

you good for? Think of the children's
er—
Good for nothing.

THE CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

It is often said that a minister's wife "should help-meet for him, and therefore should be to him in his pastoral duties." The pre-
is true, but the conclusion incorrect.
a parity of reasoning, the lawyer's wife
d be his clerk, the physician's wife should
n attending to his patients, and the wife
e merchant is under solemn obligations
a duty behind the counter. We have no
ions to a minister's wife being on a ge-
visiting committee, and presiding over
e societies and meetings of her sex in the
regation, if it properly belongs to her to
this position, and if it can be done with-
the sacrifice of those duties which she
to her family; but we protest against
things being required of her upon Scrip-
authority, as none can be given.

With the small salaries of most of our min-
their wives are bound down to a system
e closest economy. The whole burden of
estic cares rests upon them. Their hearts
ot gladdened, nor their hands strength-
by the prospect of better days. Pre-
tly rigid economy, and the want of many
ose comforts almost essential to a wife
mother, undermine her health, and leave
to drag out a sickly and dying existence.
quire of them, under such circumstances,
labors often demanded of pastors' wives,
to harass their minds with continual com-
ts for the neglect of them, is not only
riptural but inhuman. From our investi-
ions into the teachings of Scripture, we
three things:

First.—The relation of a pastor's wife to a
regation is the same as that of every
woman; her marriage with a minister
ts her with no office, and gives her no
eminence.

Second.—Her duties are the same as those
manded by the Apostle Paul to be per-
ed by every other Christian woman in the
ried state—no more nor no less.

Third.—When she performs these to the
of her ability, nobody ought to complain.
New York Examiner.

UNIVERSALISM IN SMOOTH WATER.

A Christian gentleman, one Col. Richard-
was in a boat along with two Universal-
on the river some distance above the
of Niagara. The Universalists began to
the Colonel on his belief of future pun-
ment, and expressed their astonishment that
an of his powers of mind should be so far
ed as to believe the horrid dogma. The
del defended his opinions, and the result
a controversy, which was carried on so

long and earnestly that, when they, after some
time, looked around, they found that they were
hurrying with great rapidity towards the falls!
The Universalists at once dropped the oars
and began to cry to God to have mercy on
them. Richardson laid hold of the oars and
exerted all his strength, and, by God's mercy,
pulled ashore. When they had landed, he
addressed his companions: "Gentlemen, it is
not long since you were railing at me for be-
lieving in future punishment. Your opinion
is, that when a man dies, the first thing of
which he is conscious is being in heaven; now
I want to know why you were so terribly
frightened when you thought that in five min-
utes you'd be over the falls into glory?" The
Universalists were silent for some time; at
length one of them, scratching his head, said:
"I'll tell you what, Colonel Richardson, Uni-
versalism does v-ry well in smooth water, but
it will never go to go over the falls of Niagara."

THE YOUNG BUD FADED.

She hath faded in her beauty,
Like an April blossom sweet,
Ere the noontide sun had bent him,
The bright honey-cups to greet.
She hath gone from earthly darkness,
To the land of light and love,
Freed from strife and care and sickness,
In that better home above.

There is sorrow in the household
Whence the pleasant child hath fled;
Tears of agony are raining
O'er the loved and beauteous dead.
For the dearest pearl hath fallen
From the wreath of freside gems,
And the brightest star is beaming
Far, in heavenly diadems.

Five sweet happy years had circled
O'er her little golden head;
Five sweet summers only o'er her
Had their mantling glory shed.
She hath sported 'mid the flowers,
As with little sisters dear,
Now in fadeless amaranth bowers
Fairer bloom she finds than here.

Oh! the hours were dim with sadness,
When the little feet were stilled,
And the little life bent slowly,
By a stern and cold hand chilled.
When the face, so round and dimpled,
Paler faded, day by day,
And ye saw the shadow coming,
Of a loved one called away.

Ye can ne'er forget the hour
When the silver cord was riven,
And the waiting angel bore her
To the open gates of heaven.
All the moaning, shivering, sighing,
Clinging of the parting breath—
All the strife and pain of dying,
Made you almost welcome death.

Precious one! the first in glory,
From a circle broken now—
Follow where her little footsteps
Leave their soft and shining glow.
For our loved and lost are looking
For us through the mists of Time;
They will meet and all embrace us
When we reach the blissful clime.

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