

## Children's Department.

### THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

TELL me, thou simple little flower  
Whence came thy lovely hue?  
The dull grey ground hath not the power  
To paint so bright a blue.

Thy morning bath, the dewdrops sheen,  
No colour hath to dye  
Thy azure cheek and mantle green  
And golden-tinted eye.

Say, hath thou looked up into heaven  
With so much fervency.  
The deep blue arch one speck hath given  
Reward of constancy?

Or hast thou turned thy wistful gaze  
Upon the rising morn,  
Till he hath sent his golden rays  
Thy lustre to adorn.

And for the mantle round thee fraught,  
Whence came the softened green?  
The sky and sun together wrought  
Thy colour forms I ween.

### JAPANESE BOYS AND GIRLS.

NORM. Oh, I am glad I am not a Japanese boy. Why, auntie, they can have no time to play at all.

AUNT. I don't think they do care as much for play as English boys and girls. Still, they are very merry and full of fun in play hours.

NORM. What sort of games do they have? Do they play cricket?

AUNT. No, they don't care for such rough games; and they seldom have any place to play in except the street. In the autumn, after the hot weather is over, they begin with battledore. Often, if you look down a long street, you will see hundreds of groups at play, from tiny little children just able to walk, up to grown men and women. It is a very pretty sight, for they play skilfully, and are very graceful. Whenever any one misses, the others give him a good knock on the back with their bats. Among the boys a favourite punishment is to draw a finger which had been dipped in Indian ink across the face of the one who fails; so that you can generally tell the unskilful player by the blackness of his face. Then, after battledore, comes kite-flying. Japanese kites are square, made of very thick paper, and have ugly faces or other pictures painted on them. Sometimes the larger kites have fine strings tied from the corners of the kite and joining the main string a little way down. When these are stretched by the wind they act as an Æolian harp, and it sounds very strange coming from such a height in the air. I have seen kites, too, made with separate pieces which look just like immense centipedes flying through the air; but I think these are Chinese.

Besides tops, these are nearly all the out-door amusements. But then they have lots of toys, which are very cheap; and every street has, at least once a month, a sort of fair in honour of its patron saint, when it is decorated with Chinese lanterns, and crowded on either side with hucksters selling toys, and cakes, and sugar-plums, and flowers, and all sorts of pretty little things. There is one very large fair, on the tenth of every month, near where we live in Tokio; and we like to go to it when we can and see the crowds of Japanese enjoying themselves. One side street, nearly a quarter of a mile long, is always taken up with flowers and trees, and at night, when the lanterns and torches are all lighted, it makes a beautiful sight. It is at this fair, too, that we buy the toys that we send you every year. [This is an illusion to a custom by which

the Sunday schools of Holy Trinity parish, Haverstock Hill, and the Sunday school of this particular Mission in Japan, yearly make an interchange of boxes of toys for the Christmas-trees of the separate schools. When the evening comes we all start out, a very happy party, some of our dear boys with us carrying bags for our purchases, and so we go on from stall to stall, buying here a little and there a little, until our bags are full.

NORM. Have you any big boys in your schools, auntie?

AUNT. Yes, most of our boys are big. Those you see in the photograph have been or are still in the school.

ED. They have all got a little ornament hanging from their necks: what does that mean?

AUNT. These are all Christian boys, and they belong to the Guild of St. Andrew, which was established last year, for Missionary purposes, in our schools. You see the one on the right hand side of the picture in the back line: well, we are very proud of him, for he is the first Japanese that has ever left his own country as a Missionary to tell other heathen people about our Saviour. Is it not an honour for our Mission?

NORM. Why, auntie, where has he gone?

AUNT. I must not tell you yet, for the king of the country and all his people are very bigoted; and, strange as it may seem, it might get him into great trouble if it were known. Only a few years ago some Roman Catholic Missionaries were very cruelly murdered in this country. You must all pray God that he may not be hurt, and that he may be able by and by to preach about Christ, and help to change them from their cruel ways.

ED. Please, auntie, tell us some more of the boys.

AUNT. The next on the right is a very clever boy, and he has just left the school and entered the Military College in Tokio to study for an officer. The next one is Imai, the boy was adopted three years ago to train him for the ministry. We are very fond of him, and he is a very good and clever boy. He knows English pretty well, and he is our organist in the church. His father was a doctor, and when he died his wife was left without any means of getting a living. Poor little Imai became a sort of drudge in a school. When we opened a Sunday school he used to come, and we were so struck with his brightness and intelligence that we inquired into his circumstances, and, on learning them, offered to adopt him—an offer which his mother gladly accepted. The next boy is in the navy; he is a splendid manly fellow. The last one on the left of the picture is also studying for the ministry. The one in front seated is Imai's brother, a dear little boy; we have adopted him also. Both he and the one next on his left are candidates for the ministry. The next two have lately left the school for Government situations, and the last boy is also a student for the ministry. Five of these boys have learned music sufficiently well to be able to play at our services. Another of our Christian boys have just gone with the Japanese Embassy to St. Petersburg, and I fear we will not see him again for a great many years.

ED. Do boys and girls go to the same school in Japan, auntie?

AUNT. In an ordinary Japanese school they do, but in our Mission the girls' school is separate from the boys'. Girls do not stay at school so long as boys, and therefore do not learn so much. Generally they are not able to do more than read the easier letters.

ED. What a shame! Why is that, auntie?

