

Children's Record

NOVEMBER, 1897.



Percy C. Leslie, M.D., Missionary to Honan.

A MISSIONARY TO HONAN.

On the front page you have a picture of Percy C. Leslie, M.D., of Montreal. When quite young, he gave himself to the work of Foreign Missions, and after fitting himself by a full Medical course at McGill University, he has just gone forth as the missionary of Erskine Church, Montreal, to our Mission field in Honan. When you pray for the missionaries, remember this young Doctor who goes to try and heal the sicknesses and sins of China.

There was an idol procession one day near a mission school in India, and most of the children had gone to see it pass. When the missionary went to the school, she saw the little Christian boys waiting for her, so she asked them why they had not gone to see the procession. One of them said: "How can I expect Jesus to answer my prayers if I go and see other gods being taken around? If I am seen there no one will know I am a Christian." Well done, little Hindu boy. Children in Canada should say the same of all wrong things and places.

Dr. Menzies, one of our missionaries in Honan, writes that: "On a Sabbath in July, while service was going on in the Chapel, a stranger walked in carrying several squirrels in cages. There wasn't any panic. The Chinese boys seemed to regard it as an ordinary affair, and the Foreign boy was asleep. Next day two of the pretty little fellows were added to our Paul Goforth's menagerie."

A RUSSIAN LEGEND.

A poor shoemaker, Martin by name, had a great longing to behold the Lord Jesus. One night in a dream he received the promise that the Saviour would visit him on the morrow. Martin's dwelling was a cellar and his work-bench stood beside the low window,

from which he saw nothing but the feet of those who passed by. As was his custom, he rose early, worked at his trade, ate his morning meal, and said to himself: "To-day the Lord Jesus will visit me,"

Looking up, he saw a pair of shabby feet wearily dragging themselves past his window. Full of pity, he went out and found a poor woman, hungry and homeless, who had wandered about the streets all night long, carrying a sick baby in her arms. Martin took her into his dwelling, gave her the remnant of his breakfast, and fed the child with milk.

When she had gone, he again sat down to his work, hoping that now the Lord Jesus would soon appear. About noon he saw another pair of tired feet shuffling past. Hurrying out, Martin found an old man who had not tasted food that day. He invited him in and shared his midday meal with the hungry guest. When he had gone Martin thought, sadly: "The day is half spent and the Lord Jesus has not yet come."

Toward evening he saw more feet in violent movement hurriedly flying hither and thither, and when he went out he found an old fruit seller and a street boy in a fierce fight. The woman, clutching the sleeve of the boy's threadbare jacket, screamed: "He stole my apples, and I will beat him for it!" Martin made peace between them, and, finding that both were hungry, he took them home and shared his supper with them.

The day being ended, he went to bed with a sad heart, for the Lord Jesus had not visited him, as it had been promised him in his dream.

He slept, and again he dreamed; and behold, in his dream appeared first the tired woman and the sick child; she looked into his eyes and said: "Martin, dost thou know me?" And the old man came, and the fruit seller, each asking: "Martin, dost thou know me?" Then Martin understood, and he remembered the words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

MOTI LAL, THE BUNYA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. N. H. RUSSELL

For the Children's Record.

The particular bunya or merchant in this picture is a very respectable and hard-working young man in Mhow, India, from whom we missionaries have bought many yards of cloth, spools, yarn, stationery, etc.

Most of the wealthy men in our large cities belong to this class.

Their wealth is not all acquired by honest trade, but is largely made up by usury and sharp practice, aided by the improvidence and ignorance of the people. Few people in India but are in the clutches of the bunya by borrowing money from him. At famine times these men do not hesitate to combine and raise prices, nor does it ever enter their



Moti Lal, the Bunya.

Besides his small shop in the Bazaar, about 5 feet by 10, and stuffed with goods, he carries a pack round on his back and sells from door to door.

These buyers are shrewd business men, and are gradually getting all the wealth of India into their hands. To give you some idea of their wealth, a merchant who not 20 years ago was only a poor young man carrying a pack on his back, spent last year upon his son's marriage over \$100,000.

heads to give away food to help their starving neighbors, even though grain may be rotting in their granaries.

In religion the bnyas are mostly Jains, reverencing life more than all else, and seeking to gain salvation by works. Their ideas of salvation are very strange, being similar to annihilation. They do not believe in God.

Their chief religious act is to attempt to preserve life; but only of animals, they have

no thought for human beings. They will not kill vermin, mosquitos, or any animal; they starve and ill-treat their cattle, but will not allow them to be shot, even when their legs get broken, and life is only prolonged suffering.

They have hospitals for lame cows and horses, dogs, goats and even for ants, fleas and lice, men being employed to feed these vermin on their bodies. But as a rule they give nothing to hospitals for their fellow men, nor to help those dying of famine.

Such are the terrible depths to which religion has fallen in India.

The young man in our picture has, let us hope, a brighter future than this before him. He has often heard about Jesus, and a short time ago he received a Bible. Let us pray that it may be blessed to his true salvation.

POLLIWOGS AND HEATHEN.

