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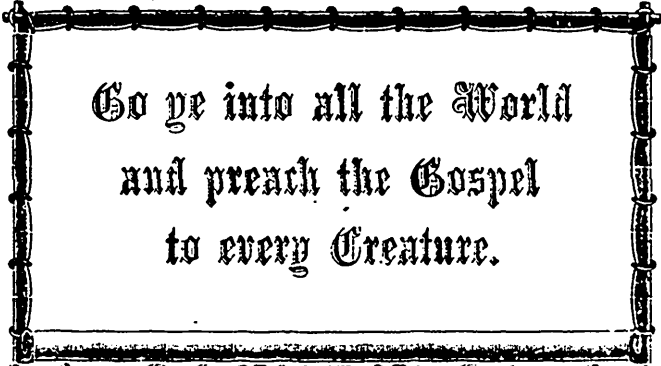
THE

# CHILDREN'S

—

# RECORD

—



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

VOL. 3.

MAY, 1888.

No. 5.

## The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

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

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date, \$200.00.

All communications to be addressed to

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

### "SOPPE," A NEW HEBRIDES BOY.

I want to tell you a story of one of our own mission fields, to show you what your Mission Bands are doing, and what the heathen boys can do. I have just received a letter from Mr. McKenzie, your missionary in the island of Efate, New Hebrides, who is now resting in Sydney, Australia. He says:—

"I hope to take back with me a thousand copies of a translation of the "Peep of Day" made by some half dozen of our Erakor boys, who have been studying English for three or four years. It is now in the printers hands.

One of these boys—Soppe—is very bright and gives promise of being an excellent teacher. Several years ago I received a contribution from

#### "THE HAPPY WORKERS"

of Prince Street Church, Pictou, to be expended as I saw fit.

Soppe was a poor little orphan, and he was such a smart little fellow, it occurred to me that a good way to lay out that money would be to pay some one to feed him and take charge of him, so that he could come to our school. This I did for two years. Then as he was getting on so well I did not care to part with him especially as he was so anxious to remain, so I kept him on at my own expense and he has been attending school along with the young men I have been training for teach-

l. Could those young ladies who so kindly sent the contribution, see how nicely

translation I think they would feel satisfied that it was well expended. In my absence he is assisting in the school at Fila."

Thus you see how the good work goes on. Children here send money to provide for little Soppe that he may go to school. Soppe becomes a teacher of other little ones and the children of Efate, partly through his work, are reading the "Peep of Day", that little Bible story book that you love so well.

### REV. GIAM CHENG HOA.

What a funny name! Who is he? Where does he live? He is one of your own missionaries and lives in Formosa, that large island off the coast of China, where such a wonderful work has been done by your missionaries. His full name is as given above, but he is usually called *A-Hoa*. The Chinese put the surname first instead of last, hence his surname or family name is *Giam*.

Most of the facts of his history have been gathered from a letter by Dr. Mackay, in the *Presbyterian Record*.

*A-Hoa* was born in Tamsui, Formosa, in Nov. 1851, and he is now 26 years of age. His father died just before his birth, and poor little *A-Hoa* and his young widowed mother, only twenty years of age, and very poor, suffered much from poverty and want, and because he had not enough good healthy food to eat the child was not strong and well as many of you are.

The poor mother went to ask an idol what she should do, and the answer was, "Let him be called *Hut-a*," that is, the idol's child. You must not think that the idol could speak and tell her this, but the heathen priests who lived there would tell her this and pretend that the idol said it. The poor mother believed it all and called her boy *Hut-a*, thinking, no doubt, that he would be well cared for when he was called the idol's child. At a time through carelessness in speaking the name they got to calling him *Hok-* and then because it was easier to say it it changed to *Hoa*, or *Hoa*, or *A-Hoa*.

His mother could earn a little money by sewing to buy some rice for food, but could not buy fuel, and from the time he was five years old until ten, much of his time was spent in gathering dry grass, or little sticks, to cook their little meal of rice. Thus mother and child worked hard together to get their daily bread.

But little *A-Hoa* did more than that. He used to learn lessons in the evening from a friend, for his mother did not wish him to grow up ignorant. You know that the Chinese while they are heathen and worship idols are not savages. Some of them are very learned in their own way, and they think themselves wiser than any other nation.

From ten to seventeen years of age *A-Hoa* gave much of his time to studying to fit himself for some office.

When he was eighteen years old he was engaged by a mandarin, as the men in Chinese government offices are called. *A-Hoa* had different kinds of things to do. Sometimes he worked in the kitchen, sometimes doing the officer's writing for him.

In his work he was sometimes called upon to travel to other places, and at one time spent six months at Peking, the capital of China.

When Dr. Mackay, our missionary, first landed at Tamsui, Formosa, about fifteen years ago, *A-Hoa* was then living there in his native place. He was then a young man of about twenty-two years of age, intelligent and well educated and a worshipper of idols. He heard Dr. Mackay telling of Jesus, and it was not very long until he accepted that Jesus as his own Saviour and at once went to work to help Dr. Mackay in his mission work. He studied his Bible faithfully, made good progress in different kinds of knowledge, and in May, 1885, he and another young man *Tau He* were ordained as ministers and are now your missionaries in Formosa.

Let me tell you two interesting facts about this man and Dr. Mackay.

(1.) When Dr. Mackay landed in Tamsui, Formosa, he could not get a decent place to live in, so much did the people hate the

Gospel. At length he rented a little hut with a mud floor, all damp, dirty and unhealthy. Strange to say this was the very hut that *A-Hoa* was born in more than twenty years before.

