him. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. You cannot fail to know when he is done."

This cooking a husband may do very well as a fruitful topic of discussion for voluble beauties to descant upon; but we would modestly suggest that the best way to *prepare* him is to cook well *for* him. It may be a humbling thought, but it is nevertheless strictly true that the felicities, or infelicities, of married life depend in no small degree upon the table. Unpalatable food is to a large extent unprofitable food. Relish is the best sauce, and gustation is not to be ignored as a fine ingredient in the oft-lifted cup of terrestrial happiness.

O! it makes one almost tremble as we think how completely man is thrown, in this regard, on the mercy of the woman, and how the comfort, or discomfort, of life sums up in the aggregate from this source alone. Every meal—and a man eats about a thousand in a year, and consumes his own weight in victuals about once a month—will tend to sour or to sweeten his temper and disposition. Every *baking*, O ye bebies of blithe partners, has in it the seeds of domestic pleasure or bitterness.

Bread is the "staff of life," and the maiden that has reached woman's estate without knowing how to make a good "batch" of the very "stay" of human existence, ought to be no candidate for a marriage ring. It has been wisely hinted that the gentleman who affirmed that "love was enough," made the assertion after a full meal—"a big dinner."

A certain facetious and hyperbolic writer makes a plain, but useful, domestic servant to enter paradise through the possession of one virtue alone, namely, the art of good cookery, the sentinel saint telling her to "come right in, for she has saved more men from perdition than a dozen missionaries." Now under this somewhat questionable way of presenting it, we find a needful truth contained, namely, that skilful cooks are a great blessing to the world, and that were there more of them there would be fewer strong constitutions weakened, fewer good men crippled in their usefulness in Zion, fewer sinners almost hopelessly soured against destiny through the horrors of dyspepsia, and fewer human wretches lying along the coast of the sea of life.

We have heard of a quaint divine, who, when asked to "say grace" over a dinner of pork and vegetables, said, "Lord, if thou canst bless under the gospel what thou didst curse under the law, bless this pig." So, over many a cook-ruined meal we might, in "asking a blessing," put in a qualifying clause, and say, "Lord, if thou canst see good to work a miracle, bless this spoiled food to our use."

Now, as no one can bear rule so well as he that has first obeyed, so no person discerns so clearly what should be done as he that has done the same.

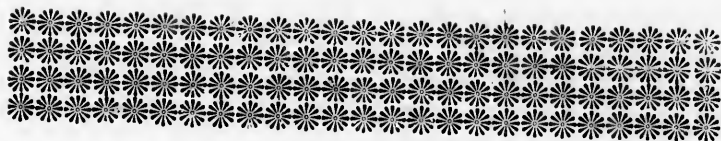
A housekeeper must know ere she can command to do. What esteem, pray, or even partial respect, can a domestic servant have for her mistress who is so ignorant of household matters, and of the mysteries of the culinary art, that in her orders at the shambles she

includes in the strange list a "leg of tongue," as was done by a young wife some time ago; or when her husband desires savory "sweet bread," she calls upon the baker for it; or who orders a number of pheasants, hares and partridges to be brought home for the purpose of perserving them, she having heard of the excellency of the English game preserves; and when selecting a ham out of a dozen or so that hang in range along the wall, she innocently asks if they are all from one pig; or, finding the milk on one auspicious morning sweeter than usual, she conceives the idea of laying in a good supply while she has the opportunity, and so buys enough for a week?

Remember the proverbs, ye young brides, that "a fair face does not sweeten a spoilt dinner, nor a gay dress an ugly temper," and "Prettiness makes no pottage;" and also, "A man must ask his wife's leave before he can prosper, for a man's best fortune or his worst is his wife."

On the other hand "Many blame the wife for their own shiftless life, and it is true that "All women are good—they are good for something or good for nothing, and their dress usually shows which it is." "A good wife is the gift of a good God, and the workmanship of a good husband." "As the good man saith, so say we; but as the good woman saith so *it must be*." "The obedient wife commands her husband; the disobedient wife cannot command herself." "Beauty in a woman is like the flowers in spring; but virtue is like the stars in heaven." "There is many a good wife who cannot sing and dance well." "He that hath a bad wife has purgatory for a neighbor; but says Solomon the wise, "a good wife is a good prize." "The foolish woman is known by her finery." "A wife is better chosen by the ear than by the eye."





THE WIFE A SISTER.

IN a spiritual sense, every man's wife is his sister—sister, friend, lover, and partner in one. The husband has no dominion over his wife's faith. His authority stops at the conscience. Every one must give an account of himself or herself to God. For we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ; all relationships cease at death, and therefore we all should live in relation to the future. The marriage only lasts "till death do us part."

We have a fine illustration of the acknowledgement of the several or separate and independent state of the individual soul, even when in the married state, in the Apocrypha, where the nuptial bond is sealed with solemn prayer by Tobias and his young bride, who after that they were both shut in together, Tobias rose from his couch and said, "Sister, arise, and let us pray that God would have pity upon us." Then began Tobias to say, "Blessed art Thou, O God of our fathers, and blessed is thy holy and glorious name forever. Let the heavens bless thee, and all thy creatures. Thou madest Adam, and gavest him Eve his wife for a helper and stay; of them came mankind. Thou hast said it is not good that man should be alone, let us make unto him an aid like unto himself. And now, O Lord, I take not this my sister for lust, but uprightly, therefore mercifully ordain that we may become aged together." And she said with him, "Amen."

So the Patriarchs, Abraham and Isaac, in a *double entendre*, called their wives, respectively, "sisters," history strangely repeating itself after ninety years. (See Genesis xx. 2, and xxvi. 7.)

The word sister was sometimes used for any near and dear relative of the fair sex ; even as "nephew" for one of the stronger sex.

The church is Christ's sister in respect of his humanity. "For as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he likewise himself took part of the same."

And coming in the spirit to the Jewish church, as a belated wayfarer seeking admittance, he cries pathetically, "Open to me, my sister, my dove, my love, my undefiled, for my head is filled with dew and my locks with the drops of the night."—*Canticles*.

So the Jewish and Gentile churches are sisters. "For we have a little sister. * * * What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for."—*Canticles*. And so, indeed, all true churches are sisters : for "ye are all one in Christ Jesus."



"Mine eyes have seen the beautiful,
 Mine ears have heard their thrilling voice,
 My heart has felt their potent rule—
 The fears of hope, the hope of joys—
 But never has my sight approved
 A fairer than my sister—no !
 None other sound so much hath moved
 As her 'dear brother' spoken low."



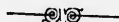
MARRYING HALF-SISTERS—GREEK CUSTOMS.

It was not reputed unlawful in many places for brothers to marry their half-sisters, and sometimes their relation by the father,

sometimes by the mother, was within the law. The Lacedemonian lawgiver allowed marriages between them that had only the same mother but different fathers.—*Philo Judeus*.



But whatever might be the practice of the heathen nations in this important matter, it was accounted an abomination among the Jews, for the law of God emphatically condemned it, and made the penalty death—"And if a man shall take his sister, his father's daughter, or his mother's daughter * * * it is a wicked thing, and they shall be cut off in the sight of the people." Nor was a man allowed to marry his mother's sister, nor his father's sister, *i. e.* his maternal or paternal aunt; nor to take a wife and her mother, under the judgment of being "burnt to death, both he and they, that there might be no wickedness among them." Thus proving the wholesome and salutary nature of this, as well as all other of the Mosaic laws, and evincing that the Jews had "advantage every way, chiefly because that unto them were committed the oracles of God."



Helpmeet and lover, companion in one,
 Friend, wife and sister together;
 How sweetly with thee through life' mazes to run,
 Regardless of "wind or of weather."

I find in thy presence a balm for my fears,
 Thy smile is bright light to my soul;
 Thine accents fall sweet as the song of the spheres
 Chiming on to eternity's goal.





CONJUGAL LOVE THE LIGHT OF HOME.

CONJUGAL life without love is a lamp without oil, a well without water, a sail without wind, a fire without draft, a tree without fruit, a tongue without speech, a sky without sun, a body without soul, a letter without superscription, a guide-post without a way, a book without contents, a harp without strings, a bird without wings, a runner without a goal, a ship without a harbor, an altar without sacrifice, a priest without unction, a temple without worship, a sham, a myth, a huge disappointment, a gigantic fraud, a colossal, and, I had almost said, an infinite failure.

Nothing helps, strengthens, soothes, solaces and cheers like love. It is the heal-all, lift-all, revive-all, give-all, reunite-all, sustain-all, glorify-all of home—yea, of human nature everywhere, and in all circumstances and relations of life.



THE HIGHEST SPRINGS THE PUREST.

“Cato, have you quite forgotten
How you used, among the cotton,
Still to sing some pleasant strain?”
“Laws, miss, I can sing again”
And the clear voice clearer rang
As he swung his hoe and sang :

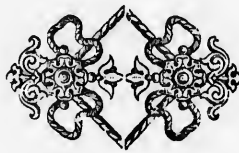
"Ef you want de purest water,
 Jist go up de mountain side,
 Whar de ribber start his running
 Down to catch the great sea tide.
 Ef yo' want de reddest roses
 Yo' will find them noddin' high,
 Whar dem catch de blessed dew-drops,
 Whar dem see de morning sky.

Would you eat dem sweetest peaches,
 Juicy, red, or yellow bright?
 Den yo' hab to climb up fur dem,
 Whar dey grow right in de light.
 Ef you seek true friend or lober,
 Upward too de road you take—
 Hearts should neber trabel downward,
 Else dey mighty apt to break.

Ef you look fur fame or glory
 You must climb up with a will;
 Fur 'tis jest de same old story,
 Up, and up, and upward still.
 We am born down in de valley,
 But, if heart and feet don't tire,
 We can still be going upward,
 Upward, higher, higher, higher.

Higher! higher! higher! higher!"
 And at every cotton hill
 Well and swift he did his hoeing,
 Singing louder, clearer still,
 Till I heard the echces ringing
 In my spirit brave and strong,
 Till I homeward turned me singing
 Singing over Cato's song.—*Harper's*

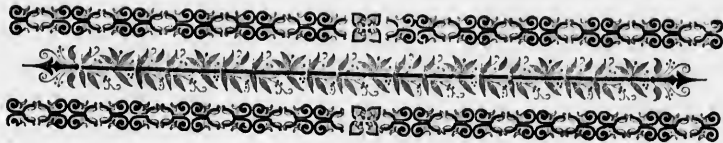
“Higher up! where springs abound
Of joys that never perish;
Where pleasures pure are ever found,
Those pleasures only cherish
When faith grows weak and comforts die,
And cherished hopes are riven
Then higher up the clearest sky
Is found the nearest heaven.
There doth the bow of promise shine
Forever growing brighter,
To cheer the pilgrim's path divine
And make his burdens lighter.
And when the gates of death appear,
And Jordan's waves roll o'er us,
His presence quiets all our fear,
His angel goes before us.
High! higher up! a glorious light
Dawns on life's darkened even,
And opes the portals of delight,
And welcomes us to heaven.”







One word may determine life's bliss or its woe ;
Ye heavens now dictate sweet yes or stern no.



THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

THE number of men of genius unhappy in their wives is very large. The following are notorious examples :— Socrates and Xantippe ; Sadi, the Persian poet ; Dante and Gemini Donati ; Milton, with two of his wives ; Marlborough and Sarah Jennings ; Gustavus Adolphus and his flighty queen ; Byron and Miss Milbanke ; Dickens and Miss Hogarth ; Whitefield and Mrs. James ; John Wesley, &c., which lamentable facts in well-authenticated history lead us to conclude that wedded bliss is surest on humble, common ground ; that ambition is often a foe to the “tender passion,” and that the only way to insure connubial felicity is to be sure that there is a good deal of love on both sides, as well as no small fitness for each other. Men with a special mission are apt to have but little time for home enjoyment and for cultivating the affections.

It may not be amiss in this connection to mention Socrates' composure in a domestic storm. One day, after a long tempest of feminine abuse, which the old philosopher bore with characteristic calmness, his proverbially-vixenish spouse could endure his coolness and indifference no longer, but brought matters to a climax by fiercely dashing a bowl of water in the sage's placid face. The good man, as he wiped his drenched countenance, merely remarking that “so much thunder must needs produce a shower.”

Will some one explain why it is that while some good men find matrimony a thorn in the flesh, some bad men, on the contrary, prove it to be a paradise of delights. Many marriages are clearly not made in heaven, but are much more probably brought about from beneath: though God still subserves his own gracious purpose in the consummation of the same, and makes not only the wrath of man, but also his false loves, to praise Him. God is said to curse the wicked man's blessings, so on the other hand, he sometimes blesses a good man's curses. Ahab seems to live very comfortably with Jezebel, while Job's breath is strange to his wife, and he likens her to one of the foolish women.

And Joash, king of Israel, sent to Amaziah king of Judah, saying, The thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon, saying, Give thy daughter to my son to wife; and there passed by a wild beast that was in Lebanon, and trode down the thistle.—*Bible.*

Thou rankling, noxious, curse-bred growth,
 Wilt woo the cedar's daughter;
 Thy baseness spurned by wild beast's mouth,
 Or doomed to culture's slaughter?

Thou spreading plague, thou down-winged pest,
 All winds thy seeds are sowing;
 Shall beauty wed thy piercing breast,
 With thousand mischiefs blowing?

Foul type of sin! for shame go hide,
 Nor tempt th' high-branching thunder;
 But once provoke the forest's pride,
 Wild beasts shall tread thee under.

Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?

And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?

And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.—*Bible*.

This injunction applies to business as well as to matrimonial contracts or engagements, and forbids all firm and binding compacts with sinners of either sex and of every nation. Men are here enjoined to avoid all entangling alliances, in order to prevent the necessity of violent disentanglements, or of mutual destruction.

James, the brother of Jude, both alike in their great plainness of speech and stern denunciation of wrong, says, "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God: whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world is an enemy of God?" Ah! many a man has been inveigled into a forbidden yoke by the plausible pretences of what Bunyan calls 'Madam Bubble'—this present evil world. Her appearance, *i. e.* the brightness of earthly allurements, being set forth by the immortal dreamer in the following unique and lively style:

Honesty. Madam Bubble! is she not a tall, comely dame, somewhat of a swarthy complexion?

Standfast. Right, you hit it; she is just such a one.

Hon. Doth she not speak very smoothly, and give you a smile at the end of a sentence?

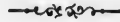
Stand. You fall right upon it again, for 'these are her very actions.

Hon. Doth she not wear a great purse by her side, and is not her hand often in it, fingering her money, as if that was her heart's delight?

Stand. It is just so; had she stood by all this while you could not more amply have set her forth before me, nor have better described her features.

Hon. Then he that drew her picture was a good limner, and he that wrote of her said true.

Great. This woman is a witch, and it is by virtue of her sorceries that this ground is enchanted. Whoever doth lay their head down in her lap, had as good lay it down on that block over which the axe doth hang : and whoever lay their eyes upon her beauty are accounted the enemies of God.



THE INCARNATE TEMPTER.

"I see a spirit by thy side,
Purple-winged and eagle-eyed,
Looking like a heavenly guide.

Though he seem so bright and fair,
Ere thou trust his proffered care,
Pause a little and beware.

If he bid thee bow before
Crowned mind and nothing more,
The great idol men adore ;

And with starry veil unfold
Sin, the trailing serpent old,
Till his scales shine out like gold.

Though his words seem true and wise,
Soul, I say to thee—arise,
He is a demon in disguise."



THE UNEQUAL CONNUBIAL YOKE THE WORST OF ALL.

Ah ! of all the ill-starred unions, or to use a less astrological phrase, of all the ill-fated and evil-boding mesalliances this single-plagued world has to painfully bear, that of saint and sinner becom-

ing legally one in God's holy name, and at the sacred altar itself, and using the great seal, bearing the grand device, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," to stamp the ill-consorted measure as with divine approval, is the worst and most baneful act of all in its dire and far-reaching results.

Even birds, beasts, reptiles and insects reprove man in this respect, and promptly rebuke his egggregious folly. They never leave their own kind, but ever cleave to the same species, the clean with the clean, and the unclean with the unclean.

We, therefore, send the celibate proposing matrimony to the same school as that to which Solomon directs the slothful soul, saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

For even the minute emmets, skilful and wonderful as they are, never intercommunicate with those of other communities, but confine themselves strictly to those of their own particular species. And it is literally true with regard to the feathered tribes, and in this relation especially, that "Birds of a feather flock together." Whoever, for instance, saw a jackdaw (we mean among *fowls*) mate with a swan, or a sparrow make love to an eagle, or detected a dark raven in the evening twilight croaking affection in the musical ear of the brilliant oriole. A dove is not allowed in a community of crows, she would shame their blackness.

The glittering butterflies, yonder disporting in the summer beam, brighter than the flowers from whose sweet cups they drink their meed of delectation, never mingle but with those of their own color—the white with white, and brown with the brown, and the yellow with those as golden as themselves. Ah! nature is consistent throughout, would that man were likewise.

Shall vulture woo the dove,
And wolf with lamb unite?
Shall hate commune with love,
Or darkness sue for light?

Shall good and evil join,
 And God with idols dwell?
 Shall grace and vice combine,
 And heaven league with hell?

Yet this attempt to unite the incompatible and merge the incongruous, and make the two extremes of a contradiction come together, is endeavored after every time a child of God and a child of the devil agree to walk together, linked by the marriage ring, for the journey of life.

