

MARRIAGE.

**Its Meaning and its Sanction—
True Husband's and True
Wife's Parts.**

**Special Marks of True Love—A Matter
of Importance to the Human Family.**

In St. Paul's Church, Halifax, on Sunday last, the rector, Rev. W. J. Armitage, preached to a very large congregation on the subject of marriage, taking for his text Genesis ii, 24: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife and they shall be one flesh." It is a matter of supreme importance to the human family the world over that the views of marriage should be widely known and held, and should indeed prevail. Marriage, as true, is a civil contract, subject to the jurisdiction of the state and to the law of the land. In all civilized countries the mutual assent of the parties interested is made a part of the ceremony. Indeed, it may be said that the essence of marriage lies in the contract agreed to and publicly made before proper authorities and witnesses. Shakespeare, who so carefully weighed his words in his Twelfth Night puts upon the lips of the priest to whom Olivia appeals a description of marriage:

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of the hands
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your
oaths.

And all the ceremony of this compact,
Sealed in my function by my testimony."

When Edwin Arnold recently took to himself a Japanese bride we are informed that the original ceremony simply consisted of drinking a cup of tea together. The custom was perhaps the sign or seal of the contract. But for conscientious reasons, or in deference to public opinion, or to satisfy the law's demands, Sir Edwin and his bride were afterwards married according to the laws of England and the rites of the church. But marriage is far more than a mere civil institution, which may be subject to the changing opinions and customs of men. For marriage is a divine institution, and as such dates back to the birth of our race. As our Prayer Book so beautifully says, "It is an honorable estate instituted of God in the time of man's innocency." This text is the great charter of marriage. It is nothing less than an inspired declaration of the law of marriage. Marriage cannot rightly be divorced from its religious meaning and significance. Human laws are needed to regulate it, but for the principles upon which it is established, we must go to the Word of God. There we find it described as a

**BOND OF HOLY LOVE, A UNION OF DEVOTED
HEARTS.**

Its object is stated to be to promote human happiness, to furnish the blessings of home life, to spread the human race. And its great design is to be as the very nursery of heaven.

Marriage has God for its author. It came from him at the first, and we recognize His guiding hand when we repeat the old saying, "Marriages are made in heaven." There is profound truth in Shakespeare's words, "God is the best maker of marriages." The first marriage furnishes us with the pattern of all others. It is the true model; God was its author. He was present at the service, and as Father He gave the bride. His blessing was upon the wedded pair, and it was a marriage of one man to one woman.

The union of our first parents was one of heart and life. "They shall be one flesh," said God, which literally translated means "into one flesh." That is to say, a vital union, not simply a conjunction of bodies or a community of interests or mutual affection. It is a sacred relationship of mutual sympathy, honor and responsibility. Its binding link is love, which is the cement which joins loyal hearts the one to the other. Happy indeed are those who see the love light in each other's eyes, and rest secure in love reciprocated—when true hearts beat as one.

It is related by Xenophon that when Cyrus had taken captive a young prince of Armenia, with his charming wife, to whom he was most deeply attached, they were brought before the tribunal of Cyrus to receive their sentence. Cyrus asked the prince what he would give to be reinstated in his kingdom to which the prince replied that he valued his crown and his liberty at a very low rate, but if his noble conqueror would restore his beloved wife to her former dignity and possessions, that he would willingly pay his life for the purchase. The prisoners were dismissed to enjoy their freedom and their former honors, loud in the praises of their magnanimous conqueror. "And you," said the prince

addressing his wife, "what think you of Cyrus?" "I did not observe him," she replied. "Not observe him!" exclaimed her husband; "upon whom, then, was your attention fixed?" "Upon that good and generous man," she replied, "who declared his readiness to purchase my liberty at the expense of his life." Her thoughts centred in her husband; she had eyes for him alone.

"The meaning of the word husband well defines his position and duties. It is from the Anglo Saxon, and means the master of his house. The husband should be the house band, the strength and hand of the family. As the band holds the sheaf of wheat, so he is to hold the members of the family together. There are some men

**WHO ARE A VERITABLE TOWER OF
STRENGTH,**

upon whom others naturally lean; but there are others who are worse than a broken reed. And indeed there are many cases where the head of the house, through drunkenness and general shiftlessness, so fails in duty that the wife is the true husband. She keeps all together by reason of her industry and thrift. The husband's duty may be given in one word—love. He has chosen his wife and promised her a love which should be constant as the northern star, unselfish in its character, sympathetic in its expression, and, above all, undivided in its nature.

The love of Christ is its pattern in its nature and in its measure—"even as Christ also loved the Church." This love human language fails to describe. But its special marks are unselfishness, intensity and terror. Such love is so lofty and beautiful that man never errs by excess in its imitation but by defect. It is related of Rowland Hill that when a friend said, "I am afraid our dear minister loved his wife too well and the Lord has removed her?" "What Sir!" said Rowland Hill, "can a man love a good wife too much? Impossible, sir, unless he can love her better than Christ loves the church."

