

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

A very serious question has arisen in a Massachusetts town where a Baptist minister, whose wife is an Episcopalian, has given his congregation to understand that she is his and not theirs, and that the best thing for them to do is to let her alone. Religiously and socially this declaration is bound to make trouble. In the first place it will undoubtedly be regarded as his duty to convert his wife, and secondly, very few congregations will admit that they have no control over their pastor's wife. Such ladies, instead of being privileged characters, as a rule, regarded with much jealousy and the purchase by them of a new bonnet without consultation with the sisters has been known to throw some entire communities into hysterics. The young Massachusetts preacher will learn before many moons have waned that he has taken the wrong course. If there is anybody on earth that the average church society insists on owning and running to suit itself it is the preacher's wife, and she must be a very wise, pious and diplomatic woman who in that position has her own way in all things and yet escapes the criticisms of femininity.

THE FATHER'S INFLUENCE.

Here is your home! in it, is that gentle woman whom you chose from out all the world because you loved her best of all. Here too your children sit upon your knee and delight you with the music of their prattle, sweeter for your ear, than the songs of the angels. How you think you love them, and what hope you have in them! But I have a question to ask, is it really for them this love and hope, or because they minister to your pleasure? You answer me, when you tell me, whether or not, you share with your wife the same interest in their immortal souls. Yours ought to be even greater than hers, for this one thing you know, that it is the testimony of all childhood, which never lies, that if left to itself, it will become what the fathers are, and not the mothers. We sometimes talk of a mother's influence, and what it has done for the world. Yes, and rightly we give the mothers credit for nearly all that remains in human society pure and undefiled. But why is it so? Is it because the mother's influence is so much more in its possibilities than the father's? Not, so, but because the mothers have been obliged to take for their life burdens the responsibilities the fathers could have discharged at the slight sacrifice of a wholesome example. And well have they borne it. But oh! how heavy it has been and is! Ah, my brother, that was a cruel iron entering the soul of the wife of your bosom, when she first realized, that for herself and for her children she must tread the way of God alone. That now, hers is the fearful responsibility to bring up her children to be something different from him whom she has sworn to love and obey. God help her! And oh! how she needs his help, for she has found how vain is help of man—the man—her husband. All this, I say, if knowingly, or for the sake of a little selfish ease you have set the irreligious example for your family in which your hope of happiness is—the practice of religion! I repeat: "the practice of religion," which if history means anything, or common experience, has its highest visible fount on earth in the services of the house of God, the place where His Honor dwelleth.—Rev. W. H. Knowlton.

THE CAMEL AND THE MILLER.

Did you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller? Once a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get its nose into the tent. "It's cold out here," said the camel, "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have his neck in, then his fore feet; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth-putting beast. "If you don't like it you may go, said the camel.

"As for me, I've got possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now." Do you know what the camel is like? Bad habits; little sins. Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, only the nose of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard. Watch.

GOD'S MINISTERS.

"Are you the man we've hired to preach for us?" was the blunt question asked one of the Lord's servants.

"No, sir, I am not."

"I beg pardon; but are you not the minister?"

"Yes, sir; but do you really think I have been hired to preach to you?"

"Why, yes, sir; I was at the meeting when the vote was taken to raise the money. Did you not come here expecting to receive a salary?"

"Certainly; and so does the governor of the State enter upon his duties expecting to receive a salary; but would you say he is hired to govern the State?"

"Not exactly."

"And the reason is precisely this," continued the minister; "the governor is elected to fill a certain office, and when you speak of him you think more of his office than you do of his salary. You do not ask him to do whatever you wish to set him at, but you elect him to office fixed beforehand, expressly defined in the Constitution, and then you fix a salary, that he may attend to his duties without embarrassment. The same is true of a clergyman. You do not hire him to do a job of preaching. When you elect a man to an office, you expect him to do what the Constitution says."—Dr. Norton.

OX AND HIS OWNER.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

A Clergyman had once shown his people, from these words of Isaiah, that brutes remembered their masters, and were grateful for their food and shelter and the kind care taken of them; but that many of us had thankless hearts, never looking up with love to God for all His providence, nor blessing Him for our health, comforts, and means of grace.

