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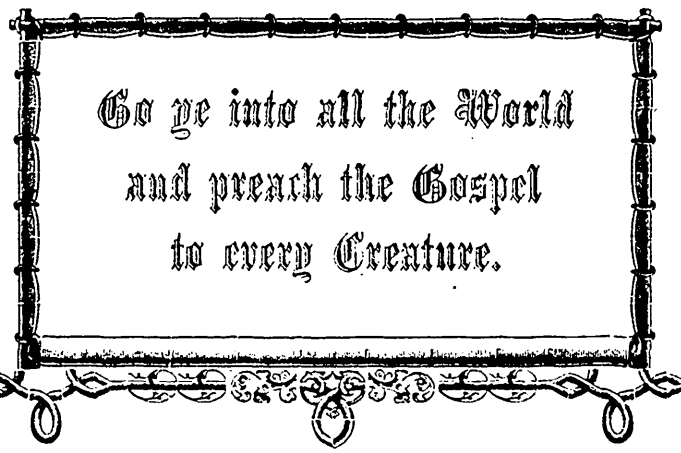
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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

VOL. 1.      SEPT., 1886.      No. 9

## The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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All communications to be addressed to

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

## The Sabbath School Lessons.

Sept. 5. John 15: 1-16, Memory, vs. 4-6.

Jesus the True Vine.

GOLDEN TEXT. John 15: 5, Catechism, Q. 93.

The supper was ended. Jesus had comforted His disciples and then He said, "Arise, let us go hence. It is probable that they arose from their reclining position that Jesus spake to them the address of the 15th and 16th chapters, offered the prayer given in the 17th, and then, as related in chap. 18, they went out over the brook Kedron.

*Close the Bible and answer.*

What is the title of this lesson?

Repeat the Golden Text.

Repeat the Catechism and verses.

What does Christ call Himself?

What does He call the Father?

Who are the branches?

What kind of fruit does He wish? Gal. 5: 22.

What is done to fruitless branches?

What is done to fruitful ones?

How does God prune his trees?

He cuts off worldly joys, hopes, etc.

Why does God thus prune the branches?

It is pleasant or painful? Heb. 12: 11.

Is pruning profitable? Heb. 12: 6-11.

What branches does God prune?

What cleanses besides pruning?

Where must the Christian abide to bring forth much fruit?

Who abides in the Christian?

What is the result of such abiding?

What if we abide not in Christ?

What is the chief end of man?

How is God glorified?

What is the fruit of the Spirit?

What is the proof of discipleship?

Do you give this proof?

Whose commands did Christ keep?

What does that shew?

Why had Christ spoken all these things unto them?

Did Christ have joy?

Was He not a man of sorrows?

What gave Him joy?

What alone can give fullness of joy?

What was Christ's command?

Who is the great pattern of love?

What is the greatest stretch of human love?

What did God's love do? Rom. 5: 8.

What does Christ call His people?

How are Christ's friends known?

For what does Christ choose men?

Are you bringing forth fruit?

Remember the fruitless branch.

Sept. 12.—John 16: 5-20, Memory, vs. 8-11.

The Mission of the Spirit.

GOLDEN TEXT.—John 16: 13, Catechism, Q. 94.

*Close the Bible and answer.*

What is the subject of the lesson?

Repeat the Golden Text, Memory verses, and Catechism.

To whom was Christ going?

By whom had Christ been sent?

For what had He been sent?

Did they ask where He was going?

Were they glad that He should leave them?

Was it good that He should leave them?

What would they gain by His leaving?

Who was the Comforter?

Would He come if Christ did not go?

Who is the Holy Spirit?

What is His nature?

What is His power?

What is His work?

What did Christ say the Spirit would do?

Is the Spirit yet in the world?

Is He in your heart?

Did Christ teach the disciples all they needed to know?

Why not?

Who was to teach what He did not?  
 Of whom does the Spirit teach?  
 Whom does He glorify?  
 When Christ left them were they ever  
 to see Him again?  
 For how long would they not see Him?  
 What did He mean by "a little while?"  
 Did they know His meaning?  
 How would they feel His absence?  
 Would their sorrow be forever?  
 What would follow their sorrow?  
 What is the difference between the sor-  
 row of the world and that of Christians,  
 in its character, continuance and results?  
 Which is your sorrow?  
 Which is your joy?  
 Where is fullness of joy?  
 Have you that joy?

Sept. 19.—John 17: 1-3, 11-21, Memory, vs.  
 20, 21.

#### Jesus Interceding.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Heb. 7: 25, Catechism, Q. 95.

*Close the Bible and answer.*

What is the subject of this lesson?  
 Repeat, Golden Text, Memory verses,  
 and Catechism.

vs. 1-2.

To whom was Christ speaking in the  
 last two chapters?

To whom is He speaking now?  
 What does He call God?  
 What does He teach us to call Him?  
 What power is given to Christ?  
 For what purpose was it given?  
 What does Christ give His people?  
 What is Life Eternal?  
 What is the chief end of man?  
 Had Christ done that?  
 What work was Christ given to do?  
 Did He complete that work?

vs 11-21.

Who were now to separate?  
 Where was Christ going?  
 Where were the disciples left?  
 Who does Christ ask to keep them?  
 Who had kept them hitherto?  
 Who can keep you from falling?  
 Does Christ pray for you?  
 Do you pray for yourself?

Who of His disciples was lost?  
 What had Christ given the disciples?  
 What did the world think of them?  
 What does it think of them now?  
 Why does the world hate them?  
 What does Christ ask for them?  
 By what means does God sanctify His  
 people?  
 What is it to sanctify them?  
 Do you study that word?  
 Do you pray that it may cleanse you?  
 Did Christ pray only for them?  
 What is meant by, all being one?

