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THE
CHILDREN'S
RECORD

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

VOL. 3. DEC, 1883. No. 12.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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All communications to be addressed to

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

Dear Young Readers, for another year THE CHILDREN'S RECORD has visited your homes and now thanks you for the hearty welcome you have given to it.

TWELVE THOUSAND copies monthly have gone out to see you all over the Dominion from Provinces by the Atlantic to the far West.

It has found some of you in the home of the fisherman where even the boys and girls can manage a boat as it tosses like a feather on the waves.

Some of you have welcomed it into homes far back in the woods where the boys can swing an axe almost as well as the men.

It has found some of you in the crowded city where you have little space for play, houses, houses, everywhere, and some of you on the wide prairie where you had a play ground as far as you could see and level as the floor.

It has found you in very different surroundings too. Some of you read it as you were surrounded by every luxury, some of you it visited in small and lowly homes, but everywhere it met with a cordial welcome, for which it gives its heartiest thanks.

During the year your RECORD has carried to you letters from our missionaries in different parts of the world. From Trinidad, and the New Hebrides, from the North West, from India, from the New Mission in China, and from Formosa, it has carried letters which your missionaries have written to you through its pages.

Last month you had a letter from Rev.

Jonathan Goforth whom so many of you have seen and heard, and there are more to follow. This month Principal Grant has again written you an interesting letter about the far off Maories of New Zealand.

Although it is so early in the Season, Christmas is coming and before your RECORD can visit you again it will have come and gone, so it takes this opportunity of wishing you all a happy holiday season. And just here let the RECORD whisper in your ear how to have such a season, "Try to make others happy."

Will you get more subscribers for your RECORD? Show it to some girls and boys that do not get it, and ask them to take it for the coming year that they may get its missionary stories and letters.

In a month or two you will hear how much your paper has made for Missions during the year. Already it has paid \$200 to the Foreign Mission Fund and hopes to send another hundred or two when the accounts for the year are settled. This is your gift to Missions as the RECORD is yours, and the more readers you can get for it the more will it pay.

Sample parcels of the CHILDREN'S RECORD will be sent free to all who wish them for distribution.

Do not send postage stamps please, in payment for your papers. Send P. O. order or registered letter.

LETTER FROM PRINCIPAL GRANT.

MELBOURNE, Aug. 14th, 1888.

My Dear Boys and Girls:—

Since writing to you from London, the great centre of the British commonwealth, I have sailed over many thousands of miles and seen several of the Colonies in the Southern Seas of which you have no doubt read something.

The first country at which I halted for a few weeks was South Africa, where we have two Colonies, known as the Cape and Natal, besides Protectorates over native States extending away North to the Zambesi River. There are also in the same country two Republics, the white inhabi-

tants of which are chiefly Dutch Boers or farmers. These are the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The white population of all this vast area is only about half a million, while the native blacks number four or five millions.

Missionaries of many churches have done a great deal of good in different parts of the land, but in this letter I cannot tell you about them, for I wish to write about another people and land to-day.

From the Cape of Good Hope, or the Cape of Storms, as it was called by Bartholomew Diaz who first rounded it, I sailed to Tasmania, a beautiful Island, where for the first time in my life I ate apples that I thought as good as or perhaps even a little better than Canadian apples.

After a short visit, we sailed on from Tasmania, the long rollers of Australian seas chasing our steamer, to New Zealand, one of the fairest countries I have ever seen; a land of mountains and fiords; of luxuriant forests, whose great trees are so dressed with liands and parasitic plants that it is impossible to distinguish the foliage of the one from the foliage of the other; of fern-covered hills, grassy plains, vast sheep-farms and boundless mineral wealth.

There are two large islands and a small one that proudly calls itself the third. Taken together they have a length from North to South of about 1100 miles. In area, they are nearly equal to the British islands.

Captain Cook, one of the greatest navigators and closest observers who ever lived, was the first European who visited New Zealand. He introduced the potatoe and the pig. The soil and climate proved so kindly that these soon became the chief food of the natives. The pigs increased at such a rate that the Northern Island was overrun with them, and sheep-farmers were obliged to destroy them without mercy.

Other animals and birds, that have been introduced since, thrive in the same way. Thus a gentleman brought a few rabbits, that he and his friends might have some

sport in shooting them; but "bunny" has multiplied millions-fold and become a plague. In many districts the grass has been eaten to the roots so that no food is left for the sheep, and in consequence the people have been almost ruined. They are now introducing stoats and weasels to keep down the rabbits, but perhaps the remedy may turn out to be worse than the disease. Farmers' wives who keep hens will soon think so, in all probability.

The native inhabitants of New Zealand are called Maoris. They seem to me a noble race; well developed physically, brave, and intelligent. They have very long arms and bodies, but short legs. Their features are good, though the habit of tattooing the face, and in the case of women, the lower lip and chin, makes them look less beautiful in our eyes. They are copper-coloured, and have straight or wavy black hair, and well cut features.

When missionaries first visited the Island, they found the tribes at war with each other. Some had bought guns from whalers and other persons, and these conquered the other tribes and ate all whom they captured. They saw no more harm in eating a man than in eating a pig, and they thought the flesh of a man nicer than pork. However, the missionaries soon gained great influence over them, and in 1841 they induced many of the chiefs to enter into a treaty with Captain Hobson, who had been sent out by Great Britain to be Governor of such parts of the country as might be ceded to the Queen, and in this treaty they acknowledged the sovereignty of Britain. The Governor frankly acknowledged what he owed to the missionaries. "There can be no doubt," he said, "that the missionaries have rendered important services to this country. But for them, a British Colony would not at this moment be established in New Zealand." The treaty of Waitangi was confined to the North Island, and only to the coasts.

