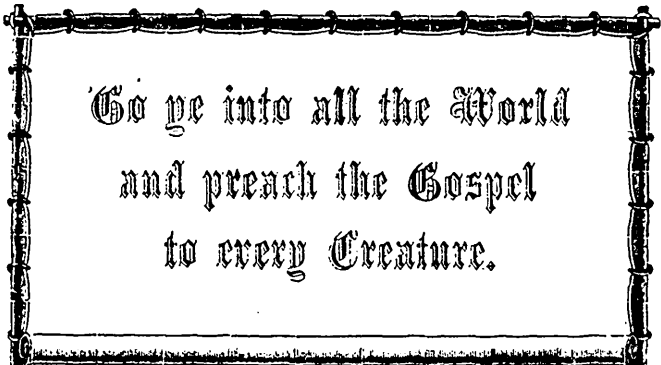





THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD






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



VOL. 1.

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A CHEERFUL GIVER.

The pastor preached on the text, "Not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

One of the children talked with her father about it. She said: "The preacher said everybody should give of their money to the Lord. Does he mean that children should give, or only big people?"

The father replied: "Little folks cannot give much, my child, but when they love Jesus they will give what they can to send the good news to little ones who have never heard that Jesus died for them."

"I wish I had thought of that before," said Bessie "because I have never given my own money, not my own, in the missionary box. The preacher said that all who gave *grudgingly* could get no blessing. What did he mean?"

"Grudgingly means unwillingly, giving what we would rather keep for ourselves. Why do you wish, my dear, to give to the Lord?"

"Because I love him, and I wish others to love him too!"

"Then you will be a cheerful giver, and you will find it is more blessed to give than to receive. But you are not only to give your money to Jesus, but should try to serve him in other ways. You can speak some words for Jesus and you can sing for Jesus, and so comfort and bless others. Be willing not only to give, but to work and even to suffer for Jesus' sake." *Sol.*

TUMBY.

BY MRS. W. E. DE RIEMER.

Sitting flat upon the sand,
With a plaintain in each hand,
Tawny face alive with joy,
Tumby, black-eyed Hindoo boy.

Hatless is his oily head,
Round his waist a cloth, bright red,
Shoeless are his chubby feet
Baking in the scorching heat.

Now he picks from tulip tree
Shiny leaf, for plate, you see,
Tumby's going to eat his rice,
That's his supper, ain't it nice?

Stars from out the heavens peep,
Tired of play he wants to sleep,
Archie's mat lies on the floor
Just before the open door.

Tumby stretches on the mat
Clasping tight his fingers fat.
Fast asleep our Hindoo boy
Full of fun and full of joy.

Can a heathen boy be gay?
Yes, but one thing sad to say -
How to go to heaven some day
Tumby doesn't know the way.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

The children in St. Pauls seem to enjoy the Ice Palace and the many winter sports connected therewith, almost or quite as much as the older folks. A little boy eight years old had been taught by his mother to offer prayer in words of his own, after saying "Our Father" and "Now I lay me." Full of joy for what he had already seen, and in anticipation of greater joy on the morrow, this is part of his evening prayer on the fifth day of the carnival: "I thank Thee, dear Father, for Thy great kindness in giving us so much pleasure during this carnival; and I ask Thee to help us to keep from thinking that the Ice Palace is better than heaven, but may we think with joy of our beautiful palaces up there."

WHO WILL BE A MISSIONARY.

The missionaries that will be among the heathen a few years after this, are now little boys and girls going to school. Some of you who are reading these words will likely go to tell the heathen of Jesus who saves his people from their sins. Will it not be a grand thing to tell those who never heard of it before how to be good here and have a happy home in heaven, and thus make bright and glad the lives that are now so dark in ignorance and sin.

Little missionary I would like to have a talk to you. You do not need to wait until you grow up to begin your missionary work. Begin now by trying to make your mother, and father, and little brothers and sisters, and playmates, happier, and then you will be better fitted for making the poor heathen happy.

MAY DAY.

Some of you have heard of May Day. The first day of May. A time of rejoicing and gladness because winter has passed and spring with its flowers has come.

Did you ever hear of such a thing as May-day in connection with our Church work? Let me tell you what it is. It is the beginning of our Church year. All through the year little folks and big folks are gathering money to carry on God's work. Sometimes we give to keep teachers in the colleges to teach young men to be ministers and missionaries. Sometimes we give to keep teachers in the schools that are teaching the Roman Catholics about Jesus. Sometimes we give to send Home Missionaries to places in our own country where people have little preaching. And sometimes we give to send missionaries to the heathen in New Hebrides, Trinidad, India, and China, and the poor Indians in the North West.

On the first of May in each year our Church Agents count up how much money has been given since the first of last May for all these things, and how much has been paid out. Sometimes they find not enough money has been given during the year to pay for all the work, and then

May-day is a sorry day. Sometimes they find the children and older people have given so much during the year to carry on God's work that there is enough and to spare, and then May-day is a glad day because so much has been done for God.

If the children as well as older people would do their duty we would always have a glad May-day in our Church work, and those to whom we send the Gospel would be made happy too.

God never fails to take away the winter and give us glad spring time for May-day. Let every little reader of the RECORD seek to do so much for God, that every Church May-day may be a happy one. Then will you yourselves be made glad, for the good book says that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

LETTER FROM MR. ANNAND.

