

GEMS FOR THE BRIDAL RING.



GEMS

FOR

THE BRIDAL RING.

A GIFT

FOR THE PLIGHTED AND THE WEDDED.

COMPILED BY

REV. J. E. RANKIN.



"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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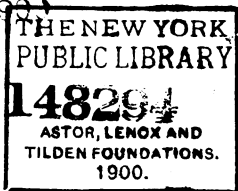
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COMPILER'S NOTE.

THIS little book is designed less as a manual of good counsel for the plighted or the newly-wedded pair than to furnish appropriate selections for their reading, and a marriage keepsake for their happy home.

The sentiments and mottoes are from the "Lapidarium" of Marbodius, a Latin poem of the eleventh century. That some of them should be a little fanciful might be expected of that period. The grouping, it will be remembered, is not for the literal, but the figurative, bridal-ring.

J. E. R.

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I.

THE RING.

PURE AND ENDLESS.

TUBAL. One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHYLOCK. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turkois; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

SHAKESPEARE.



THE RING.

FORMATION OF WOMAN.

AND the Lord said, It is not good that the man should be alone : I will make a helpmeet for him. And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept ; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. 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.

Scriptures.

PURE AND ENDLESS.

IF you would know the love which you I bear,
Compare it to the ring which your fair hand
Shall make more precious when you it shall
wear ;
So my love's nature you shall understand.

Is it of metal pure? So endless is my love,
 Unless you it destroy with your disdain.
 Doth it the purer grow, the more 'tis tried?
 So doth my love: yet herein they dissent, —
 That whereas gold, the more 'tis purified,
 By growing less doth show some part is spent;
 My love doth grow more pure by your more
 trying,
 And yet increaseth in the purifying.

Davison.



MARRIAGE A VENTURE.

THOSE who enter the marriage-state cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most; for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband. She must dwell upon her sorrow, which her own folly hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath warrant of prerogative. And the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but, otherwise, she

hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of sadness, yet he must return to it again ; and, when he sits among his neighbors, he remembers the dejection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply.

Jeremy Taylor.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING-RING.

WITH a white hand like a lady,
And a heart as merry as spring,
I am ripe and I am ready
For a golden wedding-ring.

As the earth with sea is bounded,
And the winter-world with spring ;
So a maiden's life is rounded
With a golden wedding-ring.

There's no jewel so worth wearing,
That a lover's hands may bring ;
There's no treasure worth comparing
With a golden wedding-ring.

Gerald Massey

PRAYER FOR A WIFE.

MY gracious Lord, if it be thy holy will that I live without a wife, sustain me against temptations: if otherwise, grant me a good and pious maiden, with whom I may pass my life sweetly and calmly; whom I may love, and of whom I may be loved in return.

Martin Luther.



WAITING.

AND she will love me; for I know
 That there must surely come an hour
 Wherein the secret mystic power
 Of her fine womanhood will flower.

Then she will know me if I do
 But give the single perfect sign:
 I know, that, in that hour divine,
 Her soul will feel a need of mine.

And knowing that this must be so.
 This time must come or soon or late,
 I am content to sit and wait,
 While slow draws on my golden fate.

My heart will take no other guest :
I wait till her white hand alone
Shall from that beauteous brow take down
For me the golden virgin crown.

Lydia A. Caldwell.



JUBILATE !

JUBILATE! I am loved !
And his lips at length have said it :
Long since in his eyes I read it ;
But I thought it could not be.
Ah ! what happiness for me !

Jubilate ! I am loved !
Now I'm like a little queen ;
Very pleasant 'tis, I ween :
Whatsoe'er I do or say
Seemeth good and right alway.

Jubilate ! I am loved !
To see him kneeling at my feet,
Oh ! 'tis sweet, 'tis very sweet :
Every day and every hour
Do I glory in my power.

Jubilate! I am loved!
 So dearly loved, that, till I prayed,
 I was more than half afraid.
 Lord, forgive my sins, and make
 Me pure and good for his dear sake!

Jubilate! I am loved!
 Lord, forgive my glorying!
 To thy dear cross I meekly cling:
 Let the love he beareth me
 Lead him, lead us both, to thee!

Elizabeth Youatt.



CHOICE OF A WIFE.

WHEN it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once.

Sir Philip Sidney.

I CHOSE my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, for qualities that would wear well.

Goldsmith.

THE BRIDAL RING.

THIS gem is pledge and image of my heart,—
 A heart that looks and loves, though not in
 view :

The jewel has a clearer, purer part ;
 It may be harder, but is not more true.

Buchanan.



OLD PROVERBS.

MARRIAGE and hanging go by destiny.

Sweetheart and honey-bird keep no house.

There's one good wife in the country, and
 every man thinks he hath her.

Bachelors' wives and maids' children are
 always well taught.

In time comes she whom God sends.

Happy is the wooing that is not long in doing.

MARY ANERLEY.

LITTLE Mary Anerley, sitting on the stile,
Why do you blush so red? and why so
strangely smile?

Somebody has been with you, — somebody, I
know,

Left that sunset on your cheek, left you smiling so!

Gentle Mary Anerley, waiting by the wall,
Waiting in the chestnut-walk where the snowy
blossoms fall,

Somebody is coming there, — somebody, I'm sure,
Knows your eyes are full of love, knows your
heart is pure.

Happy Mary Anerley, looking, oh, so fair!
There's a ring upon your hand, and there's
myrtle in your hair!

Somebody is with you now, — somebody, I see,
Looks into your trusting face very tenderly.

Quiet Mary Forester, sitting by the shore,
Rosy faces at your knee, roses round the door,
Somebody is coming home! — somebody, I know,
Made you sorry when he sailed: are you sorry
now?

AN OFFER.

I WANT you, Carrie, for my wife. You may hunt far and wide; but you'll find nobody that'll keer for you as I will. Every man, Carrie, that's wuth his salt, must find a woman to work for; and, when he's nigh onto thirty as I am, he wants to see a youngster growing up to take his place when he gits old: otherwise, no matter how lucky he is, there's not much comfort in livin'. Perhaps I don't talk quite as fine as some: but talking's like the froth on the creek; maybe it's shallow, and maybe it's deep, — you can't tell. The heart's the main thing; and, thank God, I'm right there. Carrie, don't trifle with me.

Bayard Taylor.

 BEAUTIFUL MAUD.

GOOD-MORNING to thee, beautiful Maud!
 Coming so briskly out of the mist:
 What make thy feet so early abroad,
 Ere the autumn sun the hill has kissed?
 What art thou doing in my heart, sweet Maud.
 Tripping in beauty so early abroad?

Good-morning to thee, beautiful Maud !

What makes my heart leap up to my mouth
As I see thee coming so early abroad

From the woodbine cottage in the south ?
What art thou doing in my heart, sweet Maud,
Tripping in beauty so early abroad ?

Good-morning to thee, beautiful Maud !

I cannot but meet thee all of the day,
In thy snow-white hood so early abroad ;

And thou always bearest my heart away :
What art thou doing with my heart, sweet Maud,
Tripping in beauty so early abroad ?

Thou art out of my sight, O beautiful Maud !

With thy dreamy eyes and nut-brown hair ;
But, should I not meet thee to-morrow abroad,

'Twould drive my heart almost to despair.
Alas ! thou'st ruined my heart, sweet Maud,
Tripping in beauty so early abroad.

Rankin.

THE BRIDAL.

A LIVE with eyes, the village sees
The bridal dawning from the trees,
And housewives swarm i' the sun like bees.

Love's lovely to the passer-by ;
 But they who love are regioned high
 On hills of bliss, with heaven nigh.

The blessing given, the ring is on ;
 And at God's altar radiant run
 The currents of two lives in one !

Gerald Massey.

BETROTHAL.

MIRANDA. Do you love me ?

FERDINAND. I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
 Do love, prize, honor you.

MIRANDA. I am a fool,
 To weep at what I'm glad of.

FERDINAND. Here's my hand.

MIRANDA. And mine, with my heart in't.

Shakespeare.

WOOING AND WEDDING.

GAYLY the sun woos the spring for his bride,
 With kisses all warm and golden ;
 Till the life at her heart she no longer may hide.
 And the wealth of her love is unfolden.

And there's nothing so dainty-sweet in life
 As to kiss the maid glowing and tender,
 Till the heart of the wife giveth up in the strife,
 Full flowering in love's splendor.

Gerald Massey.



LUVE AT SCHULE.

TWAS then we luvit ilk ither weel,
 'Twas then we twa did part ;
 Sweet time, sad time, — twa bairns at schule,
 Twa bairns, and but ae heart !
 When baith bent down owre ane braid page,
 Wi' ae buik on our knee,
 Thy lips were on thy lesson ; but
 My lesson was in thee !

Oh ! mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the schule-weans, laughing, said
 We cleeked thegither hame ?
 I've wandered East, I've wandered West,
 Through mony a weary way ;
 But never, never can forget
 The time o' life's young day !

William Motherwell.

HESITATION.

