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THE  
CHILDREN'S  
RECORD

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

VOL. 3

NOV., 1888.

No. 11.

## The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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All communications to be addressed to

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

The missionaries are remembering the young readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD. Last issue contained three letters for you, one from Miss Best, missionary teacher among the Indians of Manitoba, one from Mrs. Morton, in Trinidad, and one from Mrs. Campbell far off in India. This month you have one from Mr. Goforth who has gone to China. Read it carefully and while the missionaries thus think of you, do not forget them. Help them and pray for them.

### LETTER FROM CHINA.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

*Dear Young Friends:—*

Some months ago you heard that we hastened away to China. We had been thinking about coming for a long time. Yes we were ready to go at any time, and only waited till the way was opened for us to go. We heard the Master say, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." It was ours to obey and so we are here studying the language and soon hope to be able to tell these poor heathen that Jesus loves and came to save them. We hope that Jesus shall call many of you into this great work. Yes we must say we sincerely pray Jesus to

MAKE YOU ALL MISSIONARIES.

Why! how can that be says one? Canada would be emptied. Not so. Canada would be as full as it is now. That little girl in the infant class who would not buy the nice candies with her five cents last

week but gave it for the heathen children on Sabbath; your Father who goes down to his business early every morning and helps send the Gospel to the people who have never heard of Jesus; your mother who tells you all about the boys and girls of heathen lands are as truly missionaries as we are, though we walk these heathen streets and go up to the temples and see those hideous idols, and look round and see thousands of graves and think that those who sleep there have never heard of Jesus the only Saviour. All can be missionaries, some to go, others to send.

### CHINESE CUSTOMS.

You want to know something about this strange people.

Their looks and dress are to us very strange. It is so funny to see every man with a long queue dangling down his back. The little boys queue is not long enough to dangle but is growing, and by the time he becomes a man he will be proud of his long braid of hair. The little girls we see have their hair done up about the same as Canadian girls of the same age.

### BINDING THE FEET.

Their feet are all pressed in very small shoes. There are strong bandages fast about the little feet so that they will not grow. We feel sorry every time we see these poor little things and think of how much they must suffer.

### NO PLAY FOR THE GIRLS.

What must be a great trial for these poor little girls is that they are not allowed out into the bright sunshine and pure air to play. You may see the boys playing and having a good time, but we have never seen the girls playing. We catch sight of these little pale-faced creatures sometimes standing at the doors of their homes, but not out on the streets. What a joy for a little girl in Canada to go down street with mamma, and feast on the pretty sights in the shop windows. But the little girls in China "never" go down street with mamma, for mamma never goes down street. It would be thought very wrong of her until she is very old. Many times

I have walked through the long street in Chefoo. I met hundreds of men but not a woman. They are to be pitied. They never go to school, very few can read.

#### THEIR IGNORANCE.

Oh! what a dark world theirs must be, and worse than all they have no Saviour in their homes. We give them a Bible but they cannot read. None but lady missionaries are allowed into the women's apartments. Many thousands more of lady missionaries are needed for there are many millions of homes. Will you not pray that Jesus may open all these Chinese homes and send many more to preach the Gospel that all may know His power to save. We can't talk to the people, nor to the little folk who give us many a pleasant look, so we can't tell you what they think and say, but we promise you much when we can talk to them as freely as we did to many of you.

#### AN AGED CONVERT.

I must tell you about what I heard Dr. Corbett of Chefoo say. Dr. Corbett has a very big parish, it takes him about three months to go around it, and preach in all his mission stations and see all the people who now love Jesus, though when he came here all were heathens. He left about the end of March to visit this big parish. On his return he told of an old woman eighty-four years of age who had joined the church this year. Dr. Corbett many years ago had gone to the village where the old woman lived and told the people about Jesus. Some mocked him others abused him, but a young man, this old woman's son, heard the good news, came to the inn where the missionary stayed, heard more about Jesus and gave up his idols and followed the Saviour. His neighbors were very angry, so were his brothers but his mother was far more angry than any one else. She constantly abused her son, but he kept true to his Saviour and did not cease to tell her about Him though it only vexed her. Years passed on, but no change in the mother, till this year when Dr. Corbett went there she came and asked to be received into the church.

When asked why she came to believe in Jesus, she replied, it was through the good life of her son. Said she my other two sons went away to Manchooria, did well there, made money, but never sent any to keep me, while my son who loved Jesus constantly worked and cared for me. Then my sons in Manchooria begged him to also go up to Manchooria because he could make more money there, but he refused, saying as long as I lived he would care for me. This made me think that Jesus must be very good to make my son so good. I came to Him now and want to own Him as my Saviour before all my heathen friends.

Yours truly,

J. GOFORTH.

## THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

### THE BEGINNING.

A school boy ten years old, one lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat fields, had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there was seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under a beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself, "Shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks me for it! If he never asks that is his lookout. If he does, why I can give it back again." He never gave back the money.

### THE ENDING.

Ten years went by: he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in a drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.—*School Journal.*

## THE MESSAGE ON THE FAN.

BY MRS. M. E. MEAD IN THE MISSION DAY-  
SPRING.

