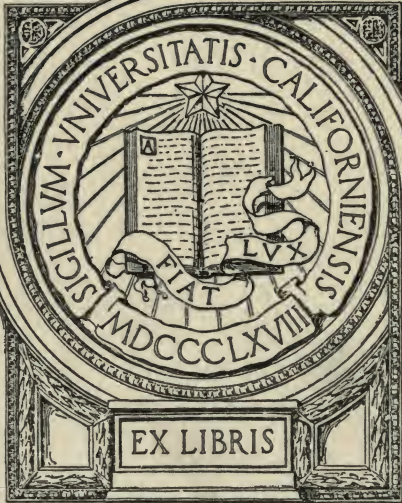


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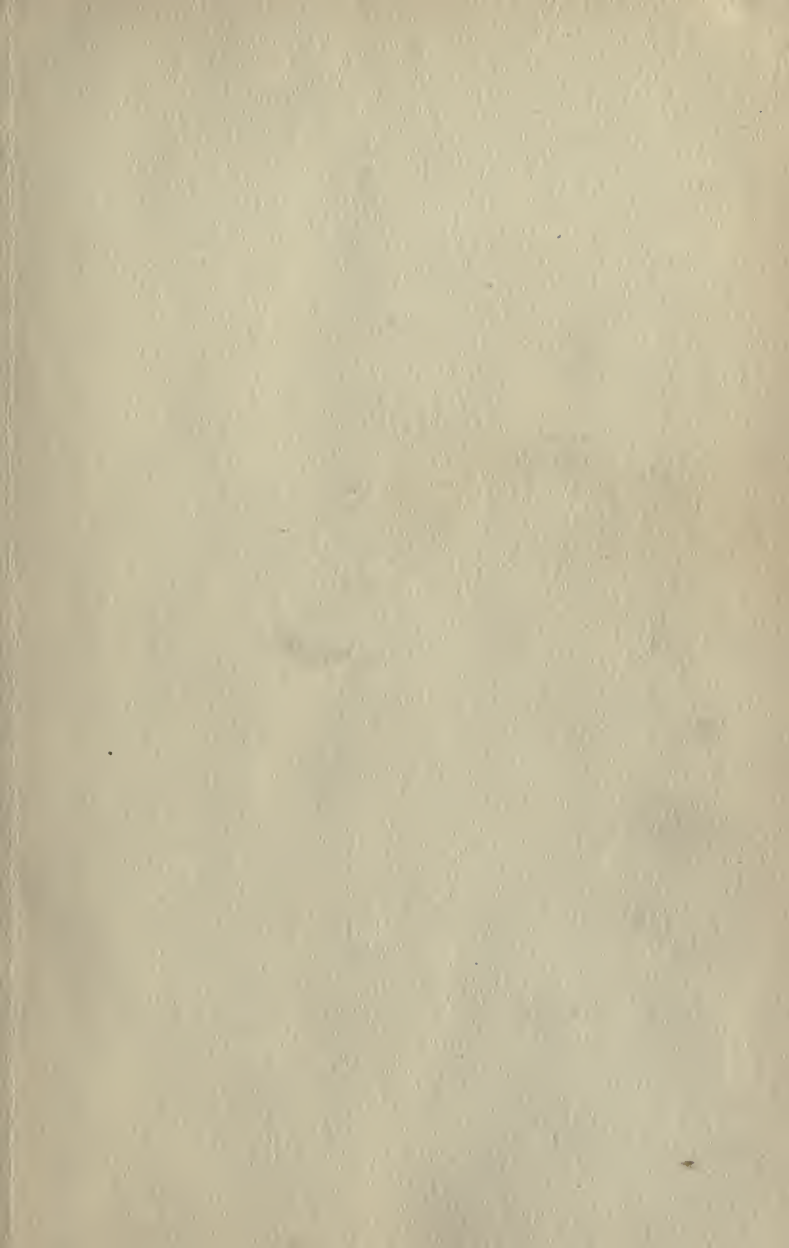


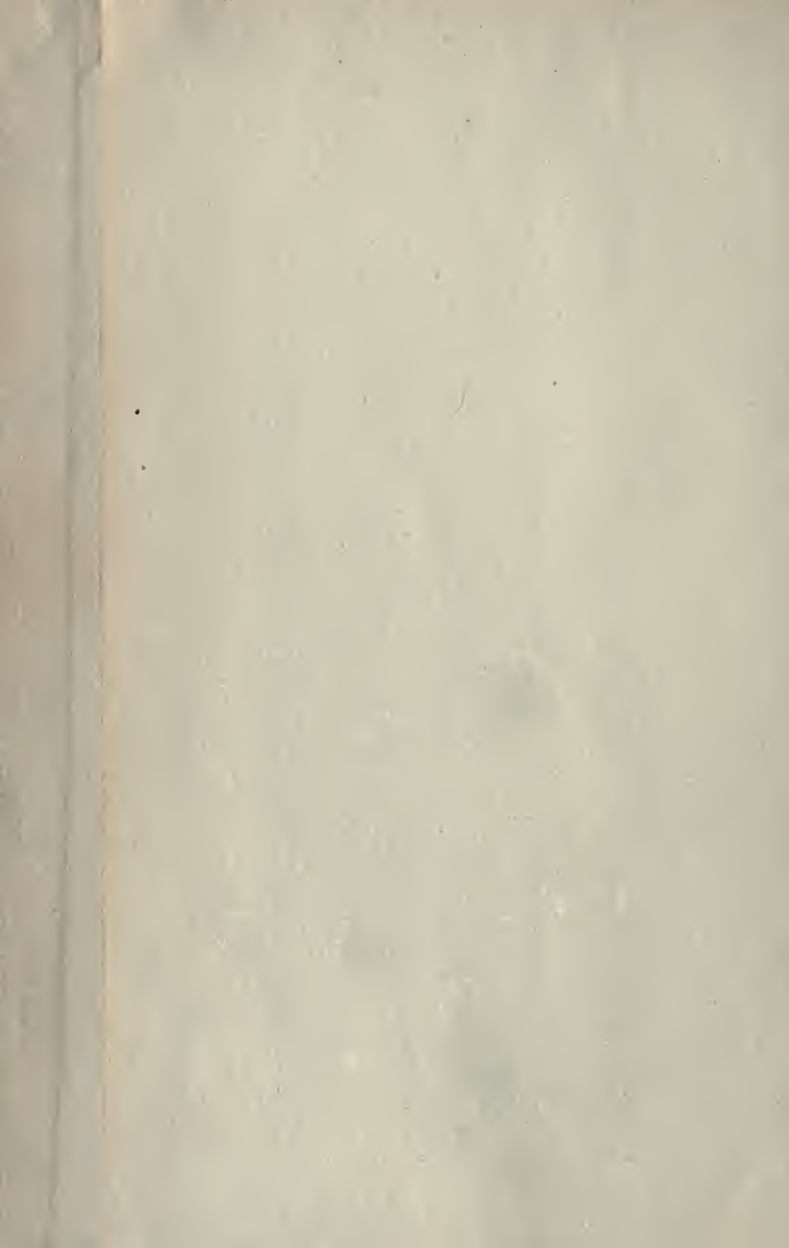
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LOVE, COURTSHIP
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BY

MRS. A. M. LONGSHORE-POTTS, M.D.



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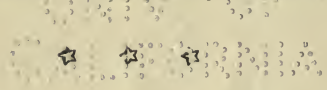
BY

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OF THE

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*Authoress of "Discourses to Women on Medical Subjects,"
"Hints on Health," "The Care of Children," &c.*



"As good as an hour with Mark Twain."—BOSTON HERALD.

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CHAPTER I.



What is Love?

IN the endeavour to improve the general welfare of society, it is wise to consider the physical, mental and psychical condition of individuals or factors of society. However, it is not the intent of this little volume to discuss health and disease; but to more fully elucidate the subject of love, which is a topic far more pleasant than disease can possibly be. We never care to hear of the headache, or to listen to a discourse upon the "liver complaints": such subjects are always repulsive to us, and, from choice, we would have them deferred until

the last hour of our existence, and even then we would be glad to leap into eternity without a pang. Not so with love. This is always desired—is always too distant, and is too slow of approach. Love is what the soul craves, and what the heart most yearns for. Yet with all the craving and yearning, the question is asked, What is Love? We answer, It is a mystery! Poets delight to dwell on Love; they measure their lines and tune their songs to its harmony. Theologians tell us that God is Love, and that God is everywhere. Philosophers, too, have offered their opinions upon its nature, source, and use. And the less sentimental have declared love to be a material substance floating in the atmosphere, to be attracted by some and repelled by others. Still there are minds which are dissatisfied with each and every given version, and which dare to grapple with the mysteries of Cupid's power from their own standpoint of reason.

Love has been restricted to human hearts, but such a limited sphere is contradicted by

the evidences which surround us. Love exists everywhere in Nature, although it may escape the recognition of the casual observer; but when the attention is directed to the various phenomena, it may be daily seen in action, and important lessons are often learned from lowly sources.

Love, like the atmosphere, water, or the sunbeam, is *sui generis*, possessing elements and forces peculiar to itself; not always exhibiting the same characteristics, but susceptible of variability, corresponding in its nature and expression to the conditions under which it is developed and sustained.

Attraction or *force*, which binds and holds together elements and atoms in the lowest forms of inanimate, no less than in the highest grade of animated nature, is synonymous with love. From the symmetrically shaped crystal to the revolving planets we see the play of attractive and repulsive forces.

Earth, air, and water alike exemplify the power of love. What is it that gently binds

the particles of silex to form the massive rock, and holds with unseen force the minute grains of sand which make the earth we dwell upon? It is *attraction*—love in its lowest phase, and known as cohesion. By this same force the misty vapour is condensed, making rivers, lakes, and mighty seas, upon whose waters huge vessels glide majestically, laden down with tons of freight and precious human lives. The violet and the branching oak owe their growth to this same force, which works on root and stem, cementing inanimate particles into living growing structures. The tender moss upon the rock, the lichen on the tree, in common with the dew-drop and the falling tear, are formed by the attractive forces which pervade the universe, existing in all matter, and co-existing with all mind—essential attributes of Deity as recorded in the Scriptures—“God is Love.”

In the animal kingdom love manifests its dual forms by the physical expression in the development of an organisation through

capillary and elective attraction, and the psychical or soul love by the attraction one living being has for another of its kind or for its protector. The smallest insects exhibit this—the flies that flit about our room, also the fishes in the water, as every schoolboy knows who drops his line and catches one, and cries to his comrades, “This is where the fishes are—here they are!” “How do you know?” the comrade asks. “Because I have caught one, don’t you see?” “But there may be no more,” his comrade says. “Oh, yes, there are; where there is one you are sure to find others.” For fishes love, and go together in schools or companies.

