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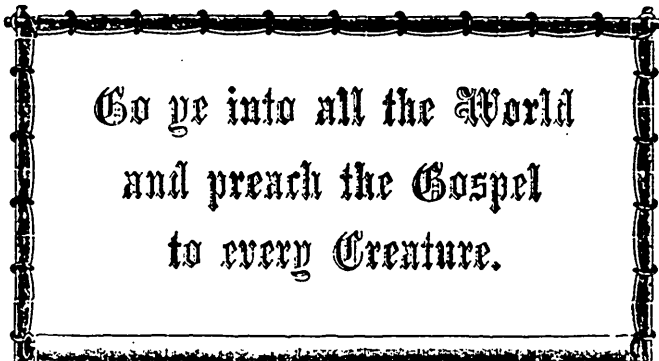
THE

CHILDREN'S

—

RECORD

—



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

VOL. 3. APRIL 1888. No. 4.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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All communications to be addressed to

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

A LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

Miss Copeland, one of your mission teachers, in a letter to a young friend in Nova Scotia writes from

SAN FERNANDO, Jan. 25, 1888.

"Such rain as we have had! The crop season generally begins at Christmas, but this season it could not begin until this week on account of the quantity of rain. There was

A VERY SEVERE EARTHQUAKE

on the tenth of this month, that frightened everybody. It was the first that I really could say I felt, but it was awful in the truest sense of the word.

It was at nine o'clock in the morning. We were in school and we saw the map-stand swinging backwards and forwards. The whole building went from side to side. The water came splashing out of the cisterns in the yard. All the houses around could be seen moving. We had just finished prayer and the children were lifting their heads when I felt myself going. There I was with about one hundred children around me. Jacob took out his watch and timed it. It lasted for a minute. No other minute in my life ever seemed so long. If I had tried to run outside there might have been a panic. The little ones of course were ignorant of their danger, but I was expecting every moment to see the roof fall.

It has been the subject of conversation ever since. Many of the poor people who are living without God in the world fell down on their knees in the streets and cried for mercy.

The scene in the market place at Port of Spain is said to have been something very unusual. Crowds fell down and began counting their beads. Does it not seem strange that persons who never think of their Heavenly Father when everything goes well with them, will at once cry to Him when they find themselves beyond the aid of man, and are in terror of being swallowed up at any moment.

But we are all thankful for life preserved to us. There was a thanksgiving service in all the Churches in Trinidad last Sabbath by order of the Governor."

DR. MACKAY AND FORMOSA.

On the the 21st of March, 1844. in Zorra, Oxford County, Ontario, was born a boy baby who has since won many heathen to the Savior. He was called George Leslie Mackay, and is now our missionary in Formosa.

One thing about him should be of SPECIAL INTEREST TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE, and that is, "He does not remember the time when he did not love the Savior." It is far better to be Christian children than to sow wild oats.

As he grew up he thought he would like to be a minister, and went to school and college, completing his studies when he was *twenty six* years of age.

He now thought that there was more need of ministers among the heathen than at home, and wanted to be a missionary, and when our Church agreed to send him and asked him where he would like to go, he chose

FORMOSA,

an island off the coast of China, and belonging to the Chinese Empire. Formosa is about 250 miles long and 90 miles wide and has a population of about three millions.

Leaving home he landed there March 9th, 1873,

JUST FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

The Presbyterian Church in England had a mission about eight years before this time in the Southern part of the island,

but the North, where he landed, was wholly heathen.

Dr. Mackay decided to settle at

TAMSUI,

an important town. There he began his work, and there is his headquarters yet.

When he landed he could not speak the language, and the people hated him and would not be friendly with him. He tried to get a place to live and at length

RENTED A STABLE

with an earthen floor which in wet weather was covered deep with water.

Here he began his work. So soon as he had learned a little he wrote the ten commandments in Chinese and put them on the door of his cabin. This was his first missionary work.

The leaders of the people now began to persecute him, and many times his life was threatened. But he kept at his work, and at length had the joy of seeing his first convert,

THE FIRST FRUITS

of our mission in Formosa. This was Giam-Cheng-Hoa, a funny name is it not. This man is now a minister and one of Mr. Mackay's best native helpers.

So soon as Mr. Mackay could speak the language fluently he began to travel through the country, telling everywhere he went of the true God and a Savior from sin.

One thing that helped him was that he

COULD PULL TEETH.

The poor people had no doctors who could do this and they often suffered much from tooth-ache. And when Dr. Mackay used to pull their sore teeth and free them from suffering they began to like him better, and would listen to him when he told them of Jesus.

THE MOST DIFFICULT PLACE

to get a church built was at Bankah, one of the largest towns of the island. At length he got a little church, and a mob of several thousand gathered and tore it down and threatened to kill him. But he would not leave and soon he had ano-

ther chapel built in place of the one they had destroyed.

Thus he labored and taught and prayed, visiting different parts of the island, taking with him on his journeys those who were to be teachers and preachers that he might instruct them on the way.

Ten years ago, five years after he arrived there he married

A CHINESE LADY.

one of the converts, and she has helped him much in his work since that time.

THREE OTHER MISSIONARIES

have at different times been laboring with Mr. Mackay, viz., Mr. J. B. Fraser, now preaching in Ontario, Mr. Junor, now doing missionary work in New York, and Mr. Jamieson, who with Mrs. Jamieson is now laboring on Formosa.

