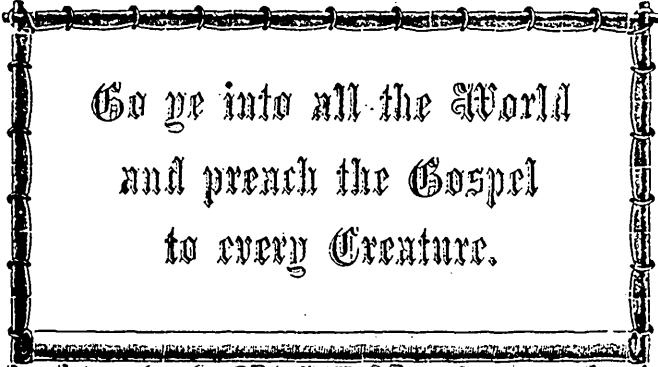




THE
CHILDREN'S
RECORD



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

VOL. 2. MARCH, 1887. No. 3.

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.

WELL DONE, LITTLE BOY!

A minister in Ontario writes the following which is too good to keep. Our young readers must have it. He says George —, who lives in the outskirts of our congregation has been so much taken up with the CHILDREN'S RECORD, that he resolved to go round among his neighbors for subscribers. Hitching his big dog, "Collie," to his sleigh he started. On being refused by some to subscribe, he would take out the RECORD and read to them one of the stories he liked best, after hearing the story read they subscribed. The result was that he got six subscribers. As he was reading in one house Collie got impatient, waiting in the cold outside, and cleared for home to George's great grief, for he had to go home on foot through the deep snow. This put a stop in the meantime to the canvassing.

THE STORY OF THE "DAYSPRING."

There are more than a dozen mission vessels sailing the seas. Several of these are in the Pacific Ocean where without them mission work could not be well carried on in the groups of islands scattered over thousands of miles. The American Board has for the use of its mission-

aries the *Morning Star*. The London Missionary Society has the *John Williams*. The Methodists have the *John Wesley* and the *Jubilee*. The Church of England mission has the *Southern Cross*, and our own church has the *Dayspring*.

For a long time our missionaries in the New Hebrides were dependent for their supplies and all outside aid, upon the vessel of the London Missionary Society, the *John Williams*. She carried Dr. Geddie to Aneityum and from time to time visited him and his fellow laborers in the group, taking supplies, mails, etc. Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, with his mission schooner also did much to aid them. For these services some of the children of the church in Scotland to which Dr. Inglis, one of the missionaries, belonged, made as a thank-offering a gift of £300 towards repairing the *John Williams* and £50 to Bishop Selwyn.

It was felt, however, that the New Hebrides Mission needed a vessel for itself, to visit the islands, settle teachers, and open new fields. In 1855 the missionaries asked for a small schooner, to cost £300. The two churches, one in Scotland and one in Nova Scotia, that were supporting the mission, agreed to it. The little vessel was built in Glasgow, Scotland, at a cost of £320, and was called the *John Knox*. She was thirty-five feet long, ten feet ten inches broad, and six feet deep in the hold. She had two masts, and a little cabin on deck that would hold ten people.

She was sent to the New Hebrides and great was the joy as the natives of Aneityum shouted "the *John Knox* is come."

Her work was confined to visiting five of the islands in which mission work was carried on.

After four years, as the work grew and they wished to sail farther North to other islands of the group, it was felt that the *John Knox* was too small, and at a meeting held in Aneityum in 1861 the missionaries agreed to ask for one of not less than sixty tons. Money was raised in Australia, in Scotland, and in the Maritime Provinces,

The vessel was built in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and cost £3432, besides a deck house that was added in Australia. She was called the *Dayspring*, and measured one hundred and fifteen tons. She sailed from Halifax in October 1863, and was welcomed with joy in the New Hebrides. The support of the *Dayspring* was undertaken by the children of the churches in Australia, Scotland and Nova Scotia.

For ten years she did her work in safety. But on Jun'y 6, 1873, when she was at anchor in the harbor at Aneityum, a terrible storm arose and she was driven on a coral reef and totally wrecked.

There was great sorrow at the loss of the *Dayspring*, but with the insurance money that was received, and some more added to it, another vessel was bought in Australia, named the *Paragon*. Her name was changed to the *Dayspring*; and with many a good wish and prayer she started on her work, and has done it ever since. As the Mission has been steadily growing the need of a larger vessel has been felt. Some thought that they should get a steamer, but as the cost of running it would be too great, the missionaries have decided that a sailing vessel larger than the *Dayspring* will be the best. The money for it has been collected, chiefly in Scotland, and is now lying in Australia ready to buy the new ship which will likely be named the *Dayspring*.

WHAT DOES THE "DAYSPRING" DO?

Her headquarters is Sydney, Australia. She sails from that place in April, taking food, books, clothing, letters, timber for buildings, supplies of all sorts, for the missionaries and teachers in the different islands, and new missionaries when they are sent, and old ones who have been away for rest. She first calls at Aneityum the most Southerly Island. Then she goes North, calling at each mission station landing supplies, and taking on board the missionaries, to carry them to some one of the Islands for their meeting of Synod, where they make plans together for the spread of their work. Then she takes them all back to their homes, carries

teachers to new islands, and sails for Sydney, carrying letters, orders for supplies, perhaps a lot of arrow-root, made by the natives for sale, and generally a missionary or two who is going for a rest. In October she again sails for the islands carrying supplies, etc., and leaves for Sydney before the end of the year.

