

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

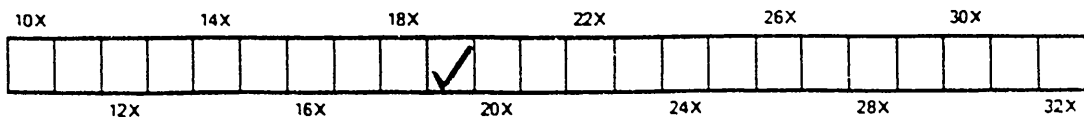
- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

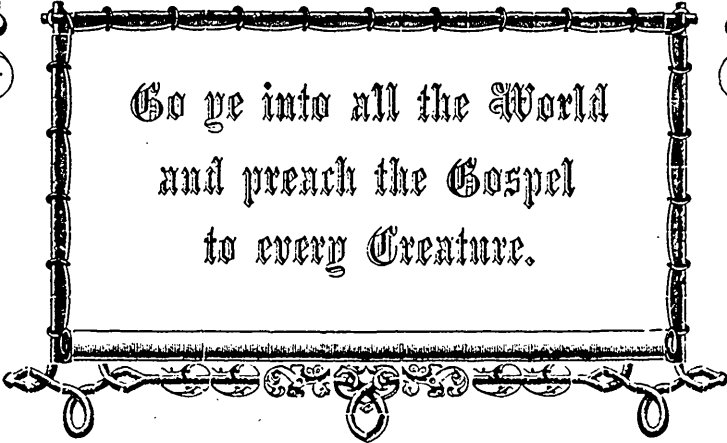




THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

VOL. 2. SEPT. 1887. No. 9.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Pr. sbyterian 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. Paid to date, \$100.00.

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

Price, in advance, 25 cents per year in parcels of 4 and upwards to one address. Single copies 40 cents. Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date \$400.

All communications to be addressed to

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

BYE AND BYE.

Dear Young People:—Here is something for you to think about. If you could look forward twenty or thirty years, and look into the churches where you now worship, the most of the men and women would be from among yourselves. If you could see a Communion in your churches, many of the members would be those to whom I am now writing, and some of the elders would be those who are now boys and young men reading these lines. If you could see the Sabbath Schools which you now attend, most of the teachers would be from among yourselves. If you could look into the pulpits many of the preachers would be the boys and young men who now read the young people's RECORD. If you could look to the Foreign Mission Field many of the men and women engaged there would be the young people who to-day play and work, and, I hope, pray. All the world over, those who are now boys and girls will then be the men and women, building the houses, ploughing the fields, digging the mines, sailing the ships, running the shops and factories, keeping the homes, doing the work in the world and in the church, while some of those who are now doing that work will be old men and women, and some will have passed away. Now,

I HAVE A QUESTION TO ASK YOU.

How is this work to be done twenty or thirty years after this? What kind of Sabbath Schools shall we have? What kind of teachers? What kind of ministers shall we have? What kind of workmen? What kind of tradesmen? Is the world and the church to be better than it is to-day? Will there be more honesty and truthfulness in work and in trade than there now is? Will there be more earnestness and faithfulness in doing work for God than there now is? Or, will it be the other way? Will all this be worse? I hope it will all be better, for you have better opportunities than those who have gone before you.

I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.

Do you know the time when you must decide what kind of men and women the world will have, twenty or thirty years after this? You must decide it now. What time does the farmer decide what kind of grain he will have in harvest? He decides it in the spring when sowing the seed. This is your spring time, and the Bible tells us that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The boys and girls that now form the habits of being kind, good, just, loving, true, at their work and play, will be the men and women who will have such habits then, while the boys and girls that are unkind, hateful, false, will be those of whom will come that kind of men and women. The young people who pray will for the most part be the praying men and women. Those who form the habit of church-going now will be those who will be found in the churches then. The good Sabbath School scholar will likely be the good Sabbath School teacher. From among those who are now obedient to their earthly parents will come most of the men and women who will obey their Father in Heaven. You are now forming the habits that will guide you bye and bye.

ONE THING MORE.

Try and learn now as much as you can about the work that our Church is doing,

in her Colleges, Home Missions and Foreign Missions, that when you get to be men and women you will know something about the work that you will then have to do. The more you learn now, the more will you know then.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.,
June 29th, 1887.

My Dear Children:—

The rainy season has set in now and the Tunapuna garden is bright with roses, jasmine, hibiscus, etc., of many shades, and all in full bloom. The last part of the dry season is always very hot and dusty; it is not pleasant to walk in the garden then; the poor plants look so thirsty that we feel sorry for them, but as soon as the first showers fall most of them revive and burst out with a profusion of blossoms as tho' they wanted to make up for lost time. We have a large round bed opposite the front door, bordered by foliage plants with leaves of green and gold which never wither except in extreme drought. In another place we have a hedge of hibiscus which is always in blossom, each flower the size of a large tea-cup, and of a brilliant shade of crimson.

Near the house are some mango trees which afford a pleasant shade for the little Hindus who attend our school. They have recess from 11 till 12 o'clock, for breakfast: those who live at a distance bring a little pan of rice, etc., which they eat with their hands; if you give them a spoon they do not know how to use it. Every morning for about twenty minutes the school-master makes them weed in the garden, and once a week they sweep and dust the Church. All this helps to teach them to be smart and industrious. When we have mangoes and bananas we are never at a loss what to do with them. The school children give valuable assistance in making them disappear.