"Polliwogs! polliwogs! five cents a dozen!" was the unusual cry from a small, squeaky voice that came in at my window one morning in early June. It brought all the children to the sidewalk, and even the older folks looked out to see little Jimmie Stone trudging along with a tin bucket full of polliwogs, or tadpoles.

"Where did you get 'em, Jimmie?"

"Oh, just see 'em wiggle!"

"What'll we do with 'em, Jimmie?"

"Why, put 'em in a glass bowl of water and some sand and a stone, and see 'em turn to frogs," said Jimmie.

"Oh, Oh! will they, though, ever turn to frogs?" asked one with astonishment.

Another added, "I don't believe it."

But a big boy, standing by, who had been to college, said they would in a few weeks; so that settled the matter.

And then, sure enough, when they came to look closely at some of the little fellows, there were legs already sprouting from the wiggly, black bodies.

There was a general scampering away after nickels, for every child wanted a dozen,

so as to go into the frog-raising business at once. Jimmie said to some economical ones who thought a penny's worth would do, that they must have at least a dozen, "'cause some was sure to die," and there wouldn't be enough left to raise a respectable family.

Soon the little crowd came back, with tin pans and buckets to get their portion of polliwogs, and also received instructions that the water must be changed every morning.

"They ain't any trouble," said Jimmie; "don't eat anything, and don't make any dirt."

Then the nickels were turned over to Jimmie, and as the little hands were about full, their interest was turned for the moment to the money.

"What are you going to do with it, Jimmie?" asked one.

"Send it to the missionaries out in China," he answered promptly.

Some looked a little awed at the high purpose in Jimmie's polliwog business, while the college boy gave a laugh of amused superiority, and then said:

"What do you know about missionaries in China?"

"Know about 'em? I know a heap about 'em. I know there are lots and lots of heathen in China, millions of them; more than all the people we've got in our country—and they don't know about God, and live wicked lives."

"But they are all cowards," said one boy; "the Japs whipped them easy as nothing."

"Well, I don't care," said Jimmie; "if they were Christians they would do everything better—live better, fight for their country better, and—everything," his argumentative powers giving out. "I heard papa and mamma talking about it at home, and they said our missionaries were so brave to stay there and work on for the Chinese when the war put them in so much danger.

"Turning polliwogs into frogs, and thereby turning heathen into Christians, that's a new idea," said the big boy, as the little group dispersed.—"Our Monthly."

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

Tunapuna, Trinidad,
Sept. 15th, 1897.

My dear children,—

Sometimes, when I know it is time to write you again, there seems to be nothing new to tell; things go on much the same in Trinidad all the year round, and our work is much the same one month as it is the next. Palm trees and bamboos wave green in the wind, whether it is August or January. There are roses in the garden every day, and there is always at least one brown face at the door wanting something. Often it is medicine, sometimes it is a quarrel to be settled, or to let us know that somebody has cursed them.

Monday morning, when I opened the door, Pussy came in first, as she nearly always does; it was only half-past five o'clock, but there was somebody behind Pussy wanting medicine—a heathen woman. She, no doubt, felt that she had a right to ask for the medicine, for had she not come to church the day before? And though she did find it tiresome, and got out as quick as she decently could, had she not, before leaving, put into my hand with great ceremony a copper for the collection?

There is always a great deal of sickness among the East Indians; they are not a strong people.

Too often the sickness arises from uncleanly and unwholesome ways of life. All the schools in the island are low in attendance just now, and have been so more or less the whole of this year; whooping-cough fever, and dysentery are everywhere.

In August there were two weeks' holidays, and we are just getting well into working order again. The children never all come back for the first week or two after holidays.

You know I am working among little girls now. Sometimes I work among big girls, and keep them in a "Home;" but just now we have no big Christian girls who need to be taken in this way. Three large girls come to me every day for Bible class and sewing;

the rest, over twenty, are all very small, because their sisters, a little older, are either married or kept at home to work.

My little girls are all scholars in the Tunapuna school. From a quarter past twelve till a quarter past one nearly every day they come to my house to sew. They are not at all quiet in sewing class, but they are very happy.

First thing all wash their hands with plenty of soap, which must be quite a treat to some of them. Then they take their places, the smallest on a big table, fold their hands and shut their eyes for a little prayer. After that I give out the work. The smallest ones hem strips of white cotton with colored thread; those a little further on sew patchwork, make dolls' dresses, etc.; and two girls are beginning to sew pretty well.

While sewing they talk more than I like, and snarl at each other, and sometimes call names. Often they begin to sing, "Lord, teach a little child to pray," or a Hindi hymn. Sometimes they repeat in chorus things they have learned. Lately the favorite chorus has been "Sheedrach, Meshach, Bednego." One said, "Madame we can't say Abednego"—though she was pronouncing it very nicely at the time.

Occasionally a little one who is not very well will fall asleep, and twice they have fallen off the table; but I suppose they are used to tumbling about, for there was no damage done.

Yesterday, after class, I brought out a basket of bananas and gave each one. What do you think they said? Most of them forgot to say "Thank you," and began to call out, "Madame, give me a rotten one." This in the hope that after each had got a good one, there might be a few, partly spoiled, left in the basket.