#### Sept. 26.—Quarterly Review.

GOLDEN TEXT.—John 13: 1.

In what book have the lessons been?  
 In what chapters of the book?  
 What instances have been in these les-  
 sons of the power of Christ?  
 What instances of His wisdom?  
 What examples of His love?  
 What has been taught of His character?  
 What are the titles of the different  
 lessons?

Repeat the Golden Texts.

Ask and answer the questions of the  
 Catechism?

Do you know more of Christ from these  
 lessons?

Why should we learn about Him?  
 Are you growing more like Him?  
 Do you love Him better?  
 As you review Christ's life in these three  
 months lessons, how grand it seems.  
 What will He think of your life when  
 He reviews it at the last great day.

#### IN A MINUTE.

Children, don't say "In a minute,"  
 when mamma or papa tells you to do some-  
 thing. It is a very bad habit and gives  
 them a great deal of trouble. It does not  
 take any longer to pick up a basket of  
 chips or run to the store as soon as you  
 are told the first time than it will after  
 you have been spoken to half-a-dozen  
 times. And neither God, your parents  
 nor yourself will be as well pleased with  
 work done that way as with that done  
 cheerfully and promptly. Promptly means  
 right off, you know.

## LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN.

Will some of the children who read the RECORD send short letters to it, telling how they get their missionary money, telling of their mission bands, or Sabbath-schools. There will be a CHILDREN'S CORNER in it for children's letters. Come, children let the RECORD hear from you.

## IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Many of you have heard Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Annand, who have been visiting the church the last few years and telling of what God hath wrought in the far off South Seas.

Let me tell you of three customs that were common there when the missionaries went to them.

One was the killing of little children. When little girl babies were born they would sometimes be killed, and sometimes left to die in some lonely spot. Dr. Geddie knew a man who had killed and eaten his own child.

Another custom was killing widows. When a woman was married a strong cord was tied around her neck and it was never taken off during life. What do you think it was for? For strangling her when her husband died. Whenever he ceased to breathe, the wife was choked with the cord, some of her relatives holding her down, while others of them, often her eldest son, strangled her to death, that she might go with him to serve him in the other world. Both bodies were then taken out a short distance from the shore and dropped into the sea.

Strange to say those who were most strongly opposed to stopping the practice were the women themselves. They would be very angry with the missionaries whenever they attempted to save them.

A third practice was cannibalism, eating human flesh. If any shipwrecked sailors were cast away on these coasts they were killed and eaten. Captives taken in war were treated in the same way, and sometimes men and women were bought for a feast as we would buy sheep or oxen.

In the New Hebrides these customs

are now almost wholly done away. Even in the islands where there are no missionaries the influence of the gospel has in this way done them good. But there are some of the islands where there is yet no glad sound of the gospel. More missionaries are wanted and more money to send them, until all these dark islands shall be made light and glad with the Gospel.

## OUR MISSION FIELDS.

How many of them have we? Five. One in Trinidad and Demerara, one among the Indians in the North West, one in Formosa, one in Central India, and one far away in the South Seas. You can count these fields on your five fingers. Try and remember them.

Now for some questions which some of the children can answer in their letters for the "Children's Corner. If you do not know, ask your parents or teachers or any one who may be able to tell you.

## QUESTIONS ABOUT OUR INDIAN MISSIONS.

When did our Church first begin Mission Work in India?

Who was our first Missionary there?

How many Missionaries are now supported there by our Church?

What are their names?

How many native helpers are there?

Name the different stations in this field and the Missionary in each station.

Name the lady teachers from Canada engaged in this field.

## QUESTIONS ABOUT OUR MISSIONS IN TRINIDAD.

This is a mission to the people of India who have emigrated to Trinidad. It is like a little part of India set off by itself.

How many people from India are settled in Trinidad?

What are they called?

How was our Church led to begin Mission work among them?

Who was the first missionary?

What are the names of the Missionaries now there?

What missionaries in connection with the field have died?

How many schools are there in this Mission?

Name the lady teachers from Canada in Trinidad?

How many children attend these schools?

What are you doing to help them?

### THE INDIANS IN THE NORTH WEST.

Mr. McKay, one of the Missionaries, writes as follows: "On the day following our communion, we camped at noon near a small lake, and, hearing voices down near the water's edge, we came to one who was saying to those about him:

"I am an old man. I sometimes speak to our young men about God. They are willing to listen but I know so little about Him. I want to know more. All I know is the way He has led me. How often would I have been slain in the battles, were it not that God put his arm about me!" Then turning to Mr. McKay, he said, "You know much about God for you have his book. And I come to you to be instructed."

"This poor Indian is still a pagan; but he is spoken of by the rest of his band as a good man and as one that speaks to God.

"Another man brought his children to our school last winter. He said, "They are still pagans; but if they wish to become Christians, I shall put nothing in the way. If the Christian religion has more light in it than my religion then I shall be a Christian. The gods we worship do not seem to care for us. They do not pity our poor; they do not clothe our naked; they seem to be more helpless than we are ourselves."

The poor people long for light. Let us haste to tell them of Jesus who is the light of the world.

### LADY DUFFERIN.

Some of the older children remember Lord Dufferin who was Governor-General of Canada a few years ago. He is now Viceroy of India, ruler of more than two hundred millions of people, or nearly four times the population of the United States.

What do you think Lady Dufferin does? Live like a queen, give grand parties and such things? She spends her life in something better. Her heart was touched by the condition of millions of women in India, shut up in their zenanas, ignorant of God, of holiness, of happiness and heaven, suffering when sick because no physician was allowed to visit them and give them medicine, and she is doing what she can to make their lot happier and better. She is seeking to have them educated both in the things that belong to this life and the next. She does honor to her high position by favoring and helping the missionaries in their work.

