

THE MORAL EFFECT OF PRETTY GOWNS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

FANNY'S mother died five years ago, and Fanny has been mother as well as sister to three brothers, bright, sturdy little fellows, rapidly shooting up to tall, aggressive adolescence. Fanny has had a great deal to do, far too much for one so young, if Providence had not ordained it as her duty, and some time ago she began to feel that she had no time to spend on her dress.

"It is as much as I can do," she told me, "to slip into a wrapper in the morning, and stay in it all day. I haven't time to put house dresses on, much less to make them, and then John never gets here before nine o'clock. When I expect him I make a toilette on purpose."

Meanwhile, the boys were growing unmanageable. They were bright, loving fellows, but the street was growing increasingly attractive to them. Of their father, a lawyer, absorbed in his profession, and a recluse in his library when at home, they saw little. It depended on Fanny to tide her brothers over the critical time when boyhood's bark slips over the bar into the open sea of manhood.

Fanny and I put our heads together, and I urged upon her the trial of personal charm as a home missionary effort. I begged her to discard her wrappers. They are garments fit only for one's dressing-room or for an invalid's leisure. "Let your brothers see you simply but prettily dressed every day, looking bright and neat and sweet, with little touches of adornment about your costume, and observe whether or not the effect will not be for good."

The effect was at once visible in the line of a certain toning up of the whole house. It is not for nothing that the soldier in service is required to keep his uniform and accoutrements in perfect repair and in shining cleanliness. A profound truth lies under the strict requirements of military discipline, for he who is negligent of the less, will inevitably slur the greater.

Fanny's simple grey cashmere, with its pink satin bows, made her more careful that her table should be attractively appointed, as well as generously provided with viands; it made her intolerant of dust in the parlor, it sent her on a tour of inspection to the boys' rooms. She found she could not explain how, that she had time for everything—time to go walking with her brothers, time to talk with them over school affairs, and over the matches and games in which they took delight. The boys realized that they counted for a good deal in their sister's eyes, that she thought it worth

while to dress for them, and they were, therefore, on their best behaviour.

You can fill out the story for yourselves. Perhaps some of you are at work in Sabbath-schools, and working girls' clubs, and young people's reading rooms. Do not make the mistake of supposing that there is any merit in going into these benevolent works in a dowdy gown or an unbecoming hat. Try the effect of a pretty toilette; you will discover it to have far reaching influence on the side of good morals.—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster.*

OPPOSITION IN CHINA.

This curious story shows one kind of opposition the missionaries have to meet.

A missionary was working at a city called *Hsi-an-Fu*. A great examination was being held there. The missionary tried as he was able to teach the students something of Jesus, and many of them came to see him and hear his message. Soon their visits ceased. Everywhere in the neighborhood was seen posted up a bill which read as follows:

"I, your mean friend, wish you to know that England is the most slippery, deceitful, and venomous of the nations on the earth. She forced into China her opium, in order to cleverly rob people of their wealth. England has emptied our purses, and after impoverishing, has injured us, and now, to add insult to injury, she comes to teach a depraved religion. Every vile means is used. Eyes are gouged out, hearts are cut out for making medicine to befool the people.

Now an attempt is being made to hoodwink scholars by examining them on bad subjects. But I exhort you not to listen to such pratings, and so injure your consciences.

The emperor, out of his goodness, wished to pity the strangers from afar, but we won't. Of course, we all know God, but He is not the Jesus of these people. Jesus was merely a sharp doctor who performed some clever cures, like our divine physician, Hua To. These few insignificant nations that lie on the outskirts of this illustrious land, are thorny and wild, and all barbarian. Before European countries existed, China was sage, educated. The teachings of Confucius at last reached unto their barbarity, and reaching, reformed them. Yet an Englishman ventures to come and instruct us. We are his teachers!" Signed, "MASTER OF THE CLUB OF ORTHODOXY."

This was read by over 8,000 students, and raised active opposition to the missionary, from which he had to seek safety by retiring for a time from the city.