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Children's Record

DECEMBER, 1897.



Thoughts for the Gift-Season.

1. The Greatest and Best gift was when Christ "loved me and gave Himself for me."
2. To Him should be my best gift, this glad gift season, and the first gift He wishes is myself.
3. In addition to giving myself, I should give to Him by helping the needy, and by sending his Gospel to those who know it not.

What shall be my gift to Him who gave Himself for me?

GOOD-BYE OLD YEAR.



YEAR old friend, this is the last month you have for me, and it will soon be done. Thanks for all your good to me. You have brought me many good things, health and happiness, food and clothing, home and friends. I did not always use you or your gifts as I should have done, but you have been patient with me in everything.

Thanks especially to my kind Father in Heaven, who sent you to me with so many good things. You were his messenger and these were his gifts, I have not been thankful enough to him, nor tried to please Him as I ought. I will ask Him to forgive me.

Soon you must go and carry back to that good Father the story of how I have used all that you have brought me. You are always glad to tell when I have done well, and He is always pleased to hear it.

When you give in your report, and lay your dear old white head down to rise no more; and the bright New Year, sent to take your place, comes, laden with blessings; I will try and give him a glad welcome, and hope that I may be able to do better with all the good he brings me than I have done with you.

MAKING THE WORLD BETTER.

Every child can do something to make the world better. The way to begin is by striving with God's help to make myself better. If every child would do what they can, along this line, trusting Christ and following Him, how soon the world would be a good glad world, for good, kind, unselfish children would grow up to be good men and women, and there would be Heaven upon earth.

There is another way in which children can make the world better. There are multitudes of children who do not know God and goodness, and they cannot know

unless some one tells them. Will the young people who read these lines do what they can to send to the heathen children the book that tells the way of goodness and happiness?

IN MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER.

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for starting of the cars one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost.

"Come, John, come," said the superintendent, "What are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it out to take with me. My dead mother put the lining in this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and the sad death scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust his little piece of calico into his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far away from the place where he had known so much sorrow.

Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure obeyed. Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience.—*Our Young Folks.*

A LITTLE BOY LEFT BEHIND.

Some of you have seen, during the past few months, the strong, kindly face here pictured. Mr. MacKenzie was one of our first missionaries to Honan. With the others he had his full share of the dangers and trials of opening up that great field.

The people were suspicious and hostile. They thought that the strangers had come to injure them or their children or their country. They could not understand how men would come from a far away land without some selfish end.

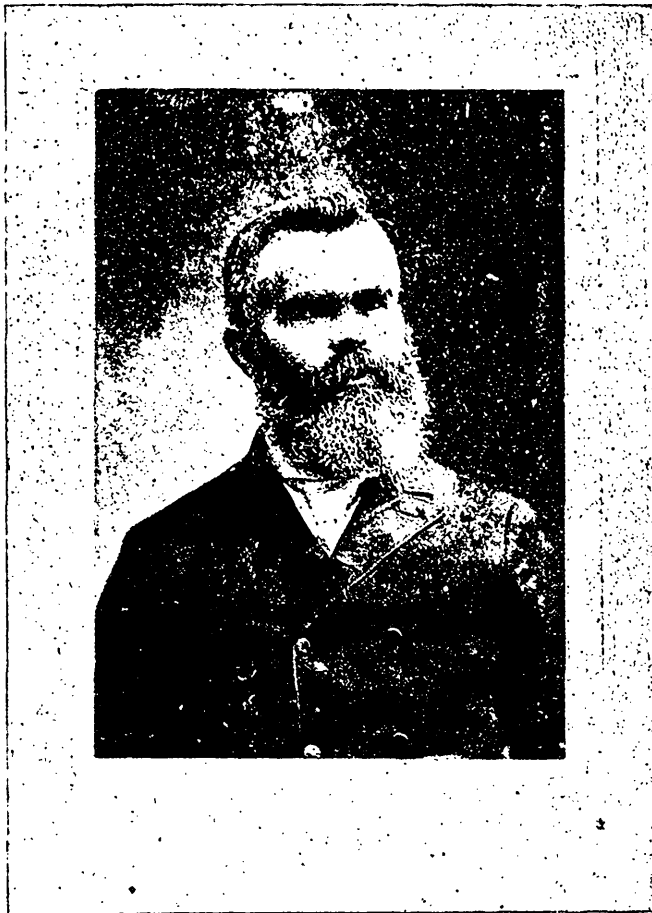
The patience and love and work of the missionaries has, by God's blessing, changed all this; and while many of the officials are yet opposed to them, a great many of the people are very friendly and some of them have become true Christians.

After eight years of hard and trying work, Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie came home for a rest and change, bringing their little boy Eric. But there was little rest, for Mr. MacKenzie was holding meetings all over the Church and speaking for Foreign Missions.

Now he has gone back. But China is not so healthy as Canada. It was hard on little Eric. So he had to be left behind in Canada until he grows stronger. His mother had to remain to care for him. And Mr.

MacKenzie has gone back alone to his work in far off China.

