

faltered a little, but she was true and brave, and resolutely concluded—"and ask you to forgive me for judging him so unjustly. I think he would if he had been alive!"

"I'm sure of it, Ma'am, and it's very kind of you to speak so!" replied Mrs. Toggs. "He was a good man—one of the best who ever walked this earth—and I only hope Tommy may grow like him. You don't think Tom meant to do wrong in keeping the keys, do you, Ma'am? He never dreamt what trouble it might give."

"I am sure he did not. It was just thoughtlessness," Mrs. Wells assured her. "Or else he may have fancied nobody was up, and it would be no use to ring. I am deeply grieved, for the sake of your poor dear little girl, that he should have made such a mistake; but we are all apt to fall into error. I want you, please, Mrs. Toggs, to let me know what I can do to make up to you—in part, at least—for the wrong I did your husband."

Mrs. Toggs, however, though she blushed and wiped her eyes, and murmured something about "very kind," could offer no suggestion, or would not, and Mrs. Wells departed to think the matter over for herself and consult her brother.

For the next week or ten days Tommy Toggs lived on a perfect rack of anxiety as to how it would fare with his little sister, and for even a greater while than that it seemed uncertain whether one of those pretty brown eyes might not be for ever closed. Tom prayed then as he had never prayed in his life before. Had the worst been realized, so complete was his self-blame, that he would have felt that he alone, by causing that sad delay, was responsible; but his mother always remembered his unselfish motive, and never uttered one word of reproach.

And God was very good to them all. He did not let little Nellie suffer over-much, or her brother be too severely punished for his brief lapse from the path of absolute rectitude. She by-and-by came out of the hospital, not only quite cured, but looking positively better than ever for the good treatment and nourishing food that she had enjoyed. Toggs added two new syllables to his milk-cry that very day, as the only adequate expression he could find for his jubilant feelings. If you should ever hear a fresh complexioned youth sing "Milk-ee-oh-oh-i-o-oh-yulk-o-oh!" with great vigour, you may suppose that it is possibly he.

Mrs. Wells sent Nellie and her mother into the country for a whole month, and begged a week's holiday for Toggs to join them. She, furthermore, started an account at the Post Office Savings Bank, of \$50, in the name of the said Thomas Toggs. However, if anybody is disposed to think that, all this considered, he was not sufficiently punished for his fault, let them ask Tom himself. He will say: "That week or so when we didn't know whether or not Nell would lose her eye I shall never forget if I live till my dying day. I wouldn't go through such a time again, not for no money!" —*Jennie Chappell, in The Quiver.*

ACROSS THE WHEAT.

You ask me for the sweetest sound mine ears have ever heard?
A sweeter than the ripples' plash or trilling of a bird,
Than tapping of the raindrops upon the roof at night,
Than the sighing of the pine trees on yonder mountain height;
And I tell you these are tender, yet never quite so sweet
As the murmur and the cadence of the wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows in a sunlit sea of grain,
Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves to fill the creaking wain?
Have you thought how snow and tempest and the bitter winter cold,
Were but the guardian angels the next year's bread to hold,
A precious thing, unharmed by the turmoil of the sky,
Just waiting, growing, silently, until the storms went by?

O! have you lifted up your heart to Him who loves us all,
And listens, through the angel-songs, if but a sparrow fall?
And then, thus thinking of His hand, what symphony so sweet
As the music in the long refrain, the wind across the wheat?

It hath its dulcet echoes from many a lullaby,
Where the cradled babe is hushed 'neath the mother's loving eye.
It hath its heaven-promise, as sure as Heaven's throne,
That He who sent the manna will ever feed His own;
And, though an atom only, 'mid the countless hosts who share
The Maker's never-ceasing watch, the Father's deathless care,
Do you wonder when it sings me this, there's nothing half so sweet
Beneath the circling planets, as the wind across the wheat?
—Margaret E. Sangster.

SWITZERLAND EN FETE.