BUT when at last I dared to speak,
 The leaves; you know, were white with
 May :
 Your ripe lips moved not ; but your cheek
 Flushed like the coming of the day.
 And so it was, half shy, half sly,
 You would, and would not, little one,
 Although I pleaded tenderly,
 And you and I were all alone.

Tennyson.

*THE FATHER'S LAMENT.*

THUS it is, our daughters leave us, —
 Those we love, and those who love us.
 Just when they have learned to help us,
 When we are old, and lean upon them,
 Comes a youth with flaunting feathers :
 With his flute of reeds, a stranger
 Wanders piping through the village ;
 Beckons to the fairest maiden ;
 And she follows where he leads her,
 Leaving all things for the stranger.

Longfellow.

THERESA'S ANSWER

I AM yours, as I am, and you know me : I call you mine, as you are, and as I know you. What in ourselves wedlock changes we shall study to adjust by reason, cheerfulness, and mutual good will.

Goethe.





II.

THE DIAMOND.

VIRTUE INVINCIBLE.

Foremost of all among the glittering race,
Far India is the diamond's native place ;
Hardness invincible which nought can tame,
Untouched by steel, unconquered by the flame.
With its keen splinters armed, the artist's skill
Subdues all gems, and graves them at his will.

2



17

THE DIAMOND.

WOMAN ACCORDING TO INSPIRATION.

HER husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously; but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.

Scriptures.

MEARY WEDDED.

THE sun can sink, the stars may rise,
 An' woods be green to shining skies ;
 The cock may crow to morning light,
 And work-folks sing to falling night ;
 The birds may whistle on the spray,
 And children leap in merry play :
 But ours is now a lifeless place,
 For we've a-lost a smiling face, —
 Young Meary Mead o' merry mood ;
 For she's a-wooded and wedded.

The dog, that oonce was glad to bear
 Her fondling fingers down his hair,
 Do lean his head against the floor,
 To watch, wi' heavy eyes, the door ;
 An' men she sent so happy home
 O' Saturdays, do seem to come
 To door wi' downcast hearts, to miss,
 Wi' smiles below the clematis,
 Young Meary Mead o' merry mood ;
 For she's a-wooded and wedded.

When they do draw the evening blind,
 And when the evening light's a-tined,

The cheerless fire do throw a glare
O' light against her empty chair ;
And wordless gaps do now make thin
Their talk, where once her voice came in :
So lonesome is her empty place,
And blest the house that has the face
 O' Meary Mead o' merry mood,
 Now she's a-wooded and wedded.

The day she left her father's hearth,
Though sad, was kept a day of mirth ;
And dry-wheeled wagons' empty beds
Were left within the tree-screened sheds ;
And all the horses, at their ease,
Went snorting up the flowery leas,
But one, the smartest for the road,
That pulled away the dearest load, —
 Young Meary Mead o' merry mood,
 That was a-wooded and wedded.

William Barnes.

MAN WITHOUT WOMAN.

THE soul of a man, as well as his body, is incomplete without his wife. He has strength ; she has beauty. He combats the enemy, and

labors in the fields ; but he understands nothing of domestic life : his companion is waiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has crosses, and the partner of his couch is there to soften them : his days may be sad and troubled ; but, in the chaste arms of his wife, he finds comfort and repose. Without woman, man would be rude, gross, and solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests, which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united ; together they rear the fruits of their union ; in the dust they lie side by side ; and they are re-united beyond the limits of the tomb.

Chateaubriand.



THE LOVE OF CONTRARIES.

SHOW me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten who are wretched from other causes.

You may depend upon it, that a slight con-

trast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

Sympathy constitutes friendship ; but, in love, there is a sort of antipathy, or opposing passion. Each strives to be the other, and both together make up one whole.

Coleridge.

INSUFFICIENCY.

THERE is no one beside thee, and no one
above thee :

Thou standest alone, as the nightingale sings !

And my words that would praise thee are im-
potent things ;

For none can express thee, though all should
approve thee.

I love thee so, dear, that I only can love thee.

Say, what can I do for thee ? weary thee ? grieve
thee ?

Lean on thy shoulder, new burdens to add ?

Weep my tears over thee, making thee sad ?

Oh, hold me not ! love me not ! let me re-
trieve thee.

I love thee so, dear, that I only can leave
thee.

Mrs. Browning.

RUTH.

WHEN the sunlight kissed the hill-tops,
In the dew of early morn,
Ruth went out behind the reapers
Through the golden shocks of corn.

Then said Boaz to the reapers,
“Here be all that each man leaves :
Trouble not the Jewish maiden ;
Let her glean among the sheaves.”

Long the master loved to linger,
Looking backward o'er the plain,
Seeing there a sweeter treasure
Than the summer-scented grain.

Ruth no longer haunts the pastures,
Sobs no more amid the corn,
Follows not the other reapers
Through the dewy fields of morn ;

But the harvest-songs, from meadow,
Slumberous hillside, billowy plain,
Bear the tidings, she is mistress
Over all the rustling grain.

THE DIVINE STANDARD.

“Even as Christ also loved the Church.”

LET us, if we would form a correct idea of what should be the state of our hearts towards the woman of our choice, think of that affection which glowed in the breast of the Saviour, when he lived and died for his people. We can possess, it is true, neither the same kind nor the same degree of regard; but surely, when we are referred to such an instance, if not altogether as a model, yet as a motive, it does teach us that no weak affection is due, or should be offered, to the wife of our bosom. We are told by the Saviour himself, that, if he laid down his life for us, it is our duty to lay down ours for the brethren; how much more for the “friend that sticketh closer than a brother”! And, if it be our duty to *lay down our life*, how much more to employ it, while it lasts, in all the offices of an affection, strong, steady, and inventive! She that, for our sake, has forsaken the comfortable home, and the watchful care, and the warm embrace, of her parents, has a right to expect in *our* regard that which shall make

her "forget her father's house," and cause her to feel, that, with respect to happiness, she is no loser by the exchange. Happy the woman (and such should every husband strive to make his wife) who can look back without a sigh upon the moment when she quitted forever the guardians, the companions, and the scenes of her childhood!

John Angell James.

"A PRUDENT WIFE FROM THE LORD."

HONOR and riches are the inheritance of fathers; but a prudent wife is from the Lord." Wealth may descend to us; but a wife, a true, loyal, devoted wife, is the gift of God. She cannot be inherited; she cannot be purchased by wealth or power: she is the gift of God.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies." It is a most significant and instructive fact, that the same comparison is employed here, which, in another passage, is made respecting religion itself. And, next to the direct agency of the Holy Spirit, there is no influence so precious, so potent upon the heart

of a man, religious or irreligious, as a Christian wife. The unbelieving husband is thus made to see the beauty of pure and undefiled religion; the attractiveness of that adorning which is inward; the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. And it is hardly too much to say, that one upon whom such an influence is lost, and by whom it is despised, is lost to every thing, will despise every thing, which is lovely and of good report.

Rankin.

ACQUAINTANCE.

HABIT and long life together are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment until he has passed many days, and, above all, many days of misfortune, with her. The married pair must know each other to the bottom of their souls: the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world.

THE MAIDEN AND THE WIFE.

THE lover watched his graceful maid,
 As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
 Nor knew her beauty's best attire
 Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
 At last she came to his hermitage
 Like the bird from the woodland to the cage :
 The gay enchantment was undone,
 A gentle wife, but fairy none.

R. W. Emerson.

*LOVE CANNOT CHANGE.*

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 Oh, no ! It is an ever-fixèd mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, and no man ever loved.

Shakespeare.

LOVE AND HONOR.

LOVE is a secondary passion in those who
love most, a primary in those who love least.
He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is
inspired by honor in a higher : it never reaches
its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the
most exalted minds.

Landor.

BODY AND SOUL.

WHEN love finds the soul, he neglects the
body, and only turns to it in his idleness
as an afterthought. Its best allurements are
but the nuts and figs of the divine repast.

Landor.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

FRRIENDSHIP requires actions; love requires not so much proofs as expressions of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and requite love.

Jean Paul.

*ANNE HATHAWAY.*

TALK not of gems, — the orient list,
 The diamond, topaz. amethyst ;
 The emerald mild, the ruby gay, —
 Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway !
 She hath a way, with her bright eye,
 Their various lustre to defy.
 The jewel she, and the foil they,
 So sweet to look, Anne hath a way.
 She hath a way, Anne Hathaway,
 To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way !

Shakespeare.





III.

THE ASBESTOS.

LOVE.

Of steely color, and of wondrous might,
Arcadia's hills produce the asbestos bright ;
For, kindled once, it no extinction knows,
But with eternal flame unceasing glows.



THE ASBESTOS.

WOOINGS OF LOVE.

MY beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Scriptures.

PROTESTATIONS.

SAY over again, and yet once over again,
That thou dost love me, though the word
repeated
Should seem a cuckoo-song, as thou dost treat it.

Remember, never to the hill or plain,
 Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain,
 Comes the fresh Spring, in all her green com-
 pleted.

Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted
 By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
 Cry, "Speak once more, thou lovest!" Who
 can fear

Too many stars, though each in heaven shall
 roll?

