

Family Reading.

For the Christian Messenger.
What we should do.

Christians do we ever ponder,
On the love our Lord has shown?
If we do, why should we slumber,
Why not make his goodness known?
Why not labour for the Master,
Each with willing heart and hand,
When we know he has redeemed us,
We should follow his command.

We should cheer the sick and dying,
Help them on their lonely way;
God will bless us in our labours,
For strength is promised as our day,
For the needy and the tempted,
And all classes of mankind;
We should pray, that God may bless them,
And that they the Saviour find.

We should strive to be more earnest,
Doing good with all our might;
We should seek to do our duty,
And should battle for the right.
In the book of life God tells us
For our enemies to pray,
Yet how few of us are living,
As we should each hour and day.

The Saviour also plainly tells us,
Send the gospel far and wide;
Tell them, all my life's a ransom,
That I for them all have died.
For the dark benighted heathen,
Are we working as we should?
If we cannot preach the gospel,
We can labour for their good.

We should strive to send the Bible,
To some dark benighted race;
Where they never knew the Saviour,
Never knew his saving grace.
When I think of what the Saviour,
Suffered for us here below;
Then my heart to Jesus crieth,
Lord may I thy goodness show.

Let us then dear Christian sisters,
Brothers too I needs must say;
Work more for the blessed Master,
And he will each one repay.
Let us cast our selfish nature,
All aside for Jesus sake,
Let us ask him now to help us,
As a solemn vow we take.

That we each will be more faithful,
As we journey on through life;
Saviour arm us for the battle,
Oh prepare us for the strife.
And when this short life is ended,
When our work is finished here;
May we each receive a welcome,
In the bright celestial sphere.

B. M.

New Select Serial.

A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS LILIAN F. WELLS.

CHAPTER. VI.

A NEW LIFE IN NEW YORK.

As soon as Mrs. Iredell had gone, Miss Goodwin sent Martha to her room to prepare for tea. The room was at the other end of the hall from the one occupied by Miss Goodwin and was considerably smaller. Martha had scarcely noticed anything in Miss Goodwin's room but Miss Goodwin herself; but now, as she entered the door which Mrs. Plummer had opened, she gave one glance around, and stepped back.

'Are you sure this room was meant for me?' she asked.

'Oh yes, I'm sure,' said Mrs. Plummer, smiling at Martha's look of wonder and delight.

Such a room as this Martha had read of; but had never seen. A velvet carpet, strewn with moss-rose buds; the furniture of some dark, polished wood, whose name, even, she did not know; a softly-cushioned arm-chair by the window, and before it a little round table with a vase of flowers upon it; the windows covered with lace curtains of exquisite pattern; two or three fine pictures on the walls; and the whole brightly lighted by the gas-jets on either side of the mirror. It was not surprising that Martha, coming from her own bare little room, should stand and gaze at it, finding herself almost unable to believe that such a beautiful place was really to be for her own special use.

Mrs. Plummer retired; but came back presently, to know if Martha would prefer having her tea by herself, or with Miss Goodwin.

'Do you think Miss Goodwin wants me to have tea with her?' Martha asked, hesitating.

'She wants you to do as you'd rather; but I think she'd be pleased to

have you with her,' said Mrs. Plummer, who had already taken a fancy to Martha, despite her queer dress and unsophisticated manner.

'Then I will have it with her,' decided Martha.

Seated at the table with Miss Goodwin—a table covered with a cloth of fine damask, set with delicate glass and china, and spread a most dainty and inviting repast—Martha felt as if an ugly mantle of awkward shyness had been suddenly wrapped around her, and she could neither do nor say anything right. A painful realization of the incongruity of her appearance with these elegant surroundings, and a sense of her probable ignorance of many things that might be required of her made her heart-sick with mortification and dread. Miss Goodwin understood, and kindly pretended not to notice the poor girl's embarrassment, talking pleasantly of many interesting things, and gently pressing Martha to eat, when the latter declined this and that delicacy, fearing to give offence if she fully satisfied her vigorous country appetite.

