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THE  
CHILDREN'S  
RECORD

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

VOL 5 SEPTEMBER 1890 NO. 9.

### The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR  
THE CHILDREN OF THE

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#### LETTER FROM MISS GRAHAM.

SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD.  
May 30th, 1890.

*My Dear Children:*

It seems that the little friends to whom my last letter was written did not notice in it a request for letters from them, as I have received *only one* in reply, and that not from a *little friend*, but from a Nova Scotia lady now living in Massachusetts. Perhaps those of you whom I have not had the pleasure of meeting, make this excuse. "Oh! I don't want to write to a person whom I've never seen." But if you have not met me, then certainly I cannot have met you, so I am writing to "*friends unknown*," and why can't you? Now, you say that is quite enough about letter writing. So say I. But I want to convince you that we mission teachers are very ordinary mortals who make a fuss when our letters are unanswered; just as our home friends do when they don't hear from us often.

You may remember I mentioned several things I was going to do. Now it is time you heard of something that *has been done*. During January we enrolled 211 pupils; February 232; March 231; average for the quarter, 141. In April the average was 151. So you see our school has been very well attended. The average would have been much better were it not that since the first of the year measles and fever have prevailed in San Fernando; and even yet several of our scholars are at home, owing to the effects of these diseases.

On January 15th I organized a little band of "The King's Daughters," under the name of "The Loving Circle of Susannah Church," with a membership of fifteen. We meet on Friday afternoon, just after I dismiss school, and spend some time in studying the Sabbath School Lesson. A number of the girls are just beginning to teach infant classes in the Sabbath School, so I study the lesson with them, and sometimes read a story suitable for them to tell their scholars. We use the Westminster Teacher and S. S. Times, so you know what our lessons are. At our Circle meetings, too, I tell the members about any of our scholars whom I have visited during the week, and found sick or needing help in any way, and they generally visit the children as I ask them to do. One Sunday, when out visiting, I went into a poor, little, dingy room to see one of my little boys, and I cannot tell you how glad I felt to see in a corner a large paper snow-ball, which one of the girls had taken to him the day previous. At some of our meetings I had taught them to make paper flowers, and suggested that each of them would use the flowers to make some poor little child happy, so you can understand how thankful I was. It was only a little thing, but it is so good to get people interested in work for others. But I fear my letter is growing rather long, so I must hasten to finish it.

Mr. Grant and family sail in the Steamer Riga Monica to-morrow, and how I am to endure life without them for the next six months remains to be seen. If two of their family remain in Nova Scotia I will not likely spend such a merry Xmas as that of '89, so if you do not hear from me again before next Xmas, please expect the most gloomy letter you ever read—the one I will write on Xmas 1890.

We have had a great deal of rain lately, and I find the heat very intense, and the school work especially trying, but my health is very good, for which I am grateful.

your sincere friend,

MAGGIE J. GRAHAM.

## A CHINESE SCHOOL-MASTER.

Here we have a picture of a Chinese school-master. You will think him a very fierce looking man, I am sure, and I doubt not you will be glad that he is not your teacher.

I must tell you that I do not think many of the Chinese school-teachers look quite as cross as this one. Perhaps his dress looks very strange to you, and I think he must be a poor man or he would have a longer jacket on. You see he has on two jackets, or shams as he would call them (pronouncing the word as though spelled shams). Where we live in China, it never gets very cold, and the Chinese do not have fires in their houses in winter, but on a cold day they put on more clothing—one jacket over another, until they have on five or six, and then they say,

"It is six shams cold to day;" and I have heard of them putting on fifteen shams at one time, which, as you can imagine, would

make them look very funny.

You see the large round spectacles he wears, and his hair is braided in a queue. But I think the artist must have cut off this man's queue so that he could put it in the picture, for I never saw such a short



A CHINESE SCHOOL-MASTER

one. They usually have quite long hair, and they often braid it with black silk, making it long enough to reach to their knees, and sometimes to the ground. When they are in mourning, they braid blue silk with it, and little boys and girls have bright red for theirs.

You cannot see the color of this man's clothes in the picture, but I think probably his trousers are of brown cloth, and his jacket is perhaps the same or if not, of dark blue. He is holding a fan in one hand, and if he should spread it open, I think likely you would find it writ-

ten all over with Chinese words. If you look closely, you can see how long his finger nails are; sometimes they will let

one or two grow till they are an inch or two in length, and I heard of one man who let the nail grow on one of his fingers until it was nearly as long as his finger, and he had a silver sheath to wear over it to keep it from being broken off. You can imagine such long finger nails look very disgusting to us, but they admire them.

The feather brush he is holding in his hand is a dust brush, I suppose, for dusting off the tables and benches, and if you could see his table, I presume you would find there a long rattan which he keeps for bad boys.

