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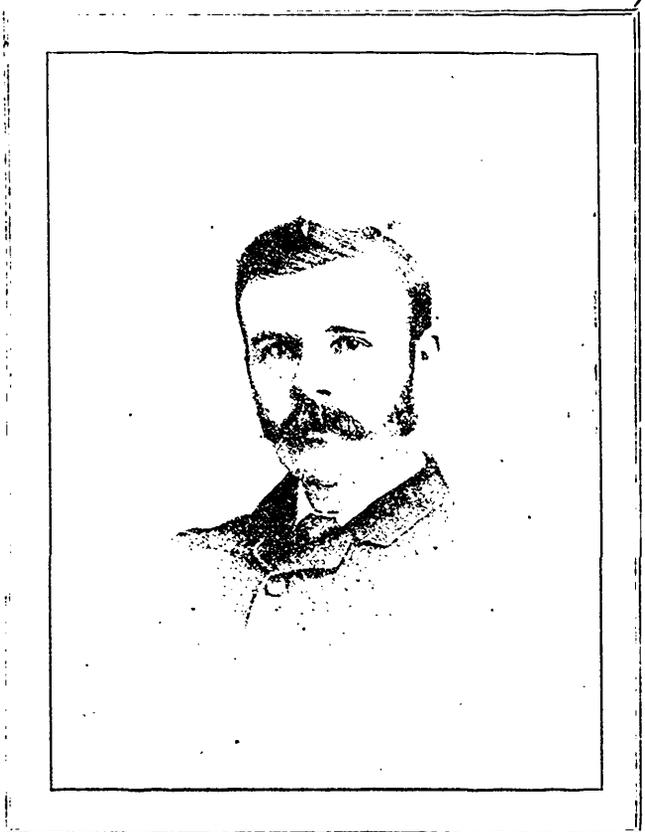
Mrs. Whitaker

# Children's Record

Vol. XII.

APRIL, 1897

No. 4.



**WILLIAM McCLURE, M.D., HONAN.**

The name Dr. William McClure and the pleasant face that looks at you from the other side of this page belong to one and the same man. He is one of our medical missionaries in Honan, China.

Not many years ago he was a student in McGill Medical College, Montreal. There he did so well that he was appointed physician in the Montreal General Hospital, and if he had remained in Canada might have become a leading physician. But he had pity on the heathen with no healing for their bodies and no knowledge of the Saviour, and he gave up his work in Canada to go as a medical missionary to China, where he is doing our work among the heathen.

Come and take a peep into the little place where he works with sick people all day.

It is morning; a very hot summer day in Honan,—hotter than our summer. Let us visit the Hospital. Here is a crowd of men waiting for treatment, there is a crowd of women, while in both crowds are many children. All the forenoon they come one after another,—some are blind, and many other sicknesses there are. He does what he can for all.

All day long this work goes on until night comes and the missionary is very weary, but he has made some people very happy.

But there are some whom he cannot help. Here is a poor boy who has hip disease. His father has brought him in a Chinese wheelbarrow for forty or fifty miles over rough roads. But the case is too far gone. The doctor can do nothing for him, and with sad heart the poor father wheels him back over the long and weary road, taking him home to die.

But another missionary has been busy all the day too, preaching to the crowds as they wait for their turn to go in to the doctor and thus they get not only healing for their bodies, but learn of healing from the disease of sin.

**A LETTER FROM INDIA.**

Mission Hospital, Indore, 4 Feb., 1897.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again."

It is as if the Lord had said: "If you lend Me for the poor I will pay you back again; but remember you must not be disappointed if you see others receiving pay, while you are left out in the cold, for, be sure that they must have given to the poor, while you neglected to do so. I want in this letter to unlist your sympathy, or your "pity" for that is the word the Lord uses, and your help, for the poor, starving children of Central India.

I had my first introduction to some of the famine-sufferers on Monday of this week, in *Pandita Ramabai's* Home for widows in Poona. I cannot take time here to tell you who she is, perhaps your mothers will tell you, as *Pandita Ramabai* visited Canada a few years ago. She herself was mercifully saved from the famine of 1876-1877, and says, "I feel deeply for these poor dying people, because I have myself known what it is to suffer from hunger and thirst, and have seen my dearest relatives die of starvation."

Her father, mother and sister died of starvation and so remembering the days of old, she started out in faith to the scene of the famine, with only two rupees in the bank.

Saturday of last week, thirty-five widows (from five or six years old and upwards) arrived in the Home. There were there of her former pupils some forty, high caste Brahman girls, a few of whom have become Christians, but whether Brahmans or Christians, they all went down into the out house where these, poor, dirty, starving, newcomers were, and with their own hands washed the bodies which for months had not been touched by water. They were so dirty that their heads had to be shaved. To this, some objected, but when told that it

was for cleanliness and not because they were widows, and that the hair would soon grow in again, they submitted.

The assistant who showed us the school, told us something which made us feel ashamed of ourselves. Before *Pandita Ramabai* left to bring the sufferers, she explained that she had no money for the extra expense, and asked if the girls would be willing to live on coarse food in order that double the number might be fed, and they all, teachers and scholars, expressed their willingness.

Their food before cost about seven rupees each, for a month, which meant "the finest of the wheat," whereas now, the food will be of the coarsest kind, but I can testify here that they are all eating it with gladness judging from the happy smiling faces which we saw in the class-rooms hard at work at their studies.

All the pretty little things in the parlor and sitting room are to be put away, so that the rooms may be used to house these poor homeless ones.

I wonder how many of the readers of the *Record* are willing to go without sugar, jam, tea, and such like things, which are not necessities, in order that these poor little ones may be helped?