Fifteen short years have passed since the mission in Formosa was begun, and what do we now see according to the last Annual Report. We have now there

THIRTY-EIGHT CHURCHES,

with a native preacher in each, 2,546 baptized members, a college with twenty students in it, a girls school, a hospital where last year 3,448 new patients were treated, making 15,968 that had received help there since it was built.

WHAT A WONDERFUL WORK,

and you young people who stay at home and help, have your part in this glorious work just as well as those who go to carry the tidings of joy to the perishing.

A PARABLE CONCERNING A SNAKE.

A PUZZLE FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A farmer once found a rattle-snake in his fields. Having caught it and gagged it, and put it in a bag, he carried it home, and called his neighbours together, saying, "Behold, I have captured a snake, and it is big and strong; now, therefore, what shall I do with it?" Then one man rose up and said, "This is a very harmless looking reptile. I think he might be allowed to go wherever he pleases." An-

other said, "My friends, do you not know that this harmless looking serpent has a sting? Now, therefore, I move that all people, and especially all young people, be warned faithfully to keep out of the way of the serpent, lest they be bitten." This council seemed to impress the assembly very favourably.

Then a third speaker began on this wise: "Since the bite of this reptile is so very dangerous, I would submit that it might be well to make certain rules and regulations; as, for instance, that he is not to go abroad on the day that is called the Sabbath; and that he must not be allowed to sting anybody who is not of age; moreover, that he shall not be let out from his cage at all until a council of citizens shall so decide. And finally," said this wise and thoughtful man, "I suggest that an oath be administered to our neighbour, the keeper of the snake, that he will faithfully fulfil all these provisions."

Now it came to pass that the neighbours were so moved with these words, that with one voice they cried out, "Let it be done, even as thou hast said!" And they were about to adjourn, when, behold, there came a cunning old man into the council, and hearing what had been done, he exclaimed, "Fools! fools! not to think of killing the snake! Give him to me, and I will crush his head!"

At this there was a great commotion. Some cried one thing, and some another; but all were agreed that such proceedings would be contrary to their rights and liberties; for they loved the snake, though he was a deadly and loathsome thing. And lo, he liveth to this day. Who can interpret this parable!—*Herald of Mercy.*

CIGARETTE SMOKING.

The unusually large number of young men who have been committed to the State Insane Asylum of Michigan in the last year and a half, has led to the discovery that almost all of them smoked cigarettes to excess. In many cases it is said to be absolutely certain that cigarette smoking was the cause of the insanity.

VILLAGE SCHOOLS IN SOUTH INDIA.

BY REV. J. E. TRACY.

A thatched building with mud walls on three sides and a sanded floor—about twenty noisy, dirty, black children, nothing bright about them but their eyes, nothing clean about them whatever—constitute the average school. In a little niche in the wall opposite the open side of the room, or else on a little raised platform of mud, sits the little mud Ganesha, or god of wisdom, who is supposed—and rightly enough, too, if one judge by results—to enlighten the minds of the pupils.

The boys all bow to him with folded hands of prayer as they enter school in the morning; his name is the first which they write upon the sanded floor, and his name is at the top of each page of palm leaf which they study with monotonous droning sound.

A little writing, ability to read the old (palm leaf) books of doubtful morality, which constitute their heroic songs; or to make out the title-deeds of their future inheritance; and a smattering of very peculiar arithmetic, constitute the course of study to which they aspire. The writing is to be done with an iron point, or stylus, which they are to use by holding it perpendicularly in the right hand, and guiding it by a niche cut in the thumb nail of the left hand. The narrow strip of palm leaf is held in the left hand and cleverly moved along in the hand by the movement of the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, as the scratching with the pen in the right may require. A page, when written, is smeared with cow-dung, or charcoal, or turmeric (yellow), as may happen to be most convenient, till the scratched lines show distinctly. A round hole is cut in the left-hand end of the leaf to put a string through, and the whole thing is done.

Their heroic songs consist mostly of the clever (?) performances of Ganesha or Vishnu or Siva, as the case may be, in stealing or lying, or doing some dirty,

low-lived trick which a decent party would be ashamed of.

Their tables of arithmetic consist of multiplication tables in tens—"ten times one are ten, ten times two are twenty," etc., with the units used successively in place of the one, till they get to the second set of tens, and begin over again—"ten times eleven are a hundred and ten, ten times twelve are a hundred and twenty," etc., till the third set of tens is reached, when they begin again—"ten times twenty-one are two hundred and ten," and so on. The same thing all over again in fractions—"ten times one tenth is one, ten times two tenths is two," etc., etc. When they want to multiply they do the units separately and the fractions separately and add the results; e. g., "how much is eight times $4\frac{1}{2}$?" would be, "eight times four is thirty-two, and eight times one half is four—thirty-two and four more is thirty-six." It seems a very stupid way, but they get to do it very cleverly, and can do in their heads what no ordinary American boy would think possible.

They come to school in the morning before six, stay till about eight, when they have a recess of about two hours to run home for their food; they come again and stay till about one, with another recess of varying length according to the teacher's convenience; and then they stay till about dark.