If you could visit his school, you would see that his scholars are all boys, for in China they never send boys and girls to the same school. And you would be surprised to find what a noisy school he has, for all his scholars study their lessons aloud, and the louder they study, the better he is pleased. Instead of saying, as our teachers often do, "Not so much noise," a Chinese teacher, if he thinks his scholars are not studying enough, will wrap on the table with his whip, and say, "A little more noise there."

We can always tell when we are near a school-house, as we can hear the boys studying. I remember going into a school-room where there were seventy-five boys, all studying as loud as they could, and I shall never forget the noise they made. I know you would all like to visit a Chinese school, but I do not think you would like to stay long, and I am sure you would be glad to get back to your own school, and think more than ever of your kind teacher and pleasant room.—*Children's Work for Children.*

### THE LITTLE SOWER.

One pleasant Sunday afternoon little Bessie Nelson sat down to examine a book she had just received as a present. She opened it eagerly to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting

by the side of a stream throwing seed into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about?" said she. "Why does the boy throw seeds in the water?"

"O, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are sowing just such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong, plants after awhile," said her father.

"O, no, father: I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter plant a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said:

"Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope that my little girl has been planting the great tree, 'Love of God,' and that she will tend and watch it until its branches reach the skies and meet before his throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden, my dear."

## A MICRONESIAN CUSTOM.

BY MRS. M. D. ROGERS OF THE W. B. M. I.

A curious custom have the Micronesian Islanders. When a person is yet a child a hole is made in the lobe, or soft part of the ear, and something is wedged into it to keep the hole from closing as it heals. From time to time this substance is removed and a larger and still larger quantity of material is used, until by the time a youth grows to manhood his ears have been stretched and stretched until they hang far down upon his shoulders.

We should not consider this very ornamental, but a Micronesian thinks himself finely dressed when he has a large ring of polished shell fitted into each of his poor, disfigured ears.

These rings are sometimes used for the purpose of carrying articles which a native cannot conveniently take in his hands.

For instance, Captain Reay says he once saw a man who was sufficiently civilized to wear one garment made of cloth. It was a cotton shirt. The native wished to swim from one point of land to another, but the precious shirt must not be wet. After thinking a few moments he

seemed to have decided the matter. He took off the shirt, rolled it carefully together and tucked it neatly in his ear-ring! Then he swam across, holding his head high above water, and not a whit the worse for the voyage was the shirt. When these natives learn from our missionaries that this cruel and hideous

disfigurement of their bodies is not pleasing to their Heavenly Father, they do the best they can to remedy the wrong. They no longer decorate the large loop of flesh, but hang it up over the upper part of the ear!

## A PROMISE.

Nellie had a habit of saying "Promise me." One day she had asked Mamma if she might have a birthday party. When

Mamma said "yes," Nellie said, "Please promise me, mamma." "Why, Nellie," said Mamma, "yes is a promise."

"I know it," said Nellie, "but when you say 'I promise, it makes me feel so sure.'"

Do any of our little folks know a promise of Jesus which begins "Verily?" Ask some one what that means, and see how many promises you can find which begin in this way.

Never forget that a promise is a very solemn thing, and when you make one be sure that you keep it.



A MARSHALL ISLANDER.

### THE YOUNG MARTYRS OF UGANDA.

You have heard of the kingdom of Uganda, which Mr. Henry M. Stanley described in connection with his first journey across Africa.

One of the missionaries in that region, Rev. R. P. Ashe, has written a most interesting book, entitled *Two Kings of Uganda*, in which he describes the life of the missionaries in that region while Mtesa and his son Mwangwa were kings. It is a wonderfully interesting, though sometimes very sad story, for these kings were fickle and cruel, and though at times favorable to the Christians, yet afterwards persecuted them most bitterly. King Mwangwa was specially bitter toward some of the boys who came to the mission premises to learn to read. To be a reader was equivalent, in the eyes of the king and his followers, to being a Christian. But, notwithstanding this, the boys, or young men we might call them, persisted in coming to the mission premises, and they were never afraid to confess that they could read, and did read in the Gospels, though to admit this exposed them to a cruel death. Among the first martyrs was Lugalama, who, when a little lad, was captured by a war party from Uganda, and was afterwards given to Mr. Ashe by a chief whose slave he was. The boy was remarkably bright and handsome, and became a general favorite. But one of the chiefs under King Mwangwa, named Mujasi, was one of the most cruel men the world has seen, and he seems to have had a special hatred toward these Christian boys. Some of them were caught and imprisoned, and sentence of death was passed upon them by the king, Mujasi being the chief accuser. The sorrowful story of their execution we take from Mr. Ashe's book:

"And so the three boys, Seruwanga, Kakumba, and Lugalama, were led away to death, a mocking crowd following them. 'Oh, you know Isa Masiya' (Jesus Christ), said Mujasi. 'You know how to read.