A farmer who was present, and who, perhaps, had not joined very devoutly in the prayers and praises ever offered up to Heaven in our Liturgy, but who had thought on the subject of the sermon, went home not very happy at the memory of his neglect and cold ingratitude.

Some three days after, he was busy feeding his cattle, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his master's care, fell to licking the man's bare arm. As if the Spirit of God had impressed the Sunday lesson on his mind, and he was feeling its force, he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Yes, it is all true. How wonderful is God's Word! This poor, dumb beast is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to Him for everything. What a heartless sinner I am—how unworthy of His blessings and favours!"

We need hardly add, that this lesson touched the farmer's soul. It led him to deeper reflection, and by the help of the Divine Spirit, he became a devout worshipper, a man of religious life and holy habits, and one of the most useful of Christians and neighbours.

AN EXTEMPORANEOUS SERMON.

The Rev. Dr. Dodd, who lived near Cambridge, England, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the students, by frequently preaching against drunkenness. Several of them met him on the highway and determined to make him preach in a hollow tree which was near the roadside. Accordingly, addressing him with apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. He replied he had, and they insisted that he should now preach from a text of

their choosing. In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give a discourse without study, and in such a place. They were determined to take no denial, and the word "malt" was given him for a text, on which he immediately delivered himself as follows: "Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a short sermon, from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a small congregation. Beloved, my text is 'malt.' I cannot divide it into words, there being but one, nor into syllables, there being but one. I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these four—M-A-L-T, 'malt.' My beloved, M is moral, A is allegorical, L is literal, and T is theological. The moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M, masters, A, all of you, L, listen, T, to the text. The allegorical is when one thing is spoken and another is meant. The thing spoken of is 'Malt'; the thing meant is the juice of malt, and of which you drunkards make M, meat, A, apparel, L, life, T, treasure. The literal is according to the letter—M, much, A, ale, L, little, T, thrift. The theological is according to the effects that it works, and these I find to be of two kinds; first, in this world; second, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are—M, murder, A, adultery, L, looseness of life, T, torment. So much for the text. I shall speak first by way of exhortation; M, my masters, A, all of you, L, leave off, T, tippling. Secondly, by way of excommunication; M, masters, A, all of you, L, look for, T, torment. Thirdly, by way of caution, take this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the alehouse benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's troubles, his own shame, his neighbour's scoff, a walking swill bowl, the picture of the beast, and the monster of a man." He then concluded in his usual form, and the young men, pleased with his ingenuity, not only thanked him, but absolutely profited more by this short and whimsical sermon than by any serious discourse they had ever heard.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Coffee Cake.—2 cups molasses, 1 cup shortening, 1 cup coffee, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon powder; salt and flour. Not too stiff.

Grace's Graham Bread.—2 quarts Graham flour, 1 quart white flour after sifting, 8 hand fulls Indian meal, 8 teaspoons salt, 1½ cups molasses; butter size of an egg, half yeast cake.

Mrs. Potters' Molasses Cake.—8 eggs well beaten, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups molasses, 1 cup butter, 4½ cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons powder; cloves; cinnamon and mace to taste.

Split Pea Soup.—1 gallon water, 1 quart split peas; soak; 1 pound salt pork cut up in small bits.

Berry Pudding.—1 pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon sale, 1 teaspoon powder, and flour enough to make thick batter; 1 pint black-berries, raspberries, currants or whortleberries, dredged with flour, stirred in at last. Boil one hour in mould.

Cottage Cheese.—Heat sour milk till whey rises to top. Pour it off, put curd in bag, and let drip six hours, without squeezing it. Put in bowl, chop fine with wooden spoon, salt to taste, and work to the consistency of soft putty, adding gradually a little cream and butter. Mould with hands into parts or balls and keep in cool place. Best eaten when fresh.

Pickled Oysters.—100 large oysters, 1 pint white wine vinegar, 1 dozen blades mace, 2 dozen whole cloves, 2 dozen whole black peppers, and 1 large red pepper broken into bits.

Chicken Salad.—The white meat of a boiled or roasted chicken or turkey, ½ the same bulk of chopped celery, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 raw egg well beaten, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon made mustard, 8 teaspoons salad oil, 2 teaspoons white sugar, ½ teacup vinegar.