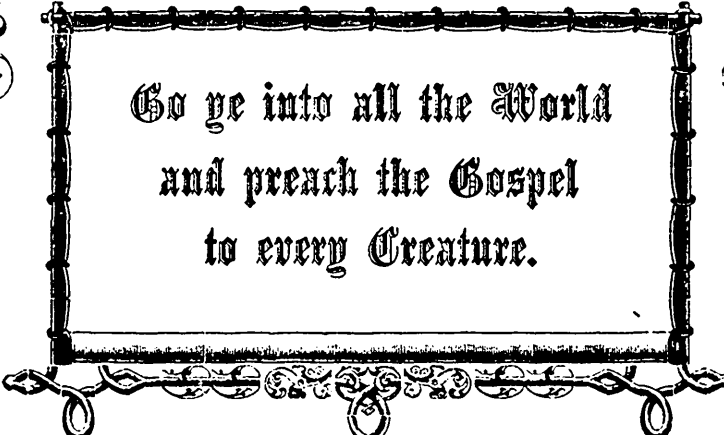




THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



Go ye into all the World
and preach the Gospel
to every Creature.

Vol. 5. March, 1890 No. 3.



The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance 15 cents per year in parcels
of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies
30 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin
at any time, but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for
Missions.

All communications to be addressed to
Rev. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

MR. GOFORTH'S DIARY.

For the Children's Record.

Chang te fu is fixed upon as one of our centres in North Honan. Mr. McGillivray and Dr. McClure will most likely occupy it. A finer mission field could not be selected in China. The part which I have already seen extends a distance of fifty miles from East to West and from thirty to forty miles from North to South. It much resembles a great garden. A more populous, fertile, tract of country can scarcely exist. When one counts up its thousands of towns and villages and thinks that in them live several hundred thousand souls in heathen darkness, one is oppressed with the awful responsibility which rests upon us as a mission band as well as upon the people in Canada who have sent us here.

But this tract of which I have been speaking, and which I have seen, is only about one-half of the *Chang te fu* field. It seems like mockery to expect two men to carry out Christ's last command to such a host. And yet we cannot put more than two men in this centre, for after we cut off the *Chang te fu* field, there yet remains in North Honan more than twice the population of the Province of Quebec.

Sep. 27.

To-day has been a busy time. Crowds coming and going all day. We had scarce time to eat. Among the comers were men clothed in silks as well as in homespun cottons. The Doctor, (Dr. McClure.) had no leisure. The Chinese helper whom the

American missionaries loaned us, and I, were kept busy talking to the people.

Two literary examiners from *Kai fen fu* called to buy some books. They said they were Mohammedans, but wished to read our books on the Christian doctrine. We had some conversation, after which they went away promising to come again tomorrow. One of them seems to be specially bright and intelligent, O, that his heart may be opened to the truth. As an examiner he would have great influence over the students in this province.

Sep. 28.

The two Mohammedan examiners came again to-day. They were as friendly and pleasant as any of our home people could be. Chang, the younger and more intelligent of the two has heard a good deal about foreign inventions, &c. He has already read parts of the New Testament, and has now bought some other parts. He has also bought a book on the evidences of Christianity by Dr. Martin, and has got some medicine from the Doctor for a sick child at home in *Kai fen fu*.

In talking with some literary men to-day, I turned up the 115th Psalm and the 44th chapter of Isaiah and invited one of the company to read it aloud for others. He quite readily did so. They admitted that God's description of idols exactly agreed with that of their temple gods.

Turning to the commandments, I first read the fifth, "Honor thy father and thy mother," they all exclaimed "how! how!" (good, good.) Then we read the first, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Their temples are crowded with other gods. Then I said-- When God commands "Honor thy parents," you say, "good," The one true God gave both these commands. One you obey, the other you break. How do you think God will reckon with you? To this, one replied, "We never knew that God said we must not have idols." I then said, "However this may have been in the past you have no excuse for the future, for now you hear God's command.

"During the afternoon the mandarin's two sons, clothed in the imperial silks, came to look round. They were what would be called at home "quite swell." One of them said he had a sick child whom he would bring to-morrow. They bought a few books, listened a while and went away. An official who accompanied them said he had read the whole New Testament but did not seem to have a very clear idea of its contents. We find many very ready to listen even for an hour at a time.

Sep. 29.

Early this morning three officials came to see us. Two of them asked for medical treatment. As soon as these had gone two more came in from the yamen. Both wished to receive medical treatment. The native place of one of them was 150 miles to the East. The other, named Nin, a young man of fine appearance, comes 300 miles from the South. He said he constantly read in a New Testament which he had bought some time ago and expressed himself as pleased that we had come. It seems that the officials are moved favourably towards us. Those who were here yesterday have given good reports of us; hence the large number of the upper class that have come to-day. The Dr. treated eighty-four patients during the day. At least of these were officials from the various yamens in the city. Two of them, Lin and Li, were curious to see our foreign things. The doctor's medical instruments create much wonder. If we have leisure we don't mind showing some of the dignitaries, some of the inventions of the West. To give them an idea of my "manifold letter book" I had them write their Chinese surnames. They thought that it was wonderful to print second sheets at the same time.

