

The Family.

DORCAS.

At Joppa a Christian woman Had fallen sick and died, A humble minded woman, Yet all the neighbours cried, "What shall we do without her?" And one had grace to say, "At Jydda taries Peter, I fetch him without delay," And so across the country Some fifteen miles or more, Two men to meet the sunrise Sped from the rugged shore To "the assins who dwell at Jydda"— Finding comfort in their need, For prayers to heaven, faith-laden, Gave the three men goldspeed. Warm hearts have held the picture For eighteen hundred years; The group within that upper room, The sobs, laments, and tears, The "widows weeping, showing The ointment that she had made" Like a bit of ancient tapestry Time mellows every shade. This Talitha, called Dorcas, Her quiet life had filled With "good works and with alms-deeds;" We read not, "She had willed Her frugal, hard earned savings A church or school to found, That after death her praises In public might resound." All her sweet life consisted In sowing loving seed, In caring for her neighbours, In thought and word, and deed; And so her acts are handed down To comfort hearts like ours, Like precious jars of sweet perfume, Wrung from long withered flowers. —Mrs. Annie A. Preston, in Advance.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE AMONG CHINESE CHRISTIANS.

IN China women are not expected to take any part in public society, or to mingle in any gatherings of men, but to be "keepers at home," not necessarily "workers at home," as the Revised Version has it. They are not expected to receive social calls from men, except rarely from their parents and brothers. No man would think of calling at a house and asking to see an unmarried or married young woman, unless upon special business, and ordinarily he would not have any business with them. The families of Christian converts are obliged to conform to these social ideas to a great extent. All Chinese society, except that among the members of the same family at home, is for the most part deprived of the refining and elevating influences of the common social life of Western nations. The few public gatherings, usually theatrical performances, in which some women are seen in places set apart for them, are not recognized as really proper places for young women of respectable families to appear at. Even in many of the churches, a separate place, screened off from the sight of the men, is assigned to the women, so as not to offend the prejudices and customs of heathen society. The more wealthy and refined the family the more confined and secluded the females. Hence marriage, which is almost the only means by which the men are brought within the range of female society, is even more necessary to men in China than in America. For best influence and efficiency our preachers must be married men. Brides here can always be obtained by the use of sufficient money; and every Chinaman who has money enough gets married. From the beginning of the missionary work in this country up to the present time, converts have had great difficulty in securing Christian wives for themselves. Heathen parents were unwilling to have their daughters married to Christians, even at a higher price. As most of the first converts in every place are men, and often single men of course marriageable Christian women are very few. Foundling asylums and girls' boarding-schools have helped to supply part of the deficiency. In the older mission fields Christian families have now grown up, most of whose daughters are educated in our schools and are much sought after for wives. Their parents are not usually avaricious, as the heathen are, in insisting upon a high price for their daughters from the husband's parents. But their girls are insisting upon having some choice themselves as to whom they will have for husbands, and hence the poorer or older men, and those living far away in the country, still find it difficult to marry Christian girls or women. Some of our preachers have felt constrained to marry, and not being able to do so otherwise have been "unpleasantly yoked to unbelievers." Two preachers of our mission recently, not being able to secure suitable Christian wives, have been betrothed, and one of them married, to girls whose parents are heathen. In the case of the one already married, the young bride in a few months gladly accepted her husband's religion. The custom of infant betrothal, which is very common among the people, is being more and more discontinued among the church-members, although some of them have living in the family with their sons, those who have been betrothed to their sons, waiting until they shall be old enough to be married. This saves much of the expense for brides, who cost at adult age from \$100 to over \$300. The missionaries all try to discourage both these practices, and to reduce the price of brides to as low a sum as possible; and it is evident that the conscience of the Christians is responding increasing-

ly to the right in these matters. Almost all of them agree that it is wrong for Christians to betroth their daughters to heathen, but it is done by them sometimes under pecuniary pressure. Recently a young Christian, who had been several years studying in America, married a graduate of the Female Seminary here, and both of them wished to imitate the American custom and set up a home for themselves, instead of following the native custom and becoming wholly subordinate to the bridegroom's father and mother. So they are still living at the bride's father's, instead of moving to the husband's home. What the result will be still remains to be seen. You have, perhaps, noted, that, according to the statistics of Mission work gathered by the Rev. Luther H. Gulick, American Bible Society's Agent for China, for Dec. 31, 1888, there are now in China, 34,555 communicant church-members connected with the various Protestant missionary societies, of whom 2,225 were added during 1888.—Rev. S. F. Woodin, of Fochow, in N. Y. Independent.

PROMOTED.