They pay fees according to their ability; some more, some less, but all have to bring the master fire-wood on Monday, curry stuffs on Wednesdays, and tamarind, or else dried fish on Fridays, besides some entrance fee of rice, plantains, or coconuts, when they first enter the school.

The discipline of the school is mainly one of bullying and fear. If a boy fails in his arithmetic the teacher names some boy to punch the head of the offender, and every other boy in the class is privileged to follow suit and get in at least one good rap, which very likely he has been waiting for a chance to do as a quit for some private grudge.

What do they learn of gentleness, or love, or obedience, or loyalty? Nothing.

The average boy hates school, and the average parent lets him go, or not go, about as he likes. The teacher must make his living out of the boys, and so has to hunt them up or send some bigger boy to do it for him. That they should learn anything is little concern of his. He hates the boys and the boys usually hate him.

All this is very different in mission schools, of course but the heathen schools far outnumber the Christian ones.—*Mission Dayspring*.

SAY NO.

Whenever you are asked to drink,
Pause a moment, my boy, and think;
Think of the wrecks on life's ocean tossed
Who answered "Yes" without counting
the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain;
Think of her tears that will fall like the
rain;

Think of her heart, how cruel the blow;
Think of her love, and then answer "No!"

Think of dear hopes that are drowned in
the bowl;

Think of the danger of body and soul;
Think of the sad lives once pure as the
snow,

Look at them now, and then answer "No!"

Think of a manhood's rum-tainted breath;
Think that the glass leads to sorrow and
death;

Think of the homes that are shadowed
with woe;

That might have been heavens had some
one said "No!"

Think of lone graves, unwept and un-
known,

Hiding life's hopes once fair as our own;
Think of loved forms forever laid low,

Who still would be here had they learned
to say "No!"

Think of the demon who lurks in the bowl,
Whose touch is ruin to body and soul;

Think of all this as on life's journey you go,
And when the foul tempter assails you say
"No!"

ALPHABET FROM THE PSALMS.

COLLECTED BY A SCOTCH GIRL.

How many of the young people will learn the alphabet as given below. It will make a good recitation for Sabbath-school Concerts or Mission Bands.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. Psalm xlii. 1.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. Psalm xii. 1.

Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning; for in Thee do I trust. Psalm cxliii. 8.

Do good in Thy good pleasure unto Zion. Psalm li. 13.

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. Psalm cxxvii. 1.

For the word of the Lord is right; and all His works are done in truth. Psalm cxxxiii. 4.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Psalm xli. 1.

He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Psalm xci. 11.

I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth. Psalm cxxxiv. 1.

Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity: I have trusted also in the Lord; therefore I shall not slide. Psalm xxvi. 1.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Psalm cxxxiv. 13.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in Thee. Psalm cxxxiii. 22.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord. Psalm cxxxiv. 2.

Now know I that the Lord saveth His anointed. Psalm xx. 6.

O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee. Psalm lxxiii. 1.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Psalm li. 7.

Quicken me, O Lord, for Thy name's sake. Psalm cxliii. 11.

Rejoice in the Lord. Psalms cxxxiii. 1.

Save me, O God, by Thy name, and judge me by Thy strength. Psalm liv. 1.

The Lord is my light and my salvation. Psalm xxvii. 1.

Unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. Psalm xxv. 1.

Vow, and pay unto the Lord your God. Psalm lxxvi. 11.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Psalm cxxvii. 10.

'Xamine me, O Lord, and prove me. Psalm cxvi. 2.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me. Psalm cxxiii. 4.

Zion heard, and was glad. Psalm cxvii. 8.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

It is of the greatest importance that children should form good habits, for the habits of youth cling to the man even down to the sere and yellow leaf of autumn. The boy is the father of the man. Education may do much; grace may do much. But the marked features of boyhood come out in manhood. A fair boy, a manly boy, or a mean, tricky boy, usually carry those traits through life. A prayerful, religious, industrious girl, or a frivolous, hot-tempered, vain girl will be much the same in advanced life.

The majority of the faithful, devoted Christian workers in our churches to-day are those who gave themselves to Christ in youth.

The generous whole-souled men of this generation were the open-handed boys of the last. The mean, stingy men we see about us were niggardly when they were young.—*Scl.*

THE SPILT BEANS.

A poor hard working boy was going along with a bag of beans on his shoulder. All of a sudden the beans burst a hole through the old bag and came rattling down on the footpath. Several other boys were close by at the time of the accident with a velocipede. I wonder what they will say? Boys, you know, have generally something to say or do on such occasions. Do you want to know?

One began to stamp on the beans with his heavy boots and clear them off the pavement into the mud. Another laughed and shouted, "Hallow! upset your apple-cart!" Two others scarcely noticed the mishap—they were engaged with the velocipede.

A fifth ran to the spot— "Get out, you, Joe Marsa!" he cried to the boy who was making the accident worse; "you mean, a rattle fellow, get out! 'I'll help you pick them up, Tommy. How did it happen? Never mind; we'll save all we can;" and he began to scrape up the beans with both hands, then to examine the hole and stop it; and never left until the bag was on Tommy's back again.

"I am very much obliged to you," said Tommy, with tears in his eyes, "Father won't beat me now; do you think he will not many are lost."

"Beat you! no!" cried the boy brightly; "it was no fault of yours. If he beats you I'll beat him!" Both laughed a good-natured laugh, and each went his own way, Tommy repeating once more, "I am ever so much obliged to you."

