

Domineering Husbands.

In the good old times which have now happily passed away, the wife was considered little else than a chattel of the husband. At least that was almost, if not altogether, the status she held in law, though her lord and master might, out of the natural or acquired goodness of his heart, condescend to treat her as an equal and companion. Still this was always out of his mere good nature. She had no absolute right to it. It was like a social work of supererogation on his part. He was the head of the wife—as indeed in a measure he has a right to be, and the wrong thus would be, and is, when the case is any otherwise; and being such he did most of the thinking that was necessary to carry on the household economies. This thinking may have been of a quite indifferent quality, and not by any means a perennial spring in the matter of quantity either, but it was *his*, and therefore it had to do. The domineering husband of the present day is essentially the same creature as his tyrannical progenitor of 400 years ago. His nature remains the same, circumstances alone have changed. He is still at heart something of a bully, and not a little of a tyrant. Some wives have a hard time of it with fellows like these. They are not long married before their eyes are opened to the fact that they are joined for life to a pigheaded domineering tyrant who values his own opinions only a little less than his own precious personality. Husbands like these will crush any woman that hasn't got more than usually good stuff in her. It is *my* this, *my* that, *my* the other thing with her good man, from day light to dark. His own opinion, when once he has adopted it, must override every other. He is mulish and obstinate to an insufferable extent very often, and thinks it a shame to him to take advice from a woman. His wife must be his humble servant, for he married her not so much for her sake as for his own. Such a man as this very often comes home to wreak his ill-nature on his poor victim who awaits him, and has no resource but to bear it as quietly as she can, if she hasn't fire and spirit enough to give him as good as she gets. If she does this once or twice she will perhaps find her lot get easier, for men like these have not seldom a good deal of the coward in their disposition, and don't care to meddle with those whom they fancy may have the power and will to pay them back in their own coin. So they will generally calm down if boldly met, and given to understand that they will get of what they are so ready to give to others.

Tired Mothers.

If there is any class of persons who need tenderness and encouragement it is the tired mothers; weary limbs, sad hearts, puzzled brains, all attest to the fact. There ought to be specified privileges granted to tired mothers as much as to invalids. Those who have passed through this trying ordeal know how to sympathize know how to excuse many of the shortcomings of those who are passing through the narrow gateways, the thorny paths and rough highways, where temptation holds high revelry, and the angel of peace sits in shadow.

Tired mothers! Always anxious, scheming, planning and economizing how they can manage every detail of domestic life with least expense, for children are such a drain upon the resources of one's time, heart and pocket.

Mothers doing double work, triple work themselves, to save for this, or that, until the nerves are strained and shattered to a degree unbearable to themselves, and particularly offensive to others. Let me entreat you, fathers and husbands, deal gently with the wife and mother; cheer and brighten her life by all the means in your power, for she needs your help in many ways to buoy her up and sustain her, that she may be nerved with fresh vigor to impart to the little ones who are a constant drain upon her life and energies.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—A good husband makes a good wife. Some men can neither do without wives nor with them; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their homes miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkin's dog, which could not bear to be loose, and howled when it was tied up. Happyachelors are likely to be happy husbands; and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joy-

ful life between them, as the two spies carry the cluster of Eshcol. They are a brace of birds of Paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and less in their troubles by dividing them. This is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or there is a hitch any-where, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labor.—*Spurgeon's John Ploughman.*

Silent Influence.

We are touching our fellow-beings on all sides. They are effected for good or for evil by what we are, by what we say and do, even by what we think and feel. May-flowers in the parlor breathe their fragrance through the atmosphere. We are each of us as silently saturating the atmosphere about us with the subtle aroma of our character. In the family circle, besides and beyond all the teaching, the daily life of each parent and child mysteriously modifies the life of every person in the household. The same process on a wider scale is going on through the community. No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. Others are built up and strengthened by our unconscious deeds; and others may be wrenched out of their places and thrown down by our unconscious influence.—*Congregationalist.*

Too Much Salt.

We may in spiritual things disgust and repel men by an excessive and unmixt use of religious conversation. A pious, but very refined and sensitive, minister recently declared that the greatest provocation to anger and intemperate speech that he ever encountered, was in the conduct of a rough and boisterous Christian, who used to shout at him across the street, or in the cars, or wherever he chanced to meet him, "Well, brother, how's your soul?" He declared that he was sometimes afraid of backsliding under those greetings. It was difficult, no doubt, for him always to answer the salutation "with grace," and the reason is obvious. This man's speech was not delicately seasoned with salt. It was too salt, and so was nauseous and intolerable, and produced disgust, when it might, if fitly seasoned, have proved refreshing. It is a great art to temper one's Christian conversation exactly to the occasion.

The "gracious words" that proceeded out of Christ's mouth were as wonderful in their adaptation to the time and circumstances of their utterances, as they were powerful in their relation to absolute and eternal truth. Modulated from the most awful vehemence of rebuke to the delicate silence that only wrote upon the ground, they furnish the deepest theme for our study as those that would be masters of fitting speech. "Seasoned with salt"—the evenly mingled and thoroughly transfused grace of the gospel; that flavor of godliness in our conversation that at once preserves it from the corruption of "foolish talking and jesting which are not convenient," and from the vice of sanctimoniousness and cant which are not palatable even to Christians, this is what, with the greatest carefulness, the believer should strive after. But our chief anxiety should be that the savor of godliness should never be absent from our conversation—that it should so permeate and sanctify our speech that, saying much or saying little, there should be that which should indicate that we had been with Jesus and learned of him.—*Dr. Gordon.*

NEVER GET ANGRY.—It does no good; some sins have a seeming recompensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool, and that he has also made himself a fool in the eyes of others. Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a partner in business, or a neighbour? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living near a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, and without apology, why should it be indulged in.