More than fifty years ago a missionary to India was sitting on his veranda, languid with illness and hard work, and longing for the opportunities to preach the gospel which his lack of strength denied him. It was a sunny day, but the veranda was cool and shaded. The air was sweet with the perfume of flowers, and there were curious people, strange sights and sounds enough to have attracted the attention of one not accustomed to life in a heathen city.

But the missionary's thoughts were busy with a little band of native Christians who were about to gather for instruction from the Word of God, and with whom, alas! he could not meet; and then with the crowds of heathen on the streets, thronging the temples and the bazaars.

Day after day he had stood among these crowds, telling them the sweet story of a Saviour's love, selling or giving them Christian books and parts of the Bible. How much they remembered of what he said, how many had read the little books, he did not know; yet he loved to think that in this way the gospel had found its way to many hearts and homes. But today all this must be left to other hands. Close beside him was a palm-leaf, large and clumsy, but a comfort in a climate like that of India.

"Its beauty is not in its shape," thought the missionary, "but I would like to send on it a message. I believe I'll try an experiment."

Taking an iron pen he traced on the broad leaf the story of Christ's life, of His death for sinners and His gift of everlasting life.

After the meeting was over the natives came flocking in to see the teacher. Among them was a new comer, a stranger who had followed on into the compound, eager to gratify a curiosity which had been awakened by the singing of the hymn. The missionary was to weary to talk, but he gave the fan to the unknown visitor,

told him there was a message on it for him, and bade him come the next day for an explanation.

The next day came, but not the native. The missionary gradually regained his strength, spent his life in India, and finally died. But he never heard again from his unknown visitor or the message on the fan. For all he knew to the contrary the "experiment" was a failure. Yet all the while that message was doing its work.

Not very long ago another missionary in India was surprised by a visitor who came not from curiosity, but with a message from one of the tribes of Central India, where few if any missionaries have ever gone. The native was himself the chief or head man of his tribe, and he presented an earnest plea that a teacher might come and live with his people, to teach them the way of life.

And what sort of a letter of introduction do you think he brought with him? It was none other than the palmleaf on which, so many years before, the missionary had traced the story of Jesus' love, worn almost to shreds by frequent readings.

"Where did you get this inquired the missionary.

"The Most Holy sent it to us," devoutly replied the Hindu.

And then followed a story more strange than any romance, how a chief of a neighboring tribe had given it to him with the assurance that he had seen a holy man, who had put the message into his hands, how he had kept it a long time, how the people had given up idol worship, opium, chewing and smoking, and in some cases the use of intoxicating drinks; till now they were feeling the necessity of leading a holy life and a desire to know more of the true God.

"All the tribes about us," urged the chief, "beg that some one may come to teach our people about the Lord Jesus Christ and how we are to love and serve Him." All this blessing came from the missionary's experiment, the messenger fan sent out on its mission so long ago. You may have heard the story before, but its meaning is ever new. It is only an-

other version of an older story, written thousands of years ago, which reads:

"My word shall not turn unto me void, but shall accomplish the thing whereunto I send it."

### THE MOSLEMS.

QUESTION. Who are the Moslems?

ANSWER. The followers of Mohammed. They are sometimes called Mohammedans.

QUES. Where do they live?

ANS. Chiefly in Turkey and Persia, though many are in Africa.

QUES. How many Moslems are there?

ANS. One hundred and seventy millions, or nearly one-eighth of the human race.

QUES. What is their sacred book called?

ANS. The Koran.

QUES. Who wrote the Koran?

ANS. Mohammed.

QUES. Where did he get the matter for it?

ANS. It is said that the angel Gabriel brought it to him from Paradise, engraved on golden plates, from which Mohammed copied it.

QUES. In what language was it written?

ANS. In the Arabic.

QUES. Why is the Koran never translated or printed into other languages by the Turks?

ANS. Because the Turks say it is a sacred book, written in a sacred language, and it would be a sin to translate it or print it.

QUES. Why do they regard the Koran as sacred?

ANS. Because they believe it came from God.

QUES. Why is the language sacred?

ANS. Because the golden plates from which it was copied were in Arabic.

QUES. Has the Koran been translated into our language?

ANS. It has.

QUES. How do the Moslems write their books?

ANS. With a reed pen and ink of several colors.

QUES. What is a Moslem church called?

ANS. A mosque.

QUES. For what other purpose are the mosques used, beside that of worship and prayer?

ANS. For schools.

QUES. Where do the scholars sit?

ANS. On the floor on rugs, with their feet under them.

QUES. What is one of their customs when they come to school?

ANS. To kick off their slippers and keep their hats on.

QUES. What do they wear?

ANS. Full trousers, a Persian shawl gathered up to the waist, with loose flowing sleeves, and a high, black astrachan cap, under which they sometimes wear a small cap of quilted silk.

QUES. How do the boys study?

ANS. They all read out loud, not together, but each one his own lesson. The more noise they make the better satisfied is the teacher, for he then thinks they are studying well; but as soon as the noise grows less he looks at them sharply, and sometimes stirs them up with a stick.

QUES. Are the Moslems easily converted to the Christian faith?