Birds love, too, from the greatest to the smallest, as is proved by their coming in the springtime, not singly and alone, but in groups or flocks, until the air is darkened by their presence, and when they alight the trees are burdened by their weight. Sometimes this love has been so strong among the feathery tribe that actual death has come where love

has been denied, as in the instance of a pet canary which was cared for by a lady. She was so fond of it that she kept it in a cage, and there tightly locked, which was a cruel thing to do, and also very unwise; for the great restraint we often put upon our objects most beloved will wean their love from us. One day the lady's heart was softened, and the bird's cage door was opened to let her pet have exercise. It skipped about from chair to chair, then stopped upon the table, just before a mirror, in which it saw itself, and, no doubt, thought it saw another bird; it seemed so happy that it chirped, and chirped, as if it had found a mate; but the bird in the mirror did not respond, so the poor canary hopped upon its perch again, hung down its head, dropped its wings, and never left the cage again, but pined away and died—died of a broken heart, of unrequited love; and many creatures, all over the world, much larger than canary birds, are dying from this same cause. Who that ever owned a pet of any kind, can doubt the

love of animals? A cat enjoys caressing, and is fond in its affection; the faithful dog licks his master's hand, crouches at his feet, and wags his tail with affectionate delight. But we must leave the love of these friendly creatures and pass on to other phases.



CHAPTER II.



IF there is a word that I would trace
As with a pen of fire upon the
Unsullied temper of a child ;
If there is anything that keeps the
Mind open to angels' visits,
And repels the ministry of ill,
'Tis human love."

And so it does. Fairer words were never spoken.

The influence of love is most ennobling and exalting; it lifts the thoughts from low conditions; it inspires and purifies the mind and holds it above temptation. Pure love ever

deems the sacrifice of one it cherishes too dear a price to pay for momentary pleasure.

Love is a mystic nourishment; not only does it quicken the mind, but it gives the body strength, makes toil a pleasure, and sweetens food; it gives rest on earth, and is a foretaste of heaven to come.

“ Let us sing the praise of Love,
 Fairest of all things above,
 Love divine! All things are thine.
 Every creature seeks thy shrine,
 And thy bounteous blessings fall
 With an equal light on all.”

Love develops in every heart; but it must speak through faculties, and is modified by the individual organisation, by age, by education, and by consequent surroundings.

In the coarsely-organised individual, with a predominance of animal propensities, we shall find a quality of love to correspond; while in the finely-organized, with a predominance of the intellectual brain, there will be a higher or more spiritual quality of love obtained.

The germs of spiritual love, however, exist in all, but often they are nearly smothered beneath the oppressive weight of predominating passion; and, like the pure petals of the early flowers of spring, to be seen they must force their way through the murky darkness of offensive soil; yet, like these little messengers of beauty, who offer sweet fragrance to the air, so may pure affection be cultivated in those once forbidding natures, which will cheer and comfort some aching hearts which are starving for the want of it.

The perfection of the flower and the purity of human love depend alike upon conditions: the one requires sunlight, moisture, and nutriment from the soil; the other is called into action by a process of cultivation, and by the association of superior minds and natures which are refined and cultured.

The young and the old do not love the same. The infant lies upon its mother's lap, looks up into her face, and smiles the smile of infantile affection. It loves her because she cares for

it, nourishes it and cherishes it: but it would soon learn to love another woman just as well if she took the same fond care of it; for an infant's love is based almost entirely upon the kindness it receives. It is not so with a true mother's love. She looks upon her child with a deep devotion; she sees in its little being the semblance of herself, or of one she holds more dear. The blood that once flowed through her veins now has refuge in its own; it is as sacred to her as her own heart; and what would she not do for its comfort or its life? If she saw it approach a precipice, would she let it fall without an effort to prevent? No; and if it should she would leap to lift it from the rocks below, even if her own limbs were bruised in the descent. And if she saw her child passing through the flames, would she merely stand and scream? Would she not rush forth to pluck it from the burning brands, even if in saving it she burned her hands and sacrificed herself?

Many mothers do literally sacrifice themselves to the love they bear their children. When a daughter's absence is prolonged, or a son is out at night beyond the proper time, none but a mother knows the anguish of such a watching heart, as she lies, sleepless, waiting the loved one's return. At every sound the thought occurs, "Is that his step? Is that our gate? No! it is not he! 'Tis very late." The clock strikes twelve; then one. "Where is my darling boy? Why does he not come home?"

Thus the mother, in her great anxiety, grieves and mourns; and the next day more wrinkles are observed, more hairs are grey, her eyes more deeply set, her lips more pale. Thus, from the system being disturbed from time to time, vitality declines, and ten or twenty years are taken from that mother's life, but many times this knowledge is only gained when children, in their turn, are parents, and must endure the same. Then the mystery is explained, why they were prematurely orphans,

why the mother's life went out while her years were incomplete.

Love, a principle so universal, so good, and so comprehensive, yet is doubted, because it is not understood.

The love between brothers and sisters is a gentle, lasting tie; wherever the brother goes the sister's love will follow; wherever she may make her home that brother's love will come, though years have passed since last they met.

Then friendship is another phase in which the heart delights to revel. How sweet it is to grasp the hands of friends, and to know that we are loved by them; yet such loves must often part, and sadden the happy heart which never knew such grief before.



CHAPTER III.



FRATERNAL love gathers in all the peoples of the earth, no matter what their nationality or birth—or whether they be black or white, old or young, whether they speak a stranger's dialect or a familiar tongue. Neither is difference of opinion a bar to fraternal love. It acknowledges all as one great brotherhood, the children of one common parent, God—whether they belong to England's High Church or Low, whether Methodists or Presbyterians, Catholic or infidel. However dark and coarse the nature, uncultured or

unrefined ; however one has yielded to temptation, or fallen victim to some wrong, he is still a brother, and has a hold upon fraternal love. Though he be an inebriate, beyond control of will, there is still something left in him for us to love, for God is there. If He dwells in the pebble and the rock, in the ocean and the flower, His great pervading love must be in the heart of His deluded child. If we seek for the good, or *God*, Him we find ; if we seek for evil it comes uppermost. And according to the Word, none are so lost that God withdraws His love from them ; therefore, neither should their fellow men.

Many who sink to low conditions might be restored if friendly hands would help. The names of some might here be given who have been so fortunate as to find a willing hand to lift them. Take, for instance, John B. Gough, who had become in early life a sad inebriate, reduced in money and in friends ; for when the former goes, the latter often follows. A person found him lying in an unconscious

state, and spoke to him, saying, "John, get up; lean on my arm; I will help you." But John did not hear—at least, he did not heed. Again the appeal was made, "Get up, and I will take you home." "Home!" the poor man muttered, as if half conscious of his degraded state; but through the influence of that word, and by the stranger's help, he struggled to arise, and did, but fell again. How many times he fell I cannot say, but that he did conquer his appetite, and stood a temperance man, I am aware; and that he became a famous orator, and for a quarter of a century held interested audiences, that listened with breathless silence to his words of eloquence, while with hope he cheered the almost broken-hearted; and, by the recital of his past life, and his kind advice, gave strength and courage to the weak. Was he not worth the pains that stranger took to raise him? And thousands are to-day waiting for such proffered kindness that might be raised to high positions and to lives of usefulness, if love to them could be extended; and

as we try to raise our fellow men we raise ourselves by helping them.

Woman, too, sometimes falls from honour's high estate, and looks to us for love. She asks not for the love of man, nor for money, these are proffered; but she now pleads for woman's love; she wants her friendly hand to give her strength; her kindness would help to save her. But does woman listen to this pleading wail, to this weak and erring sister? Or does she turn the cheek of pride, and with a chilling glance emphatically proclaim, "I am holier than thou; touch not my garments, lest I become defiled?" Did Jesus act that way? Ah, no; but when the fallen came to Him the harshest words he spoke were, "Go, and sin no more." "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." If such command were given now, how many stones would justly fly? For if no desperate deed has been committed, but few can say in truth that their thoughts are always pure, though no blot on reputation or stain on

character may be visible to their associates or friends. He who judges the evil, and the just, may see what the world would not suspect.

Then let us spare our judgment ; for, had we been born under similar conditions to those of our fallen sisters, with temptations of the same degree, we might have sunk quite as low, or even lower, than those whom we so proudly scorn.



CHAPTER IV.



LEAVING those more general phases of Love I shall now consider conjugal affection—an attraction which binds together only two individuals—just one man and just one woman, leading to the marriage compact.

Some persons may at once pronounce this to be a selfish phase of love, as it includes but two, when fraternal love is so very broad. We would say it is not selfish, when we pause to consider its demands: that a man give all of his love to one woman, and that he ask simply for all of her love in return. If this

is granted the exchange is fair and just. And if a woman can give all of her love to one man, and all she asks is a return of his *undivided love*, that is fair, and *equally just*. *But she does not always get it!* She may get a part, and it may be a *meagre* part, while some other woman gets the most; in that case it is very unfair, very selfish, and *unjust*.

Love for love is the only recompense; no fortune, no position, nor fame, can be equivalent, and any man or woman who demands such a boon as all the love a human heart may yield, and in return only gives a part of his or hers, but favours others with the greater share, offers for a priceless jewel a worthless bauble which can never satisfy, and, in a moral sense, is more guilty than one who accepts money under false pretence.

“ The heart may ope its petals day by day,
 But only one can breathe its fragrance fair;
 Its fruit may gladden all who pass that way,
 One only plucks the clusters growing there.”

For the present good of humanity, and for the welfare of posterity, this most important phase of love has been too much neglected. Seldom is the theme advanced in the social circle, or from the public rostrum; and the clergy hold themselves aloof from the pulpit investigation of this, which is professed to be the basis of every Christian family.

These expounders of religious matters freely descant upon the love of God to man and man's fidelity to God; but never have we heard a sermon from the text, "Husbands, love your wives," nor from "Wives, love your husbands," the fulfilment of which would be the establishment of Eden here on earth, and a preparatory means to enjoy heaven.

A disregard of the importance of this subject is evident even in the family circle. If the junior members commence to speak of whom they love, and why, the parents arrest the words by "Hush, don't talk of that." Yet these parents have loved and married, and now they forbid a reference to the subject by these novitiates!