You believe you will rise from the dead? Well, I shall burn you, and see if it be so.' These were some of the mocking taunts which they endured, and loud was the laughter which greeted such sallies. But the young Christians, as some reported, answered boldly and faithfully. Seruwanga was a daring fellow, and I can well believe that when Mujasi mocked he would sing, 'Kolla Siku tunsifer' ('Daily, daily sing the praises'), as all were reported to have done. Kakumba, too, had to come to us when all others were afraid, and perhaps his voice joined in the song. But what could have been in poor little Lugalama's heart but the haunting, overwhelming horror of death, and such a death! What a *via dolorosa* was that which these doomed captives were now to tread! But there were none who dared to beat upon their breasts and show the sorrow that they felt, though there were many sympathizing friends who followed—many compassionate hearts that God had touched with pity which perhaps before they had never known. One of these was Kidza, commonly called Musali, and it was from him, gentle, loving, and brave, one of God's noblest martyrs, that I heard this story.

"He told me how the mob, carrying gourds of banana cider, wound on their way till they reached the borders of a dismal swamp called Maganja, a place I had often visited with Lugalama. Here they halted. Part of the crowd bring fire-wood, others make a kind of rough frame-work, under which the fuel is heaped. Then the prisoners are seized, and a scene of sickening cruelty is enacted. Some lay hold of Seruwanga, others of Kakumba, and others of Lugalama, brandishing their long curved knives, Seruwanga has committed his cause to Him who judgeth righteously, and the knife cannot wring from him a cry; bleeding, he is cast into the fire. Kakumba appealed to Mujasi. Mujasi believes in Allah the All-Merciful—he pleaded relationship with him; but, alas! there is as much mercy in the knife in the

executioner's hand as in Mujasi's heart, and he too undergoes the short agony and the flame.

"And now the saddest scene of all! Mujasi bids them treat Lugalama as they treat the others. Surely even these men, hardened by frequent executions, have never had to do a deed like this. They came nearer, and he cries out, 'Oh, do not cut off my arms; I will not struggle I will not fight! Only throw me into the fire.' Surely this was the saddest prayer ever prayed on this earth—'only throw me into the fire.' The butchers do their work, and near what was so wonderfully made, and the poor bleeding boy is placed on the frame-work, that the slow fire may finish what the cruel knife has begun. A wail of anguish goes up, becoming fainter and fainter; a last sob, and then silence.

"Musali stood sadly watching the sorrowful scene, wondering, perhaps, whether his turn may be next, when Mujasi, drunken with blood, came to him. 'Ah, you are here! I will burn you, too, and your household. 'Yes, I am,' said Musali, 'and I am not ashamed of it.' Never a truer word was said, and never a braver man spoke. Mujasi then left him."

A while after this Musali was arrested; he might have made his escape, but he refused to do so. Sentence was pronounced against him, and he was killed with a club. Not one of these African lads but might have saved his life by denying Christ, and yet, although just out of heathenism and surrounded by heathen, they willingly faced death for Jesus' sake. What witnesses they are to us!—*Mission Dayspring.*

### BOYS AND GIRLS IN SOUTH CHINA.

South China swarms with boys and girls, crowds of them in the cities, flocks of them in the country. They are slant-eyed. They are straight-haired. Babies have their heads clean shaven when they are three months old. Girls, so long as they are little girls have part of the head shaven from time to time. Every man

in China must wear a cue. This is ordained by law. So every boy who is a candidate for manhood gets his head shaven, leaving a bunch at the crown from which he grows his cue.

Boys and girls, men and women, old and young, all dress in blue. On special occasions girls wear brilliant red dresses. And rich city boys march out in suits of green and yellow and blue silk. But nearly everybody's every-day dress is blue cotton. A boy can get a new suit for fifty cents, often less. The city boy wears a black cap with a red knob. The country boy wears a blue rag in the shape of a turban, or a big bamboo hat, alike a screen from the sun and a shelter from the rain.

The girls never have to worry about the styles. Their dresses are always made after the same pattern. And they wear no hats. So who cares whether hats are high-crowned or low, broad or narrow-brimmed?

Boys go to school, but by no means a majority of them. Thousands grow up who cannot read a line nor write a character. Girls never go to school. A man would be afraid to marry a young woman who could read. They say it is very unlucky. They say a man who marries such a young woman won't live long.

The boy who does go to school makes a business of it. He starts at his desk at seven in the morning. At nine he goes home for his breakfast. He gets back by ten. He studies till one. Then home for his dinner, and back to school until five or six o'clock. He has no time, you see, for spinning tops or playing marbles, or baseball, or hide and go seek. The result is, he is an old-mannish boy. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

At school young John Chinaman studies aloud. Last year I roomed over a Chinese school at Changchiu for three months. What a volume of ear-piercing Chinese eloquence would ascend from the room below at times! A Chinese school would be a capital training-ground for



the rising generation of prospective stump-speakers.

