

## CINDERELLA.

Who is there that has not delighted in the story of Cinderella and her glass slipper—how that she was made to do the drudgery of the house while the sisters enjoyed themselves in their own selfish way; how the latter attended the prince's grand ball while Cinderella was left at home; how the good fairy, taking pity on her, dressed her up in gorgeous apparel and covered her feet with the glass slippers; how the prince loved, sought, found and finally made her his wife.

It is an old, old story and silly too, perhaps; but there is a grave lesson behind it. Beauty does not consist of the mere formation of the face or figure. There is no beauty like the manifestation in the face of a spirit, kind, gentle and generous; there is no greater extinguisher to the beauty of mere elegance and regularity of features than a spirit of discontent and selfishness. The contented one is the happy one, and happiness expressed on the countenance itself is beauty. And contentment and happiness are their own reward. They are not likely to bring, in these days, fairies as guardians, or princes for husbands, or princesses as wives, but, far better, they create an atmosphere which seems to benefit all who breathe it and render the possessor of these qualities beloved, esteemed and a blessing to all who come in contact with them.



## Temperance Department.

## HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

Mrs. Harrover was comfortably seated in her neat kitchen one warm June day, braiding a sack for little Marjory and at the same time watching some cakes in the oven, when a tap at the screen of the door caused her to look up and see her neighbor, Mrs. Daly.

"Come in," she cried, in genial tones, and, as her visitor entered, she sprang to offer her a seat, remarking, "You look very warm. I am afraid you have walked too fast."

"I didn't walk too fast; but it's dreadful warm," replied Mrs. Daly, removing her shaker sun-bonnet and disclosing a very flushed face. "I wouldn't have come to-day, but I've been owing you that pint o' molasses so long I was 'most ashamed to look you in the face. But here it is at last," and she set a small tin-pail on the table; "and I'll pay you back them eggs as soon as I can scrape a dozen together."

"Don't hurry about it," said Mrs. Harrover pleasantly. "You know our hens are famous layers, so I always have enough on hand."

"Yes," said Mrs. Daly in a resigned tone, "everything seems to prosper with some folks. I never was one of the lucky ones;" and then she sighed as she looked about the neatly-arranged kitchen and contrasted it with the one of which she was mistress. She saw the difference very plainly.

Mrs. Harrover's kitchen was indeed a home-like, cheerful room. The stove was brightly polished; the tins hung shining on their nails, neat blue shades were at the windows, the floor and tables were as white as soap and sand could make them, and not a fly was to be seen, the wire screens proving an effectual barrier to the entrance of these little pests of a housekeeper's life.

"It is work and good management which cause us to prosper," said Mrs. Harrover. "We shouldn't get along so well if Henry wasn't always looking out for loose screws, and both of us as industrious and economical as poor people ought to be if they expect to make any progress at all."

"I used to be spry enough when I was young," said Mrs. Daly, "but I've lost all heart to try. Time was when I took some pride in things; but I've got discouraged, and now I let the house take care of itself, mostly. Anyhow, mine never would look like yours. I don't see how you manage to keep everything so clean."

"I use plenty of soap, sand and water, and never let anything get out of place," said Mrs. Harrover. "I think there is more need now than ever for your trying to keep

your house nice. Your boys all nearly men, and your girls growing large—they will soon be able to do for themselves, and if their home isn't pleasant, depend upon it they will leave it."

"I look forward to that," said Mrs. Daly, "and I can't help it if they do go. You don't know all my troubles, Mrs. Harrover. You'd be discouraged, too, if you had a husband who spent most of his time at the tavern, and let the farm-work take care of itself."

"Did you ever try to reform Luke?" asked Mrs. Harrover. "I know he has a good, kind heart, and is very fond of his children. It seems to me you ought not to give him up already."

"Already!" exclaimed Mrs. Daly. "I've done all a mortal woman could to stop him. I've talked and scolded until I was hoarse, and cried until my eyes were red, over and over again. But it a'n't no manner of use. Luke's bound to bring up in the gutter some day, and I might as well get used to thinkin' of it."

"Suppose you try my plan for a while," said Mrs. Harrover. "You know trying never did any harm, and it may do some good. Come, will you follow my directions for a month, if no longer?"

"I'm willin' to do 'most anything you want me to. You're about the only friend I've got left, and it isn't much I can do for you anyhow. What's your plan?"