Mr. Wilkie left us this morning, and hopes to bring ninety, boys and girls, to us in Indore. At prayer-meeting last night, he asked the congregation if it was willing to help and at once almost all who were present stood to their feet. The boys from the College Home and the girls from the Boarding School signified their willingness, by up-lifted hands, to receive into their midst as many of the famished ones as might be sent.

Others in the station will be sure to write to you again when the children arrive, so I will not say anything more just now about the coming-ones but want to give you a few things that a missionary tells who is in the midst of the famine.

"More than a year ago, people began to

bring their children to me, and asked me to take and feed them. But during the past few months this has increased greatly, some want money for their children, some say take my children, and I will go off and die.

The first woman who wanted to sell a child to me, brought a nice girl of twelve and two boys younger, she wanted 10 rupees, about three dollars, for the girl, and thought no one would buy the boys. She gave me all three for nothing, signing a stamped paper releasing all claim to them.

Another woman brought three boys, but said she would not part with the dear baby. I took the other two.

A Mohammedan man brought his son the other day to my wife. He said he was a farmer but his field had produced nothing and they were starving but he had heard that the missionary would take children. He had an earnest talk with the boy, the purport was this "My son, you know I love you, but I can't feed you, if you remain with me you will die—the missionary will take you and feed you and teach you. Will you go?" The boy consented, and is now with the missionary.

One day, ten mothers signed stamped papers giving me their own dear little girls, never expecting to see them again!"

Now, dear children I think I have said enough to give you an idea of what is going on in India to-day. How many of you are willing to help by your gifts and by your prayers? I cannot hear your answer, but go and "Tell Jesus," what you are ready to do.

Yours faithfully,

MARGARET MCKELLAR.

A Hindoo lad eighteen years old was baptized in a mission in India. His father, greatly angered, instituted a lawsuit to regain complete control of his boy, declaring that he was under age. The defence adopted was a medical examination, which proved that the young man had cut all his wisdom teeth, and was therefore certainly more than eighteen years old; and so the court decided.

### JAPANESE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Japanese children are model scholars. They are never noisy or saucy in the presence of their elders. The pupils are all so courteous that politeness restrains them from doing anything contrary to the wishes of their teachers.

There is no noise in the corridors, no whispering during study hours, no trying to cheat in classes, and the most perfect attention is always given to the advice and instruction of teachers, while there is ever present a desire to be careful and thoughtful of others, especially of their teachers.

In the Peerless' school at Tokiyo for the children of the nobility, it is claimed that a remarkably fine sense of honor exists—so high, indeed, that a teacher never thinks of calling in question a statement made by a pupil, being convinced that no one in the school would condescend to shamming or trying to improve her standing in the class by employing unfair methods.—*Children's Record*.

### KILLING THE DRAGON.

A little boy, four years old, was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister, and the next day he said to his father:

"Father, I want to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father; "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," replied John. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one."

"So you shall, my boy."

"But when can I be one?" continued the child.

"You can begin to-day," said his father.

"But where is the dragon?"

"I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book, and his sister Catherine's a beautiful doll. Now John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls, and when he found that his sister had what he considered a so much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears.

His father, who happened to be there,

said, quietly, "Now, John, the dragon is out."

The child stopped crying, but said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father goodnight, he whispered, "Papa, I am very glad Catherine has the doll. I did kill the dragon."—*Scl.*

### HOW STINGY JIMMY IMPROVED.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'r'aps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. If you give your sled to the little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The sled went off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving things. It doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He is littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—*Our Little Ones*.

## OUR SENIOR LADY MISSIONARY.

We have a noble band of women doing our mission work in the Foreign Field, fifty-four in all, three in the New Hebrides, nine in Trinidad, two in Formosa, eleven in Honan, and twenty-nine in Central India.

Mrs. Morton whose picture you see here is the oldest missionary of this brave band. She has been longer in the mission field than any of the others. For more than twenty-nine years, nearly thirty years, she has been with her husband in Trinidad.



But do not fancy her an elderly lady. She is only in her prime and will we hope be spared for many years to the Mission.

One special work which she has is a girls' "Home." When the Hindu boys in Trinidad are taken and trained to be teachers and preachers and have homes of their own they want wives that have had a better training than the Hindoo girls get in their homes, and Mrs. Morton has in this "Home" trained a good many girls to make suitable wives for the native teachers and catechists.

## WHOSE PLACE WILL YOU TAKE?

You are looking out for a place. You may make a place for yourself. By some invention, or enterprise, or wise management you may originate some work which no one ever did before, and so have a place which is all your own. But in most cases boys as they grow up take the places which other men occupied, and do work which other men have done. It is quite important, therefore, for boys to consider what places they will take when they grow up.

"I read," says one writer, "of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said, 'I am tired of my house and grounds: come and take care of them, and I will give them to you.' Then came an honored judge, and said, 'I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day: I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work.' Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said, 'I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave: I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets.'"

Every boy should be preparing himself for the place he is to fill. The boy who is studious, honest, noble, and true is fitting for a good place. The boy who runs the streets nights, who lies and swears, smokes cigarettes, drinks beer, and keeps bad company—what kind of a place will he fill?—*The Little Christian.*

## A MERCIFUL ACCIDENT.

When Gilpin was on his way to London to be tried on account of his religion he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was took occasion from this circumstance to resort upon an observation he used to make "that nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good," asking him whether he thought his broken leg was so. He answered meekly, "I make no question but it is." And so it proved, for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died. He was thus providentially preserved from probable death, and returned to Houghton through crowds of people who welcomed him back with great joy and blessed God for his curious deliverance.—*E.c.*

### THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—  
The happiest ever born ;  
His face is like a beam of joy,  
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,  
And waited for a groan—  
But how he laughed ! Do you suppose  
He struck his funny bone ?

