

ness with the several members of his family, as having a claim upon his time as strong as those other public occupations of his life which seemed to others so much more serious and important.

But the man whose affections are quickened by home-life does not confine his sympathies within that comparatively narrow sphere. His love enlarges in the family, and through the family it expands into the world. "Love," says Emerson, "is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and nature with its generous flames."

It is by the regimen of domestic affection that the heart of man is best composed and regulated. The home is the woman's kingdom, her state, her world—where she governs by affection, by kindness, by the power of gentleness. There is nothing which so settles the turbulence of a man's nature as his union in life with a high-minded woman. There he finds rest, contentment, and happiness—rest of brain and peace of spirit. He will also often find in her his best counsellor, for her instinctive tact will usually lead him right when his own unaided reason might be apt to go wrong. The true wife is a staff to lean upon in times of trial and difficulty; and she is never wanting in sympathy and solace when distress occurs or fortune frowns. In the time of youth, she is a comfort and an ornament of man's life; and she remains a faithful helpmate in maturer years, when life has ceased to be an anticipation, and we live in its realities.

What a happy man must Edmund Burke have been, when he could say of his home, "Every care vanishes the mo-

ment I enter under my own roof!" And Luther, a man full of human affection, speaking of his wife, said, "I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Cræsus without her." Of marriage he observed: "The utmost blessing that God can confer on a man is the possession of a good and pious wife, with whom he may live in peace and tranquillity—to whom he may confide his whole possessions, even his life and welfare." And again he said, "To rise betimes, and to marry young, are what no man ever repents of doing."

For a man to enjoy true repose and happiness in marriage, he must have in his wife a soul-mate as well as a helpmate. But it is not requisite that she should be merely a pale copy of himself. A man no more desires in his wife a manly woman, than the woman desires in her husband a feminine man. A woman's best qualities do not reside in her intellect, but in her affections. She gives refreshment by her sympathies, rather than by her knowledge. "The brain-women," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "never interest us like the heart-women."* Men are often so wearied with themselves that they are rather predisposed to admire qualities and tastes in others different from their own. "If I were suddenly asked," says Mr. Helps, "to give a

* "The red heart sends all its instincts up to the white brain, to be analyzed, chilled, blanched, and so become pure reason—which is just exactly what we do *not* want of women as women. The current should run the other way. The nice, calm, cold thought, which, in women, shapes itself so rapidly that they hardly know it as thought, should always travel to the lips *via* the heart. It does so in those women whom all love and admire. . . . The brain-women never interest us like the heart-women; white roses please less than red."—*The Professor at the Breakfast-table*, by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

proof of the goodness of God to us, I think I should say that it is most manifest in the exquisite difference He has made between the souls of men and women, so as to create the possibility of the most comforting and charming companionship that the mind of man can imagine.* But though no man may love a woman for her understanding, it is not the less necessary for her to cultivate it on that account.† There may be difference in character, but there must be harmony of mind and sentiment—two intelligent souls as well as two loving hearts:

“Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life.”

There are few men who have written so wisely on the subject of marriage as Sir Henry Taylor. What he says about the influence of a happy union in its relation to successful statesmanship applies to all conditions of life. The true wife, he says, should possess such qualities as will tend to make home as much as may be a place of repose. To this end, she should have sense enough or worth enough to exempt her husband as much as possible from the troubles of family management, and more especially from all possibility of debt. “She should be pleasing to his eyes and to

* “The War and General Culture,” 1871.

† Depend upon it, men set more value on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women, which they are rarely able to appreciate. It is a common error, but it is an error, that literature unfits women for the every-day business of life. It is not so with men. You see those of the most cultivated minds constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but then they must use it with discretion.”—REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

his taste: the taste goes deep into the nature of all men—love is hardly apart from it; and in a life of care and excitement, that home which is not the seat of love can not be a place of repose—rest for the brain, and peace for the spirit, being only to be had through the softening of the affections. He should look for a clear understanding, cheerfulness, and alacrity of mind, rather than gayety and brilliancy, and for a gentle tenderness of disposition in preference to an impassioned nature. Lively talents are too stimulating in a tired man's house—passion is too disturbing. . . .

. . . . “Her love should be
A love that clings not, nor is exigent,
Encumbers not the active purposes,
Nor drains their source; but proffers with free grace
Pleasure at pleasure touched, at pleasure waived,
A washing of the weary traveller's feet,
A quenching of his thirst, a sweet repose,
Alternate and preparative; in groves
Where, loving much the flower that loves the shade,
And loving much the shade that that flower loves,
He yet is unbewildered, unenslaved,
Thence starting light, and pleasantly le. go
When serious service calls.”*

Some persons are disappointed in marriage, because they expect too much from it; but many more because they do not bring into the co partnership their fair share of cheerfulness, kindness, forbearance, and common sense. Their imagination has perhaps pictured a condition never experienced on this side heaven; and when real life comes, with its troubles and cares, there is a sudden waking-up as from a dream. Or they look for something approaching perfection

* The Statesman,” pp. 73-75.

in their chosen companion, and discover by experience that the fairest of characters have their weaknesses. Yet it is often the very imperfection of human nature, rather than its perfection, that makes the strongest claims on the forbearance and sympathy of others, and, in affectionate and sensible natures, tends to produce the closest unions.