Too many flowers, though each shall crown the
 year?

Say thou dost love me, love me, love me! Toll
 The silver iterance; only minding, dear,
 To love me still in silence, with thy soul.

Mrs. Browning.



AN EXHORTATION TO HUSBANDS.

IN the words of St. Paul, I exhort you, who
 are a husband, to "love your wife even as
 you love yourself." Give honor to her, as the
 more delicate vessel; respect the delicacy of her
 frame and the delicacy of her mind. Continue
 through life the same attention, the same manly

tenderness, which in youth gained her affections. Reflect, that though her bodily charms are decayed as she is advanced in age, yet that her mental charms are increased; and that, though novelty is worn off, yet that habit and a thousand acts of kindness have strengthened your mutual friendship. Devote yourself to her; and, after the hours of business, let the pleasures which you most highly prize be found in her society.

Dr. Freeman.



MAN ALONE.

IT is not good that the man should be alone." Loaded with the gifts of God, he still wants something, of which he is himself ignorant, or of which he knows nothing except by a vague presentiment, — a helper "like to himself," — without which life is to him but a solitude, and Eden a desert. Endowed by a nature too communicative to be self-sufficient, he demands a partnership, a support, a complement; and only half lives while he lives alone.

Made to think, to talk, to love, his thought is in

search of *another* thought to stimulate it, and to reveal it unto itself: his word dies away in sadness on the air, or awakens a mere echo which does violence to it, rather than responds to it; and his love knows not where to fasten itself, and, falling back upon himself, threatens to become a devouring self-love. His whole being, in fine, aspires to another self; but that other self does not exist: "for Adam there was not found a helpmeet." The visible creatures that surround him are too far below him, the invisible Being who has given him life too far above him, to unite their condition to his.

Then God formed woman, and the great problem was solved. Behold here what Adam demanded, — that other self which is himself, and at the same time *not* himself.

Adolph Monod.



LOVE DISCLOSED.

THE violet loves a sunny bank,
 The cowslip loves the lea,
 The scarlet-creeper loves the elm;
 But I love — thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover-bloom ;
But I kiss — thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily's bride o' the bee,
Heaven's marriage-ring is round the earth :
Shall I wed thee ?

Bayard Taylor.

BEGINNINGS.

MAN and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom, and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy ; but when, by age and consolidation, they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an

unfixed marriage ; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

Jeremy Taylor.



EPITHALAMIUM.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
 Tinged with the rising sun ;
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one :
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course, with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting :
 Calm was their course through banks of green,
 While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion
 Till life's last pulse shall beat :
 Like summer's beam and summer's stream
 Float on, in joy, to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease ;
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

Brainard.

THE HELPMEEET.

WHEN on her Maker's bosom
 The new-born Earth was laid,
 And Nature's opening blossom
 Its fairest bloom displayed ;
 When all with fruits and flowers
 The laughing soil was dressed,
 And Eden's fragrant bowers
 Received their human guest, —
 No sin his face defiling,
 The heir of Nature stood ;
 And God, benignly smiling,
 Beheld that all was good.
 Yet, in that hour of blessing,
 A single want was known,
 A wish the heart distressing ;
 For Adam was alone.

Bishop Heber.

THE ABSENT ONE.

THE sigh that rises at the thought of a dear one may be almost as genial as his voice. It is a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.

Lador.

*LOVE VERSUS AGE.*

I FEEL that I am growing old for want of somebody to tell me that I am looking as young as ever. Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words.

Lador.





IV.

THE BERYL.

MUTUAL LOVE.

**The most admired displays a softened beam,
Like tranquil sea, or olive's oily gleam :
This potent gem, found in far India's mines,
With mutual love the wedded couple binds.**



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THE BERYL.

DUTIES OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

HUSBANDS, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.

Let every one of you, in particular, so love his wife even as himself. So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife, loveth himself; for no man ever yet hated his own flesh.

Husbands, love your wives; even as Christ also loved the Church, and gave himself for it.

Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church.

Let the wife see that she reverence her husband.

Ye wives, be in subjection to your own hus-

bands ; that, if any obey not the word, they also may, without the word, be won by the conversation of the wives, while they behold your chaste conversation, coupled with fear.

The Scriptures.



MUTUAL LOVE THE BASIS OF MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE should in every case be formed upon the basis of mutual attachment. If there be no love before marriage, it cannot be expected there should be any after it. Lovers, as all are supposed to be who are looking forward to this union, without love, have no right to expect happiness : the coldness of indifference is soon likely, in their case, to be changed into aversion. There ought to be *personal* attachment. If there be any thing, even in the exterior, that excites disgust, the banns are forbidden by the voice of nature.

Young people should be extremely careful to let no persuasions of others, no impulse of their own covetousness, no anxiety to be their own masters and mistresses, no ambition for secular splendor, induce them to enter into a connection

to which they are not drawn by the solicitations of a pure and virtuous love. What will a large house, splendid furniture, a gay equipage, and fashionable entertainments, do for their possessor, in the absence of connubial love ?

Love must be mutual, or there can be no happiness ; none for the party which does *not* love : for how dreadful the idea of being chained for life to an individual for whom we have no affection ; to be almost ever in the company of a person from whom we are driven back by revulsion, yet driven back upon a bond which prevents all separation and escape ! Nor can there be any happiness for the party that *does* love : such an unrequited affection must soon expire, or live only to consume that wretched heart in which it burns.

John Angell James.



“*THY PEOPLE, MY PEOPLE.*”

WHERE'ER thou goest, I will go ;
Where'er thou diest, die ;
Together in one humble grave
Our wedded dust shall lie.

And I will love thy chosen friends ;
 Thy people shall be mine ;
 And we will kneel to praise one God
 Before one common shrine.



TO A WIFE, WITH A RING.

EMBLEM of happiness, not bought nor sold,
 Accept this modest ring of virgin gold.
 Love in this small but perfect circle trace,
 And duty in its soft but strict embrace :
 Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the wife ;
 Yet firm, to bear the frequent rubs of life.
 To guard at once and consecrate the shrine,
 Take this dear pledge : it makes and keeps thee
 mine.

Dr. Drennan.



PURIFYING POWER OF LOVE.

LIKE the ocean, love embraces the earth ;
 and by love, as by the ocean, whatever is
 sordid and unsound is borne away.

Landor.

LOVE IN MARRIAGE.

LOVE in marriage cannot live nor subsist unless it be mutual ; and, where love cannot be, there can be left of wedlock nothing but the empty husk of an outside matrimony, as unde-
lightful and unpleasing to God as any other kind of hypoerisy.

Milton.

*WEDDED BLISS.*

HAPPY, happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth !

Mrs. Hemans.

NOTHING flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife : he is always proud of himself as the source of it. The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on the rose ; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband.

Moser.

THE TRUE FAMILY.

THE Christian family, which is the true family, is like a picture of one of the old masters; where time and neglect have hid the outline and obscured the colors. That black surface is a Poussin, a Raphael. A short time since, it was only a board, or a shred of canvas: now, thanks to the agency of a pious art, it will be a monument or a treasure. Let Christians read their duty in this short allegory. The fate of the State depends upon the condition of the family; the condition of the family depends upon them.

Vinet.

*MOTHERS.*

THE best of men have owed to their mothers, after God, those seeds of piety and spirituality that the paternal influence has so often dried up.

Vinet.





V.

THE IRIS.

DOMESTIC JOYS.

Its form six-sided, full of heaven's own light,
Has justly gained the name of rainbow bright ;
For in a room, held 'gainst the solar rays,
It paints the wall with many-colored blaze ;
And, where the crystal its reflections throws,
The heavenly bow in all its splendor glows.

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THE IRIS.

TO HUSBANDS.

AS a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.

Ye husbands, dwell with your wives according to knowledge, giving honor unto the wife as unto the weaker vessel, and as being heirs together of the grace of life.

Rejoice with the wife of thy youth, and be thou satisfied always with her love; for she is thy companion and the wife of thy covenant.

The Scriptures.

TO BOTH HUSBAND AND WIFE.

BBETTER is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife.

The Scriptures.

CHILDREN.

LO, children are a heritage of the Lord ; and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them : they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.

The Scriptures.

 THE BABIE.

NAE shoon to hide her tiny taes,
 Nae stockings on her feet ;
 Her stūple ankles white as snaw,
 Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink ;
 Her double, dimpled chin ;
 Her puckered lips and baumy mou,
 With na ane tooth within.

Her een, sae like her mither's cen,
 Twa gentle, liquid things :
 Her face is like an angel's face :
 We're glad she has nae wings !

She is the budding o' our luvè,
 A giftie God gied us :
 We maun na love the gift owre weel,
 'Twad be nae blessing thus.

We still wad lo'e the Giver mair,
 And see him in the given ;
 And sae she'll lead us up to him,
 Our babie straight from heaven.

Rankin.

DOMESTIC LOVE.