"Clean your house from attic to cellar first, Burn up all the old rubbish, whitewash your ceilings and whiten your walls. Then prepare one room where your husband can sit in the evening to read. I know he is fond of reading, for he often borrows a paper from Henry; so I will give you some old magazines and agricultural papers which will interest him. Give him good, clean meals, and be as pleasant to him as you used to be before he took to drink. I will help you as much as I can, and you will see that Luke will turn over a new leaf before long. Will you try the receipt?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Daly, a new light in her eyes, "to please you I will, and if it does cure him of drinking I'll bless you for ever an' ever. Oh, if I had somebody to 'casionally speak kind, chearin' words to me, I don't believe I'd be so discouraged."

The cakes were done by this time, and Mrs. Harrover wrapped up the biggest for her neighbor, and taking the molasses from the tin-pail, refilled it with preserves. Mrs. Daly's voice choked as she tried to express her thanks and she went away, her heart lighter and more hopeful than it had been for many weary months.

Mrs. Harrover stood by the kitchen door, and watched her neighbor until she was lost to sight among the trees of the small wood lot that she was obliged to cross to reach home.

"Once get Luke interested in his farm and home, and he will forget all about the tavern and be the man he was when poor Sarah married him," so soliloquized the little woman. "I think I'll see what I can do for both of them. I'll be a sort of home missionary, and lay out my work."

Mrs. Harrover and Mrs. Daly had been girls together at the same school, and though there was little congeniality between them—for they belonged to different grades of society—old associations bound them together with ties of friendship, particularly after Mr. Harrover bought the farm adjoining that of Luke Daly. It was seldom that Milly Harrover called on Sarah Daly, for she had her hands full with the work of her house and dairy, and no time to gossip. And then, she never went to Sarah's without being distressed and annoyed by the dirt and disorder which reigned there. Naturally neat and orderly herself she could not tolerate slovenliness in others.

Sarah Daly had never been so powerfully impressed with her own short-comings as she was on this afternoon when, weary with her long walk in the hot sun, she entered her own home. The house was in sad need of painting and repair on the outside, but the inside was far worse. The ceilings and walls were black with dust and smoke, the floors were greasy, the corners full of dust, the window-panes broken, and the furniture in a very demoralized condition. She sat down in the kitchen and looked about her, seeing things with eyes from which the scales had fallen. Dirt and disorder reigned supreme. The mantelpiece was littered up with old and odd bits of every description—onions, apples, broken crockery, ragged stockings, a greasy candlestick, a piece of bread, an old shoe, and various other articles of a like unornamental nature. The table, crowded with

unwashed dishes, was minus a leg, and had been propped up by an old box; the stove was rusty and smeared with grease; dirty towels hung over the broken chairs, and the doors of the cupboard swung wide open, giving free admittance to the flies, which swarmed in the sugar-bowl and stuck fast in a plate of butter left from dinner, which no one had taken pains to carry to the dairy-house.

"I don't know where to begin," sighed poor Sarah, with a helpless look into a closet heaped with articles of every kind, from a ham-boiler to a china teacup. "I'll ask Tim to help me to-morrow. He's powerful handy, and will know just how to turn."

That evening, after Luke had gone as usual to the tavern four miles distant, Mrs. Daly called her children together and told them of her plan, and the resolutions she had formed to turn over a new leaf. They were all touched by the tears in their mother's eyes and promised to do their best to help her to bring back to the old paths of peace and pleasantness the husband and father. The boys, Horace and Tim, made plans about the field-work as they went to bed together, and agreed to redouble their energies and try to make their father's farm as productive as Mr. Harrover's. The two girls fell asleep only to dream of the many little ways in which they could "help mother." Thus the seed Mrs. Harrover had sowed had fallen on fertile ground and bade fair to take root and flourish.

Holding her youngest child, her little Mollie, close to her breast, Mrs. Daly lay awake hour after hour, praying for the first time in years, for strength to keep the good resolutions she had made, and planning how best to influence her husband to abstain from the vice that was working his ruin.

She fell asleep just as daylight broke in the east, and it seemed to her that she had scarcely dozed before she was roused by Tim's voice at her door, begging her in an agitated voice to dress and come down stairs at once.

She sprang up and stopping only to throw on a wrapper hurried out into the dark entry where Tim waited.

"What is it?" she gasped. "What has happened?"

"Father's team ran away last night," said Tim brokenly, "and Mr. Harrover's hired men have just come with—with—father."

"Not dead!" shrieked Mrs. Daly.

"No; but badly hurt. Mr. Harrover has gone for the doctor. Don't cry, mother, it'll all come right."

The poor woman waited to hear no more. She ran down stairs to where her husband lay on a sofa in a large room once used as a parlor, but now given over to dust and cobwebs. She did not weep, but the face she raised to greet the doctor on his entrance told how much she suffered.

Luke's left leg was broken; his head injured, and his whole body bruised. Lying insensible on the road several hours had not improved his condition, and the doctor pronounced his case a serious one.

