

SCHOOL-GIRLS ON THE WAR.

Lottie and Mary were walking home from school one day, through a long, grassy lane, which led them near their home, when Mary began questioning her friend as to why her face had been so sad and gloomy for some time past. Lottie was usually full of spirits, and if there was any fun or frolic going on she was generally one of the foremost in it. But of late a decided change had come over her, and Mary was determined, if possible, to know the reason why. At first she did not meet with much success, for her friend did not seem disposed to talk, but Mary knew that a young friend of Lottie's had lately joined one of the contingents going out to South Africa, and felt sure Lottie's altered manner had something to do with it. Henry Bliss was a distant relative of hers, and they had always been fast friends. Knowing how dangerous the expedition might prove, this decision of his was a great grief to his numerous friends. To Lottie he had always been specially attached, though both were too young for any one to make any comments, he being but 20 and she 16 years of age. However, when Mary mentioned his name Lottie burst into tears and for some time was unable to speak. At length she said: "Of course, Mary, I do feel terribly about Henry, and since he has talked so much about it, I have had such strange thoughts about this fearful war. You know how many prayers have been offered that God would interpose and stop this fearful carnage and bloodshed, but yet it goes on, and how many valuable lives have been and continue to be sacrificed. I have wondered if God had a controversy with our beloved nation--otherwise would He not have heard and answered so many prayers? I have been reading of late much in the Bible, where God allowed so much of this kind of thing amongst His own people.

"But, Lottie, dear, the British nation has always been so successful and forward in every good work. Sending out missionaries, building hospitals, feeding the multitudes in distant lands who are starving. Then our good Queen is such an excellent Christian, what can be wrong? The Israelites, you know, forgot God and worshipped idols. That is why God punished them."

"I know this, Mary, but there are other idols besides graven images, and many things that are wrong are permitted. We read in 2nd Chronicles, 16: 9: 'The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to make Himself strong in behalf of those whose hearts are perfect before Him.' God is too pure to behold sin with any degree of allowance, and our government takes enormous revenues from licenses for the sale of intoxicating drink. Look how those terrible saloons and distilleries are licensed to destroy millions, both soul and body. Many more than will be killed by this awful war."

"Why, Lottie, I never thought of that. I know

that the opium traffic is dreadful, and large revenues are received from it, while fields in India grow poppies to make opium, which, if sown with grain, would prevent such multitudes from starving to death as we are hearing about these days."

"Oh, Mary, if our law makers and legislators would but study the Bible and see how God beholds such things, they would not justify many things that are now allowed. In Isaiah 5th and 28th amongst the woes pronounced 'against the people, there is one against those who justify the wicked for a reward.' This means, when a liquor-seller pays, or rewards the government for his license, they permit him to sell any amount of that pernicious liquor that is such a curse to our beloved country. Is this not loving money better than obeying God?"

"I fear you are right, Lottie, dear, but I never saw it in that light before."

"I do, indeed, grieve about Harry, Mary, for I cannot exercise the faith I desire that this war will speedily end, when I see God is permitting so many of our best and bravest to fall. Do let us pray more earnestly that God would open the eyes of our nation to mourn for and forsake all national sins, for is it not written, 'They that honor Me I will honor.'"

C. R.

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

I hear the voices of children
Calling from over the seas;
The wail of their pleading accents
Comes borne upon every breeze.

And what are the children saying,
Away in those heathen lands,
As they plaintively lift their voices,
And eagerly stretch their hands?

"O Buddha is cold and distant,
He does not regard our tears,
We pray, but he never answers,
We call, but he never hears.

"Oh! vain is the Moslem prophet,
And bitter his creed of fate!
It lightens no ill to tell us
That Allah only is great. BITE

"We have heard of a God whose mercy
Is tenderer far than these;
We are told of a kinder Saviour"
By sahibs from over the seas.

"They tell us that when you offer
Your worship He always hears,
Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,
Our Buddha is blind to tears!

"We grope in the midst of darkness,
With none who can guide us right
O, share with us Christian children,
A spark of your living light!

This, this is the plaintive burden
Borne hitherward on the breeze;
These, these are the words they are saying,
Those children beyond the seas.

—Children's Work for Children.