DOMESTIC love ! not in proud palace-halls
 Is often seen thy beauty to abide :
 Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage-walls,
 That in the thickets of the woodbine hide,
 With hum of bees around, and from the side
 Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
 Shining along through banks with harebells
 dyed ;
 And many a bird to warble, on the wing,
 When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and
 earth doth fling.

O love of loves ! to thy white hand is given
 Of earthly happiness the golden key !

Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's
knee ;
And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit ! I've built a shrine, and thou hast
come,
And on its altar closed, forever closed, thy plume !

Croly.

THE WIFE'S GREETING.

O WOMAN ! thou knowest the hour when
the "good man of the house" will return
at mid-day, when the sun is yet bowing down
the laborer with the fierceness of his beams ;
or at evening, when the heat and burden of the
day are past. Do not let him, at such a time,
when he is weary with exertion and faint with
discouragement, find, upon his coming to his
habitation, that the foot which should hasten to
meet him is wandering at a distance ; that the
soft hand which should wipe away the sweat
from his brow is knocking at the door of other

houses : nor let him find a wilderness where he should enter a garden ; confusion, where he ought to see order ; or that which disgusts, where he might hope to behold neatness that delights and attracts. If this be the case, who can wonder, that in the anguish of disappointment, and in the bitterness of a neglected and heart-stricken husband, he turns away from his own door for that comfort which he wished to enjoy at home, and that society which he hoped to find in his wife, and puts up with the substitutes for both which he finds in the houses of others ?

John Angell James.

THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

'TIS He who clasps the marriage-band,
 And fits the spousal-ring,
 Then leaves you kneeling, hand in hand,
 Out of his stores to bring
 His Father's dearest blessing, shed
 Of old on Isaac's nuptial bed ;
 Now on the board before you spread
 Of our all-bounteous King.

Keble.

HOMES.

THE bee hath its domestic cell,
 The wandering bird its nest,
 The beast its lair in forest dell,
 And man his home of rest.

And tired with toil, with travel tired,
 Man, beast, and bird, and bee,
 By common impulse all inspired,
 Seek home's sweet secrecy.

Bowring.

*MAUD MULLER'S DREAM.*

MAUD MULLER looked and sighed, "Ah me,
 That I the Judge's bride might be!
 He would dress me up in silks so fine,
 And praise and toast me at his wine.
 My father would wear a broadcloth coat;
 My brother should sail a painted boat;
 I'd dress my mother so grand and gay;
 And the baby should have a new toy each day.
 And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor;
 And all should bless me who left the door."

Whittier.

THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

AND will I see his face again ?
 His een and shall I meet ?
 I'm downright dizzy with the thought ;
 In troth I'm like to greet.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue ;
 His breath's like caller air ;
 His very foot has music in't
 As he comes up the stair.

For there's nae luck about the house,
 There is nae luck at a',
 There's little pleasure in the house,
 When our gude man's awa.

Mickle.

*HOME SACRED.*

OH ! think not meanly of the lowliest home ;
 for, on this side of the wall of the city of
 God, there is, or ought to be, no holier place.
 God himself is there ; human souls are there ;
 the records of Christ's covenant are there ; there
 is worship there ; in each human being that
 dwells within it, there is going on that most

mysterious, world-old, most momentous struggle between good and evil, sin and virtue, with their consequents, sorrow and bliss ; and, finally, in its chambers, deaths, one after another, must occur, — mortality's solemn dismissals of its subjects unto the King eternal, immortal, and invisible.

Mountford.

THE BACHELOR.

NO, I don't begrudge him his life,
 Nor his gold, nor his houses, nor lands :
 Take all o't, and gie me my wife ;
 A wife is the cheapest of hands.
 Lie alone ! sigh alone ! die alone !
 Then be forgot.
 No ! I be content with my lot.

Ah ! where be the fingers so fair
 For to put 'em so soft on the face,
 To mend every stitch that do tear,
 And keep every button in place ?
 Crack a-tore ! brack a-tore ! back a-tore !
 Buttons a-fled !
 For want of a wife wi' her thread.

Ah ! where is the sweet-pretty head
That do nod till he's gone out o' sight ?
And where be the white arms a-spread
To show him he's welcome at night ?
Dine alone ! pine alone ! whine alone !
Oh, what a life !
I'll have a friend in a wife.

And when, from a meeting o' mirth,
Each husband do lead home his bride,
Then he do slink home to his hearth,
With his arm hanging down his cold side.
Slinking on ! blinking on ! thinking on !
Gloomy and glum !
Nothing but dulness to come.

And when he do unlock his door,
Do rumble as hollow's a drum ;
And the fairies, a-hid round the floor,
Do grin for to see him so glum.
Keep alone ! sleep alone ! weep alone !
There let him bide :
I'll have a wife at my side.

But when he's a-laid on his bed
In a sickness, oh ! what will he do

For the hands that would lift up his head,
And shake up his pillow anew ?
 Ills to come ! pills to come ! bills to come !
 No soul to share
The trials the poor wretch must bear.

William Barnes.



JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in :
Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your list, put that in !
Say I'm weary ; say I'm sad ;
 Say that health and wealth have missed me ;
Say I'm growing old ; but add,
 Jenny kissed me !

Leigh Hunt.





- VI.

THE AGATE.

HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

The agate on the wearer strength bestows ;
With ruddy health his fresh complexion glows ;
Both eloquence and grace are by it given ;
He gains the favor both of earth and heaven.

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THE AGATE.

A LOVER'S PICTURE.

BEHOLD, thou art fair, my love ; behold, thou art fair. Thou hast doves' eyes within thy locks. Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, which came up from the washing ; whereof every one bear twins, and none is barren among them. Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely. Thy temples are like a piece of a pomegranate within thy locks. Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.

The Scriptures.

WIFE AND CHILDREN.

HE that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune.

Lord Bacon.

OCCUPATIONS.

LET parents choose betimes the vocations and courses they mean their children should take, for then they are most flexible; and let them not too much apply themselves to the disposition of their children, as thinking they will take best to that which they have most mind to.

Lord Bacon.



ADVANTAGES OF UNION.

IT was thus, surely, that intellectual beings of different sexes were intended by their great Creator to go through the world together: thus united, not only in hand and heart, but in principles, in intellect, in views, and in dispositions; each pursuing one common and noble end — their own improvement, and the happiness of those around them — by the different means appropriate to their situation; mutually correcting, sustaining, and strengthening each other; undegraded by all practices of tyranny on the one hand, and of deceit on the other; each finding a candid but severe judge in the under-

standing, and a warm and partial advocate in the heart, of their companion ; secure of a refuge from the vexations, the follies, the misunderstandings, and the evils of the world, in the arms of each other, and in the inestimable enjoyments of undisturbed confidence and unrestrained intimacy.

Lady Rachel Russell.

WAITIN' SUPPER.

TWA barefit bairns are in the door,
 A puss in ilka lap ;
 A crawling babie's on the floor,
 Hid in its daddie's cap.

The supper splutters on the fire,
 (Some dish of humble kin',)
 Waitin' the comin' of the sire,
 Whose footsteps lag behin'.

The mither, in her matron gown,
 Contented, plump, and fair,
 Is sittin' by the winnock down,
 Their stockin's to repair.

And aft she lifts her tender e'e,
 Does Johnnie trudge alang?
 And aft she stills the younkers' glee,
 Crooning ae lancesome sang.

Gude keep her Johnnie on his way,
 And bring him safely hame:
 Sud aught befa' him, wae's the day
 For younkers and for dame!

Rankin.



HOME'S ADORNMENT.

THERE may be no costly pictures on the walls; but they may be spared, where the living pictures of home joys and home affections are found, in the heart, in love's own natural and beautiful setting.

Love, chastity, fidelity to marriage-vows, virtuous endeavors, the Christian view of life, the Christian faith, hope, spirit, and purpose, — let the married pair have these, and they have a foundation for home that will not crumble.

These will gild with peace and joy the lowliest circumstances, beautify the humblest home, sweeten daily toil, and make common duties,

cares, and labors subserve a high and sacred purpose.

These will give to competency a new value, as furnishing the means of making home outwardly as well as inwardly attractive, adding to its conveniences and comforts, gratifying a pure taste, and providing the means of intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement and pleasure.

These will impart to wealth a new power for good, by making it the ministering angel of pure and chaste affections; beautifying home, not for vanity and show, but for love and happy influence; multiplying its comforts, that its hospitalities may be multiplied; adding to its chaste elegances, that it may minister to refinement of thought and feeling; and going out on missions of love to bless with its benignant charities other homes less favored.

Buds for Bridal Wreath.



PARENTAL JOYS AND GRIEFS.

THE joys of parents are secret, and so are their griefs and fears: they cannot utter the one, nor will they utter the other.

Lord Bacon.

CHILDREN'S COURTSHIPS.

A NARROW cave ran in beneath the cliff :
 In this the children played at keeping
 house.

Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
 While Annie still was mistress ; but, at times,
 Enoch would hold possession for a week.
 " This is my house, and this my little wife."
 " Mine, too," said Philip ; " turn and turn
 about."

