



THE
CHILDREN'S
RECORD

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

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The Children's Record.

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All communications to be addressed to

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

ANOTHER HUNDRED DOLLARS FROM THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD has been able to send another hundred dollars to Foreign Missions. This is your gift, young people, for the RECORD is yours, and the more widely you can get it circulated the more will it be able to give. Do not forget to follow your gift with your prayers, that as it helps to carry the gospel to the heathen the good Spirit may make that gospel the means of bringing them to Christ.

Be sure and read carefully the very interesting letter from Mr. Goforth in this issue. It tells of the simple yet wonderful way in which an entrance has been made for the gospel even to the royal family of China.

Again we wish to return thanks for the kindly words that are coming with regard to the CHILDREN'S RECORD and its work. The aim will be to make it still more worthy of its welcome and of the work which it is trying to aid.

LETTER FROM MR. GOFORTH.

PANG CHUANG, CHINA, Mar. 17th 1889.

My Dear Young Friends:—

I have some good news for you today. After Rev. A. H. Smith had finished preaching to a church full of Chinese men and women he called upon one of the native evangelists to read a letter which had been sent by a Chinese friend in Peking. It was about a new opening for the

gospel. We all eagerly listened, you could have almost heard a pin drop, both heathen and Christian Chinese sat so still.

THIS IS WHAT THE LETTER TOLD US.

The new Empress of China of course must have many things made ready for her marriage to the young Emperor which took place last month. Men do the dress-making in China. So a tailor was called to her father's house. He was a Christian father and took his Bible along. While he sat sewing at the beautiful wedding garments the Bible lay open before him. Perhaps he read of the beautiful wedding garment which Jesus gives to his saints.

The Empress's grandmother noticed the tailor's book and asked him what it was about. The tailor replied that it was the Lord's Book and told us about Jesus the Saviour. Read some that I may hear, said the old lady. The tailor did so. Now explain, said the old lady. But, said the tailor, I am only a stupid man. How can I explain? The old woman would take no excuse, so the tailor in his simple way explained the doctrine of Jesus. When he had finished, the old lady said, "Yes these are good words." The tailor saw her interest and made bold to say that at the Jesus chapel the missionary had a magic lantern by means of which he explained the life of Jesus with pretty pictures. Please invite him to come tomorrow night and show us these good pictures said the old lady. To-morrow is holy day, (Sabbath), said the tailor, but we could come on Monday evening.

Monday evening found the native pastor and two assistants in the guest hall of the Empress's father. A white canvas is hung upon the wall. The lantern is made ready. All the household with invited friends assemble. The first picture is the birth of Christ. What a beautiful child he is, said the old lady. Then when she saw him a lad of twelve, putting hard questions to the doctors of the temple she remarked, "What a wise boy he is." But when she saw the Lord of Life nailed to the cross she exclaimed "k'o t'an k'o t'an; k'o hsi, k'o hsi." "What a pity,

what a pity, alas! alas! Though each scene in our Saviour's life was explained, no objection was made and when the explanation was finished the old lady said; pu t'so pu t'so, right, right. These words are "how t'ing", "good to hear." Then the young Empress asked the native pastor if he would not come when he had time and tell her more about Jesus.

Are you not all glad to hear these good tidings? We missionaries truly are. It is really an answer to prayer. Do you remember the week of Prayer. It was Saturday the twelfth of January that all nations and their rulers were prayed for: We observed the week of Prayer here at this station and remember we all prayed even the children, and how earnest we all felt. We specially prayed for the Emperor of China and the four hundred millions of Chinese that they might come to Jesus. Well that very day the twelfth of last January was the time when the Empress's grandmother asked the tailor to explain the doctrine of Jesus. This ought to encourage us to ask great things from God for the heathen in China, India, Africa, and the islands of the sea. We ask you all to join us in praying that the young Emperor and Empress may have their hearts opened to receive the Lord Jesus.

Your friend,
J. GORFORTH.

LETTER FROM ERROMANGA.

One of our missionaries in the New Hebrides, Mrs. Mackenzie of Erromanga, has written a letter telling how they teach the natives there. Would it not seem strange to have grandmothers sitting in school learning their A. B. C.? But you must hear her own words.

"We have early morning Bible reading at half past five. It takes fifteen minutes to gather them in and have singing and prayer. I then go in and take a class of elderly women. One of these has her second sight and reads well. One of her great-grand children has been attending school for several years, so you may have some idea of her age. She is always present.

The teacher "Solomon" has a class of men. We are in about an hour. During that time the girls in the mission house are having their morning reading. They read about half an hour, then Mr. Mackenzie goes in, questions each and has prayer with them. Then each girl goes to her allotted work while we have family worship.

Then breakfast. As we finish the children's school bell rings. Mr. Mackenzie takes charge of the advanced class, and others are conducted by the teacher and young men in the training class. At the close of the children's school Mr. Mackenzie dispenses medicine, then has the training class which occupies the whole forenoon.

There are also some European settlers on the island and the missionaries do what they can for their children. All this shows what a busy life the missionaries lead.

A SABBATH IN ERROMANGA.