Some of the boys and girls who pray, will pray for that great work, for the lonely



Rev. Murdoch MacKenzie, of Honan.

missionary there, and for the missionary boy and his mother left behind.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journey's run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

THE STORY OF A BLACK BEETLE.

A friend of mine had a kitchen and cellar underground which were infested with these troublesome insects. You might have thought that all the beetles in the parish held council there, so numerous were they. Of course he wished very much to get rid of them, but this was no easy matter. However many, Hetty, the housemaid, might capture one night, there were sure to be quite as many there the next. Poison was tried; but no, the creatures were far too wide awake to eat that; they were not going to be taken in that way; not they, indeed.

My friend, however, being a man of science, was not easily discouraged; and, at length, he devised a plan which seemed likely to succeed. Late one night he went into the kitchen, and scattered on the floor a chemical powder the scent of which he believed would stupefy the insects as they crept along with their noses on the floor, and leave them half dead and senseless, so that they could easily be destroyed.

And, sure enough, the next morning there were a great many victims lying just ready for Hetty to sweep up.

That night the experiment was tried again; but what was my friend's astonishment and dismay, to discover, the next morning, that his little scheme had been detected. One large beetle, indeed, was walking cautiously along, right through the powder; but how should you think he was walking?—actually on his two hind legs, with his head lifted as far as possible from the floor, so that the powder had not the desired effect.

How my friend afterwards managed to get rid of his troublesome tenants I need not say, but I can tell you that it was of no use after the first night, to put down the powder, not a bit.

Now, do you think that was a very wise black beetle? Without at all commending or admiring his character as a whole, I

think we must all admit that in this one thing he acted prudently, and in a manner worthy of our imitation. Strange teacher as a black beetle may seem to be, I really think we might learn a lesson from the conduct of this one; even as great King Solomon learnt a lesson from the tiny ant.

My little readers will find, as they pass through life, many a snare laid to entrap them. The world, evil companions, Satan, and their own deceitful hearts, will all form devices for their ruin, and the only way to escape sin is to walk through this world of sin, where evil everywhere abounds, with great watchfulness, and with heart and eyes raised above.

Let the ruin of others warn you against the power and deadening influences of evil. The very nature of sin is to stupefy your conscience, and to injure your sense of right and wrong. Carefully guard, then, against the first approach of temptation; keep as far away from it as possible; do not for a moment tamper with it; let no evil habit, no evil thought, no vain desires, gain the mastery over you.

My steps, I know, are on the plains of danger,

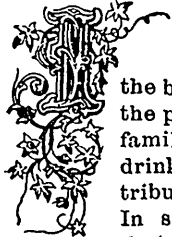
For sin is near;

But, looking up, I pass along, a stranger,
In haste and fear.

Above all, dear children, cultivate this habit of looking up. Yes, look up in prayer and faith, to the Heavenly Father who so tenderly loves you and cares for you, and who will aid your very feeblest effort to please and serve Him. Without Him you will certainly fail, for the strongest of us is weak and helpless, and the best of us is sinful in His holy sight; therefore, day by day, and every day, let us ask Him to direct our steps, and to keep us from every evil way.

Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour Divine, send forth Thy light,
To guide our doubting footsteps right.

CHILD LIFE AMONG THE MOHAMMEDANS OF PERSIA.



N Persia there is always rejoicing and feasting at the birth of a son, however poor the parents may be. In wealthy families the father gives a tea drink to his servants, often distributing presents among them. In some homes girls too are welcome, but the parents would be ashamed to show any pleasure at the birth of a daughter.

When it is known that a child is born, the neighbors call to "bless his foot," usually accompanying their congratulations with a gift. The schoolboys of the district come to the house in a body and sing a blessing from their teacher, the *mullah* (priest). They are generally rewarded by a sum of money, which they carry back to their teacher, who, in return, gives them a half holiday. Frequently one band of boys meets another coming to the same house, and the result is a fight. Whichever school finally succeeds in carrying off the money gains the half holiday.

A new-born baby is not allowed to nurse until the *azan*, or call to prayer, has been heard three times and the roof of its mouth has been touched with sacred earth. Then baby has begun life as a good Mohammedan.

Naming the baby is an important ceremony. The *mullah* comes to the house and intones the Mohammedan creed, then blows into the child's right ear and pronounces its name three times. He repeats this performance, blowing into the left ear. Afterward tea and sweets are served to the neighbors who have assembled.

A Persian mother takes many precautions to protect her baby from the evil eye. When it is but a few days old it is held over a smudge made by burning a species of bean, and a little of the charred bean is rubbed on its face. Charms are put about its neck, wrists, and ankles, and blue

beads are sewed on its cap. When baby sleeps he is strapped to his cradle, and is protected from light, noise, and air by a close-fitting covering which is held off from his face by a bar across the cradle top.

When a child is old enough to run about its costume is like that of a grown person, except that a girl does not begin to wear the *chuddar*, or veil, till she is nine years old. After that she must cover her face in the presence of any man, excepting the members of her own family. She is obliged to fast and pray, while her brother need not begin until he is sixteen. She helps her mother in the housework, brings the daily supply of water on her back in large earthen jars, and arranges in order the shoes which callers shuffle off at the door. She waits on her father and brothers, and, when they have company, serves, but cannot eat or sit down in their presence. When she goes out to play she must take the baby, if there is one in the family. The baby is tied firmly on to her back, then she runs, plays jack-stones, or bounds ball, not minding the weight on her back any more than the baby minds the shaking up.