Dear Children :

In a home where we were lately visiting, there is a little boy whose name is Willie. He has a playmate called Archie. One morning they came running into the house with some candy and popcorn, and put it away in a box. "What are you going to do with those, Willie?" "Oh, we are going to keep them for a bazaar." Next day some other things were got. After collecting all the articles that they could get, a spare room in the house was fitted up and the tables spread with their treasures. School-mates were invited. Two cents admission were charged for all under sixteen and those above that age had to pay five cents to get in. It was nice to see how well their table looked. There were candies, popcorn, cakes, apples and a few fancy goods for sale. In a couple of hours' time nearly all had been sold and the children said that they had a lovely time.

After all was finished Willie brought the money taken, to me, for the *Day-spring*. Both Willie and Archie were very proud of their bazaar when they were able to give me two dollars (\$2.00) to help to keep our Mission vessel at her work. Thanks to Willie and Archie as well as to those who helped them with their good work.

Yours,
J. A.

DOLLARS FOR SELF AND CENTS FOR CHRIST.

"Yes, I always give for missions and everything else," said Phil. "I give something every Sunday; don't you?"

"Why, no; I give five or ten cents when I think I can spare it, when I have a good deal of money and don't want it for anything," said Tom.

"I give whatever papa or mamma give me for it," said James. "Sometimes it's more and sometimes it's less."

"Oh, I always give my own money!" said Phil. "I don't think it's any giving at all unless you do that."

"Yours is the best way, I'm sure," said Tom, soberly. "They say it's the regular giving that counts."

"And then, of course, what you give is just so much out of what you'd like to spend on yourself."

"Yes," said Phil, feeling very self-denying and virtuous.

"I'm going to try your way," said Tom. "And I'm going to keep an account and see what it will amount to."

The three boys were on their way home from Sunday-school, where they had heard from a missionary some very interesting accounts of the great work which is going on in Africa. He had treated his subject with all the power which comes of a heart glowing with zeal in the grand work to which he had devoted his life, and love for the poor creatures whose eyes had learned to look to him in earnest seeking for the knowledge of the way of life.

And, as heart always awakens heart, he had succeeded in deeply stirring the sympathies of his young hearers as he told of lives wretched and degraded in this world and hopeless as regards any other; of downtrodden women and neglected children who are crying out to those in our favored land, "Come over and help us."

So that many of them went away with the solemn feeling that they should, in some sense, be held answerable if they did not strive to hold out a helping hand to those in sore need. For the present it

was plain that missionary interest was to be centred in the "dark continent," and little societies were formed among Sunday-school children, they believing it would be pleasanter to put their gifts together than to offer them separately.

Several boys came to Phil's house on the next afternoon to talk it over, and Phil brought his account book to put down their names as the first members of their society, with a preamble in which occurred many high-sounding words setting forth their resolves and intentions.

"What's this, Phil?" asked his uncle, picking up the book on the same evening after tea.

"Oh, that's my account-book, uncle. I brought it down to take names and draw up resolutions for our missionary society."

"May I read it, or is it a secret organization?"

"Certainly you may. I am simply, you know, trying to work up the idea of liberal giving among the boys."

"A most excellent idea," said his uncle, concealing his amusement at Phil's rather pompous tone. "Let me see—bananas, twenty-five cents; soda water, ten cents; peanuts, twenty-five cents; bat, thirty-five cents; candy, fifteen cents; base-ball cap, seventy-five cents; Sunday-school, six cents—"

"Oh, stop, Uncle George; that isn't in it! That's when I was visiting at Cousin Tom's, and I promised mamma I'd put down every cent I spent."

But Uncle George seemed not to hear, and went on—

"Peanuts, fifteen cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; getting shoe mended, forty cents; soda water, ten cents; missionaries, five cents; getting bat mended, fifteen cents; lemonade for the boys, fifty cents; bananas, twenty-five cents; collection in church, two cents."

"Please give me the book, uncle."

"I'm glad you don't forget your charitable duties, Phil," said his uncle, giving up the book with rather a mischievous smile.

Phil took it in some confusion. He had heretofore thought but little more of his

spendings than to remember his mother's wish that he should keep an account of the money with which she kept him so liberally supplied. Now, in looking over his hasty entries, he was astonished.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, as he added up one page; "two dollars and ninety cents for eating and play, and seventeen cents for giving, and I bragging to the boys what a good thing it is to give regularly!"

He was a conscientious boy, and his heart smote him as he ran over the long list, and thought, with his newly-awakened feelings, of the bread of life which that much money might have carried to starving souls. If his mother had aimed to teach him a lesson through his account-book, she had not failed.

He got up at last and stood before the glass.

"Now, my young man," he said, shaking his head very threateningly at the boyish face he saw there, "you know very well that a quarter for peanuts doesn't look any larger to you than a pin's head, and that a quarter for giving looks as big as a cart-wheel—but that's got to stop, sir! This book isn't going to hold any more accounts of dollars for trash and cents for Sunday-school."—*Indian Witness*.

HOME DUTIES FIRST.

A girl of fourteen, who had lately been converted, asked God to show her what she should do for Him, and what was her special work. After praying for some time the thought came to her mind that she could take her baby brother only a few months old, and nurse him for the Lord. So she took the charge of the child, and relieved her mother in the work and care of the little one.

