

WHAT CAN CHILDREN DO ?

Christ was crucified for you,
 What for him can children do ?
 Though they grateful feel and seek
 How to serve him, they are weak ;
 For their talents are but small,
 Though they give to Jesus all.

Yet, if but the heart be right,
 'Tis accepted in his sight ;
 And the efforts of the great,
 And the gifts of dearest weight,
 Jesus will not prize above
 Tokens of an infant's love.

STREET SCENES IN INDIA.

A great deal of hair-dressing goes on, all in the street ; many men have their heads shaved bare with the exception of a little tuft on the crown or a strip on either side above the ears : but the style of wearing the hair varies almost as much as the way of tying a turban or the shape of the Hindu cap. Here a man, extended on a bedstead of rope, faced backwards and forward on a wooden frame, is being rubbed with sandal-wood oil ; there a woman is adorning the space in front of her door by sticking little flowers into the earth ; here again are girls coming from the well, bearing on their heads polished brass lotas or earthenware chattels ; there are the bhoo-stics carrying the water in skins tucked under their arms, or in vessels piled one above the other in nets suspended from the long poles which they carry over their shoulder. Everywhere are little brown babies whose sole costume is a piece of string tied round their waists, and possibly bracelets or anklets. Now pass flocks of goats to the milking, or little humped bullocks drawing rough wooden carts or carrying burdens ; perhaps a line of camels fastened together with a total disregard to their comfort by means of a string tied to the tail of one and passed through the nostrils of his companion immediately following. Here comes a merchant borne in a palki, or a great man

reclining in a carriage driven by a gaily, but untidily, clad coachman, and preceded by mounted sowars carrying little flags on lances. Turning into the bazaars, the scene is even more animated. On either side of the narrow street are little open shops, like platforms, raised about a couple of feet above the ground, sheltered by projecting awnings of bamboo, thatch, or tiles. The side posts and lintels are sometimes, as at Muttra, curiously carved ; sometimes, as at Baroda, gaudily painted red, green and yellow. On the platform the master of the establishment often spreads his charpoy and bolster, such a bed as the healed paralytic would have carried away with him, and waits placidly for the bargaining customers. Even the pie, about a third of a farthing, is not minute enough for native transactions, and a pile of cowrie-shells by his side represents yet smaller change. *Sol.*

CHINESE WATCHMEN.

A question often asked in China is, " Watchman, what of the night ? " not perhaps in so many words, but the Chinese have no clocks and watches, and, if they lie awake at night and wish to know the hour, they need only listen for the tap, tap, of the watchman, as he goes his rounds and beats the watches, to learn how far the night is advanced, and how near at hand is the day. Many a time have I myself listened for the watchman ; and as I counted the number of taps upon the piece of bamboo which he carries for that purpose, have said to myself, " The morning cometh."

The night is divided into five watches and, when the Chinese refer to any particular hour of the night, they invariably do so by speaking of such and such a *watch*, and it is an interesting fact that the watch at two o'clock is called the "cock-crowing." This enables one to understand what was probably the meaning of the Lord Jesus' words to Peter, " Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice."—*Chiod's Millions.*