

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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All communications to be addressed to

REV. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

A poor little naked girl baby lying half buried in a ditch in the soft mud, was the sight that met the eye of a kindly Christian Japanese woman as she was passing along the road one day. How came it there? It had been thrown there by its father to die as thousands of others have been thrown, because it was "only a girl." The woman who found it brought to a Christian lady begging her to take care of it. "Please do take little baby. Your God is the only God that teaches to be good to little children." How little do the girls in the Sabbath Schools of happy Canada know how girls are treated in some other lands, how much they owe to Him who is the "only God that teaches to be good to little children."

India.

LETTER FROM MRS. DR. BUCHANAN.

Mrs. Buchanan wrote the following letter to a little friend in Nova Scotia, who, thinking that the many young readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD would enjoy it, has kindly sent it to us for publication.—Ed.

INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA, Feb. 20, '89.
My Dear Bessie:—

I promised to write to you from this far away land. Did I not? * * * How much I would like to be able just to show you some of the little boys and girls of India and their homes. They play, laugh and cry just as little children at home do,

and are many of them very pretty. We see lots and lots on the streets without any clothes whatever, but with bracelets on their arms and rings on their ankles, and often in their noses too. Some of them have rings in their ears, not one, but perhaps eight or ten, all round the margin of their ears from top to bottom. In our mission schools they all sit on the floor along by the walls, and when any white woman goes in they instantly jump up, put each her right hand to her forehead and then take it down and say, Salaam Mem Sahib, or Miss Salib if the visitor be an unmarried woman.

The white people here are called the "Sahib log," and the men are Sahibs, or if ministers, Padri Sahibs, the ladies Mem Sahibs and Miss Sahibs. The people who live in the finest houses, etc., and who are thought by the people here to get the largest salaries, are called "Bara Sahibs," that is big Sahibs, and the other Choti Sahibs or little Sahibs.

These people ask all sorts of questions. You know I cannot talk to them only a very few words, but there is one little boy here whom every person calls my boy. He is such a bright, pretty boy, and has become wonderfully fond of me. I try to talk to him and he generally manages to understand me. He goes to our mission school and so has heard and is hearing about Jesus. I am praying for him that he may soon know my Saviour, Bessie, my dear, will you not pray every day too for this poor little boy that he may be a little Christian and grow up to tell the story of the cross to many, many, of these poor people who never heard of the love of Christ.

I have a Sunday School class, boys and girls who speak English. I will tell you something about them sometime. May I not tell them about a little girl in Nova Scotia who loves her Saviour, and is praying to him for them.

Do you, my dear, ever read the Presbyterian Review? Mr. Wilson one of our missionaries here has a letter for the children in the Review of Jan. 17th. His