It was made just in time. For, a French Company had fitted out two vessels and filled them with emigrants, intending to make New Zealand a French Colony. They arrived a few days after the treaty of Waitangi.

'angi had been signed. Finding that they were too late, they sailed for the great Southern Island, and landed at a harbour near the town of Christ Church, only to find that they were forestalled again. Governor Hobson had sent on Captain Stanley of the Spitfire, and he had arrived three days before the French Captain had hoisted the Union Jack, and was holding a court over some whalers when Captain Zaborde arrived with his two vessels.

The Frenchman laughed good naturedly and landed his emigrants, who were well treated, and then sailed away and seized New Caledonia which the French hold to this day as a convict settlement.

Thus it was by what we call accident that New Zealand became a British Colony and not a French penal station. Much was certainly due to Captain Stanley's promptitude; and it is therefore pleasant to see an acknowledgment of it in Christ Church Cathedral, in the form of a font erected to his memory by his brother the late Dean Stanley; but every one who knows the vast importance to all Australasia of the New Zealand group will see in the determination of its future history the finger of God.

For a long time, things did not go on well between the British and the Maories. Misunderstandings led to wars; and in these wars the natives showed surprising engineering skill, as well as bravery. Had they willed they could not have been conquered in our day, if at all; but only a few hundreds were ever arranged against us at any one time, while numbers fought on our side or aided as guides or scouts. Thousands of British troops as well as colonial forces were sent against these hundreds, and of course the wars ended with the defeat of the natives. But brave men always respect bravery in an enemy, and the conquered Maories have been treated well, better indeed, so far as I know, than any other native race with which we have come in contact. They number about 40,000 and they own an enormous amount of good land in the Northern Island, an amount sufficient to realize a moderate fortune for each of them; man, woman and

child. They have representatives in the Upper and Lower Houses of Legislative, and appreciate this privilege highly because it enables them to state their views fully, before anything is done bearing on their lands or their position in the community. They intermarry with the pakshas or whites and I have little doubt that they will ultimately be absorbed in the general population and contribute to the New Zealander of the future some distinct traits of character. To judge from their past, since we have known them, these traits are likely to be good rather than bad. Here are one or two stories that show the stuff of which they are made:—

During the terrible inter-tribal wars that took place after the introduction of fire-arms, one young chief, over whom the missionaries had gained influence, desirous of making peace with his enemies, concealed himself near their pak or fortified village. He could see every one who went out and in without being himself seen. At length, one of the head chiefs went out to some distance, to observe whether any foe was approaching, and after a time sat down not far from him. He stole quietly upon this one as he sat with his back turned to him, sprang suddenly on him, overpowered him, pinioned his arms and led him off as his prisoner. After going well out of sight of the pak, he stopped, unbound this prisoner's arms, and bid him bind his instead. The captive did so and took his former captor to the pak. Immediately on entering it, scores threw themselves on the stranger, but the chief commanded them to stand off for a little. He led his captive to the *maral* and there surrounded by the tribe explained what had happened. All were struck with admiration, the prisoner was at once unbound, and peace between the two tribes was made.

In one of our wars with the Maoris, "which began, literally, for nothing that an ordinary court could not have decided, Whether or not one party had a right to sell land that the other wanted to buy," the enemy fell back on the pak of Orakan, resolving to defend it to the last. They numbered between three or four hundred,

and had no supplies of food or water, but though attacked by fifteen hundred trained soldiers, they resisted successfully for three days. Musketry, grape, hand grenades were all tried against them, but no impression was made. At length, preparations having been completed for a final assault, General Cameron anxious to spare the lives of such brave fellows, sent them word that they were surrounded and could not resist longer. but that if they ceased fighting, their lives would be spared and good care taken of them. They answered promptly, "Friends, this is the reply of the Maori; we shall fight on, *ake, ake, ake*, for ever, for ever, for ever." Again, the General sent word, "If you are determined to die, give up your women and children, and we will take care of them." "Who is to die?" they haughtily answered; "wait a little. Our women also fight. This is all we have to say, we shall fight on for ever." And fight on they did, till all were killed with the exception of a few who were taken prisoners. From these not a single thing was taken by the soldiers, who on the contrary shared their tobacco with them, paying them the respect due to brave men.

Now, are not such a people worthy of being treated as British Subjects? Is it not pleasant to think that they are all good friends with us now, and that there is not the slightest danger of any more wars with them? Missionaries chiefly from the Anglican and Methodist Churches, have taught them for many years, and the great majority are now Christians, with native teachers and preachers of their own, who fight as bravely on the side of Jesus, as their countrymen once fought on the side of the King, whom they chose to rule over them as a united people. Few savage races seem able to hold their own, when a civilized race settles among them. The best future for them is gradual incorporation with the civilized, and christianity prepares them for such a future. The lion and the tiger refuse to be domesticated and they perish. The horse and the dog become our friends and survive. So, a savage race dies out. A race that accepts

civilization lives. The native Australians are nearly, and the native Tasmanians wholly extinct. The native New Zealanders are our fellow-citizens, and in the Church and the State, in business and society, they meet us on a footing of equality.

A BOY'S CONFESSION.