### WON'T.

"I will not" said a little boy, stoutly, as I passed along. His tone struck me.

"What won't you do?" I stopped and asked.

"That boy wants me to 'make believe' something to my mother, and I won't!" he said, in the same stout tone.

The little boy is on the right road. That is just one of the places to say "won't." I hope he will stick to it.

"Won't" is not a pretty word for children, but it is the right one when asked to deceive.

### OUR HYMN.

"I am a little one,  
But Jesus knows me;  
My little feet must run  
Where Jesus shows me.

I have a little heart,  
But it keeps sinning;  
Jesus must help me start  
From the beginning.

My little tongue must raise  
Jesus' high glory,  
So through my little days  
I'll tell my story."

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

## THE HINDU GODDESS KALI.

Kali is the wife of Shiva; her whole delight is said to be in blood. Those who wish to please her offer up the blood of bulls, but those who wish to please her most offer up their own blood. In one of her temples near Calcutta there is a great feast in her honor once a year. Early in the morning crowds assemble there with the noise of trumpets and kettledrums. There are certain wild, fierce-looking men, adorned with flowers, and they go to the temple, where a blacksmith awaits them. One puts out his tongue, and the blacksmith cuts it; another chooses rather to have an iron bar thrust through his tongue to please Kali. Some thrust iron bars and burning coals into their sides. The boldest mount a wooden scaffold, and throw themselves down upon iron spikes beneath, stuck in bags of sand. But there was another more painful way of pleasing Kali, which is called the swing. Those who determined to go through this allowed the blacksmith to drive hooks into the flesh of their backs, and hanging by these hooks they swung in the air. Their faces were daubed with yellow paint to hide their pain, to deaden which they also took something, pretending that their goddess made them feel nothing. Round their legs they tied strings of little bells, and though the drums were beating, their cries of pain could sometimes be heard. Sometimes rich men paid poor ones to swing in their place.

And why all these cruel tortures? To please Kali, and make people wonder and admire: for the multitude around shout with joy as they see these horrible sights.

Little girls enjoy these sights. A missionary, who taught heathen children near Calcutta, missed one of her scholars one day. Next day the child was in her place as usual; her teacher asked her where she had been. "My mother took me to see the great goddess Kali." "Did Kali speak?" "No." "Do you think she heard you?" The little girl hesitated. At last she said: "No, I fear not. Other stone things cannot generally hear."

"Did she look at you lovingly, as if she were pleased with your offering?" The child laughed and said: "Mem Sahib, you never have seen Kali, or you would not ask such a question. She is a great frightful black stone woman, with a necklace of human skulls round her, and she has a red tongue, and she is dancing on the dead body of a man who was her husband." The child could say nothing more in favor of Kali; but instead of owning she was wrong, she replied: "But it did me good to see the idol; it does everybody good; mother says it does, and I am sure I felt it." Poor little girl! brought up to worship the horrid Kali, instead of "gentle Jesus, meek and mild."—*Indian Female Evangelist.*

## WORSHIPING THE MOTHER OF SNAKES.

A heathen mother said to her child: "You have done wrong; Monosa, the Mother of Snakes, is very angry with you. Come to her temple and pray to her, that she may not send dreadful punishment upon you."

To the temple they went—a dark, gloomy place, covered with garlands.

When they got there the little boy took a pot of leaves and flowers and put it on his head, and with some other boys that were there danced around a large live snake kept in a basket near the idol.

There was music, and the boys shouted and sang aloud; then the snake lifted itself from the basket and moved its head backwards and forwards.

The boys, thinking that the god must be pleased with their offerings, began to dance faster and faster, and to sing louder and louder, till they grew dizzy and fell down to the ground.—*The Little Missionary.*

Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give;  
But as pennies make the guineas,  
It may help some cause to live.

## MOTHER'S FACE.

Three little boys talked together,  
 One sunny summer day,  
 And I leaned out of the window,  
 To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"  
 One of the little boys said,  
 "Was a bird in grandpa's garden,  
 All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"  
 Said the second little lad,  
 "Was a pony at the circus,  
 I wanted him awful bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow,  
 With a grave and gentle grace,  
 "That the prettiest thing in all the world  
 Is just my mother's face."

—Good Cheer.

## SAVING THE BABY.

The captain and mate of an English ship, waiting for a cargo in a Chinese port, took a small boat one day, and went on shore to see what they could find in the beautiful land of flowers which looked so charmingly from the harbor. The Chinese are very fond of flowers, and cover their hills with many kinds of bright-colored azaleas, poppies, pinks, honeysuckles, roses, and other lovely flowers.

The captain climbed the steep bank from the beach, and there he saw the strange group. Three Chinamen with spades were hastily shoveling the sand and stones on the beach, in which they had made a place to bury a little child alive.

When the captain and the mate saw what they were doing and heard the cries of the child, they shouted to them to stop, waving their hats to make them see them. One of the men looked around and saw the strangers coming, and they all stopped in their dreadful work.

The captain soon reached them and drove them away with his sword; then he took the poor little thing and gave her to her nurse, who was standing near, wringing her hands and crying to see the baby

in the horrible sand-pit screaming with fright, with no one to help her.

The father and mother were standing a little way off with a sacrifice of cooked meats and other offerings to be placed on the grave, and afterward to be taken home and eaten by the men who had buried their child.

The captain found out that the parents were poor people and did not want to take care of their little daughter; and as their government allows them to kill their girls by burying them alive or by drowning, unless they would rather sell them for slaves, these ignorant parents had chosen to kill their child in this way.

