

vexed nor ashamed to depend on your husband. Let him be your dearest friend, your only confidant. Hope not for constant harmony in the married state. The best husbands and wives are those who bear occasionally from each other sallies of ill-humor with patient mildness. Be obliging, without putting great value on your favours. Hope not for a full return of tenderness. Men are tyrants, who would be free themselves and have us confined. You need not be at the pains to examine whether their rights be well founded; it is enough if they are established. Pray to God to keep you from jealousy. The affections of a husband are never to be gained by complaints, reproaches, or sullen behaviour.

#### GIVING.

"The system of redemption, from first to last, is one grand system of giving. God loved the world, and gave His only begotten Son to save it from eternal ruin. The Son loved us, and gave Himself to death for us. This giving does not rest at the point of bounty, but passes on to that of inconceivable sacrifice. Every man on whose spirit the true light of redemption breaks finds himself an heir to an inheritance of givings which began on the eve of time, and will keep pace with the course of eternity. To giving he owes his all; in giving he sees the substantial evidence he can offer that he is a grateful debtor; and the self-sacrifice of Him in whom he trusts says, far more pathetically than words can say: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Christianity ordains that giving shall be both beautiful and cheerful. It does not satisfy the demands of our religion that we give; we must give much. 'He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly.' This refers to the amount of gifts. But Christianity is

not content here; that unsparing amount must be given with a cheerful heart, 'not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth the cheerful giver.'"—*Wm. Arthur.*

#### LIGHT AT EVENING TIME.

Perhaps this paper will be laid upon some sick-bed, to be read by eyes that are soon to close on all earthly scenes. It may give cheer to read what God has done for others in like hours of need.

Said Mrs. Hemans, the sweet poetess, "I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at my Redeemer's feet, hearing the music of His voice, and learning of Him to be meek and lowly. No poetry can express, nor imagination conceive, the visions of blessedness that flit across my view, making my waking hours more delightful than repose from suffering."

Said a blind Hindoo boy, joyfully, "I see! Now I have light! I see Him in His beauty. Tell the missionary that the blind sees. I glory in Christ."

"Dying," said the Rev. S. Medley, "is sweet work, sweet work. Home, home!" and he was there.

"Do you find that gloom in death that you apprehended?" was asked of Dr. Henry.

"A sweet falling of the soul on Jesus. Ah, what mercy! I don't understand it."

"Surely this cannot be death," said another. "How wonderfully is He softening my passage!"

"I shall go to my Father this night," said Lady Huntington.

"O tell them," said another, "that the Lord does deal familiarly with men."

What could be more comforting than to feel that God spoke to us as friend to friend; that He drew near in our hour of sorest mortal need, and cheered us!