How is wholesome knowledge to be acquired upon this most important question of "What is Love?" if the subject must be ignored?

It surely is a great mistake to keep the youth in ignorance of what they should early be informed to guide them wisely in their matrimonial choice. But parents often act as if love were contraband, and sinful to confess; or as if marriage were a trifling circumstance, and not to be improved upon.

No doubt but there are some suspicious ones, even dwelling in your midst, who would not listen to the subject if it were being discussed, for fear their minds would sustain a shock from what they might see or hear.

How pure-minded such persons are! How very immaculate! So very clear, they are almost transparent; and were we to meet them we might see the shadow of some dark deeds performed, or their faces might reveal the evil thoughts they would conceal. Such are not yet prepared to rend the curtain which time and circumstances have woven out of error

and prejudice, that they may catch a glimpse of the purer light which now reflects upon the mysteries of love.

This suspected impropriety so frequently evinced is not peculiar to the ignorant and unrefined ; but persons well informed on other topics fail to see the benefit accruing from the study of love, the evidence of which we have often met in coming into contact with the world. I will give an instance from my early experience, while on a lecturing tour, when I travelled alone, quite unlike the present time, with no efficient staff to pave the way, no lady friend, no maid. To do my own advertising I must leave my place of business on Friday, and prepare for a course of lectures for the following week. 'Tis true I could not do all the work myself, with just one pair of hands and one pair of lips, so I would call upon some who could assist, such as editors and clergymen; for both are potent agents if they choose to act. And I beg leave to say that both have

usually been most courteous, and have rendered material aid by their kind expressions, both verbally and through the Press, for which I am most grateful. On the occasion referred to, I called upon the clergymen to enlist their interest in the cause. Of the first I asked, as a favour, that he would read a notice from his pulpit; I preceded the request by handing him a programme of my subjects and a complimentary ticket. I did not want to buy the man; it was my compliment to him, and I wished by his presence to compliment myself, as I am always glad to have clever persons present.

This clergyman kindly took the programme and read the page; then, with a genial smile, remarked, "Yes, Madam, I will read your notice; these are all useful subjects." Then I said, "Good sir, will you be kind enough to read it twice, after both morning and evening service, that all the more may hear? If it will not infringe upon your conscience." To this he gave consent with seeming pleasure, and

remarked that he had no scruples against reading any notice from the pulpit which would help a useful cause. He then pleasantly related the circumstance of one of his congregation having lost a cow—a red cow, with white spots upon it; and that a notice of the same was given him to read; and by so doing, before the week had passed the cow was found. That was an act of practical Christianity, I said, and if the sermon failed to take effect the cow at least was found, to which he mirthfully assented.

Then I called upon another, an older man, whose locks of grey indicated much brain work. He lived in a large and well-appointed house. He sat in his easy chair, his feet upon an ottoman, and the Bible on his knee. The programme of subjects, complimentary ticket, and notice were given to him, with the same request. He glanced at the programme for a moment, then, looking over his glasses, gave me a searching glance, and said, in not the most encouraging tone, "What do you lecture

for?" If anyone ever had a work to do, and felt that he *must* do it or be unhappy, and someone of whom he hoped for help should say, in a satirical way, "What do you do it for?" he may judge something of how I felt; and I was prompted to say what I did not. I could have said, with a free, good will: "I lecture, doubtless, for the same reason that you preach—*to do good and make money!*" However, as he was my senior, I did not say it all, but in a meek and humble way, as a woman must, simply said: "I lecture, sir, to do good and make money."

Then he read my programme down until he came to the line "Love, Courtship, and Marriage," when, with emphasis, he said, "No good will surely come from that?" Then I felt still worse, to think that he should speak that way upon a subject I prized so highly, almost above all others; and since that time I have erased those frightful words from my public papers, and have substituted "Hearts and Homes." I asked this clergyman if he

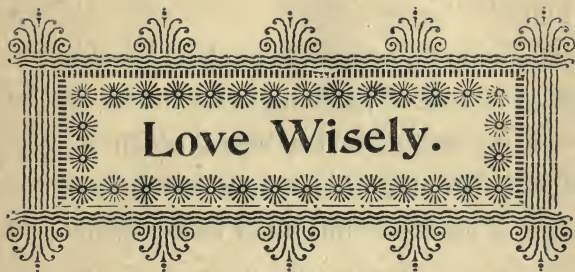
had ever seen any unhappiness in the marriage state. He answered in the affirmative. I then asked if he supposed that all of the married members of his congregation were living in peace and love at home, and he said he thought not. Then I said, for this reason the subject should be discussed, so that the young people might court more wisely, and be more fortunate in their marriages than their parents were. He replied, "The object may be well," but he presumed "they would marry whom they wished; and that lecturing would not change their choice." What a faithless man that was! He had no faith in public teaching. I wondered if he had in preaching.

I make no great profession, nor claim much beyond the practice of the golden rule, but I am sure that my faith surpasses the faith of that professor; for I believe that good results may arise from the proper discussion of all important subjects, whether social, political, or religious; that every sermon coming from an earnest heart may awaken thought and serve

to lessen sin; and that love may be elucidated, and the mystery somewhat removed; that marriages may be more complete^{ly}—not dependent upon the legal act alone, but that the union be sanctified by a holier power, and consummated through the influence of wisely guided love.



CHAPTER V.



SIMPLE instinct can no more be trusted to be the guide of love than we can trust it in the building of a ship, or in playing a symphony of Beethoven's. The terrible misery of blighted love in so many lives tells us, with sad emphasis, the imperative need of knowledge.

Lift the curtain from married life, and we see on every side the sepulchres of bleeding hearts. The air resounds with mournful wails from the lips of suffering millions—

in truth, scarcely more than one-third of the married population are really contented with their fate.

While upon the surface all is fair, the canker-worm of trouble is gnawing at the heart; but the outside world is not aware of all this secret pain, for those who bear it have learned to wear a mask to hide their real condition, and they can assume the garb of genuine contentment. Go where you may—to church, to the public hall, or to the social circle—and your eye will rest on one or more of these sorrow-stricken beings, who have learned to so disguise the facts that they are not suspected; and, in conversation, each addresses the other in kindest tones — “My dear!” or “My darling!” but, when at home and the doors are shut, it is snarl, snarl, snarl! Snarlings are the frequent notes of married people.

To prove the difficulty of deciding from the outward appearance the condition of the mind,

I will give a case to which my attention was directed by a landlady with whom I was once staying. She said, "Did you see that pleasant couple sitting at your right, on the second row of chairs?" I said I saw a good-appearing couple there. The landlady continued: "They are a very happy pair. They live in a pretty cottage on the hillside, surrounded by trees and flowers. They are very charming, and models of married life."

Before I left the town, I received a beautiful bouquet, with a note neatly tied upon the stem, which contained these words: "I beg the privilege of an interview. If agreeable, please appoint an hour—I wish to give you some of my experience;" and the name of this happy-appearing lady was appended. At once, in haste, I wrote a note to appoint an hour, and posted it, for I was anxious to learn the sweet experience of **this** happy wife, who, with her happy husband, dwelt in the pretty cottage on the hillside.

But when she came she told me how miserable her life had been: that her husband and she could not agree upon any important points whatever; that her married life had been a failure; and that all the pleasure she found was in the growth of her plants and beauty of her flowers. I thought, O God, where is their a happy pair? And echo answered, Where? It may be in the household of the present reader,—I hope so any way. I am sure there are some very happily married people, for some have frankly told me so. When I hear women say their husbands are very kind, and thoughtful for their wants; that they are very good—no better could be found (and there are no happier nor more grateful wives); I realize that such are actual living examples of what the married may attain; and they inspire me with confidence and faith in the holiness and sanctity of this old, time-honoured institution, without which I should be compelled to banish all

hope of ever seeing marriage upon a higher basis.

Suffering arising from incompatible marriages far surpasses physical pain. One may endure the torture of neuralgia, and submit to the languishing prostration of dyspepsia ; but few can bear the anguish of a broken heart, a spirit crushed, the banishment of all hope of domestic bliss by the bitterness of neglect or the estrangement of the one we once had madly loved. And such cases of suffering we often meet among both sexes. Yes ; for men—strong, able-bodied men—have told me of their sorrow and unhappiness at home ; of disappointment in the character or disposition of the chosen wife ; that, alas ! there proved to be no companionship, and they were almost driven to despair to leave their own firesides to secure any peace in life. And some have wept while telling of their sorrows ; others have brushed away the tears, lest one should deem them weak. But men need

not hesitate to sometimes shed a tear; it does not imply that they are effeminate, or mentally weak; but, on the contrary, that they have hearts to feel, and sympathy to comprehend, the woes and sufferings of humankind.

Women, too, with trembling lips, and pale sad faces come, and often pour upon my ears what they have never told before. All has been kept from mother, sister, and dearest friend, lest they should give pity, and pity such do not want: it is help they need, but doctors can do but little; for there is no drug to meet the case, no "balm in Gilead" to heal a bruised and bleeding heart. It is only a word of kindness, a word of courage we can give, to strengthen the faltering faith in God and man, to make them brave to battle on through life's storms and tempests, and to hope for rest only when the strife is over.

This sad condition is not found only among the unpretentious classes, and in the humbler

ranks; but among the educated, the cultured and refined. Barristers and clergymen, and ladies of high birth, are all representatives of the same misfortune, as well as the middle class. A lawyer, eminent in his profession, told me that his home was barren, and rid of charm, because the wife he had married was no companion for him, and in many ways unsuited to his taste.

A clergyman told me that ever since his wedding day he had seen his great mistake. That the presence of his wife was most repulsive, and the sound of her footstep upon the floors at home, or on the church aisle, sent a feeling of terror through his frame. What a terrible sermon a minister must give under such conditions. When persons know themselves they can better judge who shall be the companion for their lives.

Love must not be sole ruler—it needs wisdom to control it; and if persons madly love, and marry upon impulse when all

reason wars against it, the result will be that said :

“Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :

It shall be waited on with jealousy,

Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end ;

Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ;

That all love's pleasures shall not match his woe.”

In evidence of this and to prove it is not alone a morbid state of mind which prompts this solemn strain, a gentleman called one day after hearing my remarks the night before, when I had said among the married not more than one pair out of three of them were happy. He remarked, “Doctor, I don't think from what you said that you know much about the number of happy married people.” I replied, “Do you believe there are more happy than I suggested ?” “No,” he emphatically rejoined ; “not *one-tenth* are happy.”