The *Church Missionary Gleaner* tells the following story of a little boy who had been brought up at the mission house at Ibadan, Africa: "You will be glad to hear Akielle begins to show light to his parents. A few days ago his father sent for him. The boy went and found his family engaged making yearly sacrifice. Sheep were slain, and the blood sprinkled about, a number of people rubbing their foreheads in the dust. The little boy thought to himself he had better go back, but the father, seeing him, called him near and said, 'Now, Akielle, I want you to worship with us. Here is Erinle (pointing to one of the idols); this is the god who gave you to me.' The child, quite in African character, replied by asking some witty questions. 'If Erinle gave me to you, father, how many children has he left for himself?' The father was puzzled, and said, 'Perhaps none.' 'Well, then,' said the boy, 'I don't think he would have been so foolish as to give me to you if he had none for himself?' Then the father said, 'Well, you must worship with us.' The boy answered, 'No, father, I cannot.' 'Why can't you?' 'Why, father, because the Word of God says, Thou shalt have none other gods but Me.' As they remained quiet, the child went on and repeated the second commandment. He was asked several questions, which he answered readily and respectfully, and the father ended by saying, 'Well, Akielle, there is one thing you shall do.' The little fellow thought, 'My father is going to flog me, or make me worship those things;' but the end of the sentence was, 'You shall go back to the mission house where you have been taught.' So Akielle ran joyfully back."

LETTER FROM FORMOSA.

BY A TWELVE YEARS OLD CHINESE BOY.

Rev. Dr. Mackay sends to the young readers of THE CHILDREN'S RECORD the following which is a translation of a letter written to him from Sin-tiam by the eldest son of Tan He one of the native ministers of Formosa.

FORMOSA, TAMSUI, August 28th, 1888.
Sin-tiam Church,

Pastor Mackay :—

My father told me to write you a letter and do it all myself. I am now twelve years old and going to school every day. I know where Canada and other lands belonging to Great Britain are. I know where Oxford County is because my father always talks of the places where you taught before Oxford College was built. I know where Trinidad, New Hebrides, India, and the great broad land on the North belonging to Canada, are. I remember you preaching when I was very little and from then till now, at breakfast, dinner and supper your name is mentioned.

Every body that comes says, "O what a lovely and strong chapel." Just now hundreds are burning paper and worshipping idols. My playmates and school boys envy me, they say I needn't do anything about idols. I am so glad that my father and mother *believed* what you preached and they are so glad too. I hate to see the dirty, smoky idols. They couldn't help me, I would burn them as fast as any one would give them to me.

Last Sunday after you left, our people from the tea-hills sat a long time with my father and talked and sat. They said you gave them honey when preaching and were sorry you couldn't come more often. My father and some more cried. Now Pastor Mackay I worship the God you do, I read His Holy Book, and I believe in Jesus Christ. I like that hymn you got for us, "Jesus loves me," all of us children do like it. Now peace be with you Pastor Mackay.

I CHHENG GI.

Write and send you this letter, on 7th, moon, 21st day.

CHRISTMAS DIALOGUE.

MARY.

I've been thinking, little sisters, if a little child should be
Hither brought from some lone islet in the far off Southern sea ;
And should ask why summer garlands deck our house this wintry day,
Why we seem so glad and happy, Annie, dear, what would you say ?

ANNIE.

I would tell the lovely story of the Babe of Bethlehem ;
How they laid him in the manger when by night he came to them ;
I would tell how Mary dressed him, and with soft and fragrant hay
I think the manger-bed she made, where Baby Jesus lay.

FANNY.

I would tell that gentle shepherds, watching o'er their flocks by night,
Saw suddenly around them the shining glory light,
And heard the angels' tidings about a Saviour's birth,
And then the heavenly chorus, " Good will and peace on earth ! "

BESSIE.

I'd tell the wondrous story about the shining star
That led the holy wise men from Eastern lands afar ;
Until they found sweet Mary, and Jesus-child with her,
And gave him precious presents, " gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

CARRIE.

Then I would tell how Jesus, this blessed little child,
Grew up to perfect manhood, holy, pure, and undefiled ;
How living, serving, dying, himself for us he gave ;
He loved us so, he lived and died our souls from sin to save.

NETTIE.

Then to the little heathen child I think that I would say,

Don't you think that we have shown you
why we love this Christmas day?
Don't you see we must be happy and our
happy gladness show
Upon the birthday of the One who blessed
and loved us go?

SADIE.

And we all would promise the heathen
child that we
Would send the knowledge of his love to
the islands of the sea,
Till all the world shall Christmas keep re-
joicing for his birth,
Whose love in God's good time shall bring
good will to all the earth.

Good Times.

THE STORY OF A CHRISTMAS DIME.

It was the evening of the Christmas festival. The church had been crowded with a happy throng of children, who had sung their sweet carols, received their presents, and dropped their dime offerings with willing hearts into the contribution-box as it went its rounds, that they might send the glad story of the Babe of Bethlehem to those dark lands where the little children had never heard of Jesus and His love.

Now the church was empty, and the happy children had gone home to dream of Christmas joys. Only the old sexton remained in the church, and one after another he extinguished the lights until they were all out, and he had to grope his way along the aisle by the dim light of the lantern he carried. He sat down in a chair to rest before he should lock the great oaken door and go homeward, and while he rested his eyes fell upon a contribution box. "A goodly offering," he murmured, as he lifted it and felt its weight.