"No, mother, I will not have anything to do with him; if he goes to church all right, I wish he would, but I do not care to appear in public where he is, for he has disgraced us all." "Why, Sarah, how cruel you are! You seem to forget that William is your brother." "No, I do not forget it, nor do I forget what he has done." "But you should try and help him overcome his evil tendencies, not drive him to the commission of worse deeds. If your brother is utterly lost the demand may some time be made of you, 'Where is thy brother?'" "Well, he has lost all regard for his family, he does not care how much evil he does. He seems to have lost all feeling, and he no longer acts like a human being." "I do not think so, the boy has more feeling than you suppose, but he has not been properly treated. You should have more patience, more charity. 'Charity endureth all things,' Paul says, and 'though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'" "Mother, we have done everything possible for that boy, and he will persist in his vicious course, and I am tired out. I could almost wish I might never see him again." The conversation was long continued by this mother and daughter, but with little change, except to convince the former that her boy's reformation must be accomplished through her own unaided efforts. She told her daughter plainly that she would accompany the boy to church, or Sunday-school, or elsewhere, if by so doing he might receive some benefit. This mother, through sickness and other causes, had been deprived of the care of her children for some years, and had now returned to them to find the eldest boy growing up to manhood addicted to bad habits, and, as his sister had, alas, truly said, a disgrace to all who knew him. But a mother's heart never gives up yearning for the wanderer from the fold. Nor would this one. She believed his father had treated him unkindly, perhaps even worse, unjustly, and the evil tendencies in his nature had been greatly strengthened, instead of being gradually overcome. Yet how was she, still weak from long and painful illness, to undo the evil and win the boy back to the right path—to usefulness and self-respecting manhood? One day she said: "William, why do you persist in your evil ways; do you not know, unless there is a change, it will inevitably result in your utter ruin? Do you not realize your situation and see that you are on the down grade to perdition?" "Yes, mother, I do, but I don't care! I have been scolded and driven about until it makes little difference what becomes of me. I would as soon die as live." "Now, my boy, there is nothing manly about that. You must remember you are the architect of your own fortune in this life; you must paddle your own boat or you will sink and be lost!" "But how can I do anything, when every one is pulling me down?" "You are almost a man. Are you willing to have others drive you to evil? Can you not hold up your head and be a man among men? Where is your self-respect? Where is your manhood?" "Yes, I would like to be a man, but my own brothers and sisters will not speak to me." "That is wrong in them, but have you not first done wrong? You are young and strong; can you not show them what you are capable of? What a grand thing it would be for you, after a few years of hard work, to show them that you held as good a position as any of them and were as much respected. I say has such a prospect no allurements for you?" "Oh, that is impossible; there is no chance for me in this world, or the world to come, for that matter." "Let me tell you something: I knew a boy who, like you, from the time he was ten until he was fifteen, had no parental care. His mother was dead, his father was away from home, and he was left to take care of himself. That he did not become a very wicked