When, if they quarrelled, Enoch, stronger made,
 Was master ; then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
 Shriek out, " I hate you, Enoch ! " and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
 And say she would be little wife to both.

Tennyson.

 ONLY IN THE LORD.

WHAT the world calls love and mutual in-
 clination is very far from being able to
 secure the true happiness of the married pair.
 Not so with what the gospel calls love. Love

founded in God, love such as the spirit of Christ creates in human hearts, renders devotedness easy to the husband, submission easy to the wife. Wherever we advance in the path of marriage and of life, with eyes lifted up toward a Saviour we love, with a salvation we hope for, with a spirit of prayer and supplication through which Jesus Christ constantly intervenes by his spirit between the husband and wife, — there, indeed, a marriage may be happy ; nay, must be infallibly so. The union between two converted hearts is necessarily sweet and unalterable : without this, there is no security.

Vinet.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

SHE was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament ;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

Wordsworth.



VII.

THE PEARL.

PURITY.

Prized as an ornament, its whiteness gleams,
And well the robe and well the gold beseems.
At certain seasons do the oysters lie
With valves wide-gaping towards the teeming sky,
And seize the falling dews, and, pregnant, breed
The shining globules of the ethereal seed.



THE PEARL.

UNFAITHFULNESS.

MARRIAGE is honorable in all, and the bed undefiled; but whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.

And this have ye done again, covering the altar of the Lord with tears, with weeping, and with crying out, insomuch that he regardeth not the offering any more, or receiveth it with good will at your hand. Yet ye say, Wherefore? Because the Lord hath been witness between thee and the wife of thy youth, against whom thou hast dealt treacherously; yet is she thy companion, and the wife of thy covenant.

And I say unto you, Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery; and whoso marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery.

HUSBANDS' DUTIES AT HOME.

O HUSBANDS! think upon your duty. You who have taken a wife from a happy home of kindred hearts and kind companionship, have you given to her all of your time which you could spare? Have you endeavored to make amends to her for the loss of these friends? Have you joined with her in her endeavors to open the minds of your children, and give them good moral lessons? Have you strengthened her mind with advice, kindness, and good books? Have you spent your evenings with her in the cultivation of intellectual, moral, or social excellence? Have you looked upon her as an immortal being, as well as yourself? Has her improvement been as much your aim as your own?

*EXTREME JOYS AND SORROWS.*

A WOMAN in a single state may be happy, and may be miserable; but *most* happy, *most* miserable, — these are epithets, which, with rare exceptions, belong exclusively to a wife.

Coleridge.

WOMAN THE DIGNITY OF THE FAMILY.

WITHOUT woman, we cease to regard proprieties; we more or less fall into that ignoble state which has been termed boorishness. This is the life of the club-room or the coffee-house, which renders us incapable of appearing in good company. There is, also, a boorishness, which, while it observes the usages of well-bred people, takes advantage of opportunities no longer to keep up the elevation of thoughts and sentiments.

Woman prevents us from such a catastrophe. Her presence not only arrests ill-mannered expressions; she not only compels each individual to look to his carriage and conduct; if I may venture the expression, she has to do, also, with the carriage of the soul. There is about her such delicacy, she is endowed with such lively sensibilities, that things low and vulgar, wherever they may be, instinctively offend and shock her. She reads us, and we are forced, as far as possible, to put ourselves into harmony with this marvellous gift of her nature.

Count Gasparin.

A WIFE'S APPAREL.

WITH regard to your apparel, it appears to me that you should be guided by the taste of your husband. It is for him to decide upon these little proprieties. If he wishes to practise economy in these things, you ought to retrench as far as may be agreeable to him. If he desires you to make a certain appearance, do, out of complaisance to him, whatever you think will please him, and yield to him your own taste and judgment.

Fénelon.

*HOME AND HEAVEN.*

THE pilgrim's step in vain
 Seeks Eden's sacred ground,
 But in home's holy joys again
 An Eden may be found.

A glance of heaven to see
 To none on earth is given;
 And yet a happy family
 Is but an earlier heaven.

Bowring.

CHASTITY.

INVIOLABLE faith, unspotted chastity, — this is the marriage-ring. It ties two hearts by an eternal band. It is like the cherubim's flaming sword, set for the guard of Paradise.

Chastity is the security of love. Under this lock is deposited security of families, the union of affections, the repairer of accidental breaches. This is a grace that is shut up and secured by all arts of heaven, and the defence of laws, the locks and bars of modesty, by honor and reputation, by fear and shame, by interest and high regard ; and that contract that is intended to be forever is yet dissolved and broken by the violation of this.

Jeremy Taylor.

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE.

BETWEEN husband and wife there ought to be no more religious reserve than between man and God ; for they ought to confess themselves to one another as freely as to their Creator.

Mountford.

LIKE HUSBAND, LIKE WIFE.

AS the husband is, the wife is : if mated with
a clown,
The grossness of his nature will have weight to
drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have
spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer
than his horse.

Tennyson.





VIII.

THE EMERALD.

CONSTANCY.

Of all green things which bounteous Earth supplies,
Nothing in greenness with the emerald vies :
Unchanged by sun or shade, its lustre glows ;
The blazing lamp no dimness on it throws.



THE EMERALD.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

WHITHER thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

The Scriptures.

THE WIFE'S FIDELITY.

THE wife becomes the husband's companion in the journey of life; unites her lot with his, whatever that journey may be. Side by side, she toils with him up the same rugged and forbidding ascents. She leans upon his stronger arm; and yet it is frequently her voice and her smile that cheer him onward. Their

progress is never so difficult or doubtful but she finds some occasion for thanksgiving and encouragement. It may wind down into the dark valley of sickness and disaster. Not a murmur escapes her lips. Her prophetic eye is always quicker than his to discern the signs of better things. Her husband may rise from his couch shattered in body and mind, with hopes all frustrated, prospects blighted, property gone. Does he appear changed to her since that bright day, when, standing by his side, she covenanted to be his faithful wife? Then the proudest envied her; but now they compassionate her wretched lot. But is not this the vow she made? Though he be almost an imbecile; though his limbs be withered, and his tongue palsied, and his eye lack the lustre of other days; as he sits, silent and moody, by the door or the fireside; as he insists upon the supply of his childish wants, — does she ever regret this companionship? Is her loyalty shaken?

Ah! this very weakness, this defencelessness, makes him a thing all the more sacred to her. God has set her to guard his remaining days. She watches and prays; she plies the restless

needle; she strains the nerves of those eyes once so full of beauty to him; her erect frame gradually warps to the stature of the table at which she sits; she is compelled to stand at the window to thread her needle; time silvers her scattered hair, and puts the crown of patient continuance in well-doing upon her brow: but until her mission has been accomplished, until death sunders what God has joined, she faints not, neither is weary in her ministrations.

Rankin.



BOYS AND GIRLS FOREVER.

HEAVEN be thanked for the young old boys and the young old girls, — boys and girls forever, — who, even when the evening of life is falling around them, interchange the sweet caresses that call back the days of courtship and early marriage!

Holland.



EPITAPH FOR AN OLD MAN.

OF this old man, let this just praise be given:
Heaven was in him before he was in heaven.

JUDGE CONRAD TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN that chaste blush suffused thy cheek
and brow,
Whitened anon with a pale maiden fear,
Thou shrank'st in uttering what I burned to
hear ;
And yet I loved thee, love, not then as now.
Years and their snows have come and gone, and
graves
Of thine and mine have opened, and the sod
Is thick above the wealth we gave to God.
Over my brightest hopes, the nightshade waves ;
And wrongs and wrestlings with a wretched
world,
Gray hairs, and saddened hours, and thoughts
of gloom,
Troop upon troop, dark-browed, have been
my doom,
And to the earth each hope-reared turret hurled :
And yet that blush, suffusing cheek and
brow, —
'Twas dear, how dear ! then ; but 'tis dearer
now. .

THE AVIARY.

A FABLE.

THERE were once some birds who lived in a spacious aviary. A bullfinch said to his neighbor the goldfinch, who was gayly fluttering from bush to bush, "Do you know, friend, that we are shut up in a cage?" — "What do you talk of a cage?" said the goldfinch. "See how we fly about! That is a cage, indeed, in which my neighbor canary is sitting." — "But, I tell you, we are in a cage too. Don't you see there the wire-grating?" — "Yes, I see one there certainly; but, as far as I can see on every other side, there is none." — "You cannot see on all sides." — "No more can you." — "But consider, then," continued the bullfinch: "does not our master bring us water every morning, and put it in our trough, and strew seed on the ground? Would he do that if he did not know that we are shut up, and cannot fly where we will?" "But," said the goldfinch, "I tell you I can fly where I will."

Thus they disputed a long time, till at length the canary called out from his corner, "Chil-

dren, if you cannot settle it whether you are in a cage or not, it's just as good as if you were not in one."

Goethe.



CONSTANCY.

IMOGEN. Look here, love.
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you win another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

POSTHUMUS. How ! how ! another ?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from the next
With bonds of death ! Remain thou here
While sense can keep it on.