ANS. They are not. They believe that Mohammed was God's prophet, and if they obey the teachings of the Koran they will be saved. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin writes: "There is much that is very excellent in the Koran taken plainly from the Old Testament sources. There is much that is puerile and absurd, and its sensualism cannot be denied. But whatever it is, it does not contain the religion of the Moslems except in germ. For that religion, we must go to 'Sonnah'—to tradition. Its four leading characteristics are: Theism, Fatalism, Ritualism, and Sensualism. All worship is offered to God, as to a spiritual and everywhere present being to whom praise belongs, and before whom all creatures are nothing. He is the sovereign of the day of judgment, before whom all must appear, and neither in this world nor in the world to come, can they be blessed who do not entirely resign themselves to His will."—*Sel.*

## LETTER FROM INDIA.

COPIED FROM THE "MISSION DAYSRING."

HAUGE, INDIA, February 24, 1888.

My dear friends: I should like to show you how schools are carried on in the western part of India. They are smaller than those in America, and boys are usually those who attend rather than girls. Girls are thought good for house-work only, and they are put to work as soon as they get to be six or seven years old. If girls come to school we encourage them in every way often by giving them prizes of clothes. They are poor, and giving such a prize is the best way of helping them.

You would find nice school-houses in some towns, but frequently the schools are held in the town chowdries (public rest-houses). When there are neither school-houses nor chowdries, our country schools are held in the shade of some large trees, such as the tamarind or mango trees. Of course they do not study as carefully as you do, but they are learning how to do good work.

I want to tell you about a school in a town called Dahetue. It is a small town, and nearly all the children go to school. In all there are about twenty. I saw one girl among the boys. The school-house was built for these children only about one year ago. At that time the Hindus all said that the place was inhabited by the devil, and that he would give the Christians great trouble.

After some months, when the people saw that the children and Christian teacher and his wife had received no harm from his evil majesty, they gave a very apt reason, saying that the nails driven into the roof at the time of the erection of the building had pierced the devil's head, and he was dead! I think we would all be glad if the devil could be killed so easily. The children are all poor, but they are very eager to learn.

In order to go to school and work also the children have to manage in a way that few American children have to do. As soon as the sun rises the school-bell rings

and the children come flocking to school, and study till 9 o'clock, when they go to get breakfast. All day long they are obliged to go into the fields to help drive and feed the cattle. As the sun goes down they drive their cattle home, tie them for the night, and when the school-bell rings at 7 P. M. they again go to school. At this time they have to study by lamp-light. After school they get their supper. I am glad to say that these little boys did well in answering questions about the Bible, and did so well in their government examinations that the government inspector praised them very much. They deserved praise.

I expect some of these boys will go to the Normal School and become teachers themselves. Some of them who have studied arithmetic and grammar in the shade of large trees have become good teachers. Pray that the children in every town will love school and work as hard as the Dahetue children.

In behalf of the children studying in the western part of India.

Very truly yours,

K. F. HUME.

## GREGORY THE APPLE THIEF.

One morning little Gregory looked from his window and saw, in the orchard of a neighbour, a quantity of beautiful red apples lying about in the grass, which a storm during the night had shaken from the trees.

Without stopping to think Gregory ran hastily down the steps, crawled through a gap in the fence into the garden, and filled his pockets with the apples. Suddenly the neighbour appeared with a cane in his hand. Gregory saw him coming and ran as quickly as he could to the broken paling, in order to creep through again.

But, alas! on account of his stuffed pockets, the young thief stuck in the narrow opening. The owner of the fruit pulled him out, and Gregory had to turn out his pockets, and, empty-handed and ashamed, go back to his home. *Be sure your sin will find you out.*

## AFRICAN BOYS—THEIR PLAY AND THEIR PLAY-THINGS.

LETTER FROM REV. J. A. BAIN TO A SABBATH-SCHOOL SCHOLAR IN SCOTLAND.

The little black boys and girls in Africa have their romps and games just as you have, though of course very different. They have their games at ball, which consists in choosing sides, and the ball is thrown up, while the one side try to keep it from the other as long as they can. Then they have popguns, something like those at home, only made of bark from a tree, or of reeds; and they spin tops. They don't have dolls, for they have not often themselves as much cloth as would cover a doll, if they knew how to make one. But they make little clay figures which are meant to look like cows, though the only parts of the figures like a cow are the great big hump on the back, and the tapering horns. Little black boys and girls are really very good tempered; they rarely fight, and if you give one of them a pinch of salt, no matter how many there may be, every one gets a little.

You think children are happy when they have nice big, airy houses with lots of nice things in them. The little African only goes into his house if it rains, or if he is going to bed; and if he is tall, then he must stoop to get in, and then, once in, it is all dark, unless there be a fire which will likely smoke badly, as no houses have chimneys. The houses are just like so many bee-hives, and if you begin to build, you will probably finish your house in two or three days at the most. A little blackie knows nothing of breakfast, lunch, dinner or tea. His mother gives him a little basket of cooked maize made into a *brose*, and some beans or leaves boiled, which are eaten with the *brose*. This in the morning and at night is quite sufficient to feed any child.