And he was a *married* man, no doubt, but he had had experiences. On another occasion I was having my medical lecture apparatus

changed, the ghastly figures removed, when a young woman in a listless manner, resting her hand upon the table while watching the performance, said, "You are not going to have your skeletons to-night?" "No," I replied, "I shall lecture on love to-night, and shall not need to illustrate by skeletons." "True," she calmly said, "for there is one in nearly every house."

What did she mean? Surely not that in every house did hang a human skeleton, such as I had there, white and perfect! She doubtless meant the skeletons of love; that the rich warm glow of actual love gave place to the merest skeleton. Poor girl! I pitied her, to learn that she had so early seen those tragic sights—the skeletons of love.

She was a governess, and had boarded in different families, and had learned her lesson from actual life, which was far from being romantic. I hope her future home will be free from all such spectral forms.

If young men do not marry now before they are twenty-five, they often postpone nuptials until they are thirty, and many conclude to "bach it" for the rest of their lives, for the experience of their friends does not seem inviting.

Some young aspirants may ask the question, "If persons are unhappy in marriage, can they not separate and be divorced?" Yes, some can; but some cannot. It is not an easy task to break the matrimonial bonds, for they are tightly riven. Some desperate deed must be performed, some outrage be committed to prompt the courts to sanction the rupture of this contract; and many times the ten thousand small annoyances are more difficult to bear, more wearing on the body and soul, than some great or weightier wrong; but under such conditions there is no redress.

If a young couple wish to marry, the task is easy and soon performed. The swain leads

the maiden into the presence of the magistrate or parson, and there declares intentions. The parson bids them to clasp hands and stand erect; his ceremony is brief; when over, the married pair may turn away and take their chance for happiness. It may be seen in five years after, more or less, their joy has changed to sorrow. Now, this sad couple make appeals to the same source that wed them, and ask to be unmarried, because their fancied love had changed, and they had learned to dislike one another as earnestly as ever they once loved. "Unmarried!" the astonished parson now exclaims, "I cannot unmarry you." Ah no! he had the legal right to bind the two into a co-partnership that cannot be absolved by him; now a course of litigation must be carried out in order to secure the freedom they desire: and even then that is a doubtful process, often attended by much trouble and expense, and requiring years of time.

A case comes to my mind of a young woman who had married one she thought she loved, but after more acquaintance and years of great unhappiness, she was fully convinced that she did not, and never could love him ; and for more than all things else, she wished the freedom she once possessed, and she sought for a bill of divorce ; and to obtain this, it took three years of time, twenty-two law-suits, with postponements, and cost the little fortune her father left her at his death, before she gained her liberty. And she almost lost her life through the troubles and vexations her husband's opposition caused, for he threw all the barriers he could between her and the object she had in view. She said he opposed her, not because he wished her for his wife, but because he wished for the money her father left her ; however, he failed to get that, for the lawyers got it all, and she thought they deserved it more than he, for through them she was again made free.

And in case of separation, suppose there should be a little family of children, two or three, what would become of these? Some one might say divide them. If there were *three*, how could they be divided so as to make the division equal between the two? One party must take two, the other one. Which will take the two? The strongest, no doubt, if such should be his wish; but if one child should be very young he might kindly condescend that the mother shall have the custody of it, because he would not wish the care. A generous act, to give away what he does not wish to keep! If this little one should be a daughter, when she comes to the age of three or four, and sees other little girls with fathers to love, sees them smoothing their father's hair and face, while sitting on his knee, this little child will feel the desire to do the same, and will ask her mother if she has no papa. "Yes," her mother might reply. "Where is my papa?" the child will exclaim.

'Gone away with another woman,' might be the answer given. "When will papa come back? I want my papa," the pleading child persists. She wants to smooth her father's brow, and gently stroke his face; she wants to put her arms about her father's neck, as other little daughters do. But there is no father for her, no paternal love bestowed upon that child, and through all her life she feels the dearth of love she should have had. And if the father had taken her, to care for the best he could, she would always have wished for the mother's love, and have needed the mother's fostering care, which every child should get. And such waifs are to be daily met in all the walks of life, pleading in their hearts for paternal or maternal love.

I was sitting in my room one day; the rain was falling fast. So great was the storm that ladies were compelled to stay indoors; but a young girl was ushered in, all dripping with the rain. She took a seat near by, and at first

she wore a happy face, perhaps to find me quite alone. After the casual conversation incident to strangers meeting, her countenance changed, and she arose and stood before me, and in a timid, plaintive tone, she said, "May I call you mother?"

"Why ask a stranger for such a privilege?" I said. The girl replied, "My father and mother parted when I was very young; I have been with strangers ever since, and now I want to talk to some kind woman who can understand me, and I feel that you can." I took her by the hand, and drew her to my lap, and placed my arms about her as if she were my child. She told me of her troubles, and the trials she had passed through, and asked me questions. I counselled her and gave her advice. We kissed and parted. I have never seen that daughter since; and since she has never seen this mother. So these separations are often fraught with sorrow to the helpless children, when the fetters are broken that had

held the parents in unwilling bondage. But all this proves that it would be wiser to marry right, and have no need to separate, than try to learn how to live in harmony.





Marriage Candidates.

IN looking over almost any assemblage of persons some candidates for marriage might be found. Young men whose countenances would betray them, and young women that need not deny the natural yearnings of their hearts. Now, girls, while reading this do not shrug your shoulders, and exclaim you do not wish to marry, for I am quite sure you do, and when an excellent offer is given you will prove my words are true. That would be right. God has planned it so, and no one need object. But

before you accept, consider well the act, and be sure that you are prepared—in other words, are qualified! No man or woman should accept an opportunity of marriage unless both are qualified. The reader may exclaim, “Qualified! Must we have certificates, as teachers do, before they can have a school?” I answer, yes. Some plan like that would be excellent.

It would be wise, in the management of these matters, to have committees appointed to wait upon the anticipating pair—two gentlemen to counsel with the swain, and two ladies to confer with the prospective bride; and these should ask important questions, and wait for the replies. If satisfactory answers could not be given, they should advise them to postpone the marriage until they had gained more wisdom. The first query might be, Do you know the nature of the companion you would have? Is there an ideal in your mind? If a young man wants a horse, he

knows before he sees it just the creature he would have ; it is pictured on his mind. It must be a black horse or a grey one, a brown horse or a bay one ; it must be heavy built or slight ; have good eyes, good ears, no blemish no disease, and must travel at a certain pace. All the good qualities his horse must have the youth could tell. But ask him what kind of a wife he wants, and he would doubtless hesitate, or say " I don't know." If young men would take as much interest in the study of the natural character and disposition of the women they select for their life associates, for the partners of their joys and sorrows, for their bosom companions, for their wives ; as they do in the choice of a beast of burden that might without objection be sold or given away, according to the impulse or caprice, there would be happier homes than we now often find. Upon a careful study of this subject, it will be discovered that there is as much difference between women as there are differences among horses. Women

with dark hair do not act like women with light hair; tall women do not act like short women; or broad women like narrow women. Therefore if a young man admires a woman with light hair, he should not marry one with dark hair, or his ideal will not be met, nor will his happiness be complete.

Ask a girl what style of hat she wishes, and she can soon explain. It must be either a high or a low hat; it must have a narrow brim or a broad one; it must have plumes or flowers—she has a “love of a hat” in her mind. But ask her what style of a husband she would have, and at once she will reply that she does not know—she has never thought about that, only it must be one who will support her. What happiness this knowledge must afford! To know that ladies are waiting for support. What bliss for young men to know there is a chance to spend their money; to pay board bills and to purchase shawls. It must indeed be charming! But girls should know, that

there is much more to consider in the acceptance of a husband than the mere support. The question might be asked how are you now supported? And some might reply "by our own efforts." Then, dear girls, you know that it is done and perhaps as satisfactorily as if you were married, for, with due respect to all my readers, I have known some wives who have not only supported themselves, but likewise husbands and whole families.

Healthy, able, energetic young women never need marry for support. They should be equal to the task of being self-sustaining and ought to be encouraged in the effort to secure a sufficient amount for the labour they perform to live respectably, so that the marriage state might be entered from choice rather than necessity. If such were the case, there would be fewer unhappy marriages than we find to-day. When a young woman can teach, do needlework, millinery, or engage in music, art, or manual labour,

and receives the proper remuneration, she may do well. If her portion be but small, from ten to twelve shillings a week, she may be comfortably maintained. What she earns is her own, to do with what she likes. At the end of the week, when she holds her half-sovereign in her hand, she experiences a feeling of independence, a triumph of gain over necessity; that something has been accomplished. Now, dear girls, I shall whisper very low, yet loud enough for you to hear, that I have known some married women who have seldom seen a bright half-sovereign at the end of the week when their hard work is done. They worked perhaps as hard as you, and all they got was their clothing and their food, and both were sometimes very poor. So girls don't leave your post of duty for the simple hope of making money by being some man's wife.

Young men, have you any means on hand, if you are about to marry? I think I hear you say there will be no money needed if the girls

must earn their way! You need not infer from my remarks that young women must or even can earn the same amount after marriage they could before. You must not suppose that your wife can serve at any trade, or do any kind of business that she had done, perhaps, while single, for she cannot keep your house, look after family wants, and earn from other sources. That source of revenue must cease when she becomes your wife. But some young men never think that money will be needed; hence they are not provident, but marry all the same. A young man I met, after the ceremony was performed, asked the parson what was the fee? "A guinea," was the reply. The newly-made husband said, "Won't ten shillings do; it is all I have?" He paid out his last money; exhausted his exchequer; was financially bankrupt; but he had a wife, though nothing to support her.

Young men must have money; but I would not advise the girls to favour wealth; for it

often does not bring happiness. If a young man has inherited a fortune from father or friend, not having business talent, he is quite liable to lose his property; then the fall from riches to poverty will prove a serious misfortune, and the wife will suffer more inconvenience and humiliation than if she had not married an heir. If the man has earned a large amount by his close application, and saved it through close-handed habits, the wife may see but little of his wealth; and when she asks her husband for cash to purchase books or to pay for lectures, with emphasis he proclaims against such extravagance, and soon reminds her that he earned his money, and does not intend to spend it in this way: and she is really worse off in many respects than wives with humbler means and more generous husbands.

A young man who is industrious and can save; one who knows where and when to spend for the comfort of his body and the improvement of his mind; who has paid his debts,

board, boot, and laundry bills, and has twenty pounds in the bank, may become a candidate; he has proven that he can earn and can save above his daily wants; and if he marries a young woman well trained to business, who is prudent and economical, the two may become successful partners, and by their combined efforts may soon win a pleasant home, and have it well surrounded with comforts and coming luxuries; and that home becomes the mutual property of both. The husband should not say *my* house, *my* lot, *my* cow, for these are not solely his—they belong to both. It would be much more proper to say *our* house, *our* home, *our* cow.