(2.) *A-Hoa* was Dr. Mackay's first convert on Formosa.

(3.) He has been the best native helper that our missionaries there have had.

Pray that he may be the means of bringing many of his fellow-countrymen to the light of the Gospel.

### BABIES IN CHINA.

"One day while travelling through China on my bicycle tour around the world, I came upon a very novel and interesting sight. It is the first thing of the kind I ever saw or heard about. My overland journey led me through many out-of-the-way districts where the people are primitive and curious in many respects. In one of these obscure communities, in the foothills of the MaeLing Mountains, I saw about twenty Chinese infants tethered to stakes on a patch of greensward, like so many goats or pet lambs. The length of each baby's tether was about ten feet, and the bamboo stakes were set far enough apart so that the babies wouldn't get all tangled up. Each baby had a sort of girdle around its waist, and the end of the tether-string was tied to the back of this. Some of the little Celestials were crawling about on all-fours; others were taking their first lessons in the feat of standing upright by steadying themselves against the stake they were tied to.

"What queer little Chinese mortals they all looked, to be sure, picketed out on the the grassland like a lot of young calves whose mothers were away for the day! In this respect, they did indeed, resemble young calves; for I could see their mothers at work in a rice-field a few hundred yards away. All the babies seemed quietly contented with their treatment. I stood and looked at them for several minutes from pure amusement at their unique position."—*Thomas Stevens in "Babyland."*

"HOLD ON TO THE ROCK, SAMMY!  
HOLD ON."

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"The storm is coming back over the mountains again, children," said the old gray-haired superintendent of the Sabbath-school in the little red school house.

"And I think—"

Here Uncle John Graham, for that was his title among all the children, glanced nervously out of one of the broad windows, and caught amid the pine tops a glimpse of a dark, angry storm sky beyond.

"And I think," continued Uncle John, "we had better close as soon as possible. Some of you have a long way to go. We will sing, children, and then close with prayer."

The children's sweet voices were joined in the singing of one of the blessed Psalms that have been for the comforting of God's people in all ages, the one hundred and twenty-first. The superintendent caught one sweet voice soaring like a bird above all the others.

"That's Sammy," thought the superintendent, and he looked upon a boy's dark, earnest eyes, lifted, as it were, to the invisible hills ever over shadowing the Church of God.

"May I go along with you?" said the same voice at the close of the school.

"Yes, come with me, Sammy! Give me your hand, boy; and we will trudge on side by side," replied the superintendent, turning the key in the battered school-house door, and then halting one moment to watch his flock scattering down the country road or along the foot-paths leading across the green fields.

"Now, Sammy, I am ready," said the superintendent, seizing the child's little hand and covering it with his large, warm grasp.

"I thought, Uncle John," said Sammy, archly lifting his happy eyes to the big, open face kindly beaming down upon him, "You might like to have me go with you."

"Ha, ha, to look after me because I am so little! I am not to go with you so much as you go with me and look after me! Ha,

ha! Well, we can look after one another, and as we are neighbours, we can keep one another company very conveniently. Hark!"

The old man's merry, laughing mood ceased in a moment. With an anxious face, he listened.

"What is it, Uncle John?"

"Well, child, the country is full of water. The streams are all swollen, and what we are afraid of is that the dam back in the hills—the upper dam as we say—may give way. And there it is raining again!"

As Uncle John looked up, big, bold drops, without ceremony, splashed into his face.

"Couldn't we take the short way home, down through the valley?" asked Sammy.

Down through what was known as "the valley" went "Swift Stream," leading from the upper dam. Uncle John hesitated.

"It will shorten the way, Sammy, but—"

"Swift Stream too high?"

"Oh, we can get across, but—"

Uncle John again paused. He was rather uneasy about that upper dam.

"However, Sammy," said the old man with a hearty laugh, "I think that the idea is that you are to look after me, and come! I'll go your way."

Down through the shadowy valley they went, hand in hand, careless of the wind that blew harder every minute, of the rain that fell faster, of the increasing roar of the swollen stream in the bottom of the valley.

"The water is almost up to the planking of the bridge, Sammy, but we don't care," said Uncle John, "We shall get across safe."

The passage of the bridge was made in safety, and they began to climb the half-rocky, half-wooded wall of the valley on the other side of the bridge. Suddenly Uncle John caught the sound of a tumult that was something more than the rage of Swift Stream. He thought he saw the white flash of a huge mob of foaming, driving waters.

"The dam, Sammy! Oh it has given way! Quick, quick!" he shouted, "Up in my arms, boy!"

Then came a terrible struggle amid rocks and trees up the side of the valley. Sammy clung to the strong protector who was pressing forward and upward, but the boy could not take his eyes off the maelstrom that suddenly had plunged down into the valley and boiled in every direction under their feet. This maelstrom was boiling upward, too, higher, higher—a horrid sight! Still uncle John pressed on. The water was now around his feet. He saw ahead a crevice in a crag. Near it was a tree. Struggling with a strength that seemed to belong to his younger days rather than the present, he pressed Sammy into the crevice, shouting: "Hold on to the rock, Sammy, hold on!"

Then he grasped a limb of the tree, and swinging himself up on it, he clung for his life. Sammy clung. Once the boy looked appealingly to Uncle John as if he wanted to come to his companion. The water, though, was flowing about the child, and would have swept him away if he had forsaken his grasp.