Often war comes on a peaceful village, and children are torn from their friends and their village, which they may never see again. They grow up as the slaves of those who capture them, and they in turn

will no doubt do the same to other villages, and perhaps even to their own old home of long ago. All this is very sad, because it is very true; and the only way in which the horror of war, with its bloodshed and cruelty, will cease will be to tell these poor people of that God who is the friend of young and old, rich and poor alike.

Just near us lives a poor woman whose nose, ears, lips, and hands have been cut off by the Awemba, who, when they carried others off, did not think her worth taking. Another poor man near us only three weeks ago suffered the same, though death mercifully ended his sufferings. One village five miles from here had thirty or forty women and children carried away by the Awemba, who came down on them when they were all happy in the joy of gathering in their harvest home. A poor little baby was found sleeping, all unconscious that its mother was already miles away, hurried by the cruel captors, her neck tightly pressed in a slave-stick.

My dear——, neither you nor I can change the hearts of these cruel and blood-thirsty people; but we can pray to God to change them, and He who knows their sorrows and sufferings will hear and send relief to their distress. Poor, dark Africa groans with the injustice of centuries.—*The Little Missionary.*

## New Hebrides.

Our young readers remember that Mr. Annand was settled about a year ago on the island of Santo in the New Hebrides. We will hear Mr. Annand tell of what he is doing there.

"In Feb'y we built a nice comfortable school house 26 feet long and 19 feet wide. Quite a number of the natives helped at it, making thatch from a palm leaf. It cost us nearly if not altogether \$75. but this we paid in mission goods.

Shortly after completing the house we began school in it at 7 o'clock in the morning, but our pupils are a very uncertain quantity. Some days I have about twenty, then five and other days



none at all. If any one has some yams to sell, or wishes work for the day he comes to school in the morning as a special favor to me. They ask me to pay them for coming to school, but I told them it should be the other way that they ought to pay me instead of us paying them. A few of them did not appear for some days after being refused pay. Now they at last know that they will get no pay for coming to church and school.

None of the women or girls have yet returned into church or school. Two or three have been driven in by Mrs. Annand. Public sentiment seems to be against female education. How long this opinion may last I cannot say, but now that I am getting a hold upon their language I hope soon to get the women and girls to come as well as the men and boys.

For a few Sabbaths past I have been speaking to the people who come to the School house in their own language for some ten or twenty minutes.

Not long since one of the high chiefs and another elderly man were present for the first time. They listened attentively but when I mentioned something that was new and strange to them they talked to each other about it in the meeting. They assented to what I said so as to be heard all around.

The resurrection of the body is the greatest wonder to them. Oh how dark and benighted their minds are.

#### THE HAPPIEST BOY.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on the lake, and servants. But the young prince was not happy. He was always wishing for something he had not got.

At length, one day a wise man came to court and said to the king—

"I can make your son happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret." The king promised.

So the wise man took the boy into a

private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and read what he saw. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned quite dark. They formed these words—*"Do a kindness to some one every day."*

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

#### LITTLE MARY'S THREE LETTERS.

I knew of a little girl who had given her heart to Jesus, and whose daily prayer was that her father might do the same. She sat down and wrote: "Dear father, won't you be a Christian?" and she left the slip of paper on his table, where she knew he would find it. He saw it, read it, tore it into small shreds, and threw it on the floor. He said nothing about it, and the faithful child thought she would try again. "Dear father," she wrote, "Do be a Christian," and placed the slip as before on the table. This time he folded it up and placed it in his pocket, and walked away, thinking of the words of his little monitor. The child was still unsatisfied, so, for the third time, she wrote: "Dear father, won't you be a Christian? Tell Mary." On the following morning, seeing the third note on the table, the father was overcome. He could stand it no longer. "Where is Mary?" he called, Mary was in sight in a moment. He embraced her with an unutterable tenderness of feeling. His hard heart was completely subdued, and his little daughter was the means of bringing him to Jesus.—*Good Cheer.*

#### BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

"What is conscience?" said a Sunday-school teacher one day to the little flock that gathered around to learn the word of life.

Several of the children answered—one saying one thing, and another another—until a little timid child spoke out:

"It is Jesus whispering in our hearts."

## RAMABAI.

You are used, girls and boys, to your school-rooms and black-boards, to your satchels and books, your slates and pencils. Maybe you think it hard, sometimes, that you have problems to solve, boundaries to learn, and sentences to parse. But how would it seem to you to be awakened from a sound sleep, every morning before daylight, to learn a lesson in Sanskrit, that ancient and most difficult language, familiar to but few, and those, usually, eminent scholars? To learn Sanskrit is a greater task than to learn Greek, and a much greater task than to learn Latin.

This is what a little Hindu girl named Ramabai had to do. She was awakened every morning before the day dawned, for her Sanskrit lesson; this being the only time her mother could spare from household cares to teach her little daughter.