Twice in the year, all the missionaries, of whom there are now about fifteen, are made glad by the coming of their good mission ship *Dayspring*, when they get their supplies, their letters and papers from home, and then she sails away, carrying her message of cheer to others.

Sometimes trading vessels or ships of war, call at the islands; but there is none they are so glad to see as your own white-winged *Dayspring*.

A LIGHT FOR OUR FEET.

May lived in a big city where the streets were bright with light every night. Once she went to visit her grandpa in the country. May saw many things she had never seen before. She had fine rides in grandpa's carriage, and walked by the side of the brook and saw the fish playing in the water. One evening grandpa and May went to church. Grandpa got down his lantern to take it along. May wondered what the lantern was for. When they started to go home from church grandpa lighted the lantern. When they walked along the way the light in the lantern showed them where to walk. May was much pleased, for she had never walked by the light of a lantern before. Then grandpa said, "The Lord's way is like this lantern. Then he told May what the psalmist meant when he said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

It is a dark world through which we are passing; there are dangers all about us, and to get through it safely we need a light to guide us. We may all have this same lamp the psalmist talks about as a guide for our feet and a light for our path. We will find it in the Bible. Let us all try to walk by its light. - *Sel.*

MICRONESIAN CHILDREN.

The brown-skinned boys and girls of these Islands of the South Pacific Ocean love to play just as well as you do. They play "hide and seek" in the moonlight and "goal;" they make little canoes and sail them, and make playthings out of the big, shiny, breadfruit leaves. They learn to swim when they are very young and to paddle canoes. They never knew anything about the Great Spirit, or God, till the missionaries went to them; they thought they were created by a man.

They have some very queer stories which the children like to tell and hear. One which they tell reminds me of the story of Jonah. A man named Lobweliju started for Burok, a Northern island, to go to Rongrik. His canoe upset and he could not right it again. His companions were eaten by sharks; but he was swallowed by a whale together with a net full of coconuts. While he was in the whale he ate all his coconuts, cracking them one upon another until he came to the last one and he could not think how to crack that. At last he thought of cracking it on the teeth of the whale. This made the whale's teeth ache so that he was very uneasy, and he dove down through the water very fast till he heard the reef cracking under him. Then he came up on shore at one of the islands—they do not say which one. This caused a great excitement among the people. They commenced to cut him to pieces; whereupon Lobweliju cried, "Cut to the North and cut to the South, I am here, Lobweliju." When he came out of the fish he was entirely baldheaded.

Their houses are little huts thatched with leaves, and the sides are made of the same. They have no board floors. They gather pebbles from the seashore and cover the ground with them, then cover these with coconut or pandanus leaves. When night comes they lie down on a mat made of a pandanus leaf, which shuts up like a book cover. They lie on one half and cover themselves with the other half, and sleep very soundly.

They have learned that it is a wonderful

thing to learn how to read, write, sing, etc., and they are very glad to go to school. They are going to have a new house on Kusaie, where some of the girls can come and learn what it is to be in a pleasant home where they will hear only pure sweet words, instead of the filthy ones they hear in their own homes; where they can learn to love Jesus and to follow him.—*Missionary Letter.*

LEAVING THEM TO GOD.

In West Africa a society in England has started a school for native children. One day in that school a little girl struck her school-mate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck "Did you strike her back again?"

"No ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teacher.

"I left her to God," said she.

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall never be struck by others when they know that we shall not return the blow, but "leave them to God." Then, whatever our enemies do, or threaten to do to us, let us leave them to Him, praying that He would forgive them and make them our friends.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Every girl wants to be beautiful, and so she may. Where do you think beauty begins—on the skin? No, in the heart. And no matter how fair the skin; how soft the eye; how regular the features and bright the color, if there is anything unlovely in the soul it will show through and spoil all the beauty of face. You may try to hide it, but you cannot; in unguarded moments, in a tone, a look, an act, it will reveal itself. Whatever is ugly in the heart—pride, selfishness, anger, envy—she will sooner or later be written on the face. Get Jesus to make and keep your hearts clean and kindly, and the beauty He puts in them will shine through in your faces.—*Sel.*

MOTHER'S PRAYER TALKS.

"OUR FATHER."

Why, here is quite a little congregation waiting for me," said Mrs. Palmer as she entered the back parlor on the evening appointed for her next talk with the children.

Edith and Hal had invited their friends, so there was really quite a company, and Mrs. Palmer was pleased to see that each child had a Bible.

"Now, my dear little folks," said she, "you know we are going to talk about *prayer* and its great power and blessing, especially in our foreign mission work. Do you remember a child who, many hundred years ago, said, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?'"

"Jesus said that when Mary and Joseph found him in the temple," answered Hal.

"We are not told much of Jesus' life as a child," continued Mrs. Palmer; "but we are told that He increased in stature and in favor with God and man. So we are sure that even as a child our Lord Jesus went steadily about His Father's business. And so may you, his child-followers, try to be about the Father's business. There are many ways in which all of us can do that; but we are thinking now especially how we may show to others that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' And now, another question. When the disciples asked Jesus how they should pray, in what beautiful words did He direct them?"