I wish you could see these little girls. Though they do not know how to behave like you do, they are very interesting, and often very pretty, and I love every one of them.

SARAH E. MORTON.

CHRIST OUR SALVATION.**A Concert Exercise.**

This exercise may be effectively represented by an arch of evergreen extending over the pulpit, upon which the letters composing "Christ our Salvation" should be fastened, as each child concludes its recitation.

Eighteen children should take part in this exercise, each bearing a letter, to be handed to the leader at the close of the recitation.

1. Christ is the Helmet of our salvation. Isa. 59 : 17.

2. Christ is the Voice of our salvation. Ps. 118 : 15.

3. Christ is the Rock of our salvation. Deut. 32 : 15.

Singing.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Save me from its guilt and power."

4. He is the God of salvation. 1 Chron. 16 : 35.

5. He has given us the Word of salvation. Acts 13 : 26.

6. He has given us the Knowledge of salvation. Luke 1 : 27.

7. He has given us the Wells of salvation. Isa. 12 : 3.

Singing—"Jesus the Water of Life will give."

8. He has given us the Garments of salvation. Isa. 61 : 10.

9. He has given us the Hope of salvation. 1 Thess. 5 : 8.

10. He has given us the Word of Salvation. Eph. 1 : 13.

Singing—"Sing them over again to me, Wonderful words of life."

11. He has given us the Cup of salvation. Ps. 116 : 13.

12. He has given us the Way of salvation. Acts 16 : 17.

13. He has given us a Day of salvation. Isa. 49 : 8.

14. He has given us a Token of salvation. Phil. 1 : 28.

15. He is called the Horn of our salvation. Luke 1 : 69.

16. He is the Tower of salvation for His king ; and showeth mercy to His anointed. 2 Sam. 22 : 51

17. He is the Author of our salvation. Heb. 5 : 9.

18. He is the Captain of our salvation. Heb. 2 : 10.

Singing.

Trust in Him who is your Captain,
Let no heart in terror quail,
Jesus leads the gathering legions,
In His name we will prevail.

Recitation.

Jesus came to bring salvation
To this dark and sin-stained earth,
And the sinless host of heaven
Sang hosannas at His birth.
All He bids to come unto Him,
Come and trust His pardoning love
That can wash away each sin-stain,
Cleanse us for our home above.

But afar across the ocean,
In the darkened heathen lands,
Many do not know of Jesus
Nor have heard of His commands ;
How He bids the little children
Freely, gladly, come to Him.
How He bids the heavy laden
Bring their burdens unto Him.

We are only little children,
'Tis not much that we can do,
To proclaim the gladsome story
Far beyond the ocean blue.
But we'll gladly work for Jesus
With our loving childish might,
That the gospel of salvation
In dark lands may shed its light.

—Selected.

A LITTLE JAPANESE WOMAN.

My name is O Yasu San, and I live just outside of the city of Yokohama. Our home stands in the middle of a small garden, and has four rooms, which are separated from each other by sliding partitions made of paper, reaching a little over our heads, so we can hear people talk all over the house. There are no sofas or chairs in our house; the floor is the sofa and chairs.

There is a shrine on the wall of the sitting-room. A large image of Buddha stands in it, and also Hanox, the family god, and the tablets of our ancestors. And we have beautiful scrolls on the walls; some of them have prayers to Buddha on them.

At night we take our thin mattresses from the closet and lay them on the floor, at the head we place a wooden block or pillow. I should not like a thick feather pillow such as I saw in the house of an American foreigner the other day. It would be too warm and trouble my hair. My hair-dresser comes only once a week to arrange my hair, and I must keep it smooth till she comes again.

As I am the daughter-in-law, I cook the breakfast and carry it on three little trays into the sitting-room. One of these is for my father-in-law, one is for my mother-in-law, and one is for my husband. They sit on the floor to eat, and I stand by to replenish their bowls of rice or their small tea cups. When they finish I eat my breakfast, and then I smoke, as every lady does, which helps to pass away my time.

My husband reads large books, but he never talks to me about them, I could not understand; I am only a woman, I know nothing. I should have had to blacken my teeth when I was married, as all women used to do, if our Empress had not done away with that foolish fashion by refusing to blacken her own.

My shoes have very thick soles, so they lift my feet out of the mud. When I go into the house I leave my shoes at the door, and go around the clean mats with

only stockings on; in the kitchen or on the verandah I wear straw slippers.—Sel.

A LITTLE MISSION SCHOOL GIRL.

Far away across the ocean
In the glare of tropic skies,
Is a lovely little island
Where the graceful palm-trees rise;

And a city holds its thousands,—
Men of many a stranger race,
From the fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon
To the dark-bronzed Indian face.

Little ones whose eyes and tresses
Seem to hold the dusk in store,
Foreign in their look and language,
Tread the streets of Singapore;

Little ones, who bow to idols,
Bringing fragrant incense there
To the shrines of gods unheeding,
Ignorant of vow and prayer.