It made me think that all boys do not know that they were made to be kind, generous and unselfishly helpful, while some do. Let me repeat to you a bit of advice which a good man, who has done much for the elevation of the young, gives especially to boys:

"If there is a poor boy in the school who has a club-foot don't let him know you ever noticed it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes don't talk about rags when he is within hearing. If there is a lame boy, give him some part of the game which

does not require running. If there is a hungry one give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one help him to learn his lesson."

Is not that the way your Heavenly Father expects you to behave? An unfeeling heart, I am sure, grieves him. "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."—*British Juvenile*.

DOING AND BEING.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good, and had not succeeded very well. Her friend hearing her complaint, said:

"God gives us many things to do; but don't you think He gives us something to be, just as well?"

"O dear! tell me about *being*," said Marion, looking up. "I will think about *being*, if you will help me."

Her friend answered:

"God says

"Be kindly affectionate one to another.

"Be ye also patient.

"Be ye thankful.

"Be ye not conformed to this world.

"Be ye therefore perfect.

"Be courteous.

"Be not wise in your own conceit.

"Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply.

Twilight drew into darkness.

The tea-bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the firelight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing what He commands. It is easier to do with a rush, than to be patient or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion. — *Scl.*

The Rev. P. K. Fyson, who has lived many years in Japan, says that profane oaths, or any thing like to them, are unknown in that country.

THE SILVER SIXPENCE.

It was only a silver sixpence,
 Battered and worn and old,
 But worth to the child that held it
 As much as a piece of gold.

A poor little crossing-sweeper,
 In the wind and rain all day;
 For one who gave her a penny
 There were twenty who bade her nay.

But she carried the bit of silver—
 A light in her steady face,
 And her step on the crowded pavement
 Full of a childish grace—

Straight to her pastor she took it,
 And, "Send it," she said, "for me,
 Dear sir, to the heathen children
 On the other side of the sea.

"Let it help in telling the story
 Of the love of the Lord Most High,
 Who came from the world of glory
 For a sinful world to die."

"Send only half of it, Maggie,"
 The good old minister said,
 "And keep the rest for yourself, dear;
 You need it for daily bread."

"Ah, sir," was the ready answer,
 In the blessed Bible words,
 "I would rather lend it to Jesus,
 For the silver and gold are the Lord's !

"And the copper will do for Maggie."
 I think if we all felt so,
 The wonderful message of pardon
 Would soon through the dark earth go !

Soon should the distant mountains
 And the far-off isles of the sea
 Hear of the great salvation,
 And the truth that makes men free.

Alas ! do we not too often
 Keep our silver and gold in store,
 And grudgingly part with our copper,
 Counting the pennies o'er ?

And claiming in vain the blessing
 That the Master gave to one
 Who dropped her mites as the treasure
 A whole day's toil had won.

—*Mrs. Sangster, in Congregationalist.*

MAKING MONEY FOR CHRIST.

[For the Children's Record.]

It may perhaps interest some of the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD to hear an account of an experiment we are making in our Sabbath School this year. Perhaps, too, some other school may try it. The hint was received from the *New York Observer*. The experiment had been a great success in a school over there, and we expect the plan will work just as well here.

Early in January the minister went to the Bank and got a hundred bright new cents. They had never been in use before. On the following Sabbath he explained briefly the parable of the pounds, (Luke 19 : 11-28) and gave one of the bright new cents to every boy and girl in the school, and asked that each should use the cent to make more money, and bring it and all that could be made by it back again at the end of the year, with a report of how the increase had been gained, the half of the whole amount gathered to be given to Rev. J. Goforth's new mission to China, and the other half to be disposed of by vote of the scholars.

There was quite a buzz of excitement. Many busy brains began at once to plan how the little coin could be used. One mother told the minister a few days afterwards that those coppers had brought a regular swarm of bees about her head. The bees were very busy ones, for four little children had already made fifty-eight cents out of four.

A very few of the scholars thought they could not find out any way of making money; but we are pretty sure all will succeed. Many have already made a splendid beginning; and when once the cent begins to grow, it will increase very rapidly, like a snowball rolled over and over in the soft snow. We are looking for a nice little sum at the end of the year, and we are sure that the scholars will have great pleasure in planning and working for Jesus and his cause, and will learn how much can be done for Him with a very small amount of money—a good lesson,

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

don't you think, for older people as well.

R. D. FRASER.

Bowmanville, Ont., Feb. 10, 1888.

Perhaps Mr. Fraser will write, telling us some of the ways that the children are taking to earn money.—Ed.

HOW A HEATHEN BOY PUT A STOP TO CANNIBALISM IN SAMOA.

The following story is told in Dr. Turner's book on the Samoan Islands.

"The people had a horrible fashion of eating human flesh. Mehetoa, who was a King and a hero, was also a cannibal. His son Polu, who hated this heathenish and brutal custom and in one of the group of islands had brought it to an end, returned to his father's house, and there the first thing he saw was a poor boy waiting to be killed and served as a tender morsel for the king's dinner. He was bitterly crying, and his anguish touched the heart of the young prince Polu. "Don't cry," he said, "and I will try and save you."