'There's sunshine in each word he speaks,  
His laugh is something grand ;  
Its ripples overrun his cheeks  
Like waves on snowy sand.

He smiles the moment he awakes,  
And till the day is done ;  
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—  
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,  
You cannot make him cry ;  
He's worth a dozen boys I know,  
Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

### AFFECTION AND JEALOUSY OF LIZARDS.

Pierre and Pedro were two lizards that lived on the best of terms with one another. They slept side by side, often interlocked. Pedro was fond of following Pierre in his wanderings and escapades.

One day Pierre was lost. He had got out of my desk, had gone down several steps of stairway and had slipped in under the carpet, where he was casually found about three weeks afterward.

During the whole time of his disappearance, Pedro refused all food, and had no relish for insects and earthworms, till Pierre was restored to him.

Seeing him so melancholy I made an appeal to all my friends in the South of France to get me a new companion for him. An engineer of Prades sent me a lizard, three months after Pierre had been found.

From that time on, Pedro conceived a great antipathy for Pierre. Between the pursuits and bitings he suffered from Pedro, Pierre led a martyr's life, till I was obliged to make a separate cage for him, and when Pierre was let out for an airing Pedro had to be shut up.

Both, however, became very familiar with

me, but Pedro more than Pierre. They would run to me, when I called them, from one end of the room to the other ; but I had to hold out a small worm for bait to bring Pierre, while Pedro would come while my hands were empty. This was not because he was stupid, for when he saw that I had no worm, and I drew back he would follow me like a dog and would climb upon me when I stretched out my leg.—From "Affections and Jealousies of Lizards" in *Popular Science Monthly*.

### THE STEERING STAR.

One time a party were crossing the Caspian Sea in a boat. One of the men kept looking up into the sky, and did not take his eyes from a certain star. One of the passengers in the boat asked him why he kept looking at the stars, and he said, "Do you see that star ? If we lose sight of that one star we are lost, because that is the only way we know in which direction to steer our boat."

So if our eyes are not on Jesus, if we do not love Him, and if we love the wicked things in this world more than we love Him, then we are lost.—*Sel.*

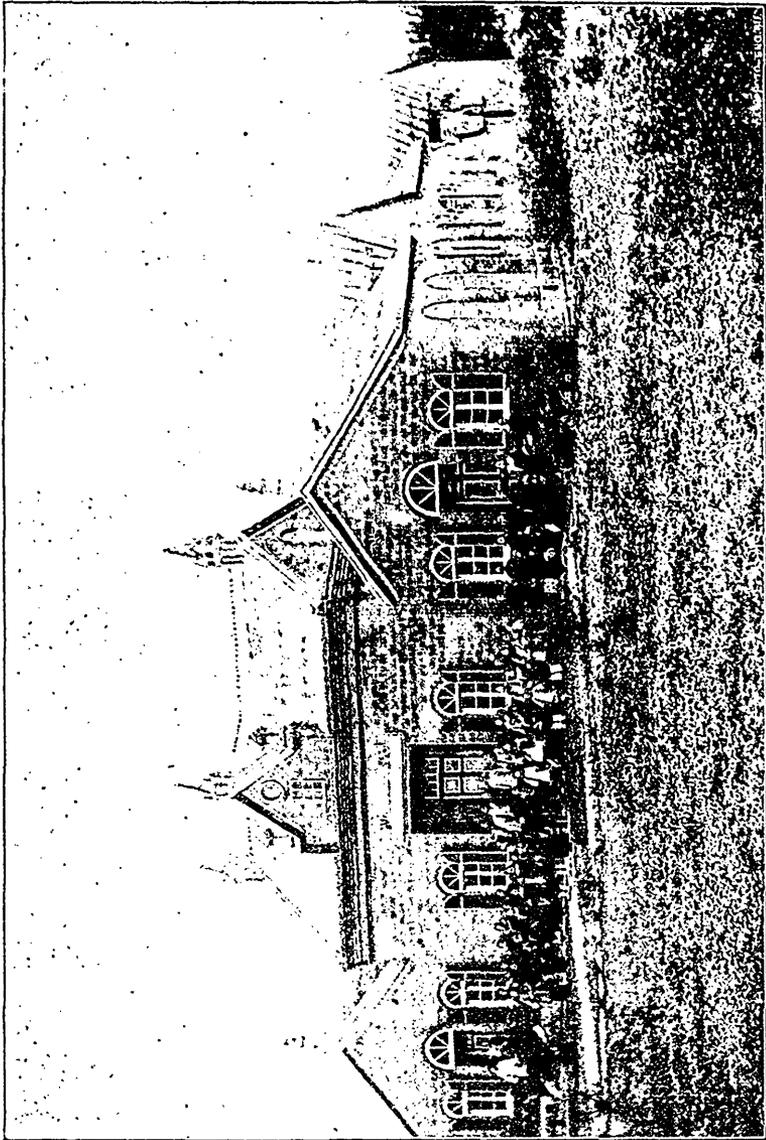
### FAITHFUL MOTHER HEN.

In the western part of Massachusetts a man had a fine stock farm. But recently a fire broke out in the barn and burned not only the building and the hay, but most of the animals also.

After the fire the owner walked over the ruins. It was a sad sight to see the charred bodies of his fine Jersey cows and his high spirited horses.

But at the end of the barn he saw a sight which touched him more than the rest. There sat an old black hen. He wondered that she did not move her head to look at him as he came near, but he thought she must be asleep. He poked her with his cane, and, to his surprise, the wing he touched fell into ashes. Then he knew she had been burned to death.