Martha was glad to hide as much as possible of the green delaine in a 'sleepy-hollow' chair; and while the tea-things were being removed, she had an opportunity to look about her.

It was a very beautiful room—this one in which Miss Goodwin had spent so many years. There was warmth and softly-shaded light, the perfume of flowers, and the harmonious blending of colors; there were rare and curious ornaments on tables and brackets; exquisite bits of sculpture looked down from niches here and there; a few pictures, each one a masterpiece, adorned the walls; occupying a goodly space on one side of the room was a beautifully carved rose-wood book-case filled full with books—not a chance collection of miscellaneous volumes, but authors good, bad, and indifferent, but the careful gathering of many years.

The substantial bindings showed only the names of the world's best thinkers and writers, whether ancient or modern. That book-case would have gladdened the heart of one far more familiar with books than was Martha Stirling.

But, after all, there was nothing in the room so interesting as Miss Goodwin herself; and Martha's eyes continually turned from everything else to look at her. Her dress was black, and her fine face stood out distinctly from the crimson back-ground of her chair. Martha found herself constantly studying its expression; and the wonder, the admiration, the reverence, and the pity she had felt at the first sight of that face deepened more and more.

But while Martha studied Miss Goodwin, Miss Goodwin also studied Martha, with much less appearance of doing so, but obtaining a more satisfactory result—possessing, of course, a much better judgment and deeper insight. Her mental comment, after Martha had gone away to her room for the night, was something like this:

'I have seldom seen a face that pleased me more. I can see that there have been things in her past life that chafed her, made her restless and unhappy. I think the best part of her nature has been repressed, but there are strength, and truth, and purity there; and, if I am not mistaken, a fine, clear intellect too. Ah, but what a will she has!' Miss Goodwin laughed softly and shook her head. 'Almost too strong for her peace, I am afraid. But I like it. And I cannot help rejoicing in the way she laid down her heart before me, as it were. I never saw a more frank display of feeling. I am truly thankful for her coming; for I was growing more morbid and selfish every day. It will be delightful to see what I can make of her; for I feel sure she will respond to every effort on my part.'

She fell to thinking, then, over her plans for Martha's help. Happy Martha! Aye, happy indeed, to have found a friend so wise, so able, and so willing.

Wholly unconscious of the deep interest she had awakened, Martha made a thorough examination of her room, already growing accustomed to the feeling that it was hers, and taking much delight therein. But she found herself very weary; for the day had been a long, exciting one, crowded full of new sights and sounds and feelings.

She found her luxurious bed conducive to repose; and her slumbers that night were sound indeed.

She was awakened by a smart tap at her door; and many times during the day she laughed to think how she had sat suddenly straight up in bed, staring about in utter bewilderment. But her brain was soon cleared of the mists of sleep, and she had scarcely finished dressing when the summons to breakfast came.

Martha felt somewhat less shy this morning, and talked away quite brightly, telling little incidents of yesterday's journey in a way that delighted Miss Goodwin.

'You will be willing to take care of your own room, of course?' said Miss Goodwin, as they finished breakfast.

'Yes, indeed. I shall love to do it!' cried Martha, eagerly. 'Is there anything I can do for you first?'

'No, I thank you. We will talk over your duties by-and-by. You may come back to me, however, as soon as you have finished.'

Accordingly, after arranging everything in her room with scrupulous care, Martha returned, and was much surprised to find quite a display of wearing apparel spread out over chairs and sofa. There were four dresses—a Scotch plaid, a brown merino, a dark blue poplin, and a silvery gray silk. There was a sack of some soft gray material, a long cloak trimmed with glossy fur, and a box of kid gloves, scarcely even wrinkled.

