



The Family Circle.

CHINA'S GREATEST CURSE.

Jealous of the bordering stranger
China built her guardian wall;
Fearful, too, of distant danger
Closed her gates to one and all;
But at length the sly invader,
Knocking with an ominous din,
In the guise of honest trader
Claimed the right to enter in.

China answered "No admission!"
Britain spoke with cannon roar;
Scorned to stand upon condition,
Hurled her bolts and forced the door.
Entered with the drug Satanic
Charged with foul and deadly fumes!
Tarnished lies the shield Britannic
Stonelike now on countless tombs.

Manhood's prime falls opium-smitten,
Dried and shrivelled in the smoke;
Souls are snared and serpent-bitten,
Blighted as by lightning stroke.
Widowed hearts by torture broken,
Robbed and desolate and lone,
Charge us with their woes unspoken
Chide us in their stifled groan.

While no hope of heaven's bright morrow
Hallows yonder tear-drenched sod;
While you wail of helpless sorrow
Struggles to the ear of God;
While an offending nation
By our own is "drawn to death,"
Shall we quench our indignation?
Must we meekly hold our breath?

What though wrong should fill our coffers
While it fills our cup of sin?
Where the cause of justice suffers
Boots it that the strong should win?
When the judge of all creation,
Rising, shall avenge the right,
Who shall proffer vindication
For abuse of England's might?

By a Briton's love of freedom,
By his scorn of alien thrall;
By the impulses which lead him
To the help of those who fall:
By our Christian name and prestige,
By the love of God, we say
Let the death-drug's every vestige
From our realms be swept away.

—W. Maxwell, in the Christian.

TIMELY WORDS.

Mr. Walker Bailey, the most prominent banker in one of the smaller cities of the Empire state, was noted not only for integrity and careful business management, for his genial company and his good and kindly influence in his church, and in the city, but also for his extremely neat personal appearance. His clothes were of excellent material; they fitted him well; they never discovered shabby looking buttons nor worn bindings, nor were his coats pulled out of shape, nor did they ever show a need of brushing. Many a mother in that city had held up Mr. Bailey to her sons as a model of neatness and agreeable personal appearance, and "Did you ever see Mr. Bailey with unpolished boots, or with such dusty clothes or crumpled linen?" was a question often put to boys who were inclined to be careless.

One winter a course of lectures and concerts was given in the pleasantest and largest hall of that city for the purpose of raising a sum of money to be used to increase the library of the town. One of the wealthiest of the citizens, who, when a young man in a small New England village had felt keenly a personal loss in being deprived of good books, had given to this town a beautiful stone building for a library, and many thousand dollars towards the first purchase of books. He said in his speech at the opening of the building that he had determined when a young man that if he was ever able to do so he would establish a library, and do for the young people, and the old likewise, in his town, what he wished some one had done for him.

His gift was received with great enthusiasm, and steps were at once taken by the lecture course to raise quite a sum of money to increase the number of books and magazines, as well as to add encyclo-

pedias and books of reference to the library. These lectures were popular and well attended.

Mr. Bailey was the third lecturer in the course, and his subject was announced, "The Formation of Good Habits," and to the young people. The older people were, however, so interested to know if Mr. Bailey's advice would correspond with their own that they came out in as full force as to the other lectures.

Habits of truthfulness, of perfect honesty, of kindness, and benevolence and all manly and womanly traits were touched upon by the lecturer, with many appropriate and telling illustrations, and the necessity urged of forming all such habits when young. A lack of these early good habits made a disastrous life for many, for untruthful, dishonest, unkindly, uncharitable people are never happy, never truly successful in what constitutes the highest success, he said. He dwelt upon the habit of courtesy, of treating everyone with politeness, and taking the time to do so, even in this driving, rushing, nineteenth century.

Then he talked very earnestly on forming the habit of good reading, and improving one's odd moments and half hours with a good book in hand, and estimated how much that was valuable could be read in one year if only one hour a day was devoted to it, which, possibly, was all the time that many could give to it. He referred to quite a number of authors whose books had recently been added to the library, whose acquaintance he hoped they would soon make, and he told them how pleased he had been late to see a number of boys who had been in the habit of hanging about the corners of the streets, or in the post-office, sitting at the tables in the library building looking over illustrated books and reading the magazines.