"Our Father which art in heaven," answered the children altogether.

"Then if, like Jesus, we are to be about the Father's business, we must come to God as our Father. We know that Jesus spent whole nights, sometimes, praying to the Father; we know that He prayed for His disciples, and for those too who had not yet heard His name. I once heard a minister say, 'There are many things my children need and wish for, things that I mean if possible to get for them, but I do love to have my children ask me for some-

thing.' So our heavenly Father loves to have us come to Him and ask for the things we need. There is another thought to encourage you as you bring your mission work to Him and tell him of its needs and ask His blessing. We must remember that it is to *our Father* we come, the heavenly Father, also, of those far-away children in heathen lands. The Bible says, 'have we not all *one* Father?' and again, 'one God and Father of all.'"

"Oh, Mother!" exclaimed Edith; "I never thought of that before."

"And how much nearer it seems to bring those children to us!" said Lula.

"Yes, dear; and if we keep that sweet thought before us, those children will not seem as strangers and foreigners, but children like yourselves of our dear heavenly Father, who may by your help be taught to know of that Father's love and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent."

"Mother," said Edith as her mother paused, "heathen fathers don't care so much for their children as our father's do?"

"Too often they do not. Little daughters, especially, do not know, as you do, the joy of running to meet their father, or the pleasure of being with him."

"Why it's just the best part of the day when father comes home," said Bessie.

"One of the blessings we must ask is that those heathen homes may become beautified with the love and peace which the gospel of Jesus alone can bring them. We must pray that God 'will turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to the fathers.' We must ask our Father's blessing, too, on the missionaries who have gone to carry the gospel. 'Above everything else, our Father's laborers wish the prayers of the mission workers.' And now, let us ask our Father to bless and help us, to give us faith, love, patience and perseverance."

In a few simple, tender words Mrs. Palmer prayed with the children. Then the little neighbors said good-night.—*Children's Work for Children.*

I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

OPIMUM IN CHINA.

If you would ask one thousand Chinamen what they considered the greatest curse of their country, I suppose that nine hundred of them would reply, *opium*. Most of you are accustomed to think of this only as a medicine, sometimes given to deaden pain when persons are suffering very much.

But it is not in this form that the drug is such a curse to China. In some mysterious way the habit of opium smoking has gained such a foothold that now there is hardly a province in China where men, women, and even children are not found who are slaves to opium. The dark skin, wasted body and dull eyes show how far the poison has gone toward destroying the bodies as well as the souls of these people.

"How do they become such slaves?" you ask. That is a question hard to answer, except that it is true in China as in America, that Satan is always ready to make strong chains of evil habits, with which he binds his victims closer and closer.

Opium smokers give a number of reasons for beginning the habit. Some say that it helps them to perform a great deal of work; others will tell you that it gives them delightful dreams; others that it keeps them from taking cold or feeling fatigue; in fact they will give you very much the same reasons that are given in this country for taking liquor. As the habit grows upon them they neglect business and forget everything else in their desire to get the drug. Many of our missionaries could tell us of cases where a man has gone so far as to sell his own children to get money for his opium.

Do not think that all Chinamen have this habit. There are many wise men among them who hate it and who do all in their power to clear the country of the stuff. I have read of one mandarin, a governor of a province, who ordered his men to go through the province and cut down fields of poppies which were intended to supply opium for his countrymen. Another rich and influential Chinaman

took an odd way of warning the people against the terrible evils of opium smoking. At his own expense he had a number of large pictures made and posted up in the towns where he knew there were many smokers. Number one showed the rich man in his beautiful home lying down on his couch to take his first smoke. Two other pictures showed how the habit grew upon him. Number four showed his wife at work painting screens to support herself and family. Number five showed the poor wife quite desperate over the misery her husband's bad habits have brought upon her; she is trying to destroy the opium pipe, and he raising a bamboo rod to beat her. Two more downward steps, during which he loses his beautiful home, bring him to the pitiful plight shown in number eight; homeless and friendless, living in a mean little shed and depending on the charity of passers-by. Two more pictures show him a homeless, half-naked wanderer, and number eleven showed the end of the series; the poor creature, wandering in the cold and storm of winter, looking for a cave where he can lie down and die.

Now I think I hear you asking why this dreadful opium traffic is allowed, and how it gained such a hold on the people, and whether anything has been done to help cure the people who have become victims of the habit. These are questions which it would take a long time to answer, but which you will be told about some other time, and which will help you to understand how very dark is the story of opium in China. —*Sel.*

CHRIST IS ALL.

See your need of Christ more and more, and live upon Him; no life is like it, so sweet, so safe. We cannot be discharged from the guilt of any evil we do without His merit to satisfy; we cannot move in the performance of any good required without His Spirit and grace to assist and enable for it; and when we have done all, that all is nothing without His mediation and intercession to make it acceptable; so that every day, in every thing, He is all in all.

THE WOUNDED LIP.

"I do not see what I have to do with missions at all!" cried Robin, in answer to his sister Annie's gentle request that he would put just one penny into her mission box. "I can see the good of building our church here—I gave my new sixpence for that; or feeding hungry little children—we gave up buying sweetmeats last Christmas that they might have soup. But what do I care for work at the other end of the world, amongst black children whom I never shall see in my life?"

