

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

Keep to the right, as the law directs,
For such is the rule of the road;
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right, with God and his truth,
Nor wander, though folly allure;
Keep to the right, from the day of thy
youth,
Nor turn from what's faithful and pure.

Keep to the right, within and without,
With stranger, and kindred, and friend;
Keep to the right, and you need have no
doubt
That all will be well in the end.

Keep to the right, in whatever you do,
Nor claim but your own on the way;
Keep to the right, and hold on to the true
From the morn to the close of life's day.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1903.

"I LEFT HER TO GOD."

In West Africa a society in England has a school for the poor native children. One day in that school a little girl struck her schoolmate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck:

"Did you not strike her back again?"

"No, ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teacher.

"I left her to God," said she.

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall never be struck by others when they know we shall not return the blow but "I leave them to God." Then whatever our enemies

do or threaten to do to us, let us leave them to him, praying that he would forgive them and make them our friends.

TWO PICTURES FROM LIFE.

I.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud house in Peking, China.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart; but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so, because it was dying, she was afraid of her own baby!

"It is almost time," said the mother-in-law, looking at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window, and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air.

The mother shrieked: "My baby is not dead! My baby is not dead yet!"

"But it has only one mouthful of breath left," said the old woman; "the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you."

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart, drawn by a black cow, passed slowly down the street; the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the cart drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flowers will ever blossom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails: "My baby is lost! I can never find him again!"

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

II.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its dainty little crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission: "Baby is dying."

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the Comforter had come before us.

"Our baby is going home," said the mother; and though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

"We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He will keep her safe," said the father, reverently, as he put his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the

little life slipping away, some people began to sing softly:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and, with one long gaze into the loving faces above, closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed away.

"Let us pray," said a low voice; and as we knelt together heaven came so near that we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear their songs of joy.

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Peking, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes, and laid her lovingly in her last-resting place. We decked the room with flowers, and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery. With a song of hope, and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the spot where we laid her in the cemetery, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" says the baby's father; while the mother answers, "Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her again, some glad day."

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.

THE WRONG WAY.

The Rev. Mr. French, a missionary in India, tells the following incident which he saw in a heathen temple:

A little boy about ten years of age, accompanied by two smaller girls, came to pay their devotions.

The little boy first washed the idol with water, and then put a little red paint on its forehead, shoulders and breast. This being done, he took from the little girls some small flowers, which he laid in various places on the idol; and, to crown all, he placed a string of flowers over its head.

Having finished this part of the ceremony, the three pitiable little creatures commenced bowing to the senseless idol, which they had thus early been taught to regard as their god.

Heathen parents take their children, when very young, to the idol temple and teach them to wash and paint the idol, and to bow and kneel and perform other ceremonies which are required in the worship of the god. Why do they train their children in these things? Because they believe that by doing such things they will be saved. They have not learned that to be saved one has only to believe in Jesus as his Saviour, and obey him, and that we cannot be saved in any other way.

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