In the mission schools the children
With their other lessons new
Learn to sing our hymns of gladness,
Learn to read the Scriptures true.

They repeat the verses holy
From the Father's sacred word,
And the love of Christ the Saviour
In their childish hearts is stirred.

In her home a little pupil
Languid on her pallet lay,
And the household watched in sadness
As her young life ebbed away.

"Bring," she said, "my little Bible
Which at school I learned to read;
Well I know my teacher told me
It would help me in my need.

I was angry with my schoolmates,
And my heart was hot and wild;
I am sorry I was naughty,
I would be a Christian child.

Jesus has my soul forgiven,
I am not afraid to die."
So, her life's brief journey ended,
She has found her home on high.

—Selected.

A HERO OF THE MINES.

From a boy Michael Verran had lived and worked in the dark mines.

One day he was engaged with two others sinking a shaft. They had bored a hole in the usual way for blasting, and then, according to a rule, one of the three had ascended the shaft, leaving the others to finish the preparations for firing the charge. The hole was filled with powder and securely tamped, and all that was left to do was to cut the fuse and then for one man to ascend the shaft and let down the bucket for the last, so that he who fired the fuse might have time to be drawn up to the surface before the charge should explode.

Michael and his companion had become familiar with danger. They were careless, and, while the fuse was attached, they set to work to cut it through with a stone and an iron drill. In doing it, the iron gave out a spark, and in a second the kissing of the fuse told them that in a few minutes the charge would explode.

Both dashed to the shaft, and, holding on to the bucket, gave the signal to be drawn up; but, alas! the strength of the man at the windlass was not equal to lifting two; he could wind up only one man at a time.

To remain was death to both, and it was Michael Verran's turn to ascend. He looked at his companion, stepped from the bucket, and quietly said:

"Escape, lad, for thy life; I shall be in heaven in a minute."

Swiftly the bucket ascended, and the man saved leaned over the pit's mouth and listened—listened for what? For the great roar and boom that told of the sudden destruction of the brave comrade who had given up his life to save him.

Up came the smoke and rubbish, blinding and sickening. There could be no doubt of the miner's fate, close shut against that fearful hole. Yet down they hurried, and among the scattered blocks of rock at the bottom of the shaft they shouted, in falter-

ing tones, his name, "Michael! Michael! where are you?"

And the strong answer came, "Thank God, I am here."

Eager hands dragged away the rubbish and rock, and there, underneath a huge slab of stone that had blown across him, and lodging against the end of the shaft, protected him from all the rest, they found him safe; not a scratch upon him nor his clothes torn. He had set himself down in the corner of his rocky prison, placed a shield of rock before his eyes, and commended his soul in prayer to God, and the God who cared for Daniel in the rocky dungeon had delivered him and saved him from death.—"Forward."

A HERO IN SCHOOL.

Jamie Pettigrew and Willie Hunter were the clever boys in Mr. Howatt's school class, and used to run "neck and neck for the prizes." Examination day came again. Jamie and Willie were left last in the field. Jamie missed question after question, which Willie answered, and got the prize.

"I," says Mr. Howatt, "went home with Jamie that night, and instead of being cast down at losing the prize, he seemed rather to be mighty glad. I can't understand it.

"'Why, Jamie,' I said, 'you could have answered some of those questions.

"'Of course I could!' he said, with a laugh.

"'Then why didn't you?' I asked.

"He wouldn't answer for awhile; but I kept pressing him, till at last he turned round with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes.

"'Look here,' he said, 'how could I help it? There's poor Willie—his mother died last week, and if it hadn't been examination day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a poor fellow who had just lost his mother?'

"Bravo, my lad! A good speech that; and second was a good place, if not the noblest of any, in all the school that day.

A LITTLE GIRL'S BAND.

She was only one wee maiden,
 But with willing heart and hand,
 She pursed her rosy lips and said,
 "I'm going to be a Band!"

Of course she asked her mother,
 As any maiden would,
 And got some help in drawing rules,
 And "seeing if she could."

Then off she started down the lane,
 This dainty missionary;
 She had to talk, and talk, and talk,
 For folks are "real contrary."

"D'you know about those heathen girls,
 How every single one
 Is shut up in a horrid house,
 And can't have any fun?"

And nothing nice to eat at all—
 Just sour milk or tea
 Without a scrap of sugar?
 I'm very glad 'taint me.

And then they're so afraid to die,
 They don't know 'bout our Lord,
 Who came to take us all to heaven
 By trusting in His word.

Don't you think we ought to help them,
 Before we're grown up quite,
 To save those little heathen girls
 By sending them the light?"

She didn't have to go so far,
 This little maiden wee,
 Before she found another one
 Who did with her agree,

So they 'lected Molly secretary,
 And Ethel took the chair,
 And, though their minds were very hazy
 As to what their duties were,

That day they made an iron rule,
 That each who joined must seek
 One other member; then the Band
 "'Adjourned to meet next week."

And Molly brought Clarinda
 And Ethel found out Dan,
 And him they made the president,
 Because he was a man.