Shakespeare.



YOUNG A' OUR DAYS.

IT'S hard we canna just remain young a' the
days we have to bide below : there's no sae
mony o' them. I never could see the use of
growing auld.

THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

TO A WIFE, WITH A RING.

THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,"
So, sixteen years ago, I said :
Behold, another ring ! for what ?
To wed thee o'er again : why not ?

With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth,
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Mary then appeared.

If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now
To justify a double vow.

To thee, sweet one ! my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring ;
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart, —

Those virtues whose progressive claim
Endear our wedlock's very name ;
Those virtues, which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride.

WOMAN.

A VESTAL priestess, maid, or wife, —
 Vestal, and vowed to offer up
 The innocence of a holy life
 To him who gives the mingled cup ;
 With man its bitter-sweets to share,
 To live and love, to do and dare ;
 His prayers to breathe, his tears to shed ;
 Breaking to him the heavenly bread
 Of hopes, which, all too high for earth,
 Have yet in her a mortal birth.

Julia Ward Howe.



AN ETERNAL DEARNESS.

BUT she that hath a wise husband must entice
 him to an eternal dearness by the veil of
 modesty and the grave robes of chastity, the
 ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith
 and charity. She shall be pleasant while she
 lives, and desired when she dies.

Jeremy Taylor.



IX.

THE CARNELIAN.

PATIENCE.

Fate has with virtues great its nature graced :
Tied round the neck, or on the finger placed,
Its friendly influence checks the rising fray,
And chases spite and quarrels far away.



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lives,

THE CARNELIAN.

AN ANTIDOTE.

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath ; but
grievous words stir up anger.

The Scriptures.

A LITTLE WORD.

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak :
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

AN AGREEABLE MAN.

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one, we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

Lessing.

*PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.*

WE should all enter the marriage state remembering that we are about to be united to a fallen creature: and as, in every case, it is not two angels that have met together, but two sinful children of Adam, from whom must be looked for much weakness and waywardness, we must make up our minds to some imperfection; and, remembering that we have no small share of our own that calls for the forbearance of every other party, we should exercise the patience at we ask. Where both have infirmities, and

they are so constantly together, innumerable occasions will be furnished, if we are eager, or even willing, to avail ourselves of the opportunities for those contentions, which, if they do not produce a permanent suppression of love, lead to its temporary interruption. Many things we should connive at; others we should pass by with an unprovoked mind; and, in all things, most carefully avoid even what at first may seem to be an innocent disputation.

John Angell James.



FORBEARANCE.

THE kindest and the happiest pair
Will have occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perchance forgive.
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Is gentle, delicate, and kind;
To faults compassionate or blind;
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.

Cowper.

MUTUAL FORGIVENESS.

I SUPPOSE the brides are few who have not wept once over the hasty words of a husband not six months married ; and I suppose there are few husbands, who, in the early part of their married life, have not felt that perhaps their choice was not a wise one. Breaches of harmony will occur between imperfect men and women : but all evil results may be avoided by a resolution, well kept on both sides, to ask forgiveness for the hasty word, the peevish complaint, the unshared pleasure ; and, if there is a frank and worthy nature, a quarrel is impossible.

Holland.

*TENDERNESS.*

THE less tenderness one has in his nature, the more he requires from others.

Rahel.

*TAKING THINGS BY THE RIGHT HANDLE.*

ALL persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle.

Cervantes.

THE WIFE AN EQUAL.

AS the wife should be willing to help the husband in matters of business, *he* should be willing to share with her the burden of domestic anxieties and fatigue. Some go too far, and utterly degrade the female head of the family by treating her as if her honesty or ability could not be trusted in the management of the domestic economy. They keep the money, and dole it out as if they were parting with their life's blood, grudging every shilling they dispense, and requiring an account as rigid as they would from a suspected servant: they take charge of every thing, give out every thing, interfere in every thing. This is to despoil a woman of her authority, to thrust her from her proper place, to insult and degrade her before her children and servants.

John Angell James.

SACRIFICES.

THOSE who completely sacrifice themselves are praised and admired; and that is the sort of character men like to find in others.

SWEET INTERPRETATIONS.

THERE is no more sunshiny inmate of any home than the genial, happy-tempered one who has the art of putting all things in a pleasant light, from the great misfortunes of life, down to a broken carriage-spring, a servant's failings, a child's salts or senna.

Boyd.

*LOVE FOR ONE.*

LOVE one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror, which it warms and fills.

Jean Paul.

*FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.*

FRIENDSHIP requires actions. Love requires not so much proofs as expression of love. Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.

Jean Paul.



X.

THE ENHYDROUS.

SYMPATHY.

As from full sources gush the rapid rills,
So the enhydrous ceaseless tears distils :
Obscure the cause ; for, if the substance flows,
How is't the stone no diminution knows ?



THE ENHYDROUS.

UNITY OF LIFE AND INTEREST.

AND he answered and said unto them, Have ye not read that He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh.' What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

The Scriptures.

THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND.

A LOVE which seeks to conquer, and a love which has conquered, are two totally different passions. The one puts on the stretch

all the virtues of the hero: it excites in him fear, hope, desire; it leads him from triumph to triumph, and makes him think every foot of ground that he gains a kingdom. Hence it keeps alive and fosters all the active powers of the man who abandons himself to it. The happy husband cannot appear like the lover: he has not, like him, to fear, to hope, and to desire; he has no longer that charming toil, with all its triumphs, which he had before; nor can that which he has already won be again a conquest.

Justus Moser.



WOMAN'S LOVE.

SHE loved you when the sunny light
Of bliss was on your brow:
That bliss has sunk in sorrow's night,
And yet she loves you now.

She loved you when your joyous tone
Taught every heart to thrill:
The sweetness of that tongue is gone,
And yet she loves you still.

She loved you when you proudly stepped,
The gayest of the gay :
That pride the blight of time hath swept,
Unlike her love, away.

She loved you when your home and heart
Of Fortune's smile could boast :
She saw that smile decay, depart ;
And then she loved you most.

L. E. Landon.



THE WIFE IN SICKNESS.

CAN we smooth, as woman can, the pillow on which the sick man lays his head? No. We cannot administer the medicine or the food as she can. There is a softness in her touch, a lightness in her step, a skill in her arrangements, a sympathy looking down upon us from her beaming eye, which ours wants. Many a female, by her devoted and kind attentions in a season of sickness, has drawn back to herself that cold and alienated heart which neither her charms could hold, nor her claims recover.

John Angell James.

THE WIFE MUST ATTRACT.

IT will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you ; to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. But it is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he will remain forever, in some measure, a lover. What need have you to play the suffering virtue ? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on the rose ; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so ; and, when you have made him happy, you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality.

Justus Moser.

NEGLECT OF LITTLE ATTENTIONS.

MANY a marriage begins like the rosy morning, and falls away like the snow-wreath ; and why ? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing after marriage as they were before.

Frøderika Bremer.

POLITICS OF THE WIFE.

A WOMAN must, no doubt, love her country, and teach her children to love it; but, like that orb of gentle and comforting radiance which follows our globe through its celestial pilgrimage, woman, noble and living satellite of man, follows through life in the orbit to which her husband draws her.

Vinet.

*THE SAME SANCTUARY.*

IF this is true in politics, is it not truer in religion? Ought not husband and wife to go together to the same sanctuary? How can they expect their children to be united on the Lord's Day if *they* are sundered? Is there not such a thing as being unequally yoked together with believers?

*HOME, MAN'S HIDING-PLACE.*

HOME is that sacred recess, that earthly sanctuary of a troubled spirit, where the husband may unbosom all his griefs and grievances.

There he will always find one who sympathizes with, consoles, and comforts him in all his struggles, whether with himself or with an untoward lot. There are bound up and healed the wounds which the thoughtlessness, the indifference, the meanness, or the malice of man has inflicted. There he finds a critic whose judgment is always charitable, a counsellor disinterested, a vindicator steadfast and inflexible; one who tramples meanness into the dust, and, from the safe elevation of her own purity, flings a careless and proud defiance at malicious abuse, and says in spirit and action, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I!" and who, when in justice to himself and to the truth she must a little condemn, will always recommend to mercy.

Rankin.



FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

NOT for the summer's hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join;

But for those stern and wintry days
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And, as the transient flowers of grass,
Just blossom, droop, and die,

But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take.
Grant us, O God! one home at last,
For thy great mercy's sake.

Mrs. Sigourney.

THE HUSBAND IN SICKNESS.

HUSBANDS, I call upon you for all the skill and tenderness of love on behalf of your wives, if they are weak and sickly. Watch by their couch, talk with them, pray with them, wake with them. In all their afflictions, be you afflicted. Never listen heedlessly to their complaints; and, oh! by all that is sacred in conjugal affection, I implore you, never, by your

cold neglect, or petulant expressions, or discontented look, to call up in their imaginations, unusually sensitive at such a season, the phantom of a fear, that the disease which has destroyed their health has done the same for your affection. Oh! spare their bosom the agonizing pangs of supposing that they are living to be a burden to your disappointed heart.