Poor Annie left the room with a sigh. Mrs. Mason had heard the conversation between her children, and she asked,

"Do you know, my son, that all God's people form one body, though some are in India, some in China, some further off still? No part of the Lord's Church can say to another, 'I have nothing to do with thee; I care not what happens to thee.'"

"I don't understand," said the child.

Not many minutes afterwards, Robin came back to his mother, a handkerchief pressed to his bleeding lip, and tears in his eyes.

"Mamma, my foot slipped—I fell on the gravel—I have hurt my lip!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Mason examined the hurt and was glad to find that it was not severe; but there was gravel on the wounded lip. "I must wash and bind it," she said. "Run to the kitchen, my darling; ask for a little basin of warm water; bring it to me, and we will, I hope, soon put matters to rights."

Robin soon came back, carefully carrying the basin, which was full and rather heavy. Carefully and tenderly the mother bathed her boy's lip.

"Now," said she, lifting him upon her lap, and preparing to bind up the lip, "does not my Robin see how various parts of his body united in helping the one part that needed help?"

"I don't just see," said the child.

"The feet never thought, How far we are from the lip, almost as far as can possibly be! Right foot and left, off they trotted to get the warm water. The ears

had heard what I wished you to do, and quick as lightning had given their message to the brain. The tongue, like a kind near neighbor, did its part. The eyes —"

"Oh, the eyes did nothing at all!" cried Robin, laughing at his mother's amusing simile; he had quite forgotten his pain.

"What! did they not guide you to and from the kitchen? If they had ill-naturally kept shut, you might have had a worse fall than on the gravel. The fingers—yes, even the little ones—helped to carry the basin of water."

"It is a good-natured body," said Robin; "every part so ready to help the poor lip."

"Now, my boy, do you see my meaning?" said the mother, with a smile.

"The missionaries, who speak to the heathen, are like the lip in the body, and they are sometimes in great trouble, and need our help and our prayers. The ears are those who listen to the story of the wars of the heathen; and great Societies are like the brain, to arrange how to send to them the Bible, and men and women to explain it. We who try to give and to collect may be compared to parts of the feet and the hands.

"I must tell you something more about the body," said Mrs. Mason, "to show you how like it is to the church. There is always a life-giving stream of blood flowing through it from the heart to the head, from the head to the feet, as it were, joining the most distant parts together."

"I feel it beating in my wrist," said Robin. "What is like the life-giving blood? Is it not love to the Saviour?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mason; "and where that holy love joins the members of the Church together, how is it possible for a Christian to say, 'I have nothing to do with missions!'"

Robin's lip was soon bound up, and joyfully he thanked his mother for her lesson.

—A. L. O. E., in *The Juvenile Instructor*.

Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

"TAKE HER."

Miss Sharp, an American missionary working in West Africa, has told the following story about her little scholars:

"A few days ago I said to them, 'A poor Congo woman wants me to take her little girl.'

"Take her! take her! exclaimed the children in chorus.

"But I do not feel as if I could feel more than I have now," I said.

"They thought a while, and then the eldest said:

"If we could work and earn something, we could help buy her *chop*' (they will say chop).

"Yes; but I know of no one who has any work that you could do," I said.

"Another pause, and some talk in Kroom, and then one said:

"Mammy, take her, and we will all give her a part off of each one's plate. Cook same as now, and we take some, some from all we plate till she have plenty.'

"Are you all willing to do this?" I asked.

"Yes," was the answer. 'And,' continued the one who led off, 'now take her and teach book and teach her about God.'

"What made it touching to me was that they all had their meals measured out, and no more than they wanted for themselves! Never as much meat any one time in their lives as they could eat."

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If we are to have drunkards in the future some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting in practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it

seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way:—You will find yourself, some time, with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? eh, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!" or will you take the glass with your own common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter and a feeling that you have damaged yourself and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.—*Dr. Holland.*

THE PRINCESS JEWELS.

It is related of the Princess Eugenie of Sweden that she sold her magnificent diamonds in order to build and endow a hospital for incurables. One of my many cases was that of an old woman, very much afflicted, and with a heart as hard as stone against every application of the beautiful gospel of Jesus Christ. At the end of five years' suffering the poor old woman lay dying, and by her bedside stood the princess, telling her again the old, sweet story of the cross. The dying woman had been melted by it at last, and now, as she listened to the familiar words, big, shining tears rolled down her withered cheeks, and, clasping her hands, she murmured, "His blood cleanseth from all sin, and it has cleansed me from mine. I praise and thank Him with all my heart."

The Princess bent over her tenderly, and whispered to an attendant, "*In those happy tears I see my diamonds again!*"

And it was so. The brightest, most glorious earthly jewel would have been as nothing to her, or in God's eyes, besides the precious drops of love and penitence that fell from the poor old Swedish woman.

DAISY'S OFFERING.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Did you make it for me, dear grandma?
And is it for really mine,
With lace on the hem for a border,
And stitches so small and fine?"

"How sweet is the perfume, dear grandma!
So clean, so white, and so small,
Is my 'kerchief! If often I use it
I think you'll not wonder at all."

One day to the church on the Sabbath,
While eager to hear the bell call,
With grandma walking beside her,
Came Daisy, with 'kerchief and all.

And then with her conscious possession,
Once seated, 'twas plain to be seen
The need of a 'kerchief was greater,
Far greater, than ever had been.