Now I am going to tell you about the little Jubilee we had in Tunapuna. Instead of subscribing to the fund for public

amusements, which were only for Port of Spain, we invited the larger children from all our schools to assemble at our own house at 4 o'clock on Friday, June 19th. Ninety-five presented themselves, looking almost like little ladies and gentlemen. We had games and races till half-past six o'clock, the prizes being extracted from a large bottle of candies. Then we gave them cakes and sweets, and at half-past seven Mr. Morton gave a lecture in the Church on "Queen Victoria." We had prepared suitable music in which the children gave good assistance. The church was filled and quite a crowd of people stood outside. We took a collection of over five dollars for the church debt. After the lecture we had a few fire-works. A good many of the children stayed all night, and all seemed very much pleased with the entertainment.

Miss Morton has a big scholar among her little ones at Orange Grove. His name is Dhanpat. He is a middle-aged man but he sits among the rest and repeats the Indian hymns and catechism with the smallest. He will soon be able to read the Bible in his own language. His way of saluting any of us is to kneel and then prostrate himself, "doubled up like a jack-knife," Mr. Morton says. We have all begged him again and again not to do it, but he cannot quite give it up.

One day that Miss Morton was away I was teaching him and this was the way he read, addressing me by the Muhammedan name for God—Khudawand. "Thel men *Khudawand* jhonk hain *Khudawand*." I was shocked, of course, and reproved him seriously, but gently, as I knew he did it ignorantly, and to shew his respect for me. He then said, "Mem Sahib fears God very much," adding that in India it had always been his custom to address any person in authority as *Khulawand*. He then asked what he should call me; I told him Mem Sahib, so after that, except occasionally when he forgot himself he read on this fashion (translated), "In the lake, *Mem Sahib*, there are leeches, *Mem Sahib*."

SARAH E. MORTON.

MONEY DUG OUT OF A SAND BANK.

The sand bank showed out of the green pasture land as white as a snow drift, up on the hillside, back of the Morris farm house; and there the Morris children and all their little visitors from a distance and all their little playmates from the neighborhood had fine times. It was such beautiful, clean, white sand that never stuck to anything, and they built railroads, and laid out towns and parks, and made fortifications, and built ovens and dug-outs, and everything else that their childish imagination could conceive of.

One morning, old Mrs. Tilton, who lived in a small house over the other side of the hill, asked Jack Morris, as he was driving the cows to pasture, if he would please fetch her a pailful of white sand from the knoll. When Jack told the children, you may be sure they were curious to know what she wanted to do with it. So they loaded all their toy carts and wagons and wheelbarrows with sand, and went in an orderly procession to Grandma Tilton's door. When she saw them she laughed heartily,—for she was a pleasant old lady,—and said,—

"Well, well! I shall have sand enough to make me a dozen sand bags."

"What are sand-bags for, please, Grandma Tilton?" asked the children.

"Why, for the rheumatism and the neuralgia, to be sure. You heat them hot, and they hold the heat better than anything else; and there are curative properties in sand,—although you are too young to understand that. There is nothing so good for toothache or for earache, or to take to bed for your hands or feet on a cold winter's night, as a warm sand bag. You every one of you ought to have one of your own."

"Then everybody ought to have one," said Nellie Starr, who was always the first to think of things. "And we might make some to sell, and so earn some money for the mission band. We all belong to it."

"Why, sure enough!" said Jack. "There is sand enough."

"And our mothers will give us bits of cloth; and away they ran, full of the zeal of a new excitement. Their mothers and older sisters encouraged them in the experiment, only cautioning them to sew the bags nicely, with short stitches, and not fill them too full. When the sisters saw the bags, they made pretty flannel cases for them, fancifully embroidered; so, when next the children started out in procession, their carts were loaded with sand in tasteful bags; and they moved slowly down the village street, stopping at every house. When they returned every bag was sold, and they had orders for ever so many more. Does not this go to show that loving hearts and willing hands can always find something to do to help on the Lord's work? And if everybody ought to have a sand bag, who knows that you may not find a hint in this story?—*Aunt Annie in Home Mission Echo.*

HOW TO DO IT.

The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few,
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

Our hands are so small,
And our works are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
The least little thing—
May work for our Lord in His harvest!

Until, by and by,
As the years pass at length,
We too may be reapers,
And go forth in strength,
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN
HEATHEN LANDS.A DIALOGUE FOR A TEACHER AND FOUR
SCHOLARS.

TEACHER.

"Well, girls, I hope we have all been thinking about our subject for to-day; and that each comes prepared to contribute her quota of information to the general fund. Annie, will you tell us what you have found out about the condition of woman in pagan lands."

ANNIE.

I have read carefully the letters and journals of missionaries living in China, Siam, Burma and Japan, and have talked with two ladies who have lived many years in the East; and there seems to be but one opinion on the subject. Among all heathen nations the very birth of a girl is regarded as a disgrace or misfortune; very many female children are destroyed in infancy, by drowning, strangling or exposure; and of those who grow up, many are betrothed or married in childhood without their own consent, and are often made the victims of cruelty, oppression and violence through life. Some are sold into slavery to bands of strolling actors, and are reared in ignorance and sin."