Girls make their own dolls, of sticks padded at one end, for which they delight to make clothes. After a girl is nine, however, she must leave her dolls and begin to sew on her wedding outfit. Besides making her own wardrobe and household furnishings, she must, at her marriage, give a sample of her needlework to every member of her husband's family as well as to other friends. As a girl may be married at twelve, nine is none too soon to begin the wedding preparations.

Girls never go to school. Occasionally a tutor is employed to teach a favorite daughter to read, but it is against the law that a woman should learn to write. Among the rich the girls are not obliged to do housework, but are kept more strictly than their poorer sisters. They never leave the harem except when, closely veiled and attended by an escort,

they visit the public bath or pay a call, or occasionally go for a tea drink to some secluded garden.

The boys, while small, are under the constant care of a man nurse, or *lala-bashee*. He accompanies them to and from school and to their weekly bath. The older boys often join their father in his visits, rides, and hunting. They may have a tutor at home, but are usually sent to the mosques to school. There is no bell or clock to tell the hour, but when the sun has risen a spear's length it is time to start for school, which lets out when the sun is within a spear's length of setting.

The boys carry their lunch done up in a handkerchief. At noon the head boy of the school selects a portion from each for the mullah. All the scholars sit on the floor and study aloud in a sing-song voice, swaying back and forth over their books. The volume of sound proves the industry of the boys, therefore the noisiest schools have the best reputation.

The scholars learn to write, study the Koran and the Persian poets, and enough arithmetic to enable them to keep accounts. If a boy expects to become a *nirza*, or scribe, he has special instruction in polite expression and flattering phrases, the most important part of the art of letter-writing.

When a boy is promoted the teacher is rewarded by the boy's parents. At New Year's and every other feast day the scholars take presents to their teacher, if only a dish of raisins with a ten-cent piece on top. When a boy is inattentive or lazy, or sometimes if his parents fail to pay his tuition, he is punished by the *bastinado* or by having his hands switched. The feet are so often hurt by the *bastinado* that scholars are laid up for several days.

With the mosque for schoolroom, the mullah for teacher, and the Koran for principal text-book, the boys' education is largely religious. Every Thursday evening, which is the beginning of the

Mohammedan Sabbath, it is the custom for friends of the dead to go to the cemetery and read certain chapters from the Koran. A group of schoolboys is always on hand, eager to earn a few coppers by reading for those who cannot read themselves.

Many families are too poor to send their boys to school, and they must learn a trade instead. The father decides what trade his son shall learn, and apprentices him to a master workman. At first the boy earns but half a cent a week, which, however, relieves his father of his weekly barber's bill for every true Mohammedan should have his head shaved once a week. The master has as much authority over his apprentices as the teacher has over his scholars. Frequently, when a boy misbehaves at home, his father reports him to his master or teacher, and requests that he be punished.

Among the peasants the boys take care of the cattle, watch the sheep, and help the men plow by sitting on the yokes of the oxen (riding backward), guiding them with long sticks.

In spite of hard work or long school hours Persian boys manage to have plenty of fun. Among their games are hockey, tops, and marbles. They either manufacture their own marbles from clay or stone, or use the small ankle bones of sheep as substitutes. Fighting eggs is a favorite amusement. Hard-boiled eggs are tapped against each other, the strongest shell winning those which it breaks.

The gala time of the year is the New Year's celebration, which lasts several days. The Wednesday preceding New Year's Day is the great day for fireworks, feasting, and general merrymaking. Some of the observances of this day resemble our Halloween customs. In the evening the boys run about the roofs, letting bags down stealthily through the skylights, to be filled with nuts and sweetmeats, with which they gamble the next day.—*A. Labarbee, in S. S. Times.*

THE SNAKE CHARMERS.

BY REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

[For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.]

Our picture represents a not uncommon sight in India—the snake charmers, or men who travel about exhibiting tricks with snakes.

Among the many uncanny reptiles of India the snake is not the least significant. Strange to say the commonest snakes are the most poisonous. The bite of the cobra,

The Karite is a small snake that often infests the house, climbing the curtains, and hiding behind sofa cushions; and often narrow escapes are made from being bitten by it. The daboya, though not perhaps so common is even more dangerous. But the cobra is the most dreaded, as well as the most revered of India's snakes, and many thousands of Hindus meet their death annually from its bite.

These snakes have very developed poison bags on either side of the head,



The Snake Charmers.

daboya, and karite, is very deadly, and these are the snakes generally found around about our houses, out houses, and gardens.

In my own experience, and I have travelled thousands of miles through the districts of India, I have met with very few snakes in my camp life; but I have found them to be much more commonly encountered in and about human dwelling places.

which, when distended, as they always are under excitement, present the appearance of a hood. It is this hood, sometimes marked also in the shape of a V, which gives the cobra such a noble appearance in the eyes of the Hindu. His reverence goes the length of believing it to be a god, and giving it worship. Especially in Nag-pauchmi' or snake festival season, these people will place milk beside the snakes' holes as an offering.