The mother did think enough of her little daughter to want her to have a good time in the other world; so, according to Chinese custom she had brought clothing and money to be burned on her grave, so that she could have them where she had gone. The Chinese believe that money, or anything they choose to make in their bamboo paper and burn on the graves of their friends, will be sent to them in smoke, and turn into the things they represent in the spirit-world. They make little houses, paper horses, sedan-chairs, filled with paper clothing, kites, lanterns, fans, and everything they think will be needed for celestial happiness and comfort.

Only think, dear children, of the strange custom of these people, and what a sad fate a little girl may have in China. They do not know about Him who loves little children, and who died to save them. They never heard

"That sweet story of old

When Jesus was here among men;  
 How he called little children as lambs to  
 his fold;"

or the other song you sing in Sabbath  
 school—

"Around the throne of God in Heaven."

Will you not pray for them, give to  
 send the gospel to them, and will not some  
 of you go yourselves to teach them about  
 Jesus.



"ONLY A LITTLE CHILD."

Only a little child!  
Yet, Lord, thou callest me;  
Therefore, confidently,  
I come to thee.

Only a little child!  
And though I sinful be,  
Thou, Lord, forgivest me!  
I come to thee!

Only a little child!  
Looking up, loving thee  
Because thou lovest me,  
I come to thee!

Only a little child!  
Brightly and cheerfully,  
Swiftly, obediently,  
I come to thee!

Only a little child!  
Thou wilt my father be,  
Till in eternity  
I dwell with thee.

—*Children's Friend.*

CHINESE CRUEL SUPERSTITION.

BY THE REV. J. SADLER, OF AMOY.

In this part of the country there are more pitiable proofs than usual of the great hold superstition has on the minds of the people.

When a father is sick, the idol is brought, and the sorcerer, as its mouth-piece, states what is to be done. He finds out how much money the person has, and accordingly gives his directions. First, it is ordered that offerings be presented to the small god of the place, to see whether his ability is sufficient; if not, then the superior deity in the prefecture, some distance away, must be tried, and this at larger expense. If he fail, there must be offerings to Heaven, as the highest power. These offerings are so ordered as to tax the funds of the sick man's family to the utmost. Often fields have to be sold to meet the outlay, and after this, one child after another. Thus I heard last night of several

children sold out of one family! It will happen that after all the father dies.

This week we have heard of affectionate parents being frightened into casting away their first-born son. The other children were all girls, and therefore the boy would naturally be the more valued. The fortune-teller was called in to report on the new arrival. He duly consulted the year, month, day and hour of the boy's birth, and then reported thus: "If you bring him up, he will be the death of his parents. Neither must you sell him. You must cast him away."

You may imagine the distress of the parents. But there was no help. So they took the little fellow some distance from their home, and left him at the roadside. A peddler came along, took him up, carried him off, and sold him for a trifling sum. When it was too late the parents found, from another fortune-teller, that the boy was really worth bringing up!

HINDU BOYS AND MISSIONARIES.

As a rule the Hindu boys of India respect and esteem the missionaries. A missionary writes, about them as follows:

Some of them meet us on the road and say, "Sahib, are you going to preach?" They will gather around me and ask for books and tracts. One day a boy said, "Sahib, please give me a tract?"

"Can you read?" I asked.

"Yes, Sahib," he replied.

"Then stand in this place, and read out loud this page." He commenced to read and the people gathered to hear what he read about Jesus, and then I explained it to them.

"How many gods are there?" I sometimes ask. If it is a boy just come from his heathen home he will answer, "There are 330,000,000 gods." Another boy who has heard the missionaries preach will say, "There is one God."

"What is sin?" I ask. A Mohamudan boy answers, "Worshipping idols;" a Hindu boy answers, "Eating beef is sin." Do you not desire that they shall all know of Jesus?

## A SEA-FARING BIBLE.

The young people who read the CHILDREN'S RECORD have their Mission ship, the *Dayspring*, which sails among the islands of the New Hebrides, carries missionaries and teachers, food and houses for them, and in many ways helps on the good work. Do not forget your ship, children. She is doing a good work. Other missionary Societies have their ships too. One society in the United States has a missionary ship called the *Morning Star*. They have had several ships of that name. When one got wrecked and they built a new one they called her by the old name. Let me tell you a story connected with that *Morning Star*, as it is told in a children's paper called the "Mission Dayspring."

"About twenty years ago the second *Morning Star* was lying in Boston harbor, putting in her cargo, and preparing to sail for the Micronesian Islands. Troops of children went to visit her. One day there came on board a very precious thing. It was a nice large Bible, given by two little children. On the outside were the words *Morning Star* in gilt letters. On the inside of the fly-leaf was written :

"Presented, Oct. 12, 1866, by Annie Williams and John Todd, little children of Rev. Charles J. Hill, Gloversville, New York, in grateful remembrance of deliverance in shipwreck, June 22, 1866."

The Bible was soon sailing out with the little ship, and was used a great deal at prayers and other religious exercises. For three years it went back and forth from Honolulu to the Micronesian Islands, carrying its precious message from place to place. At last, one bright day in Oct., 1869, the *Morning Star* was starting off from Kusaie to go to Honolulu. There were some missionaries on board going to America, very happy that they were so soon to see the dear ones at home; and you can imagine how joyfully they sang "Homeward Bound" at evening prayer.

When the captain went on deck after supper, he found that the ship was dangerously near the rocky shore. He tried

very hard to keep her out in deep water, but she soon struck a rock, and began to fill with water. The missionaries and other people on board got into the little boats as quickly as they could, and although they thought at one time some of them would be drowned, they were soon safely on land."