"And now a few special words to you boys," he said, "on a very practical matter, your personal appearance. I presume many of you think your friends regard you of so little consequence that your personal appearance is not noticed. Boys, I know, are not always treated with the consideration they deserve. But your own and your demeanor and appearance are more important than you imagine.

"I will venture to assert that there are ladies in this audience, not a few, and some gentlemen, who know well which boys in this town are the neatest in their dress, appearing with shoes well-polished, and clean linen and neat clothing, and which ones, bright and interesting though they may be, are usually somewhat slovenly in their personal appearance.

"Let me relate to you an incident about a prominent New York judge, when he was in college. His father was a lawyer in a town in this state, and when George Andrews, as we will call him, came to college, the city boys looked at him askance as he walked into the recitation room with muddy boots and unbrushed clothes and unkempt hair. Yet after a few days, as they heard his excellent recitations they began to respect him in spite of his unprepossessing looks, but they made no advances toward him in a social way.

The president of the college, who had a fatherly care over the students and who was a very observing man, noticed that George was not cordially received, and instantly divined the cause; for, although he believed him a gentleman at heart, and knew that he was courteous in a rough sort of a way, he had not the appearance of a gentleman.

"One morning at the close of a recitation, the president, who had been listening for fifteen or twenty minutes, said, 'Mr. Andrews, I would like to see you a few minutes after twelve o'clock at my office.' Mr. Andrews wondered why the president wished to see him, and as some of his classmates looked at him peculiarly, the invitation, or rather the command he had received troubled him somewhat. Yet he was not conscious that he had done anything which warranted a reproof.

"Shortly after noon, however, George presented himself at the president's office, and timidly walking in, was surprised to be so cordially welcomed and in such pleasant tones, as the president said, 'Walk in, Mr. Andrews, sit down, I will speak with you soon.'

"George sat down near several other students who were evidently awaiting their

turns for conversations, while one of the professors engaged the attention of the president. Just then a telegram was handed in, and after reading it the president rose quickly, saying, 'I shall be obliged to go home at once, and must therefore postpone seeing you to-day. Mr. Andrews, will you please call at my house to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock, and Mr. Garland, I would like to see you there at four o'clock; the others I will meet here to-morrow at this hour.'

"The next afternoon George pulled the bell at the president's mansion, and was ushered through the wide and handsome hall into a beautiful reception room, and seated there. After a few moments the president appeared and invited George into his library. He talked with him a while about his studies and expressed his gratification that he seemed in earnest and had started out to make the most of his opportunities. He spoke of his church and urged regular attendance there, and then inquired about his boarding-place, and hoped he had found a comfortable home. He said he often took the liberty of giving personal suggestions and advice to the boys as they came to college, which he thought would be helpful to them, and for which many students had expressed their thanks.

"As George said he would be grateful for any suggestion, the president, in a kindly way, told him he had noticed he did not spend as much time as he should upon his personal appearance, and added: 'I almost despise young men who think more of dress than anything else and use what few brains they have in adorning their bodies, but, on the other hand, I always like to see young men neatly dressed, with their coats well-brushed and buttoned, their boots polished, and their linen and persons giving evidence of cleanliness. Many boys reared in country towns, who would take the first rank in scholarship, have never had their attention directed to some of these matters, and yet have learned in later years their value. A good whisk-boom, and a box of blacking and brushes do not cost much,' he added, 'but they pay big dividends, and I have preached many a short, practical sermon on the gospel of soap.'

"You have seen photographs of old Kaiser William, I presume, as he stood in military dress at a window of the palace with his little grandson. It is said that he never appeared except in his uniform, and with every button fastened. He would often be sitting at his desk in a loose garment, and at the sound of martial music, which was heard frequently—since there is far more parading of soldiers in Berlin than in any other city in the world—the old emperor would immediately divest himself of his loose robe and don his military coat, which he adjusted with the utmost care before presenting himself at the window to receive and return the salute of the soldiers. On one such occasion a friend who was present, asked 'Why are you always so particular to button every button of your uniform?' 'Because,' replied the old Kaiser, with great promptness, 'I wish to set a good example. I tell you it is the one button left unfastened which begins the ruin of the army.'