Now, it wasn't very long, be sure,
 With such a stringent rule,
 Before there really was a throng—
 In fact, 'twas all the school,

For four, you see, make eight;
 Twice eight, sixteen or more,
 And twice sixteen are thirty-two,
 And twice that sixty-four.

And they studied about the heathen,
 Prayed for their souls, so sad,
 And they worked to gather pennies
 To send the tidings glad.

They had exhibitions, concerts,
 And all such things, you know,
 For the bigger people all waked up,
 By the stir going on below.

So just one little maiden,
 Who works with heart and hand,
 Is the very best beginning
 For a Missionary Band.

—"Children's Work for Children."

WHY HE ESCAPED.

An English Earl, who was a sceptic, was travelling not so long ago in the Fiji Islands. "You are a great chief," he said to one man, "and it is a pity for you to listen to those missionaries. Nobody believes any more in that old book called the Bible that they try to teach you, that you have been so foolish as to be taken in by, nor in that story of Jesus Christ — we have all learned better."

The eyes of the chief flashed as he replied: "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we crushed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now if it hadn't been for the good missionaries and that old book, and the great love of Jesus Christ, which has changed us from savages into God's children, you would never leave this spot. You have reason to thank God for the Gospel, for without it you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on you in no time."

**ALWAYS A PLACE FOR THAT
KIND OF A BOY.**

"O, say, Mr. Bradford, are you in a hurry?" panted bright, rosy-cheeked George Ellis, running up to the sleigh from which that gentleman was alighting.

"In too much of a hurry to stand long in this snowy air. Come into the store if you wish to speak to me."

"Thank you, sir" and picking up a basket the driver had set upon the curb, he opened the door of the large general store and held it for the proprietor to pass through.

"Thank you," said the gentleman. "Now, what is it?"

"My mother slipped and broke her ankle——"

"Yes, yes, I heard of it. Very sorry! Hope she is doing well."

"It takes time, of course, sir, and it is so hard for her to lie on the sofa all day; I came to ask if you would allow her to use that wheel-chair in the back store for a few weeks, and let me work for you to pay for it."

"Did she send you to ask this?"

"O, no, sir, I thought of this myself."

"What could you do? I never have had a boy about the place."

"I know it, sir, but I can see things that might be done. The plants there in the front window will lose their leaves if they are not watered pretty soon."

The gentleman stepped to the window and glanced at the plants before he replied: "How did you happen to notice them?"

"Mother has taught me to care for hers. These are fine ones. Every time I pass the window I wish I could arrange them so that they would show better."

"I dare say they have been neglected. I bought them to make up an assortment. Fix up the window to suit yourself. I will send up the chair the first time the delivery waggon goes that way."

"O, thank you, sir!" and the lad's mittens and coat were off, and he was at the

other side of the large store after water before Mr. Bradford had even turned toward his desk.

George found real delight, as a genuine plant-lover does, in seeing the thirsty green things drink up the needed refreshment and noting how quickly they responded by an added appearance of freshness and luxuriance.

He then polished the plate glass window, spread down green straw mats to resemble grass, grouped the plants tastefully upon them, and then pushed a green-covered lounge around, so that it had the effect of a mound of moss, and disposed a large landscape upon an easel as a background.

Being near the entrance, he politely opened the door for every lady who came up the steps, and when Mrs. Nevers drove up with a portfolio of pictures to be framed, stepped out and brought them in for her.

Mr. Bradford from his desk could not help noticing this spontaneous anticipatory service, and was interested when the lady said—

"I am so glad you have George Ellis here. I am afraid he and his mother are having a hard time to get along. He is in my Sunday-school class, and the brightest, most obliging lad I know. Did he arrange that window? I might have known it. It is a perfect picture, or, what is better, a bit of summer. No wonder that every passer-by stops to take a look at such a delightful contrast to the world outside.

Mr. Bradford, whose store was known as the "Old Curiosity Shop," or "The Museum," had never felt so complacent over his surroundings in his life, and was now most pleasantly surprised by an acquaintance coming in to ask the price of the landscape in the window, and by purchasing it at once, saying—

"My shut-in sister has been asking for a picture of green fields, but I didn't suppose I could find one in town."

"That picture stood near that window all winter."

"Well, I never looked in your window,

and if I had I could have seen nothing for dust, but your show this morning would attract anyone. What's up?" and the man went off laughing.

"Where is George? He must find another picture to replace that one," said Mr. Bradford.

"And what then, sir?" asked the boy, respectfully.

"Anything that suggests itself to you."

"O, thank you, sir! There are so many nice things here, your store should be the prettiest in the village."

"And it is only a lumber-room; but I give you liberty to make whatever you can out of it."

At the end of the week, the front of the store was so pleasantly and artistically arranged, that every customer had some complimentary remark to make, and two drummers running in, one exclaimed—

"I thought I was in the wrong store. I have been describing your 'Old Curiosity Shop' to my friend here, and telling him he could buy anything from a humming-bird's nest to a second-hand pulpit, but"—

"But, although order is being brought out of chaos, I have the same variety;" and he told the story of how it all happened, adding, "I have not the least particle of order about me, and I never yet employed a clerk who had interest enough in the business to do anything except what they were told, until this lad came in."

