

Family Circle.

LINES

WRITTEN IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF EDITH C. TITUS, DIED 28TH JULY, 1879, AGE 17 YEARS AND 3 MONTHS.

Oh must we think that she is dead, This flower, so lovely young and fair, The solace of our proudest hopes, That often nerved our souls to prayer, Must feel and know that she has gone From the fond hearts that loved her so, That now are deluged with the grief, Of their sad loss and bitter woe.

Ah! yes, the gentle spirit is gone, The dear and patient sufferer's dead, The flower of blooming youth is crushed Beneath death's fierce and cruel tread, That closed the tender lovely eyes, Where christian love shone ever bright, That told how nobly well she strove To guard temptations from her sight.

And blanched that dear face pale and cold, And shut those sweet lips 'neath its seal, Those icy lips we stoop to kiss, That now no more our touch can feel, For oh, they're closed for ever more, And the sweet voice is hushed and still, Those gentle warnings often rose To guard us against alluring ills.

Like a bright guiding star of love, That oft is decked with Heavenly light, Such was our darling one to us, A source of blessing and delight, The willing heart and helpful hand Were ever ready aid to lend, To lighten others of their toil, And prove to all a faithful friend.

Her gentle smile was ever near To cheer the heart, depressed and sad, Her tender voice to soothe their grief, And make the troubled spirit glad, Though young, she was a guide for all That well might follow in her way, To reverence God in word and deed, And journey on the narrow way.

Which was the theme of her short life, Whose blest reward she's reaping now, In that eternal haven, where No shades of care can cross her brow, But whose anticipations kept Her footsteps founded near the cross, In early piety and faith That shielded tribulations' loss.

And kept her youthful spirit whole, And ready for her Master's call, His summons cheerfully to obey, And for his sake to render all Then wonder why we loved her so, This gentle soul so dear and kind, And oh! what lonely years will roll E'er memory's grief will leave our mind,

Or teach us to forget the words Our darling murmured ere she died, When trembling with the bitter grief And love that would not be denied, We bent above that couch of pain To watch our loved one slowly die, To take the icy kisses of death And hear her speak the last good bye.

Don't mourn for me she softly said, When I have left this world of woe, For you, dear mother, I would live, But since God calls me I must go, Say good bye to the friends I love, Those who on earth I'll see no more, Tell them in Heaven, that I will wait To greet them on the glittering shore.

And then her trembling lips grew pale, They motioned slow, the last caress, A radiant smile lit up that face, And then her spirit was at rest, Where time's unchanging glory reigns Upon that bright eternal shore, Her ransomed spirit found its rest Safe with the loved ones gone before.

How One Chinese Woman Became A Christian.

TRANSLATED FROM HER VERBAL NARRATION, BY ADELE M. FIELDS.

there were two scholars in our family, I was never taught to read. Girls are not taught to read unless they are the only children, and their fathers may then teach them for pleasure.

My mother was forty-four years older than I, and she was always very tender toward me. I had my feet bound when I was thirteen years old; but when they ached in the night, my mother would tell me to loose the bandages. Bound feet ache worst when they are still.

When I was fourteen years old, I was betrothed to a young man at the city of Chung Lim, a league from my home. An old neighbor acted as go-between, and went to and fro between the families, till all the preliminaries were settled. My future mother-in-law was very particular in previously ascertaining whether I would bring good fortune to her household. After learning the year, month, day and hour of my berth, she consulted a blind fortune-teller, and got a favorable answer; then she worshipped before her family gods, tossing up split bamboo-roots till it fell so as to give an auspicious omen; then she made offerings to the gods in the temple, and got from their interpreter a sign of acquiescence.

After that, on a day chosen as lucky, the go-between brought fourteen dollars done up in red paper, and my mother received it. With that the bargain was concluded, and could not be broken by any of the parties concerned. I was not consulted in the matter, and no one told me anything about it; but I overheard what was said, and knew very well what was going on, though I dared ask no questions. When I was seventeen, a lucky day was fixed upon, fourteen dollars more were paid to my mother, and I was carried to my mother-in-law's house.

My mother had been busy for some months in preparing my wedding outfit. It consisted of two washtubs, two trunks, two strong cloth bags for clothing, two large red lanterns, a thick cotton coverlet, a pillow, sixty garments for summer and winter wear, embroidered shoes, hair ornaments of silver washed with gold, bracelets and ear-rings. My jewelry was worth twenty dollars, and my outfit altogether cost over sixty dollars. I have still the coverlet and one tunic which my mother then gave me. The jewelry I have given to my daughter except a pair of bracelets which were torn off my wrists the day that we Christians were attacked, and beaten by a mob, in the chapel at Chung Lim.

If people are very poor, they give their daughters only a suit or two of clothing when they are married. If they are rich, they give them much more than the amount of the betrothal money, I knew a man who gave his daughter a wedding-outfit worth a thousand dollars, and it included a rice-field.