boy is wonderful, for all his associates were of the worst description. In his so-called home he was made a slave and taught that he was a fool so assiduously that finally he believed it. But there came a change; his father returned and the boy found courage to tell his trials. Greatly astonished, his father took the matter under consideration and shortly after gave his son a little money, his freedom and a blessing, and the boy was afloat on the great sea of life, very much as you are to-day, my boy. Determined to make the most of his opportunities, he worked hard during the day and attended school at night. His progress was rapid, though his surprise was great when the fact gradually dawned upon him that he was not a fool. Forty years have passed since then; that boy became a useful man, was honoured by his fellow-men, and has enjoyed for many years the comforts and happiness which are the sure reward of a well-spent life." "But, mother, do you think there is such an opportunity in store for me?" "Why not, my son?" "You know I have been a hard case, and, what is more, everybody knows it, too; it has been in the papers, and if I should try to hold up my head, I would only receive the sneers of all who know me." "In my old copy books, when a school girl, was this copy; I remember it well, tho' I could not understand it then: "Honour and fame from no condition rise, Act well your part, there all the honour lies." Now, your present condition is bad—that is acknowledged; but do you think there is no honourable future before you? Suppose you act well your part for a time and see." "Oh, mother, if I could only have you with me always. I believe I could do better, and become a useful man." "Believe it; don't you know it? If your life was spent in doing good for others, if you should forget self and spend your time in making others happy, do you not suppose that happiness would come to you? Oh, yes, my son, like a river of joy your life would flow on, quietly, perhaps, but deep, full and strong, reflecting the sunlight of God's countenance, and bearing onward to the great ocean of eternity, the best wishes and kind remembrance of all you might chance to meet. But if you seek your own good alone, you will find no peace in this life; the enjoyments which appear so alluring now will turn to ashes on your lips, and you will at last be compelled to say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'" William was a good boy at heart. But companions on the street, and lack of sympathy at home, had done much to make him what he was; but his mother argued that he had come from being a hopeless case. One morning a crucifix on the wall handed the mother, which she had long treasured open, and then read, as follows: "DEAR MOTHER—When these lines reach you, I shall be far away. I am persuaded I can never be of service to any one at home, and I have enlisted in the army. Our country needs men, and you say I will soon be a man. I will try to remember what you have told me, and seek to make others happy. Hoping you will not worry about your unworthy boy, I am, most sincerely and affectionately yours, WILLIAM." The regiment that the boy enlisted in was in great need of a few recruits, and they took him without a word of inquiry, being on the eve of departure for the field, and William suddenly found himself amid scenes as remote from anything he had ever dreamed of as can be well imagined. But on the whole he was kindly treated, and he soon learned that to be a good soldier one must obey orders without question. This he did, and with such zeal that he won the good-will of all. Two years' rolled by; and William now was considered one of the ablest men in the command. He had been promoted, and wore the three stripes of a sergeant in his coat, and he justly felt proud of his advancement. So he tried even harder than ever to make a good soldier of himself. One dark, dreary night he was stationed on the advanced picket line with three companions, with orders to remain there during the following day, gaining all the information possible concerning the enemy. Before daylight a large force opposed to them was seen so near by as to create a panic among his comrades, and they proposed leaving the grounds at once. This William positively refused to do, so his companions left him there alone, reporting to the officer of the guard after daylight. It was then too late to relieve him, and William was left to his fate. Concealing himself as well as possible in the bushes, he waited and watched the long weary hours away. He was a close observer, well posted in all military movements, and located on a commanding eminence that gave him an opportunity to obtain accurate information as to the strength and disposition of the enemy, and he carefully wrote down every item that came to his attention. At last, night closed in again, and he was speedily relieved, but instead of returning to his own command was immediately taken to the general's headquarters. Here were assembled many officers, and William was astonished to find himself the object of individual attention. The commanding general addressed him:

"You occupied an advanced post on picket last night and to-day, sergeant; what did you learn?" Addressing himself to the notes he had made, William commenced to give facts as he had written them down. "So you wrote out in full all you saw, did you, sergeant?" "I did, sir, but," hesitatingly, "I had no paper with me except my mother's last letter, and this I filled full, writing between the lines." Have you any objections to my seeing it?" "None, whatever, sir." The general carefully noted on a slip of paper the facts he considered of service, then remarked: "Gentlemen, I find very important information here, very concisely stated, and to you, sergeant—I should say lieutenant—the thanks of this command are tendered for your bravery and skill, and for the soldierly qualities which I learn you have shown hitherto. You will report at these headquarters to-morrow for staff duty. This letter," and it was noticed the old warrior's eyes were moist, "I will return to you." And Lieutenant, not long afterward Captain, William scarcely knew whether his own gallant action or the tender, loving words of his mother's letter, commending her once wayward boy to the watchful care of a kind heavenly Father, had the most influence in securing his remarkable promotion.—S. X., in New York Observer.

A GOOD STORY.

A young lady to whom John Wilson was engaged was visiting at his mother's. John had a bright little sister, who became very fond of the visitor. One day, when they were alone together, the child said, "Miss Jones, I wish that you would stay at our house always." The prospective bride, with a sweet blush, responded, "Do you like me so well that you would be glad to have me for a sister?" "Yes," said Anna; "but that's not what I was thinking about. When you are not here, John is horrid. He scolds us little ones and bangs us about all the time." Miss Jones was startled. She had thought that John was a particularly amiable young man. She had noticed, with great satisfaction, how kind he was to the younger children when in her presence. Was it possible that this was all put on? She would not for the world marry a man who was really cross and harsh to such a little darling as Anna. She determined to investigate the matter. She managed to be present, but unseen, when John came where the children were at play in the barn. As soon as he was near enough to be heard, he cried out angrily, "You little brats, you have no business here. Get out of the barn this minute, or I'll give you a good trouncing." That was enough for Miss Jones. Such an elder brother would not be likely to make a good husband. The engagement ring was returned, and the bride-elect went home feeling that she had made a providential escape. John's lesson was a severe one, but he deserved it. I advise all the girls to find out how their admirers behave at home before they swallow their taffy and say "Yes." A coarse-grained and brutal man may put on fine clothes and fine manners, and thus try to get a wife; but as soon as the honeymoon is over the old nature will assert itself, and woe to the woman who has become the slave for life! And if that young man, who has been trained by a loving mother in a true home, wants to secure a wife who is as amiable as well as beautiful, let him try to find out what kind of a daughter or sister she is. If she is not gentle, kind and patient in the old home, she will not be in the new.—Southern Presbyterian.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