"That is just the kind of a boy we are looking for. There is always a place for that kind of a boy. You'll have to pay him well, or you won't keep him long. There's our train. I'll run in on my way back and have a talk with the fine little fellow."

"Fine little fellow, indeed!" said Mr. Bradford to himself. "Think they can get him away from me, do they? I guess not!" and, calling to George, he said: "Here is the balance of what you have earned over and above paying for the rent of the chair; and tell your mother I am coming in this evening to see about your staying on with me for a year out of school hours. A lad

with your head for business must not neglect school."

"My head for business is following mother's way—doing whatever is to be done and doing it well. You are very kind, Mr. Bradford," and the boy's feet kept pace with the wind as he fled up the street to tell his mother the good news—that he was sure now of steady work, and she needn't worry any more, for he could take care of them both.

It is Bradford & Ellis now, and you wouldn't know the place; but there are always picturesque effects in the windows, and Mr. Bradford is never weary of telling how his young partner made himself a necessity in the business.—"Zion's Herald."

THE STORY OF TAK-CHAN.

This interesting story is told by a lady missionary from China.

Just before I left Hong Kong, one of my Chinese friends, a woman whom I had known some years, came to see me, bringing with her a bundle tied up in a handkerchief, from which she produced small gifts for my father and mother, brother and sisters. She also gave me a number of things used in idol worship—an incense burner, incense sticks, sandal wood, and other things. When I protested at the number of her gifts, she said:

"No, Ku-Neung, they are not many, they are very few. But I want you to take these things to England with the idol, the Goddess of Mercy, that I have already given you; and I want you to show them to the people of England, and to tell them how they are used in the worship of idols; and I want you to tell them about me, and why my arms are so scarred."

Then she pushed back her loose sleeves and showed me on both her arms terrible scars, and told me a part of her life-story that she had never told me before.

She had been, as I knew, very unhappy through many years of her married life because she was a childless woman, and to

be childless is reckoned the greatest curse that can come to a woman.

Then other troubles befel her—her mother-in-law fell ill. This also, she thought, must be because of some evil influence that she had brought into the house. The weary round of offerings and worship brought no relief, and the old woman only grew worse. In her despair and trouble the daughter-in-law went to consult a sorceress—an interpreter of the mind of the idols.

This woman told her that only one means could restore her mother-in-law to health. She must make broth of her own flesh, on drinking which the old woman would at once recover! And so anxious was she to do all that was demanded of her, the utmost possible to atone for her sin, that the poor creature actually did as she was bidden, went home, and with her own hands sliced the flesh from her arms. Twice was the ghastly sacrifice made, twice did the old woman drink of that horrible potion; and then she died.

Nothing then was left to this poor, tortured woman. She had done her utmost, and her utmost had failed. Either her sin must be so great that no amount of merit that she could earn would ever counterbalance it in the spirit world, or else she had believed a lie. Her husband brought home a second wife, and her misery was complete. She had no hope for this life, nor any beyond it.

Some years later, when she was forty-one years of age, she accompanied a friend on a long journey to a distant town in search of healing from a foreign doctor whose fame she had heard. In the waiting-room of the hospital that day, Tak-Chan heard for the first time in her life of a Saviour from sin, of an atonement made once for all, of One who bore the sin of the world. To that longing heart it seemed as if this were a message especially for her—a message for which she had been waiting all her life, and she received it joyfully. Afterwards, being taken into the hospital, she was carefully

taught, was baptized, and went home a new creature.

I had known Tak-Chan for several years, but I never heard the story of her scarred arms until that day. And this is why I heard of it then.

"Tell them," she said, "why my arms are so scarred, and how unweariedly I worshipped the idols, seeking to atone for my sin. If you tell them these things, and if you show them these things, surely they will listen; and many will be sent out, who will go into the country places where they never hear of Christ, and will teach my people, that my people may be taught, and that they may not suffer as I suffered before I knew of a Saviour from sin. Do beseech them, Ku-Neung, that many may be sent."

We need schools and colleges and training homes in China. Must we say to the little bands of Christians looking for our help: "These things cannot be yet. There is wealth enough for all and more than all among the Christians in England, but there is not enough of the spirit of Christ." We must have from among the people evangelists, teachers, and Bible-women, well equipped; we must have Chinese hospital nurses and Chinese Christian mothers, trained amid pure and holy influences, if Christ's Kingdom is to be set up in the land. And for the bringing in of that Kingdom the Saviour came down to earth, and trod its weary paths, footsore and hungry and lonely; and for this He suffered and died upon the cross of shame; and not until that Kingdom come shall He "see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied." Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

LITTLE GIRLS IN INDIA.

It is not always easy to get the children in India to attend a Christian mission school. The parents, grandparents and all the ancestors for hundreds of years have worshipped idols. The parents may be convinced that there is a better religion, but they are afraid

something terrible will happen if they change. So they try to keep their children from "learning the foreign religion."