What does all this noise mean? These boys are trying to hammer into their memories from 2,000 to 3,000 Chinese characters. When they get tired of repeating and shouting them, they sit down and write them. This makes up the day's work at school. In our mission school we have added geography and Bible instruction.

Chinese boys and girls have few games. They have no picnics, no sleigh rides, no concerts. Their entertainments consist of vulgar theatrical performances and silly Punch-and-Judy shows. There are no parks to visit. There are no beautiful buildings to see. There are no attractive books or pictures in their homes. Their homes are dark and dirty. They worship filthy, grimy, dust-covered idols. They hear vile language from father and mother. Girls are constantly malfrated. Boys, too, often are left to run wild, only to grow up gamblers and opium smokers, a sorrow to their parents and a disgrace to themselves.

They know of no Bible and its attractive stories. They know of no Christ, the Friend of children and the Guide of youth. Boys and girls in the home-land, do you not sympathize with them? and will you not pray and work and give for them?—*J. G. F. in Christian Intelligencer.*

#### HELP YOURSELF.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of anyone, and you will succeed a thousand times better than one who is always beseeching some one's influence and patronage. No one will help you as you help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will be such a long one perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another, and stand firm while you chop still another out. Men who have made fortunes are not those who have had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but boys who have started fair with

a well-earned dollar or two. Men who acquire fame have never been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for or given in friendly spirit; they have, with their own hands, touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who induced his grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, and heart, and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Never let any man have to say "I have dragged you up."—*Our Young People.*

#### TANGLES.

Mamma was combing out Dolly's curls. Dolly was learning a new word. She had never been to school, but mamma thought it time for her to be regular about one thing every day, so the spelling and the curls went together every morning.

"T-h-i-s-t-h-i-s," said Dolly, ever so many times. Then she slowly spelled the words, "S-double-e,-s-e-e-t-h-i-s-b-o-y, boy." The next thing was to read the sentence without spelling. "See the boy."

"No," said mamma, "not the boy."

"Well, well, well," cried Dolly, "now you've mixed me all up," and proceeded to give mamma a pretty serious scolding, when something happened. The comb lost patience with the cross little girl, and got all mixed up in the curls, the way combs will, you know.

Dolly was really hurt and sobbed, "Why mamma, I didn't think you'd do such a thing;" and mamma softly said, "It was a tangle, Dolly. You got into a little mite of a snarl in your word, and never picked it out a bit, but flew right into a passion; so, of course, when the comb hit a tangled curl, I didn't stop to pick it out, hair, by hair—would you?"

Dolly made no answer, but a few minutes afterwards a clear little voice read out, "See this boy," in a triumphant tone.

Does anyone else, little or big, get into tangles; and which is the victor, you or the tangles?—*Zion's Herald.*

## A JAPANESE PRAYING-MACHINE.

This very tall post with a very small wheel is a Japanese praying-machine. The marks on the post are supposed to be prayers. Any one who happens to be going along in the street can give the wheel a turn, and quite a number of prayers will be offered to his god with the least possible trouble, and he feels quite sure of receiving something in return.

The man before it now is a priest; and as it is his business to offer prayers, he stands before it quite a long time, and wheels off a great many prayers. He does not seem troubled about those for whom he is praying, because, he does not even know that they need to be saved from their sins. He only knows that it is much easier to turn this wheel than to ask his god for what he wants, and he will answer just as well.

How foolish and even wicked this seems to us in this Christian land! Some day we will hope that everybody in Japan will know what it is to have a "friend in Jesus" to whom they can go for everything they want, and this machine will seem foolish and wicked to them also. It is not wholly because they want to save trouble that they pray in this

way. Some of them have prayer chains in their houses with beads for a thousand prayers on them; and they sometimes sit for hours repeating them over and over, thinking they are doing the right, and will get some benefit from it.

Just think how delightful it is to have a dear Saviour, to go to whenever we are unhappy or troubled; to thank him when he had given us some thing, and tell Him how happy we are. We are sure to know all about it, and will always be glad to hear of us, whether any one else does or not.

The Japanese know nothing about this, and we want to tell them of our Bible and our Saviour as soon as we can.

## COURAGE.

The Roman Emperor threatened Chrysostom with banishment if he remained a Christian; but he replied:

"Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's house; thou canst not banish me."

"I will slay thee," rejoined the Emperor.

"Nay, thou canst not; for my life is hid with Christ in God."

"I will take away thy treasures."

"Nay, thou canst not; for, in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of. My treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there."



A JAPANESE PRAYING MACHINE.

"But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left."

"Nay," said Chrysostom, "and that thou canst not; for I have a Friend in heaven from whom thou canst not separate me. I defy thee; there is nothing thou canst do to hurt me."

### TEKEL.

A SERMON TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

For the Children's Record.

By Rev. A. W. Mahon, P. E. I.