The wife is the queen of the home, and yet the word has a lowly English origin, for the wife means the weaver. Before the age of factories one great duty of women was the manufacture of clothing. Every house had its loom which was a most necessary article. The wool was spun by the daughters who were called spinsters, and woven by the mother, who was called wife. This old idea is illustrated by a word in common use—the heirloom. Although originally perhaps loom meant any tool or implement, yet it shows how important the loom was in a family, as it was handed down from parents to their children. The leading principle that governs the wife's part in marriage is submission. So the inspired apostle declares: "Wives, be in subjection to your husbands, as is fitting the Lord."

There may be some who may smile at this statement, while others may resent it as a worn-out theory. But St. Paul lifts the whole question to the very highest level. A heavenly pattern is given for an earthly life. It is as "Christ loved the church, as the church is subject to Christ." Love is thus the principle of the headship and love is the very soul of submission. And a woman is never happier than when she submits to a wise husband's loving guidance, not because she has found a master, but because her heart has found its rest. Let husbands use

**THE BOND OF TRUE LOVE AND LASTING
AFFECTION,**

and they will ever win the loving submission of hearts that delight to serve. So it was in English history, you remember when Mary, wife of William Prince of Orange, was asked what her husband should be if she became queen, she called in her husband and she promised him he should always bear rule, and she asked only that he would obey the command of "Husbands, love your wives," as she should do that "Wives be obedient to your husbands in all things."

It will be well perhaps, in concluding, to give a few counsels on marriage. The first is: Do not marry with a divided heart; give the one of your choice, of your acceptance, your whole heart. The second is: make a careful choice of your partner for life. Let this be done in a prayerful spirit, not lightly; nor rashly. There is a lifetime to be spent in the closest of earthly relationship. Guard carefully against incompatibility of temper, or want of sympathy with your ideals in life, or interests in the things that lie nearest your heart. Value the qualities which go to build up character, and look for a nature which will be congenial in disposition and tastes. An old author sagely says: "A good wife should be like three things, which three things she should not be like. First, she should be like a snail, to keep within her own house; but she should not be like a snail to carry all she has upon her back. Second, she should be like an echo, to speak when spoken to; but she should not be like an echo always to have the last word. Third, she should be like a town clock, always to keep time and regularity; but she should not be like the town clock to speak so loud that all the town may hear her."

The third counsel is: Remember the place religion plays in life, and let religion influence your marriage and your married life. Marriage is perhaps the most important step in life, and when entered upon and lived in the right spirit leads to the greatest happiness.

The official journal of the Vatican recently declared that the Pope would seize every occasion to reunite all Frenchmen on a constitutional basis to the interests of religion and society, the declaration having been brought out by a report that His Holiness intended to participate in the elections in France. In pursuance of this intention, the Pope has despatched two special agents to convey instructions to the French electors enjoining them to frankly accept the Republic and to oppose monarchical aspirations in the approaching elections.

A MAD KING'S FREAKS

**SOME OF THE WAYS LUDWIG HAD
OF AMUSING HIMSELF.**

**Expensive Opera at Baireuth—Brilliant
Turnouts Used at Night in the Forests.
Driving Horses Crazy That He Might Be
Amused.**

If Ludwig II, the young king of Bavaria, was mad, it was from excess of majesty. The monarch of one of the smallest kingdoms of the world, his opinion of himself was magnificent beyond all dreams of grandeur. Ordinary people were not sufficiently exalted to be his companions. Ordinary occupations afforded him no gratification. All the chateaux and palaces which he inherited when he came to the throne were squalid for one so great. Architecture and building were his ruling hobbies, and he was thus able to gratify the one delusion by building magnificent edifices, the second by occupying his time in the most extraordinary fashions and the third by shunning society and escaping the inspection of ordinary eyes, either in his gorgeous retreats or by retiring to one of the more humble dwellings he erected on various mountain summits, where a few attendants awaited his unexpected visits. Ludwig's mania for solitude took the most unexpected twists. He enjoyed this own company best on those occasions when people whose minds are less phenomenally balanced consider companionship most essential. It was his fancy to have dramatic and musical performances for himself alone. Unfortunate theatrical managers and indignant musical directors, not daring to resist the royal whim, were driven to waste their talent by providing entertainments. The theater was darkened, the orchestra, the chorus and the full dramatic company were grudgingly provided, one and all detesting the work of putting forth their best efforts for the amusement of an empty house, save for the solitary figure sitting silent and motionless in the shadow of the royal box. Music Ludwig loved, and many of his wildest extravagances and maddest acts of prodigality were due to the influence of Wagner, his one friend and adviser. It was Wagner who prompted his most transcendent folly, the erection of a huge theater at Baireuth for that composer's glorification. One performance alone entailed an expenditure of \$20,000, of which \$15,000 was paid by the king, the rest being barely covered by the sale of tickets.