But out from under her wing came a faint peep, and, pushing her aside with his cane, the man found—what do you think ? *ten little live yellow chickens*. The poor hen had sacrificed her own life to save them. That sight touched the man more than anything else.—*Sel.*



THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT TAMSUI, FORMOSA.

**LITTLE GIVERS' MARCHING SONG.**

(Tune: "Onward Christian Soldiers.")

Here we come with gladness,  
 Marching as we sing,  
 Willing offerings bringing  
 Unto Christ our King.  
 Though we cannot see him,  
 Yet our Master dear  
 Smiling waits and watches  
 O'er the mite chest here.

*Refrain.*

Coming, coming, coming,  
 Willing gifts to bring;  
 Serving, praying, giving,  
 Honors Christ our King.

Hark, the pennies dropping,  
 As we march and sing!  
 Some of us have earned them  
 Working for our King.  
 Running little errands,  
 Working cheerfully,  
 Giving self for others,  
 Blessed charity.

Now, our Heavenly Father,  
 These our offerings take;  
 Bless the gift and givers,  
 All for Jesus' sake.  
 Thus we'll spread the story,  
 "Jesus died for me,"  
 Unto Him the glory  
 Evermore shall be.

This song is intended for a special offering service. Have a box or basket on the table to receive the offerings. As the children march and sing let them pass the table and drop in their mites.—*The Little Worker.*

**GETTING TEPPEd ON.**

"I like Topsy very well, but I wish she wasn't always so much getting stepped on," said Edith complainingly.

She had been startled by a sudden squalling and spitting at her feet, and puss had run out of the house with back arched and tail bristling.

"She lies all spread out right in the middle of everywhere, and she thinks that busy folks ought to be looking out for her all the time, and go round her. She's so insulted if they don't! I'd like her better

if there wasn't so much of her to be stepped on."

"One can excuse it in a cat," laughed Aunt Hannah, as Edith took up her pet to console it; "but there are a great many people who act in the same way. They are always in the middle of whatever is going on, and they have no idea of leaving room for any way but their own. They expect others to go carefully round all their prejudices and sensitiveness; but there is so much of them to be stepped on that somebody is sure to do it sooner or later, and then away they go in a huff. It is very hard to get on with any one who fancies his share of the road is right in the middle."  
 —*J. R. Miller.*

**THE POWER OF A SMILE.**

A young man was once confined in a darkened chamber by a long and painful illness. The inmates of the house were distant relatives, and seemed to think that they were doing their whole duty toward the friendless youth by allowing him to remain there. They seldom went into his room, and his attendant was a sad-faced old woman who never smiled.

The young man became despondent, and resolved to commit suicide. While he was writing a note telling his reasons for ending his life a knock was heard upon the door, and a sweet-faced lady entered. She was a neighbor, and hearing of his illness, had sought him out.

She smiled so sweetly that even before she spoke the young man gave up the idea of the crime which he had contemplated. She spoke a few encouraging words to him, and when she placed her soft hand upon his hot forehead in a motherly way he broke down and sobbed like a child. She smiled again, and knelt in silent prayer by his bedside, with the sweet love token by which God spoke to him still glowing upon her bright, womanly face.

In that holy silence all his bitterness of soul left him, and there came an intense desire to seek and find Christ. The repentant one felt the presence of God's Spirit, and his hungry soul cried out for rest and peace. Ere the smile had faded from the upturned face of the Christian woman, the loving Saviour had entered the open door of the seeking soul.

In a week's time the young man left the dim chamber of pain, and went out into the great world to do the Master's work.—*American Messenger.*

### A DAY WITH A CHINESE CHILD.

After the sun has been peeping at the world for some time, and has been calling boys and girls to wake up, our little Chinese friend rubs his sleepy eyes, gives himself a shake, rolls out of the one family bed, and is ready for breakfast. He dresses just about the same at night as in the day—with big, wadded clothes for winter, and not much clothing of any kind for summer.

And now our boy is hungry for his breakfast, and if his mamma does not get it for him quickly, he throws himself on the ground, and yells and kicks until he gets what he wants. Very likely, if he yells too loudly and wakes the baby, the mother will scold him, and, perhaps, beat him, and roughly brush the dust on his clothes. Then she may pull him over to the table and wash his face; but a good many of the poor do not trouble to wash their children's faces very often.

For his breakfast the mother gives him a bowl of cold rice, over which she pours some hot water to warm it. Our little boy takes the bowl to the front door, where he stands and watches the passers-by, while he eats his rice with his chopsticks.

As soon as breakfast is eaten, most little boys go to school; but their sisters stay at home, tend the baby, wash the clothes and the rice and vegetables in the canal, learn to sew and embroider, and run all the errands. When school time comes, the boys wrap their school books neatly in a large handkerchief, and start off; but they generally stop at the corner to play a little gambling game, of which all the Chinese children are very fond, but which teaches them to like gambling when they grow older.

The younger scholars have little squares of red paper with a big character written plainly on each. The teacher tells the child what to call one or two characters, and the little fellow shouts them at the top of his voice until his teacher thinks he knows them.

On holidays, the fathers take their sons to the city temple, where there are so many toys and candies for sale. In the spring is the great time for flying kites—kites of every shape, like men and birds, butterflies and dragons; round kites, square kites, big kites, and little kites.

Sometimes, at night, the Chinese tie ten or twelve lighted lanterns to the kite-string, and send them up in the air, like a line of

stars which have lost their way in the sky, and have wandered off near to the earth.

The Chinese have, also, small Bolian harps, which they often fasten to the kite to make cheery music in the air. Rich boys and girls do not play much, for they are taught to be proud and dignified and keep their beautiful silk robes clean.—*Children's Missionary.*

### BEING OBLIGING.

Whenever Jim was asked to run an errand or do any little thing, he would say, "I don't want to."