There is a very strange story told about this strange-looking text. One night a long time ago when a great king and a thousand of his nobles were met together drinking wine and having, what they thought was a good time, they saw a sight which took all the fun out of them and made them tremble with alarm. They saw the fingers of a man's hand writing on the wall. This mysterious hand wrote four words, one of which was the word Tekel. No one at first could tell what these words meant. The wise men were called in but they could not read the writing. Then the Queen thought of an old Hebrew exile called Daniel, who had the Spirit of God in him, and who long ago had done wonders in explaining hard things to the king's father. When Daniel came he found no difficulty in reading the words and in explaining their meaning. He told the king that this word, Tekel, meant, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

You all know something about weighing things in the balances, and you understand what is meant when the things weighed are found wanting. A man, for example, brings some oats and weighs them and finds that they weigh only 30 lbs. to the bushel. He says that they have been found wanting. But then you tell me that men are not like oats. The table tells us how much oats ought to weigh, but it does not tell us how much a man ought to weigh. If the table said that 150 lbs. make one man, then we could understand the text at once and

know that this king, whose name was Belshazzar, must have weighed less than 150 lbs.

You all know that we have another method of weighing people. A man steals something from his neighbor. He is brought up to the court. The law says "Thou shalt not steal." He is weighed in the balances and is found wanting and is sent to prison. We all have balances of this kind which we employ in weighing people. We say that this boy or this girl is up to the mark,—good weight,—or not quite up to the mark,—light. The text teaches us that God has balances of this kind in which he weighs men. He weighed Belshazzar, the king, in this way and found him wanting.

The *First* thing I want you to remember is that the King's *Head* was weighed in the balances and was found wanting. He was not making a good use of his head. His head was made to learn lessons about God in whose hand, Daniel tells him, his breath is, and whose are all his ways. His head was made to learn that God was ever near to him, that He knew all about his life, that He would punish him if he did what was wrong. Instead of thinking about these things, Belshazzar kept his head thinking about wine and feasts, and self-indulgence, how to have a good time, till the hand-writing on the wall told him that it was too late to think about what he ought to have been thinking about, told him that his doom was sealed.

How strange it is that a man will make a wrong use of his head. There was a woman once who possessed a very costly silver basin which she persisted in using as a slop dish. Her friends said that she was crazy and she acted very much like it. This is just like what we do when we put our heads to a wrong use, when we fill them with worthless things—slops—when God wants us to fill them with good things. Let us try to make a right use of our heads, to learn what God wants us to learn, to learn the lessons which He has given us in His Word, to learn about

Jesus and His love and our heads will not be found wanting.

The *Second* thing I want you to remember is that the king's *Heart* was weighed in the balances and was found wanting. Daniel said to him, "Thou hast not humbled thine heart but hast lifted it up against the Lord of Heaven." He had no love in his heart for the God of Heaven. He liked the gods of gold and silver and brass and iron and stone, because they could not hear what he was saying, and could not punish him when he did what was wrong. His heart loved what was wrong and hated what was right. Sin was sweet to him and the service of God was bitter. No wonder his heart was found wanting.

What an ugly place a bad heart is. Jesus says that it is full of all uncleanness. When Bunyan's Pilgrim came to the interpreter's house he was taken into a large room that was covered with dust. Soon the Interpreter called for a man to sweep. Then the dust began to fly in clouds and Christian got almost choked; but when a damsel had sprinkled water over the floor, she cleaned the room without giving them any more trouble. Christian could not understand what all this meant, but the Interpreter explained it to him. The room as it was at first is the heart of man into which Jesus has never come, the dust is the sin, the man who began to sweep is the law which shows us what we are and makes our sin choke us; the damsel is the gospel which comes with cleansing power and makes the heart clean, makes it a fit dwelling-place for Jesus. This then is how a heart that is wrong in God's sight may be made right. Jesus must come in. We must trust him and love him. This is what the heart was made for.

The *Third* thing I want you to remember is that the king's *Conduct* was weighed in the balances and was found wanting. He did what was wrong. He made a great feast that he and his nobles might drink wine together. No wonder he was found wanting. A boy or a man who has

anything to do with strong drink is sure sometime to be found wanting. It is an evil spirit that is in strong drink, and the boy or the man who has anything to do with it, is not wise. You remember the words, "He that is deceived thereby is not wise." A great man once tried to find the right name for the spirit that lurks in the wine, and he concluded at last that it ought to be called devil. "O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee, devil." Yes, that is the right name, for at the last it lieth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

While Belsazzar was drinking wine he thought about the sacred vessels of gold and silver which belonged to God's house, and he thought that it would be a splendid thing to have them brought that they might drink wine out of them and mock the God of Heaven. So he sent for them and they profaned the sacred vessels by making use of them at the drunken feast. God was greatly displeased. It was bad enough for them to make beasts of themselves by the use of wine, but it was far worse to profane the sacred vessels of God's House. This is just like what strong drink often does. It leads a man from bad to worse. It makes him capable of doing what he would never dream of doing in his sober senses. The safe way is never to taste this stuff that has a devil in it and that puts a devil into the person who drinks it.

