horses. "Who on earth can this be?" returned the squire, the sound of carriage wheels causing the final question.

It was instantly answered by the arrival of Miss Saucy, driven by her mistresses. They pulled up right in face of Silverking and his burden. Ben speedily jumped out.

"Mrs. Richards tells me you have had some sort of a spill," said Miss Dulcey. "What's the matter? Weatherby is about to faint. Help him off, Ben. Why, you've turned good Samaritan, Hewson. But I know you don't like your right hand to know what your left does, so I'll take him home, and nobody will be the wiser."

"I'm — all — right," muttered Weatherby.

"You don't look so, to judge from your bandage," said Miss Dulcey.
The squire and Ben helped the boy off the horse, and led him to the pony carriage.

"I would have taken him to the Court but he preferred coming home," said the squire to his sister, with a sort of apologetic manner.

Then to Ben—

"Either come or send this evening to let me know how he is."

"Indeed I'm all right now," said Weatherley, and he spoke without hesitation.
The squire shook hands with his sister, and then took Weatherley's hand and grasped it firmly. Without another word, he turned, and remounted the horse which Ben was holding. He reined Silverking in for a moment to watch Miss Dulcey drive off, and to see that his grandson kept his seat, then muttering, "He's a fine fellow," rode homewards, followed by his hound.

(To be continued.)

OUR GIRLS WEDDED.

BY J. ROGERS REES, Author of "The Pleasures of a Bookworm," etc.

I.

And I turn my lips to meet Those kisses faint and sweet;
For I know from hers they've brought
The message, rapture fraught,
"I am coming, love, with summer home to thee!"

So much for the past and himself: his faith in the future for his daughter also leads him into song—

"O, but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly;
When bend the rose her heart saw come."

But we must not suffer all the songs and wise words about marriage to linger with the old gentleman by the fireside. Some come and visit us in our quiet study on the Wiltshire downs; and we would fain have them writ large for the readers of THE GIRLS OWN PAPER. The wheel of association has made a turn, and little thoughts peep out with gentle glamour and cling round the pondering attitude of our old friend who has given his daughter to another. And let us quietly leave him.

II.

However elevating a lover's affection may prove, it is the quiet, undoubled love of childhood that inspires to manifest endeavour and highest achievements on the one side, and to womanliest serenity and sweetest trust on the other. The true wife is she who, having as a girl fulfilled the youth's ideal, further ministers to his ideal under the fair conditions of witchhood. "Her price is far above rubies." The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her: she shall fill up and not evil all the days of her life. Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth down among the elders of the land. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness."

It is perhaps well to consider for a moment how far this ideal use of a wife's tongue is set forth in the Proverbs of Solomon, transcends the misuse of the same instrument according to the accepted proverbs of the multitude. English folk say: "A woman's tongue waggs like a lamb's tail"; the Welsh: "A woman's strength is in her tongue," and "Arthur could not tame a woman's tongue"; the Italians: "Three women and a three-goose make a gnat"; the Danes: "All women are good Lutherans—they would rather preach than hear mass?;" and the Chinese: "A woman's tongue is her sword, and she does not let it rust." In America it is current that

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**Faithful 564**

**THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.**

**FATHER finds undoubted incitement to reflection and reverie as he sits with his wife by the fireside on an evening immediately subsequent to their only daughter's wedding.** He dreamily reviews his own happiness, past and present, and casts many fond wishes after his daughter. He remembers, perchance, the time when his own loved wife—now sitting as a queen beside him—was called away from their home for a season, at the bidding of duty or in search of health, and how, on news of her immediate return, his heart jumped out to meet her, and his glance found his forgotten music in the lines of Sir Noel Paton (I will not call them sweet and tender and true, for when they get hold of a man they are more than all this):—

"With the sunshine and the swallows and the flowers,
She is coming, my beloved, o'er the sun;
And I sit alone and count the weary hours
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me."

