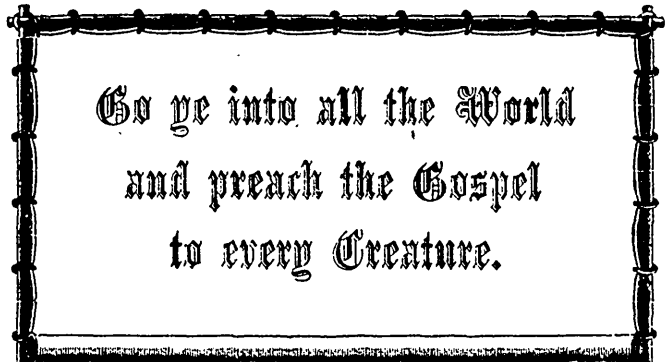




THE
CHILDREN'S
—
RECORD



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

VOL. 1. OCT., 1886. No. 10.

The Children's Record.

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

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Oct. 3.—John 18: 1-14. Memory vs. 4-8.

Jesus Betrayed.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK 14, 41, CATECHISM, 96.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson? Where did Jesus go from the upper room? Who were with him in Gethsemane? What remarkable event took place there? Describe it.

What is the title of this lesson? (Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?)

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Betrayed by a Disciple. vs. 1-5.

How did Judas know of Gethsemane? Whom did he guide to the place? What did Jesus do? How did he know all this beforehand? What did he ask? What did they answer? What was his reply? Who was there?

II. Accepting the Father's Cup. vs. 6-11.

What effect had the answer of Jesus? How can we account for this? What did Jesus again ask them? What did they reply? What did Jesus then say? What did he request for his disciples? What saying was thus fulfilled? What did Peter do? What did Jesus say to Peter? What did he mean by *the cup*? What do we learn from this inquiry?

What was then done to Jesus? To whom did they first lead him? Why?

Who was Caiaphas?

What counsel had he given the Jews? When?

Oct. 10.—John 18: 28-40. Memory vs. 38-39.
Jesus Before Pilate.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 18, 35. CATECHISM Q. 97.

Introductory.

Where was Jesus arrested? By whom was he tried? Of what crime was he declared guilty? What sentence was pronounced upon him? Why did they not execute the sentence? Who was Pilate?

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Council and Jesus. vs. 28-32.

Whither did the council take Jesus? At what time of day was this? Why did they not go in? What did Pilate ask them? What did they reply? What did Pilate then say to them? What was their answer? What saying of Jesus was then fulfilled? How?

II. Pilate and Jesus. vs. 33-37.

What did Pilate then do? Why did he make this inquiry? How did Jesus meet it? What did Pilate answer? What did he further ask? What did Jesus reply? How doth Christ execute the office of a king? For what purpose did he come into the world? Who hear his voice? What was Pilate's final question.

III. Barabbas or Jesus? vs. 38-40.

What did Pilate then do? What did he propose to do with Jesus? What did they all cry out? Who was Barabbas? Why did not Pilate release Jesus when he found him innocent?

Oct. 17.—John 19: 1-16. Memory vs. 14, 16.
Jesus Delivered to be Crucified.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 19: 16 CATECHISM Q. 98.

Introductory.

Of what did the chief priests accuse Jesus before Pilate? What did Pilate find on examination? What did he propose? What did they say to his proposal? Who was Barabbas?

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Scourged and Crowned with Thorns. vs. 1-7.

What did Pilate then do with Jesus?

Why did he do this, when he declared him to be innocent? What did the soldiers do? How did they further mock and abuse him? What did Pilate then do? In what manner did Jesus come forth to them? What did Pilate say to them? What did the priests do? What did Pilate answer to their clamor? What reply did the chief priests make?

II. Silent before the Governor. vs. 8-12.

What effect had this answer upon Pilate? What did he do? What was Jesus reply? What did Pilate then say to him? What did Jesus answer? What did he say of another more guilty? To whom did he refer? What effect had this answer on Pilate? What was the cry of the Jews? What did they mean by this?

III. Delivered to be crucified. vs. 13-16.

What did Pilate then do? What season was this? What hour? What did Pilate say to the Jews? What did they cry out? How did Pilate answer them? What was their reply? What did Pilate then do?

Oct. 24.—John 19: 17-30. Memory vs. 17, 19.

Jesus Crucified.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 19: 30. CATECHISM Q. 99.

Introductory.

What attempts did Pilate make to release Jesus? How were they received? What did he finally do?

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Dying on the Cross. vs. 17-22.

Whither did Jesus go? What was done with him? What did Pilate do? What was the writing? In what language was it written? What alteration did the chief priests wish him to make? What was his reply?

II. Gambling under the Cross. vs. 23, 24.

What did the soldiers do after the crucifixion? What was remarkable in the coat? What did they say among themselves? What scripture was thus fulfilled? Where is it written?

III. Words on the Cross. vs. 25-30.

Who stood by the cross? What did Jesus say to his mother? What did he say to John? How was Jesus' request obeyed? What did Jesus then say? What did he know? What scripture was fulfilled? What was then done? What did Jesus say? What followed this expression? Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?

Oct. 31.—John 20: 1-18. Memory vs. 15, 17.

Jesus Risen.

GOLDEN TEXT.—LUKE 24: 34 CATECHISM Q. 100.

Introductory.

In whose tomb was our Lord buried? What did the Jewish rulers do the day after the crucifixion? How long was Jesus in the tomb? On what day of the week did he rise?