The silver coins rattled together as he put the box down again, but surely that was not the sound that the old man heard. Far, far away, so soft that he could scarcely distinguish the sound, so sweet that he fancied it must be angels singing, came a chorus that swelled like the notes

of a mighty organ until he could hear the words:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

Ever the chorus swelled and grew louder and clearer until the old church itself was filled with the melody that swept like a wave along the arched roof and lingered in the dim aisles.

"Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men."

Surely the voices were beside the old man, they sounded so clear and distinct, and he looked about him, but he was alone in the dimly-lighted church. "

"Good-will to men."

The chorus grew faint again and died away, then all was silence.

"What could that music have been?" asked the old sexton, wonderingly.

"That was the song of the Christmas Dimes," said a silvery, sweet voice so near to him that the old man started. A beam from the lantern fell upon a silver dime that had fallen from the contribution-box and dropped unseen upon the carpet.

A bright little face seemed to smile up at the old man from the coin.

"Yes, that is the Christmas Dime," it repeated. "The good tidings of great joy which we are going to carry to all people. Won't you put me in the box with the others, so that I can join in the chorus? My little master would grieve if he could see me lying here."

"Who was your little master?" asked the sexton curiously, as he picked the little coin up and paused to listen to its answer before he restored it to the contribution-box.

"My master was a poor, little, ragged newsboy, who never heard the story of Jesus but once. He wandered into Sabbath school to listen to the singing one Sabbath, a few weeks ago, and a kind lady sat down by him and told him of the dear Saviour who had died for him. His little heart overflowed with love for Jesus as he heard the story of his suffering and cruel death upon the cross, and he longed to do something for Him to prove his love.

He heard the superintendent telling the children about the Christmas dime offering, and he resolved to bring his Christmas gift to the Saviour too, though he was only a poor, homeless little boy. Every penny that he could possibly lay aside he gladly saved towards his dime offering, and he often made his scanty meals even scantier that he might save more. Running across the street among the carriages and omnibuses that rattled along, his foot slipped and he fell under a horse's hoof. His poor, senseless body was taken up and carried to a hospital, where he was cared for by kind hands. His first thought was of his dime, and his greatest grief was that now he would not be able to earn enough to complete the sum by Christmas, but a friend gave him some money for oranges, so he gladly went without the juicy fruit, which would have been so grateful to his perched lips, that he might add the pennies to those he had already saved.

"The doctor gave him a bright silver dime for the copper pennies, and poor, little Dan's eyes were brighter than my shining face when he clasped me in his little hot hand and said, joyously:

"This is all for my Christmas present to Jesus.

Won't you take it to church for me, doctor, and give it to send out missionaries?

"And so the good doctor brought me, and he did not notice that I slipped from his fingers before I was safely in the contribution-box. Then he went home to tell Dan of the beautiful services and the sweet singing. Hark, the song is beginning again! All the Christmas Dimes from every part of Christian lands are lending their voices to the glad chorus." As the old sexton dropped the bright Dime into the contribution-box the sweet song echoed again, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men."

When it died away again the old sexton took his lantern and went homeward, and as the echo of the sweet song still rang in his ears he wished that all the dear little children who had brought their silver

dimes to Jesus for a Christmas offering could hear the sweet chorus too, the same that heavenly host had sung to the listening shepherds on Judea's starlit plains: "Glory to God in the highest peace on earth, good-will to men."—*Canada Pres.*

YUNG FU.

BY MISS M. A. HOLBROOK, M. D. IN MISSION DAYSRING.

Poor little Yung Fu! He sat sobbing as though his heart would break, upon the carved tiger's head that formed the stone lintel of the entrance to the missionary's court. His mother and father were dead; and his eldest brother had brought him to the city to throw him away, for he was a cruel, hard-hearted gambler, this older brother of Yung Fu, and was no longer willing to support this helpless little boy of seven birthdays. They had come into the city in the early morning, after a long tramp from their native village by the river. After wandering about the city for half a day, hungry and heated, dusty and tired, the two paused in their walk, attracted by the crowd gathered about a foreigner who was selling books upon the street. As the two stopped with the crowd, the little fellow stretched himself out upon a huge log lying in front of a coffin maker's shop, near which the foreigner was standing as he told the people gathered about of the stories his books contained. Yung Fu was soon fast asleep, while the big brother gazed at the peculiar stranger. He noted the full white beard, and wondered how old he was—had he one hundred birthdays? He wondered at the uncouth clothing and how much it cost. At last he observed that this strange man was talking in his own language.

"From what outside country is this man come?" he asks an aged man with long garment and huge tortoise shell spectacles, whose clothing and manner alike indicated the teacher.

"This man is from America—a proclaimer of the way," the teacher answered.

"What way?"

"The Jesus way."

"I never heard of this strange way--some outside sect, no doubt. What grotesque eyes the stranger has, blue and so level with each other! Strange people these foreigners. A man can believe anything bad of them, they are such strange looking and acting people."

"I don't believe half the stories told of them," the teacher replied. "These foreigners have been here more than twenty years. They live on the street of the Three Gates."

"But what kind of a business does he call that--selling books at this cheap rate? To print them cost more than the price of them. If he gave them away I could understand that he did it to lay up merit; but to *sell* them--that isn't his true business, I know. He must be a spy."

"They are no spies," replied another, whose square-cut moustache, trimmed even with his lip, proclaimed him a Mohammedan. "These foreigners made this long pilgrimage to lay up merit. Their hearts are good."