'Martha,' said Miss Goodwin, 'I should consider it a great favor if you would take these things off my hands. They have been put away all these years, since I have been unable to wear them, doing no one any good, and only making trouble by having to be taken care of. To be sure, they are all made in the fashion of twenty years ago; but the material is all good, and there is an abundance of it, so that a little time and skill will remedy that difficulty. Will you object to taking them?'

Martha felt as if she might be in a fairy-tale, in which Miss Goodwin was acting as fairy god-mother.

'Oh, Miss Goodwin!' she exclaimed, with a beaming face, unconsciously clasping her hands in her earnestness. 'I do not know what to say! I never had more than one new dress at a time, before, in my life, and now to have four all at once—such elegant ones too! Why, I shall not know myself!'

You will soon get acquainted with yourself, then I fancy,' said Miss Goodwin, with a smile, pleased with the hearty reception of her gift. 'I am very glad you are willing to take them.'

'I wish I could say how thankful I am to you,' said Martha, wishing to show that she was not concealing any reluctance.

'There is no need. Your face speaks plainly enough. But, hark! that must be your aunt.'

Miss Goodwin was right, as Mrs. Iredell's appearance proved, a moment after; and a long discussion ensued as to the alterations to be made in the various articles before them, as well as to numerous other additions to Martha's wardrobe, which must be made before it would be suitable for a girl in her position.

'And now,' said Miss Goodwin, after Mrs. Iredell had taken her departure 'you may get a book and read, or you may go about the house, and find its ins and outs; or do anything else you like, until dinner time. I should like to rest a while; for this morning has been quite an exciting one to me, though I have enjoyed it very much.'

Martha took a book to her room; but before sitting down to read, followed Mrs. Plummer about the house for nearly an hour, getting a thorough knowledge of the rooms, and admiring the house-keeper's skillful, methodical way of going through her morning's work.

'Cannot I help you?' she asked at first.

'No, I thank you,' said Mrs. Plummer. 'This is my regular morning work. If Miss Goodwin says you're to do any of it, I won't object, of course. But you'd better just take a play-spell till you get your orders. How strange it seemed to go back

to her room, seat herself in her luxurious easy-chair, and open her book, knowing she might sit there, and read till she was called to dinner, without fear of being disturbed! Was it really true that she should not have to wash dishes, or scrub floors, or do any such drudgery any more? It seemed as if her past life must have been a painful dream, and she had but just awakened to a real life. In her most charming day-dreams, she had not imagined greater happiness than this upon which she had entered. And she felt that the best part of it all would be the daily intercourse with Miss Goodwin. The sight of the beautiful, helpless woman, had affected her as nothing had ever done before. It had made an irresistible appeal to the best and noblest impulses of her heart.

Even with 'The Marble Faun' in her lap, temptingly open at the first chapter, she found it difficult to begin to read, because Miss Goodwin's face kept coming between her eyes and the page; or, at least it seemed as if it did—it haunted her so. Those dark blue eyes—how brilliantly they must have shone and sparkled once, since, after all these years of suffering, they were not yet dim! And that beautiful mouth—how bewitching must have been its smile, before those deep lines had been drawn around it, and its delicate curves had been sharpened by pain! Her hair, still wavy and abundant, must have been very dark to turn so white, and very glossy too; for it shone like threads of silver now.

'I wonder if I shall ever know all about her!' thought Martha. 'I wonder how she was hurt, or what happened here. And I wonder how she has managed to spend so many years shut up in this big house. I wonder if she would be willing to exchange it and all the beautiful things in it for our house if she could be straight and strong again!'

Having known but a few days of sickness in her life, Martha could scarcely be expected to comprehend what it was to spend twenty years in one room, never hoping to be any better. But even a distant approach to comprehension of it, made her long intensely to do something for Miss Goodwin—something to give her pleasure, and brighten the days that must seem so long and dreary.

But at last she took up her book and began to read; and when Martha once became absorbed in a book she became utterly oblivious to everything else, as she did now, even forgetting Miss Goodwin, till the announcement of dinner recalled her from the world of imagination to that of reality.

