

A girl is brought to us who, at ten years old, has never bowed her knee in prayer; and when asked who God Almighty is,—“Sposes he is some fine gentleman.” She is acute enough in her way, for all that. Kren in the bargaining of the streets; and eager, with the wolfish eagerness of hunger, to exchange for halfpennies the newspaper, not one line of which she can herself read! And she lives in a street where there is not one woman of reputable character. What could, what must, become of her? She must die, worn out by sin and suffering, just when life ought to be opening before a human creature with most of promise; or, if she should survive to be old, she will be like this miserable old hag, shuffling to and from the gin-palace, where she gains the momentary spirituous exhilaration, which has come to be the only happiness she knows, or which she is capable of coveting.

Or, again, in Manchester—children come to us from all parts of the country—in a wretched garret, three children are discovered by a city missionary. Their mother is dead; the father is daily drunk. The eldest of these children is known by the neighbours as “Little Mother,” for though she is only eight years old, the two younger are dependent on her for all the care they can have. The only furniture of the room is an empty grocery-box, and the only utensil is an empty meat-can. God help such children. Their father's life is their greatest curse. If he were dead, the “Union” would at least provide food and shelter for the bairns; but, as he is living, there is no help for them except what Christian charity can bring.

(To be continued.)

The Monkeys and the Tobacco.

A WORD TO BOYS.

SOME manufacturer has hit upon a very ingenious and suggestive device for advertising his brand of tobacco. A large plug is the bone of contention between some fearfully human-looking monkeys, half pulling with head and tail one way, and half the other—trying to get possession of the superior article. The thing that pleases a decent man about the picture is, that this is much better than human nudity. Also, it would seem to be a prophecy that the time is coming, yea, now is, when the use of tobacco shall be given up to apes.

Now, boys, this word is for you. If it were not for *aping*, little of this filthy, poisonous thing, would get into the mouths of boys. It is because the boy *apes* the man, that he learns to chew and smoke. It is not because he likes the taste and sickening effect at first—but then it is so nice to spit and puff and pose like a man. And the boy notices everything specially *apish* about the business, and comes up to the copy with wonderful accu-

raey. But he fails to take in the idea of true manhood. He imitates the very things that good sense abhors, and takes to the filthy habits with a grace worthy of a better cause.

The manufacturer that made the picture feels in his own heart that the sale of his product depends largely on the apishness of his customers. Hence the significant device.

Boys, let us take the hint in time. If the greedy dealer in the vile weed takes us for *apes*, let us give him an idea to think of. Your tobacco may furnish a very fit exercise for monkeys, but not for men. We do not propose to become companions of baboons; nor do we believe with Darwin, that they were our remote ancestors, though we must admit that chewing and smoking are very monkeyish tricks, and might lead an unwary philosopher to conclude that they are our poor relations.

Let tobacco users and dealers count kin as they will. They know best their own tastes and aspirations; we prefer something more elevating and human.—*Rev. S. D. Paris.*

Child-Life in India.

A BABY in India is not rocked in a cradle, but in a swing. The houses are very small, and have no furniture, except perhaps a cot and a chair for the man of the house. Many, however, have not even that. The family sit on the bare floor and sleep on mats. This would hardly do for the baby. So, when the mother wishes to lay it down, she takes one of her long cloths that she wears instead of a dress and ties the two ends together over a small rafter in the low roof of the house, and puts the baby into the fold of the cloth. This makes a nice swing.

Most women in South India are poor, and have to work all day; and many have to take their babies with them to the fields. When they do that, they make the same kind of a swing by tying a cloth to the branch of a tree by the roadside. Then the baby is left for several hours, while the mother goes off to her work. Very often the light wind moves the branch, and that swings the child, so that it sleeps quietly, reminding us of the lullaby:

“Rock a-bye, baby, in the tree top,—
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.”

The bough does not often break, because the mother is careful to tie the swing to a tamarind, or some other tree that has very strong boughs. But sometimes the poor little baby, when it wakes up alone, cries and wiggles about a long time before anyone takes any notice of it; and once in a while it falls out of the swing, and gets hurt.

Once a week the family go to the weekly fair in some village several miles away. As they are poor they walk, and carry the baby by swinging it in a cloth hanging from a bamboo

stick. The father walks ahead with one end of the stick on his shoulder, and the mother comes behind carrying the other end, while the baby hangs in the cloth between them. When they reach the fair ground the mother spreads her vegetables for sale on a little mat, and lets the baby roll around on the ground by her side.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A Child's Tear.

