

THE WIFE ON SUNDAY.

Passing from place to place, and being with different families on Sunday, I have noticed what seems to me a matter to which the attention of some heads of families should have their attention called—the Fourth Commandment as related to a man's wife. It is not an uncommon thing to see a wife who has little children to care for, all the cooking, washing, sewing, and other domestic duties to attend to, in some instances with little or no help, required by her husband to prepare three warm meals, and something extra, too, on the Sabbath, besides having the children, as well as herself, to prepare and make ready for church in a given time. Should she make a failure in some article in cooking, or being a little behind hand in being ready for church, such a storm of words is hurled forth at the poor woman, and all is often made disagreeable, unfit for worship, which she had hoped to perform with a heart untroubled.

I have seen it the case when men who have bettered their condition in the way of a home, lands or money, all coming by their wife, they having not a dollar before marriage, require their wives to perform all the work above alluded to, not even lending a helping hand, or providing her with help, when she had been brought up in ease and luxury, never having such a thing to do as to cook or wash, etc., until he forced her to do it, and at times when he was able to hire help, but was too penurious.

Besides, he will not even assist in teaching the children lessons, but will complain if they do not know them, or everything go on exactly as he wishes it; and complains if she doesn't smile and be in a good humour and pleasant all the time, saying she is cross, and he doesn't see how anyone is to get along with her, etc.

This, and more too, have I witnessed, often where the husband was a professing Christian, even sometimes holding the office of elder, or deacon, or class-leader in the church—all smiles to strangers, and to everyone except his own wife and children. He says, "I have to work hard all the week, and I do think my wife ought to give me three good meals on Sunday, and not bother me, but let me enjoy the rest of the Sabbath."

Oh, no! it does not matter how hard she has to work the same six days, even

harder, for night often brings no rest, for the children must be looked after. She has no right to sit down and meditate, and read her Bible before church; no right on her return from church to sit down and talk over with him or the children, or meditate on what the preacher said, how much good it did her poor, longing, hungry soul. That warm dinner must be got ready; he can't and won't (that's it, won't) eat cold meals—it don't suit him to do so one day in seven to allow his wife to rest. Often in the afternoon, while he sleeps, she prepares herself and children for the services or Sabbath school. In the morning, while she is busy, he reads the morning paper. It is seldom there isn't some one to attend to the stock and harness the horses.

O, man! stop, think what you are doing, what you promised your wife before you married—how you told her you were able to provide for her in a manner suitable to her station in life; think of the furrows you are causing to come upon that once smooth brow; that you have turned that once lovely Christian woman into a slave; speak gently, assist her in all you can—accustom yourself to eat a cold dinner for her sake, on Sunday, if you do not do so believing it a sin to cook on Sunday. I have often thought, could a man have any appreciation or conception of the fine sensibilities and true worth of woman, who so acts? Nay, I fear his home training was such as to regard a wife as being able and fit for such a life only. If you will try I think you will find the same cheerful, pleasant and agreeable companion you married. Hoping this may meet the right eye, and arrest some husband in his course towards his wife, is the wish of one who sees. — *Christian Observer*.

COULDN'T HOLD HIM.

Mr. Edward Mott in the New York Times tells the following story; "The Cedar Grove Presbyterian church in East Earl township, Lancaster county, Pa, was erected in 1887, and is in nearly its original state. One of the early pastors of this church was the Rev. Mr. Babbitt, a most austere and dignified divine. An amusing incident of his pastorate is among the favorite reminiscences of the communicants of old Cedar Grove church of to-day. The preacher had other charges besides Cedar Grove, and one Sunday was making his rounds, riding a horse that he had bor-