There were only a very few things saved from the ship, but some one thought of the Bible, and it was taken on shore. Afterwards the captain wrote in it:

"Saved from the wreck of the second *Morning Star*, Oct. 18, 1869."

After a long month of waiting the missionaries and others went on to Honolulu in a small ship called the *Annie Porter*, and they took the Bible with them. When it was known in America that the second *Morning Star* was wrecked, the children went to work with a will and built another; and about a year afterward she went booming around into Honolulu harbor with the flags flying and all sails set."

In all the rejoicings over the new ship, as well as in the trials of the old one, they remembered the Bible, which was brought on board, and Capt. Matthews wrote in it:

"Transferred to the third *Morning Star*, July 22, 1871."

So our Bible went back again to the islands, and for twelve long years it went about among them doing its beautiful work of comfort to the missionaries, and giving good news to the ignorant islanders.

About two years and a half ago the third *Morning Star* was wrecked near Kusaie. Mrs. Rand, a missionary who was on board, describes it like this:

"I was sitting in the cabin braiding Mabel's hair when the crash came. The jar threw us over to the opposite side of the cabin, where we had to hold on for dear life. Mabel screamed and said, 'Oh, save my doll!' A Kusaien who came on board before we struck, tried to keep her from being afraid by telling her he would save her; but it was of no use; she could not stop crying until after we had left the wreck. Every crash seemed as if it would break the vessel in pieces. We managed to get to the companion way, which seemed

to be the safest place while the masts and spars were falling. The foremast broke away, and the mainmast was cut away, and then it was thought to be safe for us to leave the ship.

"Mabel and I were picked up from the deck, and dropped into the arms of a sailor who stood in a boat ready to catch us: and then, with natives outside to steady the boat, we were pulled safely through the breakers. When I looked back and saw our dear little vessel on her side, dead as it were, my tears fell thick and fast. There were no lives lost, and the cargo was all saved."

With the cargo the precious Bible was taken on shore, once more saved from another wreck, and Capt. Garland wrote in it:

"Saved from the wreck of the third *Morning Star*, Feb. 22, 1884."

Now it is on board our own new *Morning Star*, and we hope it will stay there a great many years. The last writing in it is:

"Transferred to the fourth *Morning Star*, June 22, 1885."

Capt. Bray says of it:

"This book has sailed the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It has rounded stormy Cape Horn. It has seen two shipwrecks, has been opened and read at many religious exercises on the vessels; and now it has come to our new steamer, sound in body, with the gilt words *Morning Star* on the cover still distinct, and ready and good for further service. Surely Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away."

#### WHAT ARE BABOOS.

Children, you may have noticed that the word Baboo is often used in the letters of the missionaries in Trinidad and India, when they speak of some of the natives. Mr. Grant in Trinidad, sometimes speaks of "Baboo LalBihari," his assistant. What do you think the word means? It is a respectful word, meaning in the first instance, a wealthy native, or one who lives at ease. Mr. Spurgeon, a

missionary in India writes: "So you see, dear young friends, that when we meet an educated, well dressed, and polite native, we do not speak in irony or ridicule as we say, "Good morning, baboo." It is as respectful as though we said to him, "Good morning, sir." There are baboos, who are very learned as well as very rich. One of them was a great friend of mine, and he used to read the Bible very much. Every morning, I believe, he put on his table a picture of Jesus with a crown of thorns on His head, and then opening his Bible, he read a few verses and closed his eyes to think it over. "Why do you do so, baboo?" I asked him one day. "Because I want to be like Christ," he replied. It was an English Bible that he read. He was the head schoolmaster of a large school. There are hundreds of baboos now in Bengal who can speak English, and many of them do not worship idols at all. Pray for them, dear young reader, that they may learn to worship God.

#### PULL AND REST.

"I never can learn all that," sighed a little one. And it was really quite a long column. Just then, her eyes rested upon an ant, tugging along with a big burden. She forgot the lesson, to look at the busy ant. What hard work it had, to drag that dead beetle! It would pull and rest, pull and rest, but got, at last, home. The little lass took up her book, and the spirit of the ant came to her. One pull at a time, one word at a time. She hung on to her lesson, as the ant to its load. And after a while, she sang out, "I know it. It isn't hard at all."—*Christian Observer*.

A saloon-keeper remarked that he never allowed his son to enter the bar-room. On hearing this a young man who had been a hard drinker said, "If the rum-seller will not permit his son to enter the bar-room, I never will enter it again." Boys, keep out of the saloon, the pool-room, and the ten-pin alley; for you are safe only on the outside.

## A MISSIONARY SONG.

Tune—"Flee as a Bird to your Mountain."

Hark to the cry of the heathen  
Yonder in isles of the sea,  
Borne on the wings o'er the ocean,  
It comes to the Church and to thee.  
O it comes to the Church and to thee.

CHO.—Millions in darkness are sighing,  
Brothers in peril are lying;  
Haste ye, the heathen are dying,  
The Saviour would save fallen man,  
O the Saviour would save fallen man.

In China the millions need Jesus,  
India still gropes in the night,  
Japan opens her gates to the gospel,  
Africa pleads for the light,  
O dark Africa pleads for the light.

Workers abroad faint and weary,  
Ranks death and sickness make thin,  
Help to them send and be speedy,  
There's time still the battle to win,  
O there's time still the battle to win.

Bring now the tithes to the storehouse,  
Think what the Master brought thee,  
Prove now thy love and devotion,  
By gifts worthy, costly and free,  
O by gifts worthy, costly and free.

## TATTOOING.

On the dark skinned natives of Polynesia tattooing seems to serve the purpose of dress, for it is said that men who are well covered with the tattoo hardly seem so nearly naked as they really are.

