THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The farmer came in from the field one day, His languid step and his weary way, His bended brow, and sinewy hand, All showing his work for the good of the Fic he sows,

And he hoes, And he m. w., All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife, Light of his home and joy of his life, Wit face all aglow and busy hand, Preparing the meal for her husband's band For she must boil, And she must broil, And she must toil,

All for the sake of the home-Sun shines bright when the farmer goes out, Birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about, The brook baobles softly in the glen, While he works bravely for the good of men; And he mows, And he hoes, All for the good of the land.

How brisk'y the wife steps about within-The fires go out, flies buzz about—
For dear ones at home her heart is kept stout There are pies to make, There is bread to bake, And steps to take,

All for the sake of the home.

When the day is o'er and the evening has The creatures are fed and the milking He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree,

From the labor of the land his thoughts are free; Though he sows, And he mows.

He rests from the work of the land. But the faithful wife, from sun to sun, Takes her burden up that's never done; There is no rest, there is no pay, For the household good she must work away For to mend the frock, And to knit the sock, And the cradle to rock,

All for the good of the home. When autumn is here, with chilling blast, The farmer gathers his crop at last, His barns are full, his fields are bare, For the good of the land he ne'er hath care, While it blows,

Till the winter goes, He rests from the work of the land. But the willing wife, till life's closing day, Is the children's, the husband's stay. From day to day she has done her best, Until death alone can give her rest;

For after the test Comes the rest. With the blest, In the tarmer's heavenly home. -Exchange.

A FAMOUS PICTURE.

BY EMMA E. BROWN.

ing ten, one hot August evening and Feronica, were quietly sleep- ing. The flower pays its tribute quietly ignoring him. in the year 1534, when a little ing. boy stopped, panting for breath, house which stood on the road between Parma and Correggio.

voice within.

Antonio Allegri. Please open the prayers. door, dear Brother Thaddeus."

At the first sound of the boy's voice, and the name of Antonio | denly. Allegri, the hermit sprang up and opened the door.

"What brings you here, my child, at this late hour?" he kindboy to his side.

My father is sick, very sick," answered Ludovico, between his to come to him."

him at once," said Thaddeus, tak- some my mother's name, Lieti"— lo vly and unconscious flower. Yet ing his walking stick from the

Thaddeus was as kind and gentle as he was brave and strong. He was always the friend of the poor and needy, and his hermit's cell was hardly ever free from the visits of old men and beggars, who "Il Correggio in limine mortis pinxcame from far and near to find here help, comfort or rest.

The hermit and child walked along for a while without saying a word. At last, full of anxiety for | quietly passed away. his friend, Thaddeus asked Ludovice when his father was taken

" Day before yesterday," said the boy. "He had not a bit of artist they had lost, although that a very different rule of etibread in the cupboard. The bak- while living they had left him to quette governs in America from has done something, otherwise she er would not leave us any unless starve! we paid him the money right down for it, and we had none. that Thaddeus, their kind friend, Even the milkman, who is usual- was not present. It seemed very ly so kind and ready to wait for strange that he should desert them his pay, would not leave any milk in this sad hour. Not many for my two little sisters. The weeks after, a party of cunnchildren cried and my mother ing, designing men, who knew cried, too. 'It just breaks my the destitute condition of the arheart to hear them,' said my fath- tist's wife and children, came to Buckley is; "Do not call; it is vely, "how hard my dear father | way they could obtain the rare does work, and how little the people pay him for his pictures!"

"and some day, my poor boy, the of Correggio was about to be bidworld will acknowledge your fath- den off at three and thirty dreats

Levi from Parma, took one of his best p ctures to pay a debt of only four thalers my father owed

him!" thalers!" exclaimed " Four Thaddeus. "Why the painting was worth four hundred times

four thalers!" "But nobody will trust us now!" sobbed the child; my father's creditors will not wait."

"Why did he not come to me?" said Thaddeus, greatly moved. "He must know bow gladly I would have helped him.

