

TWO KINDS OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

"What! supper not ready yet!" said Mr. Smith, as he entered the dining-room about half an hour earlier than usual.

Such a remark as that Mrs. Smith did not notice, because she would not; but by the expression that passed over her face we saw that it hurt. But womanlike, no other sign of pain was shown. She awoke that morning with a headache, and, to use her own expression, had felt so miserable all the day that she could hardly drag one foot after the other, but had done her usual week's washing, and the usual Monday's picking up of papers and books that were scattered all over the house the day before.

"Seems to me I never find my meals ready," said the man, not noticing the tired look on the face of his wife. "All you have to do is just to see to things here in the house, while I have been tramping all over town in this hot sun. It seems as though I should starve to death; I wish you would hurry up supper. Everything has gone wrong to-day. Newton has gone back on his word, and I warrant I shall lose \$1,000 by him."

After a short pause he continued: "Newton will not sell that land by the home farm, and I shall have to sell some of the cows."

For about a quarter of an hour Mr. Smith poured this kind of "wine and oil" on the weary heart of his wife, until his burden was somewhat removed. After a few minutes' silence, he said, in a quick, harsh tone: "Do take that baby, he is enough to kill a nation with that everlasting cry; I should think he'd get sick of it."

"His teeth trouble him. Can't you take him a few minutes?" And with a sigh the mother placed the youngest of seven children in her husband's arms, who took the baby in a far different manner from what he did the first, or second, of their children.

"Come, now, hush your crying," said the thoughtless father. "What is the use of whining? It does no earthly good." The one-year-old little man ceased his pitiful crying, and the one forty years old commenced his cheerful strain.

"That stock I bought at Vernon I have been disappointed in, and shall lose on it. Never should have bought it if you had not persuaded me to do it. That is all a man ever makes by listening to a woman."

He was silent a minute, and his boy, about 16, raised his head and gave his father anything but a look of reverence, pushed his book back from him, and stepped toward his mother, taking a pitcher from her hand, saying, "I can go down after the cream, mother."

We blessed the boy for those gentle words, although we saw the mother wipe a tear from her eyes with the corner of her apron.

Mr. Smith was only acting perfectly natural; he did not notice the "school-marm," (she was one of the family), but the "school-marm" noticed him, and never will forget the feeling of contempt she had for the selfish creature. She distinctly remembers the first time she ever heard a man blame a woman. Men in her eyes were then gods; but, as on that occasion, they have fallen, one by one, from their high place in her estimation, until now she has only one or two enthroned. The others are mortals, and quite faulty ones, when hungry or tired, and she often wishes to recommend to them the same remedy for croasness which they apply to their hungry children; but her amiability always prevents her from speaking her thoughts.

When quite young she visited with her parents an intimate friend of the family, who had met with a great loss of property. The gentleman after giving an account of the transaction, said: "If it had not been for my wife I should not have met with the loss: she urged me to invest my money there."

"Why, Edward, I thought you talked about it before you were married," said her father.

"Well, so I did; but I did not put my money into the concern until the next year; my wife thought it would be just the right thing."

"I used to think that everything which you wished to do must be just the right thing," said his wife, sharply.

When we were going home father said to mother: "God pity the wife of a man who lays the blame on her shoulders instead of shielding her; it is so contemptible for the strong to oppress the weak."

We sometimes wonder if we have been unfortunate in our acquaintances; but it really seems to us that the spirit of self-sacrifice is oftenest shown by the "weaker vessel," as St. Paul has been pleased to style us. The men who take more than half the burdens of life upon them, we find, like angels' visits, "few and far between."

Women, in their happy days, are ready to carry all the load; but sometimes the blue days come, when every grain of trouble will grow quickly to a tree large enough for the fowls of the air to build their nests in its branches—when a harsh look, even, makes them feel as though no one in all the world cared for them, and they sigh for what might have been so different—when even God's face seems hidden from them, and the journey of life is a toilsome way, tangled, rough, and through a wilderness; the cry of the baby jars every nerve of the body; a disobedient act from a child makes the mother feel totally unqualified to govern her family of restless feet; the breaking of one dish by a servant causes a dread of the poor-house; in fact, she is so morbidly sensitive that without one additional trouble, life has a very gloomy look; and if, on such a day, one extra burden is placed on her shoulders she feels as if the only thing she could do was to lie down and die.

But to die is not always convenient, and the wife takes up her burden of life again, with the thought, "If my husband only knew what a sword-thrust an unkind word gives a woman, he never again would speak harshly to me; if he only knew how warm it makes my heart, how trifling the cares of life seem when by word or look he says that I am doing the best I can—that I am not the cause of all the misfortunes that come—that he loves and trusts me constantly—the kind words and the acts of self-sacrifice would come exceedingly often from him, and our home would be a 'heaven and a paradise below.'"