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Empty Tomb. vs. 1-10.

When did Mary Magdalene come to the sepulchre? Who were with her? What did she see? Who had removed the stone? To whom did she go? What did she say to them? What did these disciples do? Who came first to the sepulchre? What did Peter do? What is said of the other disciple? What did these disciples not yet know? Where did they go?

II. The Vision of Angels. vs. 11-13.

What did Mary do? Whom did she see? What did they say to her? What did she answer? Who did she think had removed him? For what purpose?

III. The Meeting with Jesus. vs. 14-18.

What did Mary then do? Whom did she see? Why did she not know him? What did Jesus say to her? Whom did she suppose him to be? What did Jesus then say to her? How did she know him? What did Jesus forbid her? Why? What did he command her? Why? What did Mary do?—*Westminster Lesson Book.*

OUR MISSION IN INDIA.

LETTER FROM MR. CAMPBELL.

RUTLAM, July 24th 1886.

Dear Children:

How often have my wife and I said "We *must* write the Children's Record." But there is always so much to do, and the weeks fly by so swiftly. Perhaps you do not feel it so yet. I remember when it seemed to me the other way. And from the talk of some people about killing time, and passing the time, it would appear that they find their life very wearisome, and would like to get to the end of it. And yet, are they not the very ones who, if the end were really to come suddenly, would cry out for a little more time?

But anybody at home can tell you that, and I must rather tell you about our life and work here. Rutlam is a new station. Put a dot on the map for it at 23° 19 N. 75° 5 E. I have been visiting it for years, but now we are living in it. For the present we have to live in a native house in the city, and I think you will laugh when I tell you about it. It has only one outside door, but that is large enough to let a cart in if we wished, and in one of the halves is a little porthole through which you can climb if you do not want to open more. Then comes a little passage with a small room on either side, one of which is stocked with scriptures and tracts for sale, a lending library, and medicines—for you know we missionaries have to try and relieve the sick, and though I am not a Doctor, some young Doctors would be glad to have as many patients, if only they were paying ones.

The other little room we have turned into a bath room which is a very necessary room in this country. But what next? Why, this house is built round a hole in the middle of it! The little passage ends in a room which is open to the sky on one side. Then a little court yard only about seven feet wide, and nearly two feet lower than the floor, so that by stopping the drain which carries the water out under the door, we might in this wet season turn it into a shallow swimming bath. At each

end a narrow passage, and then at the back of the court a room like the one on its front side—all rooms and passages, open to the court. Behind is another room occupied by Bapu (a native helper) his wife and their two children. But indeed all this flat is partly occupied by them and Ramla, an orphan whom we have had for seven years, since the famine in which his parents died. It has also to serve as church and reception room, school-room and so on; and in the hot season we had to spend the heat of the day there. The upper flat we keep for ourselves, only that the back room is our kitchen. What we call our bedroom opens on the court, and we have some bamboos tied to keep us from tumbling down. To get to our "dining room," on the other side, we have an unroofed passage, and so we jokingly say that we are "going out to dinner." The distance between the two roofs (often dripping just now) is only three or four feet. That is about the distance, too, between the house to the rear of us, and our back window—only remember that we have not a pane of glass in the house, just wooden shutters. By stepping on a chair I could look into the court yards of our neighbours, but that would not be proper on our side because it is the house of a Mohammedan, a rather good family, though poor, and the women are "*pardanisheen*," that is, shut in from the sight of other men. On the other side is a *bramiya* family, that is, of the merchant or trading caste of Hindoos, and one of the women has been a patient of mine. The floors are all earthen, and the ceilings and most of the doorways low. Where I am writing (the front room, which we like best) I can touch the rafters, and on tiptoe the ceiling. But most of the rooms are a *little* higher than this one. Though I try to remember, my head often gets a knock as I pass from one room to another.

Funny as it will seem to you, this house open in the middle to the sky—we were very thankful to get it; and if it were out in a clean, open space, we could probably get along well enough in it; but in a narrow lane, surrounded by filth, and shut

out from much of the fresh air, it is not very healthy.

Now in telling you about it, I have mentioned also several parts of our work, have you noticed?

We have a small girl's school in another part of the city, but I must leave Mrs. Campbell to tell you about that, some time. And we had a school for the lowest out-cast boys, but for want of a place to meet in, it must probably remain closed during the rains—it used to be under a big tree.

However this must do this time about Rutlam.

And now let me tell you a little about JAORA (JOWRA).

which is a town about 22 miles by rail north of Rutlam, the capital of a small State, belonging to a Mohammedan Nawab. There I have placed Jairam, who has succeeded in gathering a good school, besides preaching and selling books. His wife was to have had a girl's school, but, poor thing, she has been tied down ever since going there by the illness and death of her child, and her own illness. However, several girls and young women attend Jairam's school, as well as the boys and a few men.

Sometimes the attendance both at day school and Sabbath school goes up to sixty and seventy, and again it will suddenly fall through some absurd scare.

When Jairam's baby died it was put in a little coffin, and buried a few hours after its death, as is usual in this country. Now, the Hindoes and Mohammedans use no coffin—the former burn their dead, the latter bury theirs, but without a coffin. So it probably seemed very strange to the neighbours when the little babe was put in a box and carried away by the Sahib and the sorrowful father, while the poor mother half ill, remained at home crying bitterly; and perhaps this gave rise to the first scare. Next day a boy was pointed out to me who had been absent from the morning Sabbath School. His mother, it was said, had heard, that the Sahib would put the children into boxes and send them off to *Wilayat*, by which she meant Britain, and that this was the object of the school.