"Hold on to the rock, Sammy, hold on!" shouted the old man's voice, "Don't leave! the water is not—"

Could he say not "rising?" Yes, joyful assurance! In a moment he added, "Hold on! The water is not rising!"

Quickly, with angry remonstrances from its many frothing waves, the flood subsided. The water beyond had reached the more open country and was spreading out over the level fields.

Sammy and his guardian left their places of refuge and went home together and in safety.

A few weeks later, one evening, Uncle John was hurriedly summoned to the door of his home by a loud, imperative knock.

"Oh, Uncle John! Sammy is dreadful sick, and he has been calling for you. Couldn't you come?" pleaded Sammy's oldest brother.

"Why, yes! Isn't this sudden, Ephraim? I'll come right off."

"Sudden? You knew he had been sick?"

"Oh, yes, but not dangerous."

"Well, somehow—you know he had the fever—his sickness has turned for the

worse, and it has been dreadful quick, and the doctor says there is no hope."

"My poor little Sammy! I can seem to hear him now, in the Sabbath-school, singing the 121st Psalm, the very day the flood came when the dam gave way."

"Well, sir, his mind has been on that flood. He seems to think the great water is coming, as he calls it."

"My poor little Sammy!" sympathetically said the superintendent again.

He found Sammy lying very still on his bed, and he saw the death mark was on the boy's face.

"Sammy!" he softly called, leaning over the child.

"Oh, Uncle John, is that you?"

"Yes, dear."

The child's mind now seemed to wander.

"He thinks, sir," sobbed the mother, "he is in the valley—again—and the water is coming."

"It is another valley," murmured the superintendent, "another valley, and it is a flood that is coming—the death-flood."

He now turned to the white little face on the bed.

"Sammy, there is a Rock in the valley—a great, high Rock—and it is Jesus," softly spoke the gray-haired man. "You holding on to Him?"

The boy opened his eyes and spoke, "Jesus? He—the rock in—the valley—Uncle John? You want me—to hold—on—to—Him?"

His hands began to rise. A beautiful light came into his eyes, as, looking upwards, he held out his thin, wasted arms. He spoke not again, but in his face still lingered the peace of the blessing of him who for ever and aye is to all trusting souls a Rock in the valley of death.—*United Presbyterian*.

#### BOOTBLACKS WHO HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A reporter called to a little bootblack near the City Hall to give him a shine yesterday. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and planted his box down under the reporter's

foot. Before he could get his brushes out another larger boy ran up and calmly pushing the little one aside said: "Here, you go sit down, Jimmy." The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out. "Oh, dat's all right, boss," was the reply, "I'm only goin' to do it fur him, you see he's been sick in the hospital for mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can, savvy?" "Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy,

"Yes sir," wearily replied the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly, go ahead," and as the boot-black plied the brush, the reporter plied him with questions. "You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job the selves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him, cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey!" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean!"

"I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet yer life I don't keep none? I ain't no such sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any fell'w sneaking it on a sick boy, I would."

The same being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying: "I guess you're a pretty good fellow; so you keep ten cents and give the rest to Jimmy there."

"Can't do it sir; it's his customer. Here Jim." He threw him the coin, and was off like a shot after a customer for himself, a veritable rough diamond. In this big city there are a good many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

### MISSIONARY RECITATION.

Prepared for a missionary festival given by a childrens Missionary Society.

Kind friends, we are glad that you've come here to-night,  
And if you will listen to what we recite,  
You will not be surprised that we children delight

To labour for Christ, our Master.

Far over the ocean—so far, far away,  
To where the bright sunbeams roll on with the day.  
And across to the west where the poor heathen stay.

There is work to be done for the Master.

To the North where the iceberg mountains appear,

To the rock-bound capes of the South hemisphere,

To the hearts of all heathendom, distant and near,

We must send the good news of the Master.

They ask for our pennies, they ask for our prayers,

They ask that the light of the Gospel be theirs,

They ask that with Jesus they may be made heirs,

Joint heirs with Christ, the Master.

Then we'll cheerfully answer to all the demands,

That are made for the labour of our weak hands,

For we know our Father in readiness stands,

To bless our work for the Master.

(Prayer the little girl utters, looking up with hands clasped.)

Our Father in Heaven, we hallow Thy name,

Let Thy will work in us, as in Heaven the same,

Whatever we do, give us hearts in right frame,

To do for the sake of the Master, Amen,  
Amen, for the sake of the Master.

## CHINESE CHILDREN AND THEIR SCHOOLS.

A Chinese boy generally begins to learn to read when he is six or seven years old; he goes to school when he is ten, and stays till he is fourteen or fifteen. There is a very ancient law that every town and village must have a school. In large towns there are night schools for those who are at work in the day.

The schools open very early in the day, about seven o'clock, and go on till four or five in the afternoon; how would you like such long hours as that?

When a little boy begins to go to school, he also begins to dress like a man, and to think himself very big indeed. The first time he goes to school he takes with him two candles, three sticks of incense, two pieces of paper money, worth about a half-penny each, and three sheets of paper with pictures of clothes on them.

When he gets to the school he goes to the tablet of Confucius, which stands in nearly every schoolroom in China, and in front of this he lightes his candles and burns his incense and afterwards his paper, which he thinks will go to Confucius in the form of money and clothes. Then he bows down before the schoolmaster four times. This is done, not only on first going to school, but also on coming back after the holidays.