So Polu had himself dressed in the green cocoa-nut leaves, just as if he had been killed and roasted and was ready to be eaten. The king came to the table, and, looking down at the cannibal dish, saw two bright eyes looking up at him. He saw that it was his son, and quick as a flash the thought passed through his mind, "What if it were indeed my dear son who had been killed and cooked for my meal?"

Moreover he was so touched by the kindness and bravery of his son in taking the other lad's place, that he made a new law, that henceforth in his kingdom no more human flesh should be eaten."

THE POINTE AUX TREMBLES SCHOOL.

This school is having a very successful term. The French Roman Catholic children come there, learn of Jesus, and then when they go out after two or three years at school, they make good missionaries to help bring their friends and companions to the Savior.

Those who do not become teachers do

good in other walks of life. They live Christian lives and show to their neighbors how much better is the religion of Jesus than that of Rome.

Last year twenty-eight of the pupils gave their hearts to Christ, and thirty-five of the one hundred and twenty pupils at present attending there are members of the church. Nineteen of these intend to become missionaries or teachers.

There are three ways in which you can aid that school:

1. The building is too small. Many young people wish to go there for whom there is not room. It is to be enlarged immediately and money is needed to do that. Those who wish to help in that work can send their money to Rev. Mr. Warden, Montreal.

2. You can help in supporting the children who attend the school.

3. You can pray for them that the light of the gospel may shine into their dark hearts and across their lives.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

A one-armed saw-miller, losing his occupation, became a colporteur of the National Bible Society of Scotland. After service of some years in his home land, studying all the while the various systems of printing for the blind, he was transferred to Peking, China. To read an ordinary Chinese book one must learn about 4,000 characters; to read, say, "Jack, the Giant Killer," one must master 1,200 characters. This man, Mr. Murray, reduced the sounds of Chinese speech to 420, and devised a system of dots to represent them. He next took an orphan beggar boy, blind from his birth, washed, clothed and housed him, and taught him to read by means of the dots. Others were taken in the same way and taught. The Scriptures were printed in this style; and now many blind men may be seen reading the Bible on the street corners at Peking, to the astonishment of their fellow-country-men.—*Sel.*

THE LITTLE SHOE.

A Christian woman of China, who became converted late in life, before her death, sent one of the shoes she had worn to a missionary, with the message that he must carry it with him when he went back to his own country, and show it to the women there, that it might help them to believe all he told them and to pity those of whom he told.

This shoe has actually been worn by a full-grown woman. Think of the child-feet, dimpled and straight-toed and comfortable as those of any little girl, tortured and crumpled into this unnatural shape by a heathenish custom! Think of the long painful years, when the little victim could only sit and suffer! No merry romping plays, how could there be when she could only hobble about on the aching toes bent and bound under the sole of the foot.

No recompense for it, either, save that she would not be laughed at, nor lose her chance of marrying.

She, to whom this shoe belonged, at length became a Christian, and the poor little mutilated foot was no longer her pride, but only a reminder of years spent in idolatry and degradation.

"Take it off now," she said as she lay dying. "I will never wear it any more. Give it to the Jesus man who told me of a Saviour and a heavenly home. He is soon going to his own country, tell him to show it to his women there and let it tell its own story."

Al! now listen! do you not hear a pitiful tale wailing forth from its quilted folds! The poor little foot all crushed and bruised and stunted until it barely filled this small silken shell is but an emblem of the narrowness and barrenness of a woman's life in heathen China. Only drudgery and misery here in this life and no hope of better beyond. Literally nothing to look forward to but the faint, far off, glimmering possibility of one day, by the transmigration of souls, *being born a man.*

O Christian girls who stand to-day with the gospel bells ringing joy through your lives and a Father's promises offering

a sure happiness for your eternal future. What message does this little shoe bring to you, and to me? Does it not whisper in our ear "know that for all these things God will bring you into judgment if thou forget thy poor benighted sisters whom He has committed to thy charge?"—*Sel.*

THE FIRST MARTYR IN CHINA.

In the City of Pok-lo, on the Canton East River, a Confucian temple-keeper received the Scriptures from a collector of the London Mission, became convinced of the folly of idolatry, and was baptized by Dr. Legge. He gave up his calling, and set to work among his acquaintances as a self-appointed Scripture-reader. He would go through the streets of the city and the country round with a board on his back containing some text of Scripture. So successful was he that in three years' time about 100 people were baptized; and so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed, that surprise and hostility were excited, and a fierce persecution broke out.

The Christians were driven from the villages, and their property was plundered. The collector was seized, and twice within forty-eight hours dragged before the *literati*, and called upon to recant. This he steadfastly refused to do. He was therefore tortured by being suspended by the arms during the night. The next morning he was brought forward in an enfeebled state, pale and trembling, for a second trial. The officials and mandarins were cowed into submission by the gentry; but this brave old man was still firm in his resolve to cleave to the Bible and Christ, and expressed a hope that his judge would some day embrace the new doctrine.

This was more than they could tolerate, and, like the judges of Stephen, they ran upon him with one accord, and killed him on the spot by repeated blows of their side arms, and threw him into the river. Thus perished the first Protestant Christian martyr in China.—*Sel.*

THE FISHERMAN'S SON.

A gentleman walking on the beach came across a little boy sitting on the road all by himself, looking out on the great ocean.

"You like the sea, my boy; do you not?"

