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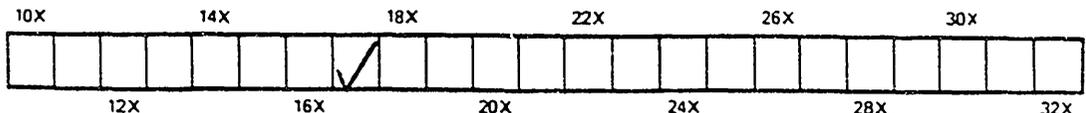
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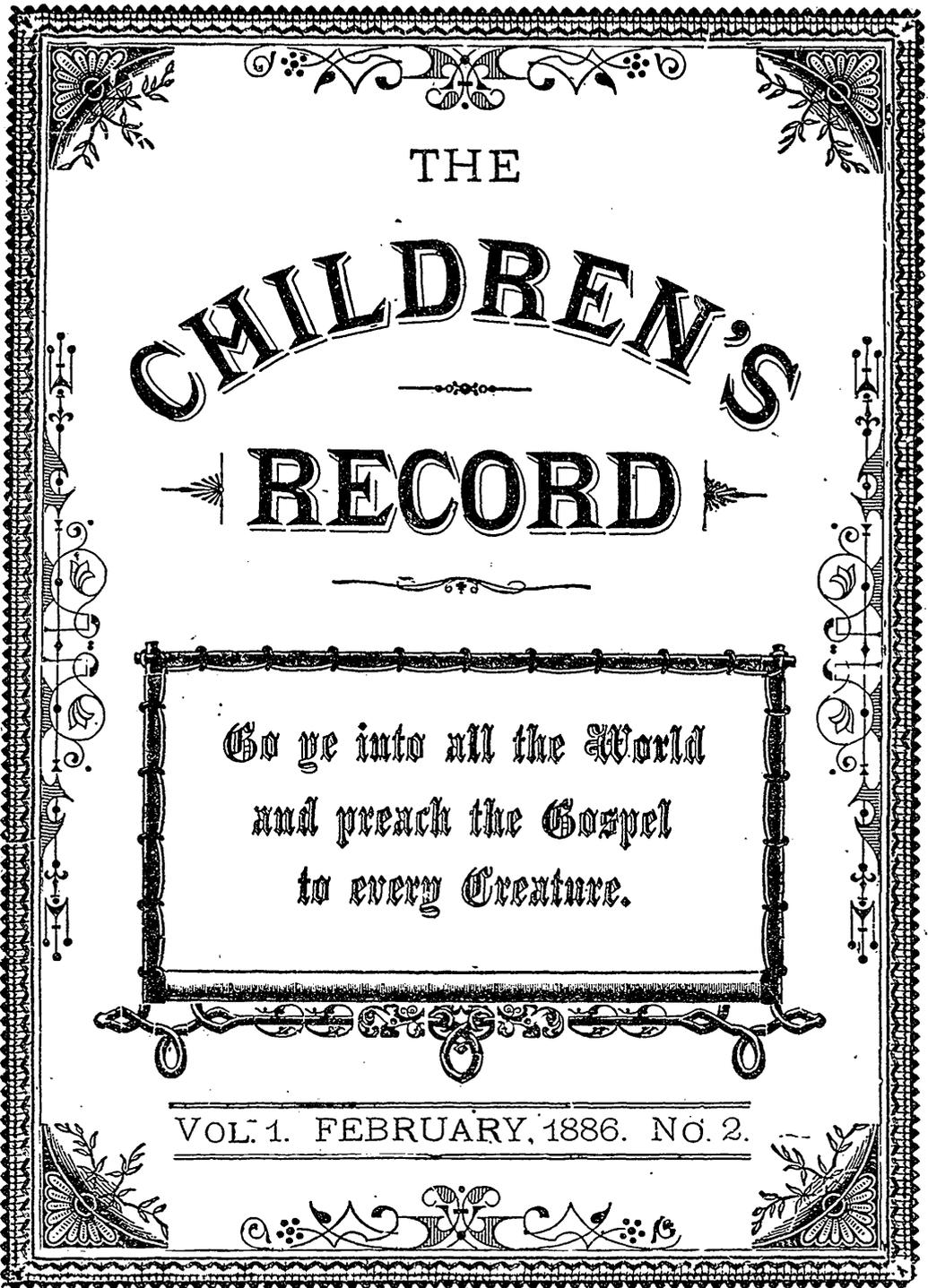
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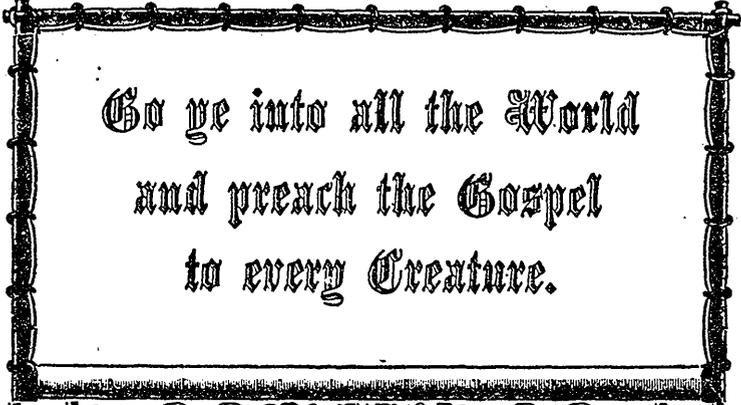




THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

VOL. 1. FEBRUARY, 1886. NO. 2.

The Children's Record.

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

DR. MOFFAT AND HIS MOTHER.

Rev. Dr. Moffat, who labored as a missionary in South Africa for more than half a century, tells the following story of his home leaving when a boy.

‘I was scarcely sixteen when after work in a nursery garden near my parents for about a twelvemonth, I was engaged to fill a responsible position in Cheshire. The day arrived when I had to bid farewell to my father, mother, brothers, and sisters. My mother proposed to accompany me to the boat which was to convey me across the Firth of Forth. My heart though glad at the prospect of removing to a better situation could not help feeling some emotion natural to one of my age. When we came within sight of the spot where we were to part, perhaps never again to meet in this world, she said—

‘Now my Robert let me stand here for a few minutes for I wish to ask one favor of you before we part, and I know you will not refuse to do what your mother asks.’

‘What is it mother,’ I inquired.

‘Do you promise me first that you will do what I am now going to ask, and I shall tell you.’

‘No mother, I cannot till you tell me what your wish is.’

‘O Robert, can you think for a moment that I shall ask you, my son, to do anything that is not right? Do not I love you?’

‘Yes mother, I know you do, but I do not like to make promises which I may not be able to fulfil.’

‘I kept my eyes fixed on the ground. I was silent trying to resist the rising emotion. She sighed deeply. I lifted my eyes and saw the big tears rolling down the cheeks which were wont to press mine. I was conquered, and as soon as I could recover speech, I said’—

‘O mother, ask what you will and I shall do it.’

‘I only ask you whether you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and another every evening?’

I interrupted her by saying:

‘Mother you know I read my Bible.’

‘I know you do, but you do not read it regularly as a duty you owe to God, its author.’ And she added;

‘Now I shall return home with a happy heart inasmuch as you have promised to read the Scriptures daily. O Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament. Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels. Then you cannot well go astray. If you pray the Lord Himself will teach you.’

I parted from my beloved mother now long gone to that mansion about which she loved to speak. I went on my way, and ere long found myself among strangers. My charge was an important one for a youth, and though possessing a muscular frame and a mind full of energy, it required all to keep pace with the duty devolved upon me. I lived a considerable distance from what are called the means of grace, and the Sabbaths were not always at my command. I met with none who appeared to make religion their chief concern—but I never forgot my promise to my mother.”

FEEDING THE TEMPLE BIRDS.

In Japan the Heathen Priests take care of birds in their temples and the children often go their with their mothers to feed them. They think that by so doing they will please the heathen gods whom they worship.

LETTER FROM THE NORTH WEST.

The following extract from a private letter from the North West will, we trust, interest the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD in one of the mission fields of our own church.

BROADVIEW, 4th Sept., 1885.

After coming home we paid a long promised visit to Mr. McKay in his bachelor establishment. It is about 20 miles from here and in one of the loveliest spots I have seen in the North West. Besides ourselves and a little girl whom we took with us, and Jim, there was Mr. McKay and his man Friday—a young Indian interpreter—and Mr. and Mrs. Flett, a half breed missionary and his wife, who have done a world of good among the Indians north of Brandon. As Mr. McKay has only three rooms in his house, we had to pack in at nights, but there was no difficulty in the daytime as there was plenty of room outside, and we availed ourselves of it in preference to the house. I don't think I ever enjoyed anything so much. I could fill a letter with our adventures, but will leave them until I see you.

I must tell you about a Sunday service however, as some of the ladies who have been working for the Indians may like to hear about it. Mr. McKay and Mr. Flett intended holding service in the house of a half breed named Geddie, