

## A Tribute to the Goddess Hygeia.

BY MRS. D. HARRY PRIME.

WE have seen thee in thy beauty,  
Great Queen of wondrous power!  
While a high and holy duty  
Seem'd to crown each waiting hour.

On thy brow, in regal luster,  
Gems were flashing varied light,  
And we know God gave the cluster  
As a need for works of right.

Over hill and over mountain,  
On the plain, in shaded glen,  
At the streamlet, at the fountain,  
Toiling o'er for hapless men.

Bidding now the tiny flower  
Lend its fragrance to the breeze,  
Or its death, in mystic power,  
Yield to give the sufferer ease.

Now with zephyrs cool, coquetting,  
Bids them quit their mountain home,  
Seek the sick room, ne'er forgetting  
Oft they hush the fever'd moan.

Sol's pure light now gaily wooing,  
Crystals dips from laughing rill,  
Bringing all in gentle soothing,  
Drives away desponding ill.

Speed thee on thy mission holy!  
Beauty springs beneath thy wand;  
Rich and poor, the great, the lowly,  
Feel alike thy helping hand.

All the joys fair Earth can render  
Would be naught without thy pow'r;  
By thy royal seal they tender  
Sweet Contentment's priceless dow'r.

Spirit just, of fame and story,  
Welcome! welcome ye to Earth!  
Spring now opes with witching'glory;  
Help to give her joys a birth.

Scatter shells along life's river,  
Golden shells on silver tide;  
And, in praising e'er the Giver,  
Wait in peace our "even-tide."

## Building the House.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

IN New England, the descendants of the old Pilgrim stock literally followed the suggestion given by Jesus, that "the wise man buildeth his house upon a rock," impervious to wind and rain; and accordingly their old homesteads were found perched upon barren rocks, upon hill sides, where the bleak wintry winds played their melancholy carnival around the huge chimneys. This is a great mistake, for the location of a house should present as few mournful aspects as possible.

Women, even the dullest of them, are sensitive to external impressions, and their feelings tend to what is bright and cheerful, or the reverse, in proportion as their surroundings present the cheery and beautiful, or the stern and forbidding. I shall not plan a palace for my married pair; for, in our country, only the very vulgar aim at the distinctions of wealth, and I trust my wise and handsome pair are superior to the vanity of fine furniture and expensive attendance.

Let the house, if possible, be out of the city, even if you are obliged to make some little sacrifice to have it so; for, in the long run, you will find the accounts tell well in your favor on the score of health, geniality, and expense. No rightly constituted mind can be content without trees, and flowers, and birds, and babbling brooks. One of the finest touches of Shakespeare is in the last hours of the selfish and corrupt, but witty Falstaff, who, after a career which has little to redeem it, is, I think, too severely abandoned by the Prince, in his age of poverty and neglect, and at length, Nature, more gentle than human creatures, takes her miserable child by the hand, and a child once more lays his head upon her bosom, where, dying, he "babbling of green fields."

Women and children are always happier for being in the country. I was once greatly pained in talking with a city child, and telling him of the delights of rural objects, when he stopped me midway in my description by asking:

"How do little lambs look? Do they look like little mice? Do they sing like Mamma's canary?"

The ideas engendered by a city life are far less wholesome, and less enlarging, than those suggested by Nature in her grand and beautiful retreats.

A house is not a place for mere shelter: an Indian wigwam, an Irish shanty or Esquimaux hut will suffice for this purpose; into places like

these the uncultured man creeps, and the woman, degraded by servility, crawls, and from thence the infant looks out of the low portal, as the wild animal looks from his den—the house of the wise woman and provident man involves more than a supply of mere animal wants. A house is for the habitation of intelligent, cultivated, hospitable beings. It accords with the sentiment of the beautiful, and involves fitness and use. It is for more than one. It opens its [portal cheerily to the comer, and is suggestive of warmth and comfort. It is to be a home, the dearest place on earth to a pure heart. Children play in the sunshine under great sympathetic trees, which toss their branches in chorus to their mirth; blossoms cluster in the pathway, and vines embrace the lattice; pleasant melodies float outward in concert with the sweet melodies of wood and water, and bird and kine; holy hymns and sanctifying prayers ascend as from an altar, rising with the early dew, and softly mingling with the hush that comes with the close of day.

I have seen many a horseshoe nailed upon the beams of a house, to be a talisman to keep its inmates from harm; and I have seen more than one timid woman sprinkle salt upon the threshold of her new home, to be an omen of good; and I, for one, would sooner believe in and yield to these harmless superstitions, than keep house in the cold, material, ungodly way so prevalent in our country. We Christians are less reverent than the Pagans, who instinctively acknowledged the sanctity of home by the worship of the Lares and Penates, whose only worship consisted in the toss of a few crumbs of bread, or wine, or water, as a token of faith in benign and invisible powers.

A cordial good will, a peace-loving spirit, neighborly offices, and human charities seem to me so essential to a household, that I would even restore the salt to its ancient symbolism, and he who had shared my hospitality, partaken of my bread and meat, should for ever afterward be entitled to my good will; should be sacred from abuse, evil speaking, or malevolent design.

We dedicate our churches—I would dedicate our houses, also, with religious ceremonial—dedicate them to that hospitality that entertains "angels unawares;" to that good faith by which no evil tongue should follow an inmate; to that divine peace by which all wranglings and bickerings should be done away with, and to those deep monitions, which should testify to the sincerity of our belief in the unseen and eternal. Our houses should be as holy as our churches, to say the least.

How shall the house be built?