The minister rose in the pulpit,
And then to the children he said,
"We have talked so much of the heathen;
Now let us try *giving* instead.

"God loveth the gifts of the children
Whenever they're cheerful and free;
What child has an offering to give him?"
Said Daisy, "*He's looking at me.*"

'Twas then by the truths that were uttered
The little one's conscience was stirred:
"The heathen, he tells us, have nothing:
Of my 'kerchief I think he has heard.

"I love—oh, I do love the heathen;
But then they don't need such nice
things:

The big people give lots of money,
And everything nice, money brings."

With quivering lip see our darling—
No sacrifice greater than this.
She laid on the plate as 'twas passing
Her offering, sealed with a kiss.

And then, while questioning whether
This gift to receive from a child,
Grandma smiled, and bade them go for-
ward;
Returning, they found the plate piled

With silver and bank-bills abundant.

"'Twas proved that this wee dainty thing
Had opened the hearts and the purse-
strings,
A liberal offering to bring.

"Now, grandma, it's gone," exclaimed
Daisy,

"I'm glad! Oh, how much it will please!
I'm so *very happy* to give it
To a child far over the seas!"

And so as a willing oblation
The perfumed treasure was given,
The sigh and the tear, with the struggle,
Arising as incense to heaven.

—Sel.

WILLIE'S PRAYER.

Two little boys, Willie and Ralph, five
and three years old, were playing in the
yard one bright morning. They were
merry little fellows, and after running and
tumbling in the grass, they began to be
hungry; so Willie said, "I'll go and ask
mamma for some cookies." He went into
the house, and soon came out with his
chubby hands full. They eat down on the
green bank, and were about to eat, when
Willie said, "Wait till I say thank you." Ralph
folded his hands, and bowed his head
blessing, as he did when his father asked the
blessing of God upon the food.

In an earnest voice Willie said, "We
thank you for this food, and for giving us
the right spirit. Bless your heart. Amen!"

Who can doubt that this prayer was ac-
ceptable to Jesus, who, when upon earth,
said, "Suffer the little children, and for-
bid them not, to come unto me."—*Chris-
tian Intelligencer.*

Moody says:—"If a man could work
out his own salvation, we should never
hear the last of it. He would be one of
the most disagreeable men. He would
have to have a little harp of his own, and
harp away in some corner that he had
saved for himself. He could not join the
great hallelujah of Moses and the Lamb,
because he got there some other way."

A CHINESE WAY OF LAYING UP TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

Sixteen miles east of Ningpo lies a noted mountain, Ling Fong, to which tens of thousands, from all parts of Che-kiang, go up yearly to worship. The first day of the ceremonies few besides women attend; yet the numbers thronging the way 'hither remind us of the multitudes such as used to go up to the true God's temple to worship. Although the path up the mountain was paved, and the steeper ascents were furnished with steps, still it was a tedious climb, even for one with natural feet. The wonder grew upon us how the women, with their little bandaged stubs, could not only climb the mountain, but walk miles to reach it.

As we neared the place we were beset by vendors of incense sticks urging us to buy. Beggars clamored for cash. Women examined our clothes, and especially my feet. When I would say that with large feet one could climb the mountains without pain, as much pity was expressed in their faces for me on account of my large feet as I felt for them as they hobbled along on their tiny ones.

It seemed as if there must be some remarkable attraction calling so many eager pilgrims hither; but when we arrived at the sacred spot we could easily believe it to be only some fancied sacredness, for surely there was nothing attractive about the place. Arriving at a level space, about half way up the mountain, we found rows of wretched straw huts on either side of the path leading to a building scarcely more than a shed, containing one large room. In it were a few small, dilapidated idols, before which the people burnt incense sticks and made prostrations. A desire to worship was by no means the only motive that brought these eager throngs hither. They had come to make preparation for death. And the preparation considered necessary was not purity of heart and life, but money. Heathen though they were, Satan had not succeeded in hiding from them the necessity of some kind of preparation for a future life.

These multitudes had left their homes and busy pursuits to come hither for the special purpose of buying bills of credit to be burnt at death in order to secure a large sum of money in the next world. These bills of credit, costing twenty-four cash, or about two cents, are small strips of yellow paper, upon which are roughly printed a few characters. These are supposed to be good for about thirteen hundred dollars after death. Behind tables stood men selling these bills. Others were busy stamping with red paint pieces of cotton cloth, which were carried as evidence that they had been to the sacred spot. The more years they make this pilgrimage, and the more bills of credit they get: the greater will be their merit and wealth in the next life.—*Woman's Work in China.*

LITTLE THINGS.

Little things and little people have often brought great things to pass. This large world in which we exist is made up of little particles as small as the sands on the seashore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather! Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky on a dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying.—*Chalmers.*

"THEY ARE BROTHERS."

A little boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing.

"They are quarrelling," said he.

"No," replied the child, "that cannot be, they are brothers."

What a blessed thing if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel. God has made them of one blood, and of one life, and they should always be kind and tender to each other.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity."

NEVER DRAW BACK.

