

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

WANTED.

Wanted ! young feet to follow
Where Jesus leads the way
Into the fields where harvest
Is rip'ning day by day :
Now while the breath of morning
Scents all the dewy air ;
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,
Oh, follow Jesus there !

Wanted ! young hands to labour :
The fields are broad and wide,
And the harvest waits the reaper
Around on ev'ry side ;
None are too poor or lowly,
None are to weak or small,
For in His service holy
The Master needs them all.

Wanted ! young ears to listen,
Wanted ! young eyes to see,
Wanted ! young hearts to answer
With thro' of sympathy.
When, or the wild waves' sighing,
The strange, sad tale is borne
Of lands in darkness lying,
Forsaken and forlorn. *Selected.*

LITTLE WIDOWS OF INDIA.

Among the many sad things connected with the lives of women in India, nothing is more pitiable than the state of the poor little widows. A child wife, only six or seven years old, is regarded by all her husband's family as the cause, more or less direct, of his death.

She is treated, at best, with dislike, and often with great harshness and severity. Therefore, the death of a young wife before her husband is a cause of great rejoicing among her friends that she has thus escaped widowhood.

They are convinced that the gods have favoured her, and that she has been advanced a degree in the great series of births and deaths through which every Hindu passes on his way to final perfection. The prayer of every little girl before marriage, and of every little girl and woman after marriage, is that she may never become a widow.

The preservation of a husband's health is a matter of the greatest importance, and on a certain day of the year a special religious ceremony is observed, with this end in view. It is emphatically the "Women's Day," and occurs about the middle of January, when the sun is believed to turn northward.

Offerings are made at the temples, money is given to the priests, pilgrimages are undertaken, fastings undergone, and vows performed for the preservation of a husband's

health and life. When he is ill the wife removes her jewels, puts on coarse clothing and devotes herself to prayer and austerities. If he dies, her woe begins.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW HE FOUND GOD.

More than a hundred years have passed since a young lad in England, who belonged to a pious family, but was himself far from God, was to find God by a strange means. He had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his pious mother and others, he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian.

In the good providence of God, however, it happened to his mother and himself to be on a visit to Ireland, and on the Lord's day they went to a place where a good man was to preach. This good man was that day very earnest in his sermon; he put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels? Every time the preacher repeated the question, the young man said in his own heart "No, I will not yield, I will not yield." His heart was hardened against God. And at the close of the sermon, it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. But when the sermon was finished, the minister gave out a hymn. It begins

"Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sang the hymn with their whole heart. And what the sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. It was the voice of God calling him through the hundreds of voices that day praising God. His pride, his hardness of heart, everything that stood in his way to God, gave way. And that very day the son who was in the far land found God, and gave himself to be a loyal soldier for God for evermore. And he lived to be himself an honored preacher of the Gospel, and the writer of a hymn that has opened a way to God in thousands of hearts. He was Augustus Toplady, the author of the great hymn

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

—From *Children's Sermons.*

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland a minister asked the poor children before him, "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor little Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said: "Please, your reverence, it's to be clean inside." How true!