

The Children's Record.

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REV. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

A RIDE IN A HINDU CITY.

FROM CHILDREN'S WORK FOR CHILDREN.

My Dear Young Friends:

Perhaps some of you will enjoy a drive this bright morning through the streets of a Hindu city. The *gharri* is at the door, and the coachman, in a white *puggery*, or turban, is sitting high in front, arrayed in white garments bound with a girdle. Sitting back is another man also in white, whose business it is to warn the people on the streets of our coming. We no sooner drive out of the enclosure than this individual begins to shout at the top of his lungs, apparently in a great state of excitement. The reason for this is that there are no sidewalks, and the people walk in the middle of a narrow street and make way for the carriage, being warned of its coming by this footman. His warning translated into English, means, "Here, you man with a green turban, get out of the way," "Look out there, you woman with the basket, get out of the way," and so to the end of the drive, until our ears are weary with his bawlings.

One sees strange groups in these streets. The shops are little affairs, their whole fronts being open. Here is a baker shop, and twenty or thirty yellow street dogs are gathered eagerly around it. The baker is feeding them, because the priests have told him that the soul of his father, who died last month, has gone into the body of a dog, so he feeds all, that his father may be sure of something to eat.

But look to your right—do you see a

row of ten little boys sitting down in the dirt by the side of the street? That is a school! The boys have no clothing whatever, except one or two, who have a small cloth around their waists. Their round heads are shaven as bare as your hand, except a little black tuft between the forehead and the crown. Their skins are coffee-colored, and their eyes very bright and black. The whitest of teeth gleam out when they laugh—for school boys will laugh, ever in India. But the teacher keeps a sharp look out on them, and makes them study their lessons in a loud voice all together, so that he can know whether they are studying or not. So you see the school is a small Babel; but the louder they study the better the order, so people think in India.

The teacher is a heathen priest, who carries the mark of the god he worships on his forehead in white or red paint. he is not ashamed of his god, and as there are thirty millions of gods worshipped in this land, a person can take his choice of marks. When a Hindu baby is born, this mark is sometimes tattooed upon his forehead, and he wears it all his life. Nobody tries to serve a god without letting the world know it, as many little boys and girls in America think they can follow Christ without confessing Him before the world.

But we will visit a girls' school, which was held in a house, so we leave the carriage and go up a narrow alley. The teacher sees us coming, and hastens out to gather in the children, because the scholars go to school whenever the notion takes them or their parents; they know nothing about promptness or time. But when they hear that strangers are coming, they come trooping down the alley and squat upon the floor of earth in a group at our feet, and among them is a yellow dog. The school-room is very dark, being lighted only by the door, and is rented for the purpose from a woman who lives in it and goes on with her work while the school is in session. She has a little boy whom she dresses as a girl, because she