Both Lin and Li came to see the Doctor. Lin has a tumor on his face which the Doctor would not attempt to cut off this time because there was not time, as we were going to other places. We promised to come back in April and then the Doctor would undertake to cure him. He

wanted to know why we could not stay here. We replied that we were strangers and had no place here. He then he would use his influence to secure a large compound for a hospital.

This promise may amount to something or it may not, but it proves that the class most opposed to missions in China, is inclined in this place at least to regard us with favor.

The mandarin's son brought to-day the child which he said was sick. The young gent had a man go round with him to carry his pipe. The great breach between the upper and lower classes is made by the voluptuousness on the one hand and the pinching poverty on the other.

We are greatly cheered by the numbers who have come and the good spirit shewn. I have talked a great deal to-day for new men are coming in all the time. I set before them what God has said of the vanity of heathen hopes, and of the only way of life. To be able to bring such a wondrous message to such a needy people people fills us with gladness, and though my speech is far from perfect Chinese, yet it seems to impress them and they feel that we have an intense conviction of the truth of God's word.

I will tell you something more next month.

Your Friend

JONATHAN GOFORTH.

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKADDER.

TACARIGWA, TRINIDAD, Dec. 27, '89.

For the Children's Record.

Some dear little children in Sydney Mines, C. B., sent me a letter and a nice sum of money. I thank them so much. I do not just know what I will do with it, but we will decide and let you all know.

Our children here do not have much money, yet they give as they can. We have an evening meeting, and the children read, sing or recite. One evening a small boy got up and said he had a hymn

to say, and on he went, "When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, when she was a child she cried for Castoria, and when she had children she gave them Castoria."

We had to laugh it was so funny. We find the RECORD so useful, we have them learn the poems and read the stories. One poem called "Class No. 1," we have found very useful. The stories too are so good and interesting. I hope some day the CHILDREN'S RECORD will have pictures.

Our streets have been filled with drunk-en black men and women, fighting and cursing, a sad way to celebrate the birth of our dear Saviour.

I am going this evening to Arouca to attend a Sunday School feast, this is Mr. Dickson's church. I will tell you all about it next time I write. This has been the saddest Christmas I ever had. So many dear friends taken away and all the others so far away.

Yours sincerely,

A. L. M. BLACKADDER.

The following is the letter the little girl sent to Miss B.

SYDNEY MINES, Nov. 6, 1889.

DEAR MISS BLACKADDER:

We were very sorry that you got so little money when you were in Sydney Mines, so we thought it would be nice to have a little bazaar. We realized \$16.68, which we hope you will accept, and do with it what you think best. We have sent it to Rev. Mr. Morrison, of Halifax. All the things we had on the fancy table we made ourselves, and our friends gave us ice-cream and cake. We were very glad to read in your letter that you were better and able to teach again.

From your friends,

LOUISE McMILLAN,
LILLIAN BROWN.

LETTER FROM MISS GRAHAM.

SAN FERNANDO, Trinidad,
December, 27th, '89.

My Dear Friends:—Now that Miss Semple and Miss Copeland have returned

home, you will, no doubt, miss the interesting letters you were accustomed to receive from them while they were in Trinidad. However, I know that those of you who are acquainted with those ladies were glad to see them again, and thinking you might like to hear from your friends in Trinidad, I will write just a few lines.

As you know there were five in the Mission party that left New York by the S. S. "Trinidad" on the 20th November, and arrived in Port of Spain on the 5th December. Having a splendid boat and nice Captain—Captain Fraser, of Pictou—the voyage, although a somewhat stormy one, was very pleasant. Perhaps, however, I should only speak for myself and say, I enjoyed it.

When we left home neither Miss Archibald nor I knew to what mission-field in the island we were going, but on landing we were told that Miss Archibald was to go to Princetown, while I came here. On Friday we visited the Princetown school, and on Monday we both began teaching. I was glad to get to work at once, as I did not have time to realize that I had left home.

I cannot tell you how strange everything seemed to me the first morning I took charge of my school. I fancied I saw the boys and girls of the school where I was just a year ago, warming themselves around the stove after an exciting game of snow ball. Then I looked around the school-room here, saw no glass windows, no stove, but through the open windows could see orange trees, flowers, etc., looked again at the group of children before me, there were about one hundred and twenty there that morning. I think some of them—but I need not waste time telling you that they were not so warmly clad as you while playing snow-ball that December morning. I heard you had a snow-storm at home, on the 27th November was it not? So you see I take it for granted you had snow on the 9th of December the morning of which I am writing. I like the school very much, some of the children are quite bright,

much like boys and girls at home, I suppose, some good and some naughty.