Soon after dinner, Miss Goodwin said:

'Shall we talk of what I want you to do for me, now?'

'Oh yes, please,' Martha answered. 'I should like to begin my work just as soon as I can.'

'Very well. I am glad to hear you say so, and I hope you will like your work.'

'I shall like to do anything for you.' 'Thank you, dear, that is very pleasant. Now let me see. I shall want you to read to me and write for me—those are the two special things. Then I need you very much in many ways that are constantly occurring, but are difficult to particularize. You will have to run up and down-stairs a good deal, and do all sorts of errands that Tilly cannot do very well, even if she had the time; and that will be easier for you than for Mrs. Plummer.'

'Does Mrs. Plummer always take care of your room?' Martha's eyes asked still another question.

'She always has done so; but I have no doubt she would be willing you should do it, if you would like to. Would you?'

'Oh, so much!' exclaimed Martha, with an eager look at the books and ornaments she would have to dust every morning. 'I would be very careful, and you would be here to tell me if I did anything wrong. Are you willing I should do it?'

'Indeed I am; and I shall be very glad to have you do it. But, Martha, it is not so much for any sort of work that I want you. I want you for yourself. I feel that it has become absolutely necessary for me to have

some one to keep me cheerful—some one to think of beside myself. I do not know how I have endured my loneliness so many years, or why I have not tried to find some one to be with me before. Though I suppose it is because I have always been able to read and study as much as I pleased; I found not long ago that my eyes were failing, so I had to begin to use them more cautiously, and that left me with nothing to do! for I never cared for fancy work. But, as I say, it is yourself that I want most—your bright young face and companionship, Martha.'

Martha wondered over it very gravely. How strange it was that this middle aged, wealthy, finely-educated lady should care for her companionship! But it was very pleasant to be wanted, nevertheless. Ah, how hard she would try to be everything Miss Goodwin could desire!

'I should like to have you read to me awhile, now, please,' Miss Goodwin said presently.

Now Martha had but little practice in reading aloud, and her heart began to beat fast at once, and her cheeks to grow hot. But this was what Miss Goodwin had engaged her for, and she must, of course, make up her mind to do it without hesitation. So she took the 'Review' from which Miss Goodwin selected an article she wished to hear, and sitting down where her face could not be seen, began to read. She blundered and stammered a little for awhile, but Miss Goodwin listened patiently and made no comment. The article was an interesting one, upon a subject within Martha's comprehension; and soon becoming accustomed to the sound of her own voice, and to the thought that some one was listening and criticising, she fell into her habit of becoming oblivious to every thing but the words before her, and read remarkably well notwithstanding the mispronunciation of many words.

She was astonished when she finished the article, to find that she had been reading an hour, and was concerned lest she had wearied Miss Goodwin. But the latter assured her that she was not tired in the least, but had enjoyed it very much.

'I think our reading-times will be happy ones for both of us,' said she. 'You will make a delightful reader when you are a little better accustomed to it'—which words of praise were very pleasant to the recipient.

On the very next morning came a dress-maker, whose skillful fingers soon wrought marvelous changes in the old-fashioned garments Miss Goodwin had taken from her stores transforming them into those whose perfect conformity to the prevailing style could admit of no question.

That was how it came about that a little more than a week after her arrival at Miss Goodwin's, Martha was standing one afternoon before the mirror in her own room, trying on her new dresses, while Mrs. Iredell sat by, superintending the operation, and viewing every arrangement of trimming and drapery with a critical eye.

'I must say, Martha,' exclaimed the critic, as the gray silk was put on, and Martha turned herself about for inspection, 'that I am more than satisfied—I am really delighted—with your appearance, now you are properly dressed. Miss Jennings has contrived to make quite an elegant dress of that gray silk, and it suits your fresh complexion and dark hair admirably.'