"Our Sabbaths are equally busy days. The natives have an early morning prayer meeting. The forenoon service is from nine o'clock until eleven. We both spend from one till two with the settlers children. At two, bell for children's Sabbath school rings. I take the advanced class. At a quarter past three bell for adults. They are divided between Mr. Mackenzie and Solomon.

The year has been one of our busiest and perhaps one of our most encouraging. The kindness of the people to us and their readiness to assist in the Lord's work continues to increase.

We have still French settlers here but not very near us. The priest has gone away. His own countrymen refused to receive his services."

Yours affectionately,
AMANDA MACKENZIE.

If you know of any place where the CHILDREN'S RECORD is not taken and where it would do good, just forward the name of some one who will be willing to distribute them and a parcel will be sent free of cost. There are many mission stations and destitute places where there is little religious reading, why not have a parcel sent to them.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

BY OUR OWN MISSIONARY REV. DR. SMITH.

Rev. Dr. Smith one of our missionaries who went to China a few months since, and who is supported by the students of Queen's College, Kingston, writes to the *Presbyterian Review* of New Year's day in China, and we know that many of our young readers will be glad to read what he says of it.

"The first day of the first moon, which is the *one* great day in the year to all Chinamen, was this year the 31st day of January. For at least two weeks previous the unusual activity and bustle in their otherwise monotonous lives, showed that something more than ordinary was about to take place.

On the twentieth day of the twelfth month the officers of the Government, who have been engaged day after day for eleven months, and who are regarded as worn out with the fatigues and cares of office, are granted a respite of one month, and in token thereof, with a great amount of ceremony, all seals of office, beginning with the highest official's and ending with the lowest, are sealed up for the month.

Great preparations are made by both rich and poor in the way of laying up cash for gambling, and food for feasting. During the last few days of the old year we noticed numbers of men running hither and thither in search of their debtors, with a cash bag in one hand and a roll of accounts in the other. All debts are supposed to be paid on the last day of the year, and those who do not pay up are disgraced, and are not trusted during the following year. Besides, they are liable to get a severe beating if found by their creditors any time before daylight New Year's morning. Very few of the adult population sleep the last night of the year, and enormous quantities of fire-crackers are exploded. The afternoon of the last day of the year is a very busy time, and for once in the year, at least, all their rooms are cleaned out, and both old and young have a bath.

The celebration of New Year's Day com-

mences very early, and the festivities group themselves into five parts—(1) The sacrifice to Heaven and Earth; (2) The worship of the gods and idols belonging to the family; (3) The worship of deceased ancestors; (4) Prostration before living parents; and (5) the making of New Year's calls. Friends of equal rank bow to each other, shaking their own hands, each mutually congratulating the other. Relatives of lower social rank bow one knee on meeting superiors.

On the fifteenth of the first month is the "Feast of Lanterns," which is celebrated by nearly every family with greater or less expense. They use lanterns of all sizes and shapes, and Chefoo—with the hills surrounding it, the temples, the graveyards, and the junks in the harbours all illumined—never appeared to better advantage. Each separate grave was lighted up, and mock money burnt for the benefit of the spirits of the departed. They manage, however, as they suppose, to cheat the spirits by hollowing out a carrot, and putting a little oil and an old rag in it, and they imagine the spirits will believe it to be a whole candle.

There is a superstition that the gods all have a holiday from the 24th day of the twelfth moon, when they ascend to heaven to report to the "Pearly Emperor Supreme Ruler," in regard to the affairs under their supervision; all descend to earth again on the fourth day of the first moon. The people prepare an entertainment for them to welcome them back again, and to propitiate their good will for the year just commenced. The Kitchen God, the God of Wealth, and the God of Joy, are the three principal gods patronized by all Chinamen.

The average Chinaman is very broad in his religious views; and the idea of merit is so interwoven with every conception he has of heaven, that any kind of a divinity which seems adapted to exert a favorable influence in any given direction, will receive his homage, just because he is disposed to lay up a little merit, and this avenue appears equally as good as any other. This being the case, no doubt,

many will readily receive Christianity as a new avenue by which to obtain such merit. This indeed is one of the many hindrances the missionary has to contend with ; but it is not as formidable as another characteristic, which is rather difficult to describe, but which we will call *seeming submissiveness*. For example : A Chinaman will stand and hear a missionary expose the failings and weaknesses of his gods, and will in many cases, assent to all that is said, and still go away with his faith in his gods unshaken. Or a servant will receive gracefully a reproof, will listen attentively, even cordially, while you thoroughly expose his shortcomings, and with a polite bow will acknowledge all, and perhaps thank you for " your kindness to such an unworthy person, and will promise that the faults you have mentioned will be immediately, completely, for ever corrected. You know what these promises are worth, but such penitence will undoubtedly soften you, and this, be it noted is the object for which his promises were designed.

The most melancholy characteristic, however, is the absolute indifference everywhere apparent to the profoundest spiritual truths in the nature of man, and their ready acceptance of the most absurd statements and contradictory opinions as perfectly consistent. Add to this the fact that they have not the slightest conception of many of the fundamental truths of Christianity ; and notwithstanding their extensive vocabulary, that it is so difficult to find words that will even suggest to the Chinese mind the idea we wish to convey.