This was Godly and Christ-like. Home duties and fireside responsibilities have the first claim upon every child of God. We need not go abroad for work when God places work within our reach.

"The daily round, the common task," provides ample opportunities for serving

God, doing whatsoever our hands find to do.

"Little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom make up the Christian life."—*Dr. H. Bonar*.

"PAPA, I WILL BRING MYSELF TO HIM."

A minister had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home, his little daughter walking beside him said, "I like that sermon so much." "Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to Him." Her father thought that would do admirably for a beginning.

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

Dear Lord, accept our humble praise
For all Thy mercies here,
We thank Thee for Thy constant love,
Thy never-ceasing care.
Each day we feel Thy gentle hand
Guiding our feet aright,
Thy Holy Word has been our lamp,
Our sure and perfect light.

In it we learn of wisdom's ways,
That lead to joys above,
Where bliss eternal we shall share,
And taste a Saviour's love.
When we walk through the shades of death
We fear no foe or ill,
The rod of Thy protecting grace
Will be our comfort still.

Why should we fear to trust our cause
Into Thy gracious hand?
Our only hope is that we may
With Thee in glory stand—
To spend with Thee an endless rest,
Where all is joy and peace,
And join with angels as they sing
Sweet songs that never cease.

FANNIE.

GOODNESS.

BY REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

The fruit of the Spirit is goodness.—Gal. v., 22.

One of the pleasantest memories of my boyhood is an old man with white hair and sweet face, who used to speak at children's meetings and give away cards, on one of which were some words about doing good which I have remembered ever since:

"For Jesus Christ's sake,
Do all the good you can;
To all the people you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
And as long as ever you can."

Benjamin Franklin, who was so great and good that many cities have statues of him, when he was a boy, by reading a book about doing good, was made to feel that the grandest thing any one could be was "a doer of good." Trying to do good, he became also great and happy. Reading the Bible ought to make all of us begin now to be "doers of good."

But if you want to *do* good you must first *be* good. You think a word before you speak it. You think what you will do with your hand before you do it. So before you can *do* good with lips and hands you must *be* good in your heart. If you want to *do* as Jesus did, you must feel as Jesus felt, you must have "the mind of Christ," the Holy Spirit of God. "The fruit of the Spirit is goodness." A tree cannot bear good fruit unless it is first a good tree. Doing grows out of being. That great and good man, Jonathan Edwards, when a boy, wrote in his diary, "Resolved to live with all my might while I do live." He became a Christian when only seven years old, being led to Jesus by a lady who had been converted when a little girl only four years of age, and so had a long time in which to do good.

God loves even *bad* children, and if they will let Him come into their hearts he will make them good. Let me give you a prayer for goodness:

"Make me faithful, loving, dutiful,
Make Thy home within me beautiful,
Cleanse my heart from sin,
Let no stranger in."

- Sel.

ONLY ONE BRICK UPON ANOTHER.

A boy watched a large building as the workmen from day to day carried up the brick and mortar.

"My son," said his father, "you seem taken with the bricklayers. Do you think of learning the trade?"

"No, sir; I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what great houses are built by laying one brick upon another?"

"Very true, my son; never forget it. So it is in all great works. All your learning is one lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before another. Your whole life will be made up of one moment upon another. Drops added to drops make the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Be not discouraged by great labors; they become easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the large building went up only one brick upon another."—Sel.

HOW RELIGION HELPS CHILDREN

Religion helps children to study better and do more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling in a simple way the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home; didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help in work. Now it is a real joy to me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her." Such a religion is essential to the best interest and moral growth of youth, and will make life sunny and cheerful.—*Christian at Work.*

A YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

In the first ages of the Church of Christ, in the city of Antioch, a believer was carried forth to die as a martyr. "Ask any little child," said he, "whether it were better to worship one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who is able to save us, or to worship the many false gods whom the heathen serve?"

Now, it was so that a Christian mother had come to the spot, holding in her hand a little son, of about nine or ten years old, named Cyril. The heathen judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eyes rested on the child, and he desired the question to be put to him.

The question was asked; and, to the surprise of those who heard it, the boy replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The judge was filled with rage. "Oh, base Christian!" he cried, "thou hast taught that child to answer thus." Then turning to the boy, he said more mildly, "Tell me, child, how did you learn this faith?"

The boy looked lovingly in his mother's face, and replied, "It was God's grace that taught it to my dear mother, and she taught it to me."

"Let us now see what the love of Christ can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and at a sign from him, the officers who stood ready with their wooden rods, of the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy. Gladly would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the cost of her own life, but she could not do so; yet she did whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ, and to speak the truth.

"What can the love of Christ do for him now?" asked the judge.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all," was the reply. And again they smote the child.

"What can the love of Christ do for him?" And tears fell even from the eyes of the heathen, as that mother, as much tortured as her son, answered, "It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

The boy watched his mother's eyes as

they rose up to heaven for him; and when his tormentors asked whether he would not now acknowledge the gods they served, and deny Christ, he still said, "No; there is no other God but one; and Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love Him for his love."

The poor boy now fainted beneath the repeated strokes, and they cast the bruised body into the mother's arms, crying, "See what the love of your Christ can do for him now!"

As the mother pressed her child gently to her own crushed heart, she answered, "that love will take him from the wrath of man to the rest of heaven."

"Mother," cried the dying boy, "give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue."