Then take the case of Samson, who "went down to Timnath, and saw a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines.

And he came up, and told his father and his mother, and said I have seen a woman in Timnath of the daughters of the Philistines; now therefore get her for me to wife.

Then his father and his mother said unto him, Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines? And Samson said unto his father, Get her for me: for she pleaseth me well.

But his father and his mother knew not that it was of the Lord, that he sought an occasion against the Philistines: for at that time the Philistines had dominion over Israel."

Here we see the Almighty suffering to come to pass what He does not directly counsel or even approve; that He makes even human weakness an effective means of chastising his enemies.

The words used in our marriage ceremony, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," has respect simply to the *rite* of matrimony, and not to the eligibility of the contracting parties availing themselves of it. Hence we use the term, "joined together according to God's holy ordinance."

The use of a good ordinance does not necessarily make the persons good engaged in it, for a man may "use the law unlawfully," and may put a good seal to a bad contract,

Fire and water may meet, indeed, but it will be a troubled contact; they cannot dwell together. One must prevail against the other. So holiness and unholiness cannot occupy, complacently the same habitation. They are mutually repellant, and cannot coalesce. The Cross, if taken up, will and must be an offence to sin, and if laid down it will be an offence to God. The unclean spirit cannot bear even Christ's simple presence; but, crying out, they wildly flee before him.

We have heard of converted young women marrying certain ungodly young men "to save them," as they expressed it. But, ah! it was a questionable course, a very doubtful expedient. It was, alas! doing evil that good might come—an act of demerit, deserving eternal damnation. Let all those who madly contemplate such a reckless course as this, first wisely stop and think—pause on the threshold of decisive action—and consider ere they proceed further, and confer not with flesh and blood—a carnal conference is ever fatal to godly endeavor—but consult the sacred oracles rather, for truth's trumpet on this, as on all other subjects, gives no uncertain sound, but blows the blast of a clear divine disapproval; and then let them hear what various uninspired writers say, and look around them for examples, which are all too numerous, of the ill effects of these unadvised alliances. Let them, to escape the evil, take pattern by that model for young women presented in the graphic writings of the Bedford Tinker, and see how gentle "Mercy," in the Pilgrim's Progress, mildly, but firmly, resists the bland addresses of the bustling "Mr. Brisk."

"Now Mercy was of a fair countenance, and therefore the more alluring. Her mind also was to be always busying of herself in doing; for when she had nothing to do for herself, she would be making hose and garments for others, and would bestow them upon them that had need. And Mr. Brisk, not knowing where or how she disposed of what she made, seemed to be greatly taken, for that

he found her never idle. I will warrant her a good housewife quoth he to himself.

Mercy then revealed the business to the maidens that were of the house, and inquired of them concerning him, for they did know him better than she. So they told her that he was a very busy young man, and one that pretended to religion; but was, as they feared a stranger to the power of that which was good.

Nay, then, said Mercy, I will look no more on him; for I purpose never to have a clog to my soul.

Prudence then replied that there needed no great matter of discouragement to be given to him for continuing so, as what she had begun to do for the poor would quickly cool his courage,

So the next time he comes he finds her at her old work a-making of things for the poor. Then said he, 'What, always at it?' 'Yes,' said she, 'either for myself or others.' 'And what canst thou earn a day?' quoth he. 'I do these things,' saith she, 'that I may be rich in good works, laying up a good foundation against the time to come, that I may lay hold on eternal life.' 'Why, prithee, what dost thou with them?' said he. 'Clothe the naked,' said she.

With this his countenance fell. So he forebore to come at her again. And when he was asked the reason why, he said that Mercy was a pretty lass, but troubled with ill conditions.

Most of the Grecian States, especially those that made any figure, required their citizens should match with none but citizens. For they looked upon the freedom of their cities as too great a privilege to be granted on easy terms to foreigners or their children. Hence we find the Athenian laws sentencing the children of such matches to perpetual slavery. And they had a law, that if any foreigner married a free woman of Athens, it should be lawful for any person to call him to account before the magistrate, where, if he was convicted, he was sold for a slave, and all his goods were confiscated, and one-third given to the accuser. The same penalty was inflicted upon such citizen as gave foreign women in marriage

to men of Athens, pretending they were their own daughters, save that the sentence of slavery was changed into ignominy, whereby they were deprived of their voice in all public assemblies, and most other privileges belonging to them as citizens.

“But you, my son, not without grief I hear,
Are joined in wedlock in a foreign land.

* * * *

This, this is matter of most killing grief
To me, and your good grandsire Laius
When we reflect upon those coming ills
That must undoubtedly attend the match ;
For neither I, as well becomes the care
Of happy mothers, lighted up the torch,
And blest the nuptials by this pious act.
Nor was the entrance of your bride proclaimed
Through Theban streets, but all as unconcerned
As when no native does bring home a bride.

* * * *

Your mother did not at the wedding wait,
Nor you into your chamber introduce ;
Nor with her hand the bridal house adorned,
Nor with her hair lace tied the joyful torch.”

For as there is nothing more tight-fitting and close-joining than a yoke, so there is nothing so galling and fretting as an ill-matched and uncongenial pair ; where instead of complacently and compliantly drawing together, with one shoulder, as the bold Hebrew expresses it, they thrust with side and with shoulder, and churlishly repel each other at all points of contact, seeking to draw asunder while compelled, legally, to pull together. The gross impropriety of these incompatible alliances was recognized early in the world's history, even before the deluge.

Tradition tells us that Mahalaleel, the great grandfather of Noah, made his children swear by the blood of Abel that they would not

come down from the mountains to mingle with the accursed seed of Cain.

Yea, it says further, that when Adam himself was about to return to his native dust, which occurred not long before the flood, he thus having ample opportunity of witnessing the fearful results of his disobedience in the still prevailing defection of his ever-increasing family, he called for his son Seth and the other branches of his family, and gave them a strict charge that they should always live separate, and have no manner of intercourse with the impious family of the murderer Cain.

“ Immediately after the death of Adam, say several of these writers, Seth, being wearied with the wickedness of the family of Cain, his neighbors, and fearing that now they would become more profligate, retired from the plain, where he lived before, and taking with him his eldest Enos, and Cainan, the son of Enos, and Mahalaleel the son of Cainan, and their wives, brought them up unto the top of that mountain where Adam was buried ; that these inhabitants of the mountains became very famous for their holiness, justice and purity ; that they continually employed themselves in the praises of God, and in cultivating their minds in sublime speculations ; and that when they were removed to a greater distance from the earth, they were so very near the celestial paradise that they heard the voices of angels celebrating the praises of God, and joined with them in their sacred hymns and heavenly benedictions.

It is supposed by some that at this early age or infancy of the world, the angels were conversant with good men. And it may not be improperly said of Enoch and of Noah both, that they “walked with God” in this sense, viz., that they had oftentimes familiar converse with these messengers, who might be sent with instructions from him how they were to behave on several occasions of special interest, and thus proving themselves ministers to the heirs of salvation under the first dispensation.—*Stackhouse.*”

HOW AN EQUAL YOKE MAY BECOME UNEQUAL.

The terrible process is, alas! simple enough, and patent to our every day observation, and the readiest way to its accomplishment is a too-early marriage. For the mind, as well as the body, is capable of growth, and of very rapid development, in the young; and two persons who are of the same size at fifteen years of age, may be of very unequal stature at twenty-one.

We say proverbially that "tastes differ," and they differ, too oftentimes, very materially in the same individual at different periods of his ever-changing earthy career; and what is vulgarly called "calf-love," may in many cases be completely out-grown and that which is like may grow unlike. If we may be permitted to draw an illustration from the denizens of the deep, or the "things creeping innumerable of the great and wide sea," we would suggest to yonder young crustacean, who, while still growing, annually casts his too-contracted shell, that he wait for full development before he form a life alliance with any marine companion.

"To marry a young man is, in the popular idea to insure, as far as human means will avail, his morality and responsibility in this world and the next. Hence, given an insured income and a suitable partner, an early marriage is not only held to be a romantic and touching thing, but there is an aroma of prudence and virtue about it which commends it to the more sedate and orthodox of our population.

The marriage takes place, haloed by a sort of roseate glow which belongs to all things of the early morning, or of spring, and for a year or two the union is really true and beautiful. The fancy or passion or feeling which drew these two young people together was sincere, and it burns with brilliance, and lights up their homes and friends and the earth around and the heaven beyond with the tints of the rose. Children, when they come, are but brighter centres of radiance, or, rather, unreal Ariels and Pearls in the unreal fairyland

in which their parents dwell. But in a short time these married children begin to grow into adults, and in ninety cases in a hundred they do not grow alike. The man, out in the wider air, strengthened by friction with other men, becomes an active worker in the world, inhales new breaths of life from his profession, his business, his study of facts or men. The woman's immature body is shattered by the too early drains upon her strength, she has no time nor health for culture, for observation, for keeping up in any way with her husband. The tie which exists between them was formed so early, is so much a part of themselves, that they cannot view it or each other with the common sense or cool judgment which they could and would bring to bear on any other relation of life. Often too, this tie, which grows out of the flutterings of the heart produced by a pretty face, a sweet voice, a walk by moonlight, is the only bond between them.

The longer they live together, the less they understand each other. Sometimes the husband or wife meets a woman or a man who does 'understand,' and then comes a long tragedy, played out in the home, if they have self-control, in silence, until death mercifully drops the curtain.

The marriages of the middle-aged are subjects of joke for all the world, especially for young people, who, arrogant in the certainty of beauty and youth and enthusiasm, suppose that they hold the title deeds to all the joy and love in the world. They greatly mistake. The man who has carried bravely to middle age the consequences of his first whim or passion, who has grown in wisdom, influence and strength, unhampered by a silly, vicious or stupid wife, throws into the love of his later life all the force of his matured intellect and tastes, all the starved, solitary hunger for true companionship of his life. Even when no such deep feeling enters into the marriage of middle-aged men and women, they bring to it, if of the gentle class, as a rule, a sincere esteem, habits of control of temper, thoughts and tongue, and those wider, sweeter, more charit-

able views which advancing years almost inevitably bring to sensible, educated people. A woman in a second marriage seldom feels as a young girl does, that a husband is bone of her bone, and hence that his defects are a personal hurt to herself. She always stands, so to speak, a little from him and views him with an affectionate, amused criticism. She has learned by this time that they, as Mrs. Oliphant calls men, are to be made happy, humored and led by certain delicate, wise handlings, and she usually knows the art of it. The husband in this case, brings all the experience and the gentleness with which he has learned to treat all women. In short, if there is less love in the late marriages, there is usually so much more common sense and habitual politeness that the chances for happiness are equalized.

Of course, the ideal marriage is that neither of immature youth nor middle age. The *juste milieu* is always right in every disputed question. But when one is at either end it is so hard to reach the middle!

After all, we are tempted to reverse Punch's counsel, and to say to all who are tempted to marry—do it. Go into the field and reap your little harvest of experience. Whatever the juice, bitter or sweet, which you express from it, it will be your own, and will be a better tonic and medicine for your life than that which any other man can bring you.—*Philadelphia Press*.

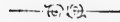
Alas! that the customs of the people are vain in this as in many other respects, and the higher you go in society the worse it seems to become. Most of the marriages among *thrones* are semi-political alliances. *Crowns* bow to the unequal yoke at the bidding of the power behind the throne and there are probably fewer royal matches "made in heaven" than that of any other kind. The following news, which comes to us from Madrid, Spain, is glaringly illustrative of this sad fact, showing that the children of kings are oftentimes but unwitting puppets in the designing hands of political "wire-pullers":—

“Among the schemes mooted to secure a permanency for the regency is the marriage of Queen Mercedes and Infante Jaime, son of Don Carlos. As the Infante is only fifteen years of age and the Queen but a few months past five, the marriage looks decidedly quixotic. It is said the alliance would satisfy the ambition of Don Carlos, and has the approval of the Pope. The Republican papers, however, denounce the scheme, and the public generally rather laugh at the proposed marriage of two infants.”

Yea, and we would laugh with them if it were not too grave a subject for ridicule.

That these nation-formed yokes, put on the necks of royal couples—who are oftentimes thus paired, not matched—occasionally press with galling force, at least on *one side*, is evident from the following:—

“A Berlin correspondent writes as follows of the Princess of Menningen, the Venus of the Hohenzollern blood. To her the graces have been eminently partial. The rosy cheeks and Græco-Roman profile, soft blue eye, clear complexion, and teeth whose setting Hygiea might have given, make easily plausible the story of her heart intrigues, but give little clue to the unhappy marriage to which she was martyred. The beautiful princess, it is said, fell upon her knees before the sturdy grandfather, and begged and entreated the recall of the nuptial cards; but he proved inexorable, and let the tears flow unchecked. She loved another who was not a prince of the blood; but the name Hohenzollern ruled the inclinations of her heart, and manacled her to a man who was her peer only in descent. Her beauty, alliance, and position have made her in a manner desperate, and she wields her manifold charms indiscriminately.”



MONOGAMY THE ONLY EQUAL YOKE.

A yoke is made for two—not for more. Here, indeed, if anywhere, two are company, three are an impertinence. So it was in

the beginning, so should it have been in the continuance, and so shall it be in the ending—male and female, man and woman, Adam and Eve, bridegroom and bride, husband and wife, father and mother, and so on ; not singular on the one side and plural on the other, for that were confusion. The two sexes mutually poise like the scales of the beam, no room for a third balance. Lamech, who as it seems, was the first to exceed the divine order, had a troubled, yea, a violent life to defend. For, as the first death was a murder, so the first song recorded was of blood, and the lament issues loud and deep from the lips of the earliest polygamist, as he says :

“ Adah and Zillah, Hear my voice ; ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech ; for I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt.

If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy and sevenfold.”

“ The act of Lamech, in taking to himself two wives, had probably excited the jealousy of some young man,” says Geddes, “ who under the impulse of this passion had attacked and wounded Lamech, and whom Lamech in his own defence had slain. To allay the fears of his wives, therefore, he argues, and justly, that if Cain, who had wilfully and maliciously killed his brother, was nevertheless protected from the blood-avenger by the special providence of God, he might confidentially expect the same protection, since the person whom he had slain had sought and endangered his life ; and that a still heavier punishment than that which was threatened to the avenger of Abel's death, would fall upon the man who should attempt to molest him.”

“ Marriage was thought to be a conjunction of one man with one woman ; whence some will have the word *gamos* derived, from two becoming one. Only upon some emergent occasions, when their men had been destroyed by war or other calamities, toleration was granted for marrying more wives, an instance whereof we have

at Athens in Euripides' time, who, as some say, conceived an hatred against the whole sex, for which he is famous in story, by being harrassed with two wives at once. Socrates is said to have been married to Xantippe and Myrto at the same time.—*Potter's Greece.*



UNREQUITED AFFECTION.

But of all the evils possible under the greivous burden of the unequal yoke, perhaps that of unrequited affection is the most terrible to bear. Who can guess its galling weight? Who can count the heart-aches, tear drops, untold agonies, of such a living-dying lot as this?

We can imagine the soul under these circumstances adopting the complaint of the psalmist, and with tears upon her cheeks, exclaiming, "My sighing cometh before I eat," and mourning in heart-breaking strain:—

"Upon my lute there is one string
Broken ; the chords were drawn too fast :
My heart is like that string—it tried
Too much, and snapt in twain at last."

" Keen are the pangs
Of hapless love and passion unapproved."

Yet it is surprising with what carelessness, heedlessness, ruthlessness even, men and women oftentimes regard the most beautiful and generous impulses of which human nature is capable, and spurn the heart's purest affections as grossly and churlishly as the wild beast out of the wood treads down the vines of some unprotected vineyard, even as the coquetting beauty alluded to in the words: "The adoration of his heart had been to her only as the perfume of a wild flower, which she had carelessly crushed with her foot in passing." And Sir Walter Scott observes in this connection that: "A lover's hope resembles the bean in the nursery tale ; let

it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly, that, in the course of a few hours, the giant Imagination builds a castle on the top, and by-and-by comes disappointment with the curtal axe and hews down both the plant and the superstructure."

Still another says in like sentiment, as he sets his thoughts to melody :—

"Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts
Gay as the morn ; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and Passion steers his course.
So glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand ; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep."

While Powell, in more impassioned verse, breaks forth out of the fulness of his beating, panting heart, and cries :

"Didst thou but know as I do
The pangs and tortures of a slighted love
Thou wouldst not wonder at this sudden change ;
For when ill-treated it turns all to hate—
And the then darling of our soul's revenge."

Croley follows in kindred measure, and with equal felicity exclaims :—

"We paint love as a child,
When he should sit a giant on his clouds,
The great disturbing spirit of the world."

And Byron, last, but not least, utters, with the solemnity of a dirge chanted over a ruined hope :—

"Alas ! the love of woman ! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing."

To all of which we would add, by way of a closing admonition, to avoid if possible, by all means, the curse of a blighted affection,

that: "The passions and desires, like the two twists of a rope, mutually mix one with the other, and twine inextricably round the heart; producing good if moderately indulged; but certain destruction if suffered to become inordinate. Passion is the great mover and spring of the soul; when men's passions are strongest, they may have great and noble effects; but they are then also apt to lead to the greatest evils."

"The happiness of human kind
 Consists in rectitude of mind—
 A will subdued to reason's sway,
 And passions practiced to obey;
 An open and a generous heart,
 Refined from selfishness and art;
 Patience which mocks at fortune's power,
 And wisdom neither sad nor sour."

