

The Family.

MOTIF ATEN.

I HAD a beautiful garment, And I laid it by with care; I folded it close with lavender leaves, In a napkin fine and fair. 'Tis far too costly a robe,' I said, 'For one like me to wear.'

A FALSE STANDARD OF WELL DOING

At the present time, when children's ideals are liable to be decidedly influenced by the children's literature so abundant and attractive, it is worth while to protest against false notes that sometimes sound therein.

Some little boy or girl (say girl) begins, on some provocation or other, to try to be good, and she casts about for some good deed to do.

What the child is more likely to have learned is that it is more fun to do a phenomenal kindness in an exciting way, with flattering approval of self-love and immediate reward of success and gratitude, than to persist in trying to be good in unnoticed ways, and along commonplace lines of much failure.

Let children not lose their beautiful birthright of humility. If great wrong is to be righted, or misfortune to be relieved, let them carry the case to their parents, as their unspoiled instincts would lead them to do, and leave it trustfully to wiser heads and stronger hands than their own; so will they escape the pride and self-consciousness which in their unformed characters must accompany great results achieved, apparently, but not really, by their agency.

HAVE you read THE REVIEW'S Premium List for 1890?

FRANK'S VICTORY. A TRUE STORY.

"No," said Henry, who was fourteen years old and very thoughtful for his age, "those words of the Saviour about turning the other cheek when you are struck in the face are not to be taken literally, they are like that other saying about the mountain being removed and cast into the midst of the sea. Our teacher told us, you remember, to get at the spirit of the words. You know yourself that no boy in our school could let himself be slapped in the face, and not strike back, without being thought a coward and a milk-sop. Could we follow that rule in our every-day life, pa?"

"You are certainly right, my son, in always trying to get at the spirit of the Saviour's words. But if you and your brother can spare a few minutes from your lesson I will tell you an incident that happened in our school when I was a boy, which may help us on this subject."

"One day we were practising for a match game. I was in the left field; game had been called for some reason, and I was talking to the centre fielder, when we heard Joe Harding's angry voice: 'You did!'

"That evening, in Frank's room, you might have seen a sight that none of us would have thought possible—Joe kneeling to Frank, begging pardon for what he had done."

HOW SHE ATTRACTED NOTICE

A LITTLE incident—it is a true story—occurred a few years ago in Philadelphia, which has its significance for many of our readers.

ously planned their dresses, and bought cheap and pretty muslins, which they made up in the evenings, that they might look fresh and gay. Even the cash-boys brought new cravats, and hats for the great occasion.

"What shall you wear?" said the girl who stood next her behind the counter, "I bought such a lovely blue lawn."

"But that is a winter dress! You'll melt, child. There'll be games and boating and croquet. You must have a summer gown, or else don't go."

"There is a girl here whose friendly, polite manner is very remarkable. She will be valuable to me as a saleswoman. Give her a good position. That young woman in black," and he pointed her out.

A BIT OF A SUGGESTION.

"How is your Latin class getting along, Herbert?" asked his father at the breakfast table.

"I don't think this is a very good way of cooking potatoes. We used to have them a great deal nicer."

THE ART OF QUARRELING.

THE first words of a quarrel, which are generally too trifling to be remembered, are like the few sparks that fall upon the dry leaves of the forest.

"I am quite sure of it." "You are sure that you, with your sister, are the object of the most constant, loving care and solicitude on the part of your mother and myself?"

"You are sure that your best and highest welfare is the thing most earnestly sought by us?"

"Yes, sir." "And that there is nothing in the world so precious to us four at this table as just we four?"

"You are a bright boy—yes, bright as the average, perhaps a little brighter, although my thinking so may come of my being slightly partial to you—well looking too, well kept and healthy. You are able to take in the full delights of out-door boy-life; and you enjoy your school in a general way, don't you?"

"Yes, father, in everything. But will you please tell me what all this means?"

"Yes, I've come to that now. You awake in the morning in the full enjoyment of every earthly blessing. You come to the table surrounded by those to whom your happiness is dear."

"Then," said his father, with the half-jesting expression of his face giving place to one wholly serious, "isn't it time you were thinking of making dear to you the happiness of those to whom your happiness is dear?"

THE REFUGE.

WITHIN the car a little girl With hair of gold, and tress and curl Like living sunshine—all alive, Kept sitting up and down the aisle;

HISTORY OF A CHINESE GIRL.

IN a little house of bamboo poles, with a roof like a big hat, without windows, and with only a back door far down a dirty street like an alley, began the history of a Chinese girl.

"We could make a lady of her," said her mother. "She's better dead. Girls are no use. Better drown her now," continued the father.