The mother said, "Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life--the grace which Christ gives to his little ones. Thou hast spoken the truth in love; arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. May He grant thy poor mother grace to follow in the bright path!" The little martyr faintly raised his eyes and said again: "There is but one God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent," and so saying he gave up his life.—*Golden Sayings for the Young.*

NOW IS THE TIME.

Perhaps there is now a "shy, solitary, serious thought" in your heart about becoming a Christian. If you let it alone it may fly away like a bird through a cage-door left open, and may never come back. Or else a crowd of business cares and plans, or perhaps a pressure of social invitations will flock in, and the good thought be smothered to death. You have smothered just such blessed thoughts before. The thought in your heart is to become a Christian now; and the great bell rings out: "Now is the accepted time; behold! now is the day of salvation." No soul was ever yet saved, and no good deed was ever done to-morrow. Be careful, dear friend, lest to-morrow find you beyond the world of probation.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

THE VALUE OF GIRLS IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

In "Mission Dayspring" is printed a story which will interest our readers:

Esther Wild was very fond of play. After a few meetings of the Mission Circle last winter, she began to think it hard to give up a whole hour of her Saturday fun to the "Busy Bees." Miss Gray made the hour very pleasant, and Esther enjoyed it when she was fairly in the room; but her mother was obliged to urge her to go, every time. On Sunday evening Mrs. Wild took up this matter for her twillight talk with her dear little daughter. And all good mothers must make steady effort, if the children are to be steady in their attendance on any self-denying work.

Esther was in a naughty mood that night of which I am writing.

"What's the use of troubling about children that are thousands and thousands of miles off?" said she, "Let 'em take care of themselves. I dare say they are just as happy as we are."

"Well answered her gentle mother, "I will tell you a story about some children in India and in Japan, and see if you would like to change places. And what would you be now if Christians in Palestine long ago, who were very happy and comfortable in the love of God and our Lord Jesus had said, "What is the use of troubling about the sin and misery of those far-off people in Europe, or about their children, who are thousands and thousands of miles away, the other side of the world?"

"Tell the story, mother," said Esther, dropping her head a little.

"I have just been reading about a woman in India," said Mrs. Wild. "She was the happy mother of a baby boy, but it died and left her very sad. She knew no better than to suppose that her idol had killed the baby out of envy at her joy and pride in it. So when she had another little son she planned to save its life. You never would guess how, for, little girl as you are, you know a great deal too much to suppose her plan would be of the least use in keeping a baby alive. Girls are of little

account in India. Their fathers often despise them, and their mothers are ashamed that they are not boys. Now this mother thought her idol god would not take the trouble to kill her child, if she could make him think it was a girl. The idol would then suppose she did not love it enough to care whether it lived or died. She therefore gave the child a girl's name, and took as little notice of it as possible! She always spoke of it as 'she' and 'her' and never kissed or petted it. Think of it, Esther! What an idea to have of God, who loves his children so tenderly, and all alike! Ah! Esther, cannot you work an hour a week for poor, despised little girls in India!"

And it isn't in India only that parents have such strange ideas. Only two months ago, a Japanese newspaper printed as queer a story. The people of Japan do not despise little girls so much. But they have in that country a curious notion that a child is more likely to live if they give it a name belonging to the opposite sex. That is, if you had been born in Japan, you might have had a boy's name. How should you like to be called John or Thomas?

Now all children in Japan, or at least all boys have their names written down in a list at the town office. Every boy when he grows up must become a soldier for a while. In the city of Tokio there lives a man named Kano. Not long ago Kano received notice that, according to the city list, his eldest son, Bunnosuke, was now old enough to have a doctor examine him and decide whether he was well and strong enough to be a soldier. Kano hastened to the office and explained that Bunnosuke could not be a soldier, for she was a girl!

"Why did you call her by a boy's name then?" asked the officers.

Kano replied that he had lost two daughters, both about a year old, and so he had felt obliged to call the third one by a boy's name to keep her alive!

The officers thought this might be a falsehood, as people often dislike to have their children become soldiers. So they sent to Kano's house, and there, sure enough, was Bunnosuke, a grown-up girl!

"Poor thing," said Esther. "Mamma, I am selfish, but you see if you ever have to ask me to go to the Mission Meeting again!"

BEWARE!

Beware of evil thoughts! They have done a great deal of mischief in the world. They prepare the way for evil words and deeds, and for utter ruin.

Beware of evil books! They beget evil thoughts, and thus commence the process of ruin. A ruined man once said, "It was that ten minutes on the street corner, reading a bad book, that destroyed my whole life."

Beware of evil deeds! They may be small acts of evil, but they are none the less dangerous for that. "It was that penny I stole when I was a small boy," said an old man, "that sent me four times to prison, and confined me there twenty-eight years out of sixty of my life, and all for stealing less than thirty-eight dollars."

Beware of evil associates, for they have ruined thousands. You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose friends are all good, and whose enemies are all characters decidedly bad.

MISSIONARY PENNIES.

Hear the pennies dropping,

Listen as they fall—

Every one for Jesus,

He will get them all.

Dropping, dropping ever,

From each little hand:

'Tis our gift to Jesus

From his little band.

Now, while we are little,

Pennies are our store;

But, when we are older,

Lord, we'll give thee more.

Though we have not money,

We can give him love,

He will own our offering,

Smiling from above.

—Sel.

THE PASSWORD.