Let us see to it that head and heart and conduct are all right in God's sight, and then the word, Tekel, can never be written over against our lives.

#### THE STORY OF AN ORANGE.

Nellie VanDyke sat on the stone perch of her grandfather's house, with a rather disconsolate expression on her face. There was a suspicion of tears in the blue eyes, as she turned over and over in her fat little hands a huge, yellow orange. A funny thing to look sorrowful over, was it not? But it was not a "really, truly" orange, but a hollow one of clay, and on

one side of it was a narrow slit, familiar to us who have used missionary jugs.

"I am sure I don't see how I can ever get fifty cents in it," said Nellie to herself. "I can't walk and save car-fares, for there aren't any cars, and I can't save on candy, for there isn't any store, and grandma won't let me wash dishes because I break 'em, and I've made dish-cloths and pen-wipers for everybody I can think of. I wish I hadn't taken the old thing!"

It was just at this point that the mistiness began to gather in Nellie's eyes, and a minute longer of such sorrowful thinking would have brought a shower of tears, but suddenly the old red rooster sprang to the top of the fence, and with a triumphant crow dropped heavily down into the forbidden ground of grandmamma's bed of sweet-peas. Away rolled the Nellie after General Jackson, and in the excitement both tears and orange were forgotten.

That evening after tea, Nellie's aunt Rachel came to the front porch and spied in a corner the forsaken fruit. "Where in the world did an orange come from this time of year?" said she, and as she picked it up and discovered what it was, around the corner of the house came Nellie and kitty in a hot race.

"Nellie! Nellie! you've forgotten your orange!" called auntie.

Poor Nellie's face grew sober in an instant. "Oh, dear, auntie," said she, "I wish I had never seen that orange. The boy's mission band had six left over, and they got six of us girls to take them, and we promised to get fifty cents in them this summer, and I know I can't. Kate and Elsie were going to earn ten cents a week by being good, but mamma said she wanted me to be good without being paid for it, and I just know they will get their oranges full and I shan't have anything." Nellie threw herself at Aunt Rachel's feet with a despairing look, and Aunt Rachel laughed softly.

"Well, Nellie," said she, we must have

a 'Ways and Means' Committee. I will be the Ways and you can be the Means, and between us I think we can earn something, if we persevere."

Nellie had caught up her aunt's fan, and was fanning herself vigorously, for she was an active little body, always rushing through space," as grandpapa said, and consequently always very warm.

"Auntie," said she suddenly; "didn't a missionary lady give you this fan?"

"Yes, dear. One of the prettiest, sweetest little ladies you ever saw, and she had been a missionary more years than you and I have lived. Why, Nellie, I wonder if I haven't a 'way' already? You see those delicate grasses painted on the fan? Well, you and I know that the loveliest grasses in the world grow all over this old farm. Don't you remember those old swamp-grasses that grow in the 'brook meadow', and the feathery ones that we always find by the old oak on the hill?"

"Well, auntie," broke in Nellie, "you aren't going to make hay, are you?"

"Yes, silver hay, Nellie. Now listen to my plan. You will gather the grasses; we will send to cousin John for half-a-dozen palm-leaf fans, and you and I will tie on each a tiny bunch of the prettiest, and fasten it with ribbon, and they will make dainty little souvenirs of the mountains. I don't believe you will have any trouble in getting your fifty cents, as well as the cost of the fans and ribbon."

Nellie was delighted with any plan that offered a ray of hope for filling the fat, empty orange, and she sallied forth next morning in search of grasses, with a little basket and large enthusiasm.

It would make too long a story to tell all the experiences of the Ways and Means Committee, but the result was a great success. Aunt Rachel had a good many friends scattered about in the various farm and boarding houses down in the valley, and the first modest half-dozen fans grew to several dozen, and Nellie's fingers were deft in making variations on the original plan. Some quaint East In-

dian fans were decorated with a peculiar variety of rare grass that grew only in one part of the old swamp, and these sold for a generous advance on the price of the little palm-leaves.

One day Nellie came bounding into aunt Rachel's room, hugging the fat orange, which was so full it did not even jingle, and after waltzing around the centre-table, upsetting a few chairs, the work-basket and a basin of peas her aunt had been shelling, she calmed down enough to say, "Auntie Rachel! I can't get another penny in"

Her aunt looked up, almost as happy as the little girl herself, and said softly, "Then I think, dear, we must thank Him who maketh the grass to grow on the tops of the mountains," and ask Him to use the money. It will not do any good unless He ble-ses it."