Their dwelling was on the mountains, in a forest clearing, and there were wild animals in the jungles all about them. The first night that Ramabai's young mother spent in that solitude, before they had any house at all, she lay upon the ground, wrapped in a cotton quilt, trembling with terror; meanwhile her husband watched until daybreak, keeping off a great tiger which prowled about them uttering hideous cries. After their home was built, the husband, who was a Brahmin priest, and also a very wise and good man, taught his young wife Sanskrit, because he loved the poems written in that language, and wished her to enjoy them with him. So, when Ramabai was six or seven years of age, her mother, in turn, taught her little daughter Sanskrit, from her own lips, without any book. We are told that "The little maiden, heavy with sleep, was tenderly lifted from her bed upon the earth, and aroused with many endearments and sweet mother-words; and then, while the birds in the forest about them were chirping their morning songs, the lessons were repeated."

The father's dwelling-place in the mountains came to be regarded as sacred by the people, and students and pilgrims

sought out the learned priest. His hospitality and religious duties involved him in debt; and by the time Ramabai was nine years old, his property was so diminished that the family were obliged to give up their home, and to wander about from one locality to another, as pilgrims themselves. So we have to think of Ramabai, not only as the child student of Sanskrit, but as a little pilgrim girl, roaming up and down the earth, from the time she was nine until she was sixteen—homeless and often in want.

Ramabai afterward became known as a Sanskrit scholar and lecturer. She married a graduate of the Calcutta University but in less than two years was a widow with a little daughter of her own, named Manarama, meaning Heart's Joy.

Her love of education was so great that she then went to England and entered the college at Cheltenham, where she became Professor of Sanskrit, and at the same time studied mathematics, natural science, and English literature.

In 1886 she came to our country and at the time of this writing, she is still here.

She has a lofty purpose. It is that Hindu girls shall be educated—fully, amply educated; and that with their studies they shall also learn to be teachers, governesses, nurses, and housekeepers.—*From "Ramabai," by Mary L. B. Branch, in St. Nicholas for August.*

## SORROWS OF HEATHEN CHILDREN.

NELLIE.—Dear me, this lesson is so hard. Kittie, don't you wish you were a heathen sometimes? I do.

KITTY.—Nellie White, you ought to be very much ashamed of yourself. That is a sinful wish.

NELLIE.—I didn't mean to be wicked. I only thought what a nice time little heathen girls must have without any hard lessons or multiplication table to learn.

DORA.—I don't think they have near as nice a time as we do have hard lessons.

KITTIE.—I don't want to be a heathen. Our papas and manmas love us, and are glad to have us; but in India the pa-

pas are angry and the mammas are ashamed when a girl baby is born.

NELLIE.—Don't they like girls as well as boys?

KITTY.—No; they say girls are of no use, and they cost too much money to raise,

DORA.—They never go to school, and learn nothing except how to cook and take care of the house.

KITTY.—They get married when they are only eight and nine years old, and go to live with their husband's mother, who teaches them how to prepare his food in the way he likes. When it is cooked they stand behind his chair and wait upon him; and when he has had enough they eat what is left.

DORA.—And if the husband should die the wife has to give up all her ornaments and pretty dresses. She can't go anywhere or have any pleasure. But must stay at home, lonely and despised, because she is a widow.

NELLIE.—How dreadful! What makes these people so cruel to their girls?

KITTY.—Because they do not know and love Jesus.

NELLIE.—I'm glad I live in a Christian land where our papas and mammas love Jesus and love all the little children. He sends them. I will never wish that I was a heathen again.

DORA.—And we ought to do all we can to send the Bible to the heathen, that they may learn about Jesus and become good men and women.—*Missionary World.*

### ONE KEPT ALIVE.

The monkish chronicles of the early ages of Christianity wrapped the truths, which they wished to teach, in quaint allegories to attract their heathen readers. One of these fables may interest American boys and girls. It is as true in significance as it was in the days of the Cæsars.

A flock of birds mysteriously appeared one day in a city out of a clear sky, and sought refuge in all manner of strange hiding-places.

One flew into a bare stone cell, where he died of starvation; another into the

gaping throat of a wild boar, and was stifled by fat; a third was placed by a princess in a beautiful cage. At first she counted the bird as her chief treasure, and fed and cherished it. Then she began to decorate the cage with gold and jewels, and forgot its inmate, until one day she found it starved and dead.

But another took refuge in the breast of a woman so poor that she had only rags to keep her warm and crusts to eat. The bird was her only happiness.

When the winter night came, a call sounded from the sky for the birds to return. There was but one of them yet living. It flew from the breast of a poor woman who lay frozen to death by the roadside, and heaven opened to take it in.

The allegory needs no interpretation.

As we walk along the street to-day and look into the faces of the passers-by, we can read the story of the bird from heaven which was given to each one of them at birth. In that man's breast it died of cold; in this it was stifled by swinish appetites; that woman's body is a beautiful cage, which she so loves to adorn that she altogether forgets its holy tenant.

But there are men and women who meet us every day whose every word and action are fragments of harmony, from the divine dweller in their hearts.

### DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,  
And do it every day,  
Little boys and little girls  
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,  
At home or at your school,  
Do your best with right good will:  
It is the golden rule.

For he who always does his best.  
His best will better grow:  
But he who shirks or slights his task,  
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?  
You need not yield to sorrow,  
For he who bravely works to-day,  
His tasks grow light to-morrow.

## THE DANGEROUS FOUNTAIN.

Once upon a time, as a man was traveling along a dusty highway, he came to a bright fountain. "Good," said he. "I'll take a drink."