There is no proper time allowed for dinner, but when the master tells a boy he may go, he walks home and eats some rice and comes back again directly; his dinner only takes a very few minutes to eat.

And what lessons does he learn? you will want to know. The very first thing a Chinese boy learns (but then most of them learn this before they go to school) is a few of the chief signs, just as you begin with A, B, C. Most likely he will learn them out of a book with pictures to show what the signs mean. Next will come a little lesson in rhyme, which he will have to learn by heart, and then he will begin a book called "The Three Character Classic," which will also have to be learnt by heart. This is the first little bit

of the book put into English:--

"When men are born their nature is good. Naturally men are alike, but habit makes them differ; if they are not taught, their nature will change." That is very different from what we learn out of the Bible, that men are born in sin ( ), and that they cannot be good, unless they get good hearts ( ).

It takes a boy about two months to learn through this book, and most of that time will be spent in learning it and saying it. The first hour at school in the morning is generally spent in repeating the last lesson learned the day before; then the boy will learn another piece, and in the afternoon he will first repeat what he learned in the morning, and then learn some more.

After the "Three Character Classic" comes the "Thousand Character Classic," which was written for rather a funny reason. A great mandarin in the reign of the Tsin Kings had offended his sovereign and was going to be beheaded; and the king sent him word that he would forgive him, if he would write a good sensible book with a thousand different signs in it, without ever using the same sign more than once.—a very difficult task. The man was so anxious not to be killed, that he set to work at once and wrote the book, and the king was so pleased with it, that he forgave the man, and let him be a mandarin again.

The next book to be learned is a very strange one for a school-book. I expect you would think it wasting time to learn out of it, for there is nothing in it but a list of Chinese surnames. There are only about two hundred different ones altogether. The most common surname of all is Chang.

Of course he must learn to write, and this he will be taught in a copy-book but, not like yours. I expect you had a copy on the top line of your book, and you had to write some more like it below with a pen or pencil; but a Chinese boy learns to write with a brush, and he writes on paper that he can see through, with the copy underneath it, so that he writes over the



copy instead of below it; he has very large signs to begin with and smaller ones afterwards. When he can do this quite neatly, he will have to do without the copy underneath; instead of it, there will only be a piece of paper, ruled in squares, and in these squares he will have to make the signs from memory.

Instead of a slate, he has a board painted white, and when he has written his exercise and had it corrected, he washes it off.

So you see Chinese school-boys spend nearly all their time in learning and repeating; they do not even understand the meaning of the words they learn, and the teacher never explains them till the boys know the books right through. It must be rather dull work learning like that. There are no lessons in geography or arithmetic, languages, music or drawing, very little of the history of China, and none of that of any other country.

The lessons are all learned aloud, so think what a noisy place a Chinese school-room must be. The boys all stand round the master at first with their books open; he reads a few words, and the boys repeat them with him till they know the names of all the signs in the lesson; then they go to their places and shout it, not all together, but each for himself, till they all know it; I think it would make your heads ache to sit with them for an hour.

When a boy knows his piece, he does what he calls "Backing the Book," what you would call saying his lesson. Instead of standing with his face to the teacher, he turns his back to him, so that he shall not be able to see the book; but shall I tell you what he does instead, if he can manage it? He agrees with another boy that he will hold his book so that the other can see the lesson he is saying, on condition that the other boy will do the same for him, so there is plenty of cheating in Chinese schools.

The schools in China are generally small, there are not often more than thirty boys in one school. They have no playground, and what you would think, still worse, I expect, hardly any holidays. There is no

weekly day of rest either, so they just go on at school, day after day, seven days in every week, only on a great festival day they get a holiday, and they have a few weeks when the New Year begins, that is all. Now, if you are an English school-boy and think you have a hard time of it, and are a little inclined to grumble sometimes, because the lessons are hard, and the master is strict, and the holidays are not half long enough, just think how much better off you are than a Chinese school-boy, and instead of grumbling again, work as hard as ever you can, and take as much pains to be a clever boy, as the Chinese scholars generally do.

A few very good directions are given to boys when they go to school. They are told not to say things with their mouths, while their minds are thinking of something else, and not to be satisfied with half understanding a thing, but to ask that it may be explained. There is very little punishing in Chinese schools: instead of punishing the boys for being naughty, the masters praise them for being good, and try to persuade them to be better still. I think that is how God likes *His* scholars to work, not because they are afraid of being punished if they do badly, but because they know He will be pleased if they do well, and the very happiest thing in the world is to please God.

If a boy will not be persuaded, but keeps on being naughty, he is made to stay on his knees before his seat, or else at the door, till a stick of incense, which he holds in his hand, has burned down to a certain point. Whipping is not tried until everything else has failed. Sometimes the master will strike a boy's head with his knuckles; if that does no good, he beats his hands and his back with a piece of wood; if the boy is still naughty, the master lays him across his knees, and beats him with a *Lauboo*. Another punishment is to make a boy hold a vessel quite full of water on his head, and whip him if he spills any.

There are plenty of children's books in China; most of them are full of stories of boys who studied hard and became great

men, or of loving sons who got on well in life, because they were good to their parents.