"Yes sir; and I hope to follow it when I get bigger."

"It is a hard life, besides being dangerous," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir; but Jesus Christ went to sea, and he knows the danger; and sometimes he preached out of a ship. I am sure he loves sailors," said the boy.

"But that will not hinder you from meeting with storms and perhaps getting shipwrecked."

"Jesus Christ rules the wind and the waves. He stopped a storm once."

"He does not now," said the gentleman.

"No, sir; but He will help us to trust in Him; and if we hold on to Him, nothing can much harm us," said the boy.

"You might get drowned."

"Yes, sir." The boy stopped. "But you know my soul would then fly up to God; and it is all fair weather up there."

"Why, my little man, you are quite a preacher," said the gentleman.

"Father and I often talk these things over," said the little boy; "and when he is gone out fishing, and leaves me all alone at home, they are company for me."

"The sweet, quiet, happy face of the little fellow pleased me," said the gentleman; "and I felt that he had the best of company."

THE SOFT ANSWER.

Susie bathed Charlie's hurt foot with very gentle hands, for she saw by his face the pain it gave him. His sister Mary came in and held his hand, and said, "How did it get hurt?"

"Oh, it was all Jack Brand's fault. I hit him with my ball, but I didn't mean to. Then he hit me with his bat, and I hit back, and he hit back, and then he ran; and I was climbing over the wall to run after him and hit him again, and a

great stone fell on my foot. Oh, oh!"

"I'll soon be done," said Susie.

"Jack Brand is always quarrelling with me," said Charlie.

"But it always takes two to make a quarrel, you know," said Mary. "One boy can't make a quarrel."

"Do you mean that I quarrel?" said Charlie.

"It seems like that, doesn't it? If you had not struck back when he struck you, there would not have been a quarrel.

"If he had stopped, I would have stopped," said Charlie.

"But you should have stopped first, Charlie. You forgot to try the soft answer, I'm afraid."

"I guess I did," said Charlie, in a low voice.

"Try the next time," said his sister earnestly. "It will be hard, perhaps, when you feel angry; but a Christian soldier must get used to hard things. And his great Captain will always be sure to help him."

By this time the bruised foot was carefully bound up.

"I wish you'd bring me my paintbox, Susie," he said. "I am going to make something to help me to remember."

He painted a motto in bright colours on a piece of card-board, and hung it up in his room. It read: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."—*Proverbs*.

A SHORT STORY.

Dr. Guthrie once told the following story: "One of our boys, a very little fellow, but uncommonly smart, entered the lists and carried off a prize against the whole of England and Scotland by his answer to the question: 'Can you give the history of the Apostle Paul in thirty words?' His answer was, 'Paul was born at Tarsus and brought up at Jerusalem; he continued a persecutor until his conversion, after which he became a follower of Christ, for whose sake he died.'"

HOW HE HELPED HIS FATHER.

Some years ago, a boy whose name was Webster, living in Bridgeport, Connecticut, then nearly four years old, was taken from his own home to that of his grandpa, where he remained for several weeks. His grandpa was a Christian man, and always asked God's blessing upon the food before eating, and read a chapter and prayed in the morning, when the breakfast was finished.

When little Webster was taken home the first time that he sat at his father's table in his high-chair, he said before he began to eat, "Papa, why don't 'ou talk to God before 'ou eat, as grandpa does?"

And the father said: "O, grandpa is a good man."

"But, papa," said Webster, "a'nt 'ou a good man? Why don't 'ou talk to God as grandpa does?"

And the good mother, sitting on the other side of the table, said:—"Father, that is God's voice to you." And it was; and then, for the first time, the father, as the head of his own house, and mother and child, bowed their heads, while a blessing was brokenly asked on the food. That was the beginning.

After the breakfast, the father read and prayed, and continued the practice as long as he lived.—*Congregationalist*.

LITTLE CHINESE STUDENTS.

In these schools there are no classes. Each one studies separately, and as every one tries to raise his voice above the others, you can fancy what a perfect Babel there is.

They recite standing with their backs toward the teacher. The first lessons are single words, on little bits of red paper strapped to a thin board. These papers are changed daily until the little learner has mastered a thousand or more.

I noticed one little fellow who had but two of these words; one was "tsu" and the other "dzu." I mean that is the way they would be spelled in our language. He caught the sound properly from the teacher, and went back all the way repeat-

ing, "tsu, dzu; tsu, dzu;" but poor child, the seat was so high that somehow he dropped out the flower bit of paper, and replacing it on the top, he went on as before, saying, "tsu, dzu; tsu, dzu," but pointing to the wrong characters. After a while one of the boys set him right again.

There was no fixed time for beginning the school, and they were dismissed with reference to the distance they had to go.

Each one has a small teapot, from which he drinks freely.

If the teacher is not present, they are supposed to conduct themselves properly, according to the rules of the school—that is, in accordance with the customs of their ancestors. If an unruly member should be so unfortunate as to be reported to the teacher, he will then be whipped. If one is dull and unable to recite his lesson, he will likely be deprived of "eating his rice."—*Golden Hours*.

A SNOW PRAYER.

A little girl went out to play one day, in the fresh new snow, and when she came in, she said.

"Mamma, I could not help praying when I was out at play."

"What did you pray, my dear?"