One Sunday morning a peasant, who lived in Germany, was thinking over the sermon he had just heard in church. The minister had preached about our Lord's entrance into Jerusalem, riding on the colt, and he had pictured the happiness its owner must have felt when the Saviour used it so. The peasant owned a horse himself, and he thought, "If our Lord Jesus were still on earth I would offer him my horse with all my heart." As he went out of church, and threw his copper into the contribution plate, he saw on the coin the figure of a horse at full gallop. (This is the stamp on the Brunswick money.) A thought crossed his mind, and he said to himself, "All the horses that I and from this time shall be given to my Saviour and devoted to the missions."

No sooner said than done! From that day the good man gladly gave all the copper coins on which he saw a horse, though it seemed to him that never in his life before had he seen so many of those Brunswick coins. Even when he found out, some time after, that there were silver coins bearing the image of a horse, he did not alter his resolution.

Some months passed away. One day he took a pig to sell at the market town, and got a good price for it. He saw with pleasure that the buyer was going to pay him in gold. But when the beautiful shining coin lay in his hand, he perceived on it the same figure of a galloping horse. Give up that horse to the Lord? No; that was too much to ask. He had not the least idea when he made the promise that there was any money of this sort in the world. He slipped the gold piece into his pocket, but his conscience was not easy. He took it out again, looked closely at it, turned it over and over, but the horse would not quit the coin. He saw two words engraved beneath the feet—"Nunquam retrorsum." That was Latin; he could not understand it. Perhaps his minister could tell him that it meant something which would quiet his mind in keeping the money. He went to the minister

at once, but only asked him to translate the words, telling him nothing of the reason for wishing to know.

"That is very easy, my friend," said the minister. "Those words '*Nunquam retrorsum*' mean 'Never draw back.'" The peasant stood still a moment, and then said:

"That is for me; I am decided now. Since I began with the copper horse and went on to the silver horse, I will not draw back from my promise from love to a gold one. *Never draw back!*" So saying he gave his gold horse to the missions.

THE DYING HOUR.

Said one man, as his spirit was about to leave the body: "I would gladly give £30,000 to have it proved to my satisfaction that there is no such place as hell!" And another, looking back upon his past life, as his dying hour approached, said; "What a fool I have been!"

But how different is it with the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ! A well-known lady, who had rejoiced in the Saviour's love for many years, could face death without the slightest fear: "What a glorious prospect!" she exclaimed: "Christ is the rock upon which my feet are placed!" And another could say: "Christ is precious! The Lord is my trust!" And another dying saint remarked: "Had I a thousand tongues, they should all be employed in praising God; and had I a thousand lives, they should all be devoted to Him!"

Reader, perhaps your last words will one day be recorded. What will be the nature of them, do you think?

A young girl of fifteen, a bright, laughter-loving girl, was suddenly cast upon a bed of suffering. Completely paralyzed on one side, and nearly blind, she heard the family doctor say to her friends, who surrounded her, "she has seen her best days—poor child!" "O! no, doctor!" she exclaimed, "my best days are yet to come, when I see the King in His beauty."

“ I'LL DIE RICH ! ”

Some time ago, the ship *Britannia* was sailing along the southern coast of America. All apparently was going well, giving promise of a safe and prosperous voyage. On board was a large consignment of Spanish dollars; and special guard was taken of the casks which contained them.

One day, as the ship was passing the coast of Brazil, she struck on a rock, and instantly filled with water. All was hurry and confusion; but the precious casks with their riches were not overlooked. In the hope of saving some of them, they were brought on deck; but the leak gained so fast, and the ship was in such a sinking condition, that the only hope for life was to take at once to the boats.

Ah, of how little avail was the money then! The golden Spanish dollars, which would bring so much wealth and happiness to many families, were unthought of when life was in danger: men felt that dear life was worth more to them than money. The hungry sea was lashing round the ship, threatening every moment to engulf it; and what good could money do at such a time as that? Surely no one on board would even think of it!

The last boat was about to push off; it was the final chance for those on board, and a young midshipman, who was just stepping into the boat, mindful of his duty, rushed back to make sure that there was no one by any mischance being left in the now fast-sinking vessel. How great was his surprise to see a man calmly sitting on deck, with a hatchet in his hand, breaking open the casks, and heaping the money all about him.

“ What can you be thinking of ? ” shouted the young man, “ What are you doing ? Don't you know the ship is sinking fast ? A few minutes more, and she would go down ! ”

“ She may go down, ” said the infatuated man; “ but I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and now I am determined that I'll die rich ! ”

The young midshipman vainly pleaded with him to escape, while escape was pos-

sible, by coming into the boat; but the only answer was a flourish of his hatchet as he deliberately began to open another cask. Seeing that his most pressing entreaties were in vain, the young man hastened away to save his own life. He jumped into the boat, and the crew pulled away rapidly, leaving the money-seeker to his self-chosen fate. A few minutes more, and the ship heeled over and sank beneath the waves. The last view that they had of the man showed that he was still sitting among the shining heaps of gold.

Did he die rich? He died poor, immeasurably poor for the next world. He risked his life for gold, and he lost his life. “ What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? ” The man had the opportunity of being saved; but he would not heed the entreaties of his friend. Safety was offered to him; yea, he was begged to leave his gold and enter the boat, but he first neglected, then finally rejected, all offer of escape, and went to his doom. He was not lost because he had no opportunity of being saved; but because he refused it. Like him, if we are lost, it will not be because we had no opportunity; but because, having had every warning and pleading that God can give, we have rejected his way of escape, and deliberately chosen our own way. God gave his well-beloved Son, his only Son, to die for us; and unless we come as poor, lost, guilty ones, deserving of hell, and accept his salvation, we shall be eternally lost; for it is written, “ Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. ” — *Illus. Fly Leaves.*

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

March 6.—Gen. 22: 1-14. Memory vs. 10-13.