Mr. Grant wishes to begin the New Year with at least two hundred pupils, so if we are successful in gathering in that number, I am afraid I shall not be able to write again very soon. Won't some one—or many—who reads this, write me a long letter some time? You don't know how very glad I would be to hear from you. People at home expect too many letters from us and do not write enough in return. They do not know how hard it is to find time to write many letters here. Then I find it quite warm, and it is hard to write when you are very tired. Being here but a short time, I cannot write you anything interesting about the people that you have not heard from our Missionaries who have been here for years, but will write you a little about my first Christmas in Trinidad.

Christmas eve, on being told that Santa Claus visited the boys and girls here, I could not understand how he ever got into the houses, for you know there are no chimneys here as at home, besides I fancied he might find his fur coat rather warm, at any rate, I am quite warm enough without one. So wishing to be certain that my old friend did come here, when Mr. Grant's family hung up their stockings I did likewise, and in the morning I found my stocking quite full of nice things including a box of fire crackers. Why do you suppose he gave me them? Did he know I came from Nova Scotia, and wished to remind me of the 24th of May or 1st of July? Now although I am quite satisfied that Santa Claus *does* visit Trinidad, I must confess that I cannot yet explain how he enters the houses.

When leaving home Miss Semple told me that on Christmas, being so far away from home and friends, I would cry all day. So I resolved that even should I be lonely enough to cry every day in the year, I would be happy on Christmas. I did often think of the dear friends with whom I spent last Christmas, but also re-

membered that some ago I had decided to come here to try to make others happy, so Miss Semple's prophecy was not fulfilled. We had service in the Church at eight o'clock, I felt glad to have the privilege of uniting with our Indian brothers and sisters in praising God for the dear Saviour, and who having lived and died for us, wishes us to "rejoice and be glad" now, because "our names are written in Heaven."

We hope to make the boys and girls of this school happy by a New Year's treat on the first day that school opens after vacation, and then we will all be ready to go to work in real earnest.

With the new Year, I hope also to start a band of *King's Daughters* here, and trust that any King's daughters, or sons, who read this will pray that the King's children in San Fernando may do their utmost to help others have a glad New Year, and do all in His name.

Your sincere friend,

M. J. GRAHAM

TAKE THE BOY'S MEASURE.

Jimmy Jackson was in high glee. He had just been measured for his new spring suit, and was to have it next week, in time to wear down to Squadunk on the picnic excursion.

"Pin-check" said Jimmy; "picked it out myself: that is, mother and I did. Didn't we mother? Smith says he can fit me to a T. Good shape. Some boys have crooked shoulders, and some grass-hopper legs. Hard to fit. Take a twenty-four. I do. Remember most all the measurements—twenty four breast, fourteen collar, twenty-nine long, twen—Say there Dick, let that bat alone, I tell you! Yes, mother, I'm going in a minute—didn't I tell you so [impatiently]?—soon's I settle, Sue, here, for nabbing my ear."

"What are you laughing at, Uncle Harry?"

"O, nothing much! Just thought what a chance it was for the recording angel to take your measure—that's all!"

Jimmy went on about his errand, and when he got back it was high bed-time and a little past ; so, after the usual amount of teasing to wait for just another game, and grumbling at the injustice of sending a boy to bed before it was dark, when all the other boys in the town could sit up until ten, he stumbled up the stairs in a very bad humor.

He got out of his clothes, but how, no one but a boy in very bad humor and a hurry to have it over can tell. How he was to get into such a tangled criss-cross mess the next morning was another puzzle.

"Blessings on the man that invented sleep ! would have been a very appropriate motto to tack on Jimmy's bed that night ; for embraced in its arms, he soon forgot Dick's felonious intentions on his bed, the pending settlement with Sue of the "nabbing" case, and the ill humor of the last moments, aroused by his sense of ill-treatment, and was living again the proud moments in the merchant tailor's room, where the soft, handsome folds of the "pin check" goods were being admired, and the hum of the tailors voice, as he said, "Open your vest, please ; now lift your arms, so ; stand straight please : fourteen, twenty-four ; that will do." etc., rang in his ears.

Presently it became indistinct and confused. Then it began to ring out again with new distinctness :—

"Stand straight, please. Humph ? Very much shrunken calves, these. One, two,—only two errands for mother to-day and a good deal of growling over those. Open the vest, please. Thirteen breast measure ; small heart inside ; cold and selfish ; wants everything for himself. Some boys with generous hearts measure twenty-five. Stand straight, please ! Nineteen high ; good deal of a baby yet ; whines and pouts like one. A boy with sense and manliness enough to take things reasonably ought to measure thirty.

By this time Jimmy was rolling and tumbling at a precious rate. Great beads of sweat stood on his brow, and some-

thing suspiciously like groans broke from his lips.

"Pretty crooked, shriveled specimen this. Hard to make the robe look decent at all. Got in by the skin of his teeth."

You would have thought Jimmy was trying to put himself through a knothole, he shrank into so small a ball in one corner of the bed.