Do you wonder if, at times, we are discouraged, and say, " who is sufficient " for such an undertaking. Thanks be unto God for His promise, " My Word shall not return unto Me void." We go forth trusting in that promise, assured that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the *only* remedy for such ills, and the only power able to raise China's millions from the depths into to which sin has brought them.

Yours sincerely,

J. F. SMITH,

CHEFOO, N. CHINA, Feb. 23, 1839.

CATECHISM ON INDIA.

QUESTION. Where is India ?

ANSWER. In the south of Asia.

Q. What is India ?

A. A colony of Great Britain.

Q. What is its area ?

A. 1,779,478 square miles.

Q. What is the population ?

A. In March 1887 the population was estimated at 268,137,044.

Q. How are the people divided religiously ?

A. Into Hindus, Mohammedans, aborigines, Buddhists, Sikhs, Jains, Parsis, Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants.

Q. How many are Hindus ?

A. About 188 million.

Q. How many are Mohammedans ?

A. About 50 million.

Q. How many are Aborigines ?

A. About 6,500,000.

Q. How many are Buddhists ?

A. About 3,500,000.

Q. How many are Sikhs ?

A. About 200,000.

Q. How many are Jains ?

A. About 125,000.

Q. How many are Parsis ?

A. About 85,000.

Q. How many are Jews ?

A. About 12,000.

Q. How many are Roman Catholics ?

A. About 964,000.

Q. How many are Protestants ?

A. About 900,000.

Q. How many of these protestants are communicants in the missions of the different Societies ?

A. About 150,000.

Q. When were the first Protestant missionaries sent to India ?

A. In 1706.

Q. Who were they ?

A. Henry Plutschau and Bartholemew Ziegenbalg.

Q. By whom were they sent ?

A. By the Danish Missionary Society.

Q. What was their field of labor ?

A. Tranquebar.

Q. What noted missionary did this Society afterward send ?

A. Christain Frederick Schwartz who labored in India from 1750 to 1798.

Q. What British Missionary Society first sent missionaries to India ?

A. The Baptist Missionary Society.

Q. What missionary was sent ?

A. Wm. Carey who reached Calcutta in November 1793.

Q. What American Missionary Society first sent missionaries to India ?

A. The American Board.

Q. What missionaries were sent ?

A. Gordon Hall and Samuel Nott in 1812.

Q. What noted missionary of the Church of England labored in India ?

A. Henry Martyn who went to India in 1806.

Q. What noted missionary of the Free Church of Scotland labored in India ?

A. Dr. Alexander Duff who went to India in 1830.

Q. How many Protestant missionaries were laboring in India in 1885 ?

A. 791.

Q. How many ordained native agents were assisting them ?

A. 530.

Q. How many communicants were reported ?

A. 137,504.

Q. What is the prospect for mission work in India ?

A. The missions are making steady progress and we may look for large accessions in the near future.

Q. When was the Methodist Episcopal Mission founded in India ?

A. In 1857.

Q. What was the first station occupied ?

A. Bareilly.

Q. Who were our first missionaries ?

A. Dr. and Mrs. William Butler, who were soon followed by Rev. J. L. Humphrey and Rev. R. Pierce and their wives.

Q. How many missionaries have we now in India ?

A. 67 missionaries; 52 assistant missionaries; 23 missionaries of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

Q. How many members and probationers ?

A. Over 5,000 members, and about 5,000 probationers.

Q. How many conversions in 1888 ?

A. About 1,750.

Q. What is the outlook for our Missions in India ?

A. More cheering than ever before. Hindoos and Mahommedans are yielding to the Gospel ; and the native Church is full of hopefulness for final success.—*Little Missionary.*

PRAYER WHEELS.

One of the strangest contrivances for religious purposes ever invented by any people is the prayer wheel of Thibet. Thomas Manning, the only Englishman that ever saw Lhassa, who visited Thibet at the commencement of the present century, describes these wheels, which he calls "whirligigs," as cylinders turning freely on an axis, with sacred sentences and prayers inside. Turning the whirligig is equivalent to reciting the sentence, and is a substitute for it. The hand-wheel is carried always by pious persons, and is constantly turned, while another kind is fixed on an axis in the ground, around which it revolves. In the avenues of the temples, he says, there are hundreds of them, which good souls twist one after another as they pass along. Others contain rolls of printed prayers, and are fixed in rows on the walls of temples, near villages, and in streams to be turned by water power. They are said to have been in use for more than 1,000 years. Mr. Andrew Wilson says that the Thibetans are the most pre-eminently praying people on the face of the earth. "They have praying stones, praying pyramids, praying flags flying over every house, praying wheels, praying mills, and the universal prayer, *Om mani padme havi* is never out of their mouths." A German writer on Lamaism says of this sentence, which literally means "O God! the jewel in the lotus," that these six syllables are, of all the prayers of earth, that which is most frequently repeated, written, printed, and conveniently offered by mechanical means.

THE LITTLE HINDU GIRL.

