

and the fortunate one of these is determined by lot, although it is understood that the Chinese authorities arrange the whole thing to suit themselves.

The Tibetans are decidedly a religious people, and everything in their daily life is mixed up with and dependent upon their religion. The lamas assemble three times a day to repeat prayers and sacred texts and intone hymns. Three times a year they celebrate great festivals which last for days. No animal sacrifices are allowed, but the people are generous in offerings of tea, flour, milk, butter, etc. Baptism is administered on the third or tenth day after birth, and confirmation follows two or three years later. Huc tells us that the inhabitants of Lassa, men, women, and children, assemble in the evening twilight in public places, and slowly chant their prayers. The universal prayer, which they repeat over and over to the rosary, is, "O that I may attain perfection and be absorbed in Buddha! Amen."

The ceremonies, costumes, and devotional exercises of Lamaism are very similar to those of the Roman Catholic church. They have "the cross, mitre, dalmatica, cope, two choirs, psalmody, exorcisms, censer, benediction by laying the hand on the head, chaplet, ecclesiastical celibacy, spiritual retirement, worship of saints, fasts, processions, litanies, holy water," etc. And Huc notices that the dress of the chief lamas "was precisely that of a bishop."

Catholic and Protestant missionaries have hitherto been prevented from entering Tibet, but this was by Chinese authority, for the Tibetans are ready to receive foreigners and tried hard to retain Huc. Buddhism persecutes no religion, and one of its dogmas is that all men are brethren. Since the war with Japan it is fondly hoped China will withdraw everywhere its exclusion of foreigners, and when that is done in Tibet, it will present an exceedingly promising field for missionary work, for the people are kind, hospitable, religious, and devout.—*Rev. Dr. James B. Scouler in United Presbyterian.*

WHEN SHOULD GIRLS MARRY.

A writer in *Woman's Life* says that a girl should marry when she is capable of understanding and fulfilling the duties of a wife and thorough housekeeper, and never before. No matter how old she may be, if she is not capable of managing a house in every department of it, she is not old enough to get married.

When she promises to take the position of wife and homemaker, the man who holds her promise has every right to suppose that she knows herself competent to fulfil it. If she proves to be incompetent or unwilling, he has good reason to consider himself cheated. No matter how plain the home may be, if it is in accordance with the husband's means, and he finds it neatly kept, and the meals (no matter how simple) served from shining dishes and clean table linen, that husband will leave his home with loving words and thoughts, and look ahead with eagerness to the time when he can return.

Let a girl play the piano and acquire every accomplishment within her power, the more the better, for every one will be so much more power to be used in making a happy home. At the same time, if she cannot go to the kitchen, if necessary, and cheerfully prepare just as good a meal as anyone could with the same material, and serve it neatly after it is prepared, she had better defer her marriage until she learns.

If girls would thoroughly fit themselves for the position of intelligent housekeepers before they marry, there would be fewer discontented, unhappy wives and more happy homes.

Our Young Folks.

DUTCH LULLABY.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew,
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked of the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in this beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we!"
So cried the stars to the fisherman three
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam.
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
"Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name the fishermen three;
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head.
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is the wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of the wonderful sights that be.
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

—Eugene Field.

TRIFLES.

Mr. Standish looked pale and haggard as he sat down at the breakfast table. Mrs. Standish watched him anxiously during the meal, but forbore questioning him until the children had eaten and left the table. Then she asked gently, "What is it, Frank? More business troubles?"

"Yes; the same old story; people owing me and other people dunning me. Morton was in yesterday; says he must have his money, and where in this world I am to get it, I don't know. The strikers and their families have lived out of the store for months, and now when they have gone to work and I suggest that they try to live a little more saving, so that they can pay me something on the old account, they get mad and go somewhere else to buy. Not all of them, but the most of them, do that very thing. I can't blame Morton, either. I suppose some of his creditors are pushing him."

Just here he was interrupted by the entrance of a young girl. "O papa," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you did not get away before I came downstairs."

"Why, what's up now?" queried her father, with a forced attempt at gaiety.

"Oh, I am invited to go with Lucy Morton out to her aunt's, and I must have a new hat for one thing. Such a beauty down at Mrs. Carter's for \$10, and if I could only get a watch! You know you promised me one when I was eighteen, and I'm sixteen now."

"Nonsense," said her father rather shortly. "I have no money for a watch, and you are not old enough to take good care of one yet. You will have to go with what you have got, or else stay at home," and rising from the table he put on his hat and left the room. His wife followed him to the outside door.

"You were a little severe upon Fannie," she remarked.

"Maybe I was," answered her husband, "but she is too fond of dress. And then she is unreasonable; a ten dollar hat and a watch, and her father telling his creditors that he can scarcely get money to live on. You explain to her that money is unusually scarce this month."

"Yes, I will," said Mrs. Standish with a sigh, and closing the door she went back to the dining-room, where Fannie was eating her breakfast.

"What's the matter with papa this morning?" asked Fannie.

"Your father is dreadfully worried about money matters," said her mother, gravely.

Fannie laughed lightly. "Oh, money's been scarce all this whole year, but we've managed to get what we wanted."