And what about the girls? In a very few places there are schools for girls, taught by female teachers; but generally girls are not sent to school at all, and even the missionaries' wives often have to pay them to come to their schools, because the mothers say they cannot afford to do without the children's work, and the fathers say that girls are hard enough to manage when they are not taught, and still worse if they were. Sometimes, however, the richer parents will let their daughters be taught at home, especially if they have a private teacher for their sons, instead of sending them to school; then they will let the girls study with the boys till they are thirteen or fourteen years old. The old books say that women and girls ought only to learn to behave well and to look after the house, but that they should never open a book, or if they forget that they are only girls and open one, they must not read it, but shut it up directly. Are you not sorry for the poor little girls? and would you not like to do something for them?—*Children of China.*

#### A BABY MISSIONARY.

Let me tell you about this little fellow and what he did. You often hear of what boys and girls have done and can do, but this one that I am going to tell you about was only a baby and yet was doing a great deal of good among the savage people in Africa.

A missionary, Mr. Bently, was sailing up the great river Congo, in Africa, in a little mission steamer called, "*Peace*," a beautiful name for a mission vessel which carries the gospel to these cruel fighting tribes.

Mr. Bently wrote a letter about the voyage in which he says:—

"Our baby was a great attraction and helped us much in winning the friendship of the people.

Here is an instance: The people of the Moyi-Bolobi towns have long been very

sullen, not caring to sell food even to passing steamers. As we drew near the beach of one of the towns, the people said they had no food to sell and told us to go away. Baby was in his bath, but he was hastily dressed and brought on deck. As soon as the people saw the little white baby they were delighted, their shouts of pleasure immediately attracted a crowd.

Two minutes after they had told us to go away, my wife and I were ashore in the midst of a great crowd; a man was holding my baby in his arms. Afterwards we went into the town, where a dense crowd gathered, shouting and screaming with delight.

A great many were allowed to hold him for a moment. Some of these were in the height of Congo fashion, their bodies rubbed over with crimson powder; others in mourning for deceased relatives, were besmeared with soot and oil, some dusty and dirty but everything was done in the kindest spirit, so we would not be fussy or think of his clothes; both clothes and baby would wash. You may guess the result. After twenty minutes or half an hour of noise and excitement, my wife returned to the steamer, and the women hastened to prepare 'cassava' pudding to sell to us." At another town further up the river Mr. Bently had a friendly chat with the son of one of the chiefs, a talkative lad of thirteen, who said:—"We like your style. You come with your wife and baby, talk to us and make yourself agreeable. If we did not like you we should have said as they did at Moye, 'Go away, we have nothing to sell you,' and you would have gone up river hungry." "This was only too true," Mr. Bently adds, "so they had constantly treated other steamers and our own too, before. We went away from Bolobo loaded with food for many days, and assured of far better relations than had ever before existed."

#### THE SACRED MONKEYS OF INDIA.

In a temple in Benares in India there is a large image of Hanuman, the monkey god, who, with his army of monkeys, help-

ed Ram to deliver Sita, his wife, from the demon god of Ceylon, who had carried her away. He has a mace in his hand, with which he is about to strike the demon under his foot. Just think of anybody being so stupid as to believe God is like a monkey! They do, and for that reason regard the monkey as a sacred animal. Nobody dares to kill a monkey.

In Benares the monkey temple is crowded with these creatures. When the carriage of a visitor appears, the priests cry out "ao! ao! ao!"—i. e., "come! come! come!" and monkeys large and monkeys small, come running from all quarters to pick the good things it is taken for granted the visitor will give. Anyway, they are pitched down, and he is expected to pay for them, as well as to fee the priest whose business it is to care for them. They get so much they are not always hungry; then they make such grimaces at the visitor that, if he happens to be as small as those I am writing to, he gets afraid lest they should eat him instead of the parched grain. Many of them are very fierce, especially the big one called the "King."

In Muttra there are vast quantities of them, and one day, when at work in the city, I saw a sight that would make you all laugh. A big fierce monkey had carried away a lota belonging to a big fat Chauhi, or sacred man. The lota is a brass vessel for holding water, and of course, the Brahmin did not want to lose it. The monkey got on a roof; the Chauhi followed, armed with a big stick, and demanded the lota; but the monkey would not part with it. When he went forward to try and take it the monkey got angry, and prepared to pitch it at his head if he dared to move. As I passed, there stood the fat Brahmin, with the big stick over his head, threatening the monkey; and the monkey ready to pitch the lota at him if he attempted to use it.

Much as I laughed I could not help sympathizing with the Brahmin, for only that morning another monkey, intent on mischief, had tried to play me a trick. I had been to school, and, while examining the boys, could not make out for some

time why they were laughing. Following the direction of their eyes, I at last looked up, and there discovered a monkey, with its long arm stretched full length through the trellis work, trying to get at my hat. Of course, when discovered, it hurried off, chattering its disgust at having failed.

In Muttra, whatever Brahmins may do, Europeans must not molest them. Some years ago two soldiers killed one of them, when the people crowded round them, bound them hand and foot, and pitched them into the River Jumna, where they were drowned before assistance could reach them.—*Rev. J. Ewan, in Gospel in all Lands.*

#### A SCHOOL IN BOMBAY.

A missionary who has been forty years in India in writing to the young readers of the *Missionary* about the little people of one of his schools in Bombay, says, "If any of you readers of the *Dayspring*, were to go into the school at Bombay some warm, pleasant morning you would see about fifty bright Marathi boys and girls busily studying. There would be all ages, from children eight or ten years old up to those sixteen or twenty. Some would be pretty and some would not, just as it is in your schools, but what you would notice most would be the color of their skins. Some would be almost black like our negroes, and others would be as white as many of you.

