

ing. From a hundred cottage roofs the flames were whirled aloft in the night wind, and the smoke hung like a funeral pall over the deserted village. From the decks of the ships, and from the desolate shore, the scene was heartrending, and a loud cry went up, "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand Pré"

Paradise Row, St John, Oct. 28th. 1870.

(Continued in next No.)

COMMON SENSE FOR MINISTERS' WIVES.

(From the Christian Union.)

"How shall you like being a minister's wife?"

Does anyone ever ask a newly-engaged girl, "How shall you like being a broker's, or dentist's, or lawyer's, or merchant's, or grocer's, or banker's, or doctor's, or tailor's wife?" I had never heard any of these queries propounded to "engaged" friends receiving congratulations. How startled was I, then, when all my two-hundred-and-fifty most intimate friends, and their fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins to the fifth degree, opened on me with the question, "How shall you like being a minister's wife?"

Is it strange that I began to wonder that I had never before known how different a minister's wife must be from other women? Born and brought up in a happy lawyer's home, having no theological relatives, I had never been behind the scenes, and Mrs. A., Mrs. B. and Mrs. C., the wives of my various pastors, had always seemed to me made of ordinary flesh and bones.

I had now been married several years. Morbidity has given place to an increasingly happy spirit. Sure of my husband's sympathy and coöperation, I have been able, I think, to live down in my own immediate community some of the false theories that hamper the lives of my sisterhood, and now I feel justified in striving to set forth these false though popular theories, and in urging others to live them down.

People think that the minister's wife sustains relations to her husband's people analogous to his own, involving the duties of frequent visiting of parishioners, leading the female members of a flock in all their religious and charitable undertakings, serving on all their committees, and presiding over all their meetings. She must keep open house. The Manse is church property, and must be made a convenience—a common ground where all the people, from Mr. Croesus to Mr. Lazarus, may meet on an equal footing. She must place her time at the disposal of others. "One wants always to feel welcome at the pastor's house," said a good woman to me once; which, translated, literally means, "We cannot run into everybody's house unceremoniously, at all sorts of hours. But the pastor's wife is common property, and it's so nice to have one place where one can get a hearing at any hour of day or night, when one has a little time hanging heavy on one's hands, or a little trouble, or a bit of news to talk over."

She must accept graciously and gratefully any patronage, or counsel, or gift (however useless or distasteful) or invitation, that is offered her, because such are the expressions of her people's love!

Now take these points one by one, and see if they are not in direct antagonism to the spirit of ordinary women's lives. Could the lawyer's wife sustain such relations to his clients? the doctor's wife to his patients? the merchant's wife to his customers? Without exception, these ideas are false and hurtful in the extreme. I claim that there is not one single solitary thing that a woman should do solely because she is a minister's wife. I claim that her life should be governed by *precisely* the same principles that *ought* to govern every other Christian woman. Mark the word! I say *Christian* woman.