One night he brought a book to his mamma, who was busy knitting, saying, "Mamma, read me a little story."

His mamma wanted to teach him a lesson, and said, "I don't want to."

Next day Jim went to his papa with a broken whip. "Papa, please mend my whip."

"I don't want to," said his papa.

At this the little fellow began to cry. Then his mamma put her arms around him and told him that they were trying to teach him how naughty it was for him to say, "I don't want to," when he was asked to oblige others.

Jim saw how naughty he had been, and the next day, when mamma asked him to hand her a drink of water, he ran immediately and brought it to her. He saw that he must oblige others if he would have others oblige and love him.—*Sci.*

### DROP YOUR BROOMS.

Patrick Donnolly, an Irishman, was sweeping the streets of London, and as he was crossing from one side of the street to the other, and using his broom, a lawyer came up to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and said,—

"Is your name Patrick Donnolly?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

After getting other facts from him, the lawyer said,—

"A client of mine has recently died, and left you twenty thousand pounds."

Patrick dropped his broom instantly, and followed the lawyer, and entered as speedily as possible into the realization of his fortune.

Jesus Christ has left us a fortune to save us from spiritual poverty. Why not receive this fortune now?—*Joseph Cooke.*

### A NEW BOY AT SCHOOL IN CHINA.

A gentleman who was for a long time at the head of a school in China gives an account of the usual interview which took place between him and the father of a boy brought to the school.

The Chinese gentleman is escorted to the reception room, and both he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly.

Then the teacher asks :

"What is your honorable name ?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and a water-pipe are sent for, and the teacher says : "Please use tea."

The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher :

"What is your honorable name ?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Patt."

"What is your honorable kingdom ?"

"The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America."

This comes hard, but etiquette requires the teacher to say it.

"How many little stems have you sprouted ?"

This means, How old are you ?

"I have vainly spent thirty years."

"Is the honorable and great man of the household living ?"

He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."

"How many precious little ones have you ?"

"I have two little dogs."

These are the teacher's own children.

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution ?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

Then the Chinaman comes to business.

"Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully entrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping room, etc. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave.

"I have tormented you exceedingly today," he says.

"O, no, I have dishonored you."

As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone, I am gone."

And etiquette requires the teacher to re-

peat as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."—*Youth's Companion*.

### A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

A missionary in China tells a strange story of a little girl who lived about twenty years ago.

When very young she was taken with small pox which left her blind, and as the Chinese have very little pity, her lot was a hard one.

In the great famine of 1877, she became so weakened by starvation that at length she died ; and here, one would think, ends the story of poor little Jing.

But no, as she lay dead, there came to her parents a messenger with a strange errand. In a village near by, had died a rich man's only child. In order to keep their money from going to distant relatives, and to continue their own name, they wanted a little dead bride for the dead boy.

These two families, belonging to the gravest nation in the world after due consideration, deliberately betrothed to one another, for better or for worse, the two poor dead lambs.

The proper papers were made out, then the little blind girl, who had hardly known, in her narrow life, what it was to have one garment that did not for decency's sake need to be held together somewhere, was arrayed in gorgeous finery, and laid in an elegant coffin. Twenty-four bearers carried away in stately fashion, upon her wedding journey, the little bride, who neither laughed, nor smiled, nor wept, nor trembled with joy, nor trembled with fear.

They carried her to a bridal where there was neither feast, nor cheer, nor happy guest, nor red hangings, nor merry children.

They took her from her father's home, over road and by-path, till they turned in, at last, under the solemn, sighing cypress trees in the rich man's cemetery.

There they rest, bride and bridegroom, each in his own little narrow house, and laid them down to sleep together till the resurrection.

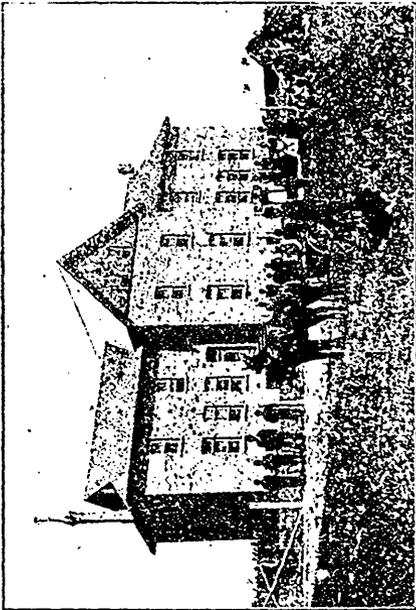
Then a tiny child of two summers, who had been adopted by the rich family as their *grandchild*, was taken out to burn incense on the graves of these his strange little make-believe parents. Then all was safe and he could inherit his small kingdom.

## INDIAN CHILDREN IN THE NORTH WEST.

The Indians of the North West are heathen, and they are lazy and dirty as well, and they need to be taught the Gospel and also to be taught to work.

The old people do not learn readily. Their habits are formed. The hope for the Indians is in the young.

But if the young were gathered in schools for a few hours and then allowed to spend their nights at home, the dirt and sin of heathenism would take away the good of the school hours, and they would grow up largely as their fathers have done.



Indian School at Birtle.

The Government of Canada tries to help the Indians, and as the best way to do this is to educate the young, the Government has built school houses in different places where the young Indians are taken to live for a time away from the wild idle life of their tribes and are taught to be good citizens. The way that Government sometimes does this is to provide a building and then to pay some of the missions so much per child for teaching the Indians.

Here is a picture of the school at Birtle in the North West. It is a large stone building, erected by the Government, four years ago, and there are now forty Indian children there, taught by our own mission teachers.