" But my father could not bear to ask help from you who have helped us so often," said the boy. He gave us children the last bit of bread there was in the house, and for two whole days I know he had not eaten a morsel of anything. The next morning he started before it was light for Parma, where a rich nobleman owed him two hundred thalers. The man did not want to pay him, and told him he had no money in the house but those heavy quatrini. My father, however, would not be put off again, and said he would take his pay in quatrini if he could not have it in thalers. It was a very hot day, and the coins were so heavy that my father almost fainted when he reached home. He drank two glasses of cold water, which my mother said was very bad for him when he was so heated. It was only a few minutes after when he had a dreadful chill, and then came a burning fever. This evening, when he seemed to be sleeping, my mother told me to come for you."

By this time Thaddeus and Ludovico had reached the painter's house. As soon as the hermit saw his friend, he knew that he could not live many hours. " Ah! Brother Thaddeus," said

the sick man feebly, "is it you?" "Yes. Antonio-but why did you not let me know sooner of this illness? Did you forget our long friendship?"

"Ah no! But it is the bright things of life, not the sorrowful ones, I would share with my friends.

The painter's wife, Monica, stood weeping by the bedside, and tonio, were on either side. Upon and equally acceptable to the be accepted. He can not, with a straw mat in one corner of the Master. The belfry clock was just strik- room the two little girls, Agnes

Suddenly little Agnes awoke. at the door of a curious little She rubbed her eyes and looked shakes down fruits from its bendaround. What could it all mean? Why was her dear mother cry-"Who is there?" cried a loud ing? What was the matter? Half asleep she folded her little ing in gentle rain. Yet all with "I," answered the boy; "it is hands together, knelt down on the I, Ludovico, the son of the painter, straw mat, and began to say her

"Give me my brushes, my palette!" exclaimed the painter sud-

With dying energy he seized his brush, and painted the little Agnes as she knelt there—her spire, help, cheer, and bless; ansoft brown hair floating over her other, by the living voice, whose ly asked, drawing the weeping shoulders and her levely eyes lift- elequence moves men, and starts

"It is the last angel I shall another, by the ministry of sweet ever paint!" exclaimed the arsobs, "and my mother wants you tist. "What name shall I write peace at Jesus' feet, drinking in in the corner? Some of my pic- his Spirit, and then shining as a "Your dear father sick? That tures have the name of my fath- gentle and silent light, or pouring is sad news indeed! I will go to er's family, Antonio Allegri, and out the fragrance of love like a

piece," said Thaddeus, "take the ing Christ acceptably, hearing at name of your native village, Cor- the close of each day the whisper-

the artist taking his brush again wrote in the corner of his picture. it 17 August, 1534." Then turning his face toward a picture of Christ that hung upon

the wall, he kissed his dear ones, and The whole village of Correggio and all the great men of Parma containing your "Answers to In- acquaintance with. Somebody came to the funeral. They began to realize what a wonderful

Ludovico noticed with surprise and beautiful pictures at a very low price. Just in the midst of "Indeed I do," said Thaddeus; the sale, when the "Last Angel"

thalers (twenty thousand dollars) for this gem of gems, 'The Last Angel of Correggio!

The man who had bidden it off, as he supposed, at thirty-three dollars, was very angry; and every one looked at the knight in blank to conceal the real value of the while we expected her she was ex- word. His example in this resother paintings.

The knight placed the twenty thousand thalers in Monica's hand and then taking off his helmet and masque, he stood before them in explanation was given, and we Sheridan will put in a oath now the well-known garb of good old Brother Thaddens!

This "Last Angel of Correggio" was given by Francis I. to his sister Margaret. It was afterward bought by Louis XV.; but during the revolution of 1789 it suddenly disappeared from the Royal Gallery. How it was lost, or by whom stolen, remains a mys-

DIVERSITY OF SERVICE.

