

THE BIRDS IN CHURCH.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD,

A six year old laddie in Gananoque, Ont., sends the following to the Children's Record. He thought of it as he stood at the window Sabbath morning and listened to the church bells ringing and the birds singing. The text which he put in is one which his mther often uses to himself.

His idea of when a boy should fight may not be thought the best, but it is boy-like, and man-like too. Here is the story of his own making and telling. The verses he had learned in school.

"It was Sunday morning, and the birds had rung the bells for church.

The minister was a robin red-breast, perched on a high branch of an oak tree.

The choir was standing in a long row on a lower limb of the tree singing to the music of the leaves played by the wind.

The sparrows on the ground were the congregation, because they are such bad birds. They fight and grab what does not belong to them, and kill the good birds who eat the insects that spoil the fruit-trees.

The minister's text was:—'Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.' He told the sparrows not to tear the nests of other birds, and not to be selfish; that it was wicked to fight, and if they killed other birds they deserved to be hung.

There was a little boy standing at the window listening to the sermon, and all at once he heard the minister say: "Little boy, don't fight unless some one else begins it. Don't be selfish and want the piano first every morning."

"Be kind in all you say and do
That others may be kind to you."

When the sermon was ended the birds sang:—

'I would not hurt a living thing,
However weak and small;
The beasts that graze, the birds that sing,

Our Father made them all;
Without His notice, I have read,
A sparrow cannot fall.' "

COOKING FOOD IN INDIA.

By REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Our picture shows a woman of India preparing the daily meal for her household. It will be seen from her face that she is not a high caste woman, but an ordinary well-to-do person of a lower caste, and therefore this picture will give a fair idea of the cooking work of an Indian household.

Notice first that she is not quite so particular about her appearance as she would be on the street, having allowed her sari to slip down off her head on to her shoulder, an untidy appearance which no Indian woman would care to have in public.

She has gathered around her probably all of her cooking utensils. In the front of the picture is a basket-work tray used for cleaning the grain; the grain is winnowed from this tray by being allowed to fall slowly from some height, the chaff being blown away by the wind.

Behind the woman is an earthenware pot of water (in Brahmin households this would be of brass) and alongside a tin mug for dipping the water, though most Hindus use the brass drinking *loti* for this purpose.

Over against the wall are two tin lined copper pots, which are the cooking vessels of India; some people, however, use brass instead of copper, as being cheaper and more easily freed from defilement.

Beside the basket tray is a plate; the ordinary plate of the Hindu is of brass, and probably one will serve the family.

There will be somewhere, probably on the fire, an iron plate on which the *chapatties* or bannocks are cooked.

The woman is seated in front of her *masala* stone, that is the smooth stone on which she grinds her *masala* or spices, samples of which are to be seen on the tray beside her.