Another boy's mother, with more courage or better sense, had answered that if they sent her boy they would have to send herself too; but meanwhile she meant to let him attend school. And so, some came and others were absent till the scare wore off.

Since then another scare has been that, to secure the successful building of some bridge, the *Sahib* people had killed 7100 girls there, and wanted an equal number of boys for the same purpose; and that to obtain them, they were planting schools. Why else would they go to all this expense for schools? So the *Sahib* would take all the boys away and kill them there.

Another was that all were to be taken away to "the war;" and another that all were to be taken to Calcutta.

The hearts of some of the scared mothers were re-assured when, their boys being ill, Jairam went to see them, dosed them with Pain Killer and cured them. They reasoned that when he was so kind and took so much trouble about them, he surely could have no evil intentions against them.

But time is up. And now dear children, let me beg you first to prize and rejoice in Christ for yourselves, and next, to pray daily, and do what you can, for the spread of the good news about Him in this and other heathen lands.

Yours affectionately,
J. FRASER CAMPBELL.

A NEW LEAF.

Harry Wilde says he has "turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. "The boys," Harry's old companions, laugh a little, and say "Just wait awhile and you'll see."

What has Harry done?

He has smoked his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational story-paper; he has taken hold of his school-work in earnest; he has turned his back on the "fast" boys, and says to them in a manly way, when they want him to join them in some of their old-time wicked fun,

"I can't go into that with you, boys."

At home he is a different boy. There is no more teasing to spend his evenings on the street; no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when required to obey.

How did it come about?

Just this. A looking-glass was held up before Harry's eyes; in it he saw himself a selfish, conceited, wilful boy, on the road to ruin. The sight startled him as well it might. He did not shut his eyes, as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was fast getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said "This won't do! I must be one of God's boys."

Harry soon found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him; and it is indeed a great change.

Harry has chosen "the good part." Will you, dear boy? Will you, dear girl?
-S. S. Advocate.

A VISIT TO INDORE.

Indore is one of the four stations in our Mission field in Central India. One of the laborers there is Miss Doctor Beatty. Very few of you children ever saw a young lady doctor, but they make very good physicians. We will take a seat in her dispensary, where the sick people come to see her and get medicine.

"How do you do Doctor Beatty? I suppose you are kept very busy."

"Yes, in the month of April I had 193 new patients, and nearly as many in three months before it. The worst cases I have to treat are opium eaters. If you are not too tired I will tell you something of these poor creatures. Opium eating is a greater curse here than whiskey drinking is at home. Men and women alike use it but I believe the women suffer most from it. Their home lives are so often wretched, their sense of moral responsibility so low, and their physical sufferings so great, that they fall an easy prey to the demon. They take a little and feel better. If they are better why should not the baby be

better too, so the baby gets its share and I often have children brought to me who look like little old men or women. They are half stupid and I find that they have not been free from the effects of opium for days, it may be for weeks. It is very very difficult to get a woman to give up eating the drug. Though I have had many of them under treatment for various ills, only one can I be sure of as having given it up. All efforts were lost on her till a little boy was born. Eight others had died, one after the other, and I told her this one could not live if she poisoned it and herself with opium, that God might spare it if she would trust it to Him and give up the opium. She has not tasted it for four months, and she sends me word every little while about baby and herself. But other patients are now coming I cannot talk longer, good bye for the present."

YOUR HEART.

"Mamma," said little Lucy one day, suddenly looking up from her play, "what makes my heart go 'tick, tick,' all the time like the watch papa holds to my ear? Have I got wheels inside of me that go round and round?"

"No, indeed, dear," said mamma; "but you are more wonderful than any watch ever made."

Then she took her little girl on her lap, and told her that what she ate went to make warm, bright blood; and how the beating of the heart sent this warm, bright blood all over her little body, to make flesh and bones and fat, and to keep her feeling strong and well.

"God set the little heart to beating, dear," she said as she kissed her; "and some day he will say, 'Stop, little heart,' and it will stop. But while it beats, Lucy must keep it full of good, kind thoughts, and warm with love for the God who made it."

"But when it stops—what then?"

"Then your soul—that is, you—will live on. If you are trusting and loving Christ, and trying to please him, you will be for ever happy with him." - *Children's Paper.*

THE MARTYR BISHOP.

Most of our young readers know something of the New Hebrides Mission in the South Seas. Many of you have heard McKenzie, and Robertson, and Ammand, tell of their work there. Some of you have heard of Dr. Geddie, who was the first missionary among these savage cannibals. A warm friend of Dr. Geddie and our other missionaries was Bishop Patteson who sometimes visited these Islands. You have below the story of his life as given in the last issue of the *Missionary Herald*, and some verses that were made about him by Rev. W. Swabey, who was brought up in P. E. Island, educated at Kings College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, and is now vicar of St. Thomas, Exeter, England. In his church Bishop Patteson was ordained.

"John Coleridge Patteson was born in 1827, of an honored English family. He was an eager, affectionate boy, and always meant to be a clergyman. When, at four years of age, he heard of the heroic conduct of his relative, Bishop Coleridge, during a hurricane at Barbadoes, he said: "I will be a bishop, mother, and I will have a hurricane, too."