No one follower of Christ should condemn another because the house. I hope this explanation same stamp as his own. Let not who may come to France. Let Martha, busied with her much missionary meetings, or to visit are, and what they desire. the sick and the poor, find fault with Mary in her quiet devotion, peaceful, thoughtful, gentle, lovng, because she does not abound n the same activities. Nor let Mary in her turn judge Martha, and call her piety superficial. Let each of these follow the Master closely, see as much as possible of the infinite loveliness of his do earnestly and well the particcalled to do, but let him not imagthe two boys, Ludovico and An- as doing a part equally important the fact, whatever the cause, must

in tragrant incense as its censer swings in the breeze. The tree ing boughs. The star pours out earth. The clouds give their blessequal faithfulness fulfil their mission. So among Christ's redeemed servants, one serves by incessant toil in the home, caring for a large family; another, by silent example as a sufferer, patient and uncomplaining; another, with the pen, sending forth words that inimpulses to better, grander living; song; another, by sitting in quiet "But let this gem, this master- each and all of these may be served word, "Well-done."-Primitive It was a happy thought, and Christian.

FRENCH ETIQUETTE.

Rev. J. P. Cook writes from Paris: Of all the excellent matter contained in the Christian Advocate, that which I read first and | deeper. She may consider him with most interest is the column | an improper person to keep up an quiries." One of these answers must have defamed him to her. struck me recently as showing He is sure he has done nothing; ricans come over to our continent ence. What can it be?-Phrenit may be well for them to know ological Journal. what French (and I believe German) etiquette requires. In question 903 a young minister inquires whether he should call first on the other ministers in his parish or not. And the answer of Dr. er, when I can do so little to help the house and urged Monica to their duty to make the first call." them.' You know, Brother Thad- sell her husband's paintings at auc- Now French etiquette requires exdeus," broke in the child impulsi- tion. They thought that in this actly the contrary. Residents will never call on a newly-arrived person until he has first visited them. It is considered that politeness to the new comer requires that he should choose with whom he wishes to associate. I remem? (thirty-three dollars), a knight ber that some years ago ignorance "But why do people treat him suddenly entered the room. He of this rule was the cause of some so now?" asked the child; "why drew his sword over the beauti- fretfulness and unpleasant feeling don't they give him what they ful picture, and exclaimed, "In between a distinguished American ought for his beautiful paintings? the name of Francis I., King of lady, Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, and last week that cruel Jew, Isaac France, I offer twenty thousand the best Protestant Parisian soci-

ety. We were all anxious to see Ex-Secretary of War, and editor of the author of "Uncle Tom's Ca- the New York Sun, a bitter enemy bin," and do her honor; and when of Gen. Grant, pays the following we heard she had come to Paris tribute to one trait of his characon a visit, and would spend some ter: days in the capital, we expected she would visit some of us at least, all our acquaintance with him we and we could then visit her. But never heard him utter a profane pecting us, and wondering why pect was as consistent as it was she did not receive a single visit. It was only when the term of her will swear when they are excited. sojourn had nearly ended that an Gen. Scott used to swear. Gen. thus missed the opportunity of and then to give emphasis to his the Christian intercourse so much ideas and Gen. Sherman can make desired on both sides.

On the other hand I well remember that when I had the pleasure of visiting your continent with my wife eighteen years ago, she was very much surprised at receiving on the very day of our arrival in New York a visit from tery to this day .- Congregationalist. your venerable Dr. Durbin, with his excuses that his wife had been unable to accompany him. I had some difficulty in persuading her that by his early visit the Doctor did not mean to insinuate that he did not wish us to go his other's spiritual life is not of the may be of use to your readers them in particular call on me, and serving, running everywhere to not wait until I find where they

WHO SHOULD SPEAK FIRST?

