THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The *Chicago* (Illinois) *Tribune* says:—"Of the 2,700,000 acres of land granted by the State to aid the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad, over 2,000,000 acres yet remain unsold. Taking the sales made since the land office of the company opened in this city as a test, the fund realized from the lands alone will not fall short of $45,000,000! It is thought that the road, completed and fully equipped, will be clear profit to the company, to say nothing of the $20,000-000 of money that will in due time be piled up in their treasury. This great work promises to be the most successful speculation of the age."

INTERMARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—The Norfolk *Reflector* says that the Assessor's returns of Huron county show 11 blind, 12 deaf and dumb, 12 insane, and 12 idiotic persons in the county. The parents of five of these were by relation cousins before marriage. Three of the five, 2 blind, and 1 idiotic, from infancy. The fifth was deaf and dumb for a time not ascertained—probably from birth. It is probable that the number of parents so related to each other is larger, and there was no information obtained as to part of them.

A GOOD WIFE.—In the eighty-fourth year of his age, Doctor Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife:—"My domestic enjoyments have been, perhaps, as near perfection as the human condition permits. *She made my home the pleasantest spot on earth to me.* And now that she is gone, my worldly loss is perfect."

How many a poor fellow would be saved from suicide, from the penitentiary, and the gallows, every year, had he been blessed with such a wife!

"She made home the pleasantest spot to me on earth." What a grand tribute to that woman's love, and piety, and common sense! Rather different was the testimony of an old man, some three years ago, in the Tombs' yard of New York city: "I didn't intend to kill my wife; but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each wife inquire, "Which wife am I?"—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE ZULU WOMEN.—An African correspondent says—"The labour of digging, planting, harvesting, getting fire-wood, drawing water, grinding, cooking, care of the children, indeed, all the hardest of the work among the Zulus, is performed by the women. The men build the huts and fences, milk, and take care of the cows, watch the gardens, and drive away the birds, and wild pigs, hunt, lounge, and drink beer, and this is pretty much the extent of their employment; but the degraded women work from morning till night, and if one of them shows any symptoms of laziness, she is sure of a beating from her unmerciful husband, who gives as a reason for his conduct, 'I paid too many cows for you to let you remain idle; you shall work and pay me by your labour all which I paid for you.' I have often seen a native woman digging without cessation from morning till night with her heavy pick (native hoe) in the hard hillside, having an infant suspended in a leather sack on her back; and after her day's work, she would return home with a large bundle of fire-wood on her back, the pick on her shoulder, and the child on her back. It is no uncommon sight to see a company of native women going into Pietermaritzburg, or D'Urban, from their Kraals in the country, distant thirty miles, each carrying on their head a basket of Indian corn, holding little less than a bushel. A man, usually the husband, leads this company, gives orders when to rest and when to march, carrying himself only his shield and spears; and when they reach the market, he greedily takes the money, with which he pays the government tax, or buys cows, and with them augments the number of his wives. The Zulu women are so severely beaten for laziness and unfaithfulness to their husbands that they run away and attach themselves to other men at a great distance. But if they are found they are most cruelly treated.

THE PASTOR'S BRIDE.

Great was the consternation in the little town of Ferris, when Mr. Bryce, the Pastor of its principal dissenting community' returned from an excursion to some northern county, and brought home with him a wife! Was such a thing possible? Did he not know that for the asking, and a very little asking too, he might have had Miss Chesterfield, and a hundred a year into the bargain? could he have failed to have noticed the attentions of the Harpers, who had evidently no other motive than a desire to secure him for Kate or MaryAnn? and a above all, could he have been so hardened as to despise the scarce concealed regard of pretty Lucy Beresford? Yet—oh folly of mankind!—he had turned away from all to bring amongst them some penniless northern beauty, whose newfangled ways would disturb the neighbourhood.

So spoke the gossips of Ferris on the evening of the return. They had had evidently a notion that the minister could have no right to dispose of himself as an ordinary individual—perhaps a a meeting of Church and congregation, to decide for him on whom he should bestow his affections, would have been more in accordance with their views.