"Cut a sorry figure before the throne. If he'd only thought as much of how his spirit grew, as having a well shaped bod"—

A long, low, gurgling sound came from under the bed clothes, which were gripped tight in both Jimmy's fists. Tiptoe, tiptoe, came footsteps down the hall, and a light gleamed along the hall and then shone into Jimmy's face.

"Oh how it shines ! Let me go away, away back, please. Mr. Recording Angel ! I'm so un"—

"Jimmy, Jimmy ! Wake up ! What's the matter boy ?"

"Oh ! Mr. An—Why, Uncle Harry ! I'm so glad ! I—I guess I've been dreaming ; but I tell you it was mighty natural. Don't go yet !"

But what about the recording angel ?

Why, don't you know what you said last night about—about"—

"Taking your measure, eh ? As good as Smith's ?"

"No ; but I mean to make it so, Uncle Harry."—*Rev. J. Cowan in S. S. Times.*

NEW YEAR IN CHINA.

"PAI NIENG !" the first man says, and "Pai nieng" the second man replied. This is the New Year greeting in China, and is about the same as our "Happy New Year !" Sometimes the Chinese wish each other a prosperous year ; but if they are Christians, they wish each other peace : that is, "Ping ang !"

The Chinese New Year does not come, as ours does, on the first day of January, but about a month later. They count by the moon, and sometimes the first moon comes in February.

Just before New Year is the busiest time in the whole year. The streets are so full of people coming and going that it is almost impossible for a sedan chair to pass, and the noise is something dreadful. Every man seems to try to shout louder than the other man, as all push forward with their loads on their shoulders. The beggars are worse than at any other time, and the shops are full of bright, pretty things to tempt the people, who come there to do their New Years shopping. If we are not very careful to lay in a supply from the market the day before New Year's, we shall find we have not enough to eat in the first few days afterwards.

In the idol shops all the idols look as bright as fresh paint and gilding can make them. At this time the old kitchen god is taken down, and early in the new year a new one is put up. It is only a large sheet of paper with an old man, an old woman, and a cow, a pig and some other animals printed on it in bright colours, and is pasted on the wall over the cooking furnace in every house where the people are not Christians, but it is considered as necessary as a stovepipe in an American kitchen. The people offer incense to it, and it superintends the kitchen affairs.

The first time we went to Ku Liang we rented a room, and there was no place to cook, so our landlord let us build a range in his back porch. It was a new thing to have foreigners live on the premises, and they were a little afraid; so to make everything safe, they pasted a kitchen god up on the wall over the range. I do not know whether it liked the foreign incense of beefsteak and coffee or not.

Sometimes Chinese New Year comes on Sunday, and then we walk to Ching Sing Tong to church; and it seems very strange, but very pleasant and Christian-like, to see the shops and stores all shut up. We meet people going to make their calls, and we see a few peanut-stands, and groups of people—sometimes little children—busy gambling near the doors of their houses. New Year's would not be New Year's in China without gambling. Especially dur-

ing the last part of the year every-body has worked as hard as he could to get all the money he could to pay all the debts he could; so now he will be idle, and visit his friends and feast and eat watermelon seeds as long as he is able, to make things even.

Fireworks belong especially to New Year's, too. Last Fourth of July papa ordered a few fireworks for us to let off. The man who made them said, "How happy these foreigners must be! They have one New Year in the winter as we do, and another in the summer."—*Heathen Woman's Friend*.

A HEATHEN FESTIVAL IN CEYLON.

Would you like to go to a heathen festival in Ceylon? You might think it rather a tedious journey to go all the way to Ceylon in reality, but it will not take five minutes to be there in imagination. It is such an easy way to go! Here we are in Ceylon, among thousands of strange sights and sounds that we can not stop to notice just now. There are two little Hindu boys going along to the festival, and perhaps the best thing we can do is to follow them. We don't know what their names are, but we will call them Harripunt and Bo. Bo is quite a little fellow who, like ourselves, has never been to a festival before, but his big brother Harripunt is quite used to such places. They are both dressed all in white. Bo has on a queer little cap with a white cape, and Harripunt wears a large white turban, and their brown faces and black eyes look very brown and very black from the contrast.

Little Bo's eyes are wide open, you may be sure.

"Who is that?" he asks all at once, stopping quite still in the road, and gazing at a dreadful-looking object near him. "Who is it?"

"Don't you know Uncle Chumbro? He is performing his vow," says Harripunt. "Don't you remember when his baby was sick last month, he promised

Pulliar to measure his length at the next festival if he would make the baby well?"

Just as he says this, his uncle lies down in the sand again, stretches his hands up over his head as far as he can reach, makes a mark in the sand, then gets up, puts his feet on the mark and lies down again, and so he goes on toward the temple. Of course his clothes are very much soiled, his face and neck are covered with sand and dirt, there are places on his neck and arms where a sharp stone had cut him, and the blood is coming out. Altogether, he is very uncomfortable-looking person. No wonder Bo did not know him.