TEACHER.

"The beginning of life seems sad enough for the little girl. Can you tell us, Emma, how it is with a woman in India after she is married?"

EMMA.

"As she has never seen her husband until after the wedding ceremonies are over, the probability is that there will be little affection on either side; and as the oriental custom places the new-made wife entirely under the control of her husband's mother, the lot of the frightened child thus suddenly thrust among strangers, is usually one of hard bondage, which she learns to accept as a necessary part of the 'curse of womanhood.'"

LOTTIE.

"How does she spend her time? I suppose of course she is shut up in one of those horrid *zenanas*, but what does she do to while away the long dull hours?"

BETTINE.

"O! I saw a letter from a missionary, the other day, on this very subject. If the little wife has married into a wealthy family, she divides her time pretty equally between her toilet and *siesta*, card-playing and the most ridiculous of romances; but if the husband be a poor man, she has all the labor of the kitchen and laundry to perform, often with a string in her hand by which she pulls a cradle two or three rooms off, to keep her infant asleep, and out of the way as long as possible. If she be the mother of *sons*, she rises considerably in the social scale, less labor is required of her, and as *mother* she reigns supreme, during the minority of her boys. But if childless, or the mother of *girls* only, all manner of indignities are heaped upon her; the husband brings in a new wife, and the first becomes the drudge and pack-horse of the household. Sometimes they do the heavy work of the farm instead of the men—bringing down from the mountains large loads of charcoal or wood, and carrying on their backs, for miles, sixty or seventy pounds each, for which they receive one-thirteenth of a cent per pound; and even this pittance goes to the husband."

TEACHER.

"Do you know anything of the way in which the wife is required to conduct herself in the presence of her husband?"

EMMA.

"She must be silent in his presence except when he addresses her; she must blacken her teeth, lay aside her womanly adornments, or do any other unreasonable thing that her lord sees fit to command; she must wait on him while he eats, and make her own repast when he has finished of what happens to be left; and she must always walk behind her husband, and that at a very respectful distance."

TEACHER.

"It would seem that woman's life is from beginning to end one continuous bondage. Until married she must obey her father, while a wife the will of her husband is law, and if a widow she finds a new master in her son."

ANNIE.

"In the last condition, that of *widowhood*, she is, perhaps, most to be pitied, though the life of an oriental woman seems sad enough all through. In some parts of the East, widows are allowed to eat but one meal a day; they must put aside forever, jewels, tasteful dresses, and ornaments of all kinds; and they must spend their time in menial work, being told that the loss of the husband was inflicted as a punishment for the sins of the wife. And in all pagan lands widows are ill-treated, abused, and regarded as outcasts, unworthy even of pity. How dreadful that it should be so and what a sad commentary on the words, 'the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' How grateful we ought to be for the blessings of our holy religion."

TEACHER.

"Yes, dear girls, woman's life in a Christian land ought to be one perpetual doxology of thanksgiving and praise to God, and of benediction upon her less-favored sisters whose lot is cast in lands where the Gospel is not known. Even in Popish lands woman's condition is very different from ours. I remember reading quite recently, a letter from Mrs. Eager, one of our missionaries in Italy, in which she speaks of an inquirer who had just heard for the first time in her life, a prayer uttered in a language she could understand. She was literally 'hungering and thirsting' for a knowledge of the way of salvation, like thousands of others in that sunny land who are reaching out eager hands for the Bread of Life. From Mexico, Brazil, China and Africa, the same piteous cry falls upon our ear. Miss Meon writes from Pingtu. 'The opportunities for woman's work are simply boundless,—so many are anxious to be

instructed and ready to receive the truth when they hear it.' Woman in China is awakening at last to a realization that she is more than a slave born only to pander to the conceit and tyranny of the other sex; that she has a soul to save, faculties to cultivate, a place in the household to fill as a rational and responsible being, and solemn duties as wife and mother to be performed in the fear of God. Let prayer be made without ceasing to God for her; and let many go forth from this land of Bibles, to carry those millions of weary, waiting women, the good news they are so needing and so longing to welcome."

BETTINE.

"Do any of those women converted from paganism make useful consistent Christians, and earnest workers among their own people; and do they hold out to the end?"

TEACHER.

"Yes; a missionary lady told me that the most earnest, consistent, self-denying Christians she had ever known anywhere, were converted heathen. Not long ago there died in Canton, a Mrs. Ling, who for more than twenty years has been an earnest, faithful follower of Jesus, and during all this time was actively engaged as a 'Bible Woman,' rendering most effective service as she went from house to house, telling her people the story of Jesus and His cross. Her last words were, 'I have such sweet peace,—I am just longing to go to my Saviour, to dwell forever in the Heavenly Halls!' There have been thousands of just such earnest, useful lives and triumphant deaths among those who, but a few years before, were bowing down to idols made with their own hands. Let us strive to multiply a thousand and fold these trophies to our Redeemer's grace and there shall rest upon us the benediction of the Master 'well done.'"
—Sel.

The lips of the righteous feed many; but fools die for want of wisdom.

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

God, make my life a little light
 Within the world to glow,
 A little flame that burneth bright
 Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little song
 That comforteth the sad,
 That helpeth others to be strong,
 And makes the singer glad.