They are taught all manner of useful work for house or farm. Some of them also learn trades. They are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and other things, and they are well taught in the Bible for the aim of our missionaries is to make them not only good citizens but good Christians.

### HIS WORD IS TRUE.

A miserable-looking man went into a grocer's shop and begged for bread. The grocer thought that he knew the man, and asked him if his name was not—, who had once a good fortune and houses of his own. Yes; it was the same man. The grocer spoke kindly to him, and inquired how he had become so poor.

"Ah, sir," he replied, "I am suffering for my bad conduct to my widowed mother. I used to wish her dead that I might have her property; but when I got my desire I never prospered; the money was soon squandered, and now I am reduced to want."

God has said that he will *bless* those children who love and obey their parents; but his *curse* shall be upon the disobedient.

### SHOW YOUR COLORS.

Do not be ashamed of the best thing you have. If you are ashamed of anything let it be of meanness, foolishness and sin. But ashamed of Christ? Never. Do you want to be a man? Well, the manliest thing a boy can do is to stand up for Jesus.

When James Abram Garfield was a boy at Williams College he climbed up Mount Greylock one day with a lot of his companions, and spent the night on the mountain top. Seated around the camp fire they sang college songs and told stories all the evening. At length young Garfield took a Testament out of his pocket and said:

"Boys, it is my custom to read a chapter in the Bible and have a prayer before going to bed. Shall we have it together?"

And they did. We all admire a boy who serves the Lord, and isn't afraid to say so.  
--E.r.

### AN OLD WOMAN OF FORMOSA.

You have read how they treat baby girls in Formosa. You know that every child in China is taught to be filial and to reverence the aged. But old people are not much better treated than girl babies. Listen to this story.

One day some four years ago I was going home from our Hospital. For days it had rained and the roads outside the streets were very slippery. When about half way home I came to a poor old woman carrying a load of sticks; or rather, she had been carrying them. She had fallen and the shoulder pole prevented her regaining her feet, for she was very weak. I removed the pole and helped her up. She stood against an old tree root, panting for some time before she was able to speak. Then she gasped out some broken thanks, and was very grateful for a kind word spoken to her.

How I wish I could send you a drawing of her as she was that day. I am no artist. So you must just imagine an old, bent wizened body, and her face covered with deep furrows. She had known what it was to work; those furrows were proof of that. She was terribly dirty; water had not been one of her friends.

She said, "Don't worry, it will soon be all over; I can't stand this any longer, I am too old for it."

"Grandmother." I asked, "What will soon be over, tell me what you mean?"

I thought she meant this hard life would soon kill her, but it was worse than that, as you will hear from herself. For three days it had rained, and she had not been able to gather sticks for sale; the neighbors had given her some potatoes to keep her from starving. One of the bundles of sticks she was going to give to these neighbors, the other she was going to sell and buy some opium; she had already some but not enough to kill her. So she said, "It will soon be all over."

I looked perplexed and she noticed it, for again she said, "Don't worry, I owe no money, and I have enough to buy a coffin and to bury me, just enough, and the neighbors know all about it, so it's all right." Remonstrance with such a poor old creature was useless. I could only say, "Grandmother, it isn't all right, it's all wrong, you must not kill yourself. Have you no friends to care for you?" She said, "My husband is dead. I had a son who married and lived with me, but soon after his marriage

he died too." The daughter-in-law had lived with her some time, then she married a soldier.

One day the soldier told her that he was ordered to the mainland. He asked the old lady to go with them, promising to look after her and give her a home in their house.

She sold her things for some dollars and said good-bye to her friends in Taiwanfu. "I was both glad and sorry to go," she said. Glad, because she was going back to her ancestral home, and sorry, because no one would know her, for she had been so long away.

They got to Foochow all right; the soldier and his wife left her in the boat to look after the things while they got lodgings, when they would return for her. She waited all that day and night, and for days she looked in vain for them. The boatmen were kind and gave her some rice, but she could not eat. She became more wretched when she found that they had taken everything away. "They left me nothing to look after but my own old self," she sadly said. She waited on. Poor old creature, she had been deceived by those who should have befriended her.

The boatmen advised her to go back to Formosa with them, where she was known and would get work and help. They gave her a free passage back. She began her old work of gathering sticks. By meagre living she managed to scrape enough to buy a pig which she fed and sold. The money she got was put aside for her coffin and burial, so she thought it was all right.

I could not leave her in her present mood. Something had to be done. She seemed truthful, but as she was a mainland woman with a peculiar accent, I wondered if I understood her story aright. I promised to pay for the sticks. I got her to leave them while she came back a short distance to the house of a Christian where I could make further enquiries.

I told one of our women the story as I have told you, and asked her if she thought it was true? She said, "I am quite sure it is all true, for I have bought sticks from her for over thirty years. She has been a hard-working honest woman."

I sat down and told her the old old story as simply as I could. She promised not to kill herself. I left praying that the Christian sister, who was busy cooking a meal for her, might be the means used to touch her heart.

Our coolie took her some rice and the

money for the sticks, and every week since she has got rice and a little money. It does not take very much to save life in China.

Last year I found that a number of people had gone to the mainland and left their old relatives in Formosa to starve.

China is very proud of her great Confucius, as she may be, for his writings are very good. He exhorts them to reverence and care for the aged. The other sacred books enjoin them to be kind and dutiful and not to destroy life, for that is an unpardonable sin. But they still destroy their little girls and neglect their aged parents. Even the children are terribly cruel, brutally cruel! What do you think is wrong? What does Formosa need?—*Miss Barnett in Messenger for the Children.*

### HOW THEY MADE A FEAST.

The old minister closed the book and looked around the village church. "You are told," he said, "when you make a feast, to call to it, not your rich neighbors, but the poor, the maimed, and the blind. Now none of you are going to set out a fine dinner or supper this week. Some of us never in our lives gave a great entertainment. Yet the order is to us. I want each one of you when you go home to consider what God has given to you besides food with which to make a feast, and who are the poor folk whom you should bid to it."