"Yes, they are righteous, very righteous," continued the old teacher. "They with their money pity the poor. They use foreign medicine to heal the sick, and they have hearts that truly love men; but I must hasten. I have a little affair. I'll see you to-morrow," turning with a low bow to the teacher.

"I'll see you again," the other replied, and the little group of talkers went their way.

Yung Fu's brother, as he turned away, saw the little fellow, whom he had for the time forgotten, lying sound asleep upon the log. All day he had been contriving a way to get rid of him, and now was his opportunity; so he turned hastily away, but in turning his eye caught the sight of the coffins inside the shop, and the thought of death chilled him. Would not the spirit of his dead father, departed only a few months since, visit him in punishment if he left his father's son to perish? Perhaps the log upon which he was lying, itself so soon to be converted into a receptacle for the dead, lent a superstitious fear to his thoughts. Giving the boy a rude

shake he called out "Wake up. Get up and follow me."

Soon Yung Fu's brother observed that they were upon the street of the Three Gates, and the words spoken by the teacher about the foreigner came to mind. "They pity the poor. Their hearts are good. They are laying up a great deal of merit." So while the little boy was asking curious questions about the procession, the brother was forming his plans for leaving him to the mercy of the foreigners.

After a little time they came opposite the foreign compound, which with its high wall looked from the street like an ordinary Chinese residence, except that by the side of the entrance was a little sign-board that told passers-by that the American teacher whose name was Chang lived there. The two brothers stood here till the crowd passed by; then the cruel man told his little brother what he had brought him there for. He told Yung Fu to sit on the doorstep till some one came out; and then to knock his head upon the ground to the foreigner and beg him to pity him and save his life. He told Yung Fu to say that he was no beggar; but that his father and mother were dead, and he had no uncle or brother to support him.

"If they ask you where you are from," he said, "you are to say, from Fu Lien; and in no case are to tell where you really lived. If you don't do as I say," he added angrily, "the dragon will swallow you up some dark night; and if ever you come back to my house I'll throw you into the river."

With these words he turned and went rapidly down the street to spend the night at an opium den. Poor little Yung Fu was speechless with fright, and motionless as he saw his brother disappear; and then as he realized that he was really thrown away and left to the mercy of those dreadful people whom he had heard called "foreign devils" so often, and of whom he had heard frightful stories, he turned to run away. But his brother's words were in his ears, and he did not know but what he was hiding somewhere to see if he obeyed; and he had received to many

beatings from him not to know that he must do as he was told. So he sat down upon the stone tiger head in the doorway, and sobbed as though his heart would break.

So absorbed was he that he did not hear the clatter of donkey's hoofs and the merry shout of children, till they were close upon him and asked him what the matter was. He stood trembling, without a word, at the strange sight. He knew they were children; but whether boys or girls, or both, he could not tell, because of their odd dress; but he could understand every word they said, and they soon had him inside the court to tell his story to their father.

He was not a bit afraid of this man, the very one he had seen on the street before he took his nap on the log. This man urged him to tell the truth, and not to tell one lie, and he would help him. Encouraged by the kind voice and by the children standing by, he told his story truly, just as it had happened to him. Then, realizing what he had done, and remembering what his brother had said about the dragon and what he would do, he turned pale with fright, and began to sob and tremble violently.

After a while he told the missionary what his brother had said; and was wholly comforted when told that he could have a home there, and go to school with the other Chinese boys he saw playing in the yard.

The missionary told him that there was no dragon at all; but a kind father in heaven who would be his father to protect him from all evil. Little Yung Fu's tears were dried, and there were smiles on his face instead, and though he could not understand the meaning of a Father in heaven, he knew it must be something good. The missionary's children were as happy as they could be, to think they had found and saved this little boy, and he was their special charge and playmate from that day.

Yung Fu's brother never came for him, and so he grew up under the care of the kind missionary, and will some day be a

preacher of the gospel to those of his people who do not know the Father in heaven, who led him to the kind missionary's home.

THE CANNIBALS OF FIJI.

SUSIE.—What have you been reading about, Nettie?

NETTIE.—Something terrible about people eating one another.

SUSIE.—They must have been cannibals, and certainly did not live in our or any other Christian country.

NETTIE.—They were cannibals of the very worst sort, and lived on the little island of Bau, the capital of the Fiji Islands.

SUSIE.—I should not like to go to such a place.

NETTIE.—That was fifty years ago, and no one else cared to go there except to fight the cannibals, and if anyone was caught he was soon roasted and eaten. They were delighted to have strangers come to their shores, for they were then provided with a good meal.

SUSIE.—That was dreadful. But do these people still eat human beings?

NETTIE.—No; through the influence of Christian missionaries, who dared to go among them, they have been won over to Christianity and become kind and gentle.

SUSIE.—That is a wonderful change for such savages. But I wonder they did not kill and eat the missionaries.

NETTIE.—It does seem that they were miraculously preserved. They were given a home on the top of the hill above the town, and, while they often saw the ovens heated to cook the captives taken in war, they were not molested, but left to pursue their work.

SUSIE.—They must have been brave men and had great faith to take them among such ferocious creatures.