As woman is, and always has been, the gate-keeper of society, the rules of etiquette that she lays down must ever be binding. She makes social laws for her own procharacter, and copy all she can tection, interest and convenience, see into her own life; but let her and since she demands that man not imagine that she has seen or | must obey them rigorously she copied all of Christ, and let her should be careful not to violate look at every other believer's life them herself. She has declared, with reverence, as bearing an- and very justly, that, after a man other little fragment of the same has been introduced to her, the divine likeness. Let every man privilege of continuing or discontiouing the acquaintance, when ular work which he is fitted and | next they meet, shall rest entirely with her. It is her right and her ine that he is doing the only kind of | duty, indeed, to recognize him on work which Christ wants to have any subsequent occasion if she done in this world; rather let him | wishes to. Unless she does relook upon every other faithful cognize him, he is to understand servant who does a different work that she fails to approve him, and any social propriety speak to her. The bird praises God by sing- much less inquire the reason of her

Nothing, one would think be better or more generally known than this rule of etiquette. It has been from time immemorial the its silver beams to gladden the canon, written as well as unwritten, of all good society. Women seem to be perfectly aware of it, it would be very strange if they were not, and yet they are constantly sinning against their own edict.

Who has not heard them express mild surprise because some man who had been presented to them again and again had not bowed to them on the street or in the drawng-room?

If you ask them, "Did you recognize him?" they will be ant to reply, "Oh, no; of course not. He should have spoken first." Being reminded of the well-de-

fined etiquette bearing on the subject, they are likely to add: "I know that very well; but no woman wants to take the in-

itiative. Men should do that; it's their business; it doesn't belong to us. No one expects us to make ourselves so bold. Meanwhile the unoffending member feels mortified that the surprised, often complaining woman or women, have repeatedly

passed him without a sign. What has he been guilty of, he thinks, what breach of decorum or good manners? The cause may lie that in Europe. As many Ame- wouldn't refuse to admit his exist-

PROFANITY. For some sins men have a sort of excuse in the strength of temptation by which they are beset; but for profanity there is no excuse. It is neither lovely nor helpful, nor manly. Of all sins it is the meanest and most senseless, more like the raving of a demon than the utterances of a rational being, made in the image of God, and redeemed by the blood of Christ. Profanity is often indica- And mamma-Oh, dear, when they turned tive of weakness of character, and always of a want of self control. In public men, the habit appears | Cuddled down in the pillow, with no one to very bad. We are glad to be able to point out Ex-President Grant as an exception. Charles A. Dana, - Our Little Ones.

"Gen. Grant never swears. In conspicuous. Most army officers the air lurid with his cursing. Not so with Gen.Grant. We have been with him in some of the most | who sat beside him, "Massa, this trying circumstances of his mili- boy does not believe in resurrectary career, and can testify that | tion.' no cause of anxiety or of anger has ever drawn any sort of an oath from his lips."

JUST FOR TO-DAY.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs I do not pray; Keep me, my God, from stain of sin Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work, And duly pray; Just for to-day. Let me be slow to do my will,

Prompt to obey; Help me to mortify my fles's Just for to-day. Let me no wrong or idle word

Unthinkingly say; Set thou a seal upon my lips Just for to-day. Let me in season, Lord, be grave,

In season gay; Let me be faithful to Thy grace Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs I do not prav; But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord, Just for to day.

MOTHER, ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

The day had been a very tire. some one to Mrs. R.— She had been trying very hard to finish some necessary sewing, and, as it often happens at such times, the little ones seemed unusually fretful and troublesome, and had tried their mother's patience severely. At last bedtime had come, and the mother was looking forward to a few hours of real quiet. Little Gracie. a child of four years, was seated on the floor trying to find her toes, and, after a few moments of thoughtful silence, she looked up into her mamma's face, and asked, "Mam-

ma, are you a Christian?" The question pierced her heart like an arrow. She felt sure her child was thinking of the day, and the many impatient words she bad spoken, and she felt herself so but when they pinch or scratch or self-condemned that she hardly strike in anger, then they are like dared to call herself a child of God. She hesitated a few moments.

