

then virtually told them to mind their own business. He married a woman of his own choice, and she made him a most excellent wife.

The individual known as "the minister's wife," has her place and sphere. So far as church work is concerned no more responsibility rightfully belongs to her than to the wife of an elder or private member. The notion that she must be "a woman of all work" in the community is both cruel and preposterous. The wife of more than one minister would be in good health to-day were it not for yielding to a demand of this character. The late Dr. Bethune smote this nonsensical notion in a vital part when the qualifications of his wife for supposed official duty were being looked into; he asked the brethren, "Do you intend to pay her a salary?" A large amount of unnecessary and often very irksome labour is imposed upon the wife of a minister in the way of calling. There is neither propriety nor necessity in her doing any more in that line of work than any other lady member of the church. Her divinely ordained sphere is her home, and it is there that she finds obligations and duties which have a permanent claim upon her attention and time.—Anon.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

The autumn wind wails thin,
Like a sobbing violin,
Long and low;
How it thrills my heart with pain,
This monotonous refrain,
Sad and slow!

Passion-pale, I pant, "Alas!"
For the chiming hours that pass
To their sleep,
Till the visions throng my head
Of the good days long gone dead—
And I weep.

But the wind, so wild and fleet,
Overbears my failing feet,
And I go,
As the withered leaves that spin,—
When the winter gusts begin—
To and fro.

—Translated from Paul Viriaine, *Montreal Star*.