At Eton he became an expert swimmer and tennis player, and captain of the School Eleven. After his college days he traveled and studied five years, developing a singular power of acquiring languages, Hebrew, Arabic, and modern. In 1853 he entered on his clerical life near Feniton Court, Devonshire, the residence of his father, Sir John Patteson. Here he was surrounded by a large, delightful, and most loving circle of relatives and friends. But in 1855, hearing of the need of volunteers for the new mission to Melanesia, young Patteson renounced all the home joys and bright prospects and sailed for New Zealand. He did it gladly, like a true soldier of the cross. "I cannot doubt," he wrote, "that all the cheerfulness and calm I enjoy now is a great gift to help me through what is to come. I do feel very happy."

The northern islands of Melanesia are so near the equator that Europeans can

live there only about three months in the year. Each island has also its own language or dialect. It was therefore decided to visit them yearly from New Zealand in a missionary ship, win the confidence of the people, and take their children to Auckland, there to train them as teachers for their own islands. This was the work which Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, wished to entrust to Mr. Patteson. Much of his time would thus be spent at sea, and till near the close of his life no one knew that he was peculiarly sensitive to the discomforts of the sea, always suffering from dizziness and headache on shipboard.

On his first Melanesian voyage in the *Southern Cross*, Mr. Patteson wrote of one island after another: "How lovely it was! Who can show you the bright line of surf breaking the blue of this truly pacific ocean!" "Oh, the beauty of the deep clefts in the coral reefs, lined with coral—blue, purple, scarlet, green and white! It is quite indescribable."

The custom was to anchor off an island, row in in a boat, and then swim or wade ashore. Perfect confidence and ease of manner must be preserved amid the noisy crowd pressing around. The least appearance of distrust and suspicion would have been dangerous. Small presents would be exchanged for fruit and yams, and the most promising boys be invited to sail away with the ship to be taught. These pupils were under Mr. Patterson's care at Auckland. He clothed them, and taught them to sweep and clean their rooms. From ten to twelve in the morning he kept them in school, learning to read, to write, and to reckon. The afternoon was spent in printing, weaving nets, walking and basking in the sun, after their island manner. At evening there was Bible reading, catechizing, and prayer. After the others had gone to bed the brightest young men helped their teacher in his work of translation. These pupils were kept at Auckland through the summer (our winter) months, and then Mr. Patteson took them home. This was the course pursued for several years, the New Zealand winter being too severe for those children of the

sun. It was also necessary in order to keep the islanders familiar with the missionaries and assured of their good faith.

But this yearly breaking up proved a great hindrance to systematic teaching; therefore, in 1858, Mr. Patteson was left by the *Southern Cross*, with twelve of his boys, on the Melanesian island of Lifu, to continue their training. There this refined and high-minded gentleman lived alone with the natives for four months, and he alluded to the privations of the time only by saying at its close: "Of course I shall be glad to have a good talk in English with some one." This experiment was repeated in 1860 at Mota, the islanders receiving him with delight. "I have never been alone yet," he wrote; "I have always had natives with me—communicants. I may spend much of this winter in my boat, and on other islands, yet I shall return and administer the blessed sacrament, and very solemn it is to be gathered together, a small group in the great, wide-waste of Melanesia. Those nights, when I lie down in a long hut among forty or fifty naked men—cannibals—the only Christian on the island,—that is the time to pour out the heart in prayer that they, those dark, wild heathen about me, may be turned from Satan unto God."

Such remarkable fitness had Mr. Patteson shown for his island duties that in 1860 he was made Bishop of Melanesia. His work went on successfully, and it was not till 1864 that any real harm came to his party. That year two dear young friends who had become assistants in his missionary voyages, were shot with poisoned arrows at Santa Cruz. They were Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, "Pitcairners" from Norfolk Island. They died a distressing death from lockjaw. "But," wrote Bishop Patteson, "their thankful, happy, holy dispositions shone out brightly through all. When agonized by thirst or fearful convulsions, one prayer or verse of Scripture always brought the soft, beautiful smile to their dear faces. All was perfect peace."

In 1865 there were seventy Melanesians at Auckland—fifty males and twenty fe-

males. The first girl brought from the islands was clothed in garments made by the bishop's own hands. All the pupils served in rotation as cooks. There were no servants: all lived together and did the work, the bishop sweeping his own room, etc., as a part of his teaching of the duty and dignity of work. Many of the pupils were Christians, and lovable, intelligent companions, devotedly attached to their leader. The island people, too, liked him, and welcomed him joyously as he returned year after year. The same noisy, uncivilized crowd gathered around, but it was friendly, and quarrels among themselves had greatly decreased.

In 1866 the mission headquarters were removed to Norfolk Island, formerly an English convict settlement. The convicts had been removed, and the Pitcairners had been placed there. The English government gave to the Melanesian Mission two thousand acres on the opposite side of the island, and the Auckland buildings were brought thither. Being many hundred miles nearer the islands, the *Southern Cross* could make several voyages a year. The mission expenses would thus be greatly lessened. The bishop had been obliged to contribute a thousand pounds from his private resources for its support the previous year at Auckland. Several young English clergymen were now his assistants, and in 1869 the school numbered one hundred and sixty, a goodly and happy company, of whom a large number were true Christians, while former pupils were successfully preaching the love of Christ in their own island homes. But the greed of wicked men began to threaten the continuance of this peaceful and prosperous work. Labor-ships, called by the natives "snatch-snatch," came from Queensland and Fiji, seeking laborers for those places. Their captains decoyed the natives on board, sometimes even professing that the bishop was there, and then put them under the hatches, and sailed away. Atrocious murders and wholesale slaughters became common. "Kill-kill" ships, commanded by white men, took the wild natives to their enemies' islands, and assisted

in attacking them. This endangered the missionaries, as the natives could not always discriminate between friendly and unfriendly whites. Hereafter Bishop Patteson would risk no life but his own. Wherever there was danger he lauded alone. He excused beforehand his own probable murder, and urged that it should never be revenged. Then he cheerfully went on with his work of love, never alluding to the extreme danger. At this time Bishop Patteson became very ill, and when sufficiently restored, went to Auckland for treatment. He was there urged to visit England, but he refused, though fifteen years had passed since he had left his beloved ones. He would not leave his poor people in such trouble; besides, he was the only person in the world who could speak twenty or more of their dialects, to tell them of Christ and his salvation. He returned to Norfolk Island much unimproved, though not strong.