Meanwhile the object of their remarks was receiving a visit from Miss Chesterfield, for no consideration of delicacy could avail to keep that lady from the house until a seasonable hour for calls should have arrived: her curiosity was excited, and "as a member of the church" she had a right to see the bride. We find her therefore in the modest drawing room.

"You must have had a dismal journey" said the visitor, fixing her black eyes on the sunny face before her.

"Indeed, no," said the bride, with a glance at her husband.

"Well, I mean, if you have much *feeling*, Mrs. Bryce."—the last two words came forth with an asperity it is impossible to convey to the reader,—"but perhaps you had not a very happy home, and so parting with your parents did not affect you."

The blue eyes of the young wife filled with tears, but noticing the rising colour in her husband's brow, she hastened to reply to the course utterances that had displeased him.

"I *had* a happy home," she said, "and it was with sadness I bade it farewell, but I had been so long familiar with the thought of absence, and my parents and sisters were, for my sake, so cheerful, that I could not, in the society of—I mean, I could not well be sorrowful." She paused, and blushed so deeply, that the pastor, in his loving sympathy, drew off the attention of their unwelcome guest.

"You have had some excellent sermons from Mr. Heyburn, in my absence, Miss Chesterfield."

Oh excellent!" said the lady, "I wish you could have heard him on 'Worldliness!' it was just what the people wanted. I never knew a more worldly-minded set" said Miss Chesterfield emphatically "never."

Mr. Bryce could not keep back a smile, but he excused it by saying, "Mr. Heyburn probably gave sed as much, did he visit you during his stay?"

Oh yes, and I felt it my duty to prepare him for the next Sunday, by opening up a little of the wickedness of the people. I told him of those dressy Harpers and of that flirting Lucy Beresford. Nobody else had given him even a hint.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Bryce, Miss Chesterfield's quick eye detected the shade upon his brow, and and she abruptly quitted the subject, dreading lest one of his gentle reproofs should fall—not for the first time to her lot. "A piano!" she exclaimed, moving towards the instrument, "pray sing to me, Mrs. Bryce"

Her hostess was too obliging to hesitate, and touching the instrument with the grace of an experienced musician, the sang one of the "Songs of Zion."

Miss Chesterfield was not very fond of music—few such persons are—and she motioned to depart without asking for an encore.

"We are fortunate, Agnes" said Mr. Bryce, when she had retired, "in possessing the means of dismissing Miss Chesterfield just when we please."

"I do not understand," said the wife, looking up, "I mean that music will send her off at any time," explained her companion, with a glance of subdued humour that was irresistible, Agnes laughed heartily, and then began a grave rebuke, which was stopped in the midst of it—no matter how.

Three days passed away, and Lucy Beresford had not yet crossed the pastor's threshold; Lucy had done so much to prepare the house for his return!

"I am surprised," said Mr. Bryce; "Miss Beresford is the most uncermonious person I know, yet she has not welcomed you, Agnes. There is some mystery here!" And truly there was a mystery' which a woman alone could unravel. At length she came. Agnes was not alone, for Mr. Bryce had requested the wife of one of his deacons, a woman of some education, and most attractive piety, to be present when his bride received her visitors; and the two were already friends. Lucy was embarrassed but Agnes encouraged her so kindly, that she soon forgot her awkwardness and engaged in animated conversation. Presently the door opened, and Mr. Bryce came in. Miss Beresford was the first to remark his entrance. With all a woman's intuition, Agnes learned the secret of the flus upon her brow, her suddeu silence, her abruh departure. Poor Lucy! she had then loved in vain! But, although Agnes could in a few moments discover this, her husband was, happily, unconscious of it.

"Miss Berreford is certainly changed" he said and that was all.