When in the Fall the six girls came to the Orange Party the boys gave, no one had a happier face than little Nellie, and her orange yielded three hundred and fifty golden seeds, which would bear fruit far away in a mission-station on the shores of an African river. J. W. J.

WHAT WE OUGHT TO BE.

Jesus, when a little child,  
Taught us what we ought to be.  
Holy, harmless, undefiled,  
Was the Saviour's infancy;  
All the Father's glory shone  
In the person of his Son.

As in age and strength he grew,  
Heavenly wisdom filled his breast,  
Crowds attentive round him drew,  
Wondering at their infant guest,  
Gazed upon his lovely face,  
Saw him full of truth and grace.

Father, guide our steps aright  
In the way that Jesus trod;  
May it be our great delight  
To obey thy will, O God!  
Then to us shall soon be given  
Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

The Sabbath School Lesson.

September 7,

Luke 19: 1-10

Jesus and Zacchæus the Publican.

Memory verses 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—LUKE 19: 10.

Catechism Q. 92.

Introductory.

Give the subject of the last lesson.

What did you learn?

Title of this lesson? Golden Text?

Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. Seeking Jesus vs. 1-4.

What place was Jesus passing through?

Who was Zacchæus?

Why could he not see Jesus?

What means did he take to see him?

Why did he not give up the effort?

What does this teach us about perseverance in seeking Jesus?

How should we seek Jesus?

II. Found by Jesus. vs. 5-7.

What led Jesus to look up?

What did he say when he saw Zacchæus?

How did Jesus' words affect Zacchæus?

What reason had he for joy?

What does this teach us about obeying the Gospel call?

What is effectual calling?

Why did the crowd murmur?

How does Jesus seek us?

III. Saved by Jesus. vs. 8-10.

What did Zacchæus now do?

Why did he make this thank-offering?

What restitution did he promise?

What did these things prove?

What did Jesus say to him?

Meaning of "salvation is come to this house?"

In what sense was Zacchæus a son of Abraham?

For what purpose did Jesus come into the world?

How may we be saved by Jesus?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That Christ came into the world to seek and to save the lost.
2. That he knows everyone who seeks him.
3. That he brings salvation to those who receive him.
4. That if we are truly penitent we will turn from our sins.
5. That if we have wronged anyone we should try to right the wrong.

**September 14. Luke 19: 11-27**

Parable of the Pounds.

**Memory vs 12:13**

Golden Text.—Luke 19:26

Catechism Q. 93.

**Introductory.**

What was the subject of the last lesson?

What great blessing did Jesus bestow upon Zacchæus?

Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

**I. The Pounds Distributed. vs. 11-14.**

Why did Jesus speak this parable?

What is meant by the Kingdom of God?

What is said of a certain nobleman?

What did he do?

What charge did he give his servants?

What has Jesus given you to use for him?

What message was sent after the nobleman?

What does this represent?

**I. The Blessing on Good Trading. vs. 15-19.**

What did the King do on his return?

What was the first servant's answer?

How was he rewarded?

What had the second done?

What was his reward?

What do these things represent?

**III. The Curse on Not Using. vs. 20-27.**

What did the third servant say?

What excuse did he give?

Why was this a bad excuse?

How did his master answer him?

How was he punished?

What sentence did the king pronounce upon his enemies?

What is meant by this? (see Mat 25:41)

Who now treat Christ in this way?

How will they be punished?

What is here taught of Christ's coming to judgment?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That God has given us everything that we have, that we may use it in serving him.

2. That the time is coming when he will call us to account for what he has given us.

3. That he will reward us if faithful and punish us if unfaithful.

4. That Christ is our King; we should be glad to have him reign over us, and should obey him.

**September 21, Luke 19: 37-48**

Jesus Entering Jerusalem.

GOLDEN TEXT.—LUKE 19: 38.

Catechism Q. 94.

**Introductory.**

When did Jesus arrive in Bethany?

What took place there the next evening?

Title of this lesson? Golden Text?

Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

**I. The Rejoicing People. vs. 37-40.**

What preparation did Jesus make for entering Jerusalem?

Who accompanied him?

What did they do on the way?

What took place as they were about coming down the mount?

What mighty works are here referred to?

What did they sing?

From what Psalm was this passage taken?

Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?

What office doth Christ execute as our Redeemer?

What did some of the Pharisees say to this?

What did Jesus reply?

**II. The Weeping Christ.** vs. 41-46

What did Jesus do when he came near to the city?

What did he say in his lamentation?

What explanation did he give of his grief?

Why should these things come upon them?

When was this prophecy fulfilled?

What does this teach about neglecting the great salvation?

**III. The House of Prayer.** vs. 45, 48.

What did Jesus do in the temple?

What scripture reason did he give?

Where are these scriptures found?

In what sense had they made the house of prayer a den of thieves?

What does this teach about the sacredness of Christ's house?

What did Jesus do daily in the temple?

By whom was he opposed?