This process is usually gone through with when lads reach the age of sixteen or eighteen, and without it they cannot be enrolled among the men. The pain caused by the operation is so severe that only a small portion of the body can be done in one day. The lads would die under the suffering if it were long continued. The following account of the way in which a Samoan lad is tattooed is given by Rev. Mr. Wood, in his interesting book, *The Natural History of Man*:

"The tools are simple enough, being a set of five 'combs' and a little mallet. The combs are made of human bone, and

are an inch and a half in length, varying in width from the eighth of an inch to an inch, and looking very much like little bone adzes with the edges cut into a number of teeth. These blades are attached to handles about six inches in length. The pigment which is introduced into the wounds is made from the ashes of the coconut. All being ready, the young man lies on his face in front of the operator, and lays his face in the lap of his sister or some other female relation, while three or four young women hold his legs and sing at the top of their voices in order to drown any groans or cries that he may utter. This is done out of consideration for his reputation, as it is thought unworthy of the state of manhood to utter a sound. Still the pain is so intense that the lads often do utter groans, and now and then actually yell with the pain. In one or two instances they have been so utterly overcome with the agony, that after they have been released they have not dared to submit themselves again to the operator, in which case they are despised for life as cowards."

It is said that it takes one hour to tattoo a place about three inches square. After a week has passed, and the swelling has gone down in some degree, another patch is done, and so on, the process often consuming several months, at the end of which the boy comes out a *man*. Then comes a great feast and dance to celebrate the event.

This makes a very expensive "suit of clothes," but the suit will not wear out in a life-time.

In many of the islands of Polynesia where the gospel has been preached, tattooing has ceased altogether. For the natives on becoming Christians see that the custom is useless and foolish. Moreover, as soon as the gospel is received, these naked islanders begin to clothe themselves, and their tattooing would not be seen. It is one of the blessings for which boys especially should be thankful that they live in a land where it is not necessary to go through such tortures before they can become men.

## DIME NOVELS.

*(For the Children's Record.)*

## DEAR CHILDREN:

A boy, 16 years of age, has lately committed a most horrible murder in Kansas. With his own hand and by the use of a large hatchet and butcher knife he put to death his father, mother, sister, and brother. Previous to the commission of this foul deed he had been a boy well spoken of, and now stoutly denies that he ever did it. No words were spoken to make him angry and nobody urged him to commit the cruel murder.

What a wicked boy! you will say, surely he must have been maddened with rum! No, rum did not cause him to do it. It is said that he was a constant reader of novels, with their deeds of excitement and blood, and several times expressed a desire to become a hero. This is not the first case that has occurred of boys and girls who read novels being incited to such deeds of evil.

What a warning to the young. I wonder if any of the boys and girls who read the CHILDREN'S RECORD, also read the dime novel. Let the sad case of the boy in Kansas be a warning to you. Remember your character and feelings are largely formed and influenced by the kind of books you read. The Kansas boy's reading of dime novels moulded his character and wrought upon his feelings, and at length led him to commit a bloody crime. Though you may read novels and never commit murder, yet, continue reading trashy literature and it will surely mould and fit your character, not for holiness and heaven, but for sin and misery. D.

## A DIALOGUE ABOUT A MISSIONARY HEN.

HARRY—Mamma, can I have a missionary hen?

MAMMA—What is a missionary hen?

HARRY—Why, don't you know? It is a hen that you put eggs under, and when she hatches out the chickens, and they grow large enough you sell them, and give

the money to the missionaries.

MAMMA—Rather a long but very good definition. Who told you about the missionary hen?

HARRY—Mr. Jones. He was telling us how to raise missionary money.

MAMMA—And this hen was one of the ways. Well, what did this particular hen do?

HARRY—She hatched eighteen chickens and the man who owned her sold the chickens for four dollars and fifty cents, and gave it in the missionary collection.

MAMMA—That was a good hen, and I am sure she will prove quite a success in the mission cause if she continues.

HARRY—If you would let me have old Betty, the brown hen, I'm sure I could raise some chickens.

MAMMA.—I will give you the hen if you will feed and tend the young chickens until they can be sold.

HARRY—To be sure I will, and thank you very much, mamma. I shall have a lot of money to give if old Betty does her part.

MAMMA—I knew of a little girl who had a hen, but instead of raising chickens, she sold the nice fresh eggs which the hen laid, and made one dollar, and sometimes more, every month, which she gave to missions.

HARRY—Do you think I could save Betty's eggs and sell them?

MAMMA—I am sure you can sell all that she lays. Her eggs are very large and nice, and Mrs. Watson said that she would pay fifty cents a dozen for them, and buy them every week.

HARRY—That's good! Now, I'll have plenty of money to give to missions. I'm going to call Betty, Chang Lee's hen, because all the money from our class goes to support Chang Lee, a little Chinese orphan boy.

MAMMA—I am sure you will be much happier in thinking of and helping others, than if you were to spend the time and money for your own amusement.

HARRY—And now I must begin to save Betty's eggs, and as fast as I sell them, the money shall go in the little tin box until missionary Sunday.—Sel.

## BREAKING CASTE.

It is not easy for those who live in this land where all are equal before the law, to understand the fearful bondage in which the people of India are held by their theories of caste. The following story which is taken from an account sent by Rev. Dr. Scudder of the Arcot mission to the *Source and Mission Monthly*, gives a good illustration of the power of this caste system:

"One day last year there came to a Christian school in Madana-palle, India, a boy about seventeen years old. He was a 'high-caste' boy; that is, he belonged to a class of people who think themselves better than some other classes. He wanted to get an education and asked the teachers to take him into their school. The teachers said to each other, 'This boy does not know what he will have to give up if he comes to live with Christians. We must tell him all the risk he takes, and give him time to think about it before we say yes.' So they gave him some work to do and found a house for him to stay in, with a man of his own caste. This caste is called *Bulgee*. Then they told him that if he should come to live at the school he would have to eat with the other scholars and that would 'break his caste' and cut him off from all his family. No greater shame or grief could come to him, in the view of his people, than this. Only a few days had passed, when the teacher heard with surprise that the boy had already taken a meal with their scholars. His caste was already broken.