The year 1871 opened joyously. The *Southern Cross* went on her way as usual, and the good bishop found cheering results of his teachers' labors on many islands. At Mota he baptized forty-one men and women, seventeen lads and 231 children. The work was so absorbing that he could hardly feel weariness. The people said: "The old life is hateful, the new life is full of joy."

September 20, 1871, the vessel called at the islet of Nukapu. Canoes were seen hovering about the reef as the bishop rowed ashore. His boat could not get over the reef at the low tide, so he accepted an invitation to be taken in a canoe which was dragged over. His people saw him land. Suddenly the natives in the other canoes let fly arrows at the boat, which wounded all the crew. They rowed to the ship, and sent a strong, well-armed party to seek the bishop. Pulling over the reef, a canoe, apparently empty, appeared floating in the lagoon. A bundle was heaped up in the bottom. "The boat came alongside, and two words were spoken, The body!" A peaceful smile was on the face, a palm leaf was fastened over the breast, and there were five wounds." Each was

no doubt in atonement for a native death, for the leaflets of the palm were tied in five knots, to indicate this. Thus passed a hero to his triumph, by the same way his Master trod.

The southern cross is veiled in gloom
Above the latest martyr's tomb,
Pacific's rolling flood:
The sea-bird hovers on the wing,
And ocean's ebon arches ring
As spills the righteous blood!

Alas! alas! the cruel blow
That fell, intended for the foe,
On Melanesia's friend—
I see the unavailing tears,
I catch the sighs in coming years
That savage bosoms rend!—

No more through perils of the deep
Shall be, whose zeal could never sleep,
In Geddie's footsteps come;—
The tongue that heralded to each
Benighted nation, in its speech,
The love of Christ, is dumb—

Shall we the note of grief prolong,
Or charge th' omniscient with wrong,
In this obscure decree?
No! Patteson, the noble band
That died on Erromanga's strand
For Jesus, needed thee!

The 'seed of evil doers' raise
The hymn of their Redeemer's praise
On Norfolk's verdant isle;
And He, who trained in holy fear
The scions of the mutineer,
Can bid the desert smile.—

Faith sees the stricken Churches balm
In that fresh frond of knotted palm,
That shades thy bleeding breast;
What though *Revenge* has placed it there?
It bids us seek thy wreath to share.
And tells us thou art blest!

M. SWABEY.

LETTER FROM MISS COPELAND.

TO THE "HAPPY WORKERS" OF PRINCE ST. CHURCH, PICTOU.

SAN FERNANDO, TRIN.

My dear friends:--

Your very welcome letter I received about four weeks ago and have commenced several answers to it but never managed to finish one. School work takes up nearly all my time. We commence our Hindustani lesson at 7.30 a. m. and then our regular work begins at 8, we have one hour intermission at 11 o'clock for breakfast, and school closes at 4 p. m. I like to be kept busy as I do not then have time to get lonely.

One year of my work in Trinidad has ended and another has begun. How quickly time flies! It seems little more than a year since I left Pictou, but there have been many changes.

The box arrived from Pictou in January, and I can assure you it was very acceptable as our stock of clothing was almost exhausted. We had distributed about one hundred little suits on Christmas day to the little children, who had come in from the estates to our Christmas treat. The day after the box arrived, Mr. Grant, Baboo Lal Bihari, and I, went out to the school room and pasted those quarterlies up on the walls in the order of the lessons. They brighten up the building considerably, and the children like to study them. We are now at the story of David's life. There are about one hundred children present at the Bible lesson each morning. We divide them into two classes, one is taught in Hindustani by Joseph Benny, one of my monitors, and one, in English, by myself. My assistant Mr. Corsbie has left the school this year, and I have full charge, with the help of several Indian boys who have come in from the estates, they teach part of the day and receive extra instruction, after the others have left in the afternoon.

The young married girl you inquired about is still attending school, and can read and write fairly well now, she was baptized shortly before Christmas, and that

is one step in the right direction. She keeps house for her husband now, he is at his work during the day and does not get home until evening, so she has time to attend to her studies, and do the cooking too.

A number of my boys are away from school this week as two of them are being married. They are having great feasts, one at the bride's house, and one at that of the bridegroom. These two boys are to marry sisters, and the father of the girls has to give the boy's father a present of money. That is one reason why the Indian people like boys better than girls, as they have to pay at least \$50. to get each girl married, and she must be married before she is twelve years old, very often as young as five years, while on the other hand they make something out of the boys. I may also mention here, that, at the birth of a boy there is great rejoicing, and the father thinks himself very much honored, but, if this child be a girl, he is not worthy of congratulations.