A NEW YORK newspaper lately contained an account of a young girl in that city, who, in attempting to give her hair, which was of a dull hue, a golden lustre, burned the flesh of her head with acid, and injured her sight for life. Another young woman in New Orleans, following the directions of some flashy society paper, in endeavouring to remove the moles upon her face, poisoned the flesh and died in great agony. The use of certain hair dyes containing lead, in many instances has brought on affections of the brain. A well-known American writer attributes an attack of typhoid fever, which left her an invalid for years, to her use of a popular anti-fat system of diet and violent exercise. She lost sixty pounds of flesh in a few weeks, but the sudden weakening of the tissues rendered her susceptible to the poison of typhoid, and unable to resist it. How many of our girl readers have pored eagerly over the "remedies," prescribed by unscrupulous writers for ugly young women; and have been tempted to try lotions, the severe protracted fastings, the bandages, medicines, or screws, which are to remove their defects or large bones, leanness, or fatness, pimples, moles, crooked eyes or wide mouths? In no case is it necessary, according to the advertisements, to seek the advice of a physician; yet most of the remedies suggested are of the most dangerous kind in unskilled hands, and likely to in-

crease deformity and to produce ill-health. But, putting aside the question of the utility of remedies to remove natural personal defects, an ugly girl should know that the surest way to keep her homely features or awkward figure in the remembrance of others, is for her to constantly remember them herself. Self-consciousness is disagreeable in a beautiful woman; in an ugly one it is intolerable. Are those girls with dull eyes and large noses, then, to give up all hope of pleasing their companions? By no means. A woman who for many years led the highest social life of Pennsylvania, had neither fortune nor a remarkable intellect. She was stout, red haired, small-featured, and freckled; but her voice was sweet and low, her heart big enough to take in all the world, her sympathies wide, her tact infinite. She was simple, genuine, and as unselfish as an innocent child. The ugly girl who cultivates such charms as these needs no iron braces to compress her large joints, nor diet of acid fruits to remove her plump cheeks, to make her lovely and beloved.—Youth's Companion.

JACK'S TROUBLE.

"SAY, Bess, can't you help a fellow out?" Bess stood before the kitchen table, making pies. At Jack's doleful plea, she laid down the knife with which she was about to cut off a piece of the dough, and, resting her hands lightly upon the white table, waited. Jack leaned upon his elbows and looked the picture of despair. "What is the matter?" asked Bess, at last, as he did not speak again. "Oh! nothing, only they have gone and put me on for the debate for Wednesday night, and I don't know a thing about it." "Oh, Jack! You have too little confidence in yourself; you need not be afraid." "It isn't that; I have confidence in myself, as far as there is anything to have confidence in, but the fact is, I don't know a thing to say. If I did I'd be all right; I can say a thing when I have it to say. I never could see the sense of a man's stammering and blundering through a speech if he has anything to say. Now, if you'll give me some ideas, I'll get them into shape and say 'em off. I won't promise to use many big words, nor to spread the thoughts out very thin, but I can tell the facts when I know them." "Well, Jack, the way to do is to get full of your subject; you must read and think; you'll get ideas by reading; I mean, you will get a knowledge of facts, then you must think them over and over; just keep the facts churning in your mind, and the first thing you know, ideas of your own will come to the top, and you'll have material for a speech or essay. Then, of course, you will need to 'shape it,' as you say now, about this tariff question. You will find it a good plan to talk it over with father." "Talk it over with him! Why, Bess, the talk would have to be all on one side, for I don't know a thing about it. I am such an ignoramus as that. I don't know even enough to ask questions." "My advice to you is to begin with the dictionary; then go to the cyclopaedia, and, by the time you have swallowed those, you will be ready for father." "It looks like a big job, but I guess I can do it. Bess, you are a jewel. I thought half an hour ago I'd just bolted on it, then I thought of you, and said to myself, 'I'll see what Bess says, you have put a new face on it.'" For two days Jack studied, and read, and talked with his father and Bess. He ransacked book-cases, and even searched out some old pamphlets in the attic, and Bess brought from her room a magazine with an article in it on the tariff question. It was wonderful what an interest Jack got up on the subject, which heretofore had possessed him not the slightest attraction for him. He was, as he said, "chock full of it." And, when the evening came for the debate, he could not say half he wanted to; in the five minutes allotted him. Some one said, "Why, I didn't suppose that Jack Leonard had so much in him!" and Jack, overhearing the remark, said, "I hadn't, on this question; a week ago!" "Boy, don't say you cannot write an essay until you've studied your subject. Don't say you cannot take part in the school debates until you've mastered the facts and filled your mind with the question. It will take time and study, but it will pay."—Penny.