But he is not the only one who is doing strange things. Over there is a woman rolling over and over on the ground; here is a man walking on his knees; and all around are people making themselves as uncomfortable as they possibly can, to appease, as they think, the wrath of their gods.

As the boys come near the temple, they see a great crowd of people, some of them in little huts, which they have to live in for a few days. Some are in tents, and some are out in the open air, and all around are people cooking meat and rice to be offered to their idol in the temple.

Now the crowd grows thicker and thicker, men and boys, and a very few women and girls; some are walking and some are riding in bandies and bullock-carts. There are bands of music, and men carrying wooden frames covered with flowers and peacock-feathers. Everybody is excited, and there is a great deal of shouting, and blowing of horns, and beating of drums, till poor little Bo is quite bewildered and tired, and it is all Harripunt can do to keep him from crying. He is very warm and very hungry, but Harripunt hurries him on to the temple, where he has his own offering to present to the idol.

This is quite a long ceremony, but it is over at last, and Harripunt comes out very much streaked with sacred ashes on

his forehead and neck and arms, with a little round daub of sandal-wood on his forehead and a flower tucked behind his ear under his turban.

Just as they come out, there is a great commotion about the idol.

"What is the matter?" asks Bo, trembling all over. "Is he very angry with some one? Was your offering all right, do you think?"

"He is going to ride, that's all," says Harripunt.

"Who is going to ride?"

"Pulliar. Here he comes. Come out of the way." And Harripunt pulls Bo back against a hedge while the procession goes by. First comes a great crowd of people, then the music—at least, Harripunt and Bo call it music, those horrible horns and drums and cymbals; men are shouting and dancing about, making the most frantic gestures, as if some dreadful thing was going to happen. Then comes a huge wooden rat on wheels; on top of that a large car, and inside it a rather small brass idol. This was what all the noise and confusion was about.

Bo clings tightly to Harripunt's hand, and he looks very much relieved when the hooting, excited, noisy crowd gets by.

And now there is another strange sound right behind the hedge where he is standing. He has never heard anything like like it before, but he likes it.

"What is that?" he asks once more. This seems to be his constant question to day, there are so many strange sights and sounds all about.

"That?" says Harripunt; that's the Jesus people singing."

"The Jesus people! Who are they?"

"Oh, they are some white people like the English. They are always talking about their God and his Son."

"I want to go and hear them sing. I like it," says Bo.

"No, no, you must not go," says Harripunt. They say our religion is bad, and that our gods are not real gods. Your father would not let you go to hear them."

"There are some priests going."

DANCING BEFORE THE IDOL.



"So there are: let's go and see what they are going to do." And off they run to an opening in the hedge not far away.

This is what the priests are doing—singing and shouting as loud as they can, so that the crowd cannot hear what the "Jesus people" say.

Harripunt and Bo push their way through the crowd so they can look through the opening, and there they see a lovely lady dressed like the English, in a tent, sitting at an organ, which makes the sweetest music they have ever heard. All around her are twenty or thirty little brown boys and girls like themselves. They haven't any drums or horns or cymbals, only their clear young voices, singing Christian hymns, like "What a friend we have in Jesus," and "Jesus loves me." All day long these children have been singing there, and never once have they asked to rest or to go home. Some of the Christian men, who have been selling and distributing books and tracts, have got tired and given it up, but these little children have kept on singing for the Jesus whom they love.

Some of the children have been out with books and tracts, and one little girl looks up into the lady's face and says, "Oh, Ammah, this has been a happy day!"

"Do you know why it has been a happy day?" asks the lady.

"No."

"Because you have been working for Jesus."

A little boy comes up to Bo and gives him a handful of tracts. He is very pleased to have them, but Harripunt knows his father will be very angry if he carries any of them home; and he sees a priest looking at them sharply, and he is so frightened that he snatches them from Bo's hand, tears them into small pieces, and showers them on a man who is preaching near by, and then he drags him away.

But Bo has heard that this wonderful Jesus loves little children, and he thinks he should not be afraid of him. It must be a comfort to know of a God you are not afraid of. A little seed has been

dropped in his heart that may show itself again some day.

Now it is almost night. Harripunt would like to stay in the evening to see the god ride around again, to see the torches and the fireworks, and hear the fire-crackers and the canons; but poor little Bo is so tired with the noise and confusion, and the hot sun on his head and the hot ground under his bare feet, that he thinks he has had quite enough festival for one day. And so have we, haven't we?—*Mission Dayspring.*

SABBATH BREAKING AND ITS RESULTS.

A crowd of boys were standing on the street corner, one bright summer in early autumn, when George Leonard passed on his way from the afternoon Sabbath school.

"We are just waiting for you, George. A crowd of us are going nutting."

"I should like to go during the week, but can't to-day."