The golden rule of married life is, "Bear and forbear." Marriage, like government, is a series of compromises. One must give and take, refrain and restrain, endure and be patient. One may not be blind to another's failings, but they may at least be borne with good-natured forbearance. Of all qualities, good temper is the one that wears and works the best in married life. Conjoined with self-control, it gives patience—the patience to bear and forbear, to listen without retort, to refrain until the angry flash has passed. How true it is in marriage that "the soft answer turneth away wrath!"

Burns the poet, in speaking of the qualities of a good wife, divided them into ten parts. Four of these he gave to good temper, two to good sense, one to wit, one to beauty—such as a sweet face, eloquent eyes, a fine person, a graceful carriage; and the other two parts he divided among the other qualities belonging to or attending on a wife—such as fortune, connections, education (that is, of a higher standard than ordinary), family blood, etc.; but he said: "Divide those two degrees as you please, only remember that all these minor proportions must be expressed by fractions, for there is not any one of them that is entitled to the dignity of an integer."

It has been said that girls are very good at making nets, but that it would be better still if they would learn to make cages. Men are often as easily caught as birds, but as difficult to keep. If the wife can not make her home bright and

happy, so that it shall be the cleanest, sweetest, cheerfulest, place that her husband can find refuge in—a retreat from the toils and troubles of the outer world—then God help the poor man, for he is virtually homeless!

No wise person will marry for beauty mainly. It may exercise a powerful attraction in the first place, but it is found to be of comparatively little consequence afterwards. Not that beauty of person is to be underestimated, for, other things being equal, handsomeness of form and beauty of features are the outward manifestations of health. But to marry a handsome figure without character, fine features unadorned by sentiment or good-nature, is the most deplorable of mistakes. As even the finest landscape, seen daily, becomes monotonous, so does the most beautiful face, unless a beautiful nature shines through it. The beauty of to-day becomes commonplace to-morrow; whereas goodness, displayed through the most ordinary features, is perennially lovely. Moreover, this kind of beauty improves with age, and time ripens rather than destroys it. After the first year, married people rarely think of each other's features, and whether they be classically beautiful or otherwise. But they never fail to be cognizant of each other's temper. "When I see a man," says Addison, "with a sour, rivelled face, I can not forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open, ingenuous countenance, I think of the happiness of his friends, his family, and his relations."

We have given the views of the poet Burns as to the qualities necessary in a good wife. Let us add the advice given by Lord Burleigh to his son, embodying the experience of a wise statesman and practised man of the world. "When it shall please God," said he, "to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in

choosing thy wife; for from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of thy life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. . . . Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth,* Let her not be poor, how generous (well born) soever; for a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies, while the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will yirke (irk) thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it to thy great grief that there is nothing more fulsome (disgusting) than a she-fool."

A man's moral character is, necessarily, powerfully influenced by his wife. A lower nature will drag him down, as a higher will lift him up. The former will deaden his sympathies, dissipate his energies, and distort his life; while the latter, by satisfying his affections, will strengthen his moral nature, and, by giving him repose, tend to energize his intellect. Not only so, but a woman of high principles will insensibly elevate the aims and purposes of her husband, as one of low principles will unconsciously degrade them. De Tocqueville was profoundly impressed by this truth. He entertained the opinion that man could have no such mainstay in life as the companionship of a wife of good temper and high principle. He says that, in the course of his life, he had seen even weak men display real public vir-

* Fuller, the Church historian, with his usual homely mother-wit, speaking of the choice of a wife, said briefly, "Take the daughter of a good mother."

tue, because they had by their side a woman of noble character, who sustained them in their career, and exercised a fortifying influence on their views of public duty; while on the contrary, he had still oftener seen men of great and generous instincts transformed into vulgar self-seekers, by contact with women of narrow natures, devoted to an imbecile love of pleasure, and from whose minds the grand motive of Duty was altogether absent.

De Tocqueville himself had the good fortune to be blessed with an admirable wife;* and in his letters to his intimate friends he spoke most gratefully of the comfort and support he derived from her sustaining courage, her equanimity of temper, and her nobility of character. The more, indeed, that De Tocqueville saw of the world and of practical life, the more convinced he became of the necessity of healthy domestic conditions for a man's growth in virtue and goodness.† Especially did he regard marriage as of inestimable importance in regard to a man's true happiness; and he was accustomed to speak of his own as the wisest action of his life. "Many external circumstances of happiness," he said, "have been granted to me. But more than all, I have to thank Heaven for having bestowed on me true domestic happiness, the first of human blessings. As I grow older, the portion of my life which in my youth I used to look down upon every day becomes more important in my eyes, and would now easily console me for the loss of all the

* She was an Englishwoman—a Miss Motley. It may be mentioned that among other distinguished Frenchmen who have married English wives were Sismondi, Alfred de Vigny, and Lamartine.