“My home—yes, it's bright and clean, sir,
And I'll tell how it came to pass;
It wasn't my work or doing at all—
It's all due to that little lass.

“I was going straight down to hell, sir,
And all through the curse of the drink;
How I treated poor Mary, my wife, sir,
God knows I can't bear to think.

“I didn't know as I loved her
Till the wild dark night she died,
When I found her lying so cold and still,
And that new-born child by her side.

“The little lass, she has grown, sir—
Last June she was eight years old;
And what she has been to me, sir,
Can never on earth be told.

“When a kid, there was no one to mind her
But a woman as lived next door;
And she, being given to drink, too,
Let her fall one day on the floor.

“And ever since, the poor creatur'
Has been lame with a crooked knee;
So I'd often lift her up in my arms
To take her about with me.

“For I really loved the poor mite, sir,
And her sweet little eyes of blue
Was as blue and as bright as her mother's
Wor,
And they looked mo through and through.

“One night I was off to the ‘public’—
I'd been drinking already—'twas late,
And I took little May to carry her,
But I couldn't walk quite straight.

“‘Oh, daddy, don't go!’ she whispered,
But I quickened my drunken pace,
And I said, ‘Not another word young un,
Or I'll give you a slap in the face.’

“I was brutal, sir—I know it;
But the devil was in me then,
And when he gets hold of us with the drink
We are only brutes—not men.

“And the little lass, she wor quiet,
But I felt a hot tear fall;
And it seemed to burn right into my hand,
Though she wiped it off with her shawl.

“Straight into my soul it entered—
It melted my hardened heart;
So I said, ‘I'll go home, lassie.’
That night I made a new start.

“Now, every morning and evening,
I kneel, and with heart sincere
I bless my God for saving a soul
By the touch of a little one's tear.”

—*The Quiver.*

What Besides Feathers?

You have often heard it said that “Fine feathers make fine birds.” Think about it, and see if its true. A couple of years ago I was in Litchfield County, staying for a few days. Opposite the house there lived the most beautiful peacock. Oh, how handsome he was! He spread his beautiful tail feathers and walked about proudly in the sun—himself a rainbow of colour. The children

stood dumb with delight when they first saw him. In one week there was a complete change of feeling. He was voted a perfect nuisance. Why? Because he had such a horrid voice, and was so noisy. From the first streak of light in the eastern sky till the last ray in the western sky, his harsh, discordant voice woke the echoes. The baby could not be kept asleep, the nervous children became ill, fathers and mothers were worn out for want of sleep. The peacock was killed and mounted, with his beautiful tail feathers spread. His fine feathers did not save him. The little plain wrens, who lived in the elm down the road, were the special friends of the children, but not because of their fine feathers, but because they kept house in such a delightful way.

Hundreds of ants were the pets of these same little folks, who studied their habits while they cared for them. Bending over the ants, who certainly are not beautiful, they would say to the peacock, walking across the lawn, with his beautiful feathers trailing after him, “Go 'way, you screech owl, go 'way.” He had no friends, in spite of his beauty; so you see some thing beside fine feathers is needed to make people happy and attractive. Sometimes we exclaim, “Oh, what a pretty child!” but the next minute the beauty is gone—we have seen a hateful action or heard a naughty word. So beauty alone could not hold our admiration.

This is said to be a true story. It is taken from the German:—

“A nobleman once gave a grand supper to a few guests. While they sat at the table, two masked people came into the room. They were not larger than children five or six years of age, and represented a gentleman and lady of high rank. The gentleman wore a scarlet coat with gold buttons. His curly wig was powdered snow white, and in his hand he held a fine hat.

“The lady was dressed in yellow silk, with silver spangles, and had a neat little hat, with plumes, on her head, and a fan in the hand. Both danced elegantly, and often made agile springs. Everybody said, ‘The skill of these children is wonderful.’

“An old officer, who sat at the table, took an apple and threw it between the gay dancers. Suddenly the little lord and lady rushed for the apple, quarrelled as if they were mad, tore off their masks and head-gear, and instead of the skilful children appeared a pair of apes. All at the table laughed loudly; but the old officer said, with much earnestness, ‘Apes and fools may dress as much as they please, it soon becomes known who they are.’”

He who is not shy of the appearances of sin, who shuns not the occasions of sin, and who avoids not the temptations to sin, will not long abstain from the actual commission of sin.