Poor Mali sits alone and weeps,
 A gentle Hindu maid,
 Her graceful form in sorrow bent
 Beneath the aloe's shade.
 No loving voice to soothe her grief,
 Or quell her rising fears ;
 Her nights are spent in restless sleep,
 Her days in sighs and tears.

She never knew a father's love,
 Or mother's tender care.
 Curs'd from the day that gave her birth.
 And doomed to sad despair ;
 No joy lights up her wistful eyes,
 Nor gladness cheers her heart.
 Neglected, friendless, and despised,
 In grief she sits apart.

She never heard of Jesus' love
 To little children given,
 And that He bids us come to Him
 And have our sins forgiven ;
 Had Mali known this Saviour dear,
 Her heart had opened wide
 To let this gracious Friend come in,
 Her gods had thrown aside.

Oh happy little Christian girl
 Whose heart is full of glee,
 Who bounds to hear her Father's step,
 And sits upon his knee ;
 Whose home is full of light and love
 Lit by the Gospel's flame,
 Kindled by the glad news to men
 That came with Jesus' name,

Will you not pray, and help to lift
 The poor dark Hindu girls,
 And bid the banner of our Lord
 Whose Gospel light unfurls,
 To wave triumphantly and free
 O'er India's coral strand,
 And bring the heathen children in
 To fair Immanuel's land ?

In Little Missionary.

ST. ANTONIO AND THE PIGS.

" Well, I'm just discouraged," said Farmer Ramos to his wife, as he sat sipping his coffee after dinner; " the pigs were in the corn-fields again last night,

and if I cannot find some way of keeping them out, there'll be no corn left to gather."

Farmer Ramos and his wife lived in one of the interior provinces of Brazil, on the edge of the virgin forest, from which they had cleared some fields for their yearly planting beans, rice and corn. Their house was a mud hut with thatched roof and earthen floors, and as we look in upon them now, we find them seated, each on a low bench, by their kitchen stove of beaten clay.

" Pigs in the corn-fields !" exclaimed the wife. " Why don't you put St. Antonio out in the field to-night to guard it ?"

" I did put some pennies under his image the other day, but he paid no heed, and I don't believe it will do any more good to take him out to the field, but one might try and see. He might do what we want him to for the sake of getting back into the house again."

" Now, husband, how can you speak so doubtfully of St. Antonio, when you know what wonderful things he has done ?"

" Well, Lucia, if one is good, more-ought to be better, and I'll take the oratory with all of them out to the corn field right away."

The next morning, bright and early, the farmer and his wife went out to the field to see how the Saints had kept their charge, and great was the man's disgust and the women's disappointment, to find the oratory lying upside down and the Saints scattered about on the ground; St. Antonio with a broken arm, St. John with a cracked head, St. Joseph without feet, and the Virgin with her tippet and finis-robos all torn and besmeared with dirt, while the irreverent pigs were feasting to their hearts' content.

" I'll hang the whole lot of them on this tree and leave them here to-night to see if they will do any better," said Sir Ramos, indignantly.

" Well, you shall not have the Blessed Virgin here any longer. It is not women's work anyhow, to be watching pigs," said the wife, as she gathered up the torn bits of finery, " and you had better bring in

the oratory, for we cannot afford to buy another if this gets broken," she added as she turned back to the house, musing over the failure of her household gods.

"I told husband about what great things St. Antonio can do, but I didn't remind him of the stories I know when he proved of no use at all. He is near enough now to being a heretic without that. If the truth were told, even Our Blessed Lady cannot be always trusted. When Alfredo Pinto vowed to her and St. Joseph that he would name all the sons that were born to him Joseph, and all the daughters Mary, if only his wife could be cured, it did no good, and the women died. And there is Cousin Maricota who says that she has never prayed to the Virgin since she took her out to the field so that the fire, where they were burning off the woods for planting, should not pass a certain point, and instead of stopping the fire, the Virgin nearly let her get burned, not even helping her to make her way through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I wouldn't confess it to husband, but I wonder sometimes if Maricota isn't right after all in listening to what those Protestants say about not trusting to the Saints."

While the wife was thinking these thoughts to herself, as she picked over the beans and hulled the rice for breakfast, her husband was chasing the unruly pigs, muttering all kinds of threats at them and the Saints. Through the day the pigs got little of his corn, for he proved a better guard than the images, and at night these were left hanging from the tree with the hope that the discomfort of their position would bring them to do what was desired of them.

The next morning, Mother Lucia took good care to be busy when her husband went out to the field, and when at breakfast she asked if the pigs got into the corn again, it was not in a very hopeful tone of voice.

"Yes," said the angry husband, "and I'll only give those Saints one more trial, and then if they fail, I'll throw the whole crowd away. I've buried them all under

a heavy log to-day, and pounded it down well. Now if that doesn't bring them to terms, nothing will."

"Pedro, you should not talk in that irreverent way about the Saints," mildly reproved the wife, betraying, however, in her tone, her own failing faith.

