

## The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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Parcels of sample copies of the CHILDREN'S RECORD will be sent free to all who may wish them.

You have in this number another letter from Principal Grant and there are more to follow, and during the year we hope to give you many letters from your missionaries telling you how upon others besides yourselves there is dawning the gladness of a new and brighter life than ever they knew before.

A good New Year to its young readers is the earnest wish of the CHILDREN'S RECORD. It makes one glad to see your bright faces and hear your merry voices laughing, singing, shouting in the fulness of your glad young life. May you have many such New Years, each one brighter than the last in goodness and gladness, "growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

Another year has come. There are two questions that may be asked about it by our young readers.

1. What will it bring to us, will it bring joy or sorrow, sickness or health? This is a question that cannot be answered. Let us leave it trustfully in our Heavenly Father's hand who will do all things lovingly and well.

2. What will we bring to it? Will we bring diligence or idleness, success or failure, goodness or badness? This is the question for us, young people. May we answer it well.

LETTER FROM PRINCIPAL GRANT.

THURSDAY ISLAND, TORRES STRAITS,

AUSTRALIA, October 1st, 1888.

*My Dear Young Friends:—*

I wrote you a letter from Melbourne giving you a little information about New Zealand and the Maoris or natives of that beautiful land, and now as I am leaving Australia, I must tell you something of this great island-continent and "the black fellows" as its natives are called. Some of them are quite black; but the complexion of most of these I have seen is coffee-brown. The hair of all of them is black as coal, and curly without being woolly. When kept clean it is fine and glossy.

One evening in Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, I saw a native boy that some policemen had picked up in the bush beside a camp fire. His parents had been killed, or, in their haste to get away from enemies had forgotten him; and the poor little fellow, trying to keep himself warm at night, had rolled among the embers and burned himself all over the body. He was a mass of dirt and sores when the police brought him to the nearest village; but a kind Scotch lady took charge of him, had him attended to, cured, and clothed. She ended by adopting him. She was as fond of him as if he was her own child; and he was such a nice little chap that every one liked him, and I am sure you would have liked him too.

The evening I saw him he was quite a pet with the ladies who were present, and they stroked his hair which was soft as silk, and got him to sing hymns and recite little pieces that he had learned. He had no remembrance of his parents; but when he said his prayers, he would always ask God to bless his "black mammy," though no one had ever told him to do so. The Scotch lady was acting like a fond mother to him, and she hoped that when