* * * * *

No more the shivering North complains,
But blithe birds twitter in the crimson hawns.
No more the fairy frost flow's fret the panes,
But snowdrops gleam by garden-path Ben's and bawn.
And at times a white cloud wingeth
From the South-hand up, and bringeth
A warm wind, colour laden,
From the low'rs of that fair Eden,
Where she lingers by the blue Tyrrhenian sea;—

* Tennyson's "The Lord of Bermuda."*
ears, well employed; and thus he can direct his mind to lofty objects, and if fortune favours he may act in the State the same character which he would possess his character in private home."

Mrs. Mayo, in a recent number of the Sun, refers to the prevalence of a false conception of widowhood and motherhood, and hesitates not to blame society for it. "A social state," she says, "is its most solemn condition the more its women are absorbed in its homes, in the stenches and happy duties of motherhood and in the toil; and he who claims that if it fails to maintain that condition the lion's share of the blame rests at the door of those women who have already wives and mothers, are really the governing class of their own sex.

It must have been a very suspicious imitation of God's handiwork in womanhood that caused one of Fielding's characters to confess that Aristotle himself, to refer to the sea as animals of domestic use, "of somewhat higher consideration" than cats, since their offices were of "rather more importance" only.

To you.

III.

If the seriousness of the matter could only thrust into the background out of sight, the picture of the married life of authors and artists might almost be considered a subject for jest. But this unhappiness is by no means universal in the crafts. In one of Turner's letters to his wife he thus writes: "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truism in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail." Aaldrich dedicates his little book of selected "Lyrics and Sonnets" to his wife in these lines:

"Take them and keep them, Silver thorn and flower, Phœnix just at random In the rosy weather; Snowdrops and pansies, Sprigs of wayfaring beaver, And five-leaved wild rose Dead within an hour."

"Take them and keep them: Who can tell? some day, dear (Though they lie dead over head), Flower and thorn and blossom), Held for an instant Up against thy bosom, Though the light may be December, Seem to thee like May, dear?

Mr. Henley also inscribes his "Book of Verses" to his wife:

"Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs, For old or new, All that is good in them belongs Only to you."

One scarcely likes even to believe that there are in the world at present wives of the kind which used to curse the lives of some of our artists. It appears that Albert Dürer's wife was a shrew, and compelled her husband to drench at the profession during every possible hour, merely to gratify her own sordid passion. Berghem's "helpmeet," whenever she thought her husband weary at his work, and taking a little of the rest of his cloths, would rise him up by thumping a stick against the ceiling, to which the obedient artist had to ascend, and beat his foot to indicate that he was not napping.

I wonder how many of our readers have heard of the wife who used to punish her husband with a long tongue, whilst the husband retaliated with the leather strap, each quoting in turn the old lines: "Castigo te non quod odium habemus, sed quod amam." (I chastise thee not out of hatred, but out of love.) For ourselves, we must confess that such evidences of unbounded affection are beyond even our lively imagination.

Dr. Watts, in his poem "Few Happy Matches," favour the ingenious theory that souls come forth in pairs, male and female, and accounts for the fact of there being so many unhappy marriages by the fact that souls often lose their partners on the way to this lower world. Happy marriages seem to depend on the safe arrival of these twin souls, and their subsequent finding each other out in earth life. "To quite an idea for a novelist to elaborate, whatever else might be said of it."

I should very much like to know what kind of a man Shakespeare was to have written the proverb: "Marriages are made in heaven." Was his utterance a thanksgiving for a suitable helpmate, or was it rather a philosophical commentary on the union of the sexes? "Deeds dans le ciel.

The immense popularity enjoyed by this assertion must certainly be due to the fact that it furnishes a good broad apologetic for unholy matrimony. What need, forsooth, have youths and maidens to think carefully about such a step, or to ponder over their mutual fitness or unfitness for each other, when they have at hand a ready-made excuse for anything that might subsequently occur? If the union turns out to be an unhappy one, the blame is all laid at the gate of this "Heavens," "If marriagc:s be made in heaven, some had few friends there."