I am not writing for the rich, the luxurious or the idle, and therefore I shall hint at a house suitable for a man and woman of moderate means, and here let me say, that they will give themselves no anxiety about a parlor whatever. These parlors, with their useless furniture, and marble mantles, and folding doors, are a drain upon the purse and a detriment to the morals of a household. Your true friends, who love and respect you, come to see you and enjoy your society, and never think of your furniture.

I think the kitchen need not be very large, but it must have neat closets and drawers, with an abundance of fresh towelling, and strong, useful articles for cooking; not too many conveniences, which take up time and strength to little purpose. There should be a sliding door, though a pantry, perhaps, by which the food can be handed without noise or delay into the dining room.

The dining room should be large and airy, without *cross lights*, but with light in plenty. Here should be the central spot of the household. Here should concentrate all its geniality, all its cheery talk, all its mirth, its intelligence and hospitality. I think it would be well, for the sake of a certain picturesque state, to raise one side of it slightly after the manner of the ancient dais, and upon this should stand the piano, if you are able to have one; here should be a desk convenient for writing; and here should be books also, and the easy chairs for dignity. This dais might be carpeted, while it is not essential to carpet the rest of the room. If well warmed in winter, such a room will be found most delightful. It will keep the household together, and promote companionship, and the enjoyment of home pursuits and simple pleasures. It will obviate expense, and present each member of a family candidly to the eyes of each other. Its size will give ample opportunity for those little *asides* required for council and even coveted by lovers, for a lounge or sofa here and there will impart to it a cosiness and grace.

It is well to have a long hall run from front to rear, opening into a garden, for our first hint to a married pair is associated with a garden, and hence men and women instinctively yearn for the possession of one, and are never quite happy till they can talk of "our garden," and can trim its vines and trail its flowers.

The chambers or sleeping rooms of "our house," should be the sweetest, freshest, airiest portion of it; not crowded with furniture, and I think devoid, in summer at least, of carpets,

with nice fresh rugs, placed as comfort and convenience may suggest.

It is a very great pity to uselessly waste money, that may be needed for education and beneficence, upon the thousand knickknacks that infest our modern houses. A good picture here and there, a statuette—Roger's groups, for instance—a choice volume, a bit of harmonizing drapery, a vase, freshly gathered flowers, are beautiful and suggestive, and may be added now and then as the pair grow prosperous; but let them do so cautiously, from a sentiment of true taste, not from vanity or ostentation, and by no means at the hazard of incurring a debt.

Young people, who go out from an amply furnished house, are apt to think they must live as handsomely as they did *at home*, and if they can not do this they prefer to board. This is to make a great mistake. Ten to one their own parents commenced life in a very homely if not meager way, and rose step by step to wealth by the practice of the utmost frugality, and by dint of steady, honest labor. It is to be hoped this was the case, for it is the best criterion of good parentage.

Now our young people ought to be willing to begin life in a simple, moderate way, and rise gradually to the status of their progenitors, if desired, though I think the less they encumber themselves with superfluous luxuries the happier they will be. It is fatal to board. It is expensive and cheerless, and is not home. Resolve to build your house if it be ever so small. You can add room to room as occasion requires, and you will find yourself happier, more independent, and more respected as a householder than as a boarder.

I think one of the first rooms which our married pair will add is the "guest room" or "Prophet's chamber." That is, a fine picture of old-time simplicity and hospitality, that story of the Shunamite recorded in Holy Writ. She, the woman, was said to be a great woman; nothing especial is said of the husband, but the picture of the wife is perfect in its sweetness and simplicity. She seems to be an advocate for equality, as every wifely woman is; she does not say "Let me," or "*I will*," etc., but with a cordial bright-eyed tenderness, she says:

"Let us, I pray Thee, make a little chamber on the wall for this man of God; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick."

One can almost see the air, and hear the tone in which the lovely wife engages the interest of the husband, and enumerates the simple catalogue of comforts.

If our pair who are building the house are not rich, they are all the better for feeling the spur of necessity. God has better designs in them than to give them riches. They must have a patient willingness to work; an almost savage desire for independence; an honest horror of being in debt. Husband and wife are of mutual aid; they have the benefit of two minds instead of one; they have the faith of two; the hope of two; and the love of two instead of one, and the rough places of life will be proportionately smoothed.

I think in building, metaphorically, the house, the wise woman must be even wiser in her way than the man. I think the good woman must be better than the good man, and the true wife especially wise and good in the wifely sense. There are many aspects of the outward world in which he is greatly her superior: he was made the master of the material world, she the suggester of the spiritual; therefore, there will be many occasions on which her unworldliness, and her delicate sensibilities will greatly aid and refine his views in life, and each will find it not only wise, but will find it the natural instinct, to say each to each, as did the Shunamite, "Let us, I pray thee," do thus and thus.

**HOSPITALITY.**—One of the great delights of having a home of our own, is to have in it a place for friends and strangers. We do not build a house simply to meet the wants of our own families. We have one or more guest chambers, and the extension table, to which we may welcome our friends. The larger a man's means, the more liberal provision he makes for hospitality. They are greatly to be pitied who can barely supply their own physical wants; who dwell always in narrow quarters; who have no pillow or plate for strangers. The farm house generally has room enough for all, and some that we know of have an indefinite power of expansion, that rivals India rubber. The railroad of our cities is not more accommodating. There is always room for one more, and where the welcome is so hearty, the one more sends his regrets for absence, and comes next time. There are others with houses roomy enough, but blest with friends the year round. No one breathes the fragrance of their roses, or wipes the bloom from the clusters that are supposed to grace their tables. They live to themselves very elegantly and comfortably, it may be, but very narrowly and selfishly. The doorstep is always clean, and the lawn in front always shorn. It is kept for the eyes and not for the feet. No children play there.—*Anon.*