

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?

I hear the voice 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.

"O vain is the Moslem Prophet,
 And bitter his creed of Fate;
 It lightens no ill to tell us
 That Allah is only great.

"We have heard of a God whose mercy
 Is tenderer far than these;
 We are told of a kinder Saviour
 By sailors 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 aright.
 O share with us, Christian childrer
 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!

MARGARET J. PRESTON,

In "*Children Work for Children.*"

COURAGE TO THE FRONT.

It often requires a good deal of stiff, sterling courage in a young man or woman to quit the old associations and stand forth before the world as an uncompromising follower of Christ. And just because it requires such courage, many long hesitate to assert all necessary courage and make all needed sacrifice.

In one of his bold and stirring sermons, Dr. McLaren says: "I wonder how many young men, to whom these words are addressed, have pluck enough in them to come out on Christ's side? I do believe that many young men do not want an easy life; they would rather have a hard time and a stern battle. We have brave spirits among us still, who like to lead the forlorn hope and are not afraid. I challenge such to come and serve my Master, fully and thoroughly, and they shall have a

rough time of it; but they shall have glory and honor and immortality as their reward."

There are, doubtless, many such young men, and women, too, in our land, and they should be urged and encouraged to break away from the evil ties which have long bound them, and take a strong stand for Christ and his truth. But let no one tell them that in becoming Christians they shall have any right to expect a life of untroubled ease, of dulcet delight from beginning to end. Far too many in the churches are simply smelling the roses of the garden of the Lord. We want more who, having courage to come out from the world, will have courage also to hold to the front the banner of Christ without faltering.—*Etc.*

QUEER CUSTOMS OF MANY LANDS.

In Africa they have many forms of greeting. Among some of the tribes the custom is to touch chin to chin; others, again, rub elbows. David Livingstone, the great African missionary, tells us of an old chief who sneered his (Livingstone's) nose with tallow, and thought that the very nicest way in the world to let him know he was welcome.

A missionary in China writes that once when she went to call upon some Chinese ladies they asked her to take off her hat and let them see her hair; then they wanted to know how many years the American mothers had to iron over their children's heads to make the hair curly, and if that burned color. Now, my little curly-haired boys and girls, what have you to say to that? The missionary goes on to say, "Once a Chinese lady came to a missionary lady and told her confidentially of something that would change her golden hair to black, and she could hardly believe it possible when told that in America light hair was considered beautiful."

Horses are but little used in Japan except in mountain travelling, where one goes upon horseback. Horses wear straw shoes instead of being shod according to our method. Naturally, these shoes have a remarkable facility for wearing out, and continually need to be replaced. When horses die they are decently buried, and stones are placed over their graves.

The finest toy of Japan—as no doubt all you youngsters will agree—is carried about the streets by a man or woman for any child to play with who is the owner of a hundredth part of a cent, or one "cash." This is a small charcoal stove, a copper griddle, spoons, and cups, and, above all, ready-made batter and sauce. The happy child who hires this outfit can sit down on the floor and cook and eat "griddle cakes" to its heart's content. Could anything be nicer?—*Mission Dayspring.*