and then, with a trembling voice. replied: "My dear,I hope I am." Well," said little Gracie, "I thought to be a Christian was to bear naughty actions patiently. Isn't that it, mamma?" Mrs. R did not answer the question that night, for her heart was too full. Little Gracie had preached her mother a sermon on patience, though she knew it not; and these words, so soon forgotten by the child, remained deeply impressed upon the mother's heart, and caused her many heart-searchings and

qu stionings. Could she be a child of the blessed Father, who bids us in patience to possess our soul, and assures us that we shall obtain the promise if we endure patient-

She could not answer this question satisfactorily to herself, and she could only offer up a prayer that God would have patience

Mothers, let us remember that watchful eyes are upon us, and what quick discerners of character our young children are; and. above all, let us go to the only true Source for all the wisdom, grace and patience we need in guiding aright the little flock whom the Heavenly Shepherd has intrusted to our care.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOMESICK KITTY.

Oh, yes, it was lovely, down there at Cape May,
And I s'posed I should never be tired of play; And auntie was sweet as an auntie could be; But some one was homesick—you s'pose it

Such elegant ladies and beautiful gir's All asking for kisses and praising my curls; But no precious papa to huz me and ay, "Has dear little Kittie been good all day?"

out the light, And no biessed mamma to kiss me good-

Was a little girl crying-you guess it was

A NEGRO SCHOOL

While a naval officer was in specting one of the schools in the island of Barbados, containing two hundred negro boys and girls, a sign was made by one of the children, by holding up his hand intimating that he wished to speak to the master.

On going up to the child, who was somewhat more than eight years of age, the master inquired what was the matter.

"Massa," he replied, with a book of horror and indignation, which the officer said he should never forget, and pointing to a little boy

"This is very bad," said the master; "but do you my little fellow," addressing the young informer, "believe in the resurrection yourself?"

"Yes, massa, I do."

"But can you prove it from the Bible?"

"Yes, massa. Jesus says, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live'; and in another place, 'Because I live ve shall live also.'

The master added:

"Can you prove it from the Old Testament also?"

"Yes; for Job says: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that Heshall standat the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body vet in my flesh shall I see God.' And David says in one of his Psalms; 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

"But are you sure these passages are in the Bible? Here is a Bible, point them out to us."

The little fellow instantly found all the passages, and read them a-

PAWS AND CLAWS.

"Mother," said little Nannie, sometimes pussy has paws and sometimes she has claws. Isn't that funny? She pats with herpaws and plays prettily; but she scratches with her claws, and then I don't love her. I wish she had no claws, but only soft little paws; then she would never scratch, but would be always nice."

"Well, Nannie, dear," said her mother, "remember that you are very much like pussy. These little hands, so soft and delicate, when well employed, are like pussy's paws—very pleasant to feel: pussy's claws.'

"Well, that's funny enough, mother. I never thought I was so

much like pussy." "You love pussy much," said her mother, "and you may learn a good lesson from her. When you think kind thoughts, and speak gentle, loving words, then you are like pussy with her nice, soft paws, and everybody will love you; but when you think bad thoughts, or give way to ugly tempers and speak cross and angry words, then you are like pussy with her sharp scratching claws, and no one can love you.'

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ he cannot lead the prayer-meeting, or be a Churchofficer, or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of smal! boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party in mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things he ought now and then to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to be something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for all things of God he feels the deepest reverence.-Royal Road.

THE S

Jesus Ba

The judge

led sat turbi legs, and uns Caiaphas, a tre, and, the side. The ing before the semicire out the sen demnation and thongs while a few call witness carry out t Sought f tain the whom the enemy, w Found none two who same or a whatever been strang be found t not strang to obtain t one and th false with Jesus of d of God and with God, which it w tiate by at mediate o He never p the Messi The literal clause is, were not. witness-T in giving t it appears they did no a trace, in Matthew a cy between troy this te (John 2. and I will days." T ing was st them, and The high This was prisoner s by his own utterly ab the practi courts of Wilt thou words all thee? O answering them the which was hour, no not he wa he answe herd, A the only where the ly used by tely give his div Christ's under the in the cor in the pr

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