"Yes, and we have been too lavish in our expenditures. We must certainly try to economize."

"But, mamma, I want only such a trifle—just ten or fifteen dollars; if I can't get the watch, I can borrow Cousin Jennie's; it is just new and such a beauty."

"No, no," said her mother, sternly. "You must not do anything of the kind. Your father would be very much displeased."

Mrs. Standish did not think it necessary to explain just why Mr. Standish could not furnish the money, as Fannie's tongue was not entirely trustworthy, and she was apt to tell Cousin Jennie all she knew, and a great deal which she only surmised. So nothing more was said on the subject. That afternoon Fannie went over to pour into Jennie's ear the story of her disappointment. Jennie was full of sympathy. "It's too bad," she declared; "you can't go in that old hat. I'll tell you what to do; wear mine. I've never worn it, and I don't often meet Lucy Morton; and even if I do, she'll think we have hats alike. And there's my new silk waist; lucky we're the same size, isn't it?" she cried impulsively. "You just stop here on your way to the station, and I'll fix you up."

"I'm afraid mamma won't like it," said Fannie.

"Oh, she won't care; I know just how it is. Papa takes the same kind of a spell every now and then. Don't you remember the time he wouldn't get me a new parasol? He said he couldn't spare the money, only a trifling five dollars, and you lent me yours. Now don't you worry Aunt Alice anything about it. Just start a little early, and stop here."

"I can't see what harm it would be," began Fannie doubtfully.

"Of course there's no harm," exclaimed Jennie, who was a warm-hearted, impulsive girl, and who did not realize the wrong into which she was leading her cousin.

"Well," said Fannie, "I'll be here by eight o'clock. We leave on the nine train. I'll wear my black skirt and my new tan shoes;" and bidding her cousin good-bye she went home.

Her mother looked up as she entered. "You did not ask Jennie for her watch, I hope?" she remarked.

"No, I never mentioned her watch," answered Fannie.

"I wish you could have a new hat," said her mother, "but as that is out of the question, suppose we put some of that lovely cream ribbon on it, instead of the

white. You wore it [as a sash only one evening, and it is not soiled a particle.]"

"Oh, never mind," said Fannie, carelessly. "My hat is all right. I'll get my skirt and brush it."

Mrs. Standish was surprised and relieved, and as Fannie did not again refer to her clothes during the day, her mother did not question her as to what she intended wearing.

"I hope you will have a pleasant time," she said, as Fannie kissed her good-bye.

Fannie blushed guiltily, and made her escape as soon as possible. A walk of two or three minutes brought her to Jennie's, where the change of waist and hat was soon effected, and then Jennie opened her drawer, and taking from it her watch and chain, proceeded to fasten it upon her cousin.

"Don't, Jennie," protested Fannie. "I might lose it."

"There isn't a bit of danger of your losing it."

"But mother—"

"Oh, nonsense; don't make such a fuss over trifles. Go on now, or you'll be late."

Fannie hesitated a moment, and then with a reckless, "I don't care; I'll have the pleasure of wearing it anyways," she went on to the station.

In the excitement of meeting the pleasant party of young folks assembled at the country home of Mrs. Waring, she almost forgot her borrowed finery, but when in the course of the afternoon Lucy's father appeared upon the scene, and seemed inclined to converse with her more than usual, she felt secretly delighted at the thought of her stylish appearance, and took occasion to consult the borrowed timepiece in such a manner that Mr. Morton could not but notice it.

"Ah, you have a new watch I see," said he. "A recent present is it not?"

And then silly Fannie, not knowing what depended upon her answer, murmured evasively. "This is the first time I have worn it."

You are a fortunate girl in having such an indulgent father."

"Oh, yes, papa does not often deny me anything," said Fannie.

"Indeed," said Mr. Morton, dryly.

Whereupon Fannie, nettled at his tone, and never dreaming of the reason, went on with a toss of her vain little head, "I told papa yesterday morning that I must have some new clothes for to-day, and I got them."

"Well," said the gentleman, rising, "tell your father when you go home that I am very much pleased to have met you this afternoon."

Fannie gave the message to her father that evening, and was surprised and confused at the cross questioning which followed. Little by little the whole miserable truth came out, and Fannie was terrified by the outburst of mingled wrath and sorrow from both father and mother.

"I told Morton the other day that we had cut our expenses down to the lowest notch, and you allow him to infer that I have wasted a hundred dollars on you," said her father.

"And I expressly forbade you to borrow Jennie's watch," said her mother.

"What can I do about it?" sobbed the repentant girl. "And why should Mr. Morton care?"

"Because I am deeply in debt to Mr. Morton, and he wants his money. He might have waited a little longer, but you have spoiled that chance by your foolishness."

During the following month, and indeed for years, Fannie had abundant reason to repent her vanity and deceit, as her father, pushed to the wall by his principal creditor, was forced to sell out at a sacrifice, and to start anew on a much smaller scale in another part of the city, while the pleasant, roomy home was exchanged for one more in keeping with their altered fortune.

And never, never again, did she attempt to shine in borrowed finery. Her last effort in that line had cost her too dear.—*Mrs. Caleb Larrabee, in United Presbyterian.*