



Children's Department.

THE ABYSSINIANS.

Our engraving this week represents some of that remarkable people, the Abyssinians, who stand out so distinctively from the other nations of Africa in the features of their country, their physical appearance, and their language and literature. They are a handsome people, between five and six feet high. They have abundance of physical strength, and can boast of their full share of that symmetrical roundness which contributes to the beauty of the human frame.

There are three principal races in the country, the most numerous of which is that which most nearly resembles the Bedowin Arabs, and their ancient language is related to the Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac tongues. There are no negroes in the country, except some few who are slaves from the country of the Shangallas to the west.

The present king of Abyssinia professes to be descended from Menilek, the supposed son of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. The English people made war upon Theodore, the father of the present King, about ten or twelve years ago, because he kept some British subjects in captivity. Theodore wanted to marry Queen Victoria, but his love letters never reached her, he thought he was treated with contempt, and therefore imprisoned fifteen or twenty Englishmen in revenge.

The traveller, Bruce, went there in the last century to find the source of the Nile, and he discovered the source of one branch of it, called the Blue Nile. He also found there, in the Ethiopic language, a copy of the Book of Enoch the Prophet, which contains the passage St. Jude quotes in his Epistle about that patriarch. He took the book to England. It has been printed, and one copy of it exists in Canada.

The dress of the Abyssinians is exceedingly simple. Men of all ranks, from the King to the beggar wear a loose dress of white cotton, which in graceful folds is thrown over the shoulders, so as to leave their arms free to carry their armor. Processers of the same material are worn by all,

and a cotton waist cloth, which when wound round the waist, serves the purpose of defensive armor.

The religion of the Abyssinians is Christian, and is highly ceremonial.

HELP, LORD!

Giver of light!
This soul is dark, and needeth Thee;
Turn into day my night,
Give thine own light to me.
Giver of light!
The world is dark and needeth Thee,
Shine with Thy heavenly might,
And bid the darkness flee.

Error is here!
And truth can find no resting place;
Man walks, half hope, half fear.
With weary, troubled pace;
And day by day,
With heavy heart and anxious eye.
He asketh, what is truth?
But findeth no reply.

Evil o'erflows!
Stern evil, which no claims can bind,
Nor spell can disenchant;
Restless and unconfined,
Still year by year
Sin broadeneth its turbid flood.
Come speak the words of power,
O Thou, earth's only good!

A COTTAGE HOME IN YEDO

Six little Japanese girls, each with her Gospel and hymn-book, sitting around the table ready for evening prayers, is a very pleasant sight.

At my right hand is little O Fusa San, about seven years old, and the daughter of a blind man, who is now an earnest Christian. She is the special charge of my eldest girl, O Take San, who looks very glad when I praise the little one for reading her verse so nicely; for there has been a private rehearsal in their own room.

The other little one, just the same age, sits at my right hand. She is wonderfully sharp and clever—always ready to find my place for me,

and sees in a minute if a book is wanting. For two nights this week she has gone to bed, looking very doleful, without the good-night kiss, for I heard she had been disobedient. Last night however, the report was good, and she was as happy as the rest, all making their very low bow, and enjoying the fun of trying to say, "May your slumbers be sweet." I said, "Good-night, dears," and with another bow they said, "Good-night dears," to me, which had rather an amusing effect.

My girls go in pairs; the next two about the same age are O Kin San and O Yu San. The latter is our latest arrival. Only last week her tidy little chest of drawers, paper umbrella, and new wooden clogs, were deposited and generally admired by the others.

O Kin San has left a home with five little motherless brothers and sisters, one of whom died soon after she came. I have often thought of her, standing under the vine in the garden a few days afterward, and saying her heart was too sad to play.

The two eldest, O Take San and O Sei San, are a great contrast: the former always anxious to observe the laws of etiquette, and the latter very rough and noisy, constantly receiving with meekness severe reprimands for her deficiencies. I hope O Take San has really received Christianity into her heart. A very plaintive little voice sometimes is heard just before bed-time, and I know it is O Take San, who has gathered the others round her, and asking God in simplest language to take care of them, and teach them and their fathers and mothers to love Jesus Christ. She had been praying for her mother for some time, when one day quite unexpectedly, the mother came and told us she wished to become a catechumen. O Take San's joy was great, and I hope her faith was strengthened. - Church Bells.

HONOR THY MOTHER.

It was a cold, dark night in winter. The wind blew and the snow was hurled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who went out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and notwithstanding the storm the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear him.

William Annesly, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother:

"Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had been carried in her arms, who had now grown up so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far before he said:

"I am very proud to-night, mother."
"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should in his manhood lovingly provide for her who, in helpless infancy, watched over him.

During the Baptismal Service the congregation ought to stand until coming to the Lord's Prayer, during which and the following prayers they should kneel, and again stand during the charge to sponsors, witnesses, or the baptized. Standing is also the rule at a Marriage Service. At a funeral in a private house the same position should be observed as at church; and the fact that the audience is a mixed one should not wholly destroy its Churchly character.

What better is the Christian, who gets no personal communion and help from his Father, than the heathen who has no God? If it be answered better in knowledge and a possible access to God in need; it must be added, worse in the responsibility that comes from opportunity unimproved and known duty not done.