John Angell James.

L A I D U P I N H E A V E N .

O TENDER feet! that nevermore will roam
 Along these earthly ways,
 That nevermore will raise
 The welcome echoes in our lonely home,
 By Jesus' precious blood made meet,
 Ye know full well the golden street.

O busy hands! that nevermore will hold
 Neglected book or toy,
 Nor clap in childhood joy,
 How skilfully ye strike your harp of gold!
 While, like sea-murmurs, grandly rise
 The ceaseless anthems of the skies.

O gentle heart ! that nevermore will beat
 Against a mother's breast,
 Thou hast a holier rest, —

In Jesus' tender arms secure and sweet,
 Where mortal sin can never stain,
 Nor earthly grief wring thee with pain.

O loving eyes ! that nevermore will bless
 Our longing, aching sight ;
 That will not turn to light

The brooding darkness of our deep distress, —
 Ye see the Saviour as he is ;
 The rays ye beam with now are his !

O noble brow ! that nevermore will feel
 A father's burning kiss,
 Thy radiant brow is this,

Inscribed with Jesus' name, sealed with his seal :
 As low before the throne they bow,
 Thou wear'st a crown of glory now !

Rankin. .

LOVE'S RAINBOWS.

WHEN there is love in the heart, there are
 rainbows in the eyes, which cover every
 black cloud with gorgeous hues.

Beecher.

WIDOWHOOD.

NO more to hear, no more to see !
 Oh that an echo might wake,
 And waft one note of thy psalm to me,
 Ere my heart-strings break !
 I should know it, how faint soe'er,
 And with angel-voices blent :
 Oh ! once to feel thy spirit anear,
 I could be content ;
 Or once, between the gates of gold,
 While an angel entering trod,
 But once, thee sitting to behold
 On the hills of God !

Jean Ingelow.

 THE LOSS OF A WIFE.

WHAT is the loss of such a companion, such
 a counsellor, such a sympathizing friend ?
 Ah ! when the solemn preparations for the
 grave go on in the hushed household ; when the
 dwelling is made vocal with the last service for
 the dead, and the turf of the valley finally rests
 upon the head of the quiet and lonely sleeper ;

and when the man returns to his desolated home, — this is but the beginning of sorrows.

Any other affliction she would have shared with him. Had the victim selected by death been that little girl, the image of her mother, or that little boy, the picture of his father (both, alas! now motherless), then, side by side, she had accompanied him to lay away the little dust in the grave; side by side, she had knelt with him around the family altar, and responded with him to the bitter affliction, “The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord;” side by side, they had resumed their pilgrimage toward heaven. There had still remained a sanctuary where his grief would have been no intrusion; one who could understand the peculiarity of his sorrows.

But the bitterness of this loss is for him to endure alone. After all that his many comforters can say, he turns away from them with the feeling that this sorrow cannot be shared; that this cup of bitterness he must drink alone: for the only heart to which he could unbosom his sorrow has ceased to beat; the only lips that could reach it are sealed in death.

Rankin.

SLEEP.

SLEEP, pretty bairn ! and never know
 Who grudged and who transgressed.
 Thee to retain I was full fain :
 But God he knoweth best ;
 And his peace upon thy brow lies plain
 As the sunshine on thy breast.

Jean Ingelow.

*THE AGED MOTHER.*

O HAPPY child ! to have an aged, infirm
 mother on whom you can expend that filial
 love and patience which are so amiable in the
 sight of men, well pleasing to God, and followed
 with such consolation and joy.

Nehemiah Adams.





XI.

THE MAGNET.

PERSUASION.

The loadstone peace to wrangling couples grants,
And mutual love in wedded hearts implants :
It gives the power to argue and to teach,
Grace to the tongue, persuasion to the speech.



III

THE MAGNET.

A PERSONIFICATION.

CHARITY suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly ; seeketh not her own ; is not easily provoked ; thinketh no evil ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

The Scriptures.

TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.

SHE gently reclaimed me from dissipation ; she propped my weak and irresolute nature ; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me ; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am ; to her, whatever I shall be. In her

solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness nor acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous; but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, and after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had a prospect of her sharing my better days.

Sir James Mackintosh.



TESTIMONY OF A BACHELOR.

I HAVE observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly

because his spirits are soothed by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive by finding that although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is a monarch: whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fall to ruins, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

Washington Irving.



THE WIFE, THE FAMILY.

WOMAN is the attractive and beneficent centre of the family. She exercises a power which no one can escape, which no one wishes to escape. Each member of the household arranges himself around her; and, when she is taken away, the entire family seems broken up.

Man alone rarely has domestic tastes; and ordinarily, whenever the mother disappears, the moral bond of the family is broken. The death of the father, also, draws after it very grave consequences; not, however, like that of the

mother. With the widow, home still remains ;
and there the children group themselves. They
weep ; but there is still a family.

Count Gasparin.

LOVE'S FAIRY-RING.

THOU leanest thy true heart on mine,
And bravely bearest up,
Aye mingling love's most precious wine
In life's most bitter cup.
And evermore the circling hours
New gifts of glory bring :
We live and love like happy flowers
All in our fairy-ring.

We've known a many sorrows sweet,
We've wept a many tears,
And often trod with trembling feet
Our pilgrimage of years.
But, when our sky grew dark and wild,
All closelier did we cling :
Clouds broke to beauty as you smiled ;
Peace crowned our fairy-ring.

Gerald Massey.

POWER AND INFLUENCE.

THE dependence of the wife, though without any other close than the life of either parties, is not more degrading than the temporary dependence of the son. Woman is called upon to serve God in a subordinate position, as man himself in a position of command. Submission, authority, are two forms of the same service, and two social functions. We may, if we will, designate them by other names. On the side of man, there is power; on that of the woman, influence. If, taking this view of the case, the woman be discontented with her share, I venture to say she does not understand the matter. The most commonplace soul may love power; but a lofty spirit, conscious of its own force, will prefer influence, which is the power of the soul.

Vinet.

MINISTRATIONS OF WOMAN.

IT is woman's to come like her Master, not to be ministered unto, but to minister; not to strive nor cry, nor lift up her voice in the streets,

but to do her own silent and holy work, and have her open reward in heaven.

If she was first in the transgression, in her own arms she cradled the infant Redeemer : she was last at his cross, and first, also, at his tomb ; forgiven much, because she had loved much. If she first led man into temptation, how many thousands of husbands and brothers and sons have been reclaimed by the power of her renewed nature, and will, in another world, praise their Redeemer for her hallowed and hallowing influence ! If she humble herself here in the spirit of her Master, it is only like him, and with him to enjoy a higher exaltation hereafter.

Rankin.

THE WOMAN OF TALENT.

A WOMAN who has talent must choose between fame and happiness ; between the free employment of her talent and the home sweetnesss of the life of wife and mother. This must be : nature will have it so.

Vinet.



XII.

THE OPAL.

HOPE.

This stone, for color, might an emerald seem ;
But drops of blood diversify the green :
It gifts the wearer with prophetic eye
Into the future's darkest depths to spy.

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THE OPAL.

PROSPERITY.

BLESSED is every one that feareth the Lord ; that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labor of thine hands : happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house ; thy children, like olive-plants round about thy table. Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord. The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion, and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life ; yea, thou shalt see thy children's children, and peace upon Israel.

The Scriptures.

ILLUSIONS AND BENEFITS.

WE are not very much to blame for our bad marriages. We live amid hallucinations ; and this especial trap is laid to trip up our feet

with ; and all are tripped up, first or last. But the mighty mother, who had been so sly with us, as if she felt she owed us some indemnity, insinuates into the Pandora-box of marriage some deep and serious benefits, and some great joys. We find a delight in the beauty and happiness of children, that makes the heart too big for the body. In the worst-assorted connections, there is ever some mixture of true marriage. Teague and his jade get some just relations of mutual respect, kindly observation, and fostering of each other ; learn something ; and would carry themselves wiselier, if they were now to begin.

Emerson.

TOUCH US GENTLY.

TOUCH us gently, Time !
 Let us glide adown thy stream
 Gently, as we sometimes glide
 Through a quiet dream !
 Humble voyagers are we ;
 Husband, wife, and children three :
 One is lost, an angel fled
 To the azure overhead.

Touch us gently, Time !

We've not proud nor soaring wings :
 Our ambition, our content,
 Lies in simple things.
 Humble voyagers are we
 O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
 Seeking only some calm clime :
 Touch us gently, gentle Time !

B. W. Procter.



FAETHERHOOD.

THOUGH 'tis hard stripes to breed 'em all up,
 If I'm only a-blest from above,
 They'll make me amends wi' ther love
 For ther pillow, ther plate, and ther cup.
 Though I shall be never a-spoiled
 Wi' the sarvice that money can buy,
 Still the hands ov a wife an' a child
 Be the blessens ov low or ov high ;
 And, if ther be mouths to be fed,
 He that sent 'em can send me ther bread,
 An' will smile on the chile
 That's anew on the knee.