"Now George, you are too good a fellow to be such a crank. The most of us have to work hard all the week and don't have any time for strolls except Sunday. You can't gain-say such argument as this. So come along."

"Excuse me, boys, I cannot go to-day, but will go any other time."

John Gray spoke testily: "The balance of us are not so fortunate as yourself. If we had as much of the world's goods as you, we could afford to be as sanctimonious as yourself."

A shade of sadness passed over George's face as he said, "Every one knows that my improved circumstances are of recent date. You all know that I have always done the hardest kind of work until my uncle died and left me his property. You know I had a holiday as seldom as yourselves. And I did not dishonour my Master by using His day for my own personal enjoyment."

One of the boys, who seemed to be irresolute, said hesitatingly:

"Please tell us some passage of Scripture bearing upon this point. I don't know any except the commandment, and I don't think it is very explicit; for Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" may mean more or less as we choose to take it."

George replied quickly:

"I will quote a passage from Isaiah lviii. 13, 14: 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord: and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

"You can see that this is explicit and unconditional, not to think our own thoughts or speak our own words or find our own pleasures. The reward is, we shall ride upon the high places of the earth. I firmly believe my success has, in a great measure, been due to my regard for this injunction."

"I never heard that before," said Harry Maynard, "and I'm with you, George, in this," and he moved quickly to his friend's side, and turned away with him. The crowd laughed in a scoffing manner, and moved off to keep God's day in their usual manner.

Harry went with George to his room where they spent the time very pleasantly in studying and discussing their lessons for the following Sunday. Harry was away from home and its pure influences and what might have resulted from a first step in the wrong direction could be determined by the downward career of his former companions. They soon changed from nutting to card-playing, and this led to worse until they were ruined.

Harry often shuddered when he saw what he had escaped, and could say with the wisest of men:

"He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

ONE THING AT A TIME.

"Early in life," relates a gentleman who has now spent many decades in the service of God and his fellow-man, "I learned from a very simple incident a wholesome lesson, and one which has since been of incalculable benefit to me.

"When I was between twelve and fourteen years old my father broke up a new field on his farm, and planted it with potatoes, and when the plants were two or three inches high, he sent me to hoe it. The ground of that piece was hard to till, it was matted with grass roots and sprinkled with stones. I hoed the first row, and then stopped to take a general look at the task before me. Grass as high as the potatoes was everywhere, and looking at the whole from any point, it appeared to be a solid mass. I had the work to do all alone, and as I stood staring at the broad reach of weedy soil, I felt a good mind not to try to do anything further than with it.

"Just that minute I happened to look down at the hill nearest my feet. The grass didn't seem just quite so thick there, and I said to myself, 'I can hoe this one well enough.'

"When it was done, another thought came to help me: I shan't have to hoe but one hill at a time, at any rate.

"And so I went to the next, and next. But here I stopped again and looked over the field. That gave me another thought, too. I could hoe every hill as I came to it: it was only looking away off to all the hills that made the whole seem impossible.

"I won't look at it!" I said; and I pulled my hat over my eyes so I could see nothing but the spot where my hoe had to dig.

"In course of time, I had gone over the whole field, looking only at the hill in hand, and my work was done.

"I learned a lesson tugging away at those grass roots which I never forgot. It was to look right down at the one thing

to be done now, and not hinder and discourage myself by looking off at the things I haven't come to. I've been working ever since that summer at the hill nearest my feet, and I have always found it the easiest way to get a hard task accomplished, as it is the true way to prepare a field for the harvest."

MIND THE DOOR.

Have you ever noticed how strong a street door is! how thick the wood is! how heavy the hinges! what large bolts it has! and what a grim lock! If there were nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but, as you know, there are things of value within, and bad men without, so there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a house; our hearts may be called that house. Wicked things are for ever trying to break in and go out of our hearts. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door! Ah, I know him! It is Anger! What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that! It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it were too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this! It must be Vanity, with his flaunting street and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You shall not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He would like to live in my house, sleep, and yawn my life away, and bring me to ruin. No, no, you idle fellow! work is pleasure,

and I have much to do. Go away; you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! What a kind face! She looks like an angel! It is love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in!--Come in! come in! we must unbar the door for you. Children, mind the door of your heart!--
Sel.

THE HORN BOOK.

The joke of the thing was that it was not a book at all. It was only a printed page, just think of it! On it was printed the alphabet, large and small letters, some capitals, and the Lord's Prayer--that was all. The printed page was set into a wooden frame having a handle, and in order to keep it clean, and to prevent little thumbs and fingers from scratching it, or hurting it in any way, they fixed a sheet of thin horn over it, so they called it the "horn book." This piece of horn was not half as clear as glass, but the bright eyes of boys and girls could make out the letters very well. In the handle there was a hole for a string which the scholar tied to his belt upon a ring for school. Now there was a funny thing about the horn book: it was quite common to print a cross at the beginning of the first line of letters, and hence the row was called "Christ's row," or "Christ's cross row." But the little tongues could't say "Christ's cross" very well, so they called it "Criss cross row," and that's where we get that word from. The "horn book" was used in English schools, especially in the poorer ones, only a little more than a hundred years ago. Now, of course, it has disappeared forever, its place having been taken by well-printed school-books.