The men in the picture are snake charmers, and the snakes are cobras with their hoods distended. They are of course rendered harmless by having the poison fangs removed. The superstitious people however believe that the charmer exercises some power over the snakes.

All snakes, but especially the cobra, are fond of music. One of our ladies, once when playing the organ, turned round, and to her horror, found a snake on the table at her elbow, swaying backwards and forwards to the music.

It is by this means the charmers exercise a power over snakes, and will often call them from their homes to be caught, by means of a small wind instrument. The cobra with neck erect, hood distended, and swaying backwards and forwards, keeping time to the music, is a very interesting sight.

We know the snakes however only as one of India's pests, often a source of great danger. One evening as Mrs. Russell was entering her dressing-room she saw a cobra coiled up near the little chair where our boy had been sitting only a few moments before. Sometimes these snakes have been found by our missionaries in their sitting rooms, crawling on the floor, or coiled up on a chair. Such experiences however are fortunately not frequent; but the abhorrence with which we learn to regard the cobra, makes it the more difficult to understand, or sympathise with, the Hindu in his worship of them. It is such facts as these that should stir us up to a more earnest effort to give them the Gospel, and win them to the worship of the true God.

A TIMELY COLLECTION.

A crowd of little street arabs was gathered at the door of the Clark Street Mission waiting for their teacher. They were ragged and dirty, and many of them doubtless hungry; all of them familiar with

hardships. There were swarthy, black-eyed girls, with shawls pinned over their heads, and boys with toes peeping out of their ragged shoes. Presently a new arrival appeared, leading by the hand two children, a little more forlorn in appearance than themselves. One had sore eyes, and was apparently half blind.

"See here, fellers," was the introduction of their guide, "these two kids haint got nobody to take care of 'em. They sleep in a box, and they haint had nothing to eat to-day. Can't we do sunthin' fer 'em?"

"Let's take a collection," some one suggested, and there was a general murmur of approval.

A ragged cap was produced and passed around. Grirly hands plunged into the recesses of tattered garments for pennies, and the collector announced the result—"seven cents." A committee, a large one, was appointed to go to the nearest bakery and invest the funds. Some small cakes were bought, which were thrust into the hands of the children, and they bidden to eat. When the teacher arrived, she found the "two orphans" the centre of an admiring group, contentedly munching their cakes, and with much satisfaction the case was turned over into her hands.—*Union Signal*.

WHEN YOU ARE MEN, BOYS.

You will soon be men, boys,
Soon will have to take
The places of your fathers;
Fill them for their sake;
And in all that's noble
Pray be wide awake.

Don't be mean and selfish,
Stoop not to deceit;
In all things be manly;
Life will then be sweet
And death's coming find you
With your work complete.—*Scel*

GAVA AND JAMBA.

Two African Children.

These stories are true to life, and Mrs. Stover, of Bailundu, Africa, who wrote them for the "Mission Dayspring" has known many such boys and girls.

Thoughts of an African Boy.

Jamba is my name; Gava is my sister. I am the Elephant and Gava is the Hippopotamus. Those are the names always given to twins. It is fun to be twins, when you are the boy and Gava is the girl; then you don't have to go to the fields with mother and carry the baby on your back; Gava does that. She brings the wood and water too, and cooks the beans. I don't like to work. Work was meant for girls to do. I like to lie on the grass and watch the ants and lizards. I like to hunt and fish too, and swim. Then when I am hungry Gava cooks mush for me. That's what girls are for.

Sometimes I have my turn herding the cattle. That's no fun. I wish Gava could do that too. Some day I will grow big; then I can marry lots of wives and own slaves to do my work. *Then I'll be a man.*

Some folks are queer. White folks are. They say it is a shame for a strong boy like me not to work. They say I ought to help Gava and I ought to go to school. If I go to school I will have to wear a shirt and that is too much trouble.

I don't know, though. It would be nice to look like those Jesus boys. They do have good times, even if they are clean and have to work. My poor toes are so sore, and some of them are eaten off with jiggers. Those boys keep the jiggers out, and *they* comb their hair.

They say Jesus loves black boys, and that He died to save us. I don't know how that can be, but they have a book full of beautiful pictures about this Jesus. If I wash my face and go to school I can see the pictures and sing. It is fine to hear the Jesus boys sing. It makes them look

happy. And they are not afraid of the dark and don't get drunk. They say Jesus makes boys good, so they will not lie and steal. Wish I knew Jesus. Guess I'll go.

Thoughts of Poor Little Gava.

How dark and cold it is out here alone! My teeth chatter with fear as I hear the dreadful hyena crying outside my hut. How hungry he is! Oh, if he should break through the thatch and carry me off! I wish my brother Jamba was here; boys are not so afraid as girls.

I am only a little black girl, and I live in a heathen village in Central Africa. My mother tells me I must begin early to learn to work; so she ties the baby on my back, puts a basket on my head, and I trudge after her to the field three miles away.

