

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

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Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE :—THE CHILDREN'S RECORD wishes you one and all

A GOOD NEW YEAR.

"But," you say, "why do you not wish us

A HAPPY NEW YEAR,

for the New Year's cards have that written upon them?" Yes children, true enough, but this wish is a better one because it tells you the way to be happy.

It is well to wish you health, it is better to tell you how you may be healthy. It is well to wish you success in life, it is better to tell you how you may be successful. So it is well to wish you a Happy New Year, it is better to tell you how it may be made happy. May the coming year be a good one to you and it will be a happy one.

O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early only choice.

For she has treasures greater far,
Than East or West unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasures paths to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

LETTER FROM THE NORTH WEST.

Our young readers know that one of our Mission Fields is among the Indians of the North West. The following letter was written by Mr. Burgess a missionary teacher who is laboring there, to a friend in Brandon, Manitoba, and has been sent to THE CHILDREN'S RECORD, so that you can learn something of what is doing for the Indians and how to help them :

BIRDTAIL CREEK, Oct., 1886.

Dear Friend :

Your package of black-board varnish reached me safely, for which many thanks. It is very helpful to find that people at a distance are taking an interest in our work here.

The supply of clothing is very welcome, but there is another want which I would like to mention to you, and that is help for the sick.

There is a very deserving man very ill here at present with hemorrhage of the lungs. His name is Joseph Eastman he is our leading elder. The Indians have no doctor. I managed to get some medicine for him, also a bag of flour and some pork from the agent.

The people do not make bread but flat scones, and now that he is sick he cannot eat it, nor is the fat pork a thing he can eat but very little of.

Since I came to the Reserve I have seen several of the best Indians we had die in the same way just as it seems for the want of the common necessities of life. I know that this is a common thing among the poor of our large towns, but not having seen much of it before, I feel it all the more here, where all the people are so well known to me. They come to me always with all their troubles, knowing that at least there is always sympathy for them if little else.

Can you suggest a way of helping them? A small fund would be the most useful I think. I shall be only too glad to give an account to the sender of any outlay. The calls on myself are too many. The sick people always send to me, and you will know how hard it is to say "I cannot help