



The Family Circle.

TELL ME QUICKLY.

A DYING CHINA WOMAN'S APPEAL.

Word and Work publishes the following verses, just received from a lady who has lately gone to China, hoping that it will interest and stir many.

"Oh! tell me, is it really true—
Is there a God above?

I never heard of him before,
You say his name is love;
Then tell me, tell me quickly,
For life is ebbing fast.

Is there really One who loves me,
His love, will it always last?

"My life has been full of sorrow,
Of care, and want, and pain;
With nothing to hope or long for,
Answer me once again:

Who is this Jesus you speak of?
It's all so strange and new,
Yet tell me some more about him,
If you're sure that it is true.

"Oh! yes, I know I am guilty,
My heart is black within;
Do you think your God will have me,
If I forsake my sin?

Wants he not something from me,
Have I just got to trust?
I can hardly understand you,
And yet I feel I must

"Believe your wonderful message
Of life for evermore;
I am so glad you came in time,
My days are almost o'er.
Won't you quickly tell my sisters
Of Jesus and his love?
Good-bye, good-bye, I am going,
I'll see you soon above."

Brothers and sisters in England,
If you really feel it's true,
That Jesus loves the poor Chinese,
As much as He loves you,
Oh! won't you come and help us
To tell the glad, good news?
The Lord himself is calling,
How can you then refuse?

—I. W. RAMSAY, *Choo-foo.*

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

A little more than two years ago the observant passer-by on our ferries and railways found himself noticing on the dress of many ladies and girls a new adornment. Old women with bent forms, gray hair, and tottering footsteps, young and pretty women, girls in the sweetness of their opening life, little children in pinafores and Greenaway hats, alike wore the little silver cross, often tied with a bit of purple ribbon. Confined to no particular set, the observer, to his puzzled surprise, discovered the modest badge, always precisely the same in shape and size, shining on the bosom of the lady whose laces and velvets were worth a fortune, and perhaps, a little distance off, its gleam caught his eye against the maid-servant's simple gown, thrown into relief by her frilled cap and white apron.

May I tell you, if you do not know, what the purple ribbon and the silver cross, so unobtrusive, so beautiful, and so rapidly becoming general, are meant to convey to all who notice them? Perhaps you wear them yourself, and do not need my telling, yet you will even then be glad to pass the word along, for you and I belong to the King's Daughters.

The organization, a very simple one, is only about two years old. The seed-thought from which it sprang may be found in the "ten times one is ten" which lingered in many a mind after reading Rev. Edward E. Hale's story of "Harry Wadsworth," and its impulse is the same as that which hundreds and thousands derived from that powerful study of practical Christianity, viz., to "lend a hand."

Its motto, "In His Name," is full of inspiration, and none who join the King's Daughters can resist the eloquent pleading which poverty, trouble, sickness, care, or need of any kind make when presented in that way.

To give the reader an idea of the scope and objects of the King's Daughters it will perhaps be well to quote something about it from a little monograph entitled "Hints and Helps," published by the General Secretary of the Order, Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, 239 West Fifty-ninth street, New York:

"Each branch consists of at least ten members.

"The general society includes all branches. Any woman may form a branch by uniting nine other women with herself for joint effort in doing good.

"Each branch may choose its special work. Anything, however small or simple, that helps another human being to be better, or happier is proper work for the Daughters of the King.

"There should be frequent meetings of each Ten at such intervals as they may choose. Such meeting should open with a passage of Scripture or a hymn and prayer. Reports should be given of the good accomplished, and plans for future work discussed.

"Whatever special work may be done, all branches have the common work of increasing the number of Tens. Every number of a ten may form any number of Tens. One may be the King's Daughter, and unite with no Ten. On the other hand, Tens may be formed without adopting the order's chosen name. Each Ten may organize and elect officers, but in so small a body it is not essential. The one who forms a Ten should keep a list of members and lines of work, and such interesting features and incidents as mark the growth and purposes of the branch.