Let our friends of the sterner sex ever remember that, though man may possibly be stronger in his reasoning faculties, women are stronger in their affections, and that while

"Love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence."

"Woman's lot is to be wooed and won, and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate. How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With

her the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of her existence is at an end.

Look at this, we pray you, ye maidens, and bachelors, and celibates of both sexes, and consider it well— a yoke easy on one side and fretting on the other ; light here, heavy there ; a will, so to speak, tied to a won't ; gentleness bound to violence, and winning smiles wed-locked with haughty frowns, with the terrible difference as sharply defined as the boundary of Egyptian darkness with the light of Goshen.

When loving meets loathing, aversion, desire,
Alas for the contact, 'tis water with fire—
The one brightly glowing, with vehemence burning,
The other rude-quenching, the flame to smoke turning.

Creation's two forces—attraction, repulsion—
Still roll the world onward, but, ah ! when revulsion
So stern, dark, forbidding, like fiend from perdition,
Meets the angel of love, lo ! it blighteth life's mission.



INDIFFERENCE.

“Against indifference,” says Carlyle, “the very gods fight unsuccessful.” The prefix “in” having a negative quality makes it equivalent to “no difference.” And what can be done with a person, husband or wife, as the case may be, who is wholly without feeling, sentiment, passion, emotion—to whom nothing makes any difference, good or evil, pain or pleasure, love or hate, smiles or tears, life or death, all coming alike, and passing without leaving any visible impression, the insensate soul, stoic-like, singing, or rather droning, with Ben Johnson :—

“Neither too easy, nor too hard,
All extremes I would be barred.”

Better any weather, sirs, than a dead calm. Sailors dread that the most of all. Indifference makes a dead home, the affection, a charnel house—and what were a waveless, pulseless sea, or a breezeless, motionless air, to the listless affections of an utterly emotionless soul, impassive as a jelly-fish?

“Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No: the wild bliss of nature need alloy,
And fear and sorrow from the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.”

“How radiant are your looks, and how reserved,
Full of indifference! Coldness and aversion
Sit at the entrance like two baleful fiends.”

O, beware! ye wedded couples, of the beginning of reservedness shyness, coolness and indifference, or you may have to mourn, as did another whose affection waned soon after the honeymoon, and who sings over the cold remains of a “dead love” :—

“We are face to face, and between us here
Is the love we thought could never die;
Why has it only lived a year?
Who has murdered it—you or I?

No matter who—the deed was done
By one or both, and there it lies;
The smile from the lips forever gone,
The darkness over the beautiful eyes.

Our love is dead, and our hope is wrecked,
So what does it profit to talk and rave?
Whether it perished by my neglect,
Or whether your cruelty dug its grave.

Why should you say I am to blame,
 Or why should I charge the sin to you?
 Our work lies before us all the same,
 And the guilt of it lies between us two."



YOUTH AND AGE.

We have seen Age marry Youth, and, poetically speaking, December wed with May, with singular felicity and blessedness. May, under the influence of December, became more sober and constant; and December, beneath the charm of May, grew more cheerful and beautiful.

The young wife was to the bridegroom a sort of *protege*, combining wife, companion and daughter in one, and the elder bridegroom was to the bride a father, friend and husband together.

But the case was exceptional, and the character of the wedded pair somewhat phenomenal. The fair spouse was, as we say, "older than her years," and the bridegroom was, on the contrary, younger than he seemed. Besides this, to stamp and seal the marital bond, there was a good deal of common sense, combined with a considerable measure of divine grace to sanctify the seemingly incompatible union, and to make it after all a thing of beauty, which was a joy till death them did part.

Love made the winter of declining age grow to the summer of pleasant delight as quickly as we have seen the seasons change in some dissolving view, when, beneath the touch of unseen hand, the white snow gradually merged into a bright glow, and the sere leaf grew marvellously green, and the flying snowflakes, borne on the wings of wintry wind, turned sweetly into showers of shining blossoms or flights of glittering insect wings; and the frowning firmament gradually softened into the serene azure of a smiling summer heaven. Such are the marvellous effects of mighty, might we not say magnificent, love.

But such alliances are rare, and the chances of happiness, under these circumstances, light indeed. The poet, in assuming that old age is generally morose and forbidding, sings :—

“Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together ;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer weather,
Age like winter bare.”

And, again, another, speaking in the first person, observes :—

“Life, with you,
Glow in the brain and dances in the arteries ;
’Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaffed,
That glads the heart and elevates the fancy ;
Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,
Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling,
With its base dregs, the vessel that contains it.”



THE VICTIM BRIDE AND THE MISER.

* * * * *

“I saw them through the church-yard pass, and such a nuptial train,

I would not for the wealth of worlds should greet my sight again.
The bridesmaids, each as beautiful as Eve in Eden’s bowers,
Shed bitter tears upon the path they should have strewn with
flowers ;

Who had not thought that white-robed band the funeral array
Of one an early doom had called from life’s gay scene away ?

The priest beheld the bridal pair before the altar stand,
And sighed as he drew forth his book, with slow, reluctant hand ;

He saw the bride's flower-wreathed hair, he marked her streaming
eyes,

And deemed it less a christian rite than pagan sacrifice ;
And when he called on Abraham's God, to bless the wedded pair,
It seemed a very mockery to breathe so vain a prayer.

I saw the palsied bridegroom, too, in youth's gay ensign dressed,
A shroud were fitter garment far for him than bridal vest ;
I marked him when the ring was claimed, 'twas hard to loose his
hold.

He held it with a miser's clutch, it was his darling gold ;
His shrivelled hand was wet with tears she shed, alas ! in vain,
And trembled like an autumn leaf beneath the beating rain.

I've seen her since that fatal morn ; her golden fetters rest—
As e'en the weight of *incubus*—upon her aching breast ;
And when the victor, Death, shall come, to deal the welcome blow,
He will not find one rose to swell the wreath that decks his brow,
For, oh ! her cheek is blanched with grief that time may not
assuage ;

Thus early beauty sheds her bloom on the wintry breast of age."



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

These lines were written on seeing a butterfly feasting on the
body of a dead beast beside the railway track :—

Thou gorgeous, glittering thing,
Is this thy highest taste,
With stooping, starry wing,
To light on rotting beast ?

Didst leave the summer bowers,
With dewy fragrance fresh,
To waste thy golden hours
On decomposing flesh ?

Beneath thy transformed guise
 An instinct base I find ;
 Fate winged thee for the skies
 But left the worm behind.

So sin and grace in me,
 Opposing " Adams," dwell ;
 One binds me, Lord, to Thee,
 The other leagues with hell.

Do Thou the victory give,
 Bid faith subdue my sense ;
 Help me in Thee to live,
 My life and recompense.



SUNDRY EVIL ALLIANCES.

The complicated evils, troubles and judgments that have grown out of and followed man's transgression in forming unequal and iniquitous alliances, whether social, commercial, political, or matrimonial, are innumerable.

This it is that brings profanity into Abraham's family, when Sarah, his wife, beholds Ishmael, the son of Hagar, the Egyptian, mocking, which occurs on the occasion of the feast made in honor of Isaac's weaning (Genesis xxi. 9). This, too, makes the trouble in Isaac's family, when Esau being forty years old—quite old enough to know what he was doing—takes to " wife Judith, the daughter of Beer, the Hittite, and Bashemath, the daughter of Elon, the Hittite, which were a grief of mind unto Isaac and Rebekah."

It was the *mixed* multitude—the Egyptians among the Israelites—that "fell a lusting in the wilderness," and inaugurated the idolatrous festival, and "grand ball" of the golden calf—new gods newly come up—and that brought the great plagues upon the Israelitish camp.

This was the stumbling block, over which men broke their moral necks, which Baalam, when he couldn't curse Israel, taught Balak to set before the children of Israel when "they called the people unto the sacrifices of their gods, and the people did eat and bowed down to their gods."

It was this, at least by repute, that gave occasion for the difference between Moses and his brother Aaron and his sister Miriam. The history indeed tells us that, "They spake against Moses, because of the Ethiopian, or rather Arabian woman, whom he had married. The generality of interpreters suppose this woman to be Zipporah, the daughter of Jethro, whom he married in Midian; for those who imagine her to have been another can hardly get over this difficulty: Why Moses should set so bad an example as to marry at two several times a foreigner, rather than one of the daughters of his people. The first time, indeed, that he did so was when he lived in a state of exile, but was nevertheless kindly received in a family of the best distinction of the place, which might be inducement enough for matching himself with one of the daughters, since no express precept against matches of this kind was then in force.

But now that he was set at the head of a people who were to be separated from the rest of mankind, and was conducting them to a country with whose inhabitants they were to have no matrimonial intercourse, for fear of introducing idolatry, it would have been highly indecent and unpopular, an affront to his own countrywomen, as well as a dangerous inlet to impiety, for him to have married into an idolatrous nation; nor would his brother and sister have been the only persons to clamour against him, but the whole congregation would have risen up in arms upon so notorious a provocation. Since, therefore, we hear of no such commotion, we may reasonably conclude that this Cushite, or Arabian woman, was the same Zipporah whom he had married some forty years before. But

then why should they quarrel with him upon her account at this time, and no sooner, is the difficulty."

Here the *Talmud* comes to our help, and probably approaches somewhere near the truth when, with regard to Moses' sojourn among the Ethiopians, it says:—

"The Ethiopians placed Moses upon their throne, and set the crown of state upon his head, and they gave him the widow of Kikanus for a wife. Moses remembered, however, the teachings of his fathers—how Abraham made his servant swear that he would not bring a daughter of the Canaanites to be the wife of Isaac, and how Isaac had said to his son Jacob, 'Thou shalt not take a wife from the daughters of the Canaanites, neither shalt thou intermarry with the descendants of Ham;' therefore the widow of Kikanus was a wife to Moses in name only.

When Moses was made king of Ethiopia the Assyrians again rebelled, but Moses subdued them and placed them under yearly tribute to the Ethiopian dynasty.

* * * *

And the people of Ethiopia made him many rich presents, and dismissed him with great honors.

Moses being still fearful of returning to Egypt, travelled toward Midian, and sat there to rest by a well of water. And it came to pass that the seven daughters of Re'uel (or Jethro) came to this well to water their flocks. The shepherds of Midian drove them away, designing to keep them waiting until their own flocks had been watered, but Moses interfered in their behalf, and they returned home early to tell their father what had occurred. Re'uel then sent for Moses, and the latter related to him all that had happened him since his flight from Egypt. And Moses lived with Re'uel, and he looked with favor upon Zipporah, the daughter of his host, and married her."

What but this prolific evil, containing as many woes as Pandora's box, and without hope at the bottom, led to the destruction of Jehosaphat's fine fleet, sent to Ophir for gold, and scattered to pieces at Ezion-gaber? And this after the prophet's stinging reproof, administered interrogatively, "Shouldst thou help the ungodly and love them that hate the Lord?"

Every driving anchor, every rent sail, every broken mast and creaking timber, every drowning seaman, every piece of wreck cast up by the deep, was an awful, crying comment on the text, "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers." And that the good—and too good-natured toward the wicked—but mistaken king might know the cause or direct reason of the disaster, and might not ascribe it to some mere chance, it was said by the inspired seer: "Because thou hast joined affinity with Ahab, the Lord hath broken thy works."

Fortunately for the peace and prosperity of his subsequent reign this loss and reproof were not lost upon him, and he afterwards avoided such ill-boding affinities, so that when Ahaziah, the son of Ahab, said unto him, "Let my servants go with thy servants in the ships," he would not. Wise man at last.

What more shall we say on this important subject, fraught with such tremendous consequences to mankind? Even the Levitical law forbids the unequal yoke, as it regards the lower creation; for, saith the law of Moses, "Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an ass in the same furrow: thou shalt not sow thy fields with divers kinds of seeds: thou shalt not make to thyself garments of woollen and linen together."

Let not the reader forget that one companionship leads to another, and one yoke may be succeeded by a good many "binders." If the Philistines find Samson asleep, they will bind him with more than one cord, and all of the stoutest kind.

If "Mr. By-ends," with other "ends" to serve than the glory of God, marry "Lady Feigning's daughter," he will have to associate

himself with Madam By-ends relatives also, and his friendships will be chiefly on his wife's side, and these are best described by the master allegorist, Bunyan himself, where, in the form of a dialogue, he makes Christian and By-ends talk together :—

Christian. This town of Fair-speech I have heard of, and as I remember, they say it is a wealthy place.

By-ends. Yes, I will assure you it is ; and I have very many rich kindred there.

Chr. Pray you, who are your kindred there, if a stranger may be so bold ?

By-ends. Almost the whole town ; and in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech (from whose ancestors that town first took its name); also Mr. Smoothman Mr. Facing-both-ways ; and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother by my father's side ; and to tell you the truth, I am become a gentleman of good quality ; yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

Chr. Are you a married man ?

By-ends. Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman, the daughter of a virtuous woman ; she was my Lady Feigning's daughter, therefore she came of a very honourable family, and is arrived to such a pitch of good breeding that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. It is true, we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort—yet but in two small points, First, we never strive against wind and tide. Secondly, we are always most zealous when religion goes in his silver slippers ; we love much to walk with him in the street if the sun shines and the people applaud him."

In former times, far more than to-day, the Christian pulpit thundered against the iniquity of the unequal yoke, and especially

when it was contemplated in the "high places of the earth." Thus on one occasion, when that intrepid reformer, John Knox, took the liberty of lecturing Queen Mary from the pulpit. Her Majesty indignantly exclaimed, "What have ye to do with my marriage? or what are you in this commonwealth?" "A subject born within the same, madam," replied the reformer, piqued by the last question, and the contemptuous tone in which it was proposed. "And albeit I be neither earl, lord, nor baron in it, yet has God made me (how abject soever I be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same. Yea, madam, to me it appertains no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it doth to any of the nobility; for both my vocation and conscience require plainness of me. And therefore, madam, to yourself I say that which I speak in public place; whensoever the nobility of this realm shall consent, that ye be subject to an unfaithful husband, they do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish His truth from them, to betray the freedom of this realm, and perchance it shall in the end do small comfort to yourself."

Surely enough has been said on this vital, but almost exhaustless, subject to convince the most gainsaying and contrary mind that in this, as in all other matters of life, "it is an evil and a bitter thing to sin against the Lord." Both law and gospel, reason and revelation, precept and experience, all proving the salutary nature of the divine prohibition, "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

If any of our youthful friends are still hovering over pleasing-ill, like a silly bird over a well-baited snare, or fluttering around the candle of carnal temptation like a dazed moth, intoxicated with the dazzling and over-powering brilliance, let them be startled from their perilous unconcern, and broken from the fatal charm by the clear notes of apostolic warning, "But, thou, man of God, flee these things and follow after righteousness."

It is said of the dove that it will not so much as smell the hawk's feather ; so let the dove of your soul avoid the slightest contact with the subtleties of sin and the "wiles of the devil," "for we are not ignorant of Satan's devices."

The young moth in the fable asked her mother how she should escape the glare of the lighted candle, and was told to not so much as smell of the smoke. But, alas ! what Byron says of the maidens may be applied to many persons of both sexes :—

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair."

Let the Christian reader be careful to not even go near nor *look on* the things that are God forbidden, but pray the prayer, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity."

The world is a whirlpool : you feel safe enough, perhaps, when away among the outer circles, which are mere ripples on the deep, but they all connect with the inner vortex roaring yonder, and ere you are aware, you will be drawn irresistibly on and down until you are swallowed up in destruction and perdition.

O ! leave the gay round of thy pleasure,
And come follow Jesus to-day ;
Yea, find in his joy chiefest treasure,
And tread in the safe, narrow way.

Forsake now the harp and the viol,
The tabret and pipe of the vain ;
That joy is succeeded by trial,
That pleasure is followed by pain.

The "glide" is a slide to perdition,
The "waltz" is a whirl toward doom ;
To join hand in hand is death's mission
To hasten thy march to the tomb.

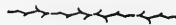
'Tis mirth in its uttermost fleetness,
 "Quick step" to the regions of dole ;
 While heaven is lost with its sweetness,
 And peril encircles thy soul.

With soft, silken mesh the foe lurketh
 Amid gladness and music and flowers ;
 The foulest of plots Satan worketh
 In fairest of spots—Eden's bowers !

My son, then, if sinners entice,
 Consent not to taste of their cheer ;
 That portal so temptingly "nice"
 Has imminent death in the rear.

O ! better than crowding mirth's hall
 Is to tread Zion's courts with but few in ;
 For Grace never opened a ball,
 Nor Truth waxed a floor toward ruin.

Then leave the gay round of thy pleasure,
 And come follow Jesus to-day ;
 And find in his joy chiefest treasure,
 And tread in the safe narrow way.



KINGS GUARDING AGAINST THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

It is said of the church of God, in olden prophecy, that kings shall be her nursing fathers, and queens her nursing mothers, a prediction which notably came to pass in the reign of the Emperor Constantine, and which is having still more complete fulfilment in our approach to the splendors of the latter day glory. It is a singular fact that in any nation, that throne which best supports the "True Sanctuary," whose oracle is the Bible, and which stands like the house of Justus hard by the synagogue, has ever been the most fortunate and prosperous in its political-marital alliances.