My is a selfish little word; one had better practise saying *our*, *our*, *our*, while single, then it will be less difficult.—And when the money is earned by the husband it also belongs to the wife, for they are partners now, and should equally share profits; so please do not store the money away as sole dictator of its use, but

have a general receptacle from which both can have an equal chance to spend, as it equally belongs to both.

If there is anything that makes a woman discontented, and actually dislike and hate a man (for woman can hate as earnestly as she can love), it is being compelled to cringe and beg for what is really her own. Deprive her of her independence, and treat her as a child, and she will naturally wish to spend the shillings she may find; but throw her upon her dignity, and prove that you have confidence in her ability, and she will soon show evidence that money is valued by her, and often she will become most judicious in her expenditure. Another question I would ask: If the girls can bake a loaf of bread, broil a steak, or, in a general sense, keep house? Ah, so many girls cannot; to attempt to bake would break their hearts, because the dough won't leave their dainty fingers; and mothers keep the house, while the girls practise on the organ, or

embroider. It is well enough to practice music and entertain your husband ; but you will find that husbands must be sustained as well as entertained ; that, however charming the music is, however sweet, you will not have good-natured husbands unless they have good food to eat; and if the wife is not informed upon these important matters, and cannot prepare a meal, nor direct its preparation, the husband may have to give her lessons, and teach her to cook as “his mother did”—the way his mother prepared a steak, the delicious bread she used to bake—until the wife resents, and tells him sharply that he had better go and live with his mother if her cooking suits him better.

So, from this defect in her education, arises a cause for contention, and greater troubles may ensue. Then, girls, get ready. Take lessons of your own mothers, nor think that you will lose your caste by being trained to keep a house as it should be kept when you are married. If a wife does not require to do the

work herself, she should at least be able to superintend and to direct.

Some women prefer to attend to other business instead of turning their hands to housekeeping; if so, it may be best. Women, as well as men, have special talents, and these should rule their lives, to a great extent, as their happiness depends upon their use. Some are natural artists, some musicians, some mechanics, some teachers, while others may become physicians; and if such are happily endowed with special talents in these departments, it would be as difficult to turn their tastes and their desires from the positions in which their talents would naturally place them to sweeping floors and kindling fires, as it would to turn the lawyer from his client to the anvil, or the natural clergyman to the workshop or the engine, and make a great success. This all would decide to be impossible. Then, where woman displays a natural talent, it would be well to give it the opportunity to

develop, and she may earn by it enough to have her house well kept by those who enjoy such work. If these rules were carried out, there would not be so much discontent as we see in the marriage state to-day, and more family comforts and luxuries might be secured, and perhaps at less expense.

The next inquiry I should make would be in regard to age; and if the young man should answer that he was twenty, and thought he was quite old enough to marry, I should from necessity have to say, "Why, you are but just a boy; you do not know yourself, nor what you need and would admire in your wife. What you might to-day admire, you would reject in five years' time. The face so round and smooth, with pretty dimpled cheeks and chin, in five years' time you might declare was as characterless as putty. As you advance from early youth to the years of mature development, your ideas and your love will change. So do not fix your heart upon your boyhood's

choice, although sometimes they may continue faithful. Twenty-five is young enough for a man to marry." And if the girl should say that sweet sixteen was not too young for a girl to marry, or at least to be engaged, at once I would suggest that she should go to school and complete her education, and wait until she had come to the age of womanhood—until she had her growth. As yet her bones are soft, are not developed; her muscles are soft, and her brain is also. Wait, dear girls, until you are of age, or twenty-one. before you change conditions.

It is not strange that the young should love—all persons do love, and some almost from babyhood; but these are not the loves of absolute maturity. No doubt but we can all recall to mind the loves of early days, how even at school we formed very strong attachments. I well remember, when just a child, I thought I loved as much as any woman could; it was one of the schoolboys who attracted me—

his name was Joe—Joe Whitehead. He was my favourite, and, as his home is far away, I may use his name more freely than I otherwise should do.

Joe was a handsome boy, with a round face, brown eyes, and dark curling hair. When he was not at school, the days were long, but when he was, then time flew too fast. And Joe loved me, I thought, from the pictures cut out of almanacs, and the fruits and flowers he brought. One day he had his pockets full of apples, had more than they could hold, and he carried a large red apple in his hand, which he gracefully tossed up, and caught every time it fell. No doubt but he perceived an anxious look, so when the teacher's back was turned, he threw the apple across the school-house yard; I caught it in my two hands, and it thrilled them just like electricity, to the very elbow joints; *because it came from Joe.* I looked at Joe, Joe looked at me; he smiled, then I smiled too, and when I ate that apple it did not seem to reach the stomach, but

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every mouthful found the heart, as lovers' apples always do.

Time passed on, and changes came ; my love for Joe began to wane—I really liked his brother better. Such is human nature among the growing boys and girls : they must not depend upon their loves until they become matured. Suppose that Joe and I had married then, what a foolish couple we should have been, and now to-day I might be living in some cottage, on some other hillside, darning Mr. Whitehead's stockings, no happier than that other couple, who watched the flowers grow, but cared nothing for each other. Then, youths of either sex, be careful.

Children are imbued with a pure affection which we might all be proud to have bestowed on us, and as time progresses, and the gentle hand of maturity softly touches the spotless brows of youth and early maidenhood, the heart at once responds like the famous rock of old to the rod of Moses, and the silver springs

of love gush out from the misty fog of childhood, and pour their sparkling waters at the feet of almost anyone who skilfully applies the magic wand of flattery, praise, or marked attention. This the noblest boon to mortals given is often sacrificed upon the unworthy altar of ambition, selfish gain, or passion.

Few parents, even after having passed through many of life's experiences, and been subjected to temptations, regard or comprehend the affectional demands of their own children. If they did they would surely win them to themselves.

In accordance to nature's plan, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons affiliate more completely than mothers and daughters, or fathers and sons. If this law of attraction obtains in every other department of life with which we are acquainted, we will not ignore it in the family circle.

Claiming this to be natural, let the daughter bestow her love upon her father

and brother ; and the son his upon the mother and sister.

The daughter can thus receive at her father's side the affection which she needs, without danger to herself. His conduct will be guided by the wisdom of experience and by the tenderness of paternal love.

Let me emphatically urge upon parents the importance of special love and tenderness towards these dear children during this transitional period. Yet how often do we hear the thoughtless parent coldly repel, if not rebuke, the affectionate expression of son or daughter with, "Go away, don't bother me ; you act like a child." It is a child he thus repels, and a growing love he turns away, that might lie upon his bosom more brilliant and more precious than all other jewels he could wear.

Is it any wonder that the sad young heart turns away to find, in someone else, the love it should have found at home ?

It is no wonder that premature marriages so often occur between very unsuitable parties, and that life-long misery follows "The first mistaken impulse of an undisciplined heart."

Fathers and brothers, then, do not forget the claims these dear girls rightfully hold upon you, which, if neglected in consequence of other society, or pressure of business, may induce them to accept improper offers, and wander from the fold, to become lost to happiness while in search of it. Their days may be spent in misery, and their lives be cut short by sorrow—all of which you might have saved had your duty been understood and conscientiously fulfilled.

"The heart, like a tendril, accustomed to cling,

Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone ;

But will turn to the nearest and loveliest thing,

It can twine with itself, and make wholly
its own."

Mothers and sisters ! Upon you likewise is there an incumbent duty to discharge : that of

studying the nature and inclination of those noble sons and brothers, who so much need your love to shield them from the glaring temptations of the world. With your tender affection and timely advice, many may be saved from hasty, unfortunate marriages, or from the terrible consequences of a dissolute life.

Love properly expressed has a more salutary influence than any form of corporeal restraint. When persons are conscious of the fact that they are uncared for; have no one at home to rejoice at their coming, or to bless them with a parting kiss; knowing, "There is no one to love, none to caress," it is natural for a sense of recklessness to overshadow the mind; and under such circumstances habits may be contracted and associations formed of the most unprofitable and degrading kind.

I may make a suggestion to the gentlemen not to marry sickly girls. If you do, you will regret it, for you will not be as fond of them

as you will of healthy ones. We never enjoy disease in fruits, flowers, or persons. If we were to pass a tray of fruit to a dozen friends, and tell them to take their choice, no one would prefer a gnarly worm-eaten apple, or one decayed, to apples ripe and sound. No one would from choice select a withered rose, or a faded pink; the healthiest fruits and flowers are always sought, and so should be healthy wives and husbands. But these remarks do not apply to the married people. If wife is ill, or complaining, there may be sufficient cause through harder work, or greater cares since marriage, to induce this suffering—some over-exertion, some strain of nerve to make her husband happy, or to save expense. Family wants must be supplied, and sometimes without much money; then not to have her children detained from school, or untidily dressed, many a mother has washed and ironed the garments, and had them ready to use next day, and no one but herself has known just how

tired and wearied she has been, nor how much she has suffered. So, husbands should consider well the cause of illness, and do all in their power to relieve it, and bring the bloom of health again upon the faded cheek, and brightness to the sunken eye; and greater happiness for both of you will be found in store.

And when a husband has lost his health, the cause may lie in overwork, or too close application, to bring the comforts of food and raiment to the waiting loved ones; or to pay for a home, he works all day, and too late at night, to earn an extra shilling to help in his endeavours.

So, if indigestion, rheumatic pains or other ailments dire, beset him, wives must do all they can to again restore good health, when mutual happiness will be complete. I know that illness will overtake the most discreet. But, young men, do not marry one in bad health. Take healthy wives or none. And to ascertain

if ill or well, there is no need to ask the questions if head or back is weak. If the eye is bright, and a healthy hue of brow and cheek, and the waist a natural size, you may decide that she is in good health ; but if the waist is quite too small, not larger than you can span with your two hands, you should not marry her, you will need the doctor by the year ; for there will be a pain in her right side, then in her left ; and you will have pain near your heart, and wish you had never seen her.