"I prayed the snow prayer, mamma, that I learned once in Sunday-school. 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

"What a sweet prayer! And here is a sweet promise to go with it. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow."

What can wash them white?—clean from every stain of sin! The Bible answers: "They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—*Morning Light*.

A little boy who attended a temperance meeting was asked by his father when he returned, "Have you learned anything, my boy?" "Yes, father, I have. I have learned never to put strong drink to my lips; for it has killed fifty thousand persons a year, and how do I know that it will not kill me?"

The Sabbath School Lessons.

April 1.—Matt. 22: 1-14. Memory vs. 11-14.

The Marriage Feast.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Rev. 19: 9. CATECHISM, Q. 66.

Introductory.

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Wedding Feast. vs. 1-4.

What is the *kingdom of heaven* like?

Who is the *king*?

His *son*?

How are gospel blessings like a feast?

Who were bidden to the marriage?

How did they treat the call?

What did the king then do?

How are *all things ready* now?

Who are invited? Isa. 55: 1-3; Rev. 22: 17.

II. The Wedding Guests. vs. 5-10.

How did those who were bidden treat the invitation?

Who now make light of the call?

What did the *remnant* do?

How was this done by the Jews? Matt. 23: 34, 35.

How were they punished?

How are we warned against refusing the invitation? Prov. 1: 24-28; Heb. 2: 3.

What did the king say to his servants?

What did he command them to do?

What did they do?

III. The Wedding Garment. vs. 11-14.

Whom did the king find among the guests?

What is meant by the *wedding garment*?

How are sinners clothed and fitted for the feast? Zech. 3: 3, 4; Col. 3: 12.

Whom does the man without the wedding garment represent?

What command did the king give?

What is the conclusion of the parable?

What is effectual calling?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God has made full provision for the salvation of all.

2. That all are invited to come and partake freely of this provision.

3. That if we neglect or reject this invitation we cannot be saved.

4. That we must come just as we are, to be made what we ought to be.

5. That we cannot enter heaven without the preparation which Jesus gives.

April 8.—Matt. 23: 27-39. Memory vs. 37-39.

Christ's Last Warning.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ps. 51: 10. CATECHISM, Q. 67, 68.

Introductory.

How did our Lord's teachings in the temple affect the Pharisees?

What did they do?

With what result?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Woes Denounced. vs. 27-33.

Against whom did Jesus denounce woes?

What did he call them?

To what did he liken them?

What further charge did he bring against them?

What did they say?

How were they witnesses against themselves?

What made their destruction so certain?

Why must the wicked surely perish?

II. Doom Foretold. vs. 34-36.

What is here foretold?

When and upon whom were these cruelties inflicted?

What would be the consequence?

How did all these things come upon that generation? Matt. 27: 25.

III. Opportunity Lost. vs. 37-40.

How did Jesus here show his loving compassion?

What crimes of the Jews are mentioned?

What would Jesus have done for them?
 What hindered?
 What would be the consequence of their rejection of him?
 What is meant by their *house*?
 How was it left *desolate*?
 How did Jesus close his address?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God regards not the outward conduct only, but the heart also.
2. That making a show of piety when there is none within is hateful to God and will be punished by him.
3. That Jesus pities perishing sinners.
4. That he would save them if they would come to him.
5. That those must perish who will not come.

April 15.—Matt. 24 : 42-51 : Memory vs. 42-44.

Christian Watchfulness.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK 13 : 37. CATECHISM. Q. 69.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
 Where was this last warning given?
 Where did Jesus go from the temple?
 What did his disciples ask of him?
 What was his reply?
 What did he then foretell?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Duty of Watchfulness. vs. 42-44.

What duty is here commanded?
 Why are we to be watchful?
 How is this duty illustrated?
 What must we therefore do?
 Why should we now and always be ready for death?

II. The Watchful Servant. vs. 45-47.

What servant is blessed?
 What shall be his reward?
 Who is represented by the *faithful and wise servant*?
 What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death?

III. The Unwatchful Servant. vs. 48-51.

Who is represented by the *evil servant*?
 What do the acts here mentioned denote in a servant?
 When shall the lord of such a servant come?
 What shall be done with the servant?
 What shall be his portion?
 What event is the same to each of us as the coming of the Son of man?
 What should we therefore do?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Christ once came into our world in great humiliation to be our Friend and Saviour.
2. That he will come again in power and glory to be our King and Judge.
3. That the time of his coming is hidden.
4. That we should await his coming and live in constant preparation for it.
5. That while we wait for his coming we must faithfully do the work he has laid upon us.

April 22.—Matt. 25 : 1-13. Memory vs. 10-13.

The Ten Virgins.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 25 : 10. CATECHISM. Q. 70, 71, 72.

Introductory.

What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism?

I. The Waiting Virgins. vs. 1-5.

What will the kingdom of heaven be like at Christ's coming?
 To what ancient customs did Jesus allude?
 Who is meant by the *bridegroom*?
 Who are represented by the *wise virgins*?
 By the *foolish*?
 What is said of these virgins?
 What is signified by this?
 Why are they wise who provide for the future?
 What did they all do while the bridegroom tarried?

II. The Midnight Cry. vs. 6-9.

What took place at midnight?
 How does this apply to the coming of the Lord?
 How is it like the call to each of us at death?
 How can we be ready for it?
 What did the virgins then do?
 What is meant by this?
 What did the foolish say to the wise?
 Whose case does this represent?
 What did the wise answer?