Take as a shining example the present king of Denmark, of whom it is said :—

“The Danish king has always had good *luck* in getting his children married. There are six of them. The eldest, the heir apparent to the throne, is married to a daughter of the Scandinavian King. The second son, George, is the King of Greece, and his wife is a niece of the Emperor of Russia. The third son, Waldemar, was a bridegroom the other day. There are also three daughters. One of them, Dagmar, is the Empress of Russia. Another, Alexandra, is Princess of Wales, and will be Queen of England some day ; and the third, the Duchess of Cumberland, ought now to be Queen of Hanover.

As a father King Christian has brought up his children carefully, and with much liberty of thought as to religion. It was easy enough for the Princess Alexandra to pass from Lutheranism to the church of England faith when she married Albert Edward, and so, too, was it easy for the Princess Dagmar to enter the Greek Church when she was wedded to the Czarowitz. Prince George stipulated that he might remain a Lutheran when he accepted the Greek crown, but his six children are all being brought up under the spiritual care of the Patriarch of Constantinople. The Princess Marie, of Orleans, is a devout Roman Catholic, and the Pope would never have permitted her to marry Prince Waldemar had he not promised that their children, if they have any, shall be piously educated in the faith of their mother.”



THE UNEQUAL YOKE AND CAIN'S MARRIAGE.

It may not be amiss, perchance, while on the subject of the unequal yoke, to enter for a moment the region of the legendary and mythical, and seek to ascertain what mere conception can do, or unaided reason, in unshrouding certain mysteries which, though

not of vast importance, or at all vital to our interests, are still worthy of consideration, and also gratifying to the curious.

Though we have no sympathy with men that lie for God's glory, nor with the abominable, hagiographical casuistry that "a lie is the nearest approach to truth," yet conjecture, when not assuming the oracular, may render essential service by guessing at the *possible*, and resolving the seemingly impracticable into a very reasonable *probable* or "may-have-been"—helping the perplexed mind to a plausible way out of her difficulties.

A dream can do no harm when told as a dream. Let it not however, arrogate to itself the importance of a divine affirmation. "What is the chaff to the wheat?" saith the Lord.

Now, while the Scriptures are silent on the matter, yet Hebrew tradition informs us that the first murder was brought about by a desire to be unequally yoked together—and here we may be excused if, for the sake of assisting those who are weak in the faith, especially on some points of biblical history, we seek to grapple with the difficult subject of Cain's matrimonial relations, so long a problem which has puzzled the speculative mind, perplexed the unstable, and furnished a butt for the shafts of atheistical ridicule and controversial scorn. Let us, then, once more ask the hoary and oft-repeated, yet unanswerable question, *Where did Cain get his wife?*

It is distinctly said that God at the first made them male and female, which may be true of more generations than one: for from the very necessity of the case, in this age of the world's infancy, men would have to marry in very near degrees of consanguinity or blood relationship.

"There is an Oriental tradition that Eve, at her two first births, brought twins, a son and a daughter; Cain with his sister Azron, and Abel with his sister Awin; that, when they came to years of maturity, Adam proposed to Eve that Cain should marry Abel's twin-sister, and Abel Cain's, because that was some small remove

from the nearest degree of consanguinity, which, even in those days was not esteemed entirely lawful; that Cain refused to agree to this, insisting to have his own sister, who was the handsomer of the two: whereupon Adam ordered them both to make their offerings before they took their wives, and so referred the dispute to the determination of God; that while they went up to the mountain for that purpose, the devil put it into Cain's head to murder his brother, for which wicked intent Cain's sacrifice was not accepted; and that they were no sooner come down from the mountain than he fell upon Abel and killed him with a stone.—*Patrick's Commentary and Universal History.*

But there is no need to suppose that Cain married the twin sister of Abel, if we consider how fast men began to increase and multiply on the earth, and how it is said that "the days of Adam after he had begotten Seth were eight hundred years: and he begat sons and daughters."

"According to the computation of most chronologers it was in the hundred and twenty-ninth year of Adam's age that Abel was slain; for the Scripture says expressly that Seth, who was given in the lieu of Abel, was born in the hundred and thirtieth year, very likely the year after the murder was committed, to be a comfort to his disconsolate parents. So that Cain must be an hundred and twenty-nine years old when he abdicated his own country; at which time there might be a sufficient quantity of mankind upon the face of the earth, it may be, of an hundred thousand souls. For, if the children of Israel from seventy persons, in the space of an hundred and ten years, became six hundred thousand fighting men, though great numbers of them were dead during this increase, we may very well suppose that the children of Adam, whose lives were so very long, might amount at least to a hundred thousand in a hundred and thirty years, which are almost five generations.

Upon this supposition it will be no hard matter to find Cain a wife in another country, though it is much more probable that he

was married before his banishment, because we may well think that all the world would abhor the thoughts of marriage with such an impious vagabond and murderer. Upon this supposition we may likewise find him men enough to build and inhabit a city, especially considering that the word which we render city, may denote no more than a certain number of cottages, with some little hedge or ditch about them ; and this cluster of cottages, as was afterwards customary, he might call by his son's name, rather than his own, which he was conscious was now become odious everywhere.

Upon this supposition, lastly, we may account for Cain's fear lest every one that lighted on him would kill him : for, by this time, mankind was greatly multiplied, and though no mention is made of Abel's marriage, as in so short a compendium many things must necessarily be omitted, yet he perhaps might have sons, who were ready to pursue the fugitive in order to revenge their father's death, or some of his own sisters, enraged against him for the loss of their brother might possibly come upon him unaware, or when they found him asleep, and so despatch him."

If we may be allowed to digress for a moment, we may observe that, without any Scriptural foundation, there is an Oriental tradition that, when Cain was confirmed in the design of destroying his brother, and knew not how to go about it, the devil appeared to him in the shape of a man, holding a bird in his hand ; and that, placing the bird upon a rock, he took up a stone, and with it squeezed its head in pieces. Cain, instructed by this example, resolved to serve his brother in the same way, and therefore, waiting till Abel was asleep, he lifted up a large stone, and let it fall upon his head, and so killed him ; whereupon God caused him to hear a voice from heaven to this purpose, " The rest of thy days shalt thou pass in perpetual fear."—*Calmet's Dictionary*.

With the generous reader's indulgence, before leaving the subject of Cain—his guilt and reputed undesirable marriage—we will

turn aside for a moment to consider the fratricide's "mark." It is said, "The Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him."

And here the elegant Stackhouse, speaking nearly two centuries ago, observes: "Various are the conjectures of learned men concerning the mark which God set upon Cain to prevent his being killed. Some think that God stigmatized him on the forehead with a letter of his own name, or rather set such a brand upon him as signified him to be accursed. Others fancy that God made him a peculiar garment to distinguish him from the rest of mankind, who were clothed with skins. Some imagine that his head continually shook; others, that his face was blasted with lightning; others, that his body trembled all over; and others again, that the ground shook under him, and made every one flee from him.

Whereas the plain sense of the words is nothing more than that God gave Cain a sign, or wrought a miracle before his face, thereby to convince him that, though he was banished into a strange land, yet no one should be permitted to hurt him. And to find out the land into which he was banished is not so hard a matter as some may imagine."

When the fugitive Cain, from the presence of God,
Was banished, he dwelt in the region of Nod—
The land of the vagabond, roving for life,
With none to console him but Awin, his wife.

What the mark he received no man can divine,
Whether cursed with a stigma or blessed with a sign;
Where Scripture is silent, conjecture is vain,
But one thing is certain—all knew it was Cain.

And further than this, only angels may know!
Did God put red brand on his impious brow?
Revealing to all, with unquenchable glare,
Wherever he went, that a murderer was there.

Or did divine lightnings flash full in his face,
 And scathe from his visage all vestige of grace,
 Till vengeance herself could require no more
 Than to bid the wretch live, all his woes to endure ?

Did a voice still attend him where'er he was seen,
 Like the leper of old, ever crying "Unclean?"
 Or peculiar garb, not of animal skin,
 Proclaim his approach and remind of his sin ?

Did a vision of blood, like a beacon of flame,
 Make his head shake with terror and show forth his shame ?
 Did the ground quake beneath, apprehending his tread,
 Till men at his coming all scattered and fled ?

Woe ! woe ! to the man who is guilty of blood !
 The divine curse upon him cannot be withstood ;
 But a worse crime is your's, sirs, who now dwell in "Nod,"
 Who trample beneath you the blood of a God !

And, joined to your idols, contemn his blest name,
 Deriding his cross and despising the shame—
 O ! renounce your mad folly, repent of the evil,
 Who yieldeth to sin is fast-yoked with the devil.

In whatever light, therefore, we view the unequal yoke, whether in the social, intellectual or spiritual sense, we find it a thing equally unwise and undesirable. The ambitious mouse marrying the young and amiable lioness, ends his vain life by being crushed beneath her frolicking foot. The earthen pot, floating down the stream together with an iron one, finds a too close neighborhood fatal to its interests: for whether the waters dash the former against the latter or the latter against the former, it is equally disastrous to its welfare—it cannot stand the stern, metallic contact.

And so, likewise, yonder dwarf, forming an alliance for offence and defence with his doughy friend the giant, beholds himself con-

tinually forced into conflict with enemies for which he is no possible match ; but being maimed and discomfited in ever encounter, he at last withdraws from the unequal contest to mourn, with the loss of an eye, arm and leg, the ill-advised, one-sided and disadvantageous league.

But even these fabulous partnerships, unions and contracts were not so unnatural, incompatible and vain as those which, alas ! are all too common, where men seek to ally the perishable with the imperishable, the seen with the unseen, the temporal with the eternal, the carnal with the spiritual, and the grosser human with the more glorious divine ; as, for instance, where men essay to harness in one chariot the steed of heaven-born charity with that sorry jade the-love-of-the-world, calling them conjointly, "liberality;" or where they would make peerless and immortal Faith unite with purblind, saucy Reason, and draw together in the same yoke, joining the perfect celestial with the terribly imperfect terrestrial, and forcing divine belief itself to submit to a crude process of fallible ratiocination—these vain minds affirming that they will not believe what they cannot comprehend.

We commend such persons who have become vain in their imaginations to carefully peruse the following verses, and to sooner seek to couple a mole with a seraph, or make yonder darkling, leathern-winged bat to rise and soar sunward with a glorious angel of light, than to bind a peerless grace of the spirit to the vile form of a mere carnal conception. "For the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." The very faculty of such knowledge is lacking in the unrenewed man :—

Two travellers started on a tour,
 With trust and knowledge laden ;
 One was a man with mighty brain,
 And one a village maiden.

They joined their hands and vowed to be
Companions for a season ;
The gentle maiden's name was Faith,
The mighty man's was Reason.

He sought all knowledge from the world,
And every world near it ;
All matter and all mind were his,
But her's was only spirit.
If any stars were missed from heaven,
His telescope could find them ;
But while he only found the stars,
She found the God behind them.

He sought for truth above, below,
All hidden things revealing ;
She only sought it woman-wise,
And found it in her feeling.
He said, " This earth's a rolling ball,
And so doth science prove it :"
He but discovered that it moves.
She found the springs that move it.

He reads with geologic eye
The record of the ages ;
Unfolding strata, he translates
Earth's wonder-written pages.
He digs around a mountain base,
And measures it with plummet ;
She leaps it with a single bound,
And stands upon the summit.

He brings to light the hidden force
In Nature's labyrinths lurking,
And binds it to his onward car
To do his mighty working.
He sends his message 'cross the earth,
And down where sea gems glisten ;

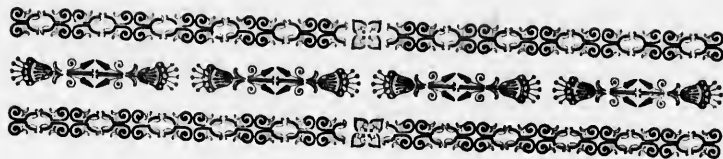
She sendeth hers to God himself,
Who bends his ear to listen.

All things in beauty, science, art,
In common they inherit ;
But he has only clasped the form,
While she has clasped the spirit.
God's wall infinite now looms up
Before Faith and her lover ;
But while he tries to scale its heights,
She has gone safely over.

He tries, from earth, to forge a key
To ope the gate of heaven ;
That key is in the maiden's heart,
And back its bolts are driven.
They part. Without her all is dark,
His knowledge vain and hollow ;
For Faith has entered in with God,
Where reason cannot follow."

"Faith's life is a song. She marches to battle with a psalm. She suffers with a hymn upon her lips. She glorifies God in the fires. She passes out of the world to the music of the *Te Deum*, and not to the dolorous notes of a dirge. She thrusts out the wailers and lamenters from the chamber of her departed, and enters the room, having none with her but the Lord, who is the resurrection and the life. Does doubt compose sonnets or chant hosannahs?—*Lutheran*.





THE UNHALLOWED YOKE.

HOW THE HOLY MAY BE MADE UNHOLY.

BUT as there is no holy thing but man's profaneness may unhallow it, so marriage, which is holy as by God ordained, may be made unholy as by man abused. The ways are many to unhallow it—the non-age of the parties; the forcing of their will (let parents pause and ponder this); the non-consent of parents; the matching in degrees prohibited; or with infidels, things common but unchristian, all these, and more than these, dishonor the honourable ordinance of God, and pollute and defile this undefiled state. But of itself it is a chaste, it is a pure, it is a holy institution, the author holy that ordained it, the parties holy that received it; and now not to be made among us that be Christians, but by a holy person and in a holy place. And therefore I conclude that matrimony is sanctimony. that marriage is honorable, and the bed undefiled.—*Henry Smith.*

If any of our readers have assumed, through the pressure of violent temptation, the illegal as well as the unequal yoke, and now wish to release themselves honorably from the dishonorable connection, let them, for their instruction and guidance, read the fol-

lowing decision pronounced in a United States' Court of Judicature in Utah, "the seat of the beast" of Mormonism:—

"Bishop Clawson, one of the Mormon hierarchy, lately pleaded guilty to the charge of polygamy, and in defence of his conduct in the past and of his determination to continue such in the future, he urged that he had acted in good faith; that for thirty years he had lived in his present marital relationship, and that both his wives and himself believed that this relationship was honourable and righteous. His wives were young when he married them. They are now getting up in years, and he did not believe that in honor and justice he could desert them now. Sooner than that he would go to prison.

The judge's answer to all this was simple and unanswerable. Bishop Clawson must have known, he said, at the time he formed these marriage connections, that he was acting contrary to the law of the United States. Deliberately breaking the law of the land, which of course involved his taking all the consequences of his action, he need not therefore feel either surprised or aggrieved if these consequences should be disagreeable in a very high degree; it was no defence for the Bishop to say further that he still believed that what he had done was right. Many criminals in other cases do the very same thing, but the law punishes them all the same.

It might have been added that the Bishop was not forced to abandon these wives of his, as far as temporal support was concerned. The law did not recognize them as his wives at all, but it did not in the slightest forbid his supporting them honestly and honourably as long as they lived. All on which the law insisted was that they should not be recognized as his wives, and that he should no longer live with them as such. His sense of honour, however, in the way of continuing to them temporal support on account of the wrong he had done them had full scope. The law would not for a moment seek either to dry up or divert the river of his liberality."

"What is the condition of Utah to-day? One hundred and thirty thousand souls who believe in a polygamous theocracy, arrayed against 15,000 souls who believe in a republic; 130,000 souls who believe in John Taylor as the head of their government, 15,000 souls who believe that the President of the United States is the head of their government; 130,000 souls who believe that the laws of this country are to be broken whenever they conflict with John Taylor's commands; 15,000 souls who believe that defiance of the law is rebellion against the best government on earth; 130,000 souls who believe that the United States are to be destroyed to avenge the death of Joseph and Hiram Smith, and that on the ruins will be founded the Kingdom of the Saints; 15,000 souls who look upon this nation as the hope of the world and see in it perpetuated the gradual emancipation and enlightenment of all humanity; 130,000 souls that accept polygamy as the revelation from a just God, 15,000 souls who see in this practice a desecration of home, the prostitution of body and soul, and the begetting of children under the malign influences of jealousy, hatred and unsatisfied longings.

"So far as the Anti-polygamy law is concerned it would be very easy to rob its opponents of argument by making a United States Marriage law. It is a disgrace that there is no such law. We call ourselves a nation, and yet the foundation of all society—marriage—is left to the sweet will of State legislation, whereby men and women are married in one State and very much the reverse in another. Congress inserts the fourteenth amendment into the Constitution, removing all disabilities of color or race. Here it is, 'All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and individual States are prohibited from making or enforcing any laws abridging the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States.'

"Now, how is this carried out? Frederick Douglass marries a white woman in the District of Utah, and walks the streets a law abiding citizen. Shortly after Steven Brown is sent to jail in Mis-

Mississippi and the negro Thornton is sentenced to four years in the State prison of Indiana for similar acts. This is not a plea for miscegenation; it is a plea for the maintenance of the Constitution. Do you not blush that such outrages can be committed in this free country? By all means pass a national marriage law, and if Congress will not revise the constitution in order to embrace the States, at all events it can pass such a law for all Territories, and thus do away with any special anti-polygamy bill. And when Congress has thus done its duty Utah will go on as before. What then? What would any nation do with traitors? Deprive John Taylor's church of temporal power, and one-fourth of the Mormons would heave a sigh of relief. Mormons who remain in the church for policy's sake—and there are a great many of them—would dare to show their colors."