People glanced, smiling, at each other, for the good man was full of queer suggestions. But the idea remained in the minds of some of his hearers, making their Sunday afternoon uncomfortable.

It bothered Phil Dorrance, as he sat alone in his room. He usually sat alone, except when at his meals. Phil was the blacksmith's son, whom his father, by dint of years of hard work and saving, had sent to college. He was grateful to his father, but he felt that his education had made a great gulf between him and the old man. His companions were his classmates. He had meant to spend this afternoon with some of them, discussing a paper he had written on some things in his native state. Instead, he took it downstairs to the kitchen, where his father and mother in their Sunday clothes sat nodding over the fire. How bare and empty their lives were—work and sleep!

"I want to read you something I have written," he said, cheerfully.

They drew up their chairs, their eyes

sparkling with pride and delight, and listened with a keen, shrewd intelligence that surprised him. They were able, too, to correct some mistakes that he had made, and to give him some facts new to him.

"I haven't had as pleasant a day for years, Phil," said the old man, when the paper was finished. His old mother said nothing, but kissed him, her eyes full of tears.

In another farmhouse Grace Peel sat, also thinking of the old doctor's suggestion. She was a musician from the city, who cared only for classical music. At home, her playing gave keen pleasure to friends whose musical taste had been cultivated. "They are my rich neighbors," she thought. Rising, she went down to the parlor and opened the old piano.

"Suppose," she said, "we sing some hymns—all of us."

The farmer called in the boys excitedly. "We haven't had the piano opened since Nancy went away," he said. "Come, grandma. I'll move up your chair. You must join in."

They sang "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Sarah, the black cook, came to the door, and threw in a wild note of triumph now and then. The discord sometimes made Grace shiver, but she played on.

Grandma asked for the old hymns she had sung when she was a girl, and the boys for "Hold the fort." When the afternoon was over, the farmer said to Grace, "It's been a real happy time. You play as well as my daughter Nancy." Grandma laid her wrinkled hand on Grace's shoulder.

"The happy hours are so few at my age!" she said. "God bless you for giving me this one, my child."

So the minister's suggestion was carried out.—*Free Church Monthly.*

### MORNING PRAYER.

The morning light is breaking,

A new day has begun :

O help me, gentle Saviour,

All naughty things to shun.

The little birds are singing

A song of praise to Thee :

I thank Thee, gentle Saviour,

For all Thy care for me.

Until the daylight fadeth,

And twinkling stars shall shine,

I pray Thee, gentle Saviour,

To keep this child of Thine.

## International S. S. Lessons.

### PAUL BEGINS HIS FIRST MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

2nd May.

Les. Acts. 13, 1-13. Gol. Text. Mark. 16: 15.  
Mem. vs. 2-4. Catechism Q. 100.

1. Set Apart by the Spirit. vs. 1-3.
2. Sent Forth by the Spirit. vs. 4-8.
3. Filled with the Spirit. vs. 9-12.

Upon what errand had Barnabas and Saul been sent to Jerusalem?

What happened after their return to Antioch?

On what special work were they sent forth?

To what place did they first go?

Where did they then go?

What did they do at Salamis?

Where did they go from there?

Who resided at Paphos?

What did the proconsul desire to do?

What did Elymas try to do?

How was he punished?

What effect had this miracle?

#### LESSONS.

1. God reveals his will to those who worship him.
2. God appoints to each his special work.
3. It is a high honor to be chosen to preach the gospel.
4. Gospel preachers are the agents of the Holy Spirit.
5. To preach with power, we must be filled with the Spirit.

### PAUL PREACHING TO THE JEWS.

9th May.

Les. Acts. 13: 26-39. Gol. Text. Acts, 13: 38.  
Mem. vs. 38, 39. Catechism Q. 101.

1. Rejection of the Messiah. vs. 26-29.
2. Exaltation of the Messiah. vs. 30-37.
3. Salvation in the Messiah. vs. 38, 39.

Where did our last lesson leave Paul and his company?

Where did they then go?

Where did Paul and his companions go on the Sabbath?

What were they invited to do?

What did Paul then do?

To what promise did he refer?

What did he show about its fulfillment?

What had the Jewish rulers done?

What had God done?

What did Paul then declare?

What did he offer his hearers?

How alone can we be justified?

V. 39; Rom. 5: 1; 8: 1-3.

#### LESSONS.

1. The message of salvation is to all who fear God.
2. All that happened to Jesus fulfilled prophecy.
3. God turned men's wickedness into blessing for the world.
4. Jesus conquered death and secured forgiveness for us.
5. God's law condemns; God's Son justifies all who believe.

### PAUL PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

16th May.

Les. Acts. 14: 11-22. Gol. Text. Acts, 13: 47.  
Mem. vs. 21, 22. Catechism Q. 102.

1. Worshipped by the People. vs. 11-13.
2. Preaching to the People. vs. 14-18.
3. Persecuted by the People. vs. 19-22.

Where did Paul preach his great sermon in our last lesson?

What was done to the Apostles?

Where did they then go?

What was the result of their work there?

Where did they next go?

What miracle did Paul perform at Lystra?

What effect had it on the people?

What did Paul and Barnabas do?

What caused a great change in the people's feelings toward them?

What was done to Paul?

What then happened?

What did Paul and Barnabas then do?