William Barnes.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

NOT because it is lovely does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself, the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore do her entrails yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. It is only the corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love.

Herder.



HOME.

THERE is a spot of earth supremely blest;
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
 Here woman reigns: the mother, daughter, wife,
 Sows with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

James Montgomery.

PRAYER AT MORNING AND EVENING.

TO prayer, to prayer ! for the morning breaks ;
And Earth in her Maker's smile awakes :
His light is on all below and above, —
The light of gladness and life and love.
Oh ! then, on the breath of this early air
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer ! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on :
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of
night.

Henry Ware, jun.

MARRIAGE CHRISTIAN.

BUT for Christianity, women would have been still mere objects of lust. Pliny saith, that, among the Greeks, the betrothal-ring was sometimes of iron, — a proper type of heathen matrimony ; but, with us Christians, it is of gold, like the city of God, towards the gate of which it is the purpose of Christian marriage to make man and woman helpmates together, while solemnly journeying on earth.

Mountford.

DREAMING AND WAKING.

DARWIN remarks that we are less dazzled by the light at waking if we have been dreaming of visible objects. Happy are those who have here dreamt of a higher vision ! They will the sooner be able to endure the glories of the world to come.

Novalls.



XIII.

THE SAPPHIRE.

FAITH.

As gem of gems, above all others placed,
By Nature with superior honors graced :
E'en Heaven is movèd by its force divine
To list to vows presented at its shrine.

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THE SAPPHIRE.

THE WORLD TO COME.

AND Jesus, answering, said unto them, The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage ; but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage : neither can they die any more ; for they are equal unto the angels, and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.

The Scriptures.

THE BRIDAL PRAYER.

THEY kneel alone, the newly wed,
With chastened voice and reverent head ;
One flesh the twain, and one the prayer
Ascending from the altar there.

Fresh flowers are on the bride's fair brow ;
 Fresh tears bedew her eyelids now :
 Timid and trembling like a dove,
 She lifts her heart to God above.

Tender and broken is each word
 Upon the sacred stillness heard ;
 Winged with one faith to reach the throne,
 And bring a Father's blessing down.

Oh ! sweetest hour for human pair,
 When love is sanctified by prayer,
 And when, in answer from the skies,
 God sends again earth's Paradise.

Rankin.



A WIFE'S LOT.

HER lot is on you, — to be found untired
 Watching the stars out by the bed of pain ;
 With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
 And a true heart of hope, though hope in
 vain ;
 Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay ;
 And, oh ! to love through all things : therefore
 pray.

RELIGION AT HOME.

O YOU who are at the head of families! — husbands and wives, — you who intrust each other with your closest secrets and your most important interests, let God be admitted to share your mutual confidence! Where there is no communication of religious sentiment and affection, believe me, the richest spring of social and domestic bliss is unopened and untasted. The subject of religion is one on which the female mind feels, more perhaps than on almost any other, a need of the most perfect confidence, in order to develop and keep alive its feelings. The perplexed and doubting spirit loves to find a breast where it can deposit them without fear or shame; and would to God, that, next to him, she might always find that confidant at home! Husbands and wives, let not this be the only subject on which you are ignorant of each other's meditations, or destitute of each other's confidence. Venture to disdain the false maxims and tyranny of the world, and try what religion will add to your domestic felicity.

FAMILY PRAYER.

HUSBAND and wife praying together before God are not only united in temporary thought, but more closely still ; for, while kneeling side by side, they have the arms of the Almighty round them, the protecting, love-inspiring presence of the one God of their faith.

Mountford.



NURSERY VESPERS.

A ROW of little faces by the bed ;
 A row of little hands upon the spread ;
 A row of little roguish eyes all closed ;
 A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
 Teaching their feet to tread the heavenly ways ;
 And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide
 The little errors of the day to chide.

No lovelier sight this side of heaven is seen ;
 And angels hover o'er the group serene :
 Instead of odor in a censer swung,
 There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue.

All dressed like angels, in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night ;
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

Rankin.



THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY eight o'clock, all the guests were assembled. They had drunk tea, eaten ice, and so on ; and now fell at once a great silence. The two old people seated themselves in two easy-chairs, which stood near each other in the middle of the saloon on a richly embroidered mat. Their children and children's children gathered in a half-circle round them. A clergyman of noble presence stepped forward, and pronounced an oration on the beauty and holiness of marriage. He concluded with a reference to the life of the venerable pair, which was a better sermon on the excellence of marriage for life, and for the human heart, than his speech itself. What he said was true and touching. There was not a dry eye in the whole company. A

solemn and affectionate mood had affected all, and there prevailed a deep silence through the numerous assembly; but it was not that of weariness.

Frederika Bremer.



*“ HEIRS TOGETHER OF THE GRACE OF
LIFE.”*

NATURAL love hath risen very high in some husbands and wives; but the highest of it falls very short of that which holds in God. Hearts concentrating in him are most excellently one. That love which is cemented by youth and beauty, when these moulder and decay, as soon they do, fades too.

That is somewhat purer, and so more lasting, that holds in a natural and moral harmony of minds; yet these, likewise, may alter and change by some great accident. But the most refined, most spiritual, and most indissoluble, is that which is knit with the highest and purest spirit. An ignorance or disregard of this is the true cause of so much bitterness, or so little true

sweetness, in the life of most married persons ; because God is left out, because they meet not as one in him.

Leighton.



EARTHLY LOVE UNSATISFYING.

NOT always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another heart, content the awful soul that dwells in clay. It arouses itself at last from these endearments as toys, and puts on the harness, and aspires to vast and universal aims. The soul which is in the soul of each, craving a perfect beatitude, detects incongruities, defects, and disproportion in the behavior of the other. Hence arise surprise, expostulation, and pain. Yet that which drew them to each other was *signs* of loveliness. *signs* of virtue ; and these virtues are there, however eclipsed. They appear and re-appear, and continue to attract ; but the regard changes, quits the *sign*, and attaches to the substance. This repairs the wounded affection. . . . At last they discover that all which at first drew

them together — those once sacred features, that magical play of charms — was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness.

Emerson.

THE ONLY HOME.

I PRAY you what is the nest to me,
 My empty nest?
 And what is the shore where I stood to see
 My boat sail down to the west?
 Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
 Though my good man has sailed?
 Can I call that home where my nest was set,
 Now all its hope hath failed?
 Nay; but the port where my sailor went,
 And the land where my nestlings be,
 There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
 The only home for me!

Jean Ingelow.

CHRIST IN THE FAMILY.

IT is not enough to invite him to the marriage-festival only as a transient guest. It is the abiding presence in heart and home that perpetuates the wonder symbolized at Cana; that changes the simple elements of daily life into spiritual nourishment, and keeps the vessels of the heart full of the new wine that angels drink.

Marriage among Christians is not only for earthly convenience, but for heavenly good; and, if the spiritual purpose be not answered thereby, there are none so frivolous as not to feel the failure, whether they know the cause of their suffering or not. It is because of their irreligiousness that so many homes are joyless. It is for want of that infinite depth of sentiment, of which Christianity is in the human soul the fountain, that marriages are, many of them, so vapid. It is because conversation is never in heaven, that in many houses it is so monotonous, so without soul or interest; and it is for the want of the preservative power of religion that husband and wife so often find the power and delicacy of their early affections fail.

Buds for the Bridal Wreath.

THE GOLDEN BANNS.

OH! not so strong the hands we join
As fifty years ago ;
And in the wreaths of flowers we twine
Are age's flakes of snow.

Our eyes have lost their early light ;
Our cheeks, their early bloom ;
And for life's morning, sweet and bright,
We have life's evening gloom.

Then rose before our eager view
A happy earthly home ;
While now we look life's vista through,
And wait the joys to come.

Still hand in hand we downward go,
Till earth's last trial's o'er ;
And may our souls no parting know
Upon the heavenly shore !

What God has joined on earth so long,
And time has never riven,
By life's decline made still more strong,
Be joined for aye in heaven !

Rankin.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent :
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither ;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John ;
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

Burns.

HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS is like manna : it is to be gathered in grains, and enjoyed every day. It will not keep ; it cannot be accumulated ; nor

have we to go out of ourselves, or into remote places, to gather it, since it is rained down from heaven at our very doors, or rather inside them.

Mountford.



THE FUTURE LIFE.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere that
keeps

The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

Will not thine own meek heart demand me
there, —

That heart whose fondest throbs to me were
given?

My name on earth was ever on thy prayer :

Shall it be banished from thy tongue in
heaven?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,

And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last, —
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

Bryant.

AT THE END.

FESTIVITIES are fit for what is happily concluded : at the commencement, they but waste the force and zeal which should inspire us. Of all festivities, the marriage-festival appears the most unsuitable : calmness, humility, and silent hope, befit no ceremony more than this.

Goethe.

*THE MARRIAGE OF THE LAMB.*

LET us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him ; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clear and white ; for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints. And he saith unto me, Write, Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage-supper of the Lamb. And he saith unto me, These are the true sayings of God.

The Scriptures.



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