III. The Shut Door. vs. 10-13.

What took place while the foolish virgins went to buy?
 Who went in with the bridegroom?
 What was then done?
 Why was the door shut?
 What did the foolish do afterward?
 With what counsel did Jesus close the parable?
 Why should we watch for his coming?
 How may we be ready to meet Christ?

What Have I Learned?

1. That merely joining the church or professing attachment to Christ will not save us.
2. That we must have sincere love for him, the grace of God in our hearts.
3. That we must not be content with merely lighting our lamps, but must have constant supplies of grace to keep them burning.
4. That no one can supply grace for another's need.
5. That we must so live as to be always ready for the coming of our Lord.

April 29.—Matt. 25: 14-30. Memory vs. 20, 21.

The Talents.

GOLDEN TEXT.—REV. 2: 10. CATECHISM. Q. 73, 74.

Introductory.

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Talents Distributed. vs. 14, 15.

Whom does the man in this parable re-

present?

Who are meant by his servants?
 What by his goods?
 How did the man distribute his goods?
 Why did he give more to one than to another?
 What did he then do?
 From whom do we receive all that we have?
 What has the Lord a right to expect from us?

II. The Blessing of Faithfulness. vs. 16-23.

What did the servants do with their master's money?
 What at length took place?
 What is represented by this?
 Before whose judgment-seat shall we all stand?
 When will the Lord come to reckon with us?
 What is said of the one who received five talents?
 What of the one who received two talents?
 What did their Lord say to each of them?
 What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death?
 At the judgment?

III. The Penalty of Unfaithfulness. vs. 24-30.

What excuse did the servant who had received one talent give for not using it?
 How did his lord answer him?
 What did he command?
 How was the unprofitable servant punished?
 What may we expect if we neglect the time and opportunities God has given us?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus has given us everything that we have that we may use it for him.
2. That the time is coming when he will call us to account for what he has given us.
3. That our reward will be according to the use we have made of his gifts.
4. That if we have refused to make any use of our opportunities for good we shall be punished for our neglect.—*W. Q. Book.*

**"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN
TO COME UNTO ME."**

Little feet may find the pathway
Leading upwards unto God;
Little hands may learn to scatter
Seeds of precious truth abroad,
Youthful hearts may be the temple
For the Spirit's dwelling-place;
Childhood's lips declare the riches
Of God's all-abounding grace.

Little ones, though frail and earthborn,
Heirs of blessedness may be;
For the Saviour whispereth gently,
"Suffer such to come to Me."
And in that eternal kingdom,
'Mid the grand triumphal throng,
Childish voices sweetly mingle
In the glorious choral song.

"RAIN FROM HEAVEN."

Once a little girl who loved her Saviour
very much for having so loved her, came
to her minister with eighteen shillings for
the missionary society.

"How did you collect so much? Is it
all your own?" asked the minister.

"Yes sir; I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so young and
so poor."

"Please, sir, when I thought how Jesus
had died for me, I wanted to do something
for him; and I heard how money was
wanted to send the Gospel to the heathen,
and as I had no money of my own, I earned
it by collecting rain water, and selling
it to washer-women for a penny a
bucket. That is how I got the money,
sir."

"My dear child," said the minister, "I
am very glad to hear that your love to
your Saviour has led you to work so long
and so patiently for him, and now I shall
gladly put down your name as a missionary
subscriber."

"O, no, sir, please; not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one
knew but him; I should like it put down
as 'Rain from Heaven.'" — *Missionary An-
ecdotes.*

HOW IT BEGAN.

Glass number one, only in fun,
Glass number two, other boys do,
Glass number three, it won't hurt me,
Glass number four, only one more,
Glass number five, before a drive,
Glass number six, brain in a mix.
Glass number seven, stars up in heaven.
Glass number eight, stars in his pate.
Glass number nine, whiskey—not wine.
Glass number ten, drinking again?
Glass number twenty, not yet a plenty?
Drinking with boys, drowning his joys;
Drinking with men, just now and then.
Wasting his life, killing his wife,
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked.
Losing his friends—thus it all ends.
Glass number one, taken in fun,
Ruined his life, brought on strife,
Blighted his youth, sullied his truth,
In a few years, brought many tears;
Gave only pain, stole all his gain,
Make him at last friendless, outcast.

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,
Do not begin early in sin;
Grow up a man brave as you can.
Taste not in fun glass number one. — *Sel.*

THE FOOLISH FRIENDS.

(A FABLE.)

In the depth of a forest there lived two
foxes. One of them said one day in the
polites^d fox language; "Let's quarrel."
"Very well," said the other; "but how
shall we set about it?" They tried all sorts
of ways but it could not be done, because
each one would give way. At last one
fetched two stones. "There," said he,
"you say they're yours, and I'll say they're
mine, and we will quarrel and fight and
scratch. Now, I'll begin. Those stones
are mine." "Very well," answered the
other; "you are welcome to them." "But
we shall never quarrel at this rate!" cried
the other, jumping up and licking his face.
"You old simpleton, don't you know it
takes two to make a quarrel any day?"
So they gave it up as a bad job, and never
tried to play at this silly game again. Were
they not wise friends. — *Sel.*