I have had no breakfast, for my brother ate all the mush that was left from supper, and when I tell mother I am hungry, she ties a piece of bark tight around my stomach. She says that will make me feel better; but it don't, it hurts.

I must not cry, though, or she will slap me, and tell me the lions will come and eat me up. When we get to the field mother digs up a sweet potato and I eat that; it tastes good, too.

Baby cries and wants mother, but she must hoe the corn; so I stand up and shake and shake my body till he falls asleep. Then mother puts him in a safe place and tells me to pull up weeds. I want to go to sleep too. My back aches and so do my legs; but mother says I must grow strong by working hard, then I can marry and have a field of my own.

By and by when the sun is getting low we leave the corn, and go into the woods and gather sticks to take home to cook our supper. I wish I was baby and could ride on mother's back; but I must carry this heavy basket of wood.

When we reach the village we find father sitting in the visiting house, smoking with a lot of men. He calls to me as we pass by, "Bring me a gourd of beer."

So mother takes off my load of wood and puts the great gourd of beer in my hands. It is so heavy that I stagger and almost fall. Father calls out: "If you spill that beer I will beat you." Oh, how I tremble as I drop on my knees before him, while he drinks and treats his friends.

He is better natured now; and when the gourd is handed back he tells me to drink the thick dregs left in the bottom. I go back to our hut, and mother hands me a large clay pot, and tells me to hurry and bring water from the brook to cook our food.

On the way down the hill I pass a lot of boys, who are having a nice time lying on the soft green grass. I wish I was a boy, like Jamba. He never has to carry wood or water. He sees me as I go by, and calls out to make haste and bring the evening meal.

I hurry on and fill my pot; but just as I am climbing up the steep rocks my foot slips, and my waterpot lies broken at my feet. O, dear! O, dear! I cover my face with my hands and wail till some one brings mother. She is very angry and says it will cost her much corn, as it was a borrowed pot and she must pay for it.

I flee to this deserted hut, creep into a dark corner and cry alone. I am so tired and hungry. My head aches, and now I am all burning up with fever.

I keep thinking about that broken pot. Perhaps my uncle will sell me for a slave to pay the fine. Oh, if I could only die! Then they would cover me with lots of cloth—more than I have ever had in my life. They would send for all the relatives who would wail for me and shoot off gunpowder; they would dance and beat drums and make beautiful noises all night. They would have a big feast, and then they would question my spirit as to who caused my death.

Then I would come back and torment with fear those who have made me so unhappy. It is a dreadful thing to be a heathen girl in Africa.

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

Four may take part in this short exercise, each giving one recitation. Some appropriate song may be sung in conclusion.

ADD.

Add to your faith from day to day—
 Knowledge and love, and you then will
 pray
 As never before, for souls in need
 Who look to you, as for help they plead.
 Add to your love, the patience strong
 That will still keep on, though the way be
 long.
 Add to the pennies, nickels and dimes,
 And make them ring the pleasantest
 chimes
 As they send good news to the far-off
 climes,
 And to sad waifs here far happier times.
 Add, and keep adding, from day to day :
 In the Mission Cause, 'tis the only way.

SUBTRACT.

Subtract from your heart each selfish aim,
 Let your gift be brought in the Savior's
 name.
 From the gold and silver subtract the
 cross,
 Make the offering pure, for all else is loss.
 Subtract all pride and all mere display ;
 In the work for Christ, 'tis the only way,
 And thus will He bless you, day by day.

MULTIPLY.

The seed that is sown must be multiplied,
 And scattered and scattered far and wide.
 The workers here and in every land
 Should be increased to a mighty band.
 The Homes for the destitute and sad
 Should be multiplied, and the world made
 glad.
 By the help of all, is the work increased,
 From the greatest, down to the very least.
 The helpers should multiply each day
 In the great world's work, 'tis the only
 way.

DIVIDE.

Divide, divide, what you call your own,
And share with those that have never
known

The light and love and the comfort true
That all your life have been given to you.
As freely as ye have received, then give,
For only by giving, we truly live.

"Give a portion to seven, and also to
eight."

Is the Scripture word, and you must not
wait

To see what somebody else will do ;
Be quick to give what belongs to you.
Divide your time and your money and all,
That you may answer the piteous call
That rings on the air from day to day.
Divide, yes divide. 'Tis the Christ-like
way.

HOW FOOT-BINDING BEGAN.

This dreadful custom of China is said to have begun as follows. Dr. Kui, a medical officer of China, recently lectured on this subject, and said that foot-binding was probably commenced by a concubine of one of the emperors in the Yuen dynasty. She desired to please her lord, or rather to outshine her compeers in the art of pleasing. At a feast she appeared in her new dancing apparel, having her feet bound to represent the crescent of a new moon. She devised a new kind of dance, by tottering hither and thither, which was said to be very graceful. This was the beginning of this horrid and most barbarous custom, which has been in existence for centuries.

