



FRUITS OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

VOTE on January 1st for God and home and native land, and for the protection of the drunkard's wife and children.

THE CHILDREN OF INDIA.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

Amy—I must find out all I can about Hindu children for our Mission Band this week. I have written down all I know, and it seems very little.

Mamma—Will you read to me what you have?

Amy—I saw the picture of a Hindu baby lying in its cradle, and I have told about that to begin. The cradle is made of a square frame with a piece of cloth stretched over it, and fastened to the ceiling by cords. Here the baby will lie all day and swing, never crying, though it may be hungry and sleepy.

Mamma—They must have unusually good and patient babies in India. Our babies would cry loud enough under such circumstances.

Amy—They are very good indeed. Even the poor baby who has no cradle to swing in, but is carried in a basket on its mother's back, will lie quietly on the ground while she is at work and never cry.

Mamma—Do the Hindu babies make good boys?

Amy—They grow up to be very good-natured and patient. They seldom quarrel or fight, and yet they are not exactly what we would call good boys, because they will tell lies and cheat. They do not think it is wrong.

Mamma—What a pity that children with such good traits should have some bad ones. But is that all you know about them?

Amy—Yes, that is all I have been able to find out so far. Will you please tell me something more?

Mamma—Well, there is giving the baby a name, which is a very solemn and important affair. The priest looks into his books to see if the planets are favourable for the ceremony; if not, he offers prayers and sacrifices to drive away the bad spirit. When the day is fixed, the friends and relatives come in, and the baby receives his name.

Amy—Are the Hindus not very superstitious?

Mamma—Yes, they hang shells and coins on the baby to keep away the "evil eye." They are very careful to never speak the baby's name at night, lest an owl hear the name, repeat it, and the child die. No one must ever pull its nose, for that would make it ill.

Amy—What a strange idea! Suppose some one should happen to pull its nose, what would they do?

Mamma—The mother would fill a dish with rice and put it in the street before her house. The first person who should touch the dish, even accidentally, would carry off the disease, and the baby would get well.

Amy—What a fortunate thing for the baby that they have some way to protect it. What do they do next?

Mamma—When he is six months old he receives his first dish of rice. Friends are invited to witness the ceremony and have a great feast. When he is three years old, his head is shaved, he puts on a muslin cap and coat and begins school. Up to this time he wears no clothes, but is covered with jewellery.

Amy—It seems very early for them to begin school. They can't be much more than babies.

Mamma—The Hindus do not think it wise to let their children play much; they believe it makes them lazy; so they go to school when very young, where they sit cross-legged, nearly all day, shouting their lessons in a loud voice. When the Hindu boy is eight years old he is made a Brahmin. The sacred thread is put around his body and over his shoulder, and he is considered fit to engage in all religious duties.

Amy—Dear me! what important creatures their boys are. What becomes of the girls.

Mamma—The girls are regarded as an expense, and not being so useful as boys, they are not welcome. When the parents do not wish to raise the girl baby, it is allowed to sleep itself to death with opium in its mouth, or it is put in a basket, and set afloat on the river Gauges.

Amy—What cruel people they must be.

Mamma—They do not mean to be cruel. A woman's life in India is a very wretched one at best, and this is often the easiest way they think, of sparing her future suffering. However, they do not put their girls to death now so often as they used to do.

Amy—Why do they not?

Mamma—The country is now ruled by the English. It is a crime to put girls to death, and punished by law, when the guilty parties are found. Christianity has also shown many of these people the sinfulness of such practices, and led them to live better lives.

Amy—If the girl lives what does she do?

Mamma—She plays with her dolls, goes to school, is richly dressed and loaded down with jewellery. Indeed, she has a pretty good time until she gets married.

Amy—How old is she when she marries?

Mamma—Between eight and eleven. She is sometimes betrothed several years earlier. As soon as her father selects a husband for her, she puts on a veil, has the ends of her fingers dyed pink, and retires to the zenana or place where the women live. Here she is educated for married life.