"No," said a voice at his side; "it is not good, it is very bad, do not touch it!"

The speaker was a plain countryman, with a kind, honest face. "What's wrong with the fountain?" asked the traveler; it looks good enough."

"It is a deadly poison," answered the countryman. "It does not kill at once, more's the pity; but it destroys you by degrees; soul first, and then the body."

"But why do you allow such a nuisance in your country?" asked the first, incredulously. "Alas!" replied the other, "there are more people bewitched by it than those who fear it."

"Tut tut," said the traveler, "I don't believe your bugaboo story; I shall try for myself, since you say it does not kill at once."

"Stop!" cried the countryman, as the stranger put his lips to the fountain. "Let me give you one more warning; even the first drink, if you take enough to satisfy thirst, will change you for a time into a beast."

The traveler laughed aloud. "Now I know you are lying," he said. "Off with you," and he stooped and drank.

But, sure enough, he found himself immediately changed into a pig, and obliged to root and grunt and wallow, after the manner of that beast. The effect of his draught soon passed away, and then he felt inclined to laugh at his experience, and even made a joke of it among his friends.

Some of them laughed with him; but the wiser ones shook their heads and advised him not to repeat his experiment.

Nor did he think of doing so, but his work now took him past the fountain every day, and every time he passed it, he felt more inclined to stop.

"Pshaw!" he said to himself, "it does not hurt a man to find out occasionally how a pig feels;" and he stopped and

drank, not once, but twice, and three times, and by and by every day, each time losing his own nature for that of a pig.

And the character of the beast seemed to grow fiercer as time went on; for, while he was a pig, the man would ravage gardens and do much damage, so that his neighbors began to hate and fear him.

His friends besought him to stay away from the fountain. Alas! now he could not; a raging thirst which nothing could allay drove him to the cursed waters, to drink more and more deeply.

And, lo! instead of a pig, he was presently turned into a wild boar, a terror to all. One fatal day, while he had on the nature of the fierce beast, he turned upon his wife and children and slew them, and afterwards died at the gallows, amidst howls of execration, as a murderer!

What does my dark little story mean? It means to show you in a glass the picture of one who tampers with strong drink, his folly, his on-coming helplessness, and the wretched end threatening him, that you, dear, clean, pure young folks may turn with horror from the first drink.—*Sel.*

## A PERSIAN LEGEND.

It is related that a Persian mother, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, made him swear never to tell a lie, and said: "Go, my son, I consign thee to God; and we shall not meet here again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he traveled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered with a candor that surprised his questioner:

"Forty *dinars* are sewed up in my garments."

The robber laughed, thinking that the boy jested. Another asked him the same question and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people, already, that I have forty *dinars* sewed up in my clothes."

The chief ordered his clothes to be ripped open, and the money was found.

"And how came you to tell this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the chief, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, and I am insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief; "be the same in the paths of virtue." And taking the boy's hand they took the oath of repentance on it.

#### WHY?

How many little people have the habit of asking when they are told to do a thing "Why?" or "What for?" instead of doing it on the moment and without any question. I don't wonder that parents get out of patience sometimes. The other day I was watching a regiment of soldiers on parade; each company marched along shoulder to shoulder with head erect and firm tread, but when the command was given to "Halt!" they stood still instantly as one man, and when the captain said "Advance!" they moved forward promptly.

Now, my dears, what kind of parade would it have been if these soldiers had waited to ask "Why?" or "What for?" when the orders were given—and what would have been the result of our late war do you suppose, if a general's order had been thus questioned? Prompt and ready obedience is the principal thing among soldiers, and although they may not understand why they are told to do this or that, they are aware that those who give the command know, and that is enough—their place is to obey.

So it should be with you children, it is this kind of obedience that your parents require, and that pleases God. You remember what the fifth commandment says about "honoring thy father and thy mother," and there is no better or surer

way of proving that you honor them than by perfect obedience. If, therefore, any of you have formed the habit of tardy obedience, drop it now before it becomes second nature.

#### ON A FAST TRAIN.

A young man of respectable parentage, who was recently manager of one of our local companies, was recently brought to the police station in a raving condition, suffering from delirium tremens. He had been on a "spree" for some time, and this morning, whilst quaffing the rosy, hideous madness swooped down upon him, and transformed his manly young limbs into a picture of one possessed of a devil. The unhappy youth, when in his senses, is one of the sweetest tempered, most gentle, most winning and delightful companions. As a business man he was regarded with the greatest confidence. Yet through yielding to the seductions of saloon friendship, strong as he felt himself, he was quickly overpowered, and is now fast becoming a mere wreck. It was truly said by a pitying policeman, as the poor fellow was brought in, "There goes one of fifty of our best youths who are all bound by fast trains to the devil."—*Chicago Times.*

#### "SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN."

A little girl had learned the verse, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," to repeat at a meeting. She stepped on the platform and began: "Suffer"—it was her first attempt at public recitation. She was frightened, and stopped for a moment, then courageously began again: "Suffer little"—again her fear overcame her, but being a resolute little one, she made a third attempt, and said, "Suffer little children."