For some days past Switzerland has been in the throes of patriotic excitement consequent on the celebration of the Sixth Centennial of the Confederation. The Swiss, as a nation, are almost as cosmopolitan as the English. Already, in almost every corner of the globe, have their fellow-countrymen held personal celebrations—eaten their dinners, and drunk with enthusiasm to their home and kindred, to that land of mountain and of flood, so beautiful, so peaceful, and so loved; that land at once the pride of its children and the pleasure of every lover of nature. In the long past its sons were distinguished by their valour, in the present they are distinguished by their industry

and their modesty, and especially for an intelligence which has raised them almost into a nation of jurists, to which is submitted for arbitration many of the vexed questions that agitate, almost to the verge of hostilities, its greater and more powerful neighbours. The local "home" rejoicings have been most impressive. The four Swiss nationalities, German, French, Italian and Roman-èsch, unite as one man; and in this absolute unity under the Banner Federal is the strength of the nation. In French Switzerland, even—the Canton de Vaud—where race differs from that of the ancient founders of the Republic, and where the reminiscences of Bernois oppression have never quite died out, the enthusiasm has been almost frenzied in its intenseness—banquets and speeches, whole populations dining together in the open air outside their houses in street after street, historical representations, processions, cannon, etc., have brought home to every man, woman and child, the strength of a living patriotism which will reach its apex in the *Fêtes* at Berne, where beats the very heart of the nation. The little Republic of Helvetia has no enemies. Its people are law-abiding and united; its rulers modest and wise; while its Government is the most purely democratic in the world. The soil of Helvetia is unsuited to ambitious politicians, and the happiness, prosperity, and contentment of its people is a living example to the Republics of Southern America, and elsewhere, whose stability is written in sand.—*The Colonies and India.*

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

A JAPANESE GIRL'S HOME LIFE.

Girls the world over need to know, and are expected to learn, much that is not taught in the schoolroom; so that most girls have home duties and home lessons that are very different from their school duties, and considered of much more importance by many parents. For this reason it may be interesting to look at the home life of Japanese girls, whose parents, we will find, consider that their daughters have a double duty in the house; one being to help the mother in all ways they can, the other to prepare themselves to become capable mistresses of their own future homes. I must say here that I write not of what I have seen, but of what I have heard from the girls themselves. My occupation as a school teacher leaves me little time or opportunity of seeing for myself.

The young girls take much of the care of the younger children, especially the babies, who are tied on the backs of their young nurses in the morning, and remain there the greater part of the day. These little girls often go on errands for their mothers to a neighbour's or the store. There are pleasures in store for them: too in the shape of dolls, in the making of whose dresses they take their first sewing lessons; while they unknowingly learn the principles of washing in the childish fun of making clean these same small garments.

As the girls become older they are taught to help in the various household duties. Let us take a girl of the middle class. On arising in the morning she folds her bed and puts it away in the closet, then goes to the kitchen to assist her mother in the preparation of breakfast, making ready the table or tables, and waiting on her father during the meal. At its close she washes the dishes and arranges everything orderly in its accustomed place, then sweeps and dusts the rooms, her mother in the meantime attending to other duties. When the house is cleaned the young woman sees to her own personal appearance a little, more particularly, perhaps, than at her early rising; after which she passes the remainder of the morning in sewing either her own dresses or those of the family.

If it is a clear day she may wash, an operation very different from that which makes many a Monday blue for some of my readers. There will not be so many garments, but how would you like to take your dresses all apart and sew the various pieces together in a long strip, wash it and hang it up to dry, all danger of wrinkles and puckers prevented by stretching it crosswise with numbers of thin bamboo splits? Small pieces of cloth are often smoothed out evenly on a flat board and set up to dry. Then the dress is to be made again before wearing. To be sure the sewing or taking apart is by no means the undertaking it would be for you, nor is it considered necessary to wash the lined winter dresses often. The thinner summer dresses are usually washed without unripping. But I am wandering from my subject. The reason is that I see more of the washings than anything else, as they must hang outside the house to dry. I have especially noticed them on Sundays as I go to and from Sunday school on fine days.