"The school-boys said that when he sat down to eat with them his courage almost failed. He sat a long time over the food before he dared try to taste it. At length, he lifted it, but his hand trembled so that he could not guide it to his mouth. His hand fell powerless to his plate. Again and again he tried but again his hand fell. Finally he made a desperate effort and forced the food into his mouth. Since he had thus taken the step of his own choice, the teacher let him enter their school. He proved to be a pleasant boy, and it is

hoped he will now become a true believer in Jesus.

"Some time after he had begun his studies, his father came in search of him. He said that he had been going from village to village trying to find his son. He is a travelling priest, having temples under his care in different places. He gets a good income by leading in the worship of the idols, and has, besides, a good property in lands and cattle. He meant to have his son take his office and his property when he should die. So he was much distressed by his choosing to be a Christian. He came three times to persuade the boy to go home with him, and even pretended that his mother was very sick and wanted to see him. But he did not succeed in getting him away."

What great sacrifices this child of an idolater is willing to make! The children of Christian parents have no such trial. They cannot give their friends a greater joy than by choosing to learn the way of life and to walk in it. — *Mission Dayspring*.

## A CHINESE SCHOOL.

BY MISS ELLA J. NEWTON.

I have twenty-four Chinese schoolgirls now, with bright, sparkling eyes and heavy black hair, which they keep nice and smooth, and often adorned with flowers. Now, you must not think these girls are stupid and dull, for they are very full of life and fun, and they enjoy laughing and playing as well as American children. Just now there is a perfect fever for playing jack-straws, and their nimble fingers perform astonishing feats of skill.

Then they are very fond of playing ball, striking it with the hand as it bounds up from the floor, and not failing once for perhaps seventy or eighty times. But it is not all play, for they work very hard over their books, and are ashamed to have poor lessons.

Not long ago I found some of them were carrying their books to bed with them, that they might study with the first light in the morning. Do you know what kind of beds they sleep in? They are

some boards laid across two stools, instead of the *kung*. The girls all board here, and many of them go home only twice a year. They do most of the work in the house,—wash dishes, sweep, dust, wash floors, clean lamps, wash their own cloths, etc., and thus lead busy lives.

Christmas evening we had a tree in the schoolroom, and invited some of their friends in to see it. We had a little singing and speaking first, and then a fine time distributing the presents. Each girl had a handkerchief, a cake of toilet soap, a card, an American cent, and a little bag of crackers and candy. The handkerchiefs were folded to look like doors with the wings spread, and made the tree look very pretty.

None of our schoolgirls have bound feet, though several of them had when they came into school, and it was a pleasure to take off the ugly bandages and let the poor feet grow well and strong again. I feel so sorry for little girls who sometimes come to the house with tiny pinched, aching feet; and yet the worst of it is that many of them would rather bear the pain than have them unbound and be out of fashion, and have people laugh at them. They take as much pride in their deformed feet as American girls do in stylish new hats and ribbons.

It is very hard sometimes, when our schoolgirls walk along the street, to hear people make unkind remarks about them,—call them slave-girls, etc.; but they bear it bravely, and are now beginning to be known as Christians. Please remember to ask our heavenly Father to help each one of them to love Him so much, that when they go back to their homes they will each be little lights in the great darkness, and win souls to Jesus.—*Life and Light*.

#### A GIRL'S LIFE IN INDIA.

For the first seven or eight years of her life a Hindu girl is allowed a good deal of liberty. She has no lessons to learn; unless indeed her parents are persuaded to send her to the mission school.

Like English children of the same age little Indian girls are very fond of playing with dolls, and making grand feasts for them, and so much is thought of these playthings that it is not an unheard-of thing for rich parents to give their children as much as twenty-five pounds to waste upon a doll's wedding.

When a girl is seven or eight years old—the age when in England she would be just leaving the infant school—her father gives her in marriage, it may be to a boy scarcely older than herself, it may be to an old man. Until the wedding-day comes the poor little bride has never seen her bridegroom's face, perhaps never even heard his name.

All that she clearly understands about it is that it is a day of great rejoicings and feasting; that she is more gaily dressed than ever before in her life; and that, at the end of the evening (for Indian marriages are generally at night, like the marriage we read of in the parable of the ten virgins), she is parted from her mother and little brothers and sisters, and carried away to a strange house.

It would clearly be impossible for a baby-bride like this to keep house for her husband, so the newly-married couple go to live with the bridegroom's father and mother. If there are other married sons they also live at home, and so it often happens that there are four or five families collected under one roof. The management of the household is in the hands of the grandmother, or if she is too old for such cares, her place is filled by the eldest of the daughters-in-law. The women and children all live together in the woman's part of the house, or "zenana," as it is called, from two words which mean, "place for women."

From this time the wife must never be seen by any man but her own husband, and if she should accidentally meet even her brothers-in-law she must at once draw down her veil and cover up her face.

Shut up within four walls, from week's end to week's end, what do these poor prisoners find to do with themselves? They attend to their children, and if they

have not servants to do it for them, look after the cooking; but the long days pass heavily enough. Hardly one among them can read; nor have they books in their own language which would be fit for them to read. Great part of their time is spent in doing beautiful pieces of needlework.