One missionary writes:—

"Last Sunday I was holding a street Sunday-school with a large number of Tamil children when a man rushed in with a club and drove them all away, snatching the picture-cards out of their hands and saying that if they listened to us or took the cards that they would take sick and die."

But some of them are brave and true even in their homes, as is shown by this instance: "One little girl, a wife of thirteen, removed a certain image which was hung around her neck when she went to live with her mother-in-law. She broke the ornament in pieces and hid the fragments. On being asked where it was, she confessed what she had done and added: "I cannot believe that image was God, for would He have allowed me to destroy it as I did, if it had been the true God?"

Another great hindrance is "caste." In India the people are divided into classes called "castes," which will not mingle. A boy or girl of one caste must not eat or sit with those of another.

A teacher allowed a low-caste boy to come to school with high-caste boys. Their parents were horrified to find they had been sitting on the same matting with him. They were not allowed to eat until they had bathed; so every day they had to take two or three baths. Finally they came in a solemn row to the teacher, thanked her for all she had done, and then said, "But alas, madame! we are killing ourselves with bathing."

When she found out the difficulty, she asked them what she should do to remedy it.

They had thought it all out, and asked her to cut an aisle through the middle of the matting, so that the low-caste boy need not walk on their side! This was done, because she did not wish to lose them, and they were not to blame for the folly of their fathers.

Another serious hindrance to our girls'

schools is child-marriages. Little babies are promised to each other by the parents and, when only nine or ten years old, the girls are taken to the home of the father-in-law.—"Children's Missionary Friend."

JOHNNY AND THE GATE.

"Johnny, I want you to do an errand for me."

"Where, mamma?"

"Over to Mrs. Root's. Here is a note for her. Put it in your pocket."

Johnny set out on his errand, soon arriving at Mrs. Root's gate. And here he found trouble. The latch on the gate was so tightly caught that he could not open it. With all his might he tugged at it, but his small hands were not strong enough. What did he do? Turn about and go home again with his errand undone? No Johnny was not that kind of a boy. He had been sent to give that note to Mrs. Root and he meant to do it. He tried to climb over the gate, but it was too high. Then he looked about him. The gate belonging to the next house was low. He was an active little fellow, and could easily climb that. He walked carefully along the fence until he came to the board wall which divided Mrs. Root's lot from this one. There was a ledge along it. He climbed on this, then hung by his hands and dropped into Mrs. Root's yard. Coming out, he found it easy to open the gate. Within sight of the gate there was a tiny park with seats under the trees. As Johnny started for home he saw his father sitting on one of them.

"How long have you been here, papa?" he asked.

"About ten minutes," said his father.

"Did you see what a time I had getting into Mrs. Roo's?"

"Yes."

"And you didn't come and open the gate for me," said Johnny, feeling a little injured.

"No, because I was thinking of the times when I shouldn't be with you, and you

would have to make your own way, just as you did now."

"But I don't go to Mrs. Root's very often. Perhaps I shan't go there again for a great while and perhaps the gate will be fixed then."

"I mean, my boy, that I was thinking of the times which will come to you as you go on in life, when they will seem hard for you, and you will have to work it out alone. Now God has given you your strong active body and your bright mind, and expects you to use them. When you cannot do a thing one way by the powers of your body, you call on the powers of your mind to tell you of some other way, just as you did in getting into Mrs. Root's yard when you could not open the gate."

"Yes, I had to think it out," said Johnny, brightly.

"I was much pleased at seeing that you did not give it up when you met with a difficulty. A boy who brings his best thought and power to the overcoming of an obstacle will be sure to make his way.

SEVEN LITTLE CHRISTIANS.

Many years ago, in one of the villages of Turkey, a missionary sold a Bible, which fell into the hands of a little boy, a pupil in one of the large native schools, but when his teacher learned of it, he took it from him and tore it to pieces. The little fellow had already become so interested in the sweet Bible stories, that he was eager to learn more about David and Samuel and Joseph, and could not be satisfied until he had another copy of the book. He used to go off into some quiet place in the field or the vineyard to read, all by himself at first, but the secret was too good to keep, and he whispered it to one and another of his friends among the boys, until the little circle of readers numbered seven.

In some way the teacher again found out the secret, and calling the school together he angrily demanded that all the boys who

had been reading "the leper Bible," as he called it, should stand up.

Trembling, the little readers hesitated a moment, but their book had told them "Whosoever will confess me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven," and one after another they rose to their feet.

"What shall we do with them?" cried the angry teacher. "The bastinado is too good for them."

Do you American boys know what that meant? One way in which the boys in that school was punished was to lay them bound on the floor, with their feet turned upward, and to beat them with sharp blows on the soles of their feet until they were so sore and blistered that the little fellows could only crawl home on their hands and knees. That was the punishment that the teacher thought too good for the boys who would read the Bible that is so dear to us.

"What shall we do with them?" he asked again, and at last some one suggested, "Let us spit in their faces!" "That is just the thing," said the teacher; and so the seven little boys were made to stand in a row and their two hundred school-mates, with their teacher at their head, passed in front of them, spitting in their faces as they passed.

