

## 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.

" Oh ! 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 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 aright.  
 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.*

China now contains more than one thousand schools of different kinds that are under the charge of foreigners. The only schools for girls in the empire are those founded by Christian Missions.

## EFFECT OF A PASSING WORD.

THE parlors of the elegantly furnished hotel were brilliantly lighted, and filled with guests moving to and fro, or sitting in groups. In a corner, made by one of the large openings between the rooms, sat two men—one young and restless, the other silver-haired and quiet. From their point of view they had the range of all the parlors, and especially the room in which wines were freely passing.

" No," the elder man was saying, " I would not care for a glass ; I never drink. Not so much from principle," he added with a smile, as he caught the swift look of scorn on his companion's face, " as from observation."

The young man did not reply, and they sat for a few moments watching the movements of the guests. Then the elderly man spoke again :

" I know nearly every man here to night—met them at different conclaves and elsewhere. Some I have known from boyhood. That large, fleshy man—yes, the one with a glass in his hand—I remember when he was the most brilliant lawyer in the State. He married a lovely girl, delicately reared. Their home was a beautiful one. The other day I learned that his wife had died in a cheap boarding-house in the lower part of the city, and that he was now worth nothing. He could not leave the cup alone."

The young man darted a quick, half-angry glance into the speaker's face, but he saw nothing that made him think the words concealed advice. So he settled back into his seat and listened.

" That man in gray over there," went on the calm voice that seemed to have almost an indifferent note in it, " was a classmate of mine in college. We considered him a genius, and predicted a great future for him. He is simply an employee now in one of the largest mercantile houses of this city. Another classmate, a noble