On the following morning Pedro Ramos once more went out to his field, only to find the pigs grunting their satisfaction over the broken-down stalks of corn, while the Saints still quietly reposed in their underground prison. Out of all patience with the continued loss, he hastily dug up the images, and throwing them one by one to the ground, broke them to fragments. He then gathered up a few of the pieces and carrying them to his wife, said: "You need not expect me to keep my faith in such things as these. If all the Saints put together cannot manage a few pigs, I'll not trust my soul to their keeping."

"I am afraid that you are right," agreed the wife, "and for my part, I begin to think that I would like to know more about what those Protestant teach. Cousin Maricota says that they always speak of Jesus Christ as if He were a friend always ready to help and to save, and if that is so, we do not need the Saints."

"Well, sighed the farmer, "I don't see any remedy now but to mend the fence, and I wish that I had done so at first and saved my corn, instead of looking to those clay images for help."

A USEFUL RULE.

There is a little rule by which we can measure everything we do. When we use it every one loves us, and we are very happy. Kings and queens sometimes use it, and it is so easy that the little children can know all about it.

When we don't use it we take the reddest apple, the largest cake, and sit in the best chair, and do just as we please. Then folks say: "What a selfish child!"

It is called the Golden Rule.

SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

Rev. Dr. Mutchmore an American minister who recently visited India writes about a visit that he made with Mrs. Forman a missionary's wife to some Hindu schools.

When the school so called, was reached the teachers and scholars were found huddled over in a dark corner where scarcely a ray of light appeared. Mrs. Forman asked the native teacher why she did not leave her darkness for the light. The teacher said she sat there for luck, as the days she sat in those dark shadows she had most scholars. Mrs. Forman examined the scholars, who had made real progress, repeating the Catechism with promptness and accuracy. They also read the Scriptures well. The habits and conditions of the pupils will be surprising. All of them had

RINGS IN THEIR NOSES,

some fully two inches in diameter, hindering any possible use of handkerchiefs, though they all needed them, for the natives in this climate are not often found without bad colds. The flies had settled in dark rings about their eyes and were vigorously plying their proboscises to the inflamed lids, but this did not disturb their equanimity sufficiently to cause them to drive them away. Their feet and legs were bare and their brown skins were apparent through the thin chuddas, and this was in the winter, which would correspond with our early October. Their

EARS WERE PULLED OUT OF SHAPE

by the cheap ear-rings and trinkets hung from the top to the lobe of the ear, which is pierced in slits to accommodate them; but these conditions do not indicate poverty, for Mrs. Forman said all these girls were from families in comfortable circumstances.

One was disgustingly dirty, upon whose face there was no indication of the presence of water in the universe. This attracted the attention of the stranger, and to satisfy her curiosity she asked the cause of this superlative dirtiness. The answer

was that she had lost her mother and it was their custom not to wash the orphan faces for three days after the parents' death. Among the number was a little girl dressed in boy's clothes, and this was explained as a mark of the greatest paternal devotion, when they dress a daughter as a boy. This may not raise the reader's ideas of the progress of the work, but when these children were compared with the average of those out of the schools it would not take a moment to see that the progress had been wonderful.

From this school a trip was made through more narrow, crooked alleys, and skipping and leaping over things to be dreaded, a other school was reached.

As the approach was observed the teacher ran out into the neighborhood to gather up her scholars, who come and go as the notion takes them or their parents, as they take no note of time. After they had been gathered they numbered about fourteen, ranging from five to fifty years of age, and one "yaller dog," all sitting together on the earth floor.

The lessons began, which brought out the abilities of the school. There were two old women, fifty or more years of age who had one pair of great goggle-eyed spectacles, about two inches in diameter, between them, which, when in use, were tied with a dirty white string to go over the head and keep them in place. The first one called to read squatted on the floor dressed in bright calico trousers and a dirty white chudda. In her nose she had a cluster of seven pearls and in her ears huge ear-rings, which had distorted them by their weight. There is said to be a profound reason for the wearing of dirty clothes by high caste women in India. We were told that it is a mark of virtue to wear dirty clothes, the dirtier the more spotless their virtue.

Over in one corner of this small and badly-lighted room was the woman who lived in this house and rented her premises for the zenana school. She had a tiny baby lying between her limbs almost out of sight. Near by was another playing, dressed in girls' clothes, but he was a boy

for "a' that." It was a prank being played on their god just to fool him. That "gal" was a "sure enough boy," and the mother had a reason for this little fraud, which Mrs. Forman explained. It was to deceive the gods so they would not take him away, for the gods are not supposed to have much use for girls.

Mrs. Forman takes with her on these zenana services her

LITTLE FLAXEN-HAIRED GIRL,

a dear little creature, and as the mother went into these dreary places the child would drop down beside the wretched children knowing no distinctions. Her guest said, "How can you take this delicate child into this poisonous atmosphere and in contact with this dirt and disease? Are you not afraid that she will not only be poisoned but infected? She sighed as if in a painful strait betwixt two, and said, "It is a question between the life and health of soul and body. If I leave her at home with the servants, her soul will be contaminated by their vileness, and if I take her with me her body will be poisoned, for she has just recovered from typhoid fever, no doubt the result of the exposures of which you speak."

THE RESOURCES OF A PENNY.

A TRUE STORY.