A good many heathen chiefs and others in different parts of the world have had the same difficulty, when not the outward law, but their individual convictions, declared to them that their polygamous marriages were wrong. The difficulty in such cases has been successfully surmounted by the polygamous husband retaining the wife whom he married first as his only one, and at the same time continuing to support the others so long as this was necessary.

We have heard of a bigamistic, heathen chieftain, who, when becoming a Christian, and wishing to join the church, was told that he must first put away one of his wives. He shortly afterwards renewed his application, saying that he had but one wife. When asked what he had done for, and with, the other, he replied triumphantly, "Me ate her up."



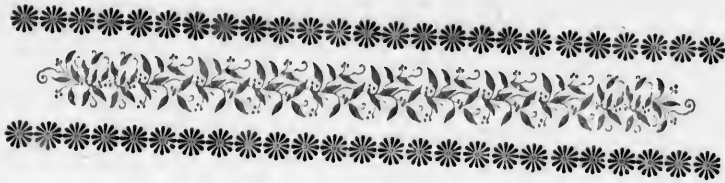
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KISSING





Kissing.

A WORLD-WIDE CUSTOM.

 **Q**F ALL the modes of salutation the wide world over, whether christian or heathen, black or white, bond or free, kissing is altogether the most popular and customary. And why? Is it because of the more profound courtesy involved of bringing the faces together—the noblest part of man—or is it because the mouth is the fount of utterance which so sweetly persuades and charms the attendant soul? Is it because the lips, covered with the finest integument of the body, and so thin as to be transparent even, and more delicate and susceptible than the sensifive finger tips, are made the medium of the sweet *tactual* token of admiration and regard? However it may be, this method of expressing our attachment and good will is preferable to most, or all, other modes, and is certainly infinitely to be preferred to the rude habits of some of the barbarous tribes, who, we are creditably informed, express their mutual friendships and more demonstrative loves by laying hold of each other's heads, and vigorously rubbing their ringed noses together.

“Of the gestures that denote affection it is difficult to give an historic analysis. Kissing was practiced in Europe at the earliest

time of which we have distinct record ; it is not superfluous by any means to state so much, for there are many peoples at this day among whom family relations are quite as tender as elsewhere, that do not recognize it. Everybody, schoolboy at least, remembers the old legend explaining the introduction of the kiss so far as Romans were concerned. Though in itself absurd, it has philosophic interest. For the story reveals that there was a time not forgotten when Roman matrons did not kiss, and we may be sure that the Roman lovers did not. For among the novelties denounced by Cato, the indifference of husbands toward their wives had a conspicuous place. If the young man had been used to kiss his sweetheart decorously in that happier and purer age which the Stoic recalled with despair, he would not have forgotten the practice after *confarreatio*. We cannot understand, nor easily believe that there ever was a date when the mother did not kiss her babe ; but, taking a larger view of mankind, we see that there are beings, human beyond doubt, and very far from the lowest rank in humanity, who still ignore that special form of displaying maternal love.—*London Standard*.

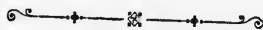


THE FIRST HISTORIC KISS.

And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept.—*Genesis*.

And well he might. What man with a heart in him but would have done the same under similar circumstances? As men oftentimes, under the influence of great excitement, laugh and cry, as we say, in the same breath, so it is no wonder that the young and generous patriarch should in this case both kiss and cry together. See him, the poor, Esau-chased, travel-stained, relative-seeking, and new-home-requiring Jacob, having completed a journey of nearly five hundred miles from his father's house to the "land of the people of the East," much of his lonesome and somewhat peri-

lous journey lying over barren country and through long solitudes. After being as we must suppose, at least two weeks on the way, omitting Sabbaths, and going 40 miles, a statute day's journey, *per diem*, and sleeping oftentimes out of doors with nothing but the stones of the place for his pillows, the clouds for his curtains, the moon and stars for his night-lamps, the rustling of the sycamores or terebinths for his "Even song;" and then rising to pursue his way with nothing but a staff in his hand for support and defence, and a cruise of oil for the lucubration of his way-weary joints; to thus end his journey and his fears and his growing loneliness together, and to find himself "at home" among his mother's chosen kindred, and face to face with the dearest, sweetest of them all—feeling, for the first time, probably, in his chaste, Oriental life, love's genial flame enkindling in his youthful breast—consummating the chief adventure of his history in the midst of all that was novel, pure and endearing, was it any wonder that it should start the grateful tear and make him overflow with tender and profound emotion, forming one of the most pleasing and striking episodes of his most eventful career?



KISSING TOO COMMON.

In the matter of kissing we should reform our manners as a nation. There is altogether too much of it done among us, and unfortunately it is not the hand-kissing of the Germans, or the cheek-and-brow-kissing of the French and Russians. We make straightway for the lips. Beyond a shadow of a doubt skin and throat diseases are communicated by this "bus, pluribus and omnibus" salutation business. But aside from this it is a vicious custom. Surely there ought to be a *modus in rebus*, and people should modify their transports, and content themselves with the kiss of friendship on the cheek, the kiss of admiration on the eyes or hair, the kiss of reverence on the brow, the kiss of gratitude on the hand, or

safest of all, the suggestion and not the actuality, by raising one's finger tips to one's mouth. And let us hope, too, that women will in the catalogue of their "wrongs" include the reprehensible habit forced upon them by society of kissing each one coming and going.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

One facetious poetaster has sung with merry truth, which receives daily illustration:—

"Mankind dislike to kiss so much,
Man scarce will kiss his brother ;
But women like the sport so well
They smack and kiss each other."

Among the many kinds of kisses known to the world, the following metrical list comprises a goodly number:—

"There's a formal kiss of fashion,
And a burning kiss of passion,
A father's kiss,
A mother's kiss,
And a sister's kiss to move ;
There's a traitor's kiss of gold,
Like a serpent's clammy fold ;
A first kiss,
A stolen kiss,
And the thrilling kiss of love ;
A meeting kiss,
A maiden kiss,
A kiss when fond hearts sever ;
But the saddest kiss
On earth is this—
A kiss to part forever."

To all of which we may add the kiss of compliment and approval ; where, as saith Solomon, "Every man shall kiss his lips that giveth a right answer"—a truth which received a very pleasing and practical illustration in the time of Zorobabel. For after this

manner writes Josephus, the Jewish historian, who had a statue of metal erected to his memory in Rome :—

“So the king was pleased with what he had said, and arose and kissed him ; and wrote to the toparchs and governors, and enjoined them to conduct Zorobabel and those that were going with him to build the temple. He also sent letters to those rulers that were in Syria and Phœnicia to cut down and carry cedar trees from Lebanon to Jerusalem, and to assist him in building the city. He also wrote to them that all the captives who should go to Judea should be free ; and he prohibited his deputies and governors to lay any king's taxes upon the Jews ; he also permitted that they should have all the land which they could possess themselves of without tribute.”

Now, though we are no great believers in what is commonly called “blue blood,” for the livid hue betokens anything but health, yet we assume that all of us would be more or less flattered by receiving a royal kiss, even though securing it in a very cool and stately manner, somewhat after the following fashion :—

“The presentation of an English lady to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, is thus described by Adam Badeau :

‘The lady, handing her card to a lord in waiting, passes up to the Lord Chamberlain, and stands till he pronounces her name. Upon hearing it, she prostrates herself in front of the Queen so that one knee nearly or quite touches the floor. If it is a presentation, her majesty extends her hand with the back upward, and the neophyte, placing her own hand transversely under that of the sovereign, raises the royal extremity to her lips. When the lady is of the rank of an earl's daughter, the Queen bends slightly forward to kiss the cheek of her subject, and the homage is complete ; but there have been occasions when the novice was insufficiently instructed in advance, and kissed the monarch in return, very much to the disgust of majesty and the horror stricken amazement of the courtiers. After the obeisance to the Queen, another must be made to

every one in the royal circle in turn, the depth of courtesy being graduated according to the rank of the personage ; and as the last prostration is performed and the subject rises to her natural position in life again, two other watchful lords or gentlemen, as skilful as the first, catch up her train and throw it once more over the lady's arm, and she slowly stumbles backward out of the room, having been at court."

But while there may be more of dignity in a royal kiss, there is scarcely less of beauty in a loyal one.

Who has not heard of the Atheist Hume and of the little girl that would not kiss his infidel lips, a reproof which he was not likely to forget?—

"Some days afterwards Hume again visited the house of his friend. On being introduced into the parlour, he found no one there but his favorite little girl ; he went to her, and attempted to take her up in his arms and kiss her, as he had been used to do ; but the child shrunk with horror from his touch.

'My dear,' said he, 'what is the matter? do I hurt you?'

'No,' she replied, 'you do not hurt me, but I cannot kiss you, I cannot play with you.'

'Why not, my dear?'

'Because you are an infidel.'

'An infidel? what is that?'

'One who believes there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter.'

'And are you not very sorry for me, my dear?' asked the philosopher.

'Yes, indeed I am sorry,' returned the child, with solemnity ; 'and I pray to God for you.'

To all of our marriageable young sisters we would say, "Go ye and do likewise." Pure lips should never kiss blaspheming lips, *never*. There is such a thing as kissing, or withholding a kiss, for

God's sake, even as we read of Samuel, the prophet, that "he took a vial of oil and poured it upon Saul's head, and kissed him, and said, Is it not because the Lord hath anointed thee to be captain over his inheritance?"

"Give me a good kiss," is a very frequent and innocent request usually uttered between parent and child, and means all that is artless, loving and pure ; but for really excellent kisses, or exemplary osculatory salutations, "seasoned with grace," commend us to those of the following nature :—

"The lady in Millais' famous picture would fain save her lover's life from the massacre of Bartholomew by binding the popish badge around his arm ; he kisses her for her love, but firmly removes the badge. So when the dearest friends we have, out of mistaken tenderness, would persuade us to avoid persecution by relinquishing principle and doing as others do, we should thank them for their love, but with unbending decision refuse to be numbered with the world. Moses must have loved Pharaoh's daughter for her kindness, but refused to be called her son."

We sometimes smile, and not without reason, at some of our young city belles kissing and caressing their pet poodles in the public thoroughfare ; and at excited politicians, in the exuberance of their enthusiasm, bestowing tokens of endearment and affection upon the steeds that draw the carriages of their favorite and respective candidates, as in the case of the great Commoner Pitt, of whose ovation an eye-witness thus expresses himself :—

"The crowd clustered around his carriage at every step, hung upon the wheels, hugged his footmen, and even kissed his horses. Such were the circumstances under which he retired from office, having resigned on the 5th of October, 1761."

But this is sensible and harmless salutation compared with the wealth of pure affection, the floods of tenderness and womanly devotion lavished by many of our trusting, gentle maidens on smooth-

tongued, sun-faced, flattering and fickle suitors of the opposite sex. There is no such waste of affection as that which is expended on worthless men.

But we, as a celibate, are free to confess that if one thing more than another serves to destroy our confidence in, or at least moderate our estimate of, the joys of the connubial state, it is in the growing *fewness* of the kisses, mutually given, in more advanced wedded life. "The lips that kiss till death," says Byron, "have turned life's water into wine." Why is it, we would earnestly ask of our honeymoon-waning benedicts and their growingly-indifferent spouses, that the tables are so often turned, and the wine becomes water, even if not soured into vinegar? In other words, if kissing be so good a thing, why not continue the gratifying practice. We have heard of but one man who carefully "kept books" on this point, and we are afraid his curious and comparative statistics might apply in no small measure to thousands who may read them :—

"A Frenchman recently died who, it is stated, on his wedding-day, some twenty years ago, took the original—perhaps it may be said rather imprudent—resolution to keep a yearly account of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife until their union became severed by the death of one or the other. He was destined to be the first to go ; but, when on his sick bed, foreseeing that he would not recover, he begged a friend to let the world know the result of his twenty-years' account-keeping. During the first year of wedded life the kisses exchanged reached the colossal figure of thirty-six thousand five hundred, or one hundred a day on an average ; but in the following twelve months there was a notable decrease, not more than sixteen thousand being inscribed on his register ; while the third year shows a still greater falling off, the average number of kisses being about ten a day. And after the lapse of five years a further reduction is recorded, and the account-keeper's task was simplified, for only two kisses were exchanged during each twenty-

four hours—"one on rising and one on retiring to rest." Later on, during the last ten years of his married life, they 'kissed each other only on leaving for or returning from a journey,' and he had very little trouble in making up his annual domestic statistics."

It is a significant fact that the Bible itself, when opened in the middle, greets you with a kiss. For there the "Song of Songs," which is Solomon's, meets you, sung in the midst of the years, and set in the centre of Scripture together, like a beryl in a gold ring; the only inspired love song of the ages beginning with charming abruptness, and striking the attendant ear as with a burst of full orchestral music, it sounds, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth, for thy love is better than wine."

Love wants favors, seeks for tokens, desires expression, and kissing, as we have already seen, is the most general and congenial way of declaring the same, for it involves a mutual act. It is a two-sided salutation, and therefore doubly agreeable. The young lady who was explaining to her guardian aunt the meaning of a light kissing rumor, that a "bird of the air had carried" to her vigilant ears, was strictly logical and spoke better than she thought when she said:—

"What happened there was simply this,
And let them make the best of it,
I gave him scarcely half a kiss,
And he gave me the rest of it."

Of course it is this "rest of it" that makes the zest of it in this particular manner of showing elective preference and esteem.

The kiss on the mouth or lips was held among the Jews sacred to the conjugal state or marriage relation. Others, indeed, less closely allied by kinship, might kiss brow, or cheek, or hand, or neck, but only one among them all, and he the nearest and the dearest, might adventure the delicacy of the salutation of the lips.

The virgin, the daughter of Zion, is here alone musing, and she is thinking of her coming Lord, the heavenly bridegroom. She has been betrothed unto him in righteousness, but it has been done as it were by proxy—not an uncommon thing among distant thrones, when princes and princesses negotiate an alliance—being accomplished by ambassadors, or God's servants the prophets. She has had letters and love-tokens sealed with the king's signet, and perfumed with the odor of the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley, the smell thereof like Lebanon, and in the midst of his mercies these comforts have delighted her soul.

She has had dim outlines limned by inspiration of his princely portraiture, and she sees him upright as the palm tree, his countenance fairer than the children of men, lovely with love itself, and charming with even divine beauty, and she declares it faultless, exclaiming, as though he were present, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee."

But, oh! she wants his presence; she longs to see his person, the king in his beauty; and still looking down the years, like one gazing along a vista of increasing loveliness and beauty, she cries in impassioned ardor, "Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits." "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like the roe or the young hart on the mountains of Bether;" and then, listening at the door of prophecy for the sound of his footsteps, or looking, like Sisera's mother, through the lattice, she cries, "It is the voice of my beloved! Behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills." And here, not venturing to utter his dear and sacred name, she substitutes the pronoun for the blessed noun, and says, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth."

He is the bridegroom, she the bride. He is the apple tree among the trees of the wood, or her beloved among the sons; she is the lily among thorns, or his beloved among the daughters. His is the countenance like Lebanon, excellent as the cedars; hers is

the face looking forth as the morning, clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners. Well, then, may the words be uttered in pious, sweet soliloquy, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth."

God's promises are the soul's kisses, when the spirit, the comforter, applies them. There, indeed, he does speak comfortably (to the heart as it is in the original) to Jerusalem. Then the letter, like Ezekiel's wheels, becomes instinct with the spirit of life. Thus all moves and glows again.

"Don't you remember," says a certain clerical writer in the *Sunday at Home*, in addressing himself chiefly to the very young, and alluding to a charming nursery story, and attempting to get theology out of it, "how the prince came at last to the sleeping beauty, and woke her with a kiss, and set everything going again, as the sun kisses the frozen winter into a tumult of melting waters and cleansing streams? But don't you also remember what a very difficult task he found it to be, what a business it was to get through that hedge, how many fears and fevers he had to encounter on the way? You remember that one day a prince, who loves your sleeping soul, will come, and will force his way through to ease it. Christ will wake you up one day to beauty and life again. . But when you have been waked up, then your pain and sorrow will begin. You will grieve bitterly to think what you have given him to do ; you would give worlds never to have fallen into those slothful, reckless and evil ways, and never to have laid upon his love the burden of pain it cost him to recall you to life and health. He is very good ; he goes about turning ashes to beauty."

A sweet little incident is related by a writer. She says:—"I asked a little boy last evening, 'Have you called your grandma to tea?' 'Yes. When I went to call her she was asleep, and I didn't know how to wake her. I didn't wish to hallo at grandma, nor shake her ; so I kissed her cheek, and that woke her very softly.

Then I ran into the hall, and said, pretty loud, Grandma, tea is ready. And she never knew what woke her."

The Jews have a proverb that Moses' death on Horeb was so painlessly easy and charmingly pleasant that God kissed his soul out of him. So divine truth, like an angel from Paradise, allures, blesses, touches, and kisses, with the embrace of holy love, the soul of man out of his death of trespasses and sins. "Thou hast loved my soul from the pit," sings King Hezekiah—literally, "Thou hast loved me up from the pit."



THE KISS OF HOMAGE AND ALLEGIANCE.

Kiss the son lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little.—*David*.

"When a man of rank is angry with an inferior, the latter will be advised to go and kiss his feet ; which he does by touching his feet with his hands. and then kissing them.