So, young men, have your standard raised, and take this motto : “ A natural waist or no wife.” You may say that all the ladies lace, and you will never find your choice. It is true there are but few who do not now wear corsets, but you can soon reform the dress and change the fashion. By you it can be done easily. All who incline to have the change should unite in one conclusion : to have a hall secured, and to meet there twice a week, and to call it the Anti-corset Society. Make your speeches, encourage

each other, and give your reasons boldly. Wear small white ribbons as your badge in private and in public circles. The girls will see the badge, and soon inquire what the colour indicates, and to what society you belong? And when they are told it is the Anti-corset Society, and that you will not marry girls that lace, they will soon agree it is all right, and take their corsets off; declaring they are unhealthful things, and should not be worn by women. And when they take them off, let them come and join your meeting, for they are now of your opinion. Have them bring their corsets with them—not wearing them, but wrapped in paper—and you have a deep hole dug near by; and when they come, let them drop their parcels in, one by one, until the corsets all get there; then cover them up and let them stay until the resurrection day; and you will be blest with healthy women.

Then, girls, in giving up your freedom, your fathers' homes, or business, there is

much to risk; so, to make a choice, or rather to accept an offer, to become a companion to some men for life, be cautious and observing, that you may avoid the trials and sufferings that some endure from marrying men who drink. Hold to the motto firm and strong, "Teetotallers or no husbands." Have your meetings twice a week, read your essays, make your speeches, and encourage each other: show to the world your principles by your good example, and the blue ribbon on your dresses. When young men who drink propose, see that you object, and do not entertain the drinking class, they will rather abandon drink than lose your friendship and respect; you will induce them to reform. And in this way both classes may be the better off for the pains they take.

The flimsy basis of many a union is cause enough for all their sorrows. Some men are attracted by a pretty face, a graceful step, or a shapely hand; and then, again, the eyeglass

men, and men with curled moustache, attract the attention of some young women, and they would risk their lives for them. Some marry for high position, some for wealth, some for fear of being old maids. Some men marry to have housekeepers, some to have woodchoppers, as I have reason to know. A single man wrote some time ago, stating his case and needs. He had a house, and lived alone, cooked his meals and washed his dishes, and he said, "as you meet with many in your travels, if you find one you think would suit, please send the address with name, for I need someone to bake my pancakes for me." If there are any young women expert at turning pancakes over, and wish to apply yourselves, here is a chance for you. And, on the other side, a woman said that she would have lived single all her life but for her want of fuel—that every winter she had a large amount of wood to chop, and so she married a man to chop it.

If there are young men who can swing the axe with grace, send in your names, and if I find more candidates with the same needs, I can pass them over to you. True marriage must be based on nothing less than a supreme love for companionship and for the love of home.

“ Home’s not merely four square walls,
 Though with pictures hung and gilded ;
 Home is where affection calls,
 Filled with shrines the heart has builded.

Home’s not merely roof and room—
 It needs something to endear it ;
 Home is where the heart can bloom—
 Where there is some kind word to cheer it.

What is home with none to meet—
 None to welcome or to greet us ?
 Home is sweet, and only sweet,
 Where there is one we love to meet us.”

And, next to wife, what makes home more cheerful and more dear than the society of children? When father comes from study,

counting-room, or shop, and meets his little one, with arms extended, calling, "Papa! papa!" he takes her up and folds her to his heart, and both are happy. And what brings to the mother's heart more joy than the silvery voice of her darling boy as he comes from school, when calling, "Mother! mother!" No sweeter music ever thrilled her ear than the voices of these she holds so dear; and this is home in earnest. And to complete this happiness, these children must be healthy, with minds well balanced. Here I find the never-changing law of heredity as potent among the human-kind as in the lower creatures. And from the neglect of this, we see the unmistakable result, in the need of prisons with their high stone walls and grated windows, dark and dreary; where criminals are often stowed in narrow cells, whose limbs must bear the weight of manacles, and they have no companions night or day but their own sad reflections, which wear their lives

away; and these the offspring of improper marriages.

Again, the evidence is very plain in the great number of the insane who find a refuge in asylums: poor maniacs, who tear the garments from their backs, and in their madness pull their hair; and idiots, without the power of thought, that cannot raise their hands to feed themselves, and with less mental strength than babes at birth. Much of this suffering, no doubt, depends upon incompatible parentage. Temperaments should be studied, that the laws of heredity may take effect to bring, in the future, specimens of human-kind as far above the average class as cultivated fruits are superior to the wild. Whatever is possessed in a high degree, whether physical or mental, will naturally be transmitted.

Two should not marry whose temperaments are the same, nor yet absolutely opposite. If the same, the intensity may result in a non-

development of the parents' natures, and a blight stamped upon the offspring throughout life. If opposite there would be so much difference that the parents could not agree, nor be physiologically in sympathy, which fact would be adverse to the perfection of offspring. Degrees of difference should exist. For instance, one of the vital temperament, with sandy hair, florid face, round head, round body and limbs, should seek in marriage one having either more of the mental or of the motive temperament; in other words, one whose head is large in proportion to the size of the body; full high forehead, and slender figure; or one who is of tall stature, more angular, with sharper features, and nose quite prominent.

Then the life-sustaining forces of the vital combined with the mental force of the other party, would rationally yield a good physical constitution to support a well-developed brain; or if the motive temperament, which is characteristic of endurance, should predominate, a

favourable union would be with the mental and vital; thus showing the three temperaments upon posterity, resulting in a harmonic nature—which is well to have.

Two positive persons should not marry, both having a predominance of self-esteem, combativeness, destructiveness, and firmness. Both are born to be rulers; under such circumstances, which will yield? The husband will be sure that his way is right, and the wife will be equally sure that she cannot be mistaken. The husband will bid his wife to sign a deed; the wife will say, "Indeed I will not do it." He will ask her why they have so many quarrels? She will say they always start with him; he will tell her that the fault is in herself, and their troubles will never end.

That man married the wife suitable for some other man, with whom she might have been most happy. We stopped with such a couple once, were storm-bound to our regret. The husband and wife were engaged in hot

discussions the whole week; and to crown their discordance they quarrelled over our board bill. We paid the money to the husband when we ought to have paid it to the wife; unfortunately, there was but a thin partition between their room and mine, and for two hours that subject was discussed. She declared the money was hers by right, for all she got was from the guests she entertained. He as warmly held to his position that because he had it in possession it was rightfully his to keep. She begged, and wept, at his apparent selfishness; he said words I will not repeat. Wearied and tired, I fell asleep in the midst of their conversation. Next morning when we met, he laughingly remarked, "You heard us talking, perhaps, last night?" "Yes," I replied, "that I had heard talking all the week." "Well" he said, "we are getting along better than when we were first married; then we did not understand each other; but we do much better now! much better!" How it used to be I cannot imagine; but

while we stopped with them it was bad enough.

No two should marry who are constitutionally negative—with light hair, blue eyes, small combativeness and destructiveness, and weak in firmness and self-esteem. Such would not have much ambition, and would be so easy and so good, they would be good for nothing. It would be much better for the positive person to marry the negative; the combination would be more successful regarding their own happiness and the welfare of their children.

I once spent two weeks in such a family, which was composed of husband and wife, a little son and daughter, a big dog and a cat. One night, before the lecture, the boy put a pillow on the floor; he and the dog laid their heads upon it, and stretched out their limbs to rest. The little girl came in, with the cat in her arms, and sat down by the pair, and they all enjoyed themselves. The wife sat by the table sewing; the husband, a merchant, who

had been on his feet the whole day, took up the newspaper, drew up a chair, sat down, and put both his feet on her lap. He turned to me, and with a smile, said, "That is the way we do!" I remarked, "Continue to do the same; I do not disapprove." The wife did not shrink from his touch, and brush her dress as if it were being hurt—she was only too happy to rest his weary limbs, and he was as happy to have a chance to rest them on the lap of one that he loved most. Not a word of discord was heard in that happy home, an evidence of being properly mated. Again, persons that instinctively repel each other should not unite in marriage. A certain quality of nerve-force emanates from every individual, and we are all more or less affected by approach. Some natures harmonize, and others are discordant. The simple touch of some will cause us pain, while that of others will comfort us. The evidence of our own experience will remove all doubts upon this subject. We sit down by some



individuals, and, without knowing why, we soon get up and leave them; while, on the other hand, we sit by some and naturally incline to draw our chairs up nearer; and why, no reason can be given.

If we suffer pain, we may often obtain relief by rubbing; but it is not the friction only which affords the benefit; or a board or book might bring it. It is the hand that brings relief; yet by the rubbing of some hands pain will be increased. There is something we call nerve-force, or magnetism, which passes from the hand to the head; or the hand takes from the head what caused the pain, and comfort is restored.

A public speaker becomes aware of this latent healing power, as I can well attest. In the afternoons my audiences of women do not afford the strength that audiences of men and women do. And at the close in the afternoon, I am more exhausted than at night, for often feeble women, with nerve-force to

correspond, compose my hearers, and from them I get but little magnetic element. In the evenings, when the audience is made up of the stronger sex, I find a force pervades the air from which I draw a strength that fits me better for my work, and there is less fatigue when I leave the platform at ten at night than at four in the afternoons. Then marriages should be entered upon magnetically, or greater unhappiness will accrue than more palpable causes might induce; and there is but little sympathy from the world, and no cause the legal statutes would recognise by which to obtain a divorce; so a life of misery must follow.

Kinship should be avoided for reasons patent. Cousins may entertain a high regard for each other, but to marry would be very unwise—the transmission of natures so much alike as such possess is often most unfortunate, resulting in some deficient faculty, or bodies imperfect in their development. Mutes, deafness,

feeble-minded creatures may many times be traced to consanguineous parentage, particularly where these unions have been carried down through successive generations. The effect is more deplorable in the human family than among plants and animals, where the law of improvement is carefully watched, and is adhered to by horticulturists and farmers who cultivate their fruit and stock with greater pertinacity than ever entered the heart of man for the improvement of his own race.


After the ideal object has been discovered, something more is now required, and *courtship* must be entered upon before the more serious steps are taken.



CHAPTER VII



Popular Courtship.

HE ethics of society have con-
signed this preparatory cere-
mony called courtship, which
when literally defined, is as meaningless as
unsuccessful when its purport is "man making
love to woman." And here is a great mistake
which has long been overlooked, for love-
making should be mutual to be a great success ;
for, while man does the courting, women will
not always marry the men they love most, and
neither of them will be happy. Man has the
privilege to seek companionship—he may travel

far and near until his ideal can be met; but woman must stay at home and wait; and wait until sometimes it is too late, and she does not get married at all; or else she marries the man who asks her, whether he is the one she loves or not.