"It is contrary to the spirit of so elastic an organization to define the routine of what each Ten shall be and do. These points each must settle in accordance with its own conditions. The same suggestions would not be helpful to all branches, and any question that may arise in the practical working of a branch may be addressed to the Secretary.

Having read these terse statements, it will interest you to hear of some of the work carried on by Tens with which I am acquainted. Wherever I see a friend who has taken to wearing the cross, my first question is, "And what is your Ten doing?" Wherever I see the little cross, though the wearer be somebody I never met before and may never meet again, I feel like slipping my hand into hers and saying, "You too are working In His Name!" On journeys, especially those of any length, women sometimes form very pleasant and helpful acquaintances through the medium of the well-known and dearly-loved badge.

In a certain Home wherein orphan children are gathered there is a tiny girl who was a short time ago peculiarly friendless. "No one ever comes to ask for little Madge," said the matron, pityingly, one day, "and the dear child notices it, for most of the others have an auntie or cousin or grown-up sister who looks after them or sends them a gift at Christmas-time."

"Girls," said a lady who had clustered her Ten, and had listened to their declaration that they wanted something worth doing, "Suppose we adopt little Madge?"

The proposition met with instant favor, and forthwith Madge was taken under the protection of these eager, wide-awake young women, who paid her board in the institution which had opened its doors to her forlorn babyhood, and charged themselves with all her other expenses. Their monthly dues were ample for all essentials of Madge's maintenance, clothing, shoes, etc., but these being supplemented by "conscience money," were speedily swelled into such a fund that they looked about for somebody else to help. This Ten set itself collectively and individually to the practice of good English in daily speech. A member who dropped into slang paid a penny fine for every lapse. A member who said anything unkind of the absent was also fined. They might have called their Ten the Ten of the Golden Rule.

There are all sorts of Tens among the King's Daughters. A Ten of little girls has received the designation of the Sunbeam Ten; their business is to do what they can to make sorrowful people glad. There is the Courteous Ten, who never suffer themselves to speak impolitely; the Mind-Mother Ten, whose name is their

own certificate; The Missionary Ten, who go on errands cheerfully, and besides there are ever so many Hospital Tens, who find their work in caring for the sick and poor.

A Ten was formed in a girls' college, and on consideration its members decided that they would use their contributions in educating some young woman who had not the means to pay her own expenses at their *alma mater*. To do this, and to carry their beneficiary successfully through her four years' course, would require a great deal of self-denial, and "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."

These girls had liberal allowances, and belonged to the families of the well-to-do. Nevertheless they were undertaking a serious enterprise, and so the President of their college told them when they consulted him on the subject. Realizing that they were in earnest, he acceded to their wish that they should become responsible for the term bills and other expenses of a ward to be selected, wisely providing that they should not know her name, and that she should equally be ignorant of her benefactors. "This," said the President, "will prevent embarrassment on both sides. You will not be in danger of behaving with patronage. She will not feel sensitive at receiving favors from her classmates. It will be necessary only for her to enter into an agreement to pass along the benefits she receives, should she ever be able to do so."

Another Ten happened to hear of a widow who was prevented by a sprained ankle from going to her usual work of washing and ironing for her employers. This Ten had no money to spend, but they knew how to perform laundry-work, so they took turns in keeping their friend's places until she was able to resume her interrupted labors. Each one who gave a day's hard work cheerfully handed over its payment to the person who was laid aside, and so she had food and fire and peace of mind during her unwelcome vacation.