What did they seek to do?

What hindered them?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That we should receive and honor Jesus as our King.

2. That we should serve him with gladness and joy.

3. That he is grieved over the folly and guilt of those who reject him.

4. That if we neglect the day of our merciful visitation, the things that make for our peace will be hidden from us.

5. That Jesus wants our hearts to be pure and holy, as temples unto God.

September 28.

Dan. 5:1-16.

**Belshazzar's Feast.**

Memory vs. 5, 6.

**Introductory.**

Who was Belshazzar?

What was the condition of Babylon under his reign?

Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

**I. The Impious Revel.** vs. 1-11.

What did Belshazzar do?

Who was present at the feast?

For what did he send?

For what purpose?

Whom did they praise out of God's cups?

What does Solomon say of wine? Prov. 20:1.

What warning does he give against wine-drinking? Prov. 23:29-35.

**II. The Mysterious Writing.** vs. 5, 6.

What disturbed the impious revel?

Who saw the fingers that wrote?

How was the king affected?

Why was he thus terrified?

Who read and interpreted the writing? vs. 17-28.

What were the words written? v. 25.

What did Daniel interpret them to mean? vs. 26-28.

How was this interpretation fulfilled? vs. 30, 31.

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That wine-drinking and riotous living often lead to crime and ruin.

2. That it is wise to abstain from what may thus debase and degrade us.

3. That it is foolish as well as wicked to make light of sacred things.

4. That God may call us to account when we least expect it.

**SPITING OTHERS BY KILLING ONE'S SELF.**

It would hardly seem as if any one would suppose that he could take vengeance upon an enemy by committing suicide in his presence; yet such is not an uncommon practice in China. A missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Board tells a sad story of a couple when he was asked to marry. The friends of the young



woman haggled all day about the kind of chair which the bridegroom should send in which to bring home his bride. They wanted a much finer chair than the bridegroom was ready to furnish. Finally the bride's brothers agreed that she might go in a cheaper chair if the groom would pay them eight dollars. This is the ludicrous part of the story. But there is a sad part. Three days later the mother of that bride committed suicide. It seems that a creditor to whom the family was in debt pressed for payment, and the mother was so angry at him for his persistence that she swallowed a great quantity of opium, and went and lay down on the doorstep of the creditor's shop, and there died. She was ready to endure all this that she might annoy him whom she hated. And it did annoy him sadly. The officials made heavy demands upon him for their services in settling the case, and the sons of the dead woman brought charges against the man that he had persecuted their mother to death, and he had to pay them a hundred dollars. Moreover, according to Chinese notions, the ghost of the woman who murdered herself is supposed to be able to haunt the man on whose doorstep she died, and to injure him in many ways. Thus she brought a great deal of worry upon her enemy but it is hard to understand what good she supposed she was doing herself. Such are the absurdities of heathenism. Do not the people who so reason and act need the light of the gospel?—*Mission Dayspring.*

#### A PICNIC IN EAST AFRICA.

Following the story of the Christmas festival on Kusie, our young friends may be interested in an account given by Miss Jones, of Kambini, on the eastern coast of Africa, of a picnic which was held with the children at her station. It is only about two years since she went there, and of course during that short time comparatively little could be done in bringing these children out of the ways of heathenism. But here is Miss Jones simple story.

"Two weeks ago the children and I had a picnic; not a grand affair, however. We went about four miles from home, and found a quiet hillside on the bank of a stream, and spent the day in swinging, jumping the rope, and many other sports:

"As people generally take a good dinner for a picnic, perhaps you would like to know what we Africans had. I can easily tell you. Roast corn and farina, also corn baked in a cake tin, and guavas; but we had plenty of sunshine. I know you would have been amused if you had seen the procession. Most of them were dressed with a little more of nature's dress, and a stick across the shoulder with corn and farina tied to it. We walked one behind the other, as the path would not allow us to walk otherwise. I brought up the rear, with matches in my pocket for fire. When we were tired and hungry, six fires were built, and such roasted corn as we had! Some of it was hard enough to grind, but they like it that way.

"When the shadows grew long we started home with a large quantity of beautiful flowers and wild fruit. I am asked nearly every day when I am going to have another play,"—*Sel.*

#### THE REASON.

Two little girls sat one day  
Beside the garden wall to play,  
And full, as children are, of chat,  
They talked of this and then of that;  
And I, who chanced to pass that way,  
Heard Rosabel to Lucy say  
"Do you mind what your mother says?"  
And Lucy, nodding, answered "Yes."  
"I don't," responded Rosabel,  
"That is, not always. She can't tell  
If I don't mind when out of sight."  
Said Lucy "That's not doing right."  
"But why," asked Rosie, "do you do  
Just what your mother wants you to?  
Lucy looked down a little while  
In silent thought, then with a smile  
Looked up again, and answered she  
"Why, I love her, and she loves me!"