But to return to the wedding, the money is brought to the bridegroom by the bride's father about a week before the ceremony, and it is then he washes the bridegroom's feet and body with saffron. This saffron has to be re-applied twice or three times a day for a week, and he must not be washed with water all that time, then on the morning of the ceremony the little fellow is put into a large bath and scrubbed so that his skin will be pure. After the washing process is over, he makes ready to go to the bride's house. He rides to the house on a mule. He is dressed in white, and wears a white veil and orange blossoms on his head. A large procession follows him, beating drums, and playing some kind of reed instruments. They make a great noise. When they arrive at the house, rice (their chief food) is set before the groom in a large brass plate. If he eats it, they are pleased, but if he does not eat, they have to hand him another plate with a sum of money in it. They very often choose the latter.

There is a clever little Indian boy, named Jahungier, living out on Canaan

estate, who has been attending the school there for some time and he wishes to be baptized but his father won't consent. One Sunday afternoon about three weeks ago, Mr. Grant was preaching in the school-house on the estate and the boy and his father were present, the boy listened attentively, but his father was very drowsy and did not pay much attention. In the evening, Jahungier with some of his companions walked in to San Fernando, about four miles, to church, and after the service they came to make their "salam." Mr. Grant, in speaking to the boy said that his father had seemed very sleepy at the afternoon service, "Yes, sir," said the boy, "I saw him trying to sleep and when I went home, I told him that I thought the devil was tugging at him and trying to get him to sleep so he would not become a Christian."

A few evenings ago Mr. Grant came in as we were sitting down to tea and entertained us by telling what I am now going to tell you. He had been chatting with an Englishman, a prominent lawyer here, who has two of the boys of our Mission with whom he is greatly pleased. The elder has been with him four or five years, the younger was taken on about six months ago. The other night this gentleman being unwell, had the little boy to sleep in the room with him. The lawyer thinking the boy very quiet peeped behind the screen and, said he, "you will be pleased to hear that I found the little beggar on his knees. When he got up I asked him what he was doing, he said "I was praying to God." What were you asking? "I prayed that God would make me a good boy, keep me from everything bad, and bless my papa and mamma and all God's people." "Believe me said this gentleman, with a tear glistening in his eye, I was pleased and I just wanted to tell you as I knew it would gratify you."

I think I have written you quite a long letter for this time, and am only sorry that I have been so long without writing, but I hope to let you hear from me soon again, as you take such an interest in our mission.

If any of the children have any Sabbath school papers which they have already read, and can spare, they will be very acceptable to us, as we are very often asked for tracts and papers.

With kind love to all, and wishing to be remembered in your prayers,

I remain,

Yours very truly,

LIZZIE COPELAND.

THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN BOY OF INDIA.

Bunaram was the second convert from among the Rabba Cosaris, one of the tribes inhabiting the hilly country of Assam. He was only thirteen years old when he put his trust in Jesus. In becoming a Christian he broke his caste. His friends were in great distress at this, for they think that to break one's caste is worse than death.

The priest can restore caste by an endless course of ceremonies and costly offerings to himself and to the gods. His friends loved Bunaram very much and would gladly have paid all the expense if he would give up his new religion, for of course their efforts would be of no avail had he continued a Christian.

They pressed Bunaram to give up Jesus and come back to the worship of his people, but to their entreaties he firmly answered: "No! You may cut me in pieces, or do what you like with me; but I can never deny that I am a Christian."

At last his father, in bitter anger, said: "You are not my son any longer. If you loved me you would let me get back your caste."

Poor Bunaram was thereafter treated as an outcast. He had to eat his meals in the cow-house, because he was a Christian.

When he returned to school and told his teacher what had happened, the teacher asked him: "Well, Bunaram, did it make you sorry that you were Christ's disciple?"

"Not a bit," was his reply.

Jesus and His religion was more precious to this noble boy, lately a poor heathen, than his dearest earthly friends.

JAPANESE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

In former times, and to a great extent even now, marriage in Japan is arranged entirely by the parents; but the young people are beginning to take the matter somewhat into their own hands, and veritable love-matches are not now uncommon.

The bride brings no dowry to her husband, but it is a matter of family pride to make the *trousseau* of the daughter as rich and elegant as possible, and at the marriage feast this *trousseau* is displayed to the best advantage.

A betrothal ceremony is celebrated some time before the marriage, at which all preliminaries are settled. After this the young people have opportunities of meeting and becoming acquainted, although they have frequently seen each other before.

On the morning of the wedding, the bride's *trousseau* is sent to the house of the bridegroom, and tastefully arranged for the inspection of friends. The house is adorned with flowers; and in the chief room an altar is erected, upon which are placed offerings to the family gods, patron saints, etc. At about noon the bridal procession comes to the house; the bride dressed in white and veiled, and her especial attendants dressed in robes of bright colours. Usually a gentleman and a lady friend preside over the ceremonies; and as they are very active, flitting from place to place wherever their service is needed, they are called the male and female butterfly. The decisive ceremony is very simple, and does not require the aid of a priest. The bridesmaids fill a decorated pitcher, having two mouths, with the native wine, and it is presented to the kneeling bridegroom and bride alternately until they have emptied it, thus symbolizing their purpose to share together the vicissitudes of life, whatever they may be. Feasting and merry-making follow for a few hours, and then the newly-married couple are left to themselves; though, for some little time after, friends and relatives are ex-

pected to honour them with calls and invitations.