The color of people's skins sometimes makes a great difference in India, because it often shows to what caste they belong. Indeed, the word for caste in the Marathi language is "varn," which means "color." The high castes are nearly white and the low ones are quite black. There are a great many different castes in India. The Brahmins are the highest, and they will not have anything to do with any one who is not a Brahmin. They will not live in the house with other people, will not eat nor drink with them, nor let them even touch one of the dishes in which their food is cooked. When they are in a

crowded street they are all the time calling out, "Don't touch me, don't touch me." At least this used to be so, but, nowadays, since there are street-cars in Bombay, and steam-cars where all castes can ride and where they have to sit near each other, they find they cannot be so particular about it.

Years ago you could tell a person's caste by the color of his skin. But things are changed now, and there are Brahmins who are black and outcasts who are as white as the whitest Brahmin.

Nearly all of these people are very proud of their caste, and one great reason they think they cannot become Christians is because our Saviour teaches that we must love everybody, the high and the low caste, the rich and the poor alike, so long as they are His followers. To be Christians they must give up their caste, and few Hindus are willing to do it. Love for the Saviour has made them do it, however, and will make them do it more.

Sometimes the love of a woman for a man will make her give up her caste. Let me tell you about one woman who did it. Her name was Subabai, and she belonged to the shepherd caste. She loved Bhaziba Kalokli, and he was an outcast and he was very poor but he was an earnest thoughtful man. So she left her caste and her friends; she gave up her right to live in the village, and married him and went to stay with him in his little hut outside the village gate.

After a while he got the place of a watchman in a missionary's house, and there they both learned to be Christians. They had two children, and their little daughter Mary was one of the first pupils in Mrs. Hume's school in Bombay, and was in the school eight years. Her intimate friend was Malan Kukade, the daughter of a Brahmin who had become a Christian. After studying a long time together they went to be examined for the University of Bombay, which is like a college in this country. They looked very pretty as they went to the examination in their saris, the Brahmin's daughter and the outcast's child hand in hand, loving friends in a Christian

school, and one passed just as good an examination as the other. Marybai is now the wife of a pastor in Bombay, and Malambai is a teacher in the school."

### THE HOLY RIVER OF INDIA.

What strange things the heathen worship. Some pray to idols, some worship the sun, moon and stars. Some regard the monkey as sacred. Some offer sacrifice to the spirits of their parents and grandparents. Thus there is hardly anything that is not worshipped in some place. One of the most sacred things in India is

#### THE RIVER GANGES.

Millions of people look upon it as a God. It is about fifteen hundred miles long, and all along that long course it is worshipped. The Hindoo books say that "the touch of its waters, may the very sight of them, takes away all sin." The Hindoos think that to be drowned in the river is the holiest thing that any one can do, and thousands of sick people drag themselves through long weary journeys that they may die at the holy river.

Not many years ago thousands of people used to drown themselves in it, and thousands of little babies used to be thrown into it to be drowned, the poor mothers thinking that this was the holiest thing they could do both for themselves and for their children. Sailors when they went in ships to India and anchored in the Ganges used sometimes to see little dead infants floating by or perhaps caught against the anchor chains, but now the British Government will not allow them to do this, and soldiers are sent there at their feast times to keep them from it.

When they wish to take an oath in a Court of Justice, instead of taking it upon the Bible they do so upon the waters of the Ganges.

It is thought that as many as half a million people gather at its banks every year to bathe in its waters. As there are some particular moments when they think it especially helpful to bathe, there is then a great rush to get into the water

and then many are crushed and trampled to death.

"At the mouth of the Hoogley, one of the branches of the Ganges, is an island which is one of the most holy places of the Hindus. There is an annual feast held there. People come to it for hundreds of miles around, camping on its banks, bathing in the waters, and daubing their heads and breasts with mud which they regard as a cure for all sin and suffering."

These poor people feel that they are sinners. What a blessed work it is to send them missionaries as you are doing, to tell them of something better to take away sin than the water and mud of the Ganges, to tell them of Jesus who is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

The cents and dimes that the children have given have helped to carry to many the glad tidings, and many a Hindu mother now prays for her children, not to a muddy river but to Jesus.

#### TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

Little Mary was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon. Uncle George had told her to keep quiet, as he had some accounts to look over, so Mary busied herself with a book. For an hour all was still; then Mary heard her uncle say: "There! I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need."

"What are you talking about, Uncle George?" asked Mary.

"About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up."

"Up in heaven?" asked Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about "laying up treasures in heaven."

"O no, Mary! my treasures are all on earth—some in banks and some in other places," answered Uncle George.

"But haven't you got any in heaven too?" asked Mary.

"Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George, thoughtfully. "But run away to your mother now, for I am going out."

Uncle George went out, and was gone

a good while, and all the while he was thinking that, after all, perhaps he was not so well off if he had no treasures laid up in heaven to be ready for him, when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to lay up treasures in heaven. He did so. Little Mary never knew until years after—when she also, with a clear understanding of what it meant, began to lay up for herself treasure in heaven—that it was her childish question that startled her Uncle George on a generous, active Christian life.—*Pres. Journal.*

#### OVER THE OCEAN.

TUNE, "I AM SO GLAD."

Over the ocean, from lands far away,  
Cometh the pleading of millions to-day:  
"Send us the light of the Gospel we crave;  
Tell us of Jesus, the mighty to save!"

CHORUS.

Hearken, O children! hear the sad cry  
Coming to you, coming to you,  
Surely the Lord will help, if you try  
Something for Him to do.

Perishing children by thousands are there,  
Having no Sabbath, no Bible, or prayer;  
Fathers and mothers no Saviour have  
known.

