

## Boys' and Girls' Corner.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

February 4th—St. John i. 35 to 47,  
 " 11th— " iii. 1 to 18.  
 " 18th— " iv. 5 to 26.  
 " 25th—St. Luke iv. 16 to 30.

## BABY GIRLS IN CHINA.

Only a little baby girl,  
 Dead by the riverside,  
 Only a little Chinese child  
 Drowned in the floating tide.  
 Over the boat too far she leaned  
 Watching the dancing wave,  
 Over the brink she fell and sank,  
 But there was none to save.

If she had only been a boy  
 They would have heard her cry;  
 But she was just a baby girl,  
 And she was left to die.  
 It was her fate, perhaps, they said,  
 Why should they interfere;  
 Had she not always been a curse?  
 Why should they keep her here?

So they have left her little form  
 Floating upon the wave;  
 She was too young to have a soul,  
 Why should she have a grave?  
 Yes; and there's many another lamb,  
 Perishing every day:  
 Thrown by the road and the riverside,  
 Flung to the beasts of prey.

Is there a mother's heart to-night  
 Clasp her darling child,  
 Willing to leave these helpless lambs  
 Out on the desert wild?  
 Is there a little Christian girl  
 Happy in love and home,  
 Living in selfish ease, while they  
 Out on the mountain roam?

Think as you lie in your little cot  
 Smoothed by a mother's hand  
 Think of the little baby girls  
 Over in China's land.  
 Ask if there is not something more  
 Even a child can do,  
 And if, perhaps, in China's land  
 Jesus has need of you.

Only a little baby girl  
 Dead by the river's side,  
 Only a little Chinese child,  
 Drowned in the floating tide.  
 But it has brought a vision vast,  
 Dark as a nation's woe,  
 Oh, it has left one willing heart  
 Answering, "I will go!"

—From the Children's Record.

## WOLFGANG MOZART'S PRAYER.

Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot surrounded by vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years of age Frederica could play

well on a harpsichord. But, from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat, but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyments that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said: "Let us take a walk in the woods. How sweetly the birds sing, and the sound of the river as it flows is like music."

So they went. As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree the boy said, thoughtfully:

"Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray?"

Frederica asked wonderingly: "What shall we pray for?"

"Why, for papa and mamma," said her brother. "You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray to God to help us."

"Yes," said Frederica, "we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the Heavenly Father to bless their parents and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" said Frederica.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music, and by and by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know that any one was near them. Turning, he saw a gentleman who had just come from the woods. He made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him:

"Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks that he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor."

"He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger. Frederica answered:

"He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That can not be," replied the gentleman.

"Come to see us," said the boy, "and I will play for you."

"I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening.

Thus God answered the children's prayer. Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wonderful melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., the Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterward the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang Mozart was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a Christian as well as a musician. The simple trust in God which he learned in childhood never forsook him.—*Exchange.*

## A TRUE INCIDENT.

A carload of young people were en route to a Christian Endeavour convention. The possible monotony of a six hours' ride was broken when, soon after starting, someone began singing:

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,  
 And did my Sovereign die?"

It was but a moment before the car walls resounded with the sweet strains of the melodious hymn, nearly every occupant joining. Then "Blessed Assurance," "Wonderful Words of Life," "I'm the Child of a King," and many another soul-stirring hymn was wafted out through the open windows and carried on the autumn breeze, as the train sped along.