During the late civil war a noble band of Christians, called the Christian Commission, among whom was Mr. Stuart, of Philadelphia, accompanied the army wherever it went, and amidst the sick, wounded, and dying did much work for Jesus.

Late one night Mr. Stewart had to pass the lines of the army, and before starting he asked the colonel of the regiment for the password. "Chicago," was given him and away he rode, feeling all safe.

At the line a sentry challenged him with the usual, "Who goes there, friend or foe?"

"A friend," said Mr. Stuart.

The sentry presented his rifle, and demanded the password. On its being given, he said: "It is my duty to shoot you, Mr. Stuart, but I know you. Ride back to headquarters and get the right one, for it would be death for me to give it you."

Mr. Stuart turned his horse's head, and galloped back to the colonel's tent, and rushing in said: "Colonel you gave me the password 'Chicago,' and it is wrong."

"How could I be such a fool," said the colonel; "that is the one for yesterday, to-day it is 'Massachusetts.' I am deeply sorry for the mistake, Mr. Stuart."

Again he approached the line and again the challenge met him:—

"Who goes there, friend or foe?"

"A friend," said Mr. Stuart.

"Have you the password?"

"Massachusetts," was the reply.

At once the rifle was lowered, and the word given to pass.

As Mr. Stuart rode up to the sentry, he said, "Well, my lad, you have asked me for the password twice. Once I gave it wrong; it might have been fatal to me. Let me ask you, do you know the password for heaven, which will be asked for only once?"

The sentry replied, "I thank God I do, sir, I learned it from your own lips, Mr. Stuart, in a New York Sabbath School. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' (1 John i. 7). That is the password."—Sel.

TOIL AND TRIUMPH IN MADAGASCAR.

The Island of Madagascar, lying two hundred and fifty miles east of the coast of Africa, is about one thousand miles long, and from two to three hundred miles broad. Its area is larger than that of the New England and Middle States, with Virginia, or about twice that of Great Britain and Ireland. Little was known of this vast island until the early part of the present century, when the English sent a friendly embassy to King Radama, a wise and able ruler, who welcomed the foreigners.

The first missionaries landed in Madagascar in 1818, but they retired, and the mission was not begun till 1820. The first comers found a singular people, busy and shrewd, but ignorant and superstitious. They are called the Malagasy. They had no written language, and, of course, no books. Most of the people were filthy and half-naked, and their morals were shocking. They worshiped idols, and were subject to cruel superstitions, among which was one that certain days were unlucky, and that children born on these days must be put to death, or evil will come to their parents. In one of the tribes all the children born on Tuesdays were destroyed. Multitudes of lives were also destroyed by the *tangena* ordeal, a trial by poison, which was supposed to test the guilt or innocence of one accused of crime or witchcraft. The trial was conducted in the following way. The suspected person was made to swallow three square pieces of a fowl's skin, and after a time a portion of two nuts of the *tangena* tree, an active poison, was administered. If, in the vomiting which followed, the pieces of skin were thrown up uninjured, the person was pronounced innocent of the charge. But even then the poison was often fatal in its effect, so that the victim died, whether the ordeal pronounced him innocent or guilty.

King Radama, who welcomed the missionaries in 1820, allowed them to open schools, and the next year he sent his

nephew and ten other young men to England to be educated. At the time of his death, in 1828, there were four thousand pupils in the schools, but neither Radama, nor any of his people, had accepted the Christian faith. He sought only the education which the missionaries could give. His Queen, Ra-na-va-lo-na, after murdering all who stood in her way, seized the throne and commenced her long reign, marked by bloody persecution of those who had anything to do with the Christians.

At her coronation in June, 1829, Rana-valona took two of the national idols in her hands, saying, "I received you from my ancestors. I put my trust in you, therefore, support me." At first she permitted the missionaries to teach and preach, seeing the advantages of the education they imparted; and in 1831, thirteen years after the first missionaries had landed, the first converts were baptized, and what has well been called the "Martyr Church" of Madagascar was formed. But the permission was soon withdrawn and the most violent persecution began. All who refused to worship the national idols were declared criminals. Many suspected persons were compelled to submit to the *tangena* ordeal. The Queen summoned an assembly at the capital, at which it is said one hundred thousand people were present, and death was declared to be the penalty to be visited upon all who should not within one week renounce the Christian faith. It appeared that twenty-four hundred of the Queen's own officers were more or less implicated, and she so far relaxed her decree that four hundred of them were reduced to the ranks, and two thousand were simply fined.

Under this persecution many of the people fell away from the faith, but thousands of them remained steadfast. They would meet secretly in each other's houses, or they would go twenty or more miles for a midnight meeting in some secluded valley or on a rocky mountain side. Here they would read from God's Word, and sing their hymns of praise. Strangely did

their numbers increase during this "Time of Darkness." Ranavalona reigned for thirty-two years, and ten thousand Christians were punished, either by death, or exile from home, or by a heavy fine; and yet at the end of her reign, there were many more Christians in Madagascar than there were at the beginning. The oppressed disciples had not the support of the English missionaries, for they were obliged to leave the country in 1836. The first martyr, a young woman named Rasalana, fell by the executioner's spear, August 14, 1827. In the years which followed, hundreds met a cruel death in one way or another, because they would not deny Christ. Some were thrown head-foremost into pits and were crowned in boiling water, others were cut in pieces, or were burned. Some were stoned. There was a high precipice at Antananarivo, the capital, near the Queen's palace, to the top of which some of the victims were taken, their arms and feet tied, and they were hurled upon the rocks below to meet instant death. There were yet other shocking forms of death employed to terrify the people, and keep them from accepting the new religion. But in vain. The blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the church, and the wonderful patience and courage of those who were called to face death, led many to embrace the Christian faith. When Rasalana was put to death, a bystander exclaimed: "If I might die so tranquil and happy, I would willingly die for the Saviour, too."