The third time she looked with dismay at the upturned faces, and stopped. With a last grand effort she repeated, not exactly the verse, but these words: "Jesus wants us all to come to Him; and don't anybody try to stop us." Which was better, to repeat the exact words, or to have their meaning burned into her little heart?

**The Sabbath School Lessons.**

Nov. 4.—Josh. 7:1-12. Memory vs. 10, 12.

**Defeat at Ai.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ps. 119:36. CATECHISM, Q. 100.

**Introductory.**

- What rite was renewed at Gilgal?
- What ordinance was celebrated?
- What city was first taken?
- Describe its capture.
- What is the title of this lesson?
- Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time?
- Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. A Disobedient Soldier. v. 1.**

- What command had the Lord given?
- Who disobeyed this command?
- How did Achan disobey it?
- What was the effect of his disobedience?
- How had the children of Israel trespassed in Achan's sin?

**II. A Defeated Army. vs. 2-9.**

- To what city did Joshua send spies from Jericho?
- Where was Ai?
- What report did the spies bring?
- How many soldiers were sent against Ai?
- What was the result of the attack?
- How were the people affected by the defeat?
- How did Joshua show his grief?
- In what place did he pray?
- How did he plead with God?

**III. A Ruinous Sin. vs. 10-12.**

- What did the Lord say to Joshua?
- What was the cause of the defeat?
- How had Israel sinned in the sin of one man?
- What is meant by *the accursed thing*?
- Why could not God give them success unless this sin were punished?
- How was the guilty man discovered?
- How was he punished?
- Why were Achan's family punished with him?

What followed the punishment?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That sin injures others as well as the one who commits it.
2. That we cannot prosper unless God is with us.
3. That we cannot hide our sins from God.
4. That sin is certain sooner or later to be exposed and punished.
5. That those who partake in the sin partake also in the punishment.

Nov. 11.—Josh. 14:5-15. Memory vs. 10, 12.

**Caleb's Inheritance.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ps. 37:3. CATECHISM, Q. 101.

**Introductory.**

- How long did the war of conquest last?
- How was the land divided?
- What is the title of this lesson?
- Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
- Place?
- Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. Caleb's Faithfulness. vs. 5-8.**

- Who was Caleb?
- What report did ten of the spies make?
- What was the report of Caleb and Joshua?
- Who reminded Joshua of Caleb's faithfulness?
- What is meant by *wholly followed the Lord*?

**II. Caleb's Claim. vs. 9-12.**

- How did the Lord punish the Israelites for their sin after the report of the spies?
- Who were expected?
- What was promised Caleb?
- How old was Caleb at that time?
- How old now?
- How far did he retain his vigor?
- What did he now claim?
- On what ground?

**III. Caleb's Reward. vs. 13-15.**

- What did Joshua do?
- Meaning of *blessed him*?

Why was this inheritance given him?  
Did he drive out the Anakims? (See Josh. 15 : 13-17.)

What does God promise his servants?  
1 John 2 : 25 ; 1 Tim. 4 : 8 ; Rev. 2 : 10.

What assurances have we that he will fulfill his promises? 2 Cor. 1 : 20 ; Heb. 10 : 23.

#### What Have I Learned ?

1. That we may certainly expect what God has promised.
2. That God gives very precious blessings to those who serve him faithfully.
3. That if we serve God in youth we may expect comfort and blessing in age.
4. That neither age nor sickness nor sword can cut off those whom he preserves.

Nov. 18.—Josh. 21 : 43-45 ; 22:1-9. Memory vs. Ch. 22 : 1-4.

#### Helping one Another.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GAL. 6:2. CATECHISM. Q. 102.

#### Introductory.

How long did the war of conquest last ?

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

On what condition ?

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. The Conquest Completed. vs. 43-45.

What did the Lord give to Israel ?

To whom had he made these promises ?

Where are the promises recorded ?

How complete was the conquest ?

Who gave them the victory ?

What has the Lord promised to all his people ?

#### II. Brotherly Help. CHR. 22 : 1-3.

Whom did Joshua now call to him ?

What did he say to them ?

What had Moses commanded them ?

How had they helped their brethren ?

What further commendation did Joshua give them ?

How may we help our brethren ?

#### III The Helper's Reward. vs. 4-9.

How did Joshua dismiss them ?

What parting counsels did he give them ?

What further did Joshua do for them ?

What did they take with them ?

Where did they go ?

How will the Lord reward his faithful followers ?

#### What Have I Learned ?

1. That God will faithfully fulfill all his promises to his people.
2. That he will give them the victory over all their enemies.
3. That he will give them rest in the heavenly Canaan.
4. That we should be kind and helpful toward one another.
5. That such helpful service will be fully rewarded.

Nov. 25.—Josh. 24 : 19-28. Memory vs. 26, 28.

#### The Covenant Renewed.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOSH. 24 : 24. CATECHISM. Q. 103.

#### Introductory.

What followed the conquest of Canaan ?

What did Joshua do in his old age ?

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism ?

#### I. The Terms of the Covenant. vs. 19-21.

What did Joshua urge the people to do ?

v. 14.

What choice did he offer them ? v. 15.