NETTIE.—They did have both courage and faith, and God has greatly blessed both; and to-day there is no safer place to go to than Bau, though it has been said that more human beings have been killed and eaten there than anywhere in Fiji. Such is the power of religion.—*Sel.*

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

A boy, ten years old, pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and laths taken from some demolished structure—an every day sight in our large cities. Tired and exhausted, he halted under a shade tree. His feet were sore and bruised, his clothes in rags, his face pinched and looking years older than it should. The boy laid down on the grass, and in five minutes was fast asleep. His bare feet just touched the curb-stone, and the old hat fell from his head and rolled on the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A laboring man—a queer old man, with a wood saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment under the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but immediately returned again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tiptoed along until he could bend over the boy, and then took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat—the dinner he was to eat if he found work—and laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carelessly away, looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight as if he wanted to escape thanks.

Men, women and children had seen it all, and what a leveller it was! The human soul is ever kind and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked down from his steps, and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman came along, and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The pinched faced boy suddenly awoke, and sprung up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people waiting around to see what he would do. He

knew that he had slept, and he realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why he sat down, and covered his face with his hands and sobbed.—*Live Oak.*

THE STORY OF BHAGIRTHI.

Mrs. Edward S. Hume, of Bombay, India, in the Annual Report of the Marathi Mission, tells the following story of one of the girls now in their school: "About the first of December, the woman who acts as cook for the boys' boarding school brought three little heathen girls to our door to ask whether or no we would receive them into the primary department of the Christian school. Two of them were her own children, and the third was a child of a neighbor. She was only six years old, had no mother, and her father wished to have her come regularly, the woman said. Little Bhagirathi was received with the cook's children, but she alone remains steadfast. It was not a fortnight before she had become so fond of the primary school teacher as to say to her, "I want you to take care of me. I will stay with your people always." And so one Saturday morning the little girl came to our dining-room window, bringing her father and the teacher with her, to say that she wished to enter my girls' boarding school. They are high caste tailors in rank, and were the child the daughter of his own rightful wife we could not have had her, but the man said, "Bhagirathi's mother has died; she is my daughter. I am not allowed by my caste people to keep her. None of our caste will touch her; no one will bathe her, no one will comb her hair, and I must let her go. One man of a lower caste has this week offered me rupees 200 (\$70) for her, because she is a nice girl of high caste. Others wish to buy her, but they will only harm her; they will take her for their own profit and injure her. You people are kind; you may take her, Madame Sahib. I cannot sell her for I love her! What shall I sell her for? I have my trade and enough to eat. I do not wish for money, but I wish her to be taken and cared for. I will give

her to you; you may do with her what you will." I asked whether he would sign a paper to this effect, promising not to interfere with the child, and giving me entire control and guardianship of her for life. This he willingly agreed to do. So Mr. Hume took him over to the Police Court near by, and asked the authorities if this could be done. They informed him that no father was allowed to sign away his child for lifetime, but there was a rule permitting a man to consign the guardianship of a child, relinquishing authority over him or her for a given number of years.

"So little Bhagirthi was given to us by her father's written promise for fifteen years. She is now over six years old, and will, if spared, by that time be twenty-one, when every law will sustain her in acting independently for herself. She is a bright, attractive child, and we trust and pray that she may indeed be a chosen vessel kept for the Master's use among her own people. Every Sabbath morning the father comes to our Sabbath-school in order to meet his little daughter, and we only hope the deep love he shows for this little daughter may be the means of revealing to him the deeper love of God, in Christ his Saviour. Will not the readers of this report pray earnestly for little Bhagirthi, and for her gray-headed father Haridaas?"—*Mission Dayspring*.

A LITTLE GIRL'S TALK.

A few Sundays ago I heard a little girl's talk over her pocket-book before church time. Her brother said to her:

"Where's your money? There will be a contribution to-day."

She went to get her pocket-book.

"I have two silver ten-cents and a paper one."

Her brother said:

"A tenth of that is three cents."

"But three cents is such a stingy little to give. I shall give this ten cents. You see I would have had more here' only I spent some for myself last week; it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left after I have used all I wanted."

"Why don't you give the paper ten-cents? The silver ones are prettier to keep."

"So they are prettier to give. Paper ten-cents looks so dirty and shabby. No. I'll give good things."

So she had put one ten-cents in her pocket, when some one said:

"I hope we can raise that \$300 for Home Missions to-day."

Then that little girl gave a groan.

"O, this is Home Mission day? Then that other silver ten-cents has to go too." And she went to get it, with another doleful groan.

I said: "If you feel so distressed about it why do you give it?"

"O, because I made up my mind to always give twice as much to Home Missions as any thing else, and I shall just stick to what I made my mind to."

Now this little affair set me to thinking:

1. We should deal honest with God in giving. "It is not fair," said the little girl, "to count your tenth after you have used all that you want."

2. We should deal liberally in giving. If the fair tenth is a pretty sum, let us go beyond it and give more.—*Selected*.

"NOW YOU ALL SLEEP"

What should you think, children, if in the midst of service on the Sabbath your minister should close the Bible and say, "Now you all sleep"? Do any of you ever sleep without his telling you to? But this is just what Rijok, the preacher on the island of Arno, one of the Marshall group, said to one of the congregation of one hundred, who filled the little church on the Sabbath when the *Morning Star* was in the harbor. When he said "Go to sleep", every person in the room covered his eyes and bowed his head during the prayer that followed. This was Rijok's way of telling the people to take the posture of prayer. It may look like sleep, but it is a time when all should be truly awake and interested. To close the eyes and bow the head is not prayer, but it keeps one from wandering thoughts while prayer is offered to thus shut out the sight of the world without us.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Dec. 2.—Judg. 2: 11-23. Memory vs. 11, 12.

Israel Under Judges.