"See that poor woman whose husband has committed some crime, for which he is to be taken to the magistrates ; she rushes to the injured individual, she casts herself down, and begins to kiss his feet ; she touches them with her nose, her eyes, her ears, and her forehead : her long hair is dishevelled, and she beseeches the feet of the offended man to forgive her husband. 'Ah, my lord ! the gods will then forgive you. My husband will in future be your slave, my children will love you, the people will praise you ; forgive, forgive, my lord !'

"The Egyptians, on taking anything from the hand of a superior, or that is sent from him, kiss it ; and as the highest respect, put it to their foreheads."



KISSING THE LAW.

To open or shut the roll or book of the law, to hold it and to raise it, and show it to the people, are three offices which are sold,

and bring in a great deal of money. The skins on which the law is written are fastened to two rollers, whose ends jut out at the sides beyond the skins, and are usually adorned with silver; and it is by them that they hold the book when they lift it up and exhibit it to the congregation, because they are forbidden to touch the book itself with their hands. All who are in the synagogue kiss it, and they who are not near enough to reach it with their mouths, touch the silken cover of it and then kiss their hands, and put the two fingers with which they touched it upon their eyes, which they think preserves the sight.—*History of the Bible.*

And the devotees of Rome, in their audiences with the Pope, not only kiss the golden crucifix on his richly-embroidered slipper, just over his great toe, which is called metaphorically, "kissing the Pope's toe," but they have long ago kissed completely off the great toe of St. Peter's image in the cathedral that bears his name, so that it had to be replaced with a more durable one of silver.



KISSING THRESHOLDS.

"In a chapel adjoining to that in which a saint lies, in which one of the late kings of that country has a superb tomb, and is supposed to lie interred, are seven sacred songs, written in large letters of gold, on a blue ground, in so many distinct panels, in honor of Aaly, Mohammed's son-in-law, and the great saint of the Persians, as also the ancestor of that female saint that lies entombed there. Among other extravagant expressions of praise there is this distich in the fourth hymn: 'The angelic messenger of the truth, Gabriel, kisses every day the threshold of thy gate, because it is the only way to arrive at the throne of Mohammed.'

On entering the first large hall we were stopped by a silver grating, where we were obliged to take off our shoes; and here we remarked the veneration of the Persians for the threshold of a holy

place, a feeling that they preserve in some degree even for the threshold of their houses. Before they ventured to cross it, they knelt down and kissed it, whilst they were very careful not to touch it with their feet. In writing to a prince, or a great personage, it is common for them to say, 'Let me make the dust of your threshold into *surmeh* (collyrium) for my eyes.'"—*Morier's "Second Journey Through Persia."*



ECONOMY IN KISSING.

A little good advice for those who throw away their kisses, and whose juvenile lips may be said to run wild, comes to us through one of our Toronto dailies, where a married woman thus counsels her own fair sex :—

Save your kisses for your husband ;
 Every one you throw away
 For some foolish passing fancy
 You'll be sorry for some day.
 There's no dower a bride can bring
 That will be more prized than this,
 That you give your first love-kiss.

When the true prince comes you'll know him,
 And he will not love you less
 That he has to win your kisses
 By his worth and faithfulness.
 When, with his betrothal ring,
 He shall claim your kiss, be sure
 That your lips are sweet and pure.

So my own dear mother told me
 Long ago, when I was young ;
 And I know the sweetest music
 Ever heard from mortal tongue

Were my husband's words: "You bring
More than dower of gold-pretence
When you give your innocence."—*Abbe Kinne.*



HOW THE BRIDE PAID THE MARRIAGE FEE.

A trial before a Groton justice, in which a young woman was plaintiff and her lover defendant, was adjourned one day last week to allow the parties to effect a life-long settlement out of court. When late in the evening the matter was so far settled that only a minister or justice of the peace could complete it, the couple sought Justice Simeon A. Chapman, and invoked his aid to make them one. The justice tied the knot firmly, and naturally expected a good sized fee, which the bride paid with her lips. The justice was too gallant to express any dissatisfaction with their tender, but ordered a worsted motto "Terms Cash" to be placed conspicuously near the front door.—*Hartford Times.*



POLITICAL KISSES.

And it was so, that when any man came nigh to him to do him obeisance, he put forth his hand, and took him, and kissed him.

And on this manner did Absalom to all Israel that came to the king for judgment. So Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel.—*Bible.*

In olden times, it is said, that men won their way to public preference and parliamentary distinction by a liberal use not only of their tongues, but also of their lips, Absalom-like kissing their way to seats of power—osculation proving in many cases the highway to universal approbation; for, as saith one of our funny papers:—

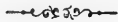
"In other days the candidate,
As old election tales relate,

Of our staid English nation,
 Kissed all the women : babies, too,
 Got many a kiss, as was their due ;
 Folks won by osculation.

But now we've come to colder times,
 And ne'er can our election rhymes
 Recount such pleasant stories ;
 The kissing of the days gone by
 Is o'er, like wine and bribery,
 And old election glories.

No more fine ladies give a kiss
 To help a husband up to this,
 The height of his ambition,
 To represent a town or shire ;
 'Twould set committee-rooms on fire
 Such aid to requisition "

What would ensue should the star of "Woman's Rights" be in the ascendant may be inferred from a case which recently occurred in France, where a deputation of no less than fifty fair ones waited upon a popular French statesman, and said they had been appointed "to kiss him." The surprised and too-highly flattered gentleman, not wishing to appear ungallant, had to have recourse to a good deal of diplomatic manœuvring to escape the threatened lip-enfilading contact ; but saved himself from a very avalanche of feminine affection—a tempest of blissful salutation—by a political ruse, which for the ladies' sakes we shall not here divulge.



CHURCH KISSES.

With regard to the saints' kisses of old time, we have respectively Paul's "Holy Kiss" (1 Cor. xvi. 20), called holy to distinguish it from an unchaste and lascivious one, and from a hypocriti-

cal and deceitful one—such a one as Joab gave to Amasa when, inquiring for his health, he took him by the beard to kiss him, and stabbed him under the fifth rib; and as Judas, who cried “Hail, master,” to Christ, and kissed him, and betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. And Peter’s “Love Kiss”:—“Greet ye one another with a kiss of charity,” (1 Peter v. 14)—that unfeigned, fervent, brotherly, love kiss, which he had again and again exhorted them in this epistle to cherish.

And also Tertullian’s “Peace Kiss,” who, writing about 198 A. D., says:—“Another custom has become prevalent—such as are fasting withhold the peace kiss, which is the seal of prayer, after prayer made with brethren. But when is peace more to be concluded with brethren than when, at the time of some religious observance, our prayer ascends with more acceptability; that they may themselves participate in our observance, and thereby be assured for transacting with their brother touching their own peace? What prayer is complete if divorced from the holy kiss? Whom does peace impede when rendering service to the Lord? What kind of sacrifice is that from which men depart without peace?”



CLEMENT'S MYSTIC KISS.

Clement, of Alexandria, about A. D. 205, calls it the “Mystic Kiss,” *i. e.*, the kiss symbolizing union with Christ. “If we are called to the kingdom of God,” he says, “let us walk worthy of the kingdom, loving God and our neighbor. But love is not tested by a kiss, but by kindly feeling. But there are those that do nothing but make the churches resound with a kiss, not having love itself within. For this very thing, the shameless use of the kiss, which ought to be mystic, occasions foul suspicions and evil reports. The apostles call the kiss holy”



THE WORD KISS AND ITS COMPOUNDS.

The very nomenclature of the ancients prove the practice of kissing among them, as for instance the word Philemon means "Him that kisses." And in coming down to our own day, we find kiss in various compounds, and seeing it is but a step from Kiss to Kissam, we may here observe that such was Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt's maiden name, and, strange to say, it was her form in the shadow of a doorway late one evening, in a street in Albany, that startled young Vanderbilt's horse, and threw the rider, "who fell heavily on a pile of stones, striking the left side of his face. Miss Kissam screamed and sprang forward, supposing that Vanderbilt was either dead or very badly hurt. Hardly had she reached his side when he jumped up, shook himself, and brushed the dust from his face.

'Are—are you badly hurt?' timidly inquired the young lady.

'Not at all, Miss—Miss—a—' stammered the youth

'Miss Kissam,' whispered the young lady, while many blushes suffused her pretty face.

'Well, I'm not hurt, Miss Kissam,' said William H. Vanderbilt, as he introduced himself; 'but I am pretty badly shaken up.'

Miss Kissam appeared embarrassed, and insisted upon young Mr. Vanderbilt going to her home, as he suddenly appeared very faint. It did not take much persuasion to induce him to escort her home. Here he was introduced to Miss Kissam's father. A pleasant evening was spent, and William proved such an excellent conversationalist that when he took his departure that evening he was invited to call again, which he did repeatedly until they were married."



KISSING UNIVERSAL.

My muse in pleasant mood doth glow,
And sings in sweet rehearsal;

How kisses multiply and grow
To custom universal.

The parents kiss each darling child—
Child kisses father, mother ;
And brothers kiss their sisters mild—
Each sister kisses brother.

And those whom we do "sweethearts" call—
Euphonious appellation !—
Will kiss while rolls this earthly ball
In every tribe and nation.

As long as brightness lives in flame
Will kissing go with wooing,
And turtle doves are not to blame
Whose billing follows cooing.

Spring sunshine, kissing ice-bound streams,
Dissolve the chains that bind them,
And warmer winds with brighter gleams
Tell summer comes behind them.

Sweet zephyrs kiss the amorous flowers
That lift their cups to bless them,
And fragrant floods from balmy bowers
Steal forth as they caress them.

The planets kiss with lips of light,
(Each star is heaven's own daughter)
And stoop, with beamy rapture bright,
To kiss th' upleaping water.

The mountain summits kiss the skies
That bend so sweet above them ;
Upon their brow the cloudlet lies—
The fleecy vapors love them.

The hills look up like hope's own eyes,
And shine like dumb evangel's :

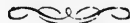
And human souls, that heavenward rise,
Half kiss the beckoning angels.

The kiss of love, and kiss of peace,
Still greet you in the churches—
The Spirit's kiss from sin's release—
They are but heaven's porches.

O! kiss of promise, kiss divine,
Kiss holy, kiss eternal!
Thy salutation still be mine
Till joy becomes supernal.

But say, when time and death are past,
And finished earthly story,
Will kissing still forever last,
Do angels kiss in glory?

Ye swains and nymphs, oh! purely kiss
While threading life's dull mazes;
Retain your souls as bright in this
As beams that kiss the daisies.



STOLEN KISSES.

But, alas! for our exhortations, whether uttered in prose or verse, we apprehend that whatever we, or others, may say on this important subject, there will yet be many who will practically ignore or gainsay it, and continue to make their salutations mere waifs, to light wherever chance may direct them: and

Who will merely kiss for kissing's sake,
Though sad eyes weep and kind hearts break.

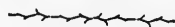
Or, perhaps, they will quote, with evident relish, from the foolish lips of profligate vice the tempting text of the "stolen waters," &c.: or, perchance, they will sing with a grim satisfaction, and a grievous

application withal, the gay song of the felonious fairies, engaged in robbing an orchard by moonlight, which, translated from the Latin by Leigh Hunt, sounds merrily enough as it issues from the lips of fabled elves and mythic, span-long fays, but not so edifying, indeed, when proceeding from the mouths of living mortals:—

We, the Fairies, blithe and antic,
Of dimensions not gigantic,
Though the moonshine mostly keep us
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter,
Stolen kisses much completer ;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels,
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are hobbing
Then's the time for orchard' robbing ;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling
Were it not for stealing, stealing.



BIBLE KISSES.

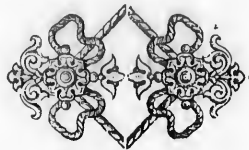
These sacredly-recorded kisses are various and numerous, and almost all kindred relationships are represented. We have a brother's kiss in Aaron, who meets Moses on the mount and kisses him ; a father's kiss, in Isaac kissing Jacob, and a son's kiss, in Jacob kissing Isaac, as also in Elisha saying, " Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee." Then a son-in-law's kiss salutes us in Moses, who meets his father-in-law and kisses him ; and a mother-in-law's salutation in Naomi, combined with a good wish, when she says, " The Lord grant that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband." Then she kissed them, and they wept.

We behold in the Bible, too, how kissing and blessing go together—twin beauties that should seldom be found apart. Thus

Isaac kisses Jacob and blesses him. Laban, too, rises up "early in the morning, to kiss his sons and daughters and blesses them, and departs." Also kissing and weeping quite as frequently "keep company." Even as Jacob kisseth Rachel and lifteth up his voice and weeps. And as Esau, already mentioned, Naomi, David and others, wept.

Besides all these, we have a kiss of complete reconciliation furnished us in Joseph's kissing all his brethren, after which "they talked with him." And another in David's kissing Absalom at court, after several years of enforced absence.

And to close the list, we have the farewell kiss presented not only in many of the cases already mentioned, but also in that of the church's adieu to Paul, when they fell on his neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more; and a mourner's kiss in Joseph, who, after Jacob was dead, fell upon his father's face and kissed him, and wept over him.



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BEAUTY





Beauty.

THE OUTWARD FORM THEREOF.

THE word "beauty" is applied to the person, particularly in the female sex in an eminent manner, and the desires and pleasures arising from beauty in this may be considered an intermediate step between the gross, sensual ones and those of pure esteem and benevolence: for they are in part deduced from both these extremes; they moderate, spiritualize and improve the first, and, in the virtue, are ultimately connected with the last.

But they arise also from many other sources in their intermediate state, particularly from associations with the several beauties of nature and art already mentioned, as of gay colors, rural scenes, music, painting and poetry; from associations with fashion, the opinions and encomiums of others, riches, honors, high birth, &c., from vanity and ambition.

That part of beauty which arises from symmetry may be said to consist in such proportions of the features of the face, and of the head, trunk and limbs to each other, as are intermediate in respect of all other proportions, *i. e.* such proportions as would result from an estimation by an average. One may say, at least, that these proportions would not differ much from perfect symmetry.—*Hartley.*

One writer affirms that :—"Beauty is the outward form of goodness ; and this is the reason we love it instinctively, without thinking why we love ; but we cease to love when we find it unaccompanied with truth and goodness."

Beauty depends more upon the movement of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating causes of the movement or expressions which stamp their character upon it.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

A face that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold :
Of lively look, all grief for to repel
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speak without word, such words as none can tell.

—*Sir Thomas Wyatt.*

Remember, if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year ; and when thou hast it, it wilt be to thee of no price at all.—*Raleigh.*

" There is a wide difference between admiration and love. The sublime, which is the cause of the former, always dwells on great objects and terrible, the latter on small ones, and pleasing ; we submit to what we admire, but we love what submits to us ; in one case we are forced, in the other we are flattered, into compliance.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigor to repress
And mighty hands to forget their manliness ;
Drawn with the power of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapped in fetters of a golden tress

That can with melting pleasance molify
Their hardened hearts, enured to blood and cruelty.

— *Spenser.*

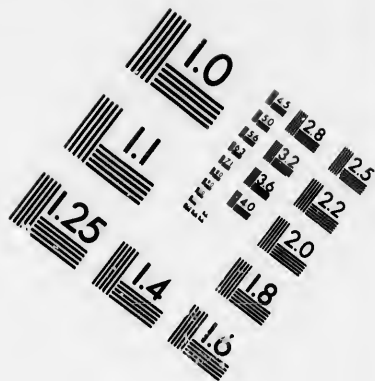
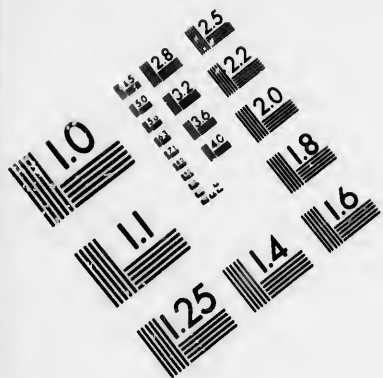
We may safely acknowledge, and as well at the first as at the last, that among all fair things there is nothing quite so fair as a fair countenance. It combines all other fairnesses in one, and blends all conceivable brightnesses together.

All the graces seem to sit, like a galaxy of queens, within the comely compass of the charming, facial circle. There is a whole system of beauties there. The rose blooms in her cheeks; the lily glows in her brow and neck; the ruby glitters in her moving lips—Solomon's "thread of scarlet;" and the very blue of the sky, or the "body of heaven in its clearness," wells its lustre in those speaking, sparkling, sapphire-blazing eyes; while the shining hair falls graceful on either side, and in rival profusion, like the curtains of a king's pavilion, where, as in Ahasuerus' tent, there are "white, green and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble."