Last Spring the Superintendent of a Sabbath-school gave each of the teachers and scholars who would take it a penny to be invested as they should desire, the proceeds to go to the cause of missions, and the returns were to be made before the first of January, 1889. There were many and varied devices employed. One lady, a fine artist, bought a sheet of bristol-board, on which she painted a tiny picture which she sold for an advance, and bought other material until the amount was ten dollars. Another young lady decorated pretty things, painted names on new umbrellas for her friends, until she accumulated over nine dollars. There were several who bought the pretty china dolls, which they dressed in pretty bits of satin

and lace, and sold them for different sums. Many made pretty pen-wipers out of scraps of cloth; others invested the penny in an egg, and set the egg under some motherly hen, who while performing her duty would not refuse to foster the missionary egg. This was a certain and large source of revenue in almost every instance.

With all the success, of the enterprise I must, as a faithful historian, record the bitter fruit which was brought forth in one instance. A young boy, whose zeal exceeded his knowledge, bought an egg of a choice kind, and as there was no patient hen setting upon a nest near by, he resorted to what he thought the happy expedient of making a nest in a box just large enough for a hen. He then placed the hen on the egg, which she was obliged to cover as there was no room for her to move about. Thus was the unwilling mother compelled to perform her maternal duty "whether she would or no." The boy, proud of his project, did not forget to feed Mrs. Hen, and was patiently awaiting results. Several days passed away when the father of the boy, who had been absent from home, returned, and on being informed of what had been done, immediately inquired as to whether poor biddy had been watered and fed. Water! Poor Tom had never once thought of water. The poor hen was released and given a bowl of water. She drank and drank, until she fell over dead! That was the end of both the zeal and the penny for poor Tom.

Many children made pop-corn balls; others the good old-fashioned molasses-candy, so pure and wholesome. These home industries brought large returns. Other girls made kitchen holders, iron-holders, and pen-wipers. So the work went on for half a year among two hundred and fifty who took the penny, and many were the expedients suggested by the active minds of the young people.

One lad planted a penny's worth of pumpkin seed among the sweet-corn in his father's garden. When the vines were luxuriant and the fruit was forming, a bug, peculiar to vines, and which did not

possess discrimination to discern between missionary and other vines, almost destroyed the crop. Still his penny brought in a revenue of thirty-five cents.

A little newboy, who is a great worker and whose cheery voice may be heard before day-light on the cold Winter mornings calling "morning papers," yet whose spirit of enterprise moved him to invest the missionary penny, planted squash-seed; he paid his mother a dollar for working and caring for it during the Summer, and still over and above all expenses had fifty cents to add to the mission fund.

One young boy sent in his report in the following words: "Here is fifty cents made by planting and raising corn. The sum might have been greater, but a young heathen nearer home, in the shape of a festive calf, broke through the fence and ate up half."

A little girl arose and said: "I bought a cabbage from my grandfather and sold it to my grandmother."

The evening of Dec. 28 was given to elocation, music, giving in the reports, and refreshments for the Sunday-school children. One gentleman, who is so full of business as to have forgotten the penny which he took, when he found the time had come to make return, said, in the words of one of old, "Lo, here is that which was thine." The evening closed leaving all happy in the thought that the sum of \$43 had been realized by the investment.

To supplement the amount, the ladies of the Missionary Society held a missionary tea, and after devotional and literary exercises, and a delightful social time spent about the tastefully arranged tables in the bright, pleasant chapel, \$18 was added to the penny investment, and has been devoted to the Oakville School for colored children in Indian Territory. The School sadly needs a new building, and the Board, with its limited resources and many demands, can only give them their portion of the fund, and commend them in their good work to the churches for aid.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts of London, when his attention was arrested by a man of peculiarly ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing place, with folded arms, leaning against the wall.

There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder, and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with him, and told him that he came there with the desire to see him happy, and that the book he had in his hand contained the secret of happiness.

The man shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense, or he would kick him down stairs. While the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice which appeared to have come from behind one of the broken doors which opened upon the landing, saying, "Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

For a moment the visitor was too much interested in the case of the hardened sinner before him to answer the inquiry and it was repeated in earnest and thrilling tones:

"Tell me, O, tell me, does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool and a bundle of straw in a corner, on which was stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question:

"Does your book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her and inquired, "My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied. "What do I want to know of it? Man, I am dying! I have been a wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done," and she groaned bitterly as she thought of a lifetime's iniquity. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in—I don't know what for, I was soon out again, but one word I heard I could never forget. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. O, if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your book!"

The visitor answered by reading the first chapter of the First Epistle of St. John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words, and when he paused she exclaimed, "Read more, read more."

He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look around; the savage man had followed him into his mother's room and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth and fifth chapters, before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day.

He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died, six weeks afterward; and very blessed was it to see how, almost from the first, she seemed to find peace by believing in Jesus. Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened with silent interest; and blessing came not alone to the mother, for the remarkable change wrought in the son also testified to the saving power of God's grace.—*Sel.*

"NOBBY."

She made her first appearance in society last summer in the most exclusive of American watering-places. It was rumored that her wealth was reckoned by millions. She occupied with her mother a palace which had been built for a Russian prince. She herself was in the first bloom of youth

and possessed of a beautiful face and figure.