Many Sunday-school teachers have organized their classes into Tens, and so it has come to pass that we find the badge of the King's Daughters in unexpected places. Often the silver cross shines at the neck of the little girls in Macy's, those willing little messengers who flit hither and yonder at the magical cry "Cash"; and the lady who has alighted from her carriage, and comes into this or some other large shop to make her purchases, recognizes a sister in the child who does her errands or in the girl who waits upon her. On both sides of the counter there is an added touch of interest, and sympathy makes both women more patient and polite. The richer is reminded of her responsibility in the use of her possessions. The poorer is uplifted from the temptation to foolish envy. Each knows that she is bound to help the other. And the help is being given and accepted daily, though very unobtrusively, the aim being always to be very practical and direct.

King's Daughters are opening lodging-houses for working women, are building summer cottages, where mothers and babies may go for rest and the benefit of sea or mountain air; are sending missionaries to distant lands, are supporting Bible-readers at home in our cities and villages.

The King's Daughters are giving new interest to all our benevolent work, and are lending a hand in boys' clubs and temperance unions.

We may smile, if we belong to the Gradgrind faction, at the sentiment which finds expression in the royal purple of a ribbon and the glimmer of a bit of silver; but nothing in the whole world is so strong as a sentiment after all. The flag which floats over our ships and forts and arsenals is only a width or so of bunting, its intrinsic value slight; yet it fixes our adoring regard, and men have died for it, and men will die for it again. Seeing it in foreign lands, the home-sick pilgrim could kiss its folds for very joy. So when the King's Daughters gather in bands of Ten, assume a distinctive badge, bring to their aid the strength of sisterhood, and use the common motto, "In His Name," they avail themselves of the fine and subtle power of a sentiment. One alone is not so strong as twice two. Ten times one has the strength of multiplication.

At the May anniversary held in the hall of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York in 1888, the second

since its beginning, hundreds of the thousands who belong to the order were present, and hundreds went away disappointed, unable to press their way into the building. Mrs. Margaret Bottomo, the President and founder of the order, made an eloquent address. Mrs. Dickinson, its able and magnetic Secretary, told something of what it had already accomplished, and hymns written for the occasion by King's Daughters were sung with thrilling effect.

"Going forth on gentle errands,
As the Master went before;
Light the little cross we carry,
Heavy was the cross He bore."

The words were wafted heavenward, and it was easy to see how sincerely they were meant by the army of King's Daughters who joined in their chorus.

To what proportions the order may yet grow it is impossible to predict. As every member of every Ten may, if she choose, herself form a Ten, as all members are enthusiastic, and no requirements are arbitrary, it is difficult to see where we will stop. Why should we?

"There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by,"

and while the King's Daughters can find a single grief, a single load to lift, a single tangle to straighten, there will be room for them to labor "In His Name."—*Harper's Young People.*

GIVING UP FAMILY WORSHIP.

When I first began business for myself, says one, I was determined through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer. Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening, every individual of my family was ordered to be present; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. The pressure of a successful business led me to give it up, and to offer a prayer with my wife in the morning. Repeated checks of conscience followed this base omission, and it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence. One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, precious to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject: it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms, but judge of my surprise and confusion when I read these words:

"Oh, my dear master! never, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions! Oh, sir! eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I have learned there! It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner, it was there that I first knew the way of salvation, and there that I first experienced the preciousness of Christ in me the hope of glory. Oh, sir! those precious engagements; you have yet a family and more apprentices; may your house be the birth-place of their souls!"

I could read no farther; every fine flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled, I shuddered, I was alarmed lest the blood of my children and apprentices should be demanded of my soul-murdering hands. Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized, and light broke in upon my disconsolate soul, and a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. From that day to the present I have been faithful and am determined, through grace, that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt my family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotion; better to lose a few shillings than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul.—*Presbyterian Advocate.*

MORE THAN CONQUERER.

Devote yourself to God, and you will find God fights the battles of a will resigned. Love Jesus; love will no base fear endure; Love Jesus; and of conquest rest secure.

THE GREAT MISTAKE of my life has been that I have tried to be moral without faith in Christ; but I have learned that true morality can only keep pace with trust in Christ as the only Saviour.—*Gerrit Smith.*