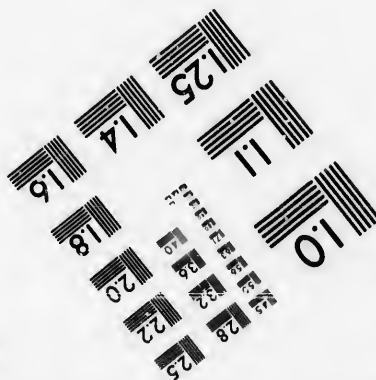
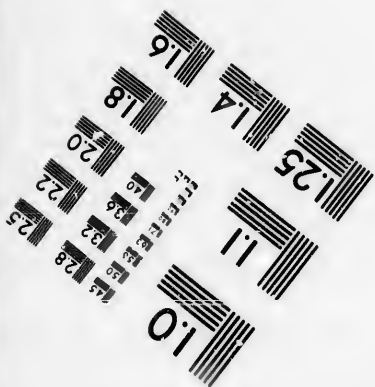
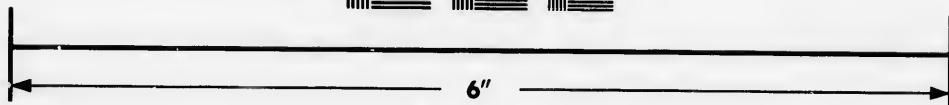
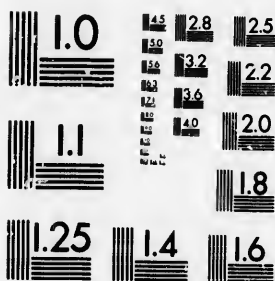
"Queen Virtue's court, which some call Stella's face,
Prepared by Nature's choicest furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaster pure,
Gold is the covering of that stately place;
The door, by which sometimes comes forth her grace,
Red porphyry is, which lock of pearl makes sure,
Whose porches rich—which name of cheeks endure—
Marble, mixt red and white, do interlace.
The windows now, through which this heavenly guest
Looks o'er the world, and can find nothing such
Which dare claim from those lights the name of best,
Of touch they are, that without touch do touch,
Which Cupid's self from Beauty's mind did draw,
Of touch they are, and, poor, I am their straw."

How few of us, alas! are proof against the charm of mere aspect, appearance, countenance.





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Well might Justice be painted blind, that she might weigh all cases of all classes in an even balance.

Some of the ancient judges held their court at night that they might not see the countenance of the prisoners, nor be able to distinguish friend from foe, nor relative from stranger.

It is not without its significance, therefore, that in the *non-age* of the world—the age of type and shadow—we find beauty bestowed on man as one of the special gifts of heaven. God gave all the patriarchs beautiful wives, every one of them. Sarah, Abraham's wife, was fair to look upon; Rachel, Jacob's wife, was well-favored; Joseph, tradition says, won the "pearl of Egypt," in the daughter of Potipherah, the priest of On (or the sun), and Joseph himself, says the *Talmud*, was almost heavenly fair, and drew all eyes toward him as he passed along, which would make the proclamation all the more agreeable, as it rang before his riding chariot, "Bow the knee"—which beauty may also have been the cause of his sore temptation and severe sufferings.

Daniel and his compatriots in Babylon were the fairest of all the Jews in captivity:—

"Children in whom there was no blemish, but well favored, and skilful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace, and whom they might teach the learning and the tongue of the Chaldeans.

"And the king communed with them; and among them all was found none like Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah, therefore stood they before the king."

Then let not cynicism sneer, nor envy look askance, neither base curmudgeonism, with his strange, conglomerate name, never heard in heaven, dispense trite maxims such as, "Beauty buys no beef," "Beauty is no inheritance," "Beauty is only for a day," &c., &c.; for unheeding all these flings and flouts that compass her

about like bees, and buzz disapprobation on her fair form, lo! the moon of beauty rides on in the firmament of her own inviolable supremacy, and goes forth "walking in brightness," and "looking around her with the heavens all bare," for

* * *

"Tis the eternal law
That first in beauty shall be first in might."

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy is the empire, of beauty.—*Johnson.*

Beauty, without kindness, dies unenjoyed and undelighting.—*Ibid.*

"Beauty is only skin deep," says the old proverb, but the saying itself is no deeper. It is physically untrue, for beauty is not an accident of surface, but a natural result and attribute of a fine organization. A man may sneer, like Ralph Nickleby, at a lovely face, because he chooses rather to see "the grinning death's head beneath it;" but Ralph was a heartless villain, and that is only another name for a fool. "Beauty is one of God's gifts," says Mr. Lewes, "and every one really submits to its influence, whatever platitudes he may think needful to issue. * * *"

How, think you, should we ever have relished the immortal fragments of Greek literature, if our conception of Greek men and Greek women had been formed by the contemplation of figures such as those of Chinese art? Would any pulse have throbbed at the Labdacidan tale had the descendants of Labdacus risen before the imagination with obese rotundity, large ears, gashes of mouths, eyes lurching upwards towards the temples, and no nose to speak of? Could we with any sublime emotions picture to ourselves Fo-Ti on the Promethean rock, or a Congou-Antigone wailing her unwedded death?"—*Proverbs of all Nations.*

"Arrayed in all her charms, appeared the fair:
Tall was her stature, unconfined her hair;
Proportion decked her limbs, and in her face

Lay love enshrined, lay sweet attractive grace,
 Tempering the awful beams her eyes conveyed.
 And, like a lambent flame, around her played.

—*Lisle.*

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
 So modest ease in beauty shines most bright ;
 Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
 And she who meant no mischief does it all.

—*Prior.*

It is not everybody, however, who is a judge of true beauty even when it is placed directly before them ; but human fancy is in this, as in everything else, very whimsical and capricious, proving the truth of the old proverb, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." Therefore it is said :—

Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown ;
 Both are most valued where they best are known.

—*Lord Lyttleton.*

Yet there is a majesty in beauty, and a sweet-insinuating, silent-captivating power that cannot wholly be ignored, even by the most callous and apathetic natures ; and which, like the identity of spiritual bodies and of holy intelligence, grandly proves itself !—for its brightness is as strikingly lustrous and unique as the glory of the "bow in the cloud on the day of rain," peerless and incomparable :

"Oh, richly fell the flaxen hair
 Over the maiden's shoulders fair !
 On every feature of her face
 Sat radiant modesty and grace ;
 Her tender eyes were mild and bright,
 And through her robes of shadowy white
 The delicate outline of her form
 Shone like an iris through a storm."

And we may ask further, with Byron :—

"Who hath not proved how feebly words assay
 To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray ?

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Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of Loveliness?"

And what foible, pray, is more generously and generally excusable in a parent than the pride of being the progenitor of gentle loveliness, and of adding to the desirable sum of the world's great wealth of living bloom and fair-augmenting beauty. Even as indicated in the following paragraph from a standard author :

"It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I saw my little ones about me : but the vanity and satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, 'Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country ;'—'Ay, neighbor,' she would answer, 'they are as heaven made them, handsome enough if they be good enough ; for handsome is that handsome does.' And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads ; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally drew Hebe ; open, sprightly and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution ; for they were soft, modest and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the others by efforts successfully repeated.—*Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.*

Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. At times it wore an expression of generousness, of sorrow even ; and then seemed to make the air very bright with what the Italian poets so beautifully call the the "*lampeggiar del angelico riso*,"—the lightning of the angelic smile.—*Longfellow.*

Yet beauty, gayly and fondly as its possession may be borne or regarded, is nevertheless a grave trust, and not to be basely esteemed. What Young, the poet, says of wit, may with equal propriety be applied to physical loveliness, that, oftentimes,

“It hoists more sail to run against a rock.”

The more airy, and light, the elegant yacht, the more need of the deep-balancing ballast to steady her swift course. The more noticeable the *personnel*, the more careful should one be to carry it well. That Scripture proverb is still in force, and not to be contemned because it soundeth blunt and very curt, which says, “As a jewel of gold in a swine’s snout, so is a fair woman without discretion.”

How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains.

* * * * *

Beauties, in vain, their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—*Pope.*

The brighter the light the more perilous, if it be but the will-o-the-wisp to lead you into the mire :

“So millions are smit with the glare of a toy ;
They grasp at a pebble and call it a gem
And tinsel is gold, if it glitters, to them ;
Hence, dazzled with beauty, the lover is smit,
The hero with honor, the poet with wit ;
The fop with his feather, his snuff-box and cane
The nymph with her novel, the merchant with gain.”

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dieth when first it 'gins to bud ;
A brittle glass that's broken presently ;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.—*Shakespeare.*

"Beauty is a disastrous property, tending to corrupt the mind of the wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their innocence like beauty. At the end of thirty years a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at the first."

Xenophon has well said that beauty is more catching than fire. "Fire burns only when we are near it; but a beautiful face burns and inflames though at a distance."

Zimmerman wisely affirms that "beauty is worse than wine, it intoxicates both the holder and the beholder." And we have known some that were inebriated all the time.

While Socrates, who seems to have had a lovely or comely virago for a wife, whose smile was but "a sunbeam o'er a gulf of guile," called beauty "a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Careades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that 'twas a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid calls it a favor bestowed by the gods."

Eliza Cook, with her usual felicity of expression, plays a somewhat telling though amusing change on that sweet chime of silvery word-bells, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," by singing:

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

Oh! pleasant music-words; and often sung:

But some pert brains, more cynical than clever,

Like mine, just now, may tax with idle tongue

The laurelled speech which seems to say that never

Can aught be beautiful but what is young,

And fair, and charming—yet a question may

Arise on what our very Miltons say.

A woman's rosy mouth is good to see,
 With its soft, sculptured lines cut cleanly out ;
 A "thing of beauty" it must surely be !
 But for the rest there may exist a doubt.
 To hear it scold, through breakfast, lunch, and tea,
 Is apt to put the best digestion out ;
 No "joy forever" is the ruby mouth
 That blows much oftener from nor'-east than south."

"The beauty of the air, gesture, motions and dress has a great connection with the beauty of the person, or rather makes a considerable part of it, contributing much to the sum total ; and when considered separately receiving much from the other part of the beauties of the person. The separate beauty of these things arises from some imitation of a natural or artificial beauty already established, from fashion, high-birth, &c., or from their being expressive of some agreeable or amiable quality of mind.

Beauty has the highest encomiums bestowed upon it in books, especially in such as are too much in the hands of young persons, has the highest compliments paid to it in discourse, and is often the occasion of success in life ; all of which holds more particularly in respect of women than of men. No wonder, therefore, that both sexes, but especially women, should desire both to *be* and *be thought* beautiful, and be pleased with all the associated circumstances of these things ; and that the fear of being or being thought deformed should be a thing to which the imagination has the greatest possible reluctance."

"To meet the requirement of a classic figure a lady should be 5 feet $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches tall, 32 inches bust measure, 24 inches waist, 9 inches from armpit to waist, long arms and neck. A queenly woman, however, should be 5 feet 5 inches tall, 31 inches about the bust, $26\frac{1}{2}$ about the waist, 35 over the hips, $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches around the ball of the arm, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches around the wrist. Her hands and feet should not be too small."

Now, we may venture to affirm, on the best authority, and supported by abundance of irrefragable and undisputed proof, that virtue is the best promoter and preserver of beauty, even in the complexion itself, and divine grace is the greatest conservator of native grace. "A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine," and goodness literally looks out at the skin.

To get bloom in the face we must have pure blood at the heart. God made the match between beauty and piety, and any attempt at divorce can only be attended with discomfort and disaster. Vice never fails, in the end, to stamp its impress on the brow; nor virtue to leave her impression there. Believers are termed "children of light," and grace tends to beautify and brighten even the outward expression. Unbelievers, on the contrary, are in a kingdom of darkness, and all the vices, without exception, serve to darken the face as well as the soul. "The show of their countenance doth witness against them," it is said of the sinners in Zion; while of the saints in Jerusalem it is declared, "Their countenance is comely."

O! pleasant is beauty
 When wedded to duty,
 Rejoicing in brightness she onward doth go:
 Still consciously glowing,
 Her light she is sowing,
 And reigns in her glory while dwelling below.

Wherever she liveth
 Her good cheer she giveth,
 And gladdens alike both the palace and cot;
 Benign is her mission,
 No rank nor condition
 But hailleth her presence to brighten their lot.

With charms never palling,
 But gratefully falling,
 Like dew on the grass in the night of earth's tears;

Diffusing her graces,
 She gladdens all places,
 Like the light of the stars or the song of the spheres.

But, alas ! when fair beauty,
 Divorced from high duty,
 Forgetteth her Maker, the guide of her youth !
 Yonder bright stone of fire,
 Swine-rooted in mire,
 Is the type of her baseness as drawn by the truth

Like Judea's daughters
 By Chaldea's waters,
 Like seraph that falls from the mountain of God ;
 Defiled is her glory—
 Reproach ends her story—
 A captive in sackcloth, oppressed and down-trod.

Fashionable sinners have sometimes been scared, as it were, from a career of pleasing vice by merely seeing themselves in the mirror—that monitor that would not flatter, but like Queen Elizabeth's painter, put in all the wrinkles.

Dr. Budington tells of a young woman who came to see him once about joining his church. He asked her what made her first think of wanting to become a christian. She said it was because she found she was growing so ugly. She looked in the glass one day when she was very angry, and was fairly frightened to see how ugly she looked. She found that the bad tempers she was giving way to were making ugly marks upon her face. She was afraid to think what this would grow to by and by. This led her to think what a dreadful thing sin must be. Then she prayed to Jesus to take away her sin, and make her a christian. This young woman was right. What she said was true. There is nothing that will help to make us look ugly sooner than giving way to bad temper.

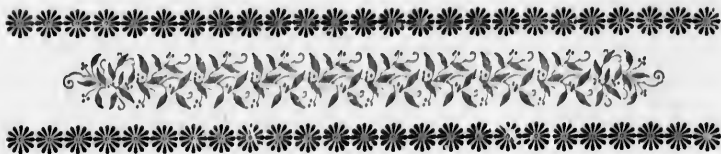
And if we want to make ourselves look beautiful, there is no better way than by trying to be like Jesus."

"What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No.
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go ;
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin."

"At the last meeting which the late venerable Dr. Marsh held in his rectory grounds at Beddington, he being then above ninety years of age, and just on the eve of his departure for heaven, two Afghans stood behind his chair. One of them was so impressed by the loveliness of character exhibited by the aged saint, that, on hearing of his death shortly after, he exclaimed, "His religion shall now be my religion ; his God shall be my God ; for I must go where he is, and see his face again."

In his old age Dr. Marsh gathered round him many of the young cadets from Addiscombe College, some of whom became devotedly attached to him. One lad, while lingering for a parting word, exclaimed to a companion, "What is the use of being young when one sees a man of eighty in better spirits than the jolliest among us ?"—*Teacher's Note-Book.*





BEAUTIES.

ENGLISH BEAUTIES.

IN Mr. Greely's last letter from Europe to the *New York Tribune*, he speaks of the English women, and commends their perfection of figure. He attributes this to the English lady's habit of out-of-door exercise. We had thought that this fact was well known; that it was known years ago, and that our fair countrywomen would catch a hint from it that would throw color into their cheeks and fulness into their forms. And yet, sadly enough, our ladies will coop themselves in their heated rooms, until their faces are like lilies, and their figures like lily-stems."

"A feature of the exhibition of a firm of London tailors in New York is the showing of garments on living models—not pretty girls hired for the service—but genuine English beauties, imported so freshly that their London accent is not yet in the slightest degree impaired.

There are fifteen of them, and all young, with handsome faces and slender, lithe, shapely figures, on which the clothes are displayed to the best possible advantage. They chat agreeably with the crowd of shoppers, strike effective attitudes, and walk about with a gait presumably that of the most approved London belles."



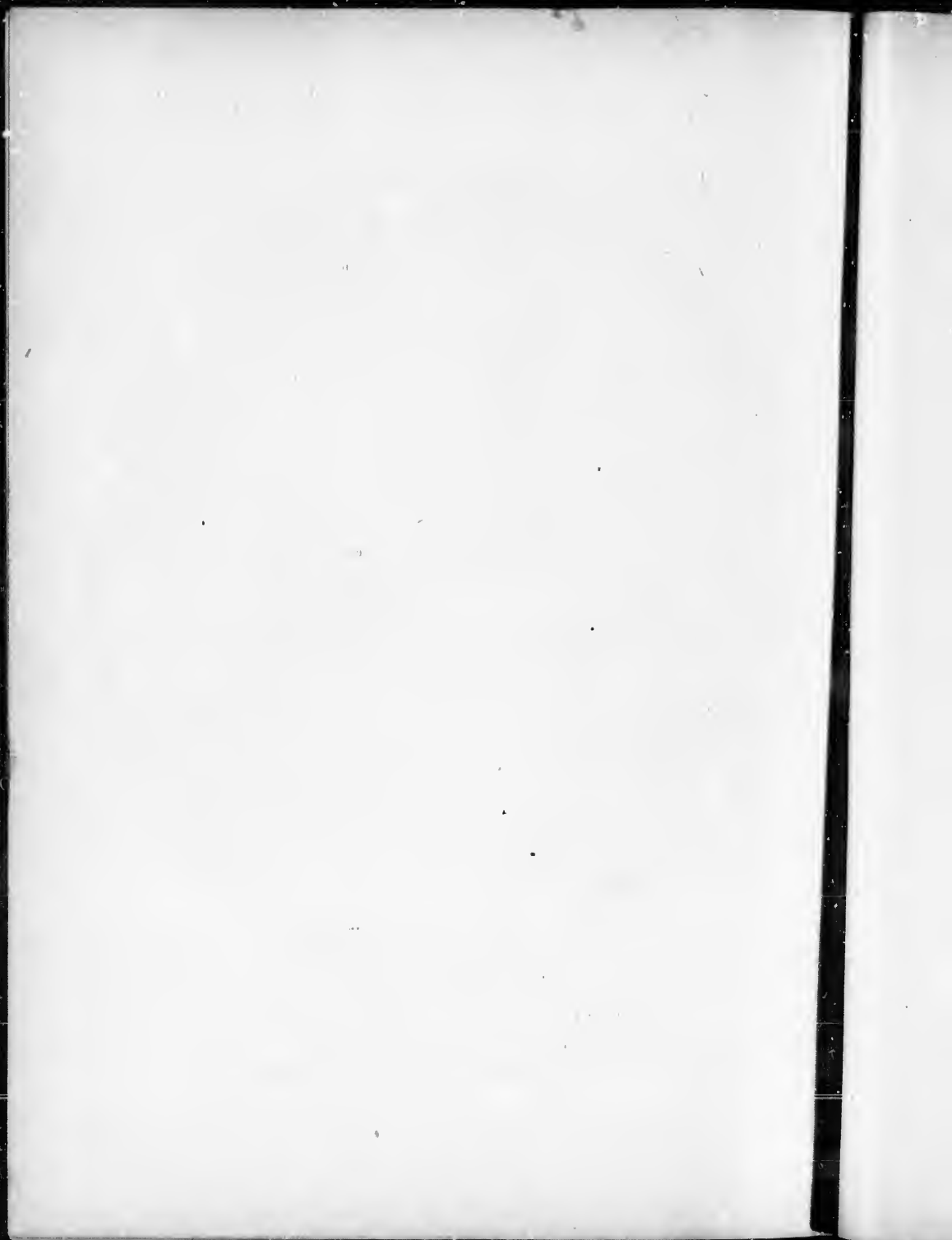
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As planets ask no aid of their sister orbs to shiae,
But, sphered in native splendor, adorn the glittering sky;
So beauty brightly beams with effulgence half divine,
Attracting to her lustre the world's admiring eye:—
But with radiance more sublime, that transcends the bounds of time.
Brave virtue beareth starward, rejoicing in her prime.



