

lieving husband, and say, "I never knew such a woman." I beg your pardon, but I must contradict you. The woman you call wife, I do believe, would rather suffer with the toothache than ask you for money. This is no false statement; most women do shrink from asking the head of the family for money needful for boots, clothing, and the commonest necessities of life; it is neither agreeable nor pleasant to them, and they should not be forced to do it; if they do their appointed work, the money to carry it on should be freely offered, monthly or weekly, as may be desired. Some husbands have seen how much their mothers suffered for the want of money, even when their fathers were rich; and they profit by the fact, and give to their wives a generous supply, never forcing them to become applicants for it, and by so doing they greatly increase their domestic happiness. Place confidence in women's ability to act, and she will fully repay it; doubt her executive powers—refuse her responsibility—and you may rue it. The subject of money supplies in the home opens a wide field of thought to the husband. Will he cultivate it? Many wives of the middle classes have been accustomed to earn their own support; to purchase their own wardrobes before they were married. But after marriage all is changed; they must ask for what they require rather than have it paid to them quarterly. At first their wants are few, or all supplied; but one or two years alter their outlook, and it becomes very dreary. Can the husband understand this? I trow not. He will tell you, "My wife has all she asks for," never dreaming how many days it requires to summon her courage to ask for necessities. "An utterly false statement," exclaims some one. "There is no woman afraid to ask for what she needs!" May I ask you to enquire of your own

wife how she feels on such occasions? Unless she is afraid to speak the truth, your eyes may be opened somewhat.—*Country Gentleman.*

A TERRIBLE APPREHENSION.

An infidel said, "There is one thing that mars all the pleasures of my life."

"Indeed!" replied his friend, "what is that?"

He answered, "I am afraid the Bible is true. If I could know for certain that death is an eternal sleep I should be happy! My joy would be complete! But here is the thorn that stings me; this is the sword that pierces my soul: if the Bible is true, I am lost forever."

That is indeed a well grounded apprehension. The Bible is true—tremendously true. And, however boastful infidelity may be, however brazen its countenance, there is an inward trembling which disturbs the mind's quiet, and mars all the pleasures of life. Into whatever excess of riot the devotee of black infidelity may run, the tormenting thought will follow him. But what is torment to the unbeliever, is bliss to the believer. The thought that the Bible is true in all its grand unfoldings, from first to last is enrapturing! And it is true the revealings of past ages attest, and the present furnishes the grandest demonstrations.—*Selected.*

GENTLE MOTHERS.

BY MRS. L. R. JANES.

"My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother."

I thought I was singing my boy to sleep with the little ballad of which the above is the chorus; but the blue eyes