Bowing to idols of wood and of stone.

CHORUS.

Hearken, O children! hear the sad cry  
Coming to you, coming to you,  
Surely the Lord will help, if you try  
Something for Him to do.

Gladly the children respond to the call,  
Bringing their offerings, something from  
all;

Forming their Mission Bands, "workers  
with God,"

Sending the news of salvation abroad.

CHORUS.

Come, then, O children, hasten to be  
Earnest and true, earnest and true;  
Tell the poor lost ones over the sea,  
Jesus will save them too.—*Sel.*

## The Sabbath School Lessons.

May 6.—Matt. 25: 31-46. Memory vs. 37-40.

### The Judgment.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 25: 46. CATECHISM. Q. 75.

#### Introductory.

What is the title of this lesson?  
Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?  
Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. The Judge in his Glory. vs. 31-33.

What great day is here spoken of?  
Who will be the Judge?  
How will the Son of man come?  
Who will be with him?  
What is the judgment-seat here called?  
(See Dan. 7: 9, 10.)  
Who will be gathered before him?  
What separation will be made?  
Who are meant by the *sheep*?  
By the *goats*?  
Where will he set the sheep?  
Where the goats.

#### II. The Reward of the Righteous. vs. 34-40.

What will the King say to the righteous?  
What reason is given for this?  
How will they answer the King?  
What will be his reply?  
How is it doing a kindness to Christ if we do a kindness to any of his disciples?  
Into what shall the righteous enter?  
v. 46.

What is meant by *life eternal*?  
What is it called in verse 34?

#### III. The Condemnation of the Wicked. vs. 41-46.

What will the King say to the wicked?  
What reason is given for this?  
How will they answer the King?  
What will be his reply?  
Where shall the wicked go?  
What does the Bible teach as to the duration of future punishment?

#### What Have I Learned?

I. That God has appointed a day of final judgment.

2. That Christ will be the Judge in that day.

3. That all mankind will be judged by him.

4. That the reward of the righteous and the doom of the wicked will be alike eternal.

5. That we must give our hearts and lives to Christ if we would stand at his right hand.

May 13.—Matt. 26: 17-30. Memory vs. 26-28.

### The Lord's Supper.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 COR. 5: 7. CATECHISM, Q. 76, 77.

#### Introductory.

What great event did Jesus foretell in the last lesson?

Where did he then go?

How did he spend the next two days?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?  
Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. The Passover Prepared. vs. 17-20.

What did the disciples ask Jesus?

What was the passover?

How was it observed?

What direction did Jesus give his disciples?

What did they do?

What did Jesus do in the evening?

Who were present at the feast?

#### II. The Betrayal Foretold. vs. 21-25.

What did Jesus say as they were eating?

How did the disciples feel when they heard this?

What did each one say?

What answer did Jesus give?

What else did he say?

What did Judas ask?

What did Jesus say to him?

What did Judas then do?

#### III. The Supper Instituted. vs. 26-30.

What ordinance did Jesus now institute?

What two symbols did he use?

What did he do with the bread?

What did he say of it?

Meaning of *this is my body*?

What did he do with the cup?  
 What did he say of it?  
 Meaning of this!  
 How do the bread and the wine represent Christ's body and blood?  
 What did Jesus further say?  
 What is meant by this?  
 What is the Lord's Supper?  
 What is required of those who would worthily partake of it?  
 How was the supper ended?  
 Where did Jesus and the disciples then go?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That the Lord Jesus freely gave himself for my salvation.
2. That his body was broken and his blood shed for me.
3. That the Lord's Supper is the appointed memorial of his sufferings and death.
4. That I should come to his table according to his dying command.
5. That I should do this with reverence, humility, penitence, faith, gladness and self-consecration.

May 20.—Matt. 26 : 26-28 : Memory vs. 36-39.

**Jesus in Gethsemane.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—HEB. 5 : 8. CATECHISM. Q. 78.

**Introductory.**

What feast did Jesus celebrate with his disciples?

What ordinance did he institute?

What address did he deliver?

What prayer did he offer?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text! Lesson Plan! Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. The Suffering Saviour.** vs. 36-39, 42, 44.

Where did Jesus go with the disciples?

What had become of Judas?

What did Jesus say to the disciples?

Whom did he take with him?

On what other occasion had these three been his attendants?

What did he say to them?

What caused this great suffering? Isa. 53 : 4, 5.

How many times did he go away by himself to pray?

What was his prayer?

How is his agony described in Luke 22 : 44.

How did he show his submission?

**II. The Sleeping Disciples.** vs. 40, 41, 43, 45, 46.

What did the three disciples do while their Master was suffering and praying?

Which of them did he address on his return?

What did he exhort them to do?

How did he excuse their neglect?

How many times did he find them asleep?

What did he say on his third return?

What event was just at hand?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That in every trouble we may seek help in prayer.

2. That in every prayer we should say, "Thy will be done."

3. That temptation will overcome us if we do not watch and pray.

4. That Jesus endured all this suffering for our salvation.

5. That no sacrifice or service is too great to give him in return.

May 27.—Matt. 26 : 67-75. Memory vs. 73-75.

**Peter's Denial.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 COR. 10 : 12. CATECHISM. Q. 7

**Introductory.**

By whom was Jesus betrayed?

Where was he arrested?

To whom was he first taken?

Where was he then sent?

By whom was he tried?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text! Lesson Plan! Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism!