What a terrible amount of suffering for a little innocent girl to have her dainty little feet crushed and bound in such a manner. You may imagine the process of decay that would be required before the feet are so paralyzed as to bring them to the size of a "golden lily." Before the nerves are deadened it must take about three years of constant torture. It is a ghastly sight to witness the bandaging process.

A LITTLE GIRL'S KIND ACT.

COAL cart was delivering an order in the city the other day, and the horse made two or three great efforts to back the heavily-loaded cart to the spot desired and then became obstinate. Poor beast, he thought he was being made to do what seemed to him an impossibility, and besides it was a very hot day and no doubt he was over-heated and weary. The coarse, brutal threats of the driver did not serve as an encouragement for him to "try, try again." He probably felt that great injustice was being shown to him. The driver, with terrible oaths, began to beat the horse and soon a crowd gathered. Among the crowd were some children who had been "playing house" on the stoop of a vacant house. They had seen the cruel driver beat his horse and they left their play to go and see if some policeman would come along and arrest him. But none came, and strange to say for some minutes none of the older lookers on interfered.

One little girl only eight years old, was so sorry for the poor horse that she went up to the driver and said: "Please, mister if you'll stop whipping the poor horse, I'll get all the children around here, and we'll carry every bit of the coal to the manhole, and let you rest while we are doing it."

The man stood up and looked around in an ugly, defiant way, but he saw by the looks on the faces of the crowd that they thought the little girl had shown a sweet spirit, and had the best of him, and he began to give in, and after a moment he said: "Mebbe he didn't deserve it, but I'm out of sorts to-day, perhaps a lift on the wheels will help him."

The crowd came around the cart, a hundred hands helped to push, and the horse brought the cart to the spot with one effort. Then the little girl went back with her companions to "play house" again, with a

happy heart. The driver, I am sure, will remember the good lesson that child taught him; and when he is tempted to be brutal to a poor dumb animal he will stop and show mercy.

In a city of Italy a long time ago, there was a King who had a Bell of Justice hung in a tower in the most prominent part of the city. Any one who had been wronged could go and ring that bell and the city officials would attend to his case. One day a poor old half starved horse was looking for something to eat, and he caught hold of the bell rope and the Bell of Justice rang loud and clear.

When the man whose business it was to answer the bell, saw this poor old horse, he took up his case at once. The officials found that he had been a faithful, hard working horse, but now he was too old and worn out to work any more his owner had turned him out with nothing to eat and no shelter. The owner of the horse was punished for his cruelty, but the horse had the most comfortable kind of stable and the best of food the rest of his life. A Bell of Justice in these times would be a good thing to call attention to the many cruel wrongs of the world.

That "A soft answer turneth away wrath" is very true. The little girl's kind words and gentle way of speaking had much more effect than if some one had berated the driver with hard words and oaths as so many do. Remember, dear children, that kind words, and gentle ways have a deal more of influence in quieting angry spirits than harsh words and provoking ways.—*Evangelist*.

WHAT TO GET MAD AT.

Sometimes you hear a boy say, "I can't help getting mad."

Well, my boy, don't try to help it, if you will only be angry in the right way and at the right things. There are plenty of things in the world at which it is perfectly right and proper for you to feel angry.

Suppose we try to find out what some of them are.

To begin with, be angry at yourself for being foolish or cowardly or cruel.

Be angry at any meanness or deceit or injustice in others.

Be angry at inhumanity to horses and cats and dogs and birds and insects.

Be angry at false pride or snobbery in a boy, which makes him think himself better than others because his father has a bank or drives in a carriage or holds some high office.

Be angry at whoever tempts you to do a little, mean or despicable thing, or to act from a selfish or unworthy motive.

Be angry at whoever sneers at the virtue of woman, or the goodness of Christianity, for the sake of your mother and sister who are women and Christians.

Be angry at one who is mean enough and coarse enough to blaspheme the name of God in your hearing.—*S. S. Advocate*.

LONG BURIED SEED.

A young man in Southern India once took a load of fowls to the mountains to sell, and as he stood in the path a missionary stepped out of the house and read to him a portion of the Bible.

The youth returned to his home on the plains, and probably was never seen again by the missionary who met him upon the mountains; for the latter returned to the United States, and died before anything was heard of that young Hindu. He lived for thirty years in his heathen home, and was as much of a heathen as any of his neighbors.

At last he expressed his desire to become a Christian, to a catechist who had been sent to labor in that village, and they with others, went to the nearest missionary to secure his admission to the church.

Upon being asked what had turned his mind to Christ, he said it was the influence of that former missionary on the mountains more than thirty years before. He was baptized by one who was an infant when the little incident occurred that first arrested his attention.—*Indian Standard*.

Children Who Worship Idols.

Once again, dear Lord, we pray
 For the children far away,
 Who have never even heard
 Jesus' name, our sweetest word.
 Little lips that Thou hast made,
 N'eath the far-off temple's shade,
 Give to gods of wood and stone
 Praise that should be all thine own.
 Little hands whose wondrous skill
 Thou hast given to do thy will,
 Offerings bring and serve with fear
 Gods that cannot see nor hear.
 Teach them, O, thou heavenly King,
 All their gifts and praise to bring
 To thy Son, who died to prove
 Thy forgiving, saving, love!—*Selected.*

THE WHISPERING FOOT-PRINTS.