We sometimes wonder if the women are occasionally to blame for the lack of sacrifice manifested by their husbands. In our happiness to deny self for those we love, we commence our married life by laying self on the altar of our love.

We run for the slippers, the glass of water, the book or paper; we offer the best chair, the coolest place by the fire; we adjust the lampshade for his eyes; we deny ourselves the pleasure of cutting the leaves of the last magazines because he likes the first reading of them; we roast because he likes warm rooms in the winter, and we freeze because he wants the windows open the remainder of the year; he likes a fast horse, and we silently cling to the carriage, hold our breath, expect to have our brains dashed out, and smile as he asks, "Isn't this jolly?"

After a few years he forgets to thank us, and the time comes with most men when they take these things as their right. If we ask for horses that we can enjoy riding after, he opens his eyes and informs us that he "hates a slow coach." If the wind gives us the neuralgia, and we ask to have the window closed, he is "surprised that we can't endure a breath of air." If we dare to sit in the most comfortable chair when he is in the room we cannot enjoy it because it is his chair.

Even though we like to sacrifice our own wishes for the comfort of those we love, when we realize what it will help them to become, it is our duty to sometimes deny our "likes," that our husbands may have the opportunity of knowing by experience this more blessed way of self-sacrifice. If we've found that self-denial is the greatest of all virtues it is our duty to give our husbands a chance to practice this saintly trait once in a great while. If it is more blessed to give a pleasure than to receive one, would it not be for the highest good

of the husband if once in a year or two we should take the lesser blessing?

Isn't it, we ask with fear and trembling, our duty to teach our husbands the art of self-sacrifice?—Mrs. C. F. Winder.

THE DEVASTATING PIE.

The origin of the pie is involved in some obscurity. Its inventor is unknown to fame, but namumch as he did not get out a patent on it, there are not wanting cynical sufferers from its baneful effects to assert that it was originated by the devil. He never takes out a patent on any of his devices. Others are inclined to believe that the pie is the result of evolution—that differentiation caused it. We have seen, indeed, with the naked eye, in the species called mince pie, certain minute particles which resemble molecules, and if they do not constitute a protoplasm, we have never seen one. But the origin of the pie is a subject about which one can have no well grounded opinion.

The value of the pie is not much more easily determined. There is a certain class of Christians who maintain that a dyspepsia is a disciplinary means of grace. That it is a raging purgatory, no one who has encompassed a real corroding indigestion will be prepared to deny. But the pie problem is beset with difficulties, and about the question of the religious use of dyspepsia, there may well be two opinions. We incline to the belief that if there is anything in this world that has power to topple a man over into spiritual ruin, dyspepsia is that thing. It is a dry delirium tremens, solid horror, so to speak.

The ability of the pie to create dyspepsia no one will dispute. Here at last we can find agreement. The pie which has descended to us from Puritan ancestry of great gastric force, was adopted by them as a penance—to make the situation as uncomfortable as possible; but we, like the Irishman who boiled the peas that he was ordered by his confessor to wear in his boots, have opuritized the pie just as we have refined the Puritan Sabbath, and have made a pleasure out of an instrument of discipline.

The pie is an alluring spectacle. When well baked, it is hard to resist. Its odor is enough to knock over the good resolutions of the most confirmed dyspeptic. He sees, he smells, he falls. We are convinced that at the bottom of most church and family quarrels there will be found pie; that the pie is the natural adjunct of ultra Calvinism; that the Sunday pie causes more blue Mondays than Sunday over-work or nervous expenditure; that the sky would be brighter, life more alluring, and death less terrible, were the digestion-devastating pie evicted from the daily bill of fare; but nevertheless, we heartily sympathize with the lady who declared that she hated wholesome food, and with all its terrible results—here, waiter, a piece of hot mince pie, if you please.—The Alliance.

ONE of the returned warriors from Zululand was at Rorke's Drift and was witness of the following incident: A clergyman in clerical attire was hard at work handing out cartridges to the men, and he did it with a will. A private near was taking shots at the Zulus and cursing the while in the most ingenious manner. "Don't swear, man!" shouted the clergyman. "Don't swear at them! Shoot them!"

THEY were out driving. Said Theodore: "What tree, Angelina, bears the most precious fruit?" Angelina: "Oh! Dory, I can't tell, unless it's a cherry tree." Theodore looked unutterable sweetness as he gazed into Angelina's eyes, and said: "The axle-tree, darling."

ON a certain American railroad a young man put his head out of the car-window to kiss his girl good-bye, when the train went ahead so rapidly that he kissed an aged African female at the next station. This is supposed to be the fastest time ever made on a railway train.