

**A Plea for the Children.**

We plead for the little children,  
Who have opened their baby eyes  
In the far-off lands of darkness  
Where the shadow of death yet lies.

But not to be nurtured for heaven,  
Not to be taught in the way,  
Not to be watched o'er and guided  
Lest their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no ! It is idol-worship  
Their stammering lips are taught ;  
To cruel false gods only  
Are their gifts and offerings brought.

And what can *we* children offer,  
Who dwell in this Christian land ?  
Is there no work for the Master  
In reach of each little hand !

Oh, surely a hundred tapers,  
Which even small fingers can clasp,  
May lighten as much of the darkness  
As a lamp in a stronger grasp.

And then as the line grows longer,  
So many tapers, though small,  
May kindle a brighter shining  
Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasures,  
And e'en infant lips can pray ;  
Employ then the little fingers,  
Let the children learn the way.

So the lights shall be quicker kindled,  
And darkness the sooner shall flee ;  
Many " little ones " learn of the Saviour  
Both here and " far over the sea."  
— *Mission Dayspring.*

**Our Indians.**

Where do they live ! In the North  
West. Why are they called ours ? One  
reason is that they live in our country.  
But that brings with it another reason  
why they are called ours. Being our  
fellow-countrymen they are ours especially  
to lead in the way of life, ours to tell of  
Christ. Their country is ours. God has  
intrusted them to our care.

**Dying Without Hope.**

Children ! Hear the clock. Tick—  
tick, tick—tick. How fast the clock ticks,  
day and night ; summer and winter, year  
after year.

There is another ticking just as rapid,  
going on year after year, never stopping.  
Drop—drop, drop—drop. What is thus  
for ever dropping as fast as the clock ticks ?  
The heathen are dropping as quickly as  
that out of life into the grave and into  
eternity ; without God and without the  
hope of a better life in Heaven. The  
population of the world is about 1,500,000,-  
000. (Of these about 1,000,000,000 are  
heathen, and from among them about  
100,000 die every day or about one every  
second, and they die without knowing of  
Jesus, die without hope. And, just as  
fast, the little baby heathen are coming  
into the world and grow up in darkness  
and sin with none to tell them of a Savior's  
love. In the Mission fields in the New  
Hebrides and India and China and Trini-  
dad and the North West, and among the  
Catholics of Quebec, where our mission-  
aries have gone, many little children are  
being taught the way of life. Your cents  
and dimes carry the gospel to them and  
thus you can all be little missionaries. I  
think that some of the little readers of  
*THE CHILDREN'S RECORD* will not only  
send the gospel, but some of them will be  
missionaries themselves and carry the  
gospel when they grow up. Which of  
you will it be !

**Isles Waiting for His Law.**

In the New Hebrides where three of  
your missionaries with their wives are  
laboring, there are many large islands  
without the gospel, and in them about  
seventy thousand heathen who know not  
of Christ. Time after time as the Day-  
spring touches at these islands the people  
ask for missionaries, but in vain. The  
harvest is plenteous but the laborers are  
few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the  
harvest, that He send forth laborers into  
His harvest.