

ONLY A LITTLE BABY GIRL.

BY REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

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.

Chorus.

O the little lambs that pine and perish
Lut upon the mountains wild and cold
Let us go and seek them,
Let us go and seek them,
Let us go and bring them back to the fold.

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 leave 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,
Clasping 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 mountains 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 riverside
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide.
But it has brought a vision vast,
Dark as the nation's woe;
Oh! has it left one willing heart,
Answering "I will go?"

— Christian Alliance Monthly.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

An English lady of respectability resided for a few years, after becoming a widow, with her little son, in one of the chief cities in Canada. The child had been faithfully instructed in the elements of Christian faith. He was about four years of age, very lovely and promising, and greatly caressed by the fellow boarders. An elderly gentleman in the family, Mr. B., was exceedingly fond of him, and invited him one day, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner, to remain upon his knee. The ladies had retired, and free conversation ensued. The gentleman alluded to was given to expressions which ever shock a pious mind. "Well, Tommy," said one at the table, in high glee, "what do you think of Mr. B?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "I think he did not have a good mother; for if he had, he would not use such naughty words." The gentleman was a Scotchman; home and pious mother rose in all their freshness to his mind. The effect upon him was overpowering; he rose from the table without speaking, retired, and was never afterward known to make use of similar expressions.—*Whittlesy's Magazine*.

THE WORST "BAD COMPANY."

The worst "bad company" that a boy or girl can be in is the company of a bad book. Evil associates are bad enough, but they do not injure a young person as evil books do. There is a subtle and at the same time imperative quality in the influence of a printed page, which everybody feels. You read a statement, and unconsciously you believe it, and yield up your mind to it, simply because it confronts you in the dignity of type; but let a person whom you know make the same statement, orally, and you will think twice before you will accept it. This is where the danger of a bad book comes in; it gets a special hearing, and exercises a peculiar influence, which a bad person cannot. Besides, it can say the same evil thing over and over again, in the same fascinating words, as often as your curiosity prompts you to seek it. Therefore, if any boy or girl wishes to keep pure and manly and honest—and we trust that all boys and girls do—the wise thing for them is to shun books that have a bad name. And if you do not know whether a book is good or bad, ask the advice of your parents and teachers as to what you should read. Do not be enticed by a low curiosity to see what a bad book is like. Shun it as you would pitch, or poison, or quicksand, or any other vile or dangerous thing. The world is full of good and charming books. Keep your company with them. They will make you nobler and better all your life.—*Chicago Juvenile*.