Marriage in Japan usually takes place quite early in life,—the bride being generally about sixteen years old, and the bridegroom from eighteen to twenty. The Japanese classics say that "a bride must have an unsullied reputation, a gentle and yielding disposition, an amount of education fitted for her sex, and the acquirements of a good housekeeper,"—requisitions which are not always found, even in a Christian land.

If the marriage proves an unhappy one, the wife has no redress; but the husband may divorce his wife for any one of seven reasons, provided her parents are still living for her to return to. These reasons are: disobedience to her parents-in-law; having no children; being unfaithful to her husband; being jealous of him; having any contagious disease; stealing, or talking too much. As the husband is the only judge in these matters, it is of course very easy for him to be rid of a wife of whom he has become tired.

We are happy to state, however, that the rights of women are receiving more consideration of late in Japan. The girls are securing a more careful education to fit them for the duties of wife and mother, and the husbands are treating them with more honour and respect, both in public and private; and the government is seeking to improve the marriage laws.—*Little Helpers*.

PIAPOT'S RESERVE.

This is a new station opened up among the Indians in the North West. It has a population of about 400. Last year Chief Piapot gave his consent to the opening up of a school on this Reserve. A school house has been built costing \$900. Miss Rose of Woodstock, Ontario, was appointed last spring to take charge of the school. She has lately written about her work and I know you will be pleased to hear what she says.

"The Indians are constantly begging for tea, tea, I wish I had a car load of black

tea. It seems to be the only thing to allay their prejudices, yet if this is the best way, the Lord will provide. There is very much to be done, the work is truly great, but I feel strong in the Lord and the power of His might. He set me here and I am sure he will not forsake nor leave me alone in this unbroken heathen field, where the name of God is not heard save in blasphemy. I am deeply conscious of the prayers of God's people and realize the good hand of God upon me.

My poor people go nearly bare of clothes, are very brown, and very dirty. Their coarse black hair is cut in front. On some it hangs over the forehead in a fringe, on others it stands straight up, stiff and upright. Worn long behind, some have it braided in long tags thickly set with brass headed tacks. These long tails dangle about the back and shoulders.

I feel sure that God is with me and that we have the prayers and aid of his dear people."

LOOKING FOR JESUS.

A Hindoo girl was stolen from her home and carried to Calcutta, where she was sold as a slave. A rich Mohammedan lady bought her, and, as she was pretty, brought her up as a companion and plaything. She had a happy life for years, until, one day it came into her mind that she was a sinner, and needed to be saved from sin. Her kind mistress, to take up her mind, sent for the rope-dancers, the jugglers, the serpent charmers, and all the amusements which she was fond of; but the girl was as sad as ever.

Since she had lived in Calcutta she had become a Mohammedan instead of continuing a worshipper of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, and so the kind lady brought a Mohammedan priest to comfort her. But though she recited long prayers in an unknown tongue five times a day, with her head bowed toward Mecca, her trouble was not removed. After three weary years of waiting, the girl went to a Brahmin for relief, hoping, if she returned to the faith of her fathers, to find peace.

At first the Brahmin cursed her in the name of his god; but, as she offered him money, he promised to give her all the help he could. Every morning he told her she must bring to the temple an offering of fruit and flowers to Vishnu, and every week a kid of the goats for a sacrifice.

In India every flower has its own meaning, and the flowers that this poor girl brought to lay upon the altar meant a bleeding heart. She was so worried and troubled that after awhile she became quite ill. Ah, if she had but known, as you and I do, of the One who came to bind up the broken spirit, and who alone could give her rest and pardon!

At last she happened to pass a beggar in the street one day. You would have thought he was a strange-looking beggar, with his turban wound around with strings of beads, his clothes torn, and his pipe and his wooden bowl. She had never seen just such a beggar before, and as she dropped a coin into his wooden bowl, she said almost as if thinking aloud, "Ah, if even you could but tell me where to find salvation."

"I have heard that word before," he said.

"Where? where?" she asked. "I am sick, and fear I am going to die, and what will become of me?"

The man told her of a place where rice was given to the poor.

"I have heard it there," he said, "and they tell of one Jesus Christ, who can give salvation."

"He must be the one I want. Take me to Him!" she urged.

"I do not know where Jesus Christ lives," answered the beggar. "but I can tell you of a man who does know;" and he told her of a Brahmin who had been brought to Jesus Christ, had given up his gods, and was now a teacher of the new religion.

Weak and ill as she was, the Hindoo girl—now a young woman—started on her search that very evening. She went from house to house, inquiring, "Where is the man who will tell me where to find Jesus Christ?"

No one knew, until, as she was about to give it up, she was shown into the house she sought, and met the teacher on the verandah. She burst into tears as she cried:

"Are you the one that can lead me to Jesus? Oh, take me to Him, for I am going to die; and what shall I do if I die without salvation?"

The good man took her into the house and heard her sorrowful story.

"Now," she cried, "you know all, and where Jesus is; and I cannot wait longer to see Him." And how do you think the teacher led her to the Saviour, who she hoped was waiting for her in that very house?

He knelt down beside her and besought the dear Lord to open her eyes, that she might see and believe in Him who was ready to give the salvation for which she longed. And, as he prayed, the truth was revealed. She saw the Son of God; and the Shepherd, who for so long had sought His child, folded her to His bosom and she was at rest.

It mattered little now whether life or death were her portion. She had found Jesus, forgiveness, and peace; and henceforth all things were hers.

Mrs. M. E. MEAD.

"A-HOI! A-HOI!"