God, make my life a little staff
 Whereon the weak may rest,
 That so what health and strength I have
 May serve my neighbor best.

God, make my life a little hymn
 Of tenderness and praise—
 Of faith that never waxeth dim
 In all his wondrous ways.—Sel.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

The snow was falling fast and thick, as Charley, with Bible in his hand, trudged manfully on toward the Sunday-school. "What can be whiter than snow?" thought he, "and yet the verse says, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.' I will ask my teacher what it means."

"Whiter than snow," said the teacher, "whiter than those beautiful snowflakes lying on the floor by your side? You wonder how anything can be whiter, how your poor filthy heart, above all things, can be whiter than snow."

"Let me tell you a story. Once in a stagnant pool a drop of water lay. Discontented and cold, and filthy, it passed the months and days; but at length, one sunny autumn day, a zephyr whispered in its ear, 'Come up, little drop of water, look toward the sun.'

"As soon as the drop arose from its deep, dark bed, and looked toward the glorious sun, then a great change came over it. Far away through the upper air it flew, until at length somewhere and somehow it became a pure snowflake, and returned to cover and beautify its former home. Do you see the moral. You may

be whiter than snow. How it is I know not, but this I know, that if you look toward the Sun of Righteousness, and submit to His warming beams, then will your vile heart become changed. Only say to Jesus—'wash me', and he will make you whiter than snow. Will you ask him?"—*The Sunday-school Times.*

A BRAVE BOY.

A youth went to Sunday School regularly, and had many Bible verses in his mind. He was a temperance lad. So a wicked man in a pleasant manner invited him to drink with him.

"I thank you, sir, but I never drink liquor."

"It will not hurt you."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"You need not be deceived by it. I would not have you drink too much. A little will do you no harm, and will make you feel pleasantly."

"At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' I think it wiser not to play with adders."

"My fine little fellow, I like you. You are no child; you are fit to be the companion of a gentleman. It will give me great pleasure if you will drink wine with me."

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

This was a stunning blow to the tempter. He gave up his wicked attempt, and went back to his companion. "How did you succeed?"

"That fellow is so full of the Bible you can't do anything with him."

The psalmist of old said, "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." If boys and girls would obey God, and grow up to be truly happy, they cannot do better when they are tempted than to "take the sword of the spirit," which is the Word of God. This is the way Christ met the devil; let us follow his example.

ANNAMAH OF INDIA.

BY MRS. S. W. HOWLAND.

In a pretty Jaffna village, about two miles from one of the mission stations, is a Tamil family, all heathen. The father and mother were quiet people, attending to their own affairs, and allowing their neighbors to do the same.

Their one little girl was named Annamah (swan lady). When a girl's school was opened in their village, Annamah, said:

"I want to go to the school."

"No; it spoils girls to study," said her parents.

But as Annamah saw other children go to school every day, she would ask again and again:

"Archie (mother), may I go to-day?" and when she heard the "No, no; girls must not study," the tears would come.

She was like her parents, very quiet, and did not tease, and say *why can't I?* as some children do; but oh, how she did want to learn to read! She thought about it so much, and was so disappointed because they would not let her go, that she could not eat. When they saw this, they were sorry, for they were really kind, and loved their little girl; so, finally, they gave consent, and she went to school.

Then Annamah was very happy. She studied so hard she was soon at the head of her class. It was a real joy to her to study.

One day, after she had been several years in the village school, she heard some one say that girls were going to Oodooville and Udupitty boarding-schools.

"I want to go too, said Annamah.

"No, no; not away from home," said her mother.

The father said he had no money, but when he saw his little girl's grief, he made up his mind he would try to comfort her; so one day she was taken to the boarding school—there everybody loved her. When the missionary lady saw how eager Annamah was to learn, she took pains to show her how to study.

What happy days those were for that little heathen girl! One book she espe-

cially loved, and that was the Bible. She was often found in a corner of the veranda, or sitting on the ground under a tree reading it.

She began to talk about what she read, and to ask questions, and beside, she learned to pray. And as the days and months went by, every one noticed how sweet and unselfish her life was.

At last, when she had courage she told her beloved teacher:

"Now, I love Jesus, I must join the church, so that other people may know that I love him."

After talking with her awhile, the teacher told her she must first go home and tell her friends about it. It seemed hard for her to do it, as you know they were heathen. They said: "What a dreadful thing it is that our child should be so wicked as to become a Christian."

She had to wait nearly a year, and spend two long vacations at home, before they gave their consent to her joining the church. She was very happy when she was baptized, and could call herself a Christian.

As a member of the church she was not idle. She talked with her schoolmates about loving Jesus, and prayed with and for them.—*Mission Dayspring.*

A LITTLE BROWN JUG.

Frank Masters came home from Sabbath school fully resolved to join the "Lend a Hand Workers." Not that Frank cared anything about the heathen or wanted to help them. Far from it. He wished to join this mission circle because he had heard the other boys say that they had good times at the meetings, and besides, there were rumors of a children's sociable and supper at some future day. The latter inducement proved too much for Frank. He presented his name for membership at the next meeting of the "Lend a Hand Workers," and pledged himself to do what he could toward filling a certain brown money jug.

It was singular, but that very day Uncle Robert, hearing about this new missionary

society, and what they proposed doing, gave his nephew a silver quarter, saying as he did so, "Here's so much toward filling the little brown jug."