Amy—What does she learn?

Mamma—Cooking and religion. The Hindu is very particular about his food, and no one, however rich he may be, must prepare it and serve him but his wife. His religion has much to do with this. After she learns to cook and serve food properly, she learns many verses from their sacred book, the histories of various Hindu gods, dialogues and stories.

Amy—Must she learn all this whether she wants to or not?

Mamma—Yes; she is not considered ready to be married until she knows these things well. She has no voice in the matter, but must marry whenever and whomsoever her parents direct. If the man dies before or after marriage, she is a widow, and though she may still be a little girl, she dare not marry again. Her fine clothes and jewels are taken away, she is abused and neglected, and must spend the rest of her life in hard work and sorrow.

Amy—What a dreadful time she must have. Is there no escape for her?

Mamma—None, until the Gospel teaches them better, and so brightens and blesses their lives. Some have been helped through its influence; let us pray that many more may feel its power and be led in the in the true way. The Rev. E. T. Curnick writes as follows of "Children Across the Sea":

Pity the children across the sea,
Who never the name of the Christ have heard:
Dumb idols they worship, on bended knee,
Which see not, and hear not a single word.

Pity the children across the sea:
The Master proclaims in a voice of love:
"Suffer these children to come to me
Of such is the kingdom of God above."

Pity the children across the sea,
Give them your pennies and prayers to-day;
And God's richest blessings from heaven shall be
Poured on the hearts who his words obey.

WASPS' NESTS.

"THE saloon is a wasps' nest in any neighbourhood. It has all the bad traits of the sneaking, irritable, thievish, fighting, and stinging wasps, but is far worse in its effects. We want to look at it for a while, so that we may keep everybody away from the dangerous nests until we can get hot water and smoke to destroy them. (Draw a small circular wasps' nest on the left, suspended from above, and a larger one on the right. In the middle draw, plan of your town or city, or part of it, like grid-iron, and locate saloons on it as wasps' nests on the streets.)

"Here are the nests! There are two thousand of them in Philadelphia, besides many travelling in bottlers' wagons. They have each many cells in which wasps are being grown and nursed—drunkards made. See how black-spotted our city or town is! Looks as if it had the measles or small-pox. It is spotted with wasps' nests.

"The wasp is thievish. She makes no honey herself, but takes the hard earnings and work of others, even if she must kill them to get the treasure. Wasps kill the bees and steal their honey.

"The wasp is very irritable. If you touch her she will sting furiously, and how poisonous her sting is! So strong drink makes people cross, quick in passion, brutal and quarrelsome. How many dear children have been abused, and wives beaten and murdered, by these human, furious wasps.

"The wasp is mean and sneaking. In the cold of autumn she slyly crawls into your window, and when you happen to touch her she stings you. So the liquor-seller, having a home in this good land, repays the kindness by stinging and destroying.

"The wasp becomes utterly selfish, fights everything good that opposes her, or which she thinks opposes her. The saloon is Ishmael—with a hand against everybody. (One nest by drawing lines down may be changed into rum bottle, the other into beer jug.)

"Hot water will destroy the natural wasp's nests, but cold water destroys the saloon. A slow fire with suffocating smoke kills the wasps, but it takes a hot fire with a great blaze to annihilate the saloons. Let it begin to burn. Help to stir it up, boys and girls."

TWIN EVILS.

BY J. M. CALDWELL.

ONCE I made a mistake that came near costing a young man his soul. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister and had wrecked his life through drink. He was gloriously converted. Not only had he been intemperate, but he was addicted to the use of tobacco. In all my ministry I had never known a man who has been an inebriate but that when he was converted if he did not give up tobacco with the whiskey, he slipped back into his sin. For a long time this was a mystery to me, but when I learned that the cabbage and burdock and other ingredients used in making plug tobacco are moistened and bound together with Jamaica Rum, I realized fully the danger threatening an inebriate who indulges in tobacco. Six months after his conversion I met this young man on the street and noticed that he was chewing tobacco. He blushed when he saw me, for he knew that I was acquainted with the fact that he had not given up the habit. Fearing to discourage him and make him fear I had lost faith in him I said—

"Well, my friend, it is a little better for a man not to chew tobacco, but there are thousands of better men than I that have done so."

