

The Pictures. How different from last month! A noisy, tumultuous, idolatrous procession in India, with trumpets blowing, drums beating, huge elephants and gaily decked horses; and a cruel scene in Africa, a poor wretch kneeling, with hands tied behind him, and a man standing over him with a spear to thrust down into his heart; these were the pictures in the last CHILDREN'S RECORD.

This month you have two quiet, home-like, pleasant scenes. One of them is of far away times, where an old monk, with his violin, is teaching a boy to sing and the other pupils are laughing at the boy's efforts. The other is of a far away land, Africa, not a cruel, but a quiet, peaceful scene, where the women are grinding their grain to make bread for the family.

Pray that heathen lands may learn the music of the angels' song at Bethlehem, and that soon dark Africa, as well as India, China, and the islands of the sea, may have none but peaceful pictures of happy home life.

ON DUTY.

During the siege of Gibraltar its governor, General Elliott, was one day making a tour of inspection, when he came upon a German soldier who, though standing at his post, neither presented arms nor even held his musket. "Do you know me, sentinel?" inquired the general. "Why do you neglect your duty?"

"I know you well, general, and my duty also," was the reply, "but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket."

"Why don't you go and have them bound up?"

"Because in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved by another."

The general instantly dismounted. "Now, my friend," said he, "give me your musket and I will relieve you. Go and have your wounds dressed."

The soldier obeyed, but went first to the nearest guard-house, where he reported that the general was standing on duty at his place. The man's injury unfitted him for active service, but the story of his stolid courage soon reached England, and he was speedily promoted.

Are we faithful in our duties?

A HELPLESS GOD.

The following story is told by Dr. Ure, a missionary at Cuddapah, in India.

"Do you want a teacher?" we asked.

"Yes, Yes!" came from all sides.

"Why do you want a teacher?"

"That we may learn to know the true God," answered some.

"Our swami can do nothing for us," said others.

"Then will you give up your idol worship?"

"We will! we will!"

"Will you allow us to enter your temple and destroy your swami?"

"To this there was no answer. At length a woman broke out in a tirade of abuse against the elders for proposing to give up the worship of Rama. Then followed a heated discussion amongst the natives as to the merits and demerits of Rama.

After quietness had been restored, we kindly but firmly gave them to understand that no teacher could be sent unless they gave up their idol worship and allowed us to destroy their gods. We gave them time for consideration and consultation with their elders. They then came and said we might do whatever we chose, but they wanted to learn about the true swami.

"Then we will fight with your god and show you that he is no god. But we cannot fight him without a weapon. Bring us a hammer."

Having had a huge hammer handed to us we entered the temple. On the threshold we cried out, "Now are you still willing that we should destroy your god?"

"We are quite willing! we are quite willing!"

"My colleague dealt Rama three good blows, but Rama was a tough stone to break.

Itching to have a hand in the matter, I seized the hammer, and with the second blow smashed him into atoms. Gathering up the fragments we took them outside, the timid and superstitious of the people standing at a safe distance lest Rama should inflict some awful punishment on them and us for our sacrilege.

We then gathered the people nearer, knelt down on the broken fragments of their god, and besought Jehovah to bless the village and to honour what had been done in His name. Before leaving we gave them money to repair the temple and make it fit for a chapel or schoolroom; the larger portions of Rama we threw into the well, and took the remainder away with us.—*Herald of Mission News.*