**I. The Saviour Mocked.** vs. 67, 68.

Of what crime was Jesus declared guilty? v. 65.

How did the Jewish law punish blasphemy?

What did the council decide? v. 66.  
 What did they then do?  
 Meaning of *buffed*?  
 What did they say as they smote him?

**II. Peter's Denials.** vs. 69-74.

Where was Peter at this time?  
 What took place there?  
 How many times did he deny his Master?  
 What he do at the last denial?

**III. Peter's Penitence.** v. 75.

What immediately took place?  
 What did Peter remember?  
 What made him think of his great guilt?  
 Luke 22: 16.  
 How did he show his sorrow?  
 What is repentance unto life?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That we should never be ashamed or afraid to own our love to Jesus.
  2. That we are never secure from the danger of falling into sin.
  3. That if we trust in our own strength it will fail us in the time of trial.
  4. That we should rely wholly on Jesus to keep us from the power of the tempter.
- Westminster Question Book.*

**THE AINOS OF JAPAN.**

Rev G. O. Culick, a missionary in Japan tells some funny things about these strange people. The Japanese are a civilized people, and these Ainos bear about the same relation to them that our Indians in Canada do to us. They live chiefly in the mountains and wildest parts of the country but often go to the shores in summer to fish. Mr. Culick says.

"The Aino of Japan is a very interesting savage, if indeed so mild-mannered a man can be called a savage. After thirty years of age he begins to produce a very heavy beard, which is unshaven through life; his breast and legs are covered with hair, and at thirty-five or forty years of age, he is doubtless the most hairy being in the world. The men are said to be, as they appear to be, very strong, of stalwart figure, grave, and rather slow of motion. There is an almost pathetic air of gentle-

ness and kindness in the manner and tones of this grim and silent savage.

"His hut is made of reeds, the roof thatched in single lengths of straw, giving it a terraced appearance. The sides are of bunches of reeds tied on in handfuls. The men and women are all clad in a coarse wrapper, made of sackcloth, which the women take from the bark of a tree, twisting each thread by hand, and weaving these in a very simple loom.

"In infancy, and till ten years of age, the children are not supposed to need any clothing whatever, certainly not in summer time. But later in life all are clad.

"Their huts are hovels, lacking all furniture beyond a pot, a pot-hook suspended from the smoky-rafters, and possibly a shred of a mat, and some fishing-tackle, with perhaps a bundle of sea-weed. Poverty, dirt and smoke! Men and women wear their hair long; the men's uncombed and shaggy, the women's parted in the middle and reaching to the shoulders. This race of people is copper-colored, darker than Japanese, but yet a shade lighter than the darker Hawaiians. They tattoo the lips of all their girls, giving all women a strange and unattractive appearance through life. The women, on meeting a stranger, often cover their tattooed lips and mouth with the hand, as if ashamed of the mark. A Japanese theory regarding this is, that the Ainos thus tattoo their girls, in order that they may not be stolen or betrothed to Japanese, and lost to their own race.

"I am told that hundreds of the Ainos come to the shore to fish and gather seaweed, during the summer months, and retire to their mountain homes in the fall, depending there upon the bear, deer, and other game that they can secure."

There is an old story to the effect that a drunken man having fallen down on the steps of a saloon, a small boy opened the door and called in to the proprietor, "I say, Mister, yer sign's fell down."



## TOW-HEAD.

"Mother I can't bear this any longer!" said little Gertie White, as she came in one day in "a state of mind." "Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow-Head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed.

"Now my little daughter, will you read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, yet opened not his mouth.

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the sorrows of the son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night she asked God to help her to bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days passed before Gertrude met Will Evans, who had teased her so often about her lameness and her tow head, going to school; and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he was too much surprised to call after her, if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he watched her until she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week was passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying:

"I used to like to see you get cross; but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effect upon her. Will did not reply; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he never would call her names again.—*Sel.*

## WHAT ONE DOLLAR DID.

It was a very little dollar, a little shiny

gold dollar; and because it was put in the hand of the Lord, it did a great work. It was like the five barley loaves that the little boy had. Do you remember about it? If he had kept them in his basket, instead of giving them to Jesus, they would never have fed all those hungry people. And if the owner of the gold dollar had kept it rolled up in cotton, in a box, it would never have helped to build a church. The pretty little coin belonged to a little girl; it was all her own, she could do with it just what she pleased. What would you have done with it? She meant to keep it always, and she probably would, if it had not been for her mother.

One evening her mother came home from a meeting, and told her about a little band of God's people who had no place to hold their services but a blacksmith's shop, and that money was needed to build a little church for them. I don't know all the mother said, and I don't know what passed through the mind of our little maiden. I only know how highly she prized her treasure; and yet the next day she wrote this letter:

DEAR SIR:—A few weeks ago, I had this gold dollar given me to spend as I choose. It was so pretty, I rolled it up in cotton and put it away in a little box, and thought I would keep it always. But last evening mother came home from the association, and told me about the little church you were trying to build. She said you had to hold your meetings in a blacksmith's shop. I want to help build that church, and thought I would send you my gold dollar. Please accept it, from a little girl who loves Jesus.

The gold dollar left its hiding-place, and started on its mission; and many people heard how "a little girl who loved Jesus" had given the very best thing she had, to help His kingdom on earth. Her generous act touched their hearts and opened their purses, until over \$200 was subscribed. And it was the little gold dollar that did it. This is a "really-truly" story, too; just as true as the Bible.—*Lutheran Miss. Journal.*