The persecution was especially fierce in the year 1849, when the Queen sent a message to the Christians asking why, since she had killed some and put others in fetters, and made them slaves, they had not given up praying. The Christians answered that reverence for God and his laws made it necessary for them to pray. The Queen was furious; men and women were arrested; four persons of noble rank were condemned to be burned alive, while fourteen others were sentenced to be thrown from the precipice. Hundreds of less prominent offenders were fined, or publicly flogged. As the nobles were led

to the stake they sang hymns of trust, and when the flames wrapped their bodies, those near them could hear their prayers and praises. Just then the rain began to fall, putting out the fires, so that they had to be rekindled, and while this was done an immense triple rainbow formed, and one end of the arch seemed to the spectators to rest on the very spot where the martyrs stood. Then the other prisoners were taken to be hurled from the rock in the presence of the vast crowd.

But the end of this cruel Queen came at last. At her death, in 1861, her son, who had secretly favored the Christians, was made king, and on the day of his coronation he proclaimed religious liberty to all his subjects. He reigned but two years, but under his Queen, who filled the throne for five years, there was full toleration for the Christians.

Seventeen years ago, in 1868, another Queen of Madagascar was crowned as Ranavalona II. Very different in character was she from her predecessor of the same name. At her coronation no idols or idolatrous services were seen. She caused a table to be placed by her side, on which lay a Bible and the laws of Madagascar, while the canopy over her had the four mottoes: "Glory to God;" "Peace on Earth;" "Goodwill to man;" "God be with us." Shortly afterward the Queen and her husband, the Prime Minister, were baptized by a native pastor; and after that time the royal pair gave every evidence that they were sincere and humble disciples of Christ. The simplicity and fervor of their characters were quite remarkable. Everything that could be done by them to help forward Christian work in the kingdom was done. They encouraged the people to build memorial churches, and several noble edifices now mark the spots where the martyrs fell. So eager were the people to have a share in these memorials to the faithful witnesses for Christ, that officers of high rank, with their wives, were sometimes seen laying the brick or bringing the mortar. The national idols, which the people superstitiously feared to touch,

were destroyed by the Queen's order, and Madagascar to-day, in its government and in the purpose of its people, is a Christian kingdom, with over four thousand native preachers, and nearly a quarter of a million souls under Christian instruction. — *Mission-Stories of Many Lands.*

HANGING THE BABY.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

Some of you may think this sounds strange and too wicked to be true, but I do not mean that the baby is hung up with a rope around its neck like a criminal, until it is dead; but that it is placed in a basket which is hung to the branches of a tree, and left there to drive away the evil spirits.

It must remain there three days, and if at the close of that time it is alive, it is taken down, but if it dies, or is killed by the jackals or some bird of prey, it is all the same; no one cares except the baby's mother, who has a love as great for her baby as any Christian mother feels, but who is so much under the control of her husband, and so afraid of displeasing the God whom she worships, that she hides her feelings and does as she is told, though her heart breaks in doing it.

Now it happens that only the girl babies are hung up, sold, or left to die, as they often are in India and China, where girls are of no account to their fathers, and where only the boys are welcomed and tenderly cared for. These ignorant people believe that if sickness or trouble comes upon them their god is angry with them, and they take him presents of money and food to appease his anger. If the trouble still remains, they then think he wants a greater offering, and will only be satisfied with a child.

I read of a little girl baby who was thus offered to the god, but was rescued just in time to save its life. It was in India, and the baby fell sick. The mother took offerings to the idols, but nothing seemed to do any good. After a while, the little boy grew thin and pale, and the mother said the

baby must be carried to the temple and hung up to drive the evil spirits away.

The mother clasped the poor baby to her breast and begged her husband to wait a little longer.

"No not a day longer," he sternly answered. "Agenar is angry with us and his anger must be appeased. He is already showing his anger on my boy, and he shall not be injured for a girl. To-morrow at sunrise have everything ready."

The poor mother sat down and cried as if her heart would break, but she must obey her husband, and so the next morning the family started for the temple, carrying the baby in a basket, and some food and money for Agenar, the god of demons.

When they reached the temple a priest took the baby and said some words over it, and then tied it to a branch of a tree that was supposed to be inhabited by evil spirits. Then they all left it and went to their home. The poor mother was allowed to take it food, but she dare not stay there to watch or protect it in any way. But the baby had a little sister named Bazu, who did not know it was wrong to watch it. She stole out of the house and took her stand where she could see all that happened.

For two days all went well, but on the third day, baby grew restless and tossed about so hard that it fell from its basket. Poor Bazu was frightened. What should she do. She was afraid to touch it because the god would be angry, and yet there was a jackal running for it as fast as he could. Just then a gentleman came hurrying up, drove away the jackal and picked the baby up.

"That's my little sister," said Bazu.

"Show me where you live and I will take it home," said the stranger.