Abraham Offering Isaac.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GEN. 22: 8. CATECHISM. Q. 12.

Introductory.

How long a time was there between this lesson and the past?

What were the principal events of this interval?

Where was Isaac born? When?

What had God promised concerning him?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Trial of Faith. vs. 1, 2.

What did God do to Abraham?

Meaning of *tempt*?

Where was Moriah?

How did this command try Abraham's faith?

Why did God thus try him?

How does he sometimes try our faith?

Why?

What is said of the trial of faith in 1 Pet. 1: 7?

II. The Obedience of Faith. vs. 3-10.

What did Abraham do?

How long was he upon the journey?

What did he do when he saw the place?

What question did Isaac ask?

What was Abraham's answer?

How did Abraham show his complete obedience?

Why was he ready to slay Isaac? Heb. 11: 17-19.

What is faith in Jesus Christ?

How must we show the reality of our faith?

III. The Reward of Faith. vs. 11-14.

How was Abraham prevented from sacrificing Isaac?

How were his faith and obedience rewarded?

What sacrifice was offered instead of Isaac?

Of what greater sacrifice does this remind you? Phil. 2: 8.

What name did Abraham give to the mountain? Why?

What other instance of the reward of faith do you remember?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God often tries the faith of his children.

2. That he will give them strength to stand the trial.

3. That complete and prompt obedience is the proof of faith.

4. That if we trustingly obey God he will take care of us.

5. That Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain for us.

March 13.—Gen. 28: 10-22. Memory vs. 15-17.
Jacob at Bethel.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GEN. 28: 10. CATECHISM. Q. 13.

Introductory.

Who were Esau and Jacob?

What was the cause of Esau's hatred of Jacob?

What effect did it produce?

Whither did Isaac send Jacob?

For what purpose?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Jacob's Vision. vs. 10-15.

Where did Jacob stop in his journey?

What did he do there?

What was his dream?

Who stood above the ladder?

Whom did God declare himself to be?

What did he promise Jacob?

How were these promises fulfilled?

What are God's works of providence?

II. Jacob's Pillar. vs. 16-19.

How did Jacob feel when he awoke?

What did he say?

How did he mark the place?

What name did he give it?

Meaning of *Bethel*?

What made it *the house of God and the gate of heaven*?

III. Jacob's Vow. vs. 20-22.

What vow did Jacob make?

How did he show his faith? vs. 15.

When did he afterward perform and repeat this vow? (See Gen. 35: 6, 7, 14.)

How should we give? 2 Cor. 9: 7.

What vows should we make to God?

How should we pay them?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God is always with us, and will help us in time of need.

2. That if we have his presence and favor we are safe.

3. That Christ is our leader; through him we have access to God.

4. That our vow should be, "The Lord shall be my God."

5. That gifts of mercy call for returns of duty.

6. That giving is a part of worship.

March 26.—Gen. 32: 9-12, 24-30. Mem. vs. 28-30.

Jacob's New Name.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GEN. 32: 26. CATECHISM, Q. 14.

Introductory.

Where did Jacob go from Bethel?

How long did he remain there?

Whom did he marry?

How was he prospered?

Why did he leave Laban?

Whither did he go?

Why did he fear Esau?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Pleading with God. vs. 9-12.

What is prayer?

What was Jacob's prayer?

What promises did he plead?

What confession did he make?

What thanks did he give?

What should we do when we are in trouble? Ps. 50: 15.

What counsel does the apostle give us in Phil. 4: 6?

II. Wrestling with God. vs. 24-26.

Who wrestled with Jacob?

What is he called in verse 30?

What in Hos. 12: 4?

How long did the wrestling continue? Of what was it an emblem?

How did the angel show his power?

What did he request?

What did Jacob reply?

How should we imitate him?

III. Prevailing with God. vs. 27-30.

What did the angel inquire?

What did Jacob answer?

What new name did he receive? Why?

How did Jacob prevail with God?

In whose power?

What blessing did he seek?

What blessing did he obtain?

What name did he give the place? Why?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we should be importunate in prayer.

2. That we should persevere in prayer until we receive an answer.

3. That it is only in God's strength that we can prevail with him.

4. That God always answers prayer; if he does not give us the thing we ask, he gives us something better.

5. That power with God will give power with men.

March 27.—Gen. 1: 1-32: 32.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PS. 25: 14.

Review Exercise.

In what book have we been studying this quarter?

Why is this book called Genesis?

What does this book say about the origin of all things?

What have we learned of the creation of man?

What did God do on the seventh day?

What tree was forbidden to Adam and Eve?

What was to be the penalty of eating of this tree?

What did the serpent say to the woman?

What did the woman do?

What offerings did Cain and Abel bring?

How were the offerings received?

What did Cain do in his wrath?

Why did God destroy the world with a flood?

How did the Lord call Abram?

What did the Lord promise him?

What did Abram and his family do?

