

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

BABY GIRLS IN CHINA.

Only a little baby girl,
Dead by the river side,
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide.
Over the boat too far she leaned,
Watching the dancing wave,
Over the brink she fell and sank,
But there was none to save.

If she had only been a boy,
They would have heard her cry;
But she was just a baby girl,
And she was left to die.
It was her fate perhaps they said,
Why should they interfere;
Had she not always been a curse,
Why should they keep her here ?

So they have left her little form
Floating upon the wave;
She was too young to have a soul,
Why should she have a grave ?
Yes, and there's many another lamb,
Perishing every day,
Thrown by the road and riverside,
Flung to the beasts of prey.

Is there a mother's heart to-night,
Clasping her darling child,
Willing to leave these helpless lambs
Out on the desert wild ?
Is there a little Christian girl,
Happy in love and home,
Living in selfish ease, while they
Out on the mountain roam ?

Think as you lie in your little cot,
Smoothed by a mother's hand;
Think of the little baby girls
Over in China's land;
Ask if there is not something more
Even a child can do,
And if perhaps in China's land
Jesus has need of you.

Only a little baby girl,
Dead by the river's side;
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide;
But it has brought a vision vast,
Dark as nation's woe;
Oh, it has left one willing heart,
Answering : "I will go !"

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

Girls in the country sometimes grow tired of the quiet of farm work and long for the attractions of city life. But life in the city is not the public holiday it seems to the girls on their occasional visits to town. Working girls in the city have an infinitely more monotonous existence than the country girls ever dreamed of.

You get up early and work hard, it is true, but the picnics you attend in summer and the sleigh rides and parties that enliven your winter give you social recreation and change.

Think of spending every working day in a dingy office, writing and figuring constantly, with but half a day's vacation in three years, as one girl I know of has done ! Think of spending all the hot, dusty summer days at a sewing-machine in a factory with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds of other machines all about you ! Think of walking two miles to work, standing behind a counter all day, forced to smile and smile, though you feel as a villain ought to feel, and walking home again at night. All these things thousands of girls in this city do.

One girl I know stands and irons ready-made shirts waists all day, week in and week out. What is the variety of her life ? How would you like to exchange your duties with them ? Do you not think it would be a welcome relief to them to milk in the cool of the morning, churn, bake, and sweep before the hottest part of the day, peel the potatoes for dinner out under the shade of a tree, and, after dinner is over, to sit out in the cool and shady yard, or rest in the hammock, or take a canter on the pony, or in the fall go to the woods in search of nuts, and at night lie down and breathe in the sweet-scented air of the country instead of sewer smells and effluvia of dirty alleys ?

How would you like to pay out of your scant earnings for every speckled apple or withered peach you ate ? Why, if you lived in the city, you would pay for fruit that you will not pick up from the ground now. How would you like the ever present possibility of losing your "job" and having your income cut off for a time, with no money to pay the expenses that always accumulate so fast ?