A certain young man came to the gallows in those long ago times, and his poor mother wept over him bitterly. He had commenced to be bad even when a little boy, having stolen a horn book, so he said to his mother: "Had you corrected me, when I stole the horn book, I'd not be here."

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Mar. 2.—Luke 4:16-32. Memory vs. 18-21.

Jesus at Nazareth.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*John 1:11. Catechism, Q. 62.*

Introductory.

Title of this lesson ?
Golden text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?
Memory verses ? *Catechism* ?

I. Preaching at Nazareth. vs. 16-21.

To what place did Jesus come ?
What did he do on the Sabbath-day ?
What was delivered to him ?
What place in the book did he find Isa. 61 : 1, 2.
What did Jesus then do ?
What did he say about the text ?

II. Rejected at Nazareth. vs. 22-27.

What effect had Christ's words on the people ?
What did they ask concerning him ?
What did he now say to them ?
Why would they use this proverb ?
What example did he give of the prophets doing as he did ?
What did he intend to show by these examples ?

III. Driven from Nazareth. vs. 28-32.

What effect had our Lord's discourse ?
What did the people do ?
How did Jesus escape from them ?
Where did he go ?
What effect had his preaching there ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That it is our duty to attend public worship.
2. That the gospel is specially suited to the poor, the broken hearted and the captive.
3. That men may admire the preaching of the gospel, and yet remain in their sins.
4. That gospel truth offends those whom it does not enlighten and save.
5. That we should receive Jesus as our Saviour, listen to his words and obey them.

Mar. 9.—Luke 4:33-44. Memory vs. 38, 39.
The Great Physician.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Matt. 8:16. Catechism, Q. 68.*

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson ?
Where did Jesus go from Nazareth ?
What did he do on the Sabbath ?
Title of this lesson ?
Golden text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?
Memory verses ? *Catechism* ?

I. Curing the Demoniac. vs. 33-37.

Who was there in the synagoge ?
What did the unclean spirit say ?
What did Jesus do ?
How did this miracle affect the people ?
For what purpose did Jesus come into the world ? I. *John 3:8.*

II. Curing the Fever-Patient. vs. 38, 39.

Where did Jesus go from the synagoge ?
Who was sick there ?
With what disease ?
How did Jesus cure her ?

III. Curing the Multitudes. vs. 40-44.

What happened when the sun was setting ?
Whom did Jesus cure ?
Why did he not permit the demons to speak ?
Whither did he go the next day ?
What did the people do ?
What is meant by *stayed him* ?
Why would Jesus not remain at Capernaum ?
Where did he preach ?
What did he do besides preaching ?
(See Mark 1 : 39.)

What Have I Learned ?

1. That Jesus can subdue all evil in us as he subdued the demon.
2. That he cares for the sick and the sorrowing.
3. That we should ask him to help us to conquer our bad tempers and bad habits, and to heal the sickness of our souls.
4. That we can intercede with him for our sick friends.

5. That Jesus is the great Physician ; he is both able and willing to cure all that come to him.

Mar. 16.—Luke 5:1-11. Memory vs. 9-11.
The Draught of Fishes.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Luke 5:10. Catechism., Q. 64.*

Introductory.

What scripture passage did Jesus read in the synagogue of Nazareth ?

What did his hearers say !

How did Jesus reply ?

What did the people then do ?

Whither did Jesus go from Nazareth !

Title of this lesson ?

Golden text ? Lesson Plain ? Time ? Place ?

Memory verses ? Catechism !

I. The Empty Fishing-Boats. vs. 1-7.

Where was Jesus at this time ?

What did he see ?

Where were the fishermen ?

What did Jesus do ?

What did he ask of Simon ?

Why did he enter the boat ?

How did he teach the people ?

II. The Multitude of Fishes. vs. 1-7.

What did Jesus afterward say to Simon ?

What did Simon answer ?

What feeling did this answer show ?

What was the result ?

What did the disciples then do ?

How great was the multitude of fishes ;

III. The Fishing of Men. vs. 8-11.

What effect had this miracle on Simon ?

Why did he say *depart from me* ?

What was it that so affected him !

Was he alone in his astonishment ?

What did Jesus say to Simon ?

What did the disciples do when they landed ?

What is effectual calling ?

What Have I Learned ?

That Jesus sanctifies every worthy calling and turns it to his own use.

2. That all labor will be fruitless without his blessing.

3. That every service done at his command will have its reward.

4. That the gospel-preacher is a fisher of men.

5. That we should hear when the Lord speaks ; work when he commands ; believe what he promises ; follow where he leads ; be willing to forsake all, if need be, for Christ.