But Agnes, how did this affect her? Was she not angry with the young and certainly beautiful creature who had presumed to love *him*, and who was doubtless, saddened by the happiness of his new home? Had she generosity to sympathise with the grief-stricken one, and strive to comfort her or would she turn away to her own joy and so forget it all? Let the warm tears she shed that evening when her husband was not by; the earnest prayer she offered in behalf of all such sorrowing spirits, the written resolution that she would, God helping her, bring comfort to that heart; give forth their loud reply.

"And so, Miss Chesterfield, you went to see the bride?"

"Yes, Mr. Burton, and a queer sort of body she is."

"Ay, ay," said farmer Burton, "how do you mean?"

Miss Chesterfield leaned against a stile, and said with emphasis, "Mark my words—this piano-fingering and French jabbering will come to no good, Mr. Burton," and a minister, who can take such a wife as that, ought to be ashamed of himself.

The farmer looked shocked. "And she's that sort of body, is she?"

"A fahionable, musical, Frenchified *doll*," said the lady; why, her very bonnet would have told you that!"

Mr. Burton went home, "Mary," said he, "dont you go nigh the parson's wife."

"Why not" asked the dame?

"She is one of your haristocrats," replied the husband; "and we don't want nono of her here."

So Mrs. Burton returned home.

A fortnight had passed; Mrs. Burton was preparing a comfortable tea in the diamond paned window of her kitchen. There was a gentle knock, and the pastor and his wife passed into the room. Mrs. Burton felt confused, her honest pride forsook her, she courtsied and would have led them into the parlour.

"Not so," said Mr. Bryce "I told my wife of my many pleasant tea-drinkings in this old kitchen, with its broad fire-place, and its rose decked lattice; and she came expressly to ask leave to taste the tea and sit beside the roses!"

"Yes indeed" said a sweet kindly voice at her elbow, "I love a farm house, Mrs. Burton, and I want to learn the secret of bread making, for which my husband gives you so much credit."

What was the good woman to say? she could refuse nothing to that voice and smile—and the compliment to her housewifery. She loved the pastor's wife from that time forth.

So they sat down in the broad recess of the kitchen window, and, having protested against the production of our "best china" drank from the homely earthen-ware the "well browed" tea, of which the minister had spoken.

They were in earnest talk; the delicious ham, the wholesome country bread, the rich and solid butter, had each received a meed of praise, and the good wife was in her most sunny humour, when the kitchen door flew open, and the farmer stood before them. Mr. Bryce went forward and shook hands—it was a hearty gripe, such as he knew the farmer loved. The man could no more resist that pressure, than his wife could resist the praises of her baking, and he went through the introduction to the bride with a good grace.

"You are heartily welcome, ma'am," said he, "and if I'd known you would come to our place so friendly like as this, I would never have listened to Miss Chsterfield and kept my Mary away."

"Hush man" said his wife, "Miss Chesterfield won't thank you for telling that."

"Never mind," said the farmer, I'm right glad to see you Sir, and that's all about it."

It was moonlight when our friends bent their steps homeward. The good folks watched them as they crossed the meadow. The farmer was the first to speak.

"What a beautiful prayer he made to be sure."

"And *she*," put in the wife, "I could have listened to her singing all night long"

"I like to hear her talk," said the husband, and he drew his hand across his eyes as he added, "especially about our little Minnie, wife."

"Yes, yes, and the voice trembled as she spoke, "she has comforted me more than any one yet. Ah, if I was only a Christian, like to *them*!"

It was evening—and while Mr. Bryce was doing duty for a friend at a distance, Agnes and Lucy Berresford sat in long and earnest conversation. At the last the younger lady threw aside her work, exclaiming—"Oh, my friend what must I do?"

"you have not told me what your deep sorrow is," replied Agnes; but in *all* his distress a Christian has need of *prayer*; let me then urge you to pray."

"I cannot; at least not as I once did."

"Then you have not yet *forgiven* Him who laid his sorrow upon you?"

Lucy looked up in surprise.

"It is strong language, I know," said Agnes, "but it is not *true*?"