Long months of nursing and weary watching followed, but Sarah Daly never once faltered in the path she had marked out for herself. Giving to Hannah the principal care of the invalid, she, with the assistance of Lucy and Tim, began the renovating Mrs. Harrover had suggested. From room to room she went, scouring, brushing and papering. Tim spent days in whitening the walls and ceilings, and all the useless trash and dirt, and accumulation of years of carelessness, was carried out to the ploughed field and burned. The panes of glass were put in the windows by Tim's skilful fingers and the dilapidated tables and chairs supplied with legs and backs. When at the end of ten days all was done, the result astonished the whole family, who had never before felt any pride in their home.

But it must not be supposed that Sarah Daly did not have a severe trial with her husband's appetite for liquor. With returning health and strength he demanded his morning dram, and shrieked with fury when denied it by his wife, who pointed out to him as gently as she knew how the ruin in store for him if he did not abandon his bad habits. Gradually he grew reasonable, and wept when she reminded him of the happy days when he had never visited the tavern and was respected by his neighbors.

"Sarah, I will do better; I promise you I will," he said more than once. "You'll see; I'll be a different man when I get well again."

He had not been told of the changes in the

house, and when, three months after the accident, he was able to leave his room, he stared about the kitchen and into the doorway, half believing he was dreaming. The dirt-begrimed walls which had disgusted him, the grease and dust over everything in the room he had known, had given place to white walls, cleanliness and order, while the yard was as neat as Mr. Harrover's had ever been, and the slop-tubs, old cans and horse-shoes of the past were no longer visible.

The children watched the surprised face of their father with beaming eyes, and when he sank down into a chair, overcome with the emotions he could not control, they crowded about him, and in joyous voices related the hand they had had in this great improvement.

"Sarah," he said, holding out his hand to his wife and drawing her toward him, "I'll give you the pledge you've asked me for so often. Heaven helping me, I'll never touch another glass of liquor."

He kept his word, for his will was a strong one when he chose to exercise it, and the tavern at Barsee saw him no more. His farm was no longer neglected, and the sunshine of prosperity brightened his home again.

But it required constant missionary work on the part of little Mrs. Harrover to keep Sarah Daly up to the mark she had set in the first enthusiasm of her labors. We all know that a city cannot be built in a day, and it took all Sarah's strength of character to repair slowly the neglect of years. She grew tired of work, of the constant cleaning necessary to keep her house sweet and fresh, and would have faltered and given up many times had not the little home missionary been by to cheer her onward.

She was encouraged, too, by seeing that every step she took in the right direction was a solid gain in home happiness, and she persevered until order and cleanliness became second habit with her, and she was, in the pride and peace of a cheerful, happy and prosperous home, enabled to look back and shudder over what had been and to bless with all her heart the good little missionary whose earnest words had been the lever which, in time, had moved the mountain.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

## BRANDY AMONG THE HOTTENTOTS.

The Rev. Samuel H. Ravenscroft, a Wesleyan Missionary in the Cape of Good Hope district, in writing to the Wesleyan Mission House, London, concerning the natives, says:

The Hottentots are by far the most numerous. Their language is low Dutch. This is a corruption of the pure Holland Dutch, and is vastly inferior to it. I have not yet acquired it, but am trying to master it. I have spoken with some of the Hottentots, but have found myself unable to hold a protracted conversation with them. Services in Dutch are held in the English church at Ookiep on Sunday mornings, and on one of the week days. I hear that very few attend them—a few women, and scarcely any men.

The state of these people is lamentable in the extreme. They live in wretched, low huts, which, in many cases, have only one apartment. This serves to shelter father, mother, children, dogs and other animals (insects, I ought to have said) too numerous to mention.

There is very little furniture in these miserable abodes. The inhabitants, for the most part, sleep on the ground. The habit of smoking is practised by old and young of both sexes. But their great curse is the drink. The brandy bottle is the favorite idol of our natives in this part of the colony. They love what is called here "Cape Smack." That is the kind of article consumed by the Hottentots, and they drink it in large quantities. It is a common thing on a Saturday afternoon to see hundreds of them assembled round the canteen; some waiting for their turn, others, as is painfully obvious, have had their turn, but are still waiting, because they are in such a state of helplessness that they can't get away. Many of them are sent to the "trunk" for their folly. If one ventures to expostulate with them concerning the error of their ways, they turn round on him and say, "Before the white man came we had no brandy, nor had we any 'trunk' (prison)." Can we wonder at their reply? Some of our Europeans, by what they sell (brandy, &c.) to the natives, and by the influence of their wicked lives, do them far more harm than can possibly be remedied by the missionaries who are on the spot.