Mar. 23.—Luke 5:17-26. Memory vs. 24-26
Christ Forgiving Sin.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*Luke 5:21. Catechism., Q. 65.*

Introductory.

Title of this lesson ?

Golden text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ?

Place ?

Memory verses ? Catechism ?

I. The Paralytic Brought. vs. 17-19.

Who were present while Jesus was teaching ?

What accompanied his teaching ?

Who was brought to Jesus ?

What did the man's friends seek to do !

What prevented them ?

How did they accomplish their purpose ?

II. The Paralytic Forgiven. vs. 20, 23.

What did Jesus see ?

What did Jesus say to the paralytic !

What did the scribes and Pharisees think of this ?

Who has power to forgive sin ! Ex. 34 : 6, 7 : Isa. 43 : 25 : Dan. 9 : 9.

In what were the scribes and Pharisees wrong ?

How may we receive forgiveness ?

How did Jesus know the thoughts of the scribes and Pharisees ?

What did he ask them ?

III. The Paralytic Healed. vs. 21-26.

What reason did Jesus give for his further action ?

What command did he give the paralytic ?

What did the paralytic do ?

What did the miracle prove ?

What effect had it on those who saw it ?

Who Have I Learned?

1. That we may bring our friends to be healed and saved.
2. That sin is a great deal worse trouble than sickness.
3. That Jesus has power on earth to forgive sins.
4. That he is willing to forgive even the greatest of sinners.
5. That he will honor and reward the faith of those who trust in his mercy and power.

Mar. 30.—Luke 1-5.GOLDEN TEXT.—*Acts 1:12.***Review Exercise.**

What did an angel promise Zacharias?
How did Zacharias begin his song at the birth of John the Baptist?

What did he predict concerning his infant son?

What good tidings of great joy did an angel bring to the shepherds of Bethlehem?

What was the song of the angels at the birth of the Saviour?

What did Simeon say when he took the child Jesus in his arms?

Where did Jesus live during his childhood?

Where did his parents go every year?

When did they take Jesus with them?

What took place when they returned?

Where did his parents find him?

Where did Jesus then go with his parents?

How did John the Baptist foretell the Messiah?

What took place at the baptism of Jesus?

What was the father's testimony at his baptism?

Where did Jesus go after his baptism?

To what place did Jesus come?

How were the people affected by his preaching?

Where did Jesus go when rejected at Nazareth?

What did Jesus do on the Sabbath-day in Capernaum?

Whom did Jesus find at the Lake of Gennesaret?

What did he say to Simon after the draught of fishes?

What did these disciples then do?

What did Jesus say to one sick of the palsy?

How did he prove his power on earth to forgive sins?

Review-drill on title, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, and Catechism questions.

HOW TO TREAT STRANGERS.

A Sunday-school missionary in the West, while addressing a Sunday-school noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sun-burned face buried in her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and, taking her by the hand, led her toward a brook, then seated her on a log, and, kneeling beside her, took off her ragged sun-bonnet: and then dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed her tangled hair, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said: "Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister, sir."

"Oh! one of the neighbor's children," replied the missionary—"a little school-mate, perhaps?"

"No, sir, she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before." om.

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

WHAT A LITTLE MAID GAVE.

'O dear, I've nothing to put in the box for Foreign Missions!' complained a little girl.

'No,' said her friend, as she gave the little maid a caress, 'but you are a little home missionary.'

And was she not? She spent an hour that morning amusing her baby sister who was cross with cutting teeth. She sewed up a tear in brother Ned's ball and hunted up some twine for his kite string, and she did it with a smiling face and not a word of being bothered.

Yesterday, this little home missionary attended the door-bell for Mary, the housemaid, and let her go visit her sick child. Meantime she wrote a letter to her absent father, who was away on business, in which she told him all the home news in a frank, artless way, giving the man a thrill of loving pride and pleasure in his little daughter.

In many ways did this little maid help and cheer her mother. So, though she could not contribute to the aid of Foreign Missions, she did what she could to add to the happiness of those about her. Who can do better than that! *S. Erwin.*

FOR THE BOYS.

A boy is something like a piece of iron, which, in its rough state, isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more processes it is put through the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is only worth a pound note, say, in its natural state, is worth forty-eight shillings when it is made into horse shoes, and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to £70. Made into pen knife blades it would be worth £900 and into balance wheels for watches, £50,000. Just think of that boys; a piece of iron that is comparatively worthless can be developed into such valuable material.

But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so,

if you are become useful and educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horse-shoes as it has to be converted into delicate watch-springs; but think how much less valuable it is. Which would you rather be, horse-shoe or watch-spring? It depends on yourselves. You can become whichever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without intervals for fun. Not a bit of it. I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry to see you grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play, and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter. *Pittsburg Christian Advocate.*

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There, by his love o'er-shaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know that you are safe?" asked Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my two hands tight!" promptly replied her sister.

"That is not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off?"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought deeply. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out:

"Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with His two hands, and Satan can't cut His hands off, so I am safe."