Frank's face, which had brightened at the sight of the quarter, fell as he heard these words. He had hoped Uncle Robert would help to swell his velocipede fund, but swallowing his disappointment, he took the money with many thanks. Before going to bed that night Frank looked long and earnestly at the silver piece, then at the money jug. He knew he ought to drop it at once into the jug, but visions of a velocipede rose before him, and without stopping longer to listen to the pleadings of conscience he placed the quarter in a box and dropped a two-cent piece into the missionary jug.

"Uncle Robert will never know it," he muttered as he tumbled into bed.

"Ha, ha! don't be so sure," said a queer cracked voice close by his side.

Frank started and rubbed his eyes in astonishment. His chamber had been transformed into a court room and he was surrounded by money jugs of mammoth size and proportions. Before Frank could speak a tall jug who sat on the judge's bench cried out, "Bring the prisoner here!"

Frank was seized roughly by two jugs and hurried before the bar of justice.

"Young man," said the judge, "you are charged with stealing money from the heathen and using it to gratify your selfish desires. Here is your accuser."

Out from the rank of jugs stepped one which Frank recognized as his jug. How cross and ugly it looked at him! His legs shook with fear as his accuser held up a two-cent piece and cried, "This should be a silver quarter. Yonder boy has cheated us in order to buy a velocipede."

"Thankless boy," said the judge, "do you know what a great crime you have committed? Do you realize what it is to be a heathen child? Listen and I will tell you.

"Heathen children are often starved and beaten to death. They are often

buried alive. They are thrown into canals and left to drown. They are thrown into the Ganges River and eaten by crocodiles. They are often thrown under the wheels of the cruel Juggernaut car. They have their bodies cut and bruised and their feet bound in order to please their gods. They are often sold into slavery to masters who beat and kill them. They are taught to be thieves and murderers.

"Such are the lives of thousands of heathen children, and yet you can give only two cents to relieve their sufferings and keep the quarters for your own pleasure. Wicked boy, you shall be punished as you deserve. Gentlemen of the jury, retire and decide this boy's fate."

In a very short time twelve jugs reappeared in the court room and gave their verdict, "Guilty of selfishness in the first degree."

The judge then arose and in a solemn manner sentenced Frank to the life of the heathen child. "Officers, take him at once to the South Sea Islands. We don't want such boys in America." In vain did Frank plead for mercy. He was again seized by two jugs, but he struggled and screamed and—awoke.

Frank Masters, being a boy, kept his dream to himself, but the next morning he dropped the silver quarter into his jug, and as far as I know has been diligently collecting funds for heathen children ever since.—MRS. D. O. CLARK in *Mission Dayspring*.

FOR PURE SPEECH.

A man looking up from sawing his wood, saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard. "See here! what are you about George?" asked the man. "I'm turning two swearers out of the yard, father," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I won't." That is the right time and place to say, "I won't." We wish every boy would take the same stand—no play with swearers. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

AN IDOL.

When grandpa was a sailor he brought an
idol home,
It's twice as big as Mary's doll and ugly
as a gnome ;
But all my aunts and uncles, papa and
many more,
Have had it for a plaything when they
played upon the floor.

It's very strange to think about the life
that it has led ;
I like to play it's living and has thinkers
in its head,
For then it tells me stories just like stories
in a book,
Of cannibals and cocoanuts, and conchs,
and Captain Cook.

Once when I went to bed alone, just to
see how 'twould feel,
I said " Now I lay me " to it, but some-
how it was not real ;
And I felt so funny after that, I sold a
box of toys
To send a missionary to the little heathen
boys.

For I think it's very certain when the
heathen children knelt
They couldn't learn to love it, and prob-
ably they felt
That it was very useless as an idol, but
'twould make
An interesting dolly if 'twas only theirs
to take.

E. W. in *Wide Awake*.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

The following incident, related of a
little heathen Bengalee girl, shows what
children in those far off countries some-
times suffer for the sake of their religion :

A little girl came to school a few days
ago with a severe bruise on her forehead,
and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had
caused it, would give no answer, but
looked ready to burst out in crying. But
another child, a relative, was not so reti-
cent, and said her father, having observed
that she had not done her " puja " for a

great many days, asked her why she so
neglected her devotions, to which she re-
plied : " Father, I have not neglected my
devotions ; I have prayed every day to
Jesus. I do not pray to idols, because I
do not believe in them."

This so enraged the father that he seized
her by the back of the neck, took her be-
fore the idol, and, having first bowed
reverently before it himself, forcibly bent
the child's head several times, striking it
so violently on the ground that it bled
profusely, the child bitterly crying the
whole time. But she smiled happily
enough when this was related in school,
and said that she did not much mind, add-
ing, " I cannot believe that trees and wood
and stone will save me."—*Heathen Wo-
man's Friend*.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus
Christ, even if he can't lead a prayer-
meeting, nor be a church officer, nor a
preacher, he can be a godly boy in a boy's
way, and in a boy's place. He need not
be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He
ought not to cease to be a boy because he
is a Christian. He can run, jump, play,
climb and yell like a real boy, but in it all
he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He
ought to be free from vulgarity and pro-
fanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in
every form and have a horror of intoxicat-
ing drinks. He ought to be peaceable,
gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to
take the part of small boys against large
boys. He ought to discourage fighting.
He ought to refuse to be a party to mis-
chief, to persecution, to deceit. And
above all things, he ought now and then
to show his colors. He is not always to
interrupt a game to let it be known that
he is a Christian ; but he ought not to be
ashamed to say that he refuses to do some-
thing because it is wrong and wicked, or
because he fears God or is a Christian.
He ought to take no part in the ridicule
of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of
others with a bold statement that for the
things of God he feels the deepest rever-
ence.—*Loyal Lad*.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