† Plus je roule dans ce monde, et plus je suis amené à penser qu'il n'y a que le bonheur domestique qui signifie quelque chose."—*Œuvres et Correspondence.*

rest." And again, writing to his bosom-friend, De Kergorlay, he said: "Of all the blessings which God has given to me, the greatest of all, in my eyes, is to have lighted on Marie. You cannot imagine what she is in great trials. Usually so gentle, she then becomes strong and energetic. She watches me without my knowing it; she softens, calms, and strengthens me in difficulties which disturb *me* but leave her serene."* In another letter he says: "I can not describe to you the happiness yielded in the long run by the habitual society of a woman in whose soul all that is good in your own is reflected naturally, and even improved. When I say or do a thing which seems to me to be perfectly right, I read immediately in Marie's countenance an expression of proud satisfaction which elevates me. And so, when my conscience reproaches me, her face instantly clouds over. Although I have great power over her mind, I see with pleasure that she awes me; and so long as I love her as I do now, I am sure that I shall never allow myself to be drawn into any thing that is wrong."

In the retired life which De Tocqueville led as a literary man—political life being closed against him by the inflexible independence of his character—his health failed, and he became ill, irritable, and querulous. While proceeding with his last work, "L'Ancien Regime et la Revolution," he wrote: "After sitting at my desk for five or six hours, I can write no longer; the machine refuses to act. I am in great want of rest, and of a long rest. If you add all the perplexities that besiege an author towards the end of his work, you will be able to imagine a very wretched life. I could not go on with my task, if it were not for the refreshing calm of

* De Tocqueville's "Memoir and Remains," vol. i., p. 408.

Marie's companionship. It would be impossible to find a disposition forming a happier contrast to my own. In my perpetual irritability of body and mind, she is a providential resource that never fails me."*

M. Guizot was in like manner sustained and encouraged, amidst his many vicissitudes and disappointments, by his noble wife. If he was treated with harshness by his political enemies, his consolation was in the tender affection which filled his home with sunshine. Though his public life was bracing and stimulating, he felt, nevertheless, that it was cold and calculating, and neither filled the soul nor elevated the character. "Man longs for a happiness," he says, in his "Memories," "more complete and more tender than that which all the labors and triumphs of active exertion and public importance can bestow. What I know today, at the end of my race, I have felt when it began, and during its continuance. Even in the midst of great undertakings, domestic affections form the basis of life; and the most brilliant career has only superficial and incomplete enjoyments, if a stranger to the happy ties of family and friendship."

The circumstances connected with M. Guizot's courtship and marriage are curious and interesting. While a young man living by his pen in Paris, writing books, reviews, and translations, he formed a casual acquaintance with Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, a lady of great ability, then editor of the *Publiciste*. A severe domestic calamity having befallen her, she fell ill, and was unable for a time to carry on the heavy literary work connected with her journal. At this juncture, a letter without any signature reached her one

* De Tocqueville's "Memoir and Remains," vol. ii., p. 48.

day, offering a supply of articles, which the writer hoped would be worthy the reputation of the *Publiciste*. The articles duly arrived, were accepted, and published. They dealt with a great variety of subjects—art, literature, theatricals, and general criticism. When the editor at length recovered from her illness, the writer of the articles disclosed himself—it was M. Guizot. An intimacy sprang up between them, which ripened into mutual affection, and before long Mademoiselle de Meulan became his wife.

From that time forward she shared in all her husband's joys and sorrows, as well as in many of his labors. Before they became united, he asked her if she thought she should ever become dismayed at the vicissitudes of his destiny, which he then saw looming before him. She replied that he might assure himself that she would always passionately enjoy his triumphs, but never heave a sigh over his defeats. When M. Guizot became first minister of Louis Philippe, she wrote to a friend: "I now see my husband much less than I desire, but still I see him. . . . If God spares us to each other, I shall always be, in the midst of every trial and apprehension, the happiest of beings." Little more than six months after these words were written, the devoted wife was laid in her grave; and her sorrowing husband was left thenceforth to tread the journey of life alone.

Burke was especially happy in his union with Miss Nugent, a beautiful, affectionate, and high-minded woman. The agitation and anxiety of his public life was more than compensated by his domestic happiness, which seems to have been complete. It was a saying of Burke, thoroughly illustrative of his character, that "to love the little platoon we belong to in society is the germ of all public affections."

His description of his wife in her youth is probably one of the finest word-portraits in the language:

"She is handsome; but it is a beauty not arising from features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility, which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just raises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did no more than raise your attention at first.

"Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.

"Her stature is not tall; she is not made to be the admiration of every body, but the happiness of one.

"She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy; she has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

"Her voice is a soft, low music—not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has this advantage—you *must come close to her to hear it*.

"To describe her body describes her mind—one is the transcript of the other; her understanding is not shown in the variety of matters it exerts itself on, but in the goodness of the choice she makes.

"She does not display it so much in saying or doing striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do.

"No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by the knowledge of it."

"Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than from any rules on that subject, and therefore