I was troubled about going away from home, and anxious lest I be unable to perform the duties of a daughter-in-law, and I did not look upon my new garments with pleasure. But all girls have to be married, and of course I must be. The day before my marriage, my mother gathered twelve kinds of flowers, and steeped them in water, and the next morning I was washed in this water, and put on an entire new suit of clothing, with a fine outer garment that my mother-in-law had hired from a wealthy official, and sent for the occasion. I was then put into a sedan-chair, and as it was lifted up, my mother took water in which green peas had been steeped and threw it on the top of the chair for good luck. Only the go-between went with me to my mother-in-law's house. Neither my mother nor I had ever seen any of the family into which I went. The go-between stayed three days and waited upon me, then she went home. She received two dollars from my husband's mother, and one dollar from my mother, for the performance of all her part in the transaction.

After three days, my mother sent my nephew to bring me a bottle of hair-oil, and to inquire after me. At the end of a month he came again, and brought me an artificial flower, and a basket of boiled rice. At the end of four months, my mother sent a sedan-chair to bring me; and I went and ate breakfast with her. It is not the custom for a mother to visit her married daughter until she has had children; and then the mother-in-law must go and invite the mother to come.

My husband was seven years older than I, and his elder brother's wife had already been brought home. The house had three bed-rooms; one for the mother, one for the elder brother and his wife, and one for my husband and myself. There was, besides, a common kitchen, and a living room. My husband's father was not living. Like all daughters-in-law, I cooked, sewed wash-

ed, wove and fed pigs. I had four children, two boys and two girls; but one boy and one girl died when very young. My mother-in-law also died when I was twenty-one.

Some thirty years ago, Mr. Lechler, a German, the first foreign missionary that ever preached here, came and lived awhile at I am Chau. My youngest brother heard him preach, and became a Christian. My brother used to come and tell me about God, and would explain the true doctrines to me until the perspiration would run down his cheeks, through his exertion in making me understand. He came again and again; but though I saw that what he said must be true, my heart clung to the old idols, and I wanted to adhere to the customs followed by my friends. My head received the truth, but my heart rejected it. God has many ways of making people repent. Had my husband prospered in business I should never have turned to the Lord.

When I was thirty-four years old, my husband went with a cargo of goods to Siam; and there he took to smoking opium, lost money rapidly, and never came back any more. I diligently made offerings to the gods, and every year spent as much as ten dollars in paper money and incense to be burned before them. I consulted fortune-tellers to inquire when a letter or money would come from my husband, and would often get the answer for a certain day. Then I would sit in the door, and watch for the coming of the letter; and when any one that looked like a letter-carrier approached, my heart would beat fast; and when I found there was no letter for me, I would go in and cry. After I had spent much devotion and money on the gods, and found that they always disappointed me, I began to think my brother's God might be better. I went to him and said: "Brother, hereafter I am going to worship God; but is there any so many who will oppose and despise me, I will only worship him secretly." My brother told me that every one who belonged to Christ must confess him before men. I went home and thought it over, and began to go on Sundays to worship with the few Christians at Chung Lim. My son was so vexed, when he knew that I meant to be a Christian, that he cried; and my sister-in-law, who had before been very friendly with me, hated me, and locked the door so that I could not get in when I came from the chapel. It was very troublesome, indeed, being a Christian.

When my son was eighteen years old, he went to Siam to search for his father; and hoped to induce him to give up opium. The next year, when I was forty-one, I came with some of the brethren and sisters from Chung Lim to Swatow, to be baptized. I had to come secretly; and I sent my extra clothing, rice and cash for the journey to the chapel on the previous evening; and early in the morning came out and joined the Christian company on the road. I remember that at the baptismal pool, Dr. Ashmore said that every Christian must preach. Thus one could bring in ten, and those ten, preaching still, would bring in a hundred more. Thus the church would grow. Before I got back to Chung Lim, my sister-in-law went to three of the four chief men in our clan, and told them what I had done; and they agreed to wait on the brink of the river for me, and catch me as I was crossing, and crush me into the river bottom till I died. But she went last to the head of the clan; and though the reasons she gave for my having gone to Swatow were too bad to be spoken, he told her that the foreign teachers were powerful, and that she might get herself into serious trouble by killing a Christian; so my life was saved. When I got home, she reviled me, but nothing more. She would never let me preach the gospel in our house, nor let any who believed it come to visit me. When I am sick, my daughter, who is married into a family that lives but a few streets off, and whose mother-in-law is very obliging, comes and takes care of me. My son went into business in Siam, and then came up to Hongkong. From there he sent me twenty dollars, and a message asking my pardon for his lack of filial love in not coming to see me; but his ship was going back at once to Siam, and he must go with it. When only one day out from Hongkong, the ship was wrecked, and all on board were lost. When I heard this news, I did not cry, except in secret; for I feared that the heathen around me would say that my God was not good. I thought, too, that I must set the weak Christian an example of the submission to the will of God. I have felt that my grief was greater than I could bear; but I have kept it shut up in

my heart, and have never, until to-day, told any one how great it was.