"May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail ; for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste ; the faultless form,
Shaped by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,
Like the red rose bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul informed, when dressed in love,
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye."

"She laughs and runs—a cherub thing—
And proud is the dotting sire
To see her pull the flowers of spring,
Or play by the winter fire.
Her nut-brown hair falls thick and fair
In many a glossy curl ;
And freshly sleek is the ruddy cheek
Of the infant English girl.

The years steal on, and day by day
Her native charms expand ;
Her round face meets the summer ray,
Like the rose of her own blest land.
There's music in her laughing tone,
A gold gleam through her curl ;
And beauty makes her chosen throne
On the brow of the English girl.

She is standing now, a happy bride,
By the holy altar rail ;

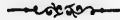
While the sacred blush of maiden pride
 Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.
 Her eye of light is the diamond bright,
 Her innocence the pearl ;
 And these are the richest bridal gems
 That are worn by the English girl.



AMERICAN BEAUTIES

"The frankness of the American young women," writes Archibald Forbes, "has in it, on the threshold, a certain bewilderment and even embarrassment for the British male person, especially if his collars be too stiffly starched. She has so utter an apparent absence of self-consciousness, her mental equipoise is so serenely stable, her good-fellowship, if one may use the term, is so natural, that he cannot see his way easily to the solution of the problem. I assume him to be a gentleman, so that his intuition deters him from a misconception of the phenomena that confront him.

She flirts: she is an adept in flirtation, but it is a flirtation from 'the teeth outwards,' to use Carlyle's phrase, and he is fain to own to himself, like the fox-hunting farmer we tried unsuccessfully to get drunk on claret, that he seems to 'get no forader.' But although the citadel of the fort seems to him strangely impregnable, because of the cool, alert, self-possession of the garrison, I have been told by heroic persons, who ventured in the escalade, that, if the beleaguer be him whom fortune favors, it will terminate an honorable seige by a graceful capitulation."



TRADITIONAL BEAUTIES.

And Pharoah called Joseph's name Zaphnath-paaneah ; and he gave him to wife Asenath, the daughter of Poti-pherah, priest of On. And Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt.—*Bible*.

And it came to pass after this that Joseph saw Osnath, the daughter of Potipherah, a pearl among the beauties of the land, and he loved her, and she became his wife.—*Talmud.*



SERACH, THE FAIR HARPER

Joseph commanded them to be careful in imparting the news they carried to their father, lest speaking suddenly it might have a bad effect upon so old a man. And the sons of Jacob returned unto the land of Canaan in gladness with happy hearts.

And it came to pass when they drew near to Canaan that they said one to the other, "How shall we break this news unto our father? We cannot tell him suddenly that Joseph is still alive."

But it chanced when they reached Beer-Shebah that Serach, the daughter of Asher, came to meet her father and her uncles. And Serach was a sweet singer, and she played upon the harp.

So they said unto her, "Take thy harp, and go and sit before our father and play to him, and as thou playest, sing; sing of his son Joseph, and let him know in this manner that Joseph lives."

And the maiden did as she was bid, and sitting before her grandfather, she sang to him a song, wherein she repeated seven times these words:—

"Lo, Joseph is not dead; he lives,
My uncle rules o'er Egypt's land."

And Jacob was pleased with her singing and playing; happiness seemed to find birth in his heart at her sweet voice, and he smiled upon the maiden and blessed her. And while he was talking to her his sons arrived with their horses and chariots, and Jacob arose and met them at the door, and they said to him, "We have joyful tidings for our father. Joseph, our brother, is still alive, and he is ruler over all the land of Egypt."—*Ibid.*

When Judah's fair harper enchantingly spake
 Of Joseph's estate to the patriarch sire,
 She bade both her voice and her skill to awake,
 And sang the sweet strain to the sound of her lyre.

See Israel listen! His heart doth revive,
 The sight of the wagons, too, gladdens his eye;
 Divine are the tidings; "Doth Joseph yet live?
 I will go down and see him," he saith, "ere I die."

When wisdom and beauty unite in the song,
 And virtue ennobles the heart-thrilling strain,
 The angels themselves might the measure prolong,
 And heaven re-echo the golden refrain.



AN APOCRYPHAL BEAUTY—JUDITH.

She rose where she had fallen down, and called her maid, and went down into the house in which she abode in the Sabbath-days, and in her feast days.

And she pulled off the garments of her widowhood, and washed her body all over with water, and anointed herself with precious ointment, and braided the hair of her head, and put on a tire upon it, and put on her garments of gladness, wherewith she was clad during the life of Manasse her husband.

And she took sandals upon her feet, and put about her her bracelets, and her chains, and her ear-rings, and all her ornaments, and decked herself bravely, to allure the eyes of all men that should see her.

Then there was a concourse throughout all the camp: for her coming was noised among the tents, and they came about her as she stood without the tent of Holoferness, till they told him of her.

And they wondered at her beauty, and admired the children of Israel because of her; and every one said to his neighbor, "Who

would despise this people that have among them such women? Surely it is not good that one man of them be left, who, being let go, might deceive the whole earth."

And they that lay near Holoferness went out, and all his servants, and they brought her into the tent.

Now, Holoferness rested upon his bed, under a canopy which was woven with purple, and gold, and emeralds, and precious stones.

So they shewed him of her; and he came out before his tent, with silver lamps going before him.

And when Judith was come before him and his servants, they all marvelled at the beauty of her countenance; and she fell down upon her face, and did reverence unto him; and his servants took her up.

And Holoferness took great delight in her, and drank more wine than he had drunk at any time in one day since he was born.
—*Apocrypha.*



A SCRIPTURAL BEAUTY—ESTHER.

If Asenath, Joseph's noble bride, was the pearl of Egypt, truly Esther was the lily of Sushan—which name itself signifies a lily. She is called both Hadassah, a myrtle, and Esther (from *Esterah*, Greek) a star; and was "a maid fair and beautiful," whose appearance at court was as if a new star had arisen upon the royal horizon, "and the keeper of women preferred her and her maids unto the best place of the house of women."

"Her pious deeds," says the *Talmud*, "ceased only with her life, and her beauty was equalled only by her spiritual qualities."

Both ever-green myrtle and bright beaming star,
Her virginal glory decks history's pages;
Mid fragrance and beauty she shines from afar,
The pride of the Hebrew and pearl of the ages.

BEAUTY IN AGE.

As the clear light is upon the holy candlestick, so is the beauty of the face in ripe age.—*Apocrypha.*

"History is full of the accounts of the fascinations of women who were no longer young. Thus Pericles wedded Aspasia when she was thirty-six, and yet she afterwards, for thirty years or more, wielded an undiminished reputation for beauty. Cleopatra was past thirty when Anthony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years later, and Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last. Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers. Ninon de l'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the *golden youth* of France, and she was seventy-two when the Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her. Catharine of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia, and captivated the dashing young Gen. Orloff. Up to the time of her death (at sixty-seven) she seems to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had ever known her personally. Madame Mars only attained the zenith of her beauty and power between forty and forty-five."

"The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension
Becomes not weary of attention ;
But lives, when that exterior grace
Which first inspired the flame, decays."

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.—*Bible.*

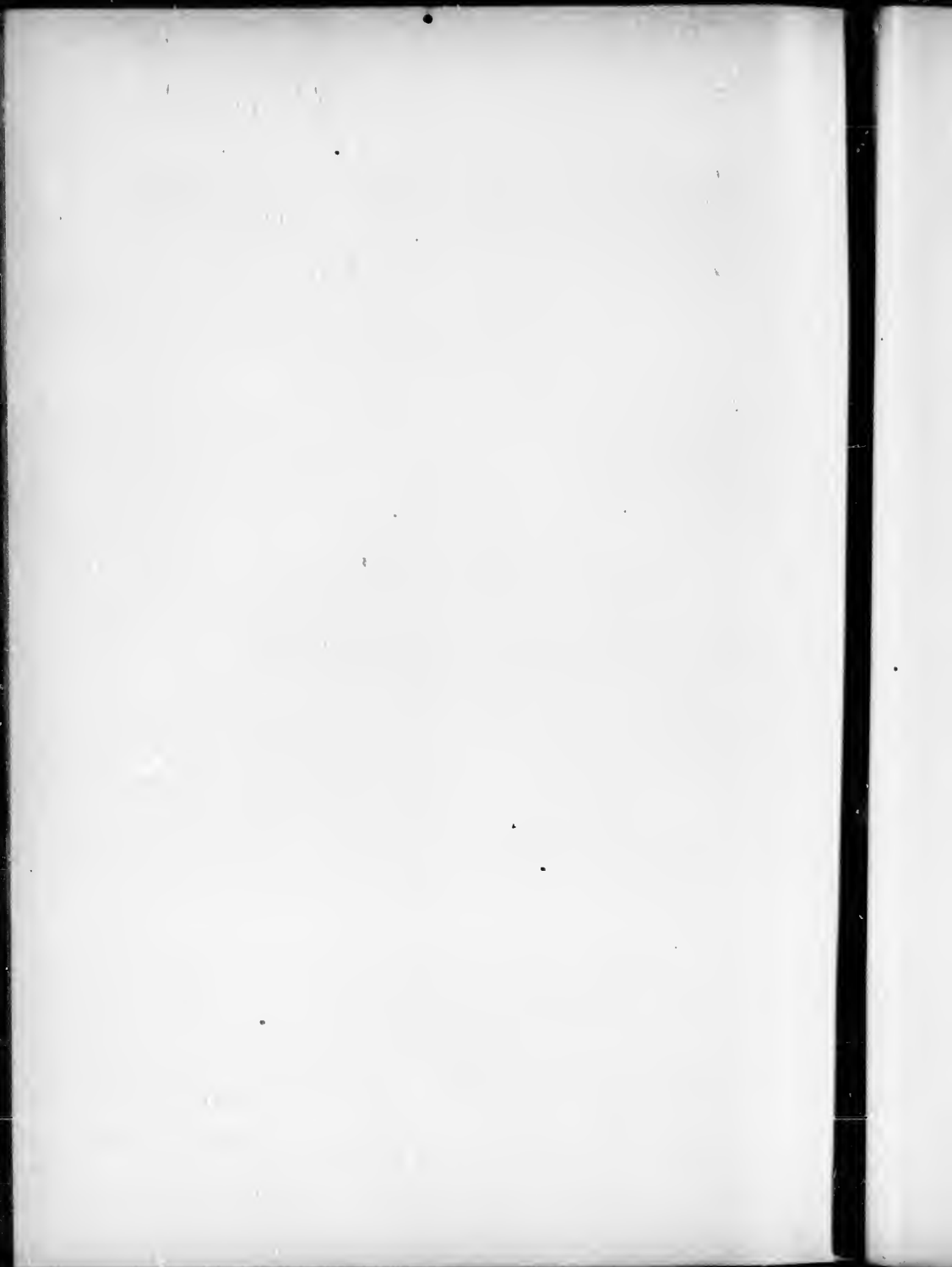
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MARRIAGE ETIQUETTE



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Marriage Etiquette.

FOR whether the term of courtship may have been long or short—according to the requirements of the case—the time will at last arrive for fixing the day. While it is the gentleman's province to press for the earliest possible opportunity, it is the lady's privilege to name the happy day; not but that the bridegroom-elect must, after all, issue the fiat, for he has much to consider and prepare for beforehand; for instance, to settle where it will be most convenient to spend the honeymoon—a point which must depend on the season of the year, on his own vocation, and other circumstances. At this advanced state of affairs, we must not overlook the important question of the bridal trousseau and the wedding presents. Wedding presents must be sent always to the bride, never to the bridegroom, though they may be given by friends of the latter. They should be sent during the week previous to the wedding day, as it is customary to display them before the ceremony.

Two cards folded in the invitation in the envelope are sent with the wedding invitation. The invitation is in the name of the bride's mother, or, if she is not living, the relative or friend nearest the bride, thus:

MRS. NICHOLAS RUTH

AT HOME,

Tuesday, November 18th,

FROM 11 TILL 2 O'CLOCK.

No. 86 W. 47TH STREET.

The two cards, one large and one small, are folded in this invitation. Upon the large card is engraved :

MR. AND MRS. W. F. JOHNSON

On the smaller one :

MISS ROSSIE RUTH.

If the young people "receive" after their return from the bridal tour, and there is no wedding-day reception, the following card is sent out :

MR. AND MRS. W. F. JOHNSON

AT HOME,

Thursday, December 28th,

FROM 11 TILL 2 O'CLOCK.

NO. 50 E. 63RD STREET.

Or :

MR. AND MRS. W. F. JOHNSON

AT HOME,

Thursdays in December,

FROM 11 TILL 2 O'CLOCK.

NO. 50 E. 63RD STREET.

The bridal calls are not expected to be returned until the last day of reception.

The bridegroom gives to the first groomsman the control of the ceremony and money for the necessary expenses. The first groomsman presents the boquet to the bride, leads the visitors up to the young couple for the words of congratulation, gives the clergyman his fee, engages the carriages, secures tickets, checks

baggage, secures pleasant seats, if the happy pair start by rail for the "moon;" and, in short, makes all arrangements.

If the wedding takes place in the church, the front seats in the body of the church are reserved for the relatives of the young couple. The bride must not be kept waiting. The clergyman should be within the rails, the bridegroom and groomsmen should be in the vestry-room by the time the bride is due at the church. The bridesmaids should receive the bride in the vestibule.

The bridal party meet in the vestry-room. Then the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, leads the procession; the bridegroom, with the bride's mother upon his arm, follows; the groomsmen and bridesmaids in couples follow.

At the altar the bridegroom receives the bride, and the ceremony begins. The groomsmen stand behind the bridegroom, the bridesmaids behind the bride. In some churches, the bride and bridegroom remove the right hand glove; in others it is not considered essential. The bride stands on the left of the groom.

When the wedding takes place at the house of the bride, the bridal party is grouped behind folding doors or curtains ere their friends see them. If, however, this is not convenient, they enter in the same order as in the church.

The first bridesmaid removes the bride's left hand glove for the ring.

After the ceremony the bride and groom go in the same carriage from the church to the house, or from the house to the railway depot or boat.

The bride does not change her dress until she assumes her travelling dress. Her wedding gown is worn at the breakfast.

Friends of the family should call upon the mother of the bride during the two weeks after the wedding.

Mourning must not be worn at a wedding. Even in the case of a widowed mother to either of the happy pair, it is customary to wear grey, or some neutral tint

It is no longer the fashion at a wedding or wedding reception to congratulate the bride ; it is the bridegroom who receives congratulations ; the bride, wishes for her future happiness. The bride is spoken to first.

The day being fixed for the wedding, the bride's father now presents her with a sum of money for her trousseau, according to her rank in life. A few days previously to the wedding, presents are also made to the bride by relations and intimate friends, varying in amount and value according to their degrees of relationship and friendship—such as plate, furniture, jewelery, and articles of ornament, as well as utility, to the newly-married lady in her future station. These, together with her wedding dresses, etc., it is customary to exhibit to the intimate friends of the bride a day or two before her marriage.

The bridegroom-elect has, on the eve of matrimony, no little business to transact. His first care is to look after a house suitable for his future home, and then, assisted by the taste of his chosen helpmate, to take steps to furnish it in a becoming style. He must also, if engaged in business, make arrangements for a month's absence ; in fact, bring together all matters into a focus, so as to be readily manageable when, after the honeymoon, he shall take the reins himself. He will do well to burn most of his bachelor letters, and to part with, it may be, some few of his bachelor connections ; and he should communicate, in an easy, informal way, to his acquaintances generally, the close approach of so important a change in his condition. Not to do this might hereafter lead to inconvenience and cause no little annoyance.

It is the gentleman's business to buy the ring. It should be, we need scarcely say, of the very purest gold, but substantial. There are three reasons for this : first that it may not break ; secondly, that it may not slip off the finger without being missed ; and thirdly, that it may last out the lifetime of the loving recipient, even should that life be protracted to the extreme extent.

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