Bertha and Barbara have been spending the afternoon on the beach, playing in the pools of water left by the receding tide in the hollows and depressions in the sand. They have been so engrossed in gathering the pretty seaweeds and the beautiful shells that they have paid no attention to the turn of the tide, and have only been reminded of it by finding themselves surrounded by the incoming waters, and their escape well-nigh cut off on every side. Barbara has taken to the rock, and both peer anxiously around to find some outlet by which to reach the hard, firm beach. Happily for them, loving eyes have kept watch of their movements, and in good time they will be extricated from their dilemma and find themselves once more within the comfortable and safe shelter of home. And let us hope that the lesson they have learned, and the good advice that they will receive, will not be entirely lost upon them.

The sea is wondrously beautiful, but it is very treacherous and pitiless. It holds within its silent depths countless myriads of human forms and uncounted wealth, wrested from the treasures of earth. The world has no other cemetery in which so many of its sons and daughters lie buried.

And what is life but a great sea, and what are we but children playing upon its shores? We become so engrossed in gathering the pretty trifles that the returning tides cast upon the sands, that we become heedless of the dangers that creep around and at last environ us within their destructive circle. Ah! how many are caught by the tide and swept away forever!

The young man who hesitates between right and wrong—who argues with his conscience that a little wrong is, after all, no very great thing—is already caught by the tide.

The youth who thinks that it is a small matter to deceive, to give a false coloring to facts, and by an adroit use of words to lead others to wrong judgment, is already caught by the tide.

The youth who puts to his own use that which belongs to another, and argues with his conscience that because it is of little value it is a thing of little moment, is already caught by the tide.

The young maiden who fancies that a bold and brazen behavior is more winning and creditable than a quiet, modest and gentle demeanor, who allows her head to be turned by flattery or praise, who thinks so much of herself that she has no thought to bestow on others, is already caught by the tide.

These are no little sins. That which is wrong is thoroughly wrong. To mislead through a falsely colored statement of the truth is as much a lie as any the father of lies ever told.

Once caught in the tide, every hour increases our danger and the difficulty of escape. Let us, then, dear young friends, take heed to the beginnings of evil, and pray the good Father to "direct and guide our steps" with those things that are right. —M. K. H. in *My Paper*.

MOTHER'S PRAYER TALKS.

STRANGERS WITHIN THE GATES.

The pleasant sitting-room was deserted, and Mrs. Palmer found her little congregation on the vine-covered veranda.

"It is pleasanter out here, mother," partly apologetic Edith. "and there is light enough from the hall for us to see to find our text."

"If we can find it at all," said Hal.

"I am sure it is familiar to every one of you," said Mrs. Palmer, "though not perhaps in the sense in which I want you to look at it—'thy stranger that is within thy gates.'"

"Why, that is in one of the commandments," exclaimed Bessie.

"The fourth commandment," said Edith.

"In the twentieth chapter of Exodus, part of the tenth verse," added Alice.

"But that's about keeping the Sabbath, mother," said Hal. "How can it have anything to do with prayers for mercies?"

The faces of the children seemed to repeat Hal's question.

"We will look at it and see if we can find a missionary lesson in it. To what people were the commandments and various laws written in Exodus, Leviticus and Numbers given?"

"The Israelites," was the answer in concert.

"And who were those called 'strangers'?"

"The people through whose lands the Israelites were passing."

"Those of other nations who chose to come among the Israelites."

"Yes. And when God gave His holy laws to His chosen people Israel, they were not only to keep those laws themselves, but they were to see that the strangers among them kept the law also. In Numbers, fifteenth chapter and sixteenth verse, we read, 'One law and one manner shall be for you, and for the stranger that sojourneth with you.' If the stranger wished to make an offering unto the Lord, he was allowed to do so; and the priest, too, could make an offering of atonement for the stranger's sin as well as for the rest of the congregation of Israel. The various nations about the Israelites worshipped idols and had many sinful customs; but if they came among the children of Israel, they were to be received kindly and pointed to the one true God and shown how to keep His laws. The Israelites were even commanded to remember that they had once been strangers in Egypt, and therefore should deal kindly with strangers. You remember that this month our prayers are specially offered for the Indians, the Chinese and Japanese among us. These people are the strangers within our gates, in one sense; and as God has been pleased to give us His gospel and teach us the way to heaven, surely the commandment is for us to do all we can that the strangers may learn of that dear Saviour who died for them as well as for us. If you will turn to Ephesians, second chapter and twelfth verse, we will see what Paul says of those who do not yet know Christ."

Alice found the place, and read, "That at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world."