"There is a lesson for us all to avoid carelessness even in what some would think small matters."

"George thanked him, and they talked further on other subjects, the president showing a sincere interest in his plans and purposes. He gave him an invitation, from his wife, to dine with them the following day in company with three of his classmates, stating that in this way his wife gradually became acquainted with the students of all classes.

"I need hardly tell you," said Mr. Bailey, after this rather long story, "that George immediately acted upon the suggestion of the president, and felt drawn more closely to him for his kind personal interest in him; nor need I say that he appeared in college the next morning, and at the president's house the next afternoon, much improved in many ways. The attitude of the students was soon changed toward him, and he was ere long introduced into pleasant social circles, and became easy and more polished in his manners.

"Some years after his graduation he married one of the most refined young ladies of that city, whose father was one of

its prominent citizens. He told me not long ago that he had mentally thanked the president of that college a thousand times for his timely hint, for he had since then appreciated more thoroughly the value of it, and was not certain that he yet knew how much these timely words had helped him.

"He might by his talents have risen to as high a position, and have made his mark in the world, but he might also have lost entirely the many refining influences which have added so much pleasure to his life, and the association with those who were dearest to him,

"So, boys," said Mr. Bailey, in closing, "while you strive to form good habits and to be truthful, honest, upright, and enterprising, courteous, kindly and studious, remember the timely words of the president and the remark of the old Kaiser, and do not neglect your personal appearance."—Standard.

THE MAN HE WANTED.

Dr. Leonard Bacon, who was a very busy man, would not refuse himself to callers who expressed a desire to see him. On one occasion his family, knowing him to be closely occupied, took especial pains that he should not be disturbed, and when a stranger came to the door and inquired for him, they told him he was engaged. It happened that Doctor Bacon overheard the conversation. He immediately stepped in to the hall and requested his daughter to bring the caller into the study.

"The man who wants to see me is the man I want to see," he said.

The doctor may have learned that way of putting the case by some earlier experience in his life, like that of another good minister of whom Rev. George S. Putters speaks, who once was very near losing a sacred opportunity.

It was at the close of the evening service, after a Sunday of hard work. His congregation had been small, and he felt that he had acquitted himself poorly. In fact, as he came out of church he overheard remarks about the sermon that mortified and even embittered his spirit. The people who spoke to him happened somehow to say just the wrong things. He passed out, gloomy and discouraged. If man ever hungered for a token that he was doing some good in the world, he was that man.

At the door stood a young man, as if waiting. The pastor felt in no mood to talk more, and turned aside to avoid him, but the stranger spoke his name.

"May I have a moment with you, sir?" There was no welcome in the pastor's response. He begged the man to be short, for he was very tired.

"Perhaps I had better not trouble you, then," said the young man. And he went away without another word.

By the time the pastor had crossed the street, and stood at his own door, he was sorry for what he had said. He turned immediately and followed the stranger, found him, and took him home with him.

He proved to be the man the minister wanted. He had been in the city three months, and had gone wrong. To-night he had attended religious services for the first time; and what he heard made him homesick and conscience-sick. He wished the pastor to set him right.

"Your remark when I spoke to you at the church chilled me," he said, "and I turned away with a hopeless feeling that almost drove me to a wicked resolve. The temptation was growing strong in me as I walked the street."

"How glad I am that I went after you!" said the pastor.

Kindly and carefully he conversed with the inquirer, giving him the counsel he needed. It was a delightful ending to what had seemed a useless day. A sin-captive seeking his Redeemer had come to him.

That interview saved the young man. He became one of the minister's best helpers; an active worker in his church, and a successful winner of other young men from temptation.

The opportunity that waits for us is the one we need, and cannot afford to lose. Our great work in this world is to do good; and whether it is to help body or mind or soul, it must not be put off on account of any weary or unwilling mood. Such opportunities come one at a time, and the same one never comes but once.—*Youth's Companion*.