GOLDEN TEXT.—HEB. 3: 12. CATECHISM. Q. 104.

Introductory.

Of what is this book of Judges a record?
 Who were the judges?
 What authority did they exercise?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The People's Sin. vs. 11-15.

How long did the people continue faithful to their covenant? v. 7.
 What kind of a generation then arose? v. 10.
 What sin did they commit?
 Whom did they serve?
 Why were they bound to serve the Lord?
 What were the consequences of their sin?
 How had the Lord warned them of these things?

II. The Lord's Deliverance. vs. 18-19.

What did the Lord do for their deliverance?
 What did the people do, notwithstanding the Lord's mercy?
 How did the Lord still show his compassion for them?
 What has he done for our deliverance?
 Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?

III. The Lord's Chastening. vs. 20-23.

How did the stubbornness of Israel affect the Lord?
 What did he determine to do?
 Why would he not drive out the nations still left in Canaan?

What Have I Learned?

1. That those who forsake God bring sorrow upon themselves.
2. That God punishes sin by the evil it produces.

3. That he is ever ready to help those who repent.

4. That he is merciful even in the midst of wrath—not willing that any should suffer.

5. That if we persist in sin we must expect his wrath.

Dec. 9.—Judg. 7: 1-8. Memory vs. 2, 3.

Gideon's Army.

GOLDEN TEXT.—ZECH. 4: 6. CATECHISM. Q. 105.

Introductory.

How long an interval between the death of Joshua and this lesson?
 By whom was Israel now oppressed?
 Who was raised up for their deliverance?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Timid Sent Home. vs. 1-3.

Where did Gideon encamp with his army?
 How large was his army?
 What host was before him?
 How large was it?
 What did the Lord say to Gideon?
 Why was the army too large?
 What did the Lord tell Gideon to do?
 How many remained?

II. The Self-Indulgent Sifted Out. vs. 4-6.

What did the Lord then say?
 How did he test the ten thousand?
 What is meant by *lapping*?
 What moral qualities did this act show?
 What was the result of this test?
 What does a soldier need beside courage?

III. The Heroic Three Hundred. vs. 7-9.

What did the Lord promise?
 What were the other soldiers to do?
 How would they have been a hindrance?
 How were the three hundred armed?
 Judg. 7: 16.

- What was the object of the trumpets?
 Of the lamps?
 Of the pitchers?
 Give an account of the battle?

What Have I Learned?

1. That the Lord is our Defence and Deliverer.
2. That God's army needs courage, promptness and prudence.
3. That he can give victory by few as well as by many.
4. That we are strong when we trust in God's strength.

Dec. 16.—Judg. 16: 21-31. Memory vs. 29, 30.

Death of Samson.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOB. 32 : 9. CATECHISM. Q. 106.

Introductory.

- Who was Samson ?
 How was he betrayed into the hands of the Philistines ?
 What is the title of this lesson ?
 Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Blinded and Enslaved. vs. 21-24.

- How did the Philistines treat Samson ?
 Where was he imprisoned ?
 What was he compelled to do ?
 Why is it mentioned that his hair grew again ?
 How did the Philistines celebrate their victory ?

What was Dagon ?

II. The Sport of Enemies. vs. 25-27.

- Why was Samson called from prison ?
 Where was he placed ?
 What other great prisoner was the sport of enemies ?
 What did Samson ask of the lad who led him ?

How was the house supported ?

III. Noblest in Dying. vs. 28-31.

- For what did Samson pray ?
 Why was his prayer answered ?
 How should we treat our enemies ?
 Matt. 5 : 44.

What was our Lord's dying prayer ?
 Luke 23 : 34.

What were Samson's last word ?

What was his last act ?

By whom was he buried ?

What is said of him in Heb. 11 : 32-34 ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That a pure heart is more to be desired than a strong body.
2. That great gifts are often connected with great imperfections.
3. That God will hear the cry of the penitent, and of his servants in trouble.
4. That the hour of death may be the hour of greatest victory.

Dec. 23.—Ruth, 1, 16-23. Memory vs. 16-18.

Ruth's Choice.

GOLDEN TEXT.—RUTH, 1 : 16. CATECHISM. Q. 107.

Introductory.

- Who was Naomi ?
 Why did Elimelech and his family go into the land of Moab ?
 Whom did his two sons marry ?
 What did Naomi resolve to do after their death ?
 When her daughters-in-law proposed to go with her, what did she say to them ?
 What is the title of this lesson ?
 Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Ruth's Devotion. vs. 16-18.

- What did Orpah do ?
 How did Ruth's conduct differ from hers ?
 What did Naomi say to Ruth ?
 What was Ruth's reply ?
 Who was the God of Naomi ?
 Why was Ruth's choice a good one ?
 How should we imitate her ?

II. Naomi's Sorrow. vs. 19-22.

- To what city did Ruth and Naomi go ?
 How did the coming of Naomi affect the people ?
 What did Naomi say to them ?
 At what time of the year did Ruth and Naomi come to Bethlehem ?
 What afterward became of them ?
 Who were descended from Ruth ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That they choose wisely who choose the service of God.
2. That God honors the love of children for parents.
3. That he has more than a father's

care for his children.

4. That he will cause all things to work together for good to them that love him.

December 23.—Josh., Judg., Ruth.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PSALM, 149 : 4.

Review Exercise.

Where did Moses die ?

Who succeeded him as the leader of Israel ?

What did the Lord command Joshua to do ?