Martha blushed with pleasure. It was so new to be complimented, and so pleasant!

'I wish mother and Huldah could see me now,' said she. 'I wonder what they would say?'

'They could not help admiring you, but they might think it their duty to warn you against indulging in the pomps and vanities of the world,' said Mrs. Iredell. 'But put on your blue poplin, now, and come and shew yourself to Miss Goodwin.'

Several Baptist churches have erected crosses on their houses of worship, claiming that the cross is a Christian symbol, older than Romanism, and that it is a mistake to surrender to the papists this beautiful and expressive design. The Calvary Church, New York, has erected a cross on its front gable, and inscribed underneath this motto: 'We Preach Christ Crucified.'

Dress of the Chinese.

The dress of men and women in China is not nearly so different as in western countries. The outer garment is very similar, buttoning around the neck and down the right arm. In the summer a great many of the laboring classes have no clothing but their pants, and instead of shoes they wear sandals of straw. The Chinese men have long gowns like the women. They have an outer coat called a riding-coat. The Chinese use buttons made of a twist of the same material as the dress; sometimes they use brass and pewter. Instead of button holes they use loops made of the same material as the dress. Every man, woman and child carries a fan. Even the poor laborers in the field must have their fans, which are more necessary than their hats. No private citizen in China is allowed to carry arms of any kind.

The sleeve is often used as a pocket. The handkerchiefs, a book, or a tailor's working implements and little hand-stoves are carried in them. Their money is carried in a long purse tied around the waist. Their stockings are not like ours but are made in the shape of a boot, and are made of cotton cloth. The common shoes are of cotton cloth or silk, with a very thick sole turned up at the toe like a boot which are made of layers of paper or rags pasted or stitched together, occasionally with a piece of wood in the heel or a layer of lead at the bottom. The Chinese whiten their shoes instead of blackening them. In wet weather leather boots or shoes, with heavy nailed soles—the nails sometimes being nearly an inch in length—and the two weighing from five to eight pounds, are used. In rainy weather the ordinary shoes would be wet through, after which they are almost useless for the soles of many are made of nothing but paper.

A Chinese bride is dressed in a scarlet embroidered robe, and she is carried to the house of her husband in a red sedan chair by four men. She wears a very heavy crown, but it brings no joy to the heart. Her face is concealed, and when she walks she must be led by some stranger, not a near and dear relative, mother or sister. She goes weeping, and wailing all the way to the home of her husband, for she leaves the home of her youth and her loving parents to be the slave of her mother-in-law. A bride's dress is usually hired for the occasion. It would be a bad omen if any white apparel should be placed on her person.

White in the head-dress, in the shoes or in the hem of the garment is a sign of mourning. Women put a white band around their heads; men braid white silk instead of black in their queues. Men tailors make all the clothes. The women make their own shoes.—J. W. Lambuth, D. D.

MOTHERS.—Do dress the children sensibly; cover up their limbs in winter, and study health first and appearance second.

As the boys grow up, make companions of them; then they will not seek companion-ship elsewhere.

Remember that without physical health mental attainment is worthless; let them lead free, happy lives, which will strengthen both mind and body.

If you have lost a child, remember that for the one that is gone there is no more to do; for those remaining, everything; hide your grief for their sakes.

Make your boys and girls study physiology; when they are ill try and make them understand why, how the complaint arose, and the remedy as far as you know it.

As your daughters grow up, teach them at least the true merits of house-keeping and cookery; they will thank you for it in later life a great deal more than for accomplishments.

Encourage them to take good walking exercise. Girls ought to be able to walk as easily as boys. Half the nervous diseases which afflict young ladies would disappear if the habit of regular exercise was encouraged.

If you say no, mean no. Unless you have a good reason for changing a given command, hold to it.

Remember that trifles to you are mountains to them; respect their feelings.

Send the youngsters to bed early; decide upon the proper time, and adhere to it.