One day, soon after her fifth birthday, her mother told her that she was to have bound feet, and be a "lady," as she was now "betrotted" to Sing Lee, a young Chinaman. Sing Lee's

Two things should be borne in mind by every inmate: one is that it takes two persons at least to make a quarrel; the other, that the quarrel usually dates from the second word.

Tom—"What did you take my bat for?"

Charles—"I didn't take your bat, and you know it!"

In this case Charles made the quarrel, because he met the merely irritating word with a grossly insulting second. Put down the brakes hard upon the second word.—Youth's Companion.

COLIGNY.

A VISITOR to Paris during the past season gives a pleasing account of the character and influence of the marble statue recently erected to the memory of Admiral Coligny, who was so inhumanly murdered on the night of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24th, 1572.

The Children's Corner.

THE REFUGE.

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HISTORY OF A CHINESE GIRL.

IN a little house of bamboo poles, with a roof like a big hat, without windows, and with only a back door far down a dirty street like an alley, began the history of a Chinese girl.

father had offered to pay almost a hundred dollars for Amoy. She was to become the wife of his son when she should be a few years older, and when her feet should be of the proper size.

Amoy was delighted to hear that her feet were to be bound. She had often begged that her feet might be bound, and that she might be betrothed, as many of her little friends were. So her mother took Amoy's feet in her hands, and began to bind them. She first drew the feet out as straight as she could. She then bent the four toes under, and bound them very tight. Then she pressed the heel under and fastened the bandages about it, thus leaving only the great toe to grow to its natural size.

In a few days how Amoy's feet did hurt! How she did cry! Every morning, in spite of her shrieks and moans of pain, the cruel bandages were made a little tighter. Finally, as the days and months of suffering went by, some of the bones were broken, and great sores were formed by the pressure. They put all sorts of herbs and medicines on the poor broken feet, to cure them—all to no effect. The Chinese doctor waved his hands over the sores, and mumbled some prayers; fire-crackers were exploded, to frighten away the evil spirits that were supposed to bring disease. They even brought a black hen, and after dividing her in two equal parts, they bound it on the diseased feet. But nothing did any good, and little Amoy's days were very unhappy ones. The red roses turned white on her lips, and the happy eyes took on a sorrowful look of pain.

As Amoy was to be a "lady," she was not expected to know how to read, or write, or cook, or do any kind of work. She must know how to embroider, and how to be very polite, and make very low bows. She made her own shoes, as all other Chinese women did, and hoped some day to be able to wear them. They were dainty little pointed-toe things, embroidered all over, and put together entirely by Amoy herself, excepting the little block of wood that served as a heel, that the cobbler fastened on. These tiny shoes have loops at the sides, through which strings are passed, by means of which they are fastened to the ankle.

As there is only the great toe left in shape, the shoe is fastened upon it; and all small-footed women in China, or "ladies," as they are called, hobble along on these toes, tilting about like a boy on stilts. Many cannot walk at all without the assistance of a servant, upon whose shoulder they lean, or by the use of a cane.

After the shoe is on, the strings and bandages are covered with ribbons and fancy cords wound about the ankle.

Amoy was almost twelve years old, and it was near the time when she would become the wife of Sing Lee. He was very cross about her feet being diseased, and said he would not buy her unless she speedily recovered. Amoy's father frightened her with his scolding and angry manner, because she was in danger of being a life-long cripple. But, with all the scolding, the poor feet grew worse and worse, until at last they actually decayed and came off. How Amoy cried and wrung her hands with grief when she knew the truth. She preserved the miserable feet, hiding them away until she grew well enough to move about on the rude crutches furnished her.

One day she heard about the "foreign doctor" who lived outside the city wall, and who had cured people of all sorts of dreadful diseases. They said he possessed wonderful magic, and could do anything he wished. Amoy listened with beating heart. The next day, taking her crutches and thrusting a bundle in her bosom, she started out to find the "foreign doctor." Away she went, through the narrow streets, across the long bridge, past the gateway of the city wall, away a weary length from home, until she reached at last the door of the hospital where lived that great magical doctor. It was a very kind and patient face into which Amoy's eyes gazed as she told her errand; and it was with a pleading earnestness that she ended by saying, "I brought them to you. I thought you could make them grow on again," as she laid the bundle she had drawn from her bosom before the missionary.

It was hard to make Amoy understand that no skill could make her feet grow on again. Thinking he wanted money, which she did not have, she told him she would work for him; that she would beg and toil until he was repaid. The good man talked very kindly to her, and learned all her story of suffering and disappointment. He asked her if she would come to his house as one of his family. How her eyes shone then! It was not hard to gain the consent of her parents, as they had no further use for her, now that they could not sell her. So Amoy found not only a happy home, but a friend of whom she had never heard before. And now she can read in her own language how this friend has promised that, if father and mother forsake us, He will take us up, as in very truth He has done with Amoy.—Sunday School Times.

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