What did the Lord promise Joshua ?

How did the Israelites cross the Jordan ?

Where did they encamp ?

What memorial of the crossing did Joshua set up ?

What city of Canaan was first taken by the Israelites ?

How was it taken ?

What caused the defeat of the Israelites at Ai ?

What followed the punishment of Achan ?

How long did the war of conquest last ?

What was then done ?

What had Moses promised Caleb ?

What reason did Moses give for this promise ?

What did Joshua do in fulfillment of this promise ?

Which of the tribes had received their inheritance on the east of the Jordan ?

What did Joshua do near the close of his life ?

In what words was the covenant renewed ?

How long did the Israelites keep this covenant ?

What did the next generation do ?

How did the Lord punish them ?

What did the Lord do when they repented ?

Whom did the Lord call to deliver Israel from the Midianites ?

What great victory did the Lord give to Gideon ?

How was Samson avenged of the Philistines ?

What was Ruth's reply when Naomi urged her to remain in the land of Moab ?

Westminster Question Book.

THE MISSIONARY DOLLAR.

To be spoken just before a collection; the child speaking holds up a silver dollar.

Here I am, shining brighter than ever, for this is the happiest moment of my life; I am now a Missionary Dollar? Tell you about it? Certainly, with great pleasure.

I well remember the day I came from the mint, new and shiny; I saw my companions go out into the world with all sorts of queer people; I was ambitious and hoped for fine things; my desire was granted. I found myself in an elegant home, where I lay for some time in a handsome purse, but Sunday evening I was put into a pocket and taken to church. Ah, I can never forget that evening; the minister preached about the brave men and women who are teaching the truth in far-off lands, the children sang and spoke pieces all about the missions, then the people were asked to give money to help these missionaries in their work for Christ.

How my heart leaped, for I wanted to go so much. Just then a box came down the aisle and I heard the money rattling in. I looked at the five dollar gold piece lying so quietly in the pocket.

"Oh dear," I thought, "the missionaries need money so much, I suppose you will go because you are worth more than I am." Just then a hand came in; it picked up the gold piece and dropped it; then it took me; my heart beat for very joy at the thought of being taken, but alas, I was dropped,—think of it, I, a good, round, honest dollar, who would have done a hundred cent's worth of good,—was dropped, and in my place three dingy old cents were thrown into the box; as they went in they jingled saucily as if to say "We can make as much noise if we can't go as far as you can, friend Dollar."

The next day I was handed over to a tobacco man; I was given for candy, for groceries, and lived in many places, some good, but never did I forget the missionaries.

Last night I was taken from the big counting-room and given to a man who carried me to his home, a neat little house but rather poor; his wife was a pleasant

woman, whose face looked sad and very pale in her black dress.

They poured me out on the table with the bills and pennies ; I rolled as far away as I could, for I never liked pennies since they jingled at me so rudely when they went into the contribution box. Then they courted us all over, bills, dollars and dimes ; how they talked about us, so much for groceries, so much for meat and so on, until the woman stopped.

"John," she said softly, "we mustn't forget Robbie's dollar," and the tears came into her eyes as she looked at the picture of a boyish face on the wall.

"That's so," returned the man.

"To-morrow is Missionary Sunday," she continued, "and he wanted to earn a dollar to give ; oh, how much he talked about it," and the tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Yes," replied the man in a choking voice ; "this shall be Robbie's dollar and we will carry it to-morrow night."

So saying he picked me up and here I am, proud and happy to help the cause I love so dearly.

Friends, I know there are many dollars in this church to-night who want to be mission dollars ; don't disappoint them by sending pennies in their place, but let us go out together, a shining band of Missionary Dollars, bound to help those who go "into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—*I. B. C. in Little Missionary.*

JESUS DIED FOR YOU.

God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—*ROMANS v. 8*

Were I to find a little child
 Astray upon the trackless wild,
 As I that little heart beguiled,
 I'd whisper, "Jesus died for you."

Were I to find a stricken heart,
 That knew how love and hope must part,
 As oil upon the wound and smart,
 I'd whisper, "Jesus died for you."

Were I to meet a wandering one,
 Once shining as the noonday sun,
 I would not name the evil done,
 But whisper, "Jesus died for you."

For learned ones in wisdom's schools,
 For those well versed in fashion's rules,
 Philosophers alike with fools—
 I'd whisper, "Jesus died for you."

If at the foot of life's last hill,
 The journey almost o'er, there still
 Were one bowed low, with swift good will
 I'd whisper, "Jesus died for you."

If called to speak life's latest word
 In dying ears, that long had heard
 The joyous news, still, gracious Lord,
 I'd whisper, "Jesus died for you."

Do you believe it? can you say,
 Responsive to my simple lay,
 As here my running pen I stay,—

"I KNOW THAT JESUS DIED FOR ME?"

Selected.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Thou Holy Child of Bethlehem,
 Who in a manger lay ;
 We thank Thee for Thy wondrous love,
 And bless Thy name to-day.
 For children all in every clime
 Where Thy dear name is known,
 Rejoice in that great love of Thine,
 Which makes them all Thine own.

Immanuel! The Prince of peace,
 We worship Thee, our King ;
 And like the wise men from the East,
 Most precious gifts we bring.
 We come with loving, grateful hearts, —
 We bow before Thy face,
 And whilst we give ourselves to Thee,
 Oh give to us Thy grace

Sel.

If our faith be alive and growing, it will certainly bring forth more growing thanksgiving.