She appeared, richly dressed, at a ball, and was soon surrounded by a well-bred but curious crowd. For an hour she replied to all remarks only by a smile and monosyllables. But at last she spoke.

"That's the *nobbiest* fellow I've seen here!"

She is known now as the "nobby heiress." She never has been able to understand why her social career came to so sudden a close.

The *Companion* does not indulge in social gossip. But this true incident will serve to point a lesson to the tens of thousands of girls who are just entering the world hoping to find friends, approval and love as women.

No beauty, no wealth, no influence will atone for vulgarity and ignorance in language and manners. The beauty will disappear as the years go by; the wealth often follows it; but the charm of high-breeding, of a fine manner remains with a woman as long as does her breath.

Nor is this rare gift so difficult to acquire. Begin now, while you are at school. Cleanse your mind of vulgar ideas and your language of slang. Then—forget yourself. Pleasant words will come uncalled if the feeling of your heart are gentle, simple and sincere. "He gentil is," say Chaucer, "who doeth gentil dedis."—*Youth's Companion.*

KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLEAN.

Children, do you know that there is something more than soap and water needed to keep your mouth clean? Can soap and water cleanse the naughty words that fly out of your mouth so often? No. Try to keep your mouth pure, so when your lips touch your dear mother's in a loving good-night kiss, she can feel that they are clean. If you will remember to say a little prayer every morning, you will learn how to keep your mouth free from naughty, impatient words; it is this: "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."

The Sabbath School Lessons.

June 2.—Mark 14: 55-65. Memory vs. 55-56.

Jesus Before the Council.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN, 15: 25. CATECHISM. Q. 23.

Introductory.

By whom was Jesus arrested?
 To whom was he first taken?
 Where was he then sent?
 Who were assembled for his trial?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The False Witness. vs. 55-59.

What did the council try to do?
 How did their attempts fail?
 What testimony was finally given?
 Of what was this testimony a perversion?
 What is required in the ninth commandment?

II. The Majestic Prisoner. vs. 60-62.

What did the high priest say to Jesus?
 Why was Jesus silent?
 What did the high priest then ask him?
 In what form is this question given in Matt. 26: 63?
 When thus put on-oath, what did Jesus say in reply?

III. The Condemning Court. vs. 63-65.

What did the high priest then do?
 Why did he rend his clothes?
 What did he say?
 What is blasphemy?
 How did the Jewish law punish blasphemy?
 What was the decision of the council?
 What shameful insults did Jesus receive?

What Have I Learned?

1. That the enemies of Jesus are always seeking witness against him.
2. That we should be patient even though we suffer innocently.
3. That silence is sometimes the most expressive answer to slander and reproach.

4. That great sin is sometimes committed under the cloak of religion.

June, 9.—Mark, 15: 1-20. Memory vs. 14, 15.

Jesus Before Pilate.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 10: 6. CATECHISM, Q. 24.

Introductory.

By whom was Jesus tried?
 What sentence was pronounced upon him?
 Why did the council itself not execute the sentence?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism?

I. Pilate Perplexed. vs. 1-5.

When did the council meet again?
 What did they do?
 Why did they deliver Jesus to Pilate?
 Of what did they accuse him? Luke 23: 2.
 What did Pilate ask?
 How did Jesus reply?
 How doth Christ execute the office of a king?
 What perplexed Pilate?

II. Barabbas Preferred. vs. 6-11.

What was the governor's custom at the feast?
 How did Pilate try to take advantage of this?
 Whom did the people choose?
 Who persuaded them to make this choice?
 Who was Barabbas?
 Why did Pilate want to release Jesus?

III. Jesus Delivered. vs. 12-20.

What did Pilate then ask the people?
 What did they reply?
 What did Pilate then say?
 For what did the people clamor?
 What was Pilate's decision?
 What cruel treatment did Jesus receive?
 What did the priests and Pilate blindly fulfill? Acts 2: 23; John 3: 14, 15.

To whom was Jesus delivered?
How did the soldiers mock and insult him?

What Have I Learned?

1. That it is Christlike to be patient under wrong.
2. That regard for the favor of men often leads to great sin against God.
3. That Jesus was condemned that we might be justified.
4. That he was crowned with thorns that we might receive a crown of life.
5. That he was bruised for our iniquities that with his stripes we might be healed.

June 16.—Mark 15:1-39. Memory vs. 25-28.

Jesus Crucified.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PHIL. 2:8. CATECHISM. Q. 25.

Introductory.

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Nailed to the Cross. vs. 21-26.

Where was Jesus taken for crucifixion?
Whom did the soldiers compel to bear his cross?

What made this assistance necessary?

What did they offer Jesus to drink?

Why did he refuse it?

Describe the method of crucifying.

What was done with his garments?

What prophecy did this fulfill? Ps. 22:16-18.

What superscription was placed upon the cross?

What did Jesus say when they nailed him to the cross? Luke 23:34.

II. Mocked and Reviled. vs. 27-32.

Who were crucified with Jesus?

Why was he placed between them?

What scripture was fulfilled?