IV.

In order that a marriage should prove happy a certain element of compatibility must needs exist between husband and wife. Chaucer said of his carpenter—

"He knew not Cato, for his wit was rude, That was no argument with his good nature."

"Met" the whole year and meet after their estate.

In the old-world story of "Gulbrand of the Mountain-side," we have a charmingly simple picture of domestic harmony: "He and his wife lived in such agreement together, and were so happy together whatever the husband did seemed to the wife so well done that it could not be done better; let him therefore act as he might she was equally well pleased.

"Husband and wife," writes quaint William Secker, "should be like two candles burning together, which make the house more light, sound, or like two fragrant flowers bound up in one nosegay, that augment its sweetness; or like two well-tuned instruments, which, sounding together, make the more melodious music.

These utterances seem but to form a running commentary on the good old exhortation: "Be ye not unequally yoked together.

All the more so by your marriage, and it is a blessed thing between husband and wife when mutual love causes these to appear as only tribes. Why should we always multiply the number of the sacred mountains in the moon's? In every household bearing and forbearance will do much to gild our daily life. No little fault should we be permitted to disturb the great love sitting enthroned in the heart. "Who would trample upon a jewe, because it is fallen in the dirt? or throw away a heap of wheat on account of a little chaff? or does not the same cause it retain some dross?" Roses must needs have prickers; but the wise finger whilst plucking the blossoms moves considerately beneath the thorns.

Anyone who doubts the willingness of wedded affection to relinquish grasp of everything so long as love remains, should read the story of the little fatherless "Wife," in Washington Irving's "Sketchbook," with its preliminary lines from Middleton:

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious As the concealment of a woman's love."

"Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air Of blessings, when I come but near the house."

What delicious breath marriage sends forth?

The loving-kindness of God is ever present in the world, manifesting itself in various ways. To the husband and wife, who, like Daniel and Joan, can look back over happy years of wedlock, there is not much difficulty in seeing where this Divine loving-kindness has been evident with them. They are such a father and mother that the most cynical of the clerks is likely to even think of marriage as an abstract lottery. It has been a God-given blessing, and they are thankful with a thankfulness too deep for the expression to find utterance. An artist in words may, however, set the experience down for others to dwell on, using, perhaps, the imagery of Jean Paul Richter, who thus picturesquely wrote of a similar case:—"The goddess of love and the angel of peace conducted our married pair on tracts running over full meadows, through the golden cornfields, over sunlit cockspurs, through the summer; and autumn, as they advanced towards winter, spread her marbled leaves under their feet. And thus they arrived before the low dark gate of winter, full of life, full of love, trustful, and contented."

"There be some souls For which love is enough, content to hear From youth to age, from cheeksn locks to grey.

The bond of common, uneventful life And penury.

And yet, what life really is "common" and "uneventful" when smiled upon by the constancy of daily love? Years of faithful devotion light up the most ordinary existence with a glory which might else can scarcely be named. "Love, the charioteer, is easily tripped; while honest jog-trot love keeps his legs to the end."

There are some people who "don't want to be married." Very well, let them be! Carlyle, in his supremest manner, writes his professor down in "Sartor Resartus" as a man who would never wed: "To the professor women are henceforth pieces of art, of celestial art, indeed; which celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of in the study. So much for the unmarried man; now for the woman. "Many a woman," says Mrs. Mayo, "who might be happily married if she would be content with one or two new frocks, and two or three true friends and an easily managed little house, is left in spinnerhood because her expectations are so high."

"The stars shine, the hills and mountains, the skies; but the stars shine for the birds; the hills and mountains, for the beasts; the skies, for the fishes; but the birds, the beasts, the fishes, for the caress of the community. Woman is the salvation or destruction of the family. She carries its destinies in the folds of her mantle. **

* Amiel's "I---t-*