Sitting in my study one day, I noticed the beating of a Chinese gong; and when I went to the window I saw two boys with a gong between them, and at the time the gong was being beaten one of the lads was crying out, "A-hoi! A-hoi!"

I asked my teacher what was the meaning of this; and he said, "The first boy has lost some one, probably his brother, and he has got this other boy to go with him, according to the usual custom, through the streets, sounding the gong in the hope that they may find the little one and bring him back again."

I listened, as the sound retreated, as the boys went down the street, until the sound was lost, and I went back to my work again. But soon after I heard them returning;

and now the little boy who had been calling out "A-hoi!" appeared to be trembling and quivering, and he seemed to think it was doubtful whether he would find his little brother or not. Still the gong was beating, and still he was calling out most pathetically, "A-hoi! A-hoi!"

Now, I think that here we have an exact illustration of what Jesus is doing. He is going in search of the lost. He goes through the streets looking after them and calling out their names, and he wants you and me to labor with him in seeking that which is lost; and still we are going about beating the gong, and calling out the names of the perishing ones, and asking them now, ere it be too late, to come to Jesus. —*Rev. H. Friend, China.*

THE PENNIES.

It was a bright Spring evening when little Polly stole into her father's room, with shoeless feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white nightgown; for it was bedtime, and she had come to say "Good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking the curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him, and repeated her evening prayer adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

What can the child mean? thought her father in surprise; and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother what their little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady. "Polly has prayed the prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

Dear children have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put into the missionary box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

WITH GOD.

Begin the day with God ;
Kneel down to him in prayer ;
Lift up thy heart to his abode,
And seek his love to share.

Open the book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be ;
Where'er thou art- at home, abroad—
He still is near to thee,

Converse in mind with God ;
Thy spirit heavenward raise ;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God ;
Thy sins to him confess ;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead his righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives his servants sleep ;
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

WHAT AILED A PILLOW.

While Annie was saying her prayers,
Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white, golden curls and snowy gown, by the bedside.

"Now, Annie, watch ! Annie just see ! O, Annie, do look !" she said over and over again. Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and "O dearing." Then she laid quiet awhile, only to begin again with renewed energy.

"What's the matter ?" asked Annie at length.

"My pillow !" tossing, thumping, kneading. "It's as flat as a board and hard as a stone ; I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet serious way.

"What ?"

"There is no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse, then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it is true, but she was determined never afterwards to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered, soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now."—*Christian Commonwealth*.

HEATHEN AT HOME.

How your hearts are touched with pity as you read of the darkness and ignorance of heathen lands where the little children never hear of the Saviour Jesus, or the heavenly home. But did you ever think, children, how many there are in our own land who do not know of Him ? In the Province of Quebec the greater part of the people are Roman Catholics, and their children are taught to confess to the priest and to worship the Virgin Mary, but are not taught as you are of the loving Saviour. They grow up and live and die in ignorance almost as great as that of the children in heathen lands. Our church has felt that the gospel should be given to these people in our own land as well as sent to those in other lands, and a number of missionaries and colporteurs and teachers have been for several years laboring among these French Roman Catholics, telling them the way of Salvation. This work is called French Evangelization. There are schools in connection with the work at Pointe Au Trembles, near Montreal, where children of French parents are taught, and some of them fitted for becoming teachers among their French countrymen.

When you are giving the cents that you have saved for God, do not forget the evangelization of the French Canadians and when you pray do not forget to pray for them.

OVER THE OCEAN.

Tune, "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven."

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

CHORUS.

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

Perishing children by thousands are there,
Having no Sabbath, no Bible, or prayer:
Fathers and mothers no Saviour have
known,
Bowling to idols of wood and of stone.

CHORUS.

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

Gladly the children respond to the call,
Bringing their offerings, something for all:
Forming their Mission Bands, "workers
with God,"
Sending the news of salvation abroad.

CHORUS.

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

S.l.

Suffer the little children to come unto
me and forbid them not for of such is the
kingdom of Heaven.

Be not deceived, God is not mocked,
for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he
also reap.

Remember now thy Creator in the days
of thy youth.

A LITTLE CHINESE GIRL DROWN-
ING.

I read a story the other day which shows how much the people of China need to know about our Saviour and to learn to love each other. At one place on the shore there was a hospital where the windows looked out over the water. A little girl was playing in one of the rooms near the window and by some accident she fell out into the water.

There were a great many people in boats near by but not one of them stirred to help her. Pretty soon her father came running down to the water shouting:

"Save my child! Save my little girl!"

"How much will you give me to do it?" asked one.

"Twenty cash," said he in distress.

"It is not enough," said the man, "Do you suppose I am going to go so far as that for twenty cash?"

"I will give you all I have," said the father, "which is thirty cash. She is only a girl, you know."

"I know she is only a girl, and that is the reason I think you ought to give me more money. If it was a boy he might be of some use in the world; but what is a girl?"

While they were talking in this way the poor little girl sank and was drowned. No one lifted a finger to save her.

Do you know why such a thing as this could not happen in this country? Because we have a religion which teaches us to love each other and be kind to those who are in trouble. Don't you wish they had the same religion in China?

MY BEST TEXT.

"Mother," said a little girl on coming home from the Sunday-school, "I want to ask you something."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Do you know which is my best text?"

"Tell me, my dear," replied the mother.

"Well, mother, you know that I am just seven years old, and my text has just seven words in it, and this is it: 'It is time to serve the Lord.'" (Hosea x. 12.)