What did the passers-by do?

What mocking words did they speak?

How did the priests and scribes mock him?

Who else reviled him?

What does Luke tell us about one of the thieves?

III. Darkness and Death. vs. 33-39.

What took place at the sixth hour?

How long did the darkness last?

What cry of distress did Jesus utter?

What is the meaning of this cry?

What did some of the standers-by say?

What did one of them do?

What then took place?

What occurred in the temple?

What did the rending of the veil show?

Who had charge of the crucifixion?

What testimony did he give?

Why did Jesus thus die?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus was nailed to the cross that we might receive a crown.

2. That he was mocked and reviled by men that we might be honored and blessed by God.

3. That he was forsaken of the Father that we might be received to his favor.

4. That he suffered in darkness that we might rejoice in the light of God's countenance.

5. That he died, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

June, 23.—Mark 16:1-13. Memory vs. 6, 7.

Christ Risen.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 COR. 15:20. CATECHISM. Q. 26.

Introductory.

By whom was Jesus buried?

Who witnessed his burial?

How was the sepulchre guarded?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Faithful Women. vs. 1-4.

Who went early to the sepulchre?

On what day?

For what purpose?

What hindrance did they expect?

How was it removed?

How had the stone been rolled away?

Matt. 28:2-4.

II. The Watching Angels. vs. 5-8.

Whom did the women find in the sepulchre?

What did the angel say to them?

On what message did he send them?

Why was a special message sent to Peter?

When had Jesus promised to meet them in Galilee? Mark 14 : 28.

What did the women do?

III. The Risen Saviour. vs. 9-13.

Who first saw the risen Saviour?

Who next? Matt. 28 : 9, 10.

What other appearance is recorded in this lesson?

Why were the apostles so slow to believe his resurrection?

How may appearances of Jesus are recorded?

Give an account of them.

What does his resurrection prove?

What Have I Learned.

1. That God sends his angels to minister to the friends of Jesus.

2. That we have a living and risen Saviour.

3. That we should be glad to tell others of this living Saviour.

4. That loving devotion to Jesus finds great honor and sweet reward.

5. That Christ's resurrection is the pledge and pattern of his people's resurrection.

June, 30.—Mark 10 : 1-16 : 20.

Review Exercise.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Acts 5 : 31.

How did the multitude honor Jesus as he was entering Jerusalem?

What did they sing?

How did Jesus represent the privileges of the Jewish people?

What doom did he pronounce upon them for their rejection of him?

What question did a certain scribe ask Jesus?

What did Jesus reply?

What great event did Jesus predict to his disciples?

What command did he give them?

How did Mary honor Jesus?

At the Lord's Supper what did Jesus say to his disciples when he gave them the bread?

What did he say when he gave them the cup?

Who guided the band sent to take Jesus.

By what sign did he betray him?

What did the band then do?

On what charge was Jesus condemned to death?

Why did the council deliver Jesus to Pilate?

What did Pilate say after he had examined Jesus?

What did the Jews say when Pilate would have released Jesus?

What inscription was placed over Jesus on the cross?

What took place while Jesus was on the cross?

What wonderful event occurred when he died?

What did the angel say to the women at the sepulchre?

What good news did he tell them?

To whom did the risen Jesus first appear?

How were the disciples assured of his resurrection?

What occurred after forty days?

Westminster Question Book.

HOW THE BIBLE WAS PRIZED.

A very interesting story comes from one of our own missionaries Mrs. McKenzie of Erromanga in the New Hebrides.

A French settler in the island had wished to get a Bible in his own language. Mr. Mackenzie our missionary gave him one which cost about a dollar and a quarter. Not many months after the poor fellow died and his goods were sold at auction. The desire to get the Bible was such that the bidding went higher and higher until it was bought by an officer of a French man of war in the harbor for nearly five dollars and a half.

Prize the Bible and do what you can to

"Send its blessed tidings
All the world around."

LITTLE JOE.

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at 4 o'clock in the morning, after sleeping in a dry-goods box or in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a little, no other boy dared to play tricks upon Little Joe. His friends he remembered, and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck. Kind-hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough even for a night's lodging. Every boy who got "stuck" knew he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin on his face was drawn closer and closer, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. Two weeks ago he awoke one morning after working hard selling "extras" to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt. The vital force was gone.

"Where is little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Finally he was found in a secluded corner, and a good-natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital at Flatbush, where he said he lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday a newsboy who had abused him at first, and learned to love him afterwards, found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand

stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said with some difficulty, "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful weak to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys—"

But his message never was completed. Little Joe was dead. His sleep was calm and beautiful. The care and anxiety on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled.

It was sad news that Jerry bore back to his friends on that day. They feared the end was near, and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear-stained face they knew that Little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself. Their hearts were too full to speak.

That night one hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express this sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:

Resolved, That we all liked Little Joe who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died."

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore Little Joe to the hospital again kindly offered the use of his carriage. The burial took place yesterday. On the coffin was a plate, purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,

Agcd 14,

The Best Newsboy in New York,

We all liked him.

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed on the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that Little Joe was dead.

He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.—*Ogontz Mosaic.*