The younger women often join the children in playing with their favorite dolls, while the older ones occupy themselves with games of cards. Such an idle life leaves plenty of time for gossiping and quarrelling, and you will easily fancy that unless the mother-in-law is a kindly, peaceable woman the little wife does not lead a very happy life. Until the birth of her first child she is generally allowed to spend half her time at her old home, and glad indeed must she be to find herself again with her own mother.

At one zenana which a lady missionary visited she found that the poor little wife eight years old had run away to her father's house, and refused to come back. Her mother-in-law was very angry with her, and threatened that her husband would punish her. At last she either came back herself or was brought back, and the visitor had to talk to the poor little thing and make her understand that it was naughty to run away.

The first few years of an Indian girl's married life are often very miserable, but as soon as a son is born to her she becomes happier again. All the family rejoices over this event, and the young mother will now be treated more kindly and with more respect than formerly. And how delighted she is, poor thing, to have a son of her own to nurse and care for!

When the boy comes to be named a great feast is made, and a number of women are invited to the house. In some parts of India it is the custom to place a number of small lamps round the cradle, and then for all to join in singing a hymn, while the cradle is gently rocked to and fro. After this the mother places in the baby's mouth some sugar or a drop of honey, at the same time repeating aloud his name. Names such as "Health," "Sight," "Peace," are the most common. From the time of

her first son's naming the mother loses her own name, and is known instead by her son's, just as if a woman called Alice were, after her baby's christening, to be always spoken of as "the mother of James."

Until a Hindu boy is old enough to go to school he is constantly with his mother, and naturally he learns to love her far more than his father. His mother nurses him and dresses him herself, and as he grows older tell him about the heathen gods, in whom she believes, and teaches him all that she knows, but alas! how little that is.—*F. E. Arnold Foster.*

#### BURNING PAPERS THINGS IN CHINA.

A missionary in China writes of a walk she took in a Chinese city, and of a remarkable shop she saw there was full of paper things. There was a little woman about the size of a large doll, and many much larger, all made of different colored papers. Outside the door was a horse made of paper, and a sedan chair. They were all made on purpose to be burned.

They burn horses and chairs so that they may go into the next world, and help their friends who have died to get along there. Very often, at a rich man's funeral a paper house is burnt for him to live in, in the next world, and a horse for him to ride on, and all sorts of clothes and paper money.

The story of the origin of this, as told by the Chinese, is as follows: Once there was a young girl who had only been married a few days to a rich man, a Chinese B. A., when he was sent off to see about the building of the Great Wall between China and Mongolia. He was away some time, and presently winter came on, and his wife fearing he would be cold, set off to walk to the Great Wall, carrying him some winter clothes. When she arrived there, she found that her husband was dead. And she sat down and cried, and cried, and cried, day after day till she died. Ever since then, the Chinese have burnt winter clothes and paper money for the dead in her honor.



## JESUS.

Jesus is our childhood's pattern:  
 Day by day like us He grew;  
 He was little, weak, and helpless,  
 Tears and smiles like us He knew:  
 And He feeleth for our sadness,  
 And He shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see Him  
 Through His own redeeming love,  
 For that Child so dear and gentle  
 Is our Lord in heaven above;  
 And He leads His children on  
 To the place where He is gone.

## GIVING TO MISSIONS.

Hattie French was only four years old, and she was given a mite-box in which she could put her missionary money. She had in another box twenty-five shining pennies. Her grandma asked her if she could not put some of them into the mite-box. "No," she said; "I wish them all myself." She thought over the matter, and finally decided to put in one penny.

Her grandma told her it was a good plan to ask Jesus to bless missionary pennies. So Hattie went to her room and asked Jesus to bless the penny. Then she came and put four more pennies in the box and said, "I'll ask Jesus to bless these too." She went to pray, and in a little while she brought all her pennies and put them in the mite box. Pray to Jesus to bless what you give.

"Children want two things as companions to their missionary boxes. One is prayer—put up a prayer with each penny you put in. The other is self-denial. God likes to see us giving what is really our own—what we might spend for ourselves if we choose; and He knows all about every penny there is in the world."

## GIVE FOR HEATHEN CHILDREN.

We pity the heathen children,  
 And wish that the time were come  
 When the God of the Bible—the only God,  
 Shall be honored in every home.  
 We pray for the heathen children,

In the lands beyond the sea,  
 For their souls are enslaved by Satan,  
 And the Gospel can set them free.

But our thoughts and words were nothing,  
 Our pity and prayers were vain,  
 If they led to no earnest effort,  
 To extend the Saviour's reign.  
 And therefore we give our money,  
 Our labor and our time  
 To advance the glorious kingdom  
 Of Jesus in every clime.

## "SOMETHING TO DO" MISSION BAND.

Two girls were walking together and one said: "Oh, Flossie, I've been thinking so much about the Something to Do song. What song is that, May?" said Flossie.

"We sing in Sunday-school—'Something on Earth for the Children to Do;' and the chorus says, 'To lead others to love the dear Saviour above.' We can do more than just give our pennies."

They talked it over and thought it would be nice to get the children to come together and talk and sing and pray about and for the heathen, and the next Sunday the pastor read this notice: "The first meeting of the Something to Do Mission Band will be held Saturday at 3 o'clock, in the Sunday-school room. We hope that all the children will come."

## JUGGERNAUT, A HINDU GOD.

Juggernaut is a celebrated god in India. His images are very ugly. Some of his temples are very grand. The Car-Festival was formerly a great event for the worshippers. The image of the god would be placed on a car and great multitudes would pull the car along, while many would cast themselves beneath the wheels of the car and be crushed to death. The British Government does not now permit the people to thus destroy themselves, but many still worship the hideous images, and expect to secure the favor of the god by so doing.