DDY, oh-h, Eddy, where are you ?

"Here, mother," came a shrill little voice from the backyard.

"Come, here, Eddy; I want you to do something for me."

Then the back door opened, and Mrs. Taylor heard the soft thud of the bare feet along the passage. But when Eddy entered the sitting room and stood by mother's sewing table, she only said, "Why, Eddy, what's the matter ?"

Now there were no cuts or bumps or bruises about the little boy. Why should the mother think anything was the matter ? Because his brown eyes, which generally looked right up at you, like two little birds flying out of a cage, now had an uneasy look; neither here nor there, but away.

"Nothing's the matter," said Eddy, looking out of the window; "what did you call me for, mother ?"

She had wanted him to run down to the village post-office, to mail a letter, but the letter was forgotten now. Mother was silent for a few minutes; then seeing some-

thing between her table and the door, she spoke :

"I am sorry my little boy has disobeyed me about going to the apple-bin without leave." Eddy gave a little start. "The reason God put me here as your mother, Eddy, is because He thinks I know better what you ought to do, and ought not to do, than you do yourself."

Eddy did not answer. He was asking himself how mothers knew everything a fellow did.

"I am specially sorry that you should disobey me by sneaking through the coal-room window," said Mrs. Taylor. "I would much rather have you say, 'I won't mind you,' and go in before my eyes, than go in by telling a lie."

"Why, mother I didn't say"—began Eddy, glad of a chance to defend himself.

"Do you think you only talk with your lips ?" interrupted his mother. "What do you suppose has whispered to me that you have been in the apple cellar, and that you went through the coal room ?"

"I can't imagine," said Eddy, honestly.

"Look behind you."

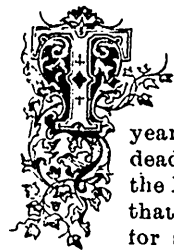
The little boy turned, and there, behind him and the door, were five coal-dusty foot-prints on the white matting ! Mother could not help smiling at the look of surprise and dismay on the little face, but it was rather a mournful smile.

"Do you think we can ever do wrong, Eddy, and not leave marks of it somewhere ?" she asked. "And, oh, my little boy, the marks that sin leaves are on our hearts, which ought to be clean and white for God's eyes, instead of being all tracked over by wrong-doing."

"Won't they come out ?" asked Eddy. He meant the foot-prints on the matting, but his mother was thinking about those other marks, when she said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' You must ask him to forgive you, Eddy, and to take away your guilt, and to hate sin, which leaves such ugly foot-prints on your little life."

And then for a punishment, and for a reminder, mother kept the footprints on the sitting-room floor that whole day, so that Eddy might see them and remember how every wrong deed left dark stains on his little heart.—*Christian Observer.*

A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL.



TOTSI (the Chinese word for beans) is the name of a little girl in Central China. She is thirteen years old and her mother is dead, and her father lives near the Home, where all who go to that part of the empire stay for some months while beginning to study the language.

A school for Chinese girls had been opened near Totsi's home, and the teacher asked Totsi to come, but at first she would not go. The teacher of the school was kept busy, that she could not study much at the language, so she wanted some one to come and help her and learn to read in the school. Totsi, hearing of it, came and asked if she might come and work for her. It did not seem as if she were large enough to help much; but she was told that she might try if she would obey and come to school every day.

The Chinese houses of the poorer people have mud walls with a floor of earth, and only a few benches and board for a bed, as furniture, and the little girl had to learn how to sweep and dust and keep a room clean and tidy. She soon knew how to do many things very nicely, and would look after the smaller girls.

After she had been in school a few weeks she came and told her teacher that she believed in Jesus. And when the New Year came, when everybody worships idols, she said they did not have any in their home now, and her father told those who came to see them that it was because they believed in the true God.

She did not like to study, but when told

that she would not know how to serve God unless she could read her Bible, she did much better.

One morning she asked her teacher to go to her home with her this afternoon and tell some of the women the "doctrine," as they call the teaching about God, and said she would tell them anything they could not understand. Several women and children were gathered in one of the homes, and she explained what was said until they learned the speaker's words and way of telling things.

At another time she went with her to see the sick mother of one of the other scholars, and while there some one prayed earnestly that God would heal her. The next day the teacher was saying that she had not heard how she was, when Totsi said she was better, and when asked who told her, they found that no one had, but because they had prayed she felt sure that God had made her well again.

Will not the boys and girls who have been taught so much about Jesus, pray that the Gospel may soon be preached to all the children of heathen lands?

PART OF THE CONCERN.

A clergyman on his way to a missionary meeting overtook a boy, and asked him about the road, and where he was going.

"Oh!" he said, "I am going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries," said the minister.

"What do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I am part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and I always go to the missionary meeting."

Every child should feel that he is part of the "concern," and that his work is just as important as that of anyone else. Linchpins are little things; but if they drop out, the wagon is very likely to come to a standstill. Every pin and screw should be able to say, "I always go to missionary meetings. Why, I am part of the concern!"