He carried the baby back and soon it was in its mother's arms. He told her if the baby was taken back to the tree, he would send an English officer to arrest her husband. So the baby was saved and there were happy hearts in that home that night.

HEATHEN PRIESTS IN AFRICA.

The people believe that the priest can control the spirit world—that he can send witches into persons, and can drive them out—that he can bring the rain, can cure them when sick, or cause them to die.

An English missionary tells us that not many years ago there was a great drought in the place where he was living. For miles around the ground was dry and hard, and there was hardly any grass or green leaves. The people were in such distress they decided to go to a rain-maker named Gqindiva, and beg him to have pity on them, and send rain. The missionary decided to go with them, thinking he might show them that the Uninini Wemvula had no power over the clouds.

So, one morning, more than a thousand men and women gathered about the rain-maker's kraal, and after he had made them wait a long time in the burning sun, he came out to see what was wanted. He had on no dress, nor covering of any kind, but his face and hands and arms had streaks of red paint on them, and he wore on his head a turban made of the skin of a wild animal. In his hand he held a long javelin, and a short, knobbed stick.

"Why have you come to my kraal?" he asked.

"We have come to ask rain from the Uninini Wemvula," was the answer; "the land is dead with drought, and we are in great distress."

After the cattle which they had brought had been given to him, Gqindiva and his servants began to go round in a circle, going faster and faster every minute, while the women sang a horrid song, and beat time with their hands. Soon Gqindiva grew very much excited, and exclaimed:

"I cannot obtain rain, there is a hindrance. Something turns or prevents the rain."

At this the people were much excited too; and the missionary, fearing, as often happens at such times, that some poor man or woman would be seized and killed, because he might be the one who prevented the rain, thought it was time for him

to speak, so he said to one of the chiefs in Caffre style:

"I am a child, I know nothing of your customs; but I know what God has told us in his Word, and I know it is true. Will you allow me to ask Gqindiva some questions? I cannot understand what he has said about the rain."

"You are my teacher," answered the chief; "I do not understand myself. Speak what you think; Gqindiva will explain."

"Now, Gqindiva," said the missionary, "you say you can make rain?"

"I do not say so; I say I seek the rain."

"And when you seek it you find it, and bring it to the country?"

"I have often given rain to the country," said Gqindiva; "these chiefs know I have. Why did they come here to ask if they did not know I have the rain?"

"I think the rain comes from God. Here, in the book it says, 'God gives rain,'" said the missionary, and then he read from the Testament he had in his hand, "God, in times past, suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless he left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with joy and gladness."

"The book says truly," said the rain-maker; "I say too that God gives the rain."

"How is that?" said the missionary. "You said just now you have the rain; you give the rain."

"I have the rain from the spirits, and I would give it, but I am hindered. I have tried these three moons to bring it, but something turns it away."

"Who is it that hinders the rain from falling, and how is it done?" asked the missionary.

"Do you ask me who hinders the rain?"

"It is I who ask."

"You are the hindrance."

"How do I hinder the rain from falling?"

"I have offered cattle to the spirits," said Gqindiva, "and I have often burned

herbs. When the clouds come up from the sea and spread all over the land, and the rain is ready to fall, that *thing* which you have brought into the country, and set up upon a pole on the top of the hill at Etween, goes tinkle, tinkle, tinkle; and the clouds go away, and no rain can fall."

"Now, I know you speak lies," said the missionary. "God never told you that the bell that calls people to worship him prevents rain from falling. I will tell you what I think. Perhaps God sends the drought because the people seek from the rain-makers, who are only men, what they should ask from him alone."

The missionary and the rain-maker talked on for awhile, and then the people went to their homes; but they could not forget what they had heard. They could not tell whether to believe the missionary or the rain-maker. There was so much said about it, that some of the Christian natives were frightened, and thought it would be better not to ring the bell till after it had rained. But the missionary said: "No; that would be yielding to superstition. We will do right, and trust to God." Then he appointed a day for fasting and prayer for rain, saying that God was the giver of every good gift, and that he had told us to pray to him when we needed anything. When the day came, there were several services in the chapel, and many earnest prayers for rain. Just as the people were going to evening service—the last one for the day—drops of rain began to fall slowly, and when the service was over they had grown to heavy showers. Hour after hour it rained. The streams began to flow, overflow; and the people came to the missionary and said:

"The rivers are overflowing some of their banks, and washing away some of the gardens. Would it not now be well to thank God, and tell him it is enough, and pray that he may now withhold his hand?"

All acknowledged that this was "God's rain;" and for years afterwards no one went to Gwindiva for rain. So these poor Africans found out where one of their great gifts came from. Let us all do the

best we can to tell them about the best gift of all—the Savior, who died that they might be saved.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

DEATH FROM TOBACCO-SMOKING.

The death of a boy aged twelve from smoking tobacco is reported in the evening papers of December the 4th last. After eating a hearty dinner on the previous Sunday, he went into a shop and purchased a pennyworth of thick twist tobacco and smoked it. He soon became very sick in the street, so as to fall. He went home, and thence to bed. At four o'clock he got up, and after vomiting went to bed again. A man who slept with him was astonished to find him dead and cold at the foot of the bed at seven o'clock. "We wish," remarks the medical paper, the *Lancet*, "we could hope that this painful case would be a lesson to boys; but the habit is so thoroughly and so vulgarly fashionable that we hope against hope. We may, at least, advise every sensible boy to regard tobacco as a poison."

