

ing two boiled eggs peeled and put in a bowl of very hot, highly sweetened water, I was invited by the hostess to see another daughter-in-law of hers.

After crossing one or two terraces we came to another wing of the house, and I was ushered into a very large, dirty, room. The son came forward, and after greeting me with studied politeness, introduced his wife, who was lying on the bed, smoking opium. She quickly sat up and blew out the flame of her opium lamp. It was truly sad to see this young woman under the influence of that terrible drug, her eyes looking glassy in their peculiar brilliancy. By and by the

so don't go unless you choose. But you might have better success.'

The first time the deaconess found herself in the vicinity of 120 LeMoyné street, she decided to try her fate. 'Hard words can't hurt much,' she said to herself, 'and who knows what cause she may have for her little bitterness.'

A young girl met her at the door, and with evident embarrassment ushered her into the family room where sat a very large woman, whose face grew black as a thunder cloud as she regarded her visitor without speaking. The girl's evident distress convinced the deaconess that vials of wrath were likely to

The woman smiled in spite of herself, and said in a more friendly tone than she had before used:

'You're different from the most of 'em, anyway. Any other woman would have been as mad as a hatter before this.'

The deaconess was not slow to seize the possibility of an approach to a better understanding, and in a few moments the two women were engaged in an earnest, frank, and comparatively friendly discussion of the great questions of life. After a visit of an hour and a half the deaconess rose to go. The woman rose too, and extended her hand cordially. 'Well, come again, and we'll have another talk about these things. I like to talk with you.'

The deaconess accepted the invitation, and in subsequent conversations Mrs. Johnson acknowledged that her views had undergone a transformation, and though not long after the family moved out of the neighborhood and was lost in the shifting tides of the city's population, the deaconess believes that the mother will yet come to a knowledge of the truth. Certainly her door will never again be slammed in the face of an ambassador of Christ.

Begin With God.

Begin the day with God! He is thy sun and day;

He is the radiance of thy dawn, to him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn, join the glad woods and hills;

Join the fresh winds, and seas, and plains; join the bright flowers and rills.

Awake, cold lips, and sing! rise, dull knees, and pray!

Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes, brush slothfulness away.

Look up beyond these clouds; thither thy pathway lies.

Mount up, away, and linger not; thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside! Do battle with each sin;

Fight with the faithless world without, the faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God; he is thy heavenly food;

Feed with and on him; he with thee will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God! Let him go forth with thee;

By stream, or sea, or mountain path, seek still his company.

Thy first transaction be with God himself above;

So shall thy business prosper well, and all the day be love.

—Horatius Bonar.



READING MISSIONARY LEAFLETS.

poor woman told me how she had had a bad cough, and called in a native doctor, who prescribed opium smoking and how she could not get on without it. Her mother-in-law turned to me and said, 'It is you who send the opium and force us to have it.' I have been told this many times, and it is most unpleasant, to say the least of it, to have this remark cast in one's teeth.

After a nice long talk in that room, and an invitation to come again soon and 'talk' more, I was shown over the rest of the house. The study was a bare room containing two chairs and no books! On returning to the court downstairs by another way, I found my chairmen making a row about chair money, and demanding three times the proper sum. As soon as I appeared the amount demanded was given, out of respect to my feelings, although I assured my hostess that I did not expect the chair money to be paid by them. It is a polite custom to pay a visitor's expenses. I then took my leave, after a great deal of bowing and requests to return soon from the women, my friend, Mr. Chanticleer, strutting out to speed the parting guest by loud and prolonged crowing!

Meeting a Philistine.

(Deaconess Advocate.)

'Some day, when the thermometer is ninety-five in the shade,' said a pastor to his deaconess, 'you might like to call on Mrs. Johnson, 120 LeMoyné street.' Sometimes the preacher was a trifle waggish, and the deaconess suspected that this was such an occasion; so she only waited interrogatively.

'Perhaps you might get a reception that would temper the atmosphere somewhat.'

'Oh, frigid, you mean. Have you been there?'

'Yes; and had the door slammed in my face without ceremony. I give you fair warning,

be poured upon her head for admitting an unwelcome visitor as soon as she should be gone, and this made her the more anxious to conciliate the woman if possible.

'Good-morning,' she said, addressing the huge pair of shoulders turned toward her. 'It's an exceedingly warm morning, isn't it?'

There was no response, and the deaconess tried again.

'I am Miss Jennings from the Marlow Mission, and I hoped to be able to interest you and your daughter in our Home Department—'

But now the shoulders turned.

'I know what you are, and I want nothing to do with you. I believe you people are fools, and your preachers hypocrites. There! And I believe that I'm a better Christian than any of you with your pious cant. There, now!'

She had fired her shot and had nothing in reserve, but the deaconess never winced.

'The greatest Christian grace is charity, Mrs. Johnson, and I'm afraid you haven't very much of that. Now, I always believe that there is something good in everybody, even church members, and I am seldom disappointed.'

But the woman, rallying her forces, began a bitter tirade against churches and church people. Once the deaconess referred to something in the little Bible she carried, but the woman interposed: 'You needn't read to me out of that; I've got a Bible of my own, and I can do my own praying, too.' But as the deaconess continued to possess her soul in patience the woman paused and looked at her curiously.

'Why don't you get mad when I talk to you like this?'

'Because part of what you say is true, and I have no right to get mad at it; and part is not true, and it would be foolish to get mad at that.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PROVERBS.

Dec. 15, Sun.—If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat.

Dec. 16, Mon.—He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.

Dec. 17, Tues.—He that hardeneth his heart shall fall.

Dec. 18, Wed.—He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool.

Dec. 19, Thur.—The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.

Dec. 20, Fri.—Every man's judgment cometh from the Lord.

Dec. 21, Sat.—Every word of God is pure.