What was his own resolution ?

What decision did the people make ?

v. 17.

What reasons did they give for this decision ?

What did Joshua say to them ?

What would be the consequence if they proved false to their covenant ?

What did the people still promise ?

#### II. The Making of the Covenant. vs. 22-25.

What did Joshua then say to the people?  
How were they witnesses against themselves?

How will all sinners be witnesses against themselves?

In what words did the people renew their covenant?

### III. The Witnesses of the Covenant. vs. 26-28.

How did Joshua further bind them to serve the Lord?

What record did he make of this covenant?

What memorial of it did he set up?

What did he say of this memorial?

What did Joshua then do?

#### What Have I Learned?

1. That we must serve God from free choice or not at all.

2. That it is a good and reasonable service.

3. That we should choose this service heartily and immediately.

4. That whatever others may do we should persevere in this service as long as we live.

#### *Westminster Question Book.*

### LOST TREASURES.

"Come, Mamie darling," said Mrs. Peterson; "before you go into the land of dreams, you will kneel here at my knee and thank your Heavenly Father for what He has given you to-day."

Mamie came slowly toward her mother and said: "I've been naughty and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you have been naughty, dear, that is the more reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to Him when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, my dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then, come at once."

"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are sorry, and when He has forgiven us, then we are as happy as if we had not done wrong, but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day."

"Never, my dear; but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in future and we will ask God to keep you from sinning against Him again."

### THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,

It's the thing you leave undone  
Which gives you a bit of heartache

At the setting of the sun.

The tender word forgotten,

The letter you did not write,

The flower you might have sent, dear,

Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted

Out of a brother's way,

The bit of heartsome counsel

You were hurried to much to say,

The loving touch of the hand, dear,

The gentle and winsome tone

That you have no time nor thought for,

With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,

So easily out of mind,

These chances to be angels

Which even mortals find—

They come in night and silence,

Each churl, reproachful wraith,

When hope is faint and flagging,

And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,

And sorrow is all too great,

To suffer our slow compassion

That tarries until too late.

And it's not the thing you do, dear,

It's the thing you leave undone,

Which gives you the bitter heartache

At the setting of the sun.

*Margaret E. Sangster.*



## THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

BY A. B. GRACEY.

I may not go to India,  
 To China, or Japan,  
 To work for Jesus here at home  
 I'll do the best I can.  
 I'll tell of His great love for me,  
 And how I love Him, too;  
 And, better far, I'll show my love  
 In all that I may do.

The little water-drops come down  
 To make the flowers grow;  
 The little rivulets flow on  
 To bless where'er they go;  
 The little seeds make mighty trees  
 To cool us with their shade;  
 If little things like these do good,  
 To try I'm not afraid.

I'll be a missionary now,  
 And work the best I may;  
 For if I want to work for God,  
 There surely is a way.  
 I'll pray for those who cross the sea,  
 My offering, too, I'll send,  
 And do all that is in my power.  
 This great bad world to mend.

## AN AFRICAN LION.

All children who like the story of Daniel in the Lion's den, will also like to hear a new Lion story, which has just come from Central Africa.

Mr. Arnot, a Scotch missionary, was out on a walk among the villages of the Garenganze country in May, 1887. He had settled down all alone in that country, there being no white man within many hundred miles. The king was kind to him and two native boys who have become Christians stayed with him and were a great help and comfort. Well, one night on this little journey, as they lay down to sleep in the open air, with a fire burning to scare away the wild beasts, they were often awakened by the roaring of three lions. In spite of them, however, Mr. Arnot got a good night's rest.

"Next morning," writes Mr. Arnot to his mother in Scotland, "when passing through a clump of long, reedy grass, I heard distinctly the low angry growl of a lion. A man who was in front stopped, saying it was a buffalo, and asked for my gun that he might shoot it. I urged him to move on, and tried to prevent the three lads from stopping, but it was too late to avoid the brute's charge. He made straight at the hindmost lad, who was carrying my mat and blanket. I ran back and succeeded in intercepting him, so that he fell short in his spring, a few feet from his intended victim, and before my very face; too near indeed for shooting him with a rifle, and I had no spear. The man and the three lads dropped the things and were off like deers, leaving me and my royal friend, the lion, alone face to face in the reed thicket. For a moment it was a question what the next scene would be. He was raging like a maniac and would fain have sprung on me, but seemed to lack the nerve. I held him hard between my eyes and slowly cocked my rifle, lifting it to my shoulder for a steady aim, when he suddenly gave in: his huge tail dropped, and drawing his teeth under his lips he made off. I sprang after him, hoping to get a shot at a safer range, but the grass was so dense that I could not sight him again; so I started off for my companions. I overtook them, but not one would return for his load, so complete was their scare, although I assured them that the lion had gone clear off. That, however, was no assurance to them that his wife or some of his relatives might not be hanging about the same lair. Shortly after, we met some men who were willing for a small consideration to return with my brave crew for the loads left. You see, dearest mother," adds Mr. Arnot, "that Daniel's God is still the same to us. All that God has been to his people in ages past, and all that He has promised to be throughout eternity. He now is to us: 'This God is our God.'"—*Mission Day-spring.*