What was Lot's choice?
 What was the character of the men of Sodom?
 What are we told of Abram's faith?
 For the sake of how many righteous men did the Lord promise to spare Sodom?
 How did the Lord destroy Sodom?
 With what command did the Lord try the faith of Abraham?
 With what vision was Jacob favored at Bethel?
 What promise did God renew to Jacob?
 What token of blessing did the Lord give Jacob at Penuel.

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review and Catechism questions. — *Westminster Teacher*

DON'T STEP THERE.

A man started out for church one icy Sabbath morning, and presently came to a place where a little boy was standing, who, with choking voice, said:

"Please don't step there."

"Why not?"

"Because I stepped there and fell down," sobbed the little fellow, who had thus taken it upon himself to warn the unwary passer-by of the danger into which he had fallen.

There are many men in the world who have good reasons for giving such warnings as this. The man who has trod the hard and slippery paths of intemperance, as he sees the young learning to take the first glass of spirits, or wine, or beer, has good reason to say to them, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down." The man who has indulged in gambling till he is despised by others and abhorred by himself, has good reason to say to the young when they are entering on the same course, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

How many there are to-day in prison and convict settlements, with reputations ruined and lives blasted, who could say to the young man tempted to enter the paths of dishonesty and wrong-doing, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down."

It is well for us to be warned by the sad experience of others, and it is sometimes a duty for those who have fallen by these temptations to lift a warning voice. There are slippery places all around us, and thousands are passing heedlessly along. Let us entreat them to beware, and as we remember the bitter experiences of our own sinful lives, let us say to those who are just yielding to such temptations, "Don't step there, for I stepped there and fell down." — *Baptist Weekly*.

MISSIONARY SEARCH STORY.

In a city famous for its beauty and luxury, a company of Christians are gathered for prayer and fasting. Crowds of pleasure-seekers pass the door on the way to the gardens and groves for which the city is famed; but their shouts and songs do not reach the ears of these earnest men and women. A great work is before them, even that which is before boys and girls of the mission bands of to-day. They are to send the gospel of our Lord and Saviour to the heathen world. There are two men in the company to whom all hearts turn. One is the minister, from whom many of those present first learned of the love of Christ; the other has been dwelling among them for more than a year, teaching and strengthening them in the knowledge of Christ. These two men have just returned from a home missionary journey to their brethren in another city, who are suffering sorely from famine and the persecution of a wicked king. Now these same beloved ministers are to be sent forth with the bread of life to those who have never known that bread. The decision is made. Again the Christians meet to fast and pray; and then, alone, without riches, without armies, without any flourish of trumpets, these two go forth from that little church to begin the conquest of the heathen world for Jesus.

Where was this missionary meeting held? When? Who were the two men? What home missionary journey is referred to? Read Acts xiii. — *Children's Work for Children*.

"PALM BEARERS."

When Christ, as King, descended
 The slopes of Olivet,
 The gladdest of all visions
 His sacred gaze that met
 Were throngs of Jewish children,
 That came in singing bands,
 And pressed about Him, bearing
 Palm branches in their hands.

O Saviour! may we children
 Strive on till life shall cease,
 To send to all the nations
 The palm-branch of Thy peace.
 And own our service, saying,
 As in Judean days,
 "Out of the mouths of children
 God perfecteth His praise."

"CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PAR-
 ENTS."

"Let the sickle alone," said a farmer to his son, who was left in the field while the reapers went to dinner. James obeyed his father for a time; but at length he grew lonesome, and took up a sickle "just to look at it." He then felt its edge, and then thought he would "cut one handful." In so doing he cut his little finger, inflicting a wound which rendered the middle joint useless for the rest of his life. When it was healed, an ugly scar and a stiff finger were lasting mementoes of his disobedience.

LITTLE THINGS.

"What are you doing, my love?" asked a grandmother of a little girl who was making a great effort to walk on tiptoe through the hall.

"I am trying to walk softly," she replied in a low voice, "for my mother has the sick headache, and the least noise, she says, will make her worse."

Now, was not a soft step a very little thing? And yet, little as it was, it made a suffering mother more comfortable and increased her love for the good child.—*Sunbeam.*

TELL IT OUT.

Tell it out among the heathen
 That the Lord is King,
 Tell it out among the nations;
 Bid them shout and sing;
 Tell it with adoration
 That He shall increase;
 That the mighty King of Glory
 Is the King of Peace.
 Tell it out with jubilation,
 Though the waves may roar,
 That he sitteth on the waterfloods,
 Our King for evermore.
 Tell it out among the nations
 That the Saviour reigns,
 Tell it out among the heathen,
 Bid them burst their chains;
 Tell it out among the weeping ones
 That Jesus lives,
 Tell it out among the weary ones
 That rest He gives;
 Tell it out among the sinners
 That He came to save,
 Tell it out among the dying,
 That He triumphed o'er the grave.

THE TIGER AND THE PEASANT.

A tiger who was out for a walk came to the cabin of a peasant and knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" demanded the peasant.

"It is I, the tiger."

A gun was poked out of a window and the tiger received a mortal hurt. As he rolled on the ground in his dying agonies, he gasped:

"Ungrateful man! I was intending simply to pay you a friendly call!"

"A, yes!" sighed the peasant; "but the difficulty of distinguishing a good tiger from a bad one is so great, I make it a rule to fire upon all."

Moral:—There are no honest strong drinks.—*Mess.*

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*