The girl burst into tears.

"You cannot understand my grief—It is a trial you have never undergone!

Agnes felt the truth of this, and they wept together.

"It is not true you have given your heart where you can hope for no return?" the young wife asked at length.

For a moment Lucy hid her face; then with a sudden energy she cried, "ask me no more, but help me, help me, to *crush* this love forever! for it must—" her voice sank to a hollow whisper—"it *must* be done; he is the husband of another now."

They knelt together and the young, the happy wife, prayed for the stricken one who bowed beside her. What wrestling with high heaven, what burning words of agonised entreaty, what gentle, melting adjurations in the name of "Christ that died!"

They rose and for some minutes there was unbroken silence; then Lucy threw herself into the arms of her new friend. "Ah! Agnes" she exclaimed "surely our God has taught you how to give me aid. I *know* that he will hear these prayers and help me to act aright."

The bride's true heart was full; Lucy went on:—

"And I once hated you!"

"*Hated*!" cried Agnes, starting.

"Yes, when you first came here! but you have won me by your love! and now, Oh, Agnes; what friend have I in the world—an orphan like my pastor's bride!"

"Agnes embraced her fondly. From that time she was as an elder sister to the neglected Lucy. Would you know the result of her tuition. Go, ask the people of Mr. Heyburn's charge, and they will tell you that their pastor's wife for such is Lucy now—is all they could desire!

Is it possible, dear Mr. Bryce, that you have invited Miss Chesterfield to stay with you while her house is painted!',

So spoke the deacon's wife one morning as she stood beside her friend at the kitchen table.

"Yes" said Agnes looking up from her piecrust, "I have done it, Mrs. Clifton.

"After all the ill-natuaed remarks she has made."

"just so, I mean to cure her."

Mrs. Clifton's face grew brighter—

"Is it at your feet," she said.

"Nay," returned Agnes, "let us rather sit together in the place that Mary loved—learning of him who, 'when he was reviled, reviled not again.'"

"I shall have a miserable time of it," said Miss Chesterfield to her friends, "but I cannot bear the smell of paint, and therefore I shall go!"

And this was all the remark that the kind invitation of the young wife elicited.

But Agnes was never daunted; she had determined to cure Miss Chesterfield, and cure her by God's blessing she *would*. Night and morning she remembered this in prayer; early and late she pondered the means to be employed. Knowing it was the grief of him she loved best of all things earthly, that she could have an enemy in the very midst of his people, she had reserved to succeed, if success were not absolutely impossible. Doubtless it was very "absurd; but, then, it was also very like the conduct of the loftiest being that ever stood on earth; for be it remembered that the contempt and wrath, which it is the custom of the world to bestow upon ones' foes, was never countenanced by heaven's Anointed one!

Such, then, was the course our pastors wife marked out. For two whole weeks she was the constant companion of her guest; the despised piano was scarcely touched; the sound of French was a thing forgotten; Agnes received long lessons in the culinary art, and very modestly, gave lessons in return. Quietly she drew Miss Chesterfield into the houses of their poorer neighbours; willingly she yielded up to her the honour of their united efforts; carefully she studied all her wants and wishes. The heart must have been hard, indeed, that could withstand such efforts; the fortress began already to show signs of surrender.

"I don't know how it is," said Miss Chesterfield to her friends, "but whether I like that Mrs. Bryce or not, she will *love* me, and I cannot prevent it!"

And, ere she left that hospitable roof, the enemy had become a friend, her ardent admiration—nay even her affection, had been won, in fact, Miss Chesterfield was *cured*.

"Dear Agnes," said the pastor "you have made me very happy! There is not one of our people who does not see the wisdom of my choice."

She laughed her merry laugh. "I do you credit then" said she, then pausing for a moment, she added earnestly, "Ah Henry, of myself I can do nothing!"

He looked down on her with a thoughtful smile, and felt what treasure he had taken to his hearth and heart.

Such was the Pastor's bride!—*The Freeman.*