#### LESSONS.

1. Christians should not seek the world's praise.
2. If men honor them they should give God the glory.
3. Nature testifies of God's goodness to all men.
4. The world's opinion is fickle; we dare not trust it.
5. Christians should expect tribulation in this life.

**THE CONFERENCE AT JERUSALEM.**

23rd May.

Les. Acts. 15:1-6, 22-29. Gol. Text. Acts, 15:11.  
Mem. vs. 3, 4. Catechism Q. 103.

1. Missionary Delegates. vs. 1-6.
2. Greetings to Gentile Christians. vs. 22, 23.
3. Messages of Good Will. vs. 24-29.

Describe the route of Paul and Barnabas after last lesson.

Where did they finally return ?

What did certain people now teach in the church at Antioch ?

How did Paul and Barnabas receive their teaching ?

What was the result ?

Who were sent to Jerusalem ?

Who composed the conference at Jerusalem ?

Briefly describe the decision of the conference.

## LESSONS.

1. The gospel is for the people of all nations.
2. We should welcome as brethren all who believe in Christ.
3. Souls are saved by faith, not by rites and ceremonies.
4. We should seek for unity with all Christians.
5. We should exercise charity toward all who differ with us.

**CHRISTIAN FAITH LEADS TO GOOD WORKS.**

30th May.

Les. James 2: 14-23. Gol. Text. James 2: 18.  
Mem. vs. 14-17. Catechism Q. 104.

1. Faith without Works. vs. 14-17.
2. Faith and its Works. vs. 18-21.
3. Faith and Righteousness. vs. 22, 23.

Who wrote the epistle of our lesson ?

To whom was it written ?

What was its special purpose ?

What kind of faith is described in verse 14 ?

Of what use is such a faith ?

How is the uselessness of this kind of faith illustrated in verses 15, 16 ?

How is it described in verses 17, 20 ?

How should we show our faith ?  
Who are they like who say they believe but do not *do* ?

V. 19. How did Abraham show his faith in God's promises ?

How was his faith made perfect ?

What resulted from Abraham's faith which was shown by his acts ?

What was Abraham called because of his faith in God ?

## LESSONS.

1. Good works are the fruit of faith.
2. Faith which bears no fruit is dead.
3. Kindly feeling is vain unless it produces kind action.
4. Christ's righteousness is imputed to those who are united to him by a fruitful faith.

*Westminster Question Book.*

**THE LORD'S PRAYER.**

Our Father, which in heaven art,

We sanctify Thy name ;

Thy kingdom come : Thy will be done :

In heaven and earth the same ;

Give us this day our daily bread :

And us forgive Thou so,

As we on them that us offend

Forgiveness do bestow :

Into temptation lead us not,

But us from evil free :

For Thine the kingdom, power and praise

Is, and shall ever be.

—*Sel.*

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## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### THE LITTLE WAIF.

A TOO TRUE STORY OF CHINA.

Out doors the sun was shining, but Oh! how cold it was! The three black haired, bright-eyed girls who were coming from the school-room to recite their lesson in Old Testament History, were glad their teacher's study was so warm and cozy, and as they settled themselves, drew their chairs a little nearer the stove. Golden Blessing was reciting—and her eyes were blacker than ever as she told of Goliath's challenge to the lad David, and of his brave reply, when there came a knock at the back door.

Did the teacher feel just a little impatient that her class should be interrupted? Perhaps so—but she said "come in"—and the door handle was carefully fumbled at. "Peach Blossom will you please open the door?" and the door being thrown open in tumbled the old "saint" in our church with—why, what was it in his arms? The teacher dropped her book and the girls jumped up. "Oh!" he said, "I brought her to you, for I knew you'd be good to her."

"Who—what?" said the teacher—an echoing question on the girls' lips. But they saw in an instant—he had in his arms, a poor, ragged, dirty, shivering child, unable to speak or even to cry—almost dead with cold and hunger. "K'e hsi-ke hsi," said the girls—and the teacher put her shawl round the little waif—and gathering her in her arms held her close by the fire. "Quick girls, go and warm up some rice gruel for her, and bring me a little hot water to give her right away." So off trotted the girls, really glad to be of use.

"Now Brother High, tell me where you found this child?" "Well, teacher," said the old man, "I found her by the side of the road—thrown out to die." "But," said the teacher, "Who threw her out?" "I don't know, only please keep her and let her grow up in the school."

By this time the hot water and rice gruel was brought, and a few mouth-fulls were given the child, who was still shivering. All the time the teacher was thinking, "What shall I do with her?" By degrees she got warmed up, but was too weak to stand alone. They decided she must be about 5 years old—they also decided that they would take her in and clean her up, and do for her, as she was very evidently a little child who had been intentionally left out to die.

When she had eaten a little something, and gotten warmed up, the teacher called in the school matron, and they had a consultation. "Mrs. Yang," said the teacher "she is filthy, and the first thing to do is to give her a good bath—her hair is so dirty and matted you may just shave it off, and her clothes must be burned. I've some little garments an English lady gave me. They will do until we can make some."

So the little foundling was taken to the bath room, and when she came out was nice and clean and sweet. She was a pretty little girl too, and was able to tell a little about herself.

At first she said, over and over, "They threw me out." "Tell us dear who they are," said the teacher, so at last she told. She said her father and mother were both dead, and she was taken by her uncle and aunt, but they had no food, and they left her out in the street in a strange part of the city. Poor little mite—how the heart ache came as she told her pathetic little story.

A good home with a Christian woman was found for her, and everything done, but she kept getting weaker and weaker—starvation and cold had done their work—and one day, very quietly, the patient little soul was called to Him who said, "suffer the little children to come unto me."

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

They that seek me early shall find me.