NOT TOO SMALL.

A minister one Sabbath earnestly besought all the congregation, every one, however small, to give up their lives to Christ. A little boy arose and said:

"Am I too small to serve Christ?"

The minister smiled and answered:

"A little child shall lead them; none are too small or too weak to serve God."

Many who smiled at the time thought to themselves afterwards, "If that little boy was not too young to serve Christ, cannot I, who am so much older, do something too?"

Children, will not you, too, do something for the Savior who died to save you? Give yourselves up willingly, devote your whole lives to Him! That is the most acceptable gift you can possibly give him.—*Sci.*

OPENING AND CLOSING RECITATIONS FOR A MISSION-CIRCLE.

For all our mercies God be praised,
And for this pleasant place of meeting,
Kind friends and dear assembled here,
The "Little Pilgrims" give you greeting.

It is not much to do for Christ;
Our talents are not great or many.
Yet what *He gave* he bids us bring,
Nor left the weakest without any.

We are but young; yet we have learned
That nothing from this duty free us,—
To send the gospel-o'er the seas
To bring a heathen world to Jesus.

Perhaps I'd better not say more,
Nor of our plans make further mention.
But ask that what you see and hear
May now engage your kind attention.

CLOSING.

Kind friends, a moment yet remains
For me to bid you all good-by in.
What will *you* do for Jesus' cause!—
The *noblest* work to live and die in.

Say not, "So much to do at home!"
The willing heart shall soon discover,
If *we* give well, *God* giveth well,—
Good measure, pressed, and running
over.

God speed the day when all the world
Of small and great shall learn his story;
God bring us all to join the song
His ransomed people sing in glory.

—A. W. Alexander.

TAKE YOUR SOUNDINGS.

A sailor comes along, unfastens a brass
screw, and lets down a lead with a long
string tied to it. "What are you doing?"
"I am taking the soundings, to see if
there is any water in the hold. We have
to do this every four hours. In this way
we can find out if there is any leak."
Well done!

The children of this world are surely
wiser in their generations than the chil-

dren of light. Numbers never think of
taking their soundings from one year's
end to the other. They never seem to
know that they have sprung leak, and
that the water is gradually and silently
filling the hold. If it had been some
great wave of sin that had come sweeping
over the decks, and washing the boats and
putting out the fires in the engine-room,
then they could not have helped seeing it.
But it was *only a leak*, and that too *under
the surface*, where nobody could see it.
Yet at last the ship was lost. The begin-
nings are small, but the endings and con-
sequences who can tell? A little temper,
a little pride, a little vanity, a little self-
indulgence in food, clothes, or sleep, a
little bitterness in speaking or writing, a
little joking and jesting, a little slander, a
little murmuring and discontent. —*Good
Words.*

TEMPERANCE.

TOUCH IT NEVER.

Children do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that self-same ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Never let it pass your lips,
Never even let the tips
Of your fingers touch the bowl;
Hate it from your inmost soul.
Truly hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Fight it! With God's help stand fast
Long as life or breath shall last,
Heart meet heart and hand join hand,
Hurl the demon from our land.
Oh, then hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

THE REPORT OF THE YOUNG WORKERS.

AN EXERCISE BY EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS.

First.

Of the happy workers
Youngest ones are we:
That we're *very* little
Any one can see.

P'r'aps you think our help, too,
Must be also small ;
But we're sure it's better
Far than none at all.

Would you know the many
Things we've learned to do ?
Listen, and the secret
We will tell to you.

Second.

I made lots of stitches
In a patch-work square,—
Hardest work I ever
Did too, I declare!

Third.

I can't sew: but grandma
Holders made for me:
These I sold, to carry
Light across the sea.

Fourth.

I shelled beans for heathen
(Papa said I might:)
So my little fingers
Made a shilling bright.

Fifth.

My mamma to help me
Battled up some ink:
I've sold seventy cents worth,
Now what do you think !

Sixth.

Out of Auntie's pansies
I've picked every weed,
And she's going to give me
All I'll sell of seed.

Seventh.

I can 'muse the baby
When he wants to play:

Many a shining penny
I have made this way.

Eighth.

Sometimes I run errands
Over 'cross the street;
Earn my mission money
Helping older feet.

First.

So you see, though little,
We've found some work to do:
When we said we helped some,
Don't you think 'twas true ?

L. A. H. BUTLER.

THE IRISH BOY'S SONG.

A man going to the station to take the train heard a little Irish boy singing:

" There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there."

" Where?" asked the gentleman; for his mind was impressed by the words " There'll be no sorrow there."

The boy answered:

" In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

The man hastened to take the train, but he could not forget the simple words of the hymn. A world where there is no sorrow! This was the great thought which filled his mind. He had been an infidel, but now resolved to become a Christian, and did so, and began to live a life of preparation for the land where there is no sorrow.

ROB'S PLAN.

Rob never has any trouble with the boys. Every one likes him, so it is not very strange that he gets along well.

" Rob, how is it you never get into any scrapes?" said Will Law to him, one day. " All the other boys do."

" Oh, it's my plan not to talk back. When a boy says hard things to me I just keep still."

Not a bad plan, is it? If all the boys would try it, what good times there would be in the school-room, on the play-ground — everywhere. Who will try Rob's plan?