

CHILDREN'S DAY AND CENTURY FUND.

The Sabbath Schools are to have the honor of making the first general collection for the Century Fund, on Children's Day, Sabbath, the 24th of September.

The Fund has a two-fold purpose, to mark our gratitude for the good of the century now closing, and to do what we can to make the coming century bring greater good to the world than the past century has done.

The next century will be your century. In it you will live and work.

The older people will soon pass away. Their work will soon be done. You boys and girls will be the men and women of the early part of next century.

What great things that century will do for our world. Long before it comes to an end the whole world should in a sense be Christian, with Christian churches and people in every village, town, and city, and scattered through the country all the world over. The ignorance and cruelty of heathenism should all be in the past. What a grand world that would be!

What is called the Century Fund is to help all our Mission Schemes to do better work than they have ever done before. Every one is expected to help, and the General Assembly has given the children a place of honor in taking a chief part in it.

Years after this, as you realize how much that Fund has helped in the good work of making the world better, you will be thankful for your part in it.

Each one a little, each one what he can, and the whole will be much.

LISTEN to me, young man! It is not a rich father, nor a benevolent uncle, nor a kind grandmother, nor a soft berth, nor any set of circumstances, that you need to coddle you into success and victory. What you need is manhood under your own hat, walking in your shoes, and throbbing in your vest. The only man that can ever harm or help you much is the man who bears your name, and looks through your eyes when you face the mirror.—Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

Always treat dumb animals as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the poor creature's place.

STORIES FROM OUR OWN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

From Trinidad comes a story of

A BOY'S HEAD GROWN HARD.

A boy who had been attending one of our Mission Schools in Princetown, Trinidad, was taken from school by his father two years ago. He has been working in the fields ever since, and was anxious to get back to school. Recently the father consented, and the boy came back, but he had forgotten a great deal, and could not learn well. He came to his teacher, Miss Sinclair, one day, and was very much discouraged. He said his head was "too hard," he could not get the lesson into it. There are many more there like him. This is one of the difficulties that our missionaries have to meet.

LOOKING FOR HER CHILD'S SPIRIT.

A more curious story comes from Honan. One day when Mr. Mitchell, one of our missionaries, was on the road, he met a woman carrying a child's clothes in her hand, and calling to the little one's spirit to return. The child was at home sick, and the mother, supposing that its spirit had got lost, took this plan of going over all the places where the lad had been playing, to try and induce the soul to return. The missionaries you send to these poor people teach them better things.

HOW THEY WERE GOING TO BRING RAIN.

It has been a very dry summer in Honan. Dr. Malcolm, our medical missionary tells how they had decided to induce the gods to send rain. Four men were chosen, and on June 20th, they were to walk the streets of their city, wearing nothing but their trousers, each carrying in his teeth an iron rod about seven feet long, first allowing it to be pierced right through both cheeks. Fortunately for the poor victims there was a thunderstorm on the 19th, and they were saved from the torture. How cruel are the gods of their fancy, that delight in human suffering. How different our God, the living and true God, our Father, who loves His children.

PEOPLE CARRIED ON A POLE.

A missionary writes of the very strange beliefs and great ignorance they meet with. He says that many so-called educated Chinese firmly believe that a Kingdom exists where all the inhabitants are pigmies, one where