

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,"
Proverbs XVII, 22.

A merry sunbeam in a glen,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
Lay thinking what it best could do
To render others happy, too.

It wandered to the forest gray,
And found the wild winds at their play
Had stripped the noble woodland trees
Of half their pretty, brilliant leaves.

The wildflower lifted up its head
To see the sunbeam pass its bed,
And thought within its tiny self
Who was that dancing, laughing elf!

It hastened to the riverside
And kissed the angry, heaving tide,
Until the waters, cold and deep,
Lay still as if in peaceful sleep.

It next tripped by a cottage door
And shone across the sanded floor,
Until the children stopped their play
To bless the little golden ray.

May we all like this sunbeam be
From every selfish motive free—
Willing to do all in our power
To fill with joy each passing hour.

—The Watchman.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY ONE OF THEM.

WE are going to look out for a minister this time who has a wife that can work," declared the sewing party leader, as she snapped her thread, with a triumphant glance at the workers assembled, several of whom were new comers. "The last we had was always ill, and the one before had so many children she could never find time; but we are going to be careful how we choose now. A minister is worth as much again in these days if he has a first-rate wife!"

"At how much?" queried one of the strangers softly, for she was going to be joined in matrimony to a minister in the sweet by-and-by, though no one present knew her secret.

"How much a year? Why, of course we pay our minister. I never heard yet of a church paying his wife, as well."

"But they do in other professions—school teaching, for instance. If the wife helps, she is paid, and you say he is worth double."

"Ah, well, this is quite different. A minister's wife is expected to help. At any rate, ours will be."

The claim is not always so frankly expressed, but it is none the less tenaciously held in hundreds of churches that a minister ought to come provided with a curate-in-chief, who shall work and plan, and maybe suffer on behalf of the community without fee or reward. The young women's class? Of course she will take it! The mother's meetings? She will keep the books and cut the calicoes, and adjust differences, and inculcate thrift, patience and cleanliness, and all the other virtues mothers should know and do.

Is a tea-meeting in prospect? Work enters in abundance, even in the smallest churches, will come forward cheerily to "cut up," but the responsibilities of china and supplies will fall on the minister's wife. Is there a debt on the chapel, or does the school-room need renovation?—and what school room does not? She must sit solemnly in the church-meeting and hear some "bachelor brother" airily propose a "sale of work," and other male persons carry it by acclamation, while her heart sinks to the whereabouts of her shoes at the prospect. The begging letters for materials, the sewing parties where it will be her bounden duty to keep gossip out and peace and pleasantry in, the endless planning and stitching of garments that will be sold maybe for less than the worth of the fabric—she knows it all, and knows, too, that however devoted the workers may be, hers will be the burden and heat of the day, and of many a night as well.

Does the minister (being human) sometimes shrink from the ever growing claims of pastoral visitation? She will be shown on the cottage almanac exactly when he called last, or when he passed them by, and her own shortcomings will be darkly hinted at in the remark that "Mrs. So-and-So, the vicar's wife, is always in and out, and that kind when there is anything the matter."

Teaching, money-raising, visiting and platform work, all must find the minister's wife ready, efficient and serene, and this in addition to the home-claims that mean so much where possibly children are many and shillings few. The effort to make both ends meet and tie over, to evolve fare for the family that shall be guiltless of all extravagance, to keep washing-day from penetrating to the sacred precincts of the study, and to cure baby's bronchitis without a doctor's bill—these things are done in many a minister's home, and done lovingly and well through toilsome days and years.

The love that prompts them is its own sufficient repayment.

To keep the minister's heart unclouded from his own labors, to feel that she can occasionally give him a point from a sermon or a story to fit the text, to pray fervently for him and with him when things are difficult, to share his joy when souls are coming home to the Father, these things ought to make any manse mother blessed among women, and to be a home-maker of this sort is vocation enough in life.

"She is my wife and not yours," declared one minister, valorously, to the church assembled at his recognition service. For her husband's sake, and for Christ's sake, a wife who is a true helpmeet will be sure to labor much in the Lord, but no church has a right to demand her toil unless the finance committee has added somewhat to the stipend on her behalf.

That day is not yet; the most daring of deacons would scarcely suggest such an innovation; but if her work be worth, why should not a trifle be added to his income?

It would make all the difference in the world in many a minister's helpmeet. Let some wide-awake church try the plan and report results.—Our Young Folks.

MY WATCH.

My watch is an invaluable companion, an indispensable friend. Every day it renders efficient service in my life, and among the many ways it helps me, it teaches me some very important spiritual lessons.

So delicate are many parts of its mechanism, that a very little speck of dust will stop it, or so effect its running that it will be useless as a timepiece. By this I am reminded that so delicate and sensitive is the mechanism of my inner life that it is affected in its proper activities by a very little thing. A wrong thought, a bitter feeling, an important word, a proud look, a neglected opportunity—any of these things will stop the motions of the inner life Godward, rob the soul of its spiritual energy, hinder it from performing any acceptable service for Christ, and bring it into inactivity and spiritual uselessness.

When my watch gets out of order and I take it to the watchmaker he puts his glass on and searches into the wheels and springs and pinions to find out what the trouble is. The only way to have the watch put right is for it to be thoroughly searched first, not by the naked eye of one who understands little about its works, but by the practiced eye of the watchmaker, aided by a powerful microscope glass. When anything is wrong with my inner life, the first thing for me to do is to put myself under the searching eye of God, and cry: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." It is the evil that God sees and that we may not see that needs to be cleansed away. And just as we know there must be something wrong with the watch because it has stopped, though we cannot see what it is; so we may know there must be something wrong somewhere in our inner life because our fellowship is broken, and our joy is gone. If we do not know what it is God does, and if we put ourselves under the light of that Holy Spirit he will show it to us.—Rev Charles A. Cook.

THINGS TO FORGET.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbors' faults. Forget the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life: they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.