

Two Women.*

Yung Tee is a young woman of twenty years, who lives in the city of Foo-Chow. She has been married three years, and has a little son.

In a cabinet behind her kitchen door is a gaudily painted paper figure representing a god. Yung is very poor, and works hard, but she always has time to kneel before this absurd deity, and never fails to burn incense and candles before him night and morning.

Her husband and child may be hungry, but Yung will buy chicken and wine and cake to burn on this altar. It is to this poor, flimsy figure that she gives her thoughts, her labor, and the best of all that she owns. She will teach her child to do the same.

No one can doubt that Yung breaks the Commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." All that can be said in her defence is that she has never heard of the one true God.

Mary Clark is a young woman aged twenty, who lives, let us say, in the city of New York. She has also been married three years, and has a little son.

There is no painted image in her house for her to worship. But every week are brought into it pictures and printed laws from a certain invisible Power directing her how to dress, how to talk, and how to eat; even her friends, her opinions and her prayers are prescribed for her.

Mary is poor, but she never fails to obey these orders at any cost. She urges her husband to work beyond his strength that she may have money to sacrifice to this intangible Power. Husband and child may be hungry for want of substantial food, but their clothes and her own must be fashioned to suit his decrees.

It is to this nameless ruler that she gives her thoughts, her labor, the best of her strength and capacity. She is so occupied in his service that she neglects her husband, and leaves her child to a hireling.

Even when she goes to church and pretends to worship God, she is glancing anxiously around for indications of the will of her tyrant.

It cannot be said in defence of Mary that she never heard of the one true God. Yet which does she actually worship, this ridiculous deity, or Him?

Are any of our readers professors of the same religion as Mary?—*Youth's Companion*.

The Burman Girl's Lament

BY MRS. N. HARRIS.

Ah me! I am so tired!
My feet are very sore.
I've climbed the same old hillside
So many times before.

For every morning early,
Though it's cool and nice for play,
Upon my head I'm bringing
Some offerings, on this tray.

They tell me Buddah is angry,
And will my soul disdain,
Unless I feed this idol,
And thus some merit gain.

I've brought seven large bananas
This morning up the hill,
And placed them right betwixt him;
Now let him take his fill.

I stand apart and watch him,
He looks so very odd;
He never moves a feature,
Nor even deigns to nod.

His head is brick and mortar,
It must be hard to think;
His eyes have no expression,
I never saw him wink.

His ears, they say, are handsome,
But both are clogged with clay;
And when I kneel before him,
He cannot hear me pray.

His feet are good for nothing,
He cannot budge a peg;
His hands are quite as useless,
They're resting on each leg.

His mouth he never opens
To speak, nor yet for food:
To bring it here is nonsense,
It can't do any good.

The crows and dogs are coming,
All ready for a fight,
They tear my fruit in pieces,
Each claims the other's right.

Ah me! How can I bear it?—
This life so late begun,
With nothing more to live for,
I almost wish 'twas done.

Who made the sun above me,
The moon and stars as well?
It must be someone, somewhere;
Where can he always dwell?

But most of all, I'm longing
To know who first made me,
Who gave me thought and feeling,
Who gave me eyes to see.

O that some little fairy
Would tell me when I call!
For all around is darkness,
I nothing know at all.

Alas! I'm always groping
Without a ray of light;
And when this life is over,
'Twill be a darker night.

But then 'twould be no better
To be a dog or cat,
Or worse, some loathsome reptile,
And often killed at that.

Little Helpers.

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.—The coming of female medical missionaries to India marks a new era in the history of that country. The mothers who, rather than be exposed to a doctor's gaze and touch, were allowed to die a dog's death, are cared for by physicians of their own sex, and the result is the social elevation of women. When a lady in India was told that, through the efforts of Lady Dufferin, female doctors had been provided who would minister to the native women, who could not, because of the state of society, be treated by male physicians, she exclaimed, "Where is the noble Lady Dufferin? How can I worship her with flowers and sandalwood?"