Reared from his childhood amid the most enchanting scenery, Ludwig dearly loved the lonely mountains and the silent forests in which his possessions were so rich. Delighting to turn night into day, he would order his horses about dark, and the jingle of his sleigh bells and the big crack of the postillions' whips would bring the peasantry to their bedroom casements to see a brilliant equipage flash by, a phantom that vanished in a whirl of snow dust, a dream of red and gold and blue and silver, and above the head of the silent occupant two crowns glowing with electric light. It was only the simple inhabitants of the Bavarian Alps who ever caught a glimpse of these fairylike vehicles. The front of one was formed by a gigantic shell borne by Tritons, with little Cupids seated on its edge, whose tiny arms carried back wreaths to the royal occupant. The ornamentation of another was so profuse that but three small spaces were left on the panels, and these were occupied by delicate mythological scenes painted by the hand of a famous Munich artist. The king's sleighs were never drawn by fewer than four horses. He appears to have been fond of these animals, which he called his "dumb courtiers." But, like everything else about him, they were compelled to suffer in order to gratify their master's fancies.

During the winter of 1874 instructions were sent to the royal stables that the 30 best horses they contained were for several days to be fed on nothing but oats. The grooms imagined they were to be entered for a race. Though a blinding snowstorm was raging, Ludwig commanded some workmen to at once set about erecting a wooden tower in the forest adjoining his palace, and around this tower a gallery was to run. Finally when his plans were matured he stationed an orchestra of wind instruments near this erection, taking up his own position on the balcony. In the cornfields near he had scattered here and there drums, kettles and some soldiers with rifles loaded with powder, and an order was given that each man should remain hidden and silent. At a given sig-

nal the horses were led quietly to the tower. Then the king gave a sign which was understood by the leader of the orchestra, by the drums, kettles, trumpets and soldiers. In an instant the most infernal hubbub broke forth. Each drummer vied with the other to beat louder, the trumpeters nearly burst their cheeks, there were powder explosions, shrill whistles and most diabolical howls. The terrified horses broke their fastenings. Mad with terror, they reared, wheeled, zigzagged; plunging and kicking, they galloped here and there; with blood red nostrils and floating manes they bolted in all directions to the jeopardy of the orchestra and the terror of the drums and kettles in the fields. One by one they disappeared over the horizon, white with foam, still snorting and rolling their eyes. It was days before some of them were found. Many were picked up enfeebled, still wild and terrified. Some had reached the mountains; others had penetrated the woods or become engulfed in the marshes. His majesty, however, was well amused.

THE PLURAL.

Boarding School Teacher—And now, Edith, tell me the plural of baby.
Edith (promptly)—Twins.—Pick Me Up.

Large bands of well-armed, disciplined rebels are scouring Madagascar, and cutting off isolated French detachments.

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The tricks Ludwig played on his horses he also inflicted on his servants. Every one about him was in danger of life and limb. He injured at least 80 persons, and one he killed. It is not to be forgotten, however, that he was mad and ought long before this to have been under medical charge. For some offenses his attendants were confined in the dungeons of his castles; for others they were banished to America. One miserable lackey was charged with looking too curiously at his eccentric master. For this he was compelled to wear a black mask over his face for a whole year. Another was simply stupid. He had a seal set on his forehead. The king himself paid reverent homage to a certain tree, and there was a hedge upon which he bestowed his benediction as he drove by.—Pearson's Magazine.

She Found Out.

A Boston lady stood on the deck of the little bump nosed Ocklawaha steamer in Florida, notebook and lognette in hand, asking ponderous questions of a darky roustabout.

"Is the alligator amphibious?" was one of her questions.

The darky scratched his head. He was a bit puzzled, as there had been more corn pone than dictionary in his bringing up, but his quick wit and natural logic did not desert him as he replied:

"I reckon he am, miss'. He done bite yo' shuah ef yo' wounkey wid him.'"—New Orleans Picayune.

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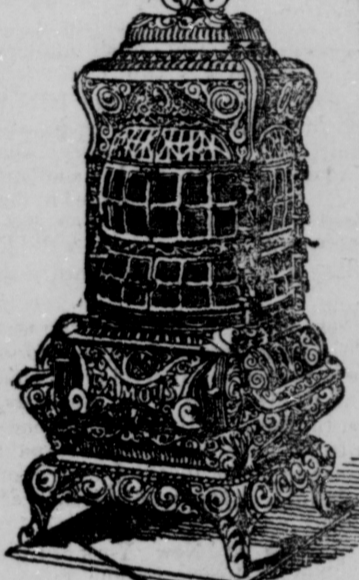
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