AUNT. Well, their mothers want them to help in the housework, and in the care of the younger children; and then they often get married when they are very young. They are frequently engaged or promised by their parents, when they are quite little children, and

are married when they are sixteen or seventeen. You can tell a good deal about the age of a girl by the way in which she does her hair. Until she is seven all the top of her head is shaven, and just a narrow band of short hair left round the head. Their brothers make fun of them, and call them "poppy priests." A Buddhist priest, you know, has his head entirely shaven; and you remember the little ridge running round the cap-sole of a poppy after the flower has fallen, the boys say their sisters' head look just like that. When they are seven their hair is allowed to grow, and is then tied up very neatly and ornamented with various pretty little hair-pins, coloured silk, &c. Then, again, when they get married the fashion of their hair is altered. And, lastly, when they grow old they often shave all their hair quite off. One of the little girls in our school once had a fever, and since then she has been quite bald. Her hair will never grow again. Poor girl! before she was seven it did not much matter, but now it is a great misfortune to her, and it is supposed that she will never get married.

ED. Are girls taught to sew in Japan?

AUNT. O yes; but their sewing is very different to ours. In the first place they don't use thimbles, and then they push the needle away instead of drawing it to them as we do. In making their dresses they use stitches about an inch long.

ED. How nice! I wish mother would let us sew in that way: we could soon finish our work.

AUNT. Yes, but it would not last very long. Japanese girls every time their dresses are washed have to take them all to pieces and then sew them up again. Besides sewing, nearly every Japanese young lady is taught to play on some musical instrument. The most difficult is one called "koto." It is about eight feet long, and has thirteen strings. The player sits facing it on one side. She wears pieces of ivory projecting beyond the tips of the fingers of the right hand, and looking like immense fingernails, and with these she touches the strings of the koto. The tuning has of course to be done each time the instrument is played, and it is very difficult. There are few good players, for it takes far more practice than the piano. Almost every girl can, however, play the shamisen. It is a little instrument, something like a banjo, with three strings. It is held on the top, and played with a fan-shaped piece of ivory or wood. The koto is full toned, and sometimes might be mistaken for a piano. But the shamisen is sharp, and to our ears disagreeable; perhaps it is because we hear so much of it. In the evening, as you pass along the street, you hear it in nearly every house where there are young girls.

NORM. Auntie, I am a little tired of hearing about girls; can't you tell us a Japanese story before we go to bed? You know you promised to tell us about that funny-looking man riding on a tortoise, in the bronze which you gave to father.

(To be continued.)

### HONESTY REWARDED.

GEORGE and Harry worked in the same shop; but as the working season was almost over, and there would be little work to do during the summer months, their employer informed them as they settled up on Saturday evening that he could only give one of them work hereafter. He said he was very sorry; but it was the best he could do. He told them both to come back on Monday morning, and that he would then decide on the one that he wished to remain. So the young men returned to their boarding-house a good deal cast down; for work was scarce, and neither knew where he could obtain a situation if he were the one to leave.

That evening, as they counted over their week's wages Harry said to his friend:

"Mr. Wilson has paid me a quarter of a dollar too much."

"So he has me," said George, as he looked at his.

"How could he have made the mistake?" said Harry.

"Oh! he was very busy when six o'clock came; and, handling so much money, he was careless when he came to pay our trifle," said George, as he stuffed his into his pocket-book.

"Well," said Harry, "I am going to stop as I go to the postoffice, and hand the money to him."

"You are wonderful particular about a quarter," said George. "What does he care about that trifle? Why, he would not come to the door for it if he knew what you wanted; and I'm sure you worked hard enough to earn it."

But Harry called and handed his employer the money, who thanked him for returning it and went into the house. Mr. Wilson had paid them each a quarter of a dollar too much on purpose to test their honesty.

So when Monday morning came, he seemed to have no difficulty in determining which one he would keep.

He chose Harry, and entrusted the shop to his care for a few months while he was away on business, and was so well pleased with his management, that when work commenced in the fall, he gave him the position of superintendent.

Five years afterward, Harry was Mr. Wilson's partner; and George worked in the same shop again, but as a common labourer.

### A SERMON FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

*If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—St. John xiii. 17.*

I.—"These things"—that is, your duties—wherever you are:

1. At home, obedience and respect to parents, and kindness to brothers, sisters, and servants.

2. At school, respect to teacher, faithfulness in study, and fairness in play.

3. At church, be quiet, listen, worship, and give your heart to the Saviour.

4. On the street, good manners, modesty, kindness, minding your own business.

II.—How should you do your duty?

1. Not for pay. That is a low motive. Some always ask, "What will you give me?"

2. But from love. So did the Saviour when a boy at Nazareth. So the angels do God's will, which is only another name for duty. This will make you do it cheerfully.

3. Better every day. By trying to do your duties you will become more skilful; so you improve in reading, writing and music. Peter says, "Grow in grace."

### FORGIVE AND FORGET.

I HEARD two little girls talking under my window. One of them said, in a voice full of indignation: "If I were in your place, I'd never speak to her again; I'd be angry with her as long as I lived."

I listened, feeling anxious about the reply. My heart beat more lightly when it came:

"No, Lou," answered the other in a sweet and gentle voice, "I wouldn't do so for all the world. I'm going to forgive and forget just as soon as I can."

"CALUMNY," says Archbishop Leighton, "would soon starve of itself if nobody took it up and gave it lodging." "There would not," says Bishop Hall, "be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears." The hearer is as bad as the tattler.

Steel Pens are the gage of civilization the world over. Esterbrook's are found in the costliest mansion and lowliest log cabin.