"There you see how very sad is the state of those who do not know or love our Lord. The blessed promises are not for them. They have not even hope. But if we use all the means we can, and ask God to bless us in our endeavors, even these strangers may come with us into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. I read lately how earnest and thoughtful are many of the boys and girls in our Indian missions, and how pleased a very little girl was when she found she could repeat the same prayer the minister used. 'I pray too, I pray too,' she said. Now, let us work more faithfully, let us pray more constantly, that those who have come among us, not yet knowing our dear heavenly Father, may be so helped and taught that they shall soon be 'no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.'"—*L. R. F. in Children's Work for Children.*

GIVING BY CHILDREN.

The Rev. Thomas E. Carter, of West Side, Iowa, writes: "A few days ago two children came to me from four miles away with \$1.25 each, which they had earned themselves, and which they wanted to give for missions. Their consecrated mother has taught them in early life to love the missionary cause. They know more to-day about our foreign work than many adult Christians do. I inclose the identical letters which came to me with their contributions." These letters are printed by the children themselves, and we publish them just as they are printed:

My mission money I want it to go to
China. ZUING L. BOWEN.
\$1.25. I am six.

My missionary chicken-money I want it
to go to Japan. MILDRED BOWEN.
\$1.25. Five years old.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Sept. 4.—Matt. 6: 24-34. Memory vs. 31-34.

Trust in Our Heavenly Father.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 PET. 5: 7. CATECHISM. Q. 37.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
 How are we to give alms?
 What is prayer?
 What rule has God given for our direction in prayer?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. A Lesson from the Birds. vs. 24-27.

What two masters invite our service?
 What is meant by serving God?
 By serving mammon?
 Why can we not serve them both?
 Which should we serve?
 What is the chief end of man?
 About what should we not be anxious? Why?
 How is trust in God taught by the birds?
 Why are our cares useless and needless?

II. A Lesson from the Lilies. vs. 28-30.

How do the lilies teach trust?
 How do we know that if we trust in God he will take care of us?
 Upon whom should we cast all our care? Why?

III. A Lesson from the Gentiles. vs. 31-34.

What three questions ought we never to worry over?
 Who do worry about these things?
 Why ought not we?
 What should we first seek?
 How are we to seek them?
 Of what will we then be sure?
 What is God's promise concerning his service? 1 Tim. 4: 8.
 Why should we not be worried about the future?
 How will trust in our heavenly Father be rewarded? Isa. 26: 3.

What Have I Learned?

1. That God requires the whole heart.
2. That we must choose between his service and that of the world.
3. That he is a kind and loving Father and his children may trust in his care.
4. That it is wrong to worry about the future.
5. That by securing God's favor we make the best provision for this world as well as for the world to come.

Sept. 11.—Matt. 7: 1-12. Mem. vs. 7-11.

Golden Precepts.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 7: 12. CATECHISM, Q. 38.

Introductory.

What was the subject of our last lesson?
 What duties does it enjoin?
 What are we commanded to seek first?
 What is promised to those who obey?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. On Judging Others. vs. 1-6.

What is the first precept in the lesson?
 What is meant by it?
 Why should we not judge others?
 What is meant by the *mote* in another's eye?
 What by the *beam* in our own eye?
 Why are we more likely to see others' faults than our own?
 What is our first duty?
 How does this fit us to help others?
 How incline us to help rather than to condemn them?
 Who are meant by *dogs* and *swine*?
 What is it to cast holy things before them?
 Why should we not do it?
 What should we do?
 II. On Faith in Prayer. vs. 7-11.
 What is prayer?
 What three counsels are given in v. 7?
 What promise is given to those who pray thus?
 Why are so many prayers not answered?

How will an earthly parent treat the requests of his child?

How will our heavenly Father treat the prayers of his children?

What good thing will he give us? Luke 11: 13.

III. On the Law of Love. v. 12.

What counsel is given in v. 12?

What is this counsel commonly called?

Why is it so called?

What does it mean?

Of what is it the sum? How?

How is the same counsel stated in Matt. 22: 39?

What if our neighbor does not act toward us according to this rule?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we must not judge harshly of others.

2. That we may expect to be judged by the rule that we apply to others.

3. That we should be more anxious to correct our own faults than to condemn the faults of others.

4. That we should pray earnestly and constantly and expect answers to our prayers.

5. That we must do to others as we would have them do to us.

Sept. 18.—Matt. 7: 13-29. Memory vs. 13, 14.

Solemn Warnings.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Matt. 7: 19. CATECHISM. Q. 39.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?

What counsel is given about judging others?

About prayer?

About our conduct toward others?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Two Ways. vs. 13, 14.

What way does Jesus call us to enter?

What does he say of the way to destruction?

What of the way to life?

How may it be entered? Luke 13: 24.

How is it narrow and difficult?

What is said of it in Isa. 35: 8?

How is it a way of pleasantness and peace?

II. The Two Kinds of Fruit vs. 15-23.

Against whom are we warned?

How are false teachers described?

Why should we beware of them?

By what are they known?

How do we know trees?

What is done to fruit trees that do not bear good fruit?

What to men whose works are evil?

What may we do and yet not be saved?

Who shall enter the kingdom of heaven?

What will many plead in the last day?

What will Jesus say to them?

To whom will he say, "I never knew you"?

III. The Two Builders. vs. 24-29.

Whom does Christ liken to a wise man?

How is he wise?

How was the house tested?

What are the floods and storms that assail us?

Who is like one building on the sand?

How did such a building show its sandy foundation?