A lady wished her character read; after reading it I described the husband she should have; at the conclusion she asked what I thought of the gentleman I had read in public the night before? I replied, that what I said I thought. "Would he suit me for a husband?" she asked, and I enquired if she loved him? "No," she slowly said, but continued, "he is a very good man, a widower, and has a good home;" but, with animation, she remarked, "There is another gentleman whose character I would like read, a different looking man." This prompted the question, "Are you interested in him also?" "Yes," she timidly replied, "*he has also proposed*, and I scarcely know which to choose." I said, "Do you love this gentleman?"

“No,” she again acknowledged, “although he, too, is very good and clever; he is a bachelor, and of a good family; both are very much respected.” I said, “Perhaps you do not know what love is.” She replied, “Oh yes, I do.” “How do you *know* that you do?” I asked. “Because there is a man I *do* love.” “Then why do you not marry him?” “Because he never asked me,” she soon rejoined. “Well,” I said, “would you be so unwise as to marry either of these when there is one that you love better?” “What shall I do?” she said. “Why do you not ask him?”—The young woman almost gasped with utter astonishment; but before she left she said she would think upon the subject.

A young woman may never have more than three offers in a lifetime, particularly where women predominate over men in numbers to the extent we find in England; and she must marry one of the three or continue to be a maid—a thought which is a terror to some.

Now, it is preposterous to suppose that out of three she must love one, when there are thousands from which to choose.

A young woman has a gentleman friend who calls on her, visits, sings and plays duets with her; after a time he proposes marriage; but she has never entertained a thought of love, so she briefly tells him, "No." He leaves her side and seeks some other, and now she sings alone. In a year or more another comes and fills the vacant place. He often calls; they visit; sing and play duets; are social and quite happy. Then he, ambitious for a wife, asks the favour of her hand; but she has no love for him, so peremptorily objects. He takes offence, and she but laughs to think how strange that both of these gentlemen wish to marry her. So she again is left alone, for a longer time, to sing her songs and play, and do the best to spend her time until a third presents himself, with whom she laughs and talks, a free light-hearted maiden, and after a few months have been

passed in music and pleasant conversation, he believes that she would make him happy, and he proposes. Now, when he asks, in gentle tones, "Will you be my wife?" she hesitates, is not abrupt, but asks for time to think. Two weeks are given for her decision; he leaves, but hopes she will decide, by all means, in his favour. She is absorbed in meditation; she walks the floor, and soliloquizes thus:—"Three gentlemen have proposed to me; two I have refused. I thought as much of either of them as I do of this, the third, and I *don't* love him!" She puts her hand upon her heart, "*No*, I do not love him; but time is passing, perhaps I had better not reject him. I am twenty-five years old—there may be no other chance—if I marry him he shall not know my heart. I will do my best to make him happy—he won't suspect that I do not love him. Yes, it may be the best thing I can do. Yes, I will risk my happiness—I will be his wife."

The two weeks pass. He returns to hear his doom. Again he asks, "Will you be my wife?" She timidly replies, with eyes cast down, "Yes; I think it is the best thing I can do." Oh, how happy is that young man! how light his spirit! She has given her heart to him. Now there is nothing more to fear. He has won the lady he had set his heart upon. "She loves me; she is mine." Oh, no; he is mistaken. She does not love. She took him from necessity, to avoid the stigma of being a single woman at thirty. No other opportunity might appear. Thousands marry in this way, with as much misery as deception, due greatly to the time-honoured customs of society. Yet I would not advise young women to be forward nor imprudent, nor in any way unladylike. Never bow to strangers in the street, nor in public places. Be modest and discreet. But I do say that when a young woman has met a gentleman whom she greatly admires, and whom she has no reason to believe

to be engaged, she has just as good a right to propose to him as he has to propose to her.

But as popular opinion now declares, both in England and America, that gentlemen are the ones to court, let them understand how it can be accomplished upon rational principles. First, courting should be done in the day-time—not at night, for reasons quite sufficient. You cannot see so well at night; you are not so clear-headed—cannot study human nature with the same degree of accuracy as you can in broad daylight. But if you cannot go in the day-time on account of business or other engagements, go early in the evening, and go home early. Then go soon again rather than remain too late. Some stay until midnight, and even after. If ladies were to call upon their friends and stay so late, we are sure the hostess would weary of their company; she would yawn, and wish they would go home. And so they should. Short visits and more frequent would be more acceptable.

If a young man does not leave by half-past ten or eleven at night, the lady should give him a gentle hint, by opening the door or window, and while gazing out, remark, "It is a very pleasant evening!" Under such suggestions any young man would surely take up his walking-stick and hat, and, with a good-night, depart. But if he does not recognise the invitation, again open the door, and let it stand unclosed: speak more emphatically, "It is a very pleasant evening!" "Yes," he may reply. "A pleasant evening for travelling!" "Yes, if any person wants to go." The young woman would do well after this to invite him to take his hat and start, if he should still be so obtuse to the hint she offers. Gentlemen should be watchful for all such slight suggestions, and prevent a more stern command. There is no good arising from these long night visits; they are injurious to both health and morals. And parents should advise their daughters against such impro-

prieties; and any well-meaning man would admire and love a girl the more for not permitting them, and would have more confidence in her mother.

Then it is not well to have special evenings set apart, and on those evenings always go. The lady knows just when to expect a visit, and she is prepared in her good dress, with her sweetest smiles, and is waiting. For the sake of a change, just step in any time, and you may see sights of which you never dreamed. One such occasional visit, is worth more than a dozen when expected.

It is well to call on some morning through the week, and Monday is the best. Then, if you are a neat young man, and wish to have a wife to correspond, look about and see how things appear, and how her attire fits and harmonises with your ideas. If she is neatly clad in a plain, cheap gown, with tidy hair, that is as well as you need expect, and as neat as you would have your wife on a similar

occasion. But if her hair had not been dressed, and one side held up by pins or papers and on the other falling on her shoulder; with no collar about her neck, nor substitute; her dress sleeve half ripped out; her boot-strings untied; and—pardon, if I say the rest—stocking turned over the boot! why, propose to her then and there, for no one else will want her. And if she lives in *deshabille*, and keeps her house untidy, you never need find fault; you saw the index of her habits that fatal Monday morning.

Popular courtship, an institution so much esteemed by all as a safe means for securing matrimonial bliss, when analysed is found to consist principally of sighs and smiles, good clothes, promenades, carriage drives, presents, jealousies, fears and tears, all well seasoned with unwholesome flattery, and mystically adorned by the moonshine of deception.

It is a myth, a bubble, an air castle, great in appearance but in reality is nothing, and worse

than nothing—a sand-bar, instead of a rock on which to build the matrimonial structure. It is so shallow and defective that it really affords but little opportunity for the accomplishment of the end in view.

After years of such frivolous courtship the parties often know as little of each other's true characters as they did before. Much that should have been learned is postponed until too late for a change of action.

The result is astonishment and disappointment, if not contempt, to be followed by sorrow and regrets which blight all future prospects, and change an aspiring, happy, hopeful nature into one of saddest gloom.

When men and women are wise enough to supplant the old by a new or rational courtship, based upon knowledge and common sense; and are willing to be known before marriage as they will be found to be after; when honesty takes the place of falsehood, and persons view these subjects from a

rational standpoint—marriage will no longer be a lottery, or a blind leap, but it will be a choice made in wisdom, and crowned with the success of true domestic happiness.

This time-honoured institution of courtship, like all co-existing ones, is susceptible of improvement, and until more thought is devoted to this subject, and more pains taken to teach the young a rational course, our prospects for more successful marriages will be based on nothing sure. And ages may pass, bringing the same results, while hopeful generations will be deprived of the sweet satisfaction to be found in those peaceful, happy homes which are enjoyed only by the few who by chance have secured compatible mates.

Time is not so much to be considered. Some court five years, some court ten, but one or two years of correct, common-sense courtship is quite enough; in fact, is more successful. I knew a couple once who courted seven long years, then married, after which, there were

deep regrets, on the side of the wife at least ; and many plans were devised by which release might be obtained ; but all were thwarted. Then the wife prayed, although she was not remarkable for being a praying woman ; but under these aggravating circumstances she *did pray* most fervently that they might be separated, even if death should part them. The husband died—whether in answer to the petitions or from natural causes I do not know—but the widow was happier than the wife ; she had much less to perplex her, although left with four small children, and but a small income.



CHAPTER VIII.



Rational Courtship.

INSTEAD of the time for making love, courtship should be a period for being acquainted. All subjects should be discussed which can possibly interest the couple in the future; few topics are too delicate to be considered by those who expect to spend their lives together. Study each others likes and dislikes; health, and future prospects, including religion, politics, and domestic interests. Some may think these subjects altogether foreign to orthodox courtship, but if political views should differ greatly

after marriage, discussions may arise, and one party may taunt the other politically with candidates being dishonest or disqualified, and discord will result.

Then, again, if one should be High Church and the other Low, or one Presbyterian and the other Methodist, the consequent discussion of these differences will heat the brain. If through concession the wife should consent to go with the husband to church for the first few weeks, some circumstance may recall her to her former place of worship, where her old friends and family meet; and there she is invited to come again, and earnestly requested, that she may hear the new pastor preach, or to teach her old class again, offering some excuse to bring her back. Sabbath after Sabbath she sees fit to go, leaves her husband's side and returns to her old flock—to the church that she loves most. But in such a course there is no real satisfaction for either husband or wife, and all of these

matters should be well considered before marriage.

To go to church alone; to listen to the sermon alone; to return alone; then sit and reflect alone, and yet be living the outward form of marriage, is a more solitary, gloomy, unsatisfied existence than to be absolutely alone; for the nominal companion only occupies the place a real one might, and serves as a barrier to a more genial and compatible associate. The husband and wife should be willing to go to the same church, listen to the same discourse, worship at the same altar, and be united religiously as well as socially, to make married life a happy, prosperous one. G:

One highly intellectual and educated should not marry one who takes no interest in learned matters. Such cannot agree, nor can such be society for each other. To study these qualifications, the interested parties should converse upon various subjects, and test the

knowledge possessed by either. Correspond with each other with a double object in view, one for the sentiment or thought conveyed, the other to the neatness of execution, the correctness of spelling, punctuation, and the use of capital letters.

To one with a critical turn of mind and cultured taste, an error in any of the above particulars would be a strong objection and a source of constant humiliation, while in connection with those defects ungrammatical sentences and slang phrases would be unsurmountable barriers to wedded happiness.

An educated person of either sex with correct ideas of refined expression would, in marriage, find but little companionship in the association of one less favoured. This defect would not only be repulsive to endure personally, but would keep the one in constant fear of some erroneous, if not absurd, expression from the lips that he or she would gladly shield from ridicule or

censure by enjoined silence under circumstances of probable exposure.