A week later, I met that young man on the street, drunk. I took him to my study and laid him on the lounge. While he was too drunk to walk straight, he had a good deal of sense. I said to him, "How did this happen?"

He replied, "You are to blame for it, I had supreme faith in you. I knew I was doing wrong when I took the tobacco, and if you had shaken me up the first day I met you, that would have been the end of it; but just as soon as I chewed the tobacco, I wanted to take the whiskey."

Then and there I realized I would better far have rebuked him on the spot. By the grace of God, though he fell he was reclaimed.

The Temperance Crusade.

BY W. J. S. TWILLINGATE.

Sons of Temperance, don the armour,
Wield the sword with might and main;
A mighty foe is on the war-path,
Sin and misery in his train.

Souls and bodies are his victims,
Hell his ally, these to gain;
All that's God-like in creation
Disappears beneath his reign.

Fathers! mothers! yea, and children,
Home and friendship's dearest ties,
With a ruthless hand are riven
When this foe his curse applies.

Bane of country, curse of nation,
Sapper of all human joys,
Blight of every grand ambition,
Killer of that hope which buoy.

Alcohol! thy days are numbered,
Human woes to heaven appeal,
God with man in holy purpose,
Now unite thy doom to seal.

Come, ye people, join our crusade,
Swell the temperance glad acclaim,
Home and country's voice appealeth,
Hear ye not the cry in vain.

Sounds of victory now are stealing—
Soon the cry, hurrah! hurrah!
Temperance her banner waveth,
Echo answers back "hurrah."

Courage, then, my brothers, sisters,
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory at length appeareth,
Join we, then, the victor's song.

WESLEY'S YOUTH.

It was while he was a member of Lincoln College that that unparalleled religious career of Mr. Wesley, which has always been regarded as the most wonderful religious movement of modern times, began. "Whoever studies the simplicity of its beginning, the rapidity of its growth, the stability of its institutions, its present vitality and activity, its commanding position and prospective greatness, must confess the work to be, not of man, but of God."

The heart of the youthful collegian was profoundly stirred by the reading of the "Christian Pattern," by Thomas a Kempis, and "Holy Living and Dying," by Jeremy Taylor. He learned from the former "that simplicity of intention and purity of affection were the wings of the soul, without which he could never ascend to God;" and on reading the latter he instantly resolved to dedicate all his life to God. He was convinced that there was no medium; every part must be a sacrifice to either God or himself. From this time his whole life was changed.

A little band was formed of such as professed to seek for all the mind of Christ. They commenced with four, but soon their number increased to six, then to eight, and so on. Their object was purely mutual profit. They read the classics on week days and divinity on the Sabbath. They prayed, fasted, visited the sick, the poor, the imprisoned. They were near to administer religious consolation to criminals in the hour of their execution.

As might have been expected, they were ridiculed and lampooned by those who differed from them, and who could not comprehend the motive to such a religious life. They were called, in derision, "Sacramentarians," "Bible Bigots," "Bible Moths," "The Holy Club," "The Godly Club," "Supererogation Men," and finally "Methodists." Their strict, methodical lives, in the arrangement of their studies and the improvement of their time, their serious deportment and strict attention to religious duties, caused a jovial friend of Charles Wesley to say, "Why, here is a new sect of Methodists springing up," alluding to a school of ancient physicians, or to a class of nonconforming ministers of the seventeenth century, or to both, who received this title from some things common to both. The name took, and the young men were known throughout the university as Methodists. The name, thus given in derision, was finally accepted, and has been retained in honour to this day.

"THAT remains to be seen," as the boy said when he spilt the ink on the tablecloth!