What is it for us to build on the sand? Matt. 5: 20; 2 Tim. 3: 5; Matt. 3: 9.

Who is the rock for us to build on? 1 Cor. 3: 11.

How may we build on this foundation?

What was the effect of Christ's teaching?

How was it unlike that of the scribes?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we should begin early to walk in right paths.

2. That we must both own Christ as our Lord and do his will.

3. That our conduct should never give the lie to our professions.

4. That each of us is building for eternity.

5. That we should build on Christ, the sure foundation, by both hearing and doing his words.

Sept. 25.—Matt. 2: 1-7: 29.

Review Exercise.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Matt. 7: 29.

Where was Jesus born?
What did the wise men say who came to Jerusalem to visit him?

What did they do when they had found him?

What did the angel of the Lord say to Joseph?

Where did Joseph go with Jesus after the death of Herod?

What was the theme of John the Baptist's preaching?

What did he say to those who came to his baptism?

What took place at the baptism of Jesus?

What was the Father's testimony at his baptism?

Where did Jesus go after his baptism?

What support was given to Jesus after the devil left him?

Whom did Jesus first call to be his disciples?

What did Jesus then do?

What is the first beatitude?

What did Jesus tell the persecuted to do?

What duty did he enjoin upon his disciples?

Whose righteousness must ours exceed?

What did Jesus say of those who will not forgive others?

Why should we not worry about worldly things?

What did Jesus counsel us to seek first of all things?

What was his precept about prayer?

Who shall enter into the kingdom of heaven?

What was the effect of Christ's teachings?

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

LENDING A PIE.

"Mother," said Johnny, "haven't you a pie you would like to lend to the Lord?"

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?"

she asked, for she thought at first it was a joke.

"Don't you remember," he said, "that the Bible says, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord'? I don't believe old Betsey has had a pie for a long time, and I thought perhaps you would like to have me take one over to her; then you would be lending to the Lord, you know."

One of mother's best pies went to old Betsey; only she was sorry she had not thought of sending her one before. But if she had she would have lost Johnny's way of "putting it."

"OVER THE FENCE."

BOY.

Over the fence is a garden fair,
How I would love to get over there?
All that I lack is a mere pretense;
I could soon leap over the low white fence.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way that all crimes commence;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

Over the fence I can toss my ball,
And then I can go for it, that is all;
Picking an apple up under the tree,
That would not really be thieving, you see.

CONSCIENCE.

That is a falsehood, a weak pretense;
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

BOY.

What is the voice that speaks so plain?
Twice I have heard it, and not in vain;
So I'll not venture to look that way,
Lest I should do as I planned to-day.

CONSCIENCE.

That is the way to be safe and strong,
Never be tempted to what seems wrong;
For remember the way most crimes commence,

Is by coveting that which is over the fence!

—*Scl.*

THE PEARL-SEEKERS.

We're a happy Mission Band :
 Pearls we seek along the strand—
 Pearls more precious far than gold,
 Pearls whose value ne'er was told.

At home are little children fair
 For whose dear souls no one doth care ;
 We'll try to show them the true way
 To love the Saviour and to pray.

On foreign shores are millions more ;
 We want to teach them to adore
 The precious Saviour while they may ;
 Yes, love and trust him and obey.

Take courage, then, each fainting heart ;
 May every one true light impart,
 And faithful prove to gather gems
 To sparkle in your diadems !

—*Missionary Exercises.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Willie, why were you gone so long for the water ?" asked the teacher of a little boy,

"We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again," was the prompt reply ; but the bright, noble face was a shade less bright, less noble than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another, who had been Willie's companion.

"Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than necessary ?"

For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for a moment—he looked frankly up into his teacher's face.

"Yes ma'am," he bravely answered ; "we met little Harry Braden, and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water, and had to go back."

Little friends, what was the difference in the answer of the two boys ? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that ? And which was the happier of the two ?—*Christian at Work.*

THE CHILDREN'S MITE.

Little hands, be free in giving ;
 Little hearts, be glad to serve ;
 Each unselfish act of living
 God fails never to observe.

Give not only gold and treasure—
 Give your sympathy and care ;
 Love that knew not stint or measure
 Jesus scattered everywhere.

All the goods your hands can carry
 When you go to God on high
 Are your blessings to the weary,
 To the sick and poor who sigh ?

Angels garner up in heaven
 Every gentle word and deed,
 All the joy your lives have given
 To God's little ones in need.

Sing your praises to the Maker ;
 Love and serve your kind the while ;
 Of each gift you are partaker ;
 God rewards you with his smile.—*Sel.*

LEND A HAND.

When ? Where ?
 To-day, to-morrow, every day, just
 where you are.

You have heard of the girl who sat down and sighed the morning hours away, longing to be a missionary and help somebody ; while her mother was toiling in the kitchen, and looking after three little children at the same time. You can find a place to help brother or sister or friend, and you can help everybody in the house by your patient, kind, obliging spirit, "in honor preferring one another," self-forgetful and mindful of others.

It seems a very little thing to "lend a hand" in these quiet home ways, but if you could see the record, the angels make of such a day you would see that it was a very great thing.

Boys, girls, watch eagerly your chance. Do not be cheated out of your happy privilege. It is a great, noble, blessed thing to be able to "help a little," no matter how little it may be.