I have nothing now to rest my heart upon but the hope of heaven. I have been deeply troubled; but without the trouble I should not have been saved. I am strong, and have, perhaps, many years to live; and if I can but lead many to believe in the Lord, that will be joy enough for me here.

Swatow, 12th August, 1878.

Victoria's Reproof.

Queen Victoria was noted in early years for her punctuality, and was apt to be impatient with those who were negligent as to time. She administered a courteous but severe reproof to the Duchess of Sunderland, who, as the Mistress of Robes, was obliged to be near the queen on public occasions. The duchess was a little careless in matters requiring promptness.

One day, when a public ceremony was appointed for a given hour, the queen and her ladies had gathered in her palace, and the duchess alone was missing. The queen grew impatient, and, as the hour appointed passed, she was about to enter her carriage without her first lady. The duchess suddenly appeared, breathless with haste, and stammered an excuse.

"My dear duchess," said the queen, "I think you must have a bad watch."

Unloosing from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch, she fastened it round the neck of the duchess. The reproof, though conveyed in an elegant present, was overwhelming. The proud duchess colored, bit her lip, and dropped a hot tear. The next day she resigned her office. The resignation was not accepted, and from that time the duchess was never known to be a second late in keeping an engagement. — Youth's Companion.

Henry Asking a Blessing.

Henry had never heard his father pray. A Christian friend while visiting the house, was invited to conduct family prayers, and also to ask a blessing at table. Henry wished his father would do so every day.

One evening, only Harry and his little brother and his aged grandmother sat at the table; the rest of the family taking tea with a neighbour.

"Grandma," said Henry, "may I ask a blessing?"

"Yes," she replied, her eyes filling with tears.

"O God bless our bread and milk! Make us good children. Bless pa, ma, grandma. Amen," said Henry. He thought no more about it; but dear grandma told his father when he came home. The father's heart was touched by the example, and he resolved to follow it and have a prayerless house no longer. — Youth's Companion.

Don't, Boys.

Don't be impatient, no matter if things do go wrong sometimes. Don't give the ball a kick and send it into a mud-puddle, because it would not go straight when you threw it. Do not send the marbles against the fence, and thus break your best glass alley, because your clumsy fingers could not strike the center. Do not break your kite-string all to pieces, because it will not come down from the tree at the first jerk. It will take you three times as long to get it down afterwards. Do not give your little brother an angry push and a sharp word if he can not see into the mysteries of marble playing or hoop rolling at the first lesson. You were once as stupid as he is although you have forgotten it.

What in the world would become of you if your mother had no more patience than you? If, every time that you came near her when she was busy, she thrust you off with a cross word? Dear, kind, loving mother, who never ceases to think of you, to care for you, who keeps you so nicely clothed, and makes such nice things for you to eat. What if she were to be so impatient that you would be half the time afraid to speak to her, to tell her of your own troubles at school or at play? Ah, do not grieve your mother by your impatience or your crossness.

I Like to Help People.

A woman was walking along a street one windy day, when the rain began to come down. She had an umbrella, but her hands were full of parcels, and it was difficult for her to raise it in that wind.

"Let me, ma'am; let me, please," said a bright-faced boy, taking the umbrella in his hands. The astonished woman looked on with satisfaction, while he managed to

raise the rather obstinate umbrella. Then taking out one of those ever-ready strings which boys carry, he tied all the parcels snugly into one bundle, and then politely handed it back to her.

"Thank you very much," she said. "You are very polite to do so much for a stranger."

"Oh, it is no trouble, ma'am," he said with a smile. "I like to help people." — Exchange.

Smiles.

An orator who was much in demand in political campaigns, being asked by an admirer, the secret of his success, replied: "When I have facts, I give 'em facts; but when I haven't, I yell and saw the air."

A colored brother rose in prayer-meeting and said: "My dear bruddern, I fell 's if I could talk more good in five minutes dan I could do good in a year."

Charles Lamb, when a little boy, walking with his sister in a church-yard, and reading the epitaphs said to her: "Mary, where are all the naughty people buried?"

"I do wish the Lord would make us all gooder and gooder and gooder, till there is no bad left." So said a little Quaker lad once in a pause in meeting; and in saying it, did he not express the great longing of a truly Christian heart, as well as it could have been explained in a volume?

Ben Butler's only hope of becoming a Governor is to marry a governess.

An old bachelor was courting a widow and both had sought the aid of art to give to their fading hair a darker shade. "That's going to be an affectionate couple," said a wag. "How so?" asked a friend. "Why, don't you see that they are flying for each other already?"

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