Small Courtesies.

One evening last week I entered a room where several young people with books and work, were sitting around the lamp. The young man with the lexicon and the grammar on the table before him was the busiest of the group; but he instantly arose and remained standing until I had taken my seat. The little action was automatic. The habit of this family is to practice small courtesies, and the boys have been trained from childhood to pay deference to women.

Equally charming are the manners of girls in the home I speak of—gentle, soft-spoken, appreciative, considerate, and reverential. To old people they are tender, to children kind, to each other lovely.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Interior.*

May I be more like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek,
For no one marked an angry word,
That ever heard Him speak.

Brave, Good, Sophie.

There was to be a Sunday-school concert in which a number of children were to take part. There was a good deal of excitement over it, and all who had to recite or sing were much interested. Some of those who had not, as yet, been selected for any share in the work were interested, too, but they did not all show it in as pleasant a way.

As it drew near the important time two of those who had been chosen for special parts were taken ill, and it seemed a little hard to fill their places.

"I shall not do a single thing," said Lena Martin. "I wasn't asked in the first place, and I'm not going to be second choice."

Then it was found that Sophie Leonard had taken the part, and had promised to do the best she could with it.

"Why, Sophie," said one of her mates, "you don't feel as Lena does, do you? Lena says she won't be second choice."

"Why, really," said gentle Sophie, looking up brightly, "I'd rather be even the last choice, I think, for then I would know that nobody else would do it, and if I didn't it might fall through, and so I would feel sure it was all right to try. If I should be first choice I should be afraid I ought to give the chance to somebody who could do it better."

"What a good way to look at it!" said her friend, and it happened that soon afterward this very girl was asked to take the other vacant place, and, because of Sophie's good example, she did not refuse.

Those who really wish to help will be humble and do what they can, whenever asked, without insisting on being first choice.

—"Welcome."

While You Are Growing.

Growing girls and boys do not always appreciate that it is while they are growing that they are forming their figures for after life. Drooping the shoulders a little more every day, drooping the head as one walks, standing unevenly, so that one hip sinks lower than the other—all these defects, easily corrected now, will be five times as hard in five years, and twenty-five times as hard in ten years. A graceful, easy carriage and an erect, straight figure are a pleasure to behold and possessor, and are worth striving for.

An easy way to practice walking well is to start out right. Just before you leave the house walk up to the wall and see that your toes, chest and nose touch it at once; then in that attitude walk away. Keep your head up and your chest out, and your shoulders and back will take care of themselves.

A southern school teacher used to instruct her pupils to walk always as if trying to look over the top of an imaginary carriage just in front of them. It was good advice, for it kept the head raised. Don't think these things are of no value. They add to your health and your attractiveness, two things to which everybody should pay heed.

—"New York Times."

The Mite Boxes.

Hither, thither, through the land,
Dear little boxes flying,
Gather mites from many a hand,
To help the heathen dying.

Slowly, surely, gathering so,
Treasure for the Master ;
Hear them whisper as they go,
"Send the message faster !"

Hither, thither, here and there,
Helping, tell the story :
Dear, little boxes everywhere
Bringing souls to glory.

SUNSHINE—A FABLE.

"A cold fire-brand and a burning lamp started out one day to see what they could find. The fire-brand came back and wrote in its journal that the whole world was dark. It did not find a place, wherever it went, in which there was light. Everywhere there was darkness.

The lamp came back and wrote in its journal : "Wherever I went it was light." What was the difference ? The lamp carried sunshine with it, and wherever it went it illumined everything. The dead fire-brand had no light in it, hence everywhere it went everything was dark. If we would be happy ourselves and make others happy, we must "scatter sunshine."

A little girl was sitting at the breakfast table ; through a crevice in the wall of the dining-room the sun was shining on the table. The little girl chanced to lift a spoonful of rice to her mouth, upon which the sun was shining, whereupon she exclaimed : "Oh, mamma, I swallowed a spoonful of sunshine !" Our lives and homes would all be brighter if we would swallow some sunshine occasionally.

The secret of a happy life is to have sunshine in the heart. If there is no sunshine in our lives all will seem dark to us wherever we go.—Selected.

SELLING HIS CHILD.

Nothing more clearly shows the difference between the religion of Jesus Christ and the false worship of cruel gods, than the treatment of afflicted children in heathen lands. In our own Christian country, a deaf and dumb child is tenderly treated, and taught so kindly and so skilfully that he is not far behind other children in knowledge and happiness. But see the difference in pagan Africa, as shown by this story of a little deaf and dumb boy, from a missionary paper :—

"He was a miserable little creature, not more than three years of age, and was without clothes of any kind. The cruel father was whipping him to make him stand straight. The child was deaf and dumb, and for this reason he was being sold, because his parents thought that he could not be of any use to them.

"No one would bid for the child, and he was about to be put to death when the missionary came up and asked the father how much he wanted. He said six pounds of salt. The missionary readily gave it, and took the child away.

"He sent the boy to one of the mission schools, and he is there to-day, a bright and promising pupil, learning of Jesus, whose name brings happiness to childhood wherever it is known.—"Forward."

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