

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING.

I hear the voice of children
 Calling from over the seas ;
 The wail of their pleading accents
 Comes borne upon every breeze.

And what are the children saying,
 Away in those heathen lands,
 As they plaintively lift their voices,
 And eagerly stretch their hands ?

"O! Buddha is cold and distant,
 He does not regard our tears.
 We pray, but he never answers ;
 We call, but he never hears.

"O! vain is the Moslem Prophet,
 And bitter his creed of 'Fate.'
 It lightens no ill to tell us
 That Allah is only great.

"We have heard of a God whose mercy
 Is tenderer far than these ;
 We are told of a kinder Saviour
 By sahibs from over the seas.

"They tell us that when you offer
 Your worship he always hears ;
 Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,
 Our Buddha is blind to tears !

"We grope in the midst of darkness,
 With none who can guide aright.
 O! share with us, Christian children
 A spark of your living light !"

This, this is the plaintive burden
 Borne hitherward on the breeze ;
 These, these are the words they are saying,
 Those children beyond the seas.

—*Children's Work for Children.*

WHAT CAME OF A LOTTERY.

GERMAN settler in Pennsylvania went to Philadelphia one day and invested \$1 in a lottery ticket, which, unfortunately for him, won a prize of \$1,000. He reinvested \$5 in another ticket and proceeded to get drunk on the \$995. In the course of this undertaking he fell over a dock into the water and was drowned.

During the inquest on the body the \$5 ticket was discovered and found to have won

the grand prize of \$10,000. This was turned over to the widow and her two sons as heirs-at-law, and they, following in the paternal footsteps, proceeded to celebrate with a prolonged spree. While so engaged the two sons quarrelled and one killed the other. The survivor with his mother started to drive home, hoping to evade arrest, but were both too intoxicated to handle the reins. As a result they drove over the side of the bridge into a river and were both drowned.

What was left of the money went to an uncle, a cobbler, who also proved loyal to the family tradition, and likewise proceeded to drink. He succeeded so well that in six months he expired under an attack of delirium tremens. The family being now extinct the balance of the ill-starred money escheated to the state.—*Woman's Journal.*

HOW HE BEGAN.

He had an old battered hat on his head, a short black pipe in his mouth, a dirty shirt and ragged clothes and down-trodden shoes. But he had not always been like that ; he had seen better days once. As he looked out of the saloon door he saw two tidy, clean little children come for their father's beer. As soon as they were outside the door the little girl took a drink from the jug, while her little brother waited patiently for his turn. The poor drunkard looked at them very sadly, and then he said, with a sigh, "Ah, that's how I began, and I can't leave it off now!"—*World.*

BABY GIRLS IN CHINA.

"In rich families they save the lives of two girls at most. Often when women come to visit us, before speaking to them of Jesus, I begin by inquiring about their families. I ask if they have a mother-in-law, a husband, children? To this last question they reply, perhaps: 'Yes, I have two children, and alas! one or two daughters.' 'How many have you drowned or destroyed?' I then ask. 'Oh,' they reply, often with a conscience perfectly at ease, 'I have drowned three,' or 'I have drowned two'; others, 'I have given them to a woman who wanted to bring them up, to sell them in due course to such as might want wives for their sons.'—*Sel.*