SOMETHING TO DO ON A DULL DAY.

"LET'S make a little sunshine!" said Uncle Jack. "Make sunshine!" said Jenny. "Why how you do talk!" said the smiling through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?" "Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now, let me give you the rules for making sunshine. First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better. Second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy. And, lastly, do all you can to make other people happy."—Selected.

The Children's Corner.

THE VIOLET'S LESSON. A LITTLE violet raised its head From out the leaves around it, And sunshine rich was o'er it shed, And dew and shower found it. And then, so glad, and bright, and fair, It sent, in grateful pleasure, Its sweetest fragrance on the air In freest, fullest measure. 'Tis thus with goodness and with love Our hearts would Jesus lighten, And thus would Jesus have us prove What cares our joy can lighten. A smile may bless, a word of cheer May help the faint and weary; A tiny gift with prayer sincere Send hope to regions dreary. —Sunbeam.

WHERE DID LUCY GO? LITTLE Lucy Lynn was going to ride in the park. She had on her red cloak and her new white bonnet. A fine carriage and two big grey horses stood before the door. They were all going; papa and mamma, grandma, Aunt Mary, Lucy, and her brother Fred. Lucy was very happy. She ran up to Grandma's room and told her. Then she went and stood in the front door to watch the horses. She wondered why they pawed the ground, and why they shut their teeth together so hard. Lucy lived in a great city. Her mother often said to her, "Lucy, never go down on the pavement when you are alone, because my little girl might get lost." And Lucy always said, "No, mamma, I never will." But now while she stood looking at the horses she saw the boys all running to the corner of the next street. She could see a man leading a little monkey about. It had a red coat on. How much she would like to see it! Lucy remembered that mamma had forbidden her to go down the steps, but she said to herself, "Course I won't get lost just going to the corner. Mamma won't care about that little bit of way." So down the steps she went and ran as hard as she could go to the corner. She crowded in between the boys and thought she would look at the monkey just a "twenty twenty" minute, then she would run home. Just then the man and the monkey turned the corner and went down another street. Lucy went, too. She did want to see the monkey so much. By the time Lucy was out of sight her papa and mamma came out to the carriage. "Where is Lucy?" asked papa as they went back to the house and called, "Lucy!" "Lucy!" (they called some more), but no Lucy was to be found. Then papa asked the coachman if he had seen her. He said a little girl came down the steps, but he did not know which way she went. Then they all started off to find her. Papa went one way, mamma another and Aunt Mary another. Grandma sat in the parlor and waited. She was afraid little Lucy was lost. Lucy was laughing at the funny tricks of the monkey, when she heard somebody very close to her say, "Lucy!" It was papa! He took her by the hand and led her away. Lucy looked up at papa. His face was very sober. She thought she would make him laugh, so she began to tell him about the monkey, but papa said he did not wish to hear it. "Did you remember, Lucy, what mamma told you?" he said. Then Lucy looked down on the ground and bit the finger of her glove, and said, "Yes, sir," very softly. "My poor, naughty little girl," said papa. "I was going to take you to see a whole cage full of monkeys this very afternoon." Mamma was waiting for them, and looked very sad when she had heard the whole story. She took Lucy by the hand. She did not help her into the carriage. She led her into the house, up-stairs into Lucy's little room; she took off the pretty hat and cloak and hung them up. The she unbuckled the little dress. Lucy began to cry and say, "I won't do so any more, please let me go, mamma." But mamma did not talk; she looked sad. She went on unbuckling all the buttons. Then she put on Lucy's night-dress and told her to get into her bed. "O, dear!" sobbed the little girl, "must I go to bed when the sun shines?" Mamma felt bad too; there were tears in her eyes. But she said, "I must teach my little girl to obey. God will not be pleased with me if I do not. It almost breaks mamma's heart to leave her dear little girl at home, but it has to be done." Then they all got into the carriage and drove away. "Lucy lay in her little bed all the long, bright afternoon. Do you think little Lucy Lynn ever ran away again? She never did. Her mamma told me so.—Mrs. C. M. Livingston.

MY GUARD. In each unguarded hour, When all the watchmen sleep, Protect me by Thy power, From sudden errors keep. I trust, O God, in Thee alone, Thou art the only Guard I own.