

wrong, and not take every reproof as an insult. If you kept house and had a woman to help you with your work, you would like her to do it your way, would you not?"

"I think," continued Mrs. Gurnell, softening her voice as she saw Martha was in tears, "we are both Christians, and both love the dear Saviour, and there is no reason why we should not get on well together."

American servants are not easily moved to tears, but the evident effort with which Mrs. Gurnell spoke, and the truth in her words, which was one Martha had never considered before, together with the remembrance of her harsh words to one so little able to repay her in kind, brought the tears which lie at the bottom of the roughest natures.

"Forgive me for what I said this morning," she whispered, taking the baby in her arms; "and let me stay."

Well, a long habit of speaking one's mind freely is not changed in a day, nor is the grace of meekness apt to be suddenly attained; but from that day Mrs. Gurnell gained a hold on her servant's affections and intellect which she never lost; and which, by degrees, bore such good fruit that she never thought without a feeling of humble thankfulness of that dark day in the nursery and the troublesome text, "If he shall hear thee, then thou hast gained thy brother."

SELF-DEPRECIATION.

BY MRS. H. W. BEECHER.

"Well, I declare! I will never venture to ask Mrs. D. to dine or sup in my house again—never!"

"Why not? We always supposed you and Mrs. D. the best of friends."

"And so we are, to be sure. It is certainly from no lack of the most sincere affection that I made that remark—"

"Which, of course, you did not mean?"

"No, I suppose not. I spoke carelessly, I acknowledge; but when I visit there, everything is so nice, so enticing, that, for very shame, I think I can never invite her to sit at my poor table again. I don't see why it should be so. I am sure she cannot try more earnestly than I do to provide the best of everything, and have the whole arrangement of the table attractive. Unfortunately for my credit, it cannot be

charged to the difference in our servants, for, during my short experience in house-keeping I have been favored with better servants than my friend has had; at least, I am sure I should not expect to have an eatable thing in my house with such help as I know Mrs. D. has often been compelled to endure; but alas! I never succeed, and she never fails. She has the 'knack' of doing everything well; I have not. She is a most excellent cook, and I a very poor one, I think—but why are you laughing, when I feel so desperately disheartened?"

"To see how skillful you are in self-torture. Your lamentations remind us of a little incident that at the time afforded us much amusement, and may be of some service to you, if only to dispel, for a few moments, the clouds from your face."

"A young clergyman, while on a visit to his brother, also a clergyman, agreed to preach for him in the evening. Neither had been long in the ministry, and they had never heard each other preach. The Pastor preached in the morning, and on returning from church his brother said to his wife, 'Kate, I cannot preach this evening. While listening to my brother I felt that I had mistaken my calling. I ought never to preach anywhere. I cannot preach here to-night.'

"His wife tried to cheer and comfort him; but all through the afternoon he was much depressed, and, grieving over her husband's distress, she made known the cause to her sister. Rising above this dependency, however, in the evening he delivered a most excellent discourse—all the better, doubtless, for his sojourn in 'the valley of humiliation' during the afternoon. But on the way home, after the evening service was ended, the host, who had listened, in his turn, to his brother, was evidently suffering from a severe attack of *ministerial blues*—and it takes a young clergyman to have the *genuine article*. At last, unable to remain silent longer, he said to his wife, 'Mary, I think I must give up preaching altogether, and go off somewhere into the backwoods out of sight, and become a farmer. After hearing my brother preach this evening I don't think I can open my mouth in public again as a teacher.' Can you wonder that his wife, who had heard the other side, responded to her husband's *Jeremiad* with a merry laugh instead of the sympathy he had a right to expect. Even a woman, with all her proverbial reticence, could not be expected to enjoy so rich a treat alone. She repeated the story at the supper-table, and for that time, at least, banished the blues from both parties."

"Very amusing, doubtless, if I was in the proper mood to enjoy it; but I cannot see how it is applicable to my case."

"You cannot? We will tell you, then