The poor boys hung their heads with mortification, and when, as the last one of the procession had passed by, the teacher cried out, "Now sing one of our national songs," they could not join. "Why don't you sing?" asked the teacher. "Oh, we will, if you will let us sing one of our own songs," they replied, and their fine young voices sang out the sweet words which they had heard as they listened at the door of the mission chapel:

"Must Jesus bear His cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me."

To those who would not deny the truth the Lord Jesus had given strength to bear the cross.—"Over Land and Sea."

A SHORT SERMON.

Children who have read my lay,
This much I have to say :
Each day and every day,

Do what is right !

Right things in great and small ;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light.

This further would I say :
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true.

True things in great and small ;
Then, though the stars should fall,
Sun, stars, and moon, and all,
Heaven shall show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not of thistles grow ;
And, though the blossoms grow
White on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set,
So if you good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through,
Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to you
Unto one and all.

When you work and when you play,
Each day and every day.
Then peace shall gild your way.
Though the sky should fall.

THE BREWER'S DOG.

A brewer in Haverfordwest once owned a dog which had acquired a liking for the sweet new beer as it runs from the vat, and in consequence was in the habit of getting dreadfully intoxicated. When in that state he conducted himself in a most ridiculous manner, quite beneath the dignity of a dog, to say nothing about a superior order of animals.

Various means were tried by his master

to cure him of this bad habit. All precautions were taken, but sure as there was a fresh supply of beer brewed, so sure did the dog contrive to try its quality, with the same mortifying results.

One day, when very much the worse for what he had taken, he was capering about in his usual manner, and performing most absurd antics, he somehow managed to fall into a tub of boiling wort, from which he was rescued in a most deplorable condition, his coat scalded off in patches, and himself almost dead with pain and fright.

His tumble had a very remarkable effect. It completely cured him of his evil propensities, and from that memorable day the dog became a total abstainer, and no person could induce him to taste beer again.

But he found, like the nobler animal when similarly afflicted, that the visible effects of his folly were not so easily effaced. The bald patches still remained, a warning to all his friends, both human and canine, not to indulge in intoxicating beverages.

Never tell all you know ; for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows.

Never believe all you hear ; for he who believes all that he hears often believes more than he hears.

Never lay out all you can afford ; for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

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A GOOD FAMILY RECORD.

The Prince of Wales, when a lad of sixteen, thirty-seven years ago, visited Canada and the United States, and a good story is told of his visit to a ranch in the West.

The Royal Party was entertained by a Mr. B— at his ranch (farm). They were preparing for a day's fishing, and an old farmer promised that his nephew would provide bait for "the Englishman," of whose rank he was ignorant.

Mr. Blank sent for the farmer the previous evening, and anxiously inquired, "Has your nephew brought the bait?"

"No."

"We want it by daylight."

"You'll hev it," calmly replied the old man.

"'Tis a matter of great importance. Are you sure that we shall have it?"

"Didn't Jabez give you his word?"

"But how do I know that he'll keep it?" said the uneasy host.

"How do ye know?" said the farmer, sternly. Because he's a Pratt. None of the Pratts ever was known to tell a lie, an' I reckon Jabez isn't agoin' to break the record," and he tramped off.

"You must pardon the old man, your Grace," Mr. B— said, turning to the Duke of Newcastle, who was with the Prince, and who was standing near by; "he does not know who you are."

"Pardon him? I call that very fine! Why should not the Pratts be proud of their honest blood as well as the Pelham Clintons?" his own family.

The daylight brought Jabez and the bait.

If every Canadian family cherished, like the Pratts, a faith in the truth or honesty or piety of their ancestors, with a resolve, like Jabez, "never to break the record," what an uplift in life would follow in our country.

That is the true family pride, which the day-laborer may share with the duke.

THE TWO SEEKERS FOR SUCCESS.

Two young men talked together about success. Both were strong, noble and resolute. One was self-satisfied and impetuous; the other was studious and quiet.

"First, let us find out for a certainty what is success," said the latter.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his companion, impatiently, with a toss of his head. "Anybody knows that to be famous and honored is success. You may do as you please, but for myself, I shall seek fame, and seek it at once, too."

The two young men separated, the one to set out on his search for fame, the other to seek the advice of an aged and wise man who lived near by.

"My son," said the old man, in reply to the youth's question, "If you seek praise you will not find it. They who set out to find fame, never reach her. Search instead for work. Whenever you can do an honest deed do it. Lend your hand to every burden that needs lifting. Make it your greatest ambition to help men. Usefulness alone is success.

Years later two old men met. They were the friends whom we knew as boys. But what a change! He who had been all strength and confidence was now shrunken and feeble, broken in his pursuit of honor. Disappointment had set deep lines in his face. His hand shook as a reed in the summer wind.

"I have failed!" he cried to a friend of his youth. He could say no more for his heart was broken.

The other, to whom years had brought a crown of usefulness, esteem and fame, and in whose eyes still flashed the fire of a great soul, uttered no word of reproach or of self-glorification. He stooped and lifted up his bowed comrade, and comforted him.

For it was thus, on the path of helpfulness and the path of duty that he had journeyed to true success.—Selected.