

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

MR. SPURGEON'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

When I was just fifteen I believed in the Lord Jesus, and immediately joined the Church of Christ. This is twenty-five years ago, and I have never been sorry for what I then did ; no, not even once.

I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had found out that I had been deceived or had made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion.

I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus, to be his servant, was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy ; then I found out the secret of living ; and had a worthy object for life's exertions, and an unflinching comfort for life's troubles.

Because I wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light head, a joyful heart and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience.

BECAUSE WE LOVED.



A STORY is told in the *Missionary Herald* by Mr. Lee, a missionary at Chisamba, West Central Africa, of the devotion of two lads when the missionary lady was ill. Chisamba is thirty-six miles from Kamondongo, where Dr. Clowe lives, and it was necessary to summon him at once. Two boys, or young men as we should call them, Ngulu and Muenekanye, volunteered to start immediately. With their guns and bag of meal, they started late in the afternoon, walking all night through dense woods and bogs and plains, to find, on reaching Kamondongo, that Dr. Clowe had started on the previous day for Bailunda. Without delaying they hastened to overtake him, reaching his camp that evening.

After a few hours of rest they started out with the doctor for Chisamba, arriving there late the same day. Ngulu gave out two hours before reaching Chisamba, but Muenekanye

came in with the doctor, a poor, tired, foot-sore boy. These noble boys had walked over 100 miles in a fraction over two days, with scarcely any rest, having with them only enough provisions for one meal.

A generous present was made them, which pleased them much, but they simply said, "We did not go for pay, but because we loved the ondona, and she was ill."

What a noble sentence. "We did not go for pay, but because we loved the ondona, and she was ill." Jesus came and suffered through weary years, and died not for pay, but because He loved. Where that love is, boys and girls will think it no hard thing to go, and to do, for parents, for friends, for Christ. And "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

IDOLATRY IN CHINA.

REV. J. G. FLAGG, a missionary at Amoy, China, writes to the *Mission Field* concerning a scene that occurred at Sio-ke, a town sixty miles from Amoy :

"A distinguished literary man, who died fifty miles away from here a thousand years ago or more, has within the past ten years become the supreme object of worship by the people of this and several surrounding villages. Ten years ago little or nothing was heard of him. No temple dedicated to him existed here. Five years ago they built him a gorgeous temple. The people have gone to offer gilt paper, candles, and incense, and big spreads of chicken and goat and duck. Whatever prosperity they have enjoyed they attribute to him.

"So this year the people raised several thousand dollars, built a bamboo and paper pagoda just opposite the temple, in full view of the idol, and have been feasting him on daily and nightly theatricals. Whether he has enjoyed the performance or not, it is sure thousands of people have. They have brought great baskets of food for him to enjoy. Whether he has touched a crumb or not, it is sure the worshipers have had a jolly good feast,

"Gamblers have improved the occasion and put up their booths under the eaves of the temple, and are filching the verdant farmer. The opium dens are reaping a rich harvest. Satan must be in high glee, for he has the whole population in his grip ; old and young, rich and poor, merchant and mandarin, scribe and ignoramus, pauper and beggar, all are paying tribute to the father of lies, who is sending them home with a delusion in their right hand. The whole demonstration is a corrupter of morals, a carnival of sin."