To return to the girl. At noon she helps with the dinner, calling in the children and looking after them while eating. Then washes the dishes. The same programme is carried out for the evening meal. The afternoon may be spent in sewing or visiting, or taking care of the children while the mother goes out. If the daughter of a merchant, she will perhaps assist her father in the shop, or take charge of it while he is absent on other business. When we go shopping we are often waited upon by such smiling, pleasant young women. In the evening she will mend her stockings, or perhaps read or talk with her friends, the subject of conversation being usually that one that never fails to interest any young woman of any country—dress; either her own new dresses or those of her friends. The time of retiring for the

night comes about ten o'clock, the Japanese seldom going to bed early.

The young woman of the higher classes will not take such an active part in the cooking and other housework, as there are more servants to attend to such things. But she is taught how to do all, and is well fitted to attend to her household after marriage. She is also taught sewing. As for the washing, I do not know, but I imagine she does not trouble herself with that any more than many of our own young ladies at home who do not find it necessary. Girls must also be taught how to receive and entertain visitors in a polite, graceful manner, and it takes much time and practice to become skilful in this very important accomplishment. If a girl takes music lessons, as many do, her days will often be spent in practice.

So you see these girls have their regular housework, and much of their life is passed in this way. Many of them now go to school; and for girls who need to make their own living, occupations are beginning to open in some lines of work. I know little as yet of any of the ways in which they now find opportunity of supporting themselves, or how it was in times past. Many lower class girls find work in factories, where they make thread, silk, embroidery, etc. This sketch refers to girls who have homes, though I am sure you would be as much interested in the other girls who have no homes, or, if they have, must help to keep them. But what efforts I have made to learn something of these girls and what they can do, or what respectable work they can get, has been very unsatisfactory.

A MURDERED MISSIONARY.

Dr. James A. Greig, whom recent telegrams announced to have been killed by the soldiers in Newchwang, North China, is a missionary who was sent out by the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, a little over two years ago. He was stationed at Kwan-chengtze, a town about six hundred miles north-east of Peking, where he seems already to have accomplished much good work. He appears to have been of much assistance to the mission in establishing a station in Kirin, a town about fifty miles east of Kwan-chengtze, where the native officials were strongly opposed to any foreigner making a permanent settlement. Writing to the *Belfast Missionary Herald* under date of June 5, last, he says:—

Both in the dispensary and in the hospital for the past two months I have had more to do than I could overtake. Just now I am gradually emptying the hospital of patients so as to leave me free in a week or so to start for Kirin and neighbourhood.

Under the heading of "A Royal Invitation," Dr. Greig mentions a circumstance which clearly illustrates how medical missions open the way of the Gospel in China among all ranks; it also shows how impossible it is for missionaries with their present numbers to overtake all the work lying at their doors—

When writing a few weeks ago about Mr. Yi, the wealthy Kirin merchant, who received his sight at our hands, I omitted to mention that an influential Kirin mandarin, a Mr. Chao, hearing of Mr. Yi's cure, sent us a very pressing invitation to visit and treat him at his own residence. He had been chief magistrate of a city about fifty miles from here for some years, and was expecting promotion shortly to the office of Prefect. We were, however, unable to accede to his request, having many critical cases under our charge in the hospital, which we could not leave. Not many weeks after he died, and of course we received the sad intelligence that His Excellency had breathed his last, lamented by a large circle of Manchu nobility, and, doubtless, also in the Imperial Palace at Peking.

In the same letter he sends an appeal for a number of things sorely needed in his dispensary, among which are a few plain, strong lamps, with wicks, funnels, shades, etc., such as would give a good light; as for dressing wounds at night Chinese candles are very miserable. Dr. Greig was once superintendent of the Cowgate Children's Church, Edinburgh, and came to his present work with the highest recommendations from the U. P. Church of Scotland.

"DON'T CARE TO EAT."

It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach assists digestion, and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves long for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.

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IS A COLD BATH DANGEROUS FOR LADIES?

At a recent meeting of physicians in London the question of cold baths for ladies was brought up for discussion. It was unanimously decided that a woman received great benefit from a moderately cold bath, provided that she was free from chill afterwards. This may best be avoided by wearing a "Health Brand" pure wool undervest next the skin.

AFTER all the best way to know the real merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, is to try it yourself. Be sure to get Hood's.