But this subjection to restraint would lessen the already deficient capacity to either speak or think, until the faculty would dwindle into nothingness. Then while the one attains the enviable reputation of a fine conversationalist, the other, although possessing many estimable qualities, would be so overshadowed by the other as to escape all recognition by the more enlightened classes, and in humility and sorrow would be compelled, by such an unfortunate experience, to realize the truth that this intellectual incompatibility had rendered them very unhappy, and would finally drift them quite apart, leaving repulsion and disregard to take the place of what had been supposed to be the tender tie of love.


After all important subjects have been discussed and marriage is settled upon, and the two betrothed, it is not wise to defer the marriage ceremony until a very distant day.

No benefit can arise from such a course. Be not in unbecoming haste until preparations can be made ; but postponements many times afford a chance for officious friends to bar the marriage through jealousy ; or ambitious rivals to interfere and interrupt the happiness for life.



CHAPTER IX.



HE nuptial ceremony must take place, and this, the wedding day, is looked to with particular delight—the gala day of one's whole life, to which no other occasion can compare. The rooms and hall are decked with flowers and festoons of evergreens. The dearest friends are gathered in, festivities are prepared, the banquet spread; and presents, rich and beautiful, to cheer the bride and groom. The joyful couple are now arrayed in bridal robes and habit neat; with hand clasped in hand, there

they stand in solemn silence, to listen to the words pronounced which make them acknowledged husband and wife.

A new life is now spread out before this happy pair. For them it is like a birth into another sphere; and as they step forth to tread the path of life together, there is as much care to be observed as when a child begins to walk the slippery sands upon the shore. Upon this one act in life, to a great extent, hangs their destiny.

The influence of a constant companionship in such intimate relations is calculated to mould a character in loveliness and beauty, or to have an opposite effect. No business transaction, no enterprise or speculation, can compare with this one voluntary act; hence with what discretion it should be consummated.

Although parties may be well mated, without constant watchfulness troubles will arise that may never be removed. Scarcely a day will pass but one or the other will see where a duty

has been omitted, or some cause for grief occurred.

“The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity and perhaps forgive.”

Under every circumstance, and in all positions, from the humblest to the most exalted, all persons should feel under a moral obligation to consider with due respect the feelings of those with whom they associate; but this duty between husbands and wives is more imperative. Under no condition is it more essential that kindness, forbearance, and gentleness should be exercised than in these relations. The closer the bonds of friendship, and the more intimate the association, the more sensitive the heart becomes to coldness or distrust.

Before marriage, when both were free and at liberty to seek or accept the kindness and sympathy of others, the feelings of resentment or indifference might be expressed at any

violation of these just rules of courtesy, and friendship may cease between the two, and neither will suffer greatly, for there is a chance for other friends to fill the place of the one rejected. But at the shrine of marriage, when each proffers to the other a sacred love and holy trust —jewels of the heart, more precious than ever decked a prince's crown—where all special interest in society is sacrificed, for this exclusive individual affection and confidence should be maintained by both, that they may so live as to make each other happy.

But when neglect takes the place of past devotion ; when hard words and sharp rebukes are substitutes for kindness ; the trusted wife or doting husband is forced to see and feel the change, and will realise when quite too late that misplaced confidence has worked out utter ruin. During courtship every act was but to please ; no neglect was suffered then. It was "Miss Sally" here, "Miss Sally" there. Nothing more harsh was spoken ; and if she

had an apple, it was "Miss Sally, don't eat that apple skin; if you please I'll pare it for you." The lover kindly performs the deed, and from the point of his knife her dainty hands receives the apple with, "I thank you, sir." All that is right, and quite polite, just as it ought to be. But after marriage, in six months' time, when the wife would like to have an apple, "Go, get one! Bring me one, too!" Now, the fruit is not prepared and passed to her politely. He eats his apple; she eats hers. Apple skins don't hurt married women; they are very bad for girls! Wives may often swallow peel, core, and stem, for aught some husbands care, so they don't trouble them.

And then again the lover says, "Miss Sally, do not go out to church alone to night—it is quite unsafe; be ready at seven o'clock, and I'll be here." And there he is at the hour appointed, and she is ready, waiting. He kindly escorts her to the church, secures the seat. If the air is warm he fans her face

while she listens to the sermon ; but after a few years of married life, too often, all this kindness is forgotten, and when the hour arrives, the husband says, "Sall, are you going to church to-night?" "Yes," she replies, "I wish to go." "Well, come along, I'm going." He then starts off and leaves her.

After the duties are performed, and wife gets to church with one child in her arms and another by her side, she sees her husband sitting by a friend, and service not commenced ; she takes a seat behind the men and hears their conversation. The husband declares that all women are deceitful ; "There's my wife Sally has changed much since we've been married. For six weeks she was just as kind and affectionate as a woman need to be, but now an iceberg could not be colder. I have no faith in women." Poor man ! All this time he has been weaving a pall to bury her love, and at last he finds it buried. The husband had become transformed from a

gentleman to a clown. Sally could not love a clown; she loved him when he was a gentleman, or treated her as one should; but since the change took place in him, Sally's heart was changed and cold.

And women, too, do all things well to suit and please the lover. During courtship, when he came, the room was warm, the hearth was swept, the newspaper on the table, and she was always ready to welcome him, although duties might be calling, for she *must* be polite—she must not meet him coolly. But after a few years, when the *husband* comes home in the evening, all things are changed. The room is strewed with scraps of cloth; the light is dim, and the fuel low in the untidy grate; the easy chair is now pushed back, or is occupied by herself; the newspaper is torn; she has her hair in papers yet, or dangling on her shoulders, and a novel in her hand. She does not lift her eyes, much less to greet the man with smiles, who would gladly have

stayed and spent his leisure hours at home; but all seems so different—she so changed, and everything so cheerless—he takes up his hat, and spends the evening out. Then she begins to grieve and wipe away the tears, and mentally she asks, “Why does he leave?—he used to spend his evenings here, but now he does not care for me.” Poor, thoughtless woman; she little knows the power that wives possess—that many husbands are repelled through their wives’ own carelessness.

It is often these thoughtless acts and multitude of little wrongs which shake our earthly happiness. The irritating trifles, the oppositions offered, the untimely criticisms, and many slight offences with greater purport than strangers recognise in them, make up the multitude of domestic differences which weigh upon the heart and depress the spirits, sometimes beyond reaction. Yet sorrows of greater magnitude may be endured with resignation. The death of friends, adversity and misfortune,

have all been met with philosophic bearing, although they shocked the soul and almost paralysed the brain; but, like the purifying effect of a terrific storm, sweet peace and calmness follow—

“ A something light as air—a look,
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—
 Oh! love that tempests never shook,
 A breath, a touch like this has shaken,
 And other winds will soon rush in
 To spread the breach that words begin;
 And eyes forget the gentle ray
 They wore in courtship’s smiling day;
 And voices lose the tone that shed
 A tenderness round all they said;
 Till fast declining one by one,
 The sweetnesses of love are gone,
 And hearts so lately mingled, seem
 Like broken clouds—or like the stream
 That smiling left the mountain’s brow,
 As though the waters ne’er could sever,
 Yet ere it left the plain below,
 Breaks into floods and parts for ever.”

After marriage do not forget to speak the gentle words you used to say; repeat those kindnesses. Tell each other daily of your love. We never weary of these words, "I love, I love." These are the sweetest sounds the ear has ever heard, and always fresh and new.

Do not take for granted that your wife knows you love her, but often tell her so. She is never so old and grey, but that to tell her you love her as in her earlier day, will add youth to looks and lightness to her step.

No man so far advanced in years, but for his wife to gently smooth his hair, and tell him of her love, will add lustre to his eye, and strength to limb.

Make little presents now and then, not rich expensive gifts that one could ill afford; not costly jewels, expensive ornaments, nor things quite out of reach. It is the little kindnesses which make love more sweet. Wife can make

a necktie from a piece of her wedding garment, and when the husband finds it ready to adjust, "Ah! where did this come from?—I have seen this cloth before." "Oh, Santa Claus has been around," the wife replies. "It was you, my dear, who put it there, and this is from your wedding gown." He proudly lays the tie about his neck, and loves her all the more.

When husband goes away from home he should bring something back for wife. Buy a book, a fan, a flower, a collar, or a handkerchief; this always comes in good. Have it wrapped in soft white paper, and toss it on her lap. Watch those nervous hands how they tear the paper off. "What is here?" she asks, and is amazed to see the trifle brought. "Where did you get it?" she exclaims. "In town," he says. "Did you find it?" "Oh, no; I bought it." "For whom?" "For my wife I left at home." "Then you thought of me while absent." "Did you suppose I never

thought of you only when in your presence?"

"I did not know; but yes, I did. Pardon me for that; and it was very kind of you. Thanks ever so much, and it is handsome, too—just what I wished for, and just the colour. How very good you are." In showing her present to a friend, she says, "This handkerchief I value highly; it is the one my husband gave me. I shall only use it as my best, for parties, weddings, funerals, and such occasions." She folds it in a small compass and puts it to her face. It thrills her cheek as Joe's apple *thrilled* my hand. And this is real love-making.

Without the marriage institution, though ancient and time-honoured, yields the evidence of superiority over a life of celibacy, it will yet fail to win the respect and admiration of the more philosophically inclined; as the too frequent discordancies, and apparent troubles, are not easily waived by minds who are forced

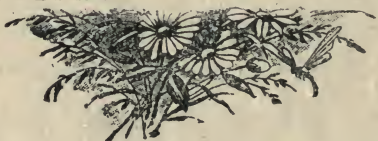
to doubt the assumed advantages claimed by some marital participants;—because they do not prove, by their own success, the benefits they claim. Like some professing Christians, who are confident of their soul's salvation, based solely on their faith, when their daily lives bespeak many unchristianlike acts, by robbing the widow of her mite, and trampling on the weak, until the non-professing stand aloof, and are ready to exclaim that profession is not as sure a proof of godliness as a life of good and noble deeds. So the legal bond of marriage should not be the only proof of married sanctity; but the increase of happiness by the growth of love would be a stronger evidence that marriage is a holy rite, and not alone a man-made institution for selfish purposes, but that its origin was from a Higher Source, and is fraught with superior advantages for a purer and better life.

After marriage true courtship should begin,
and love-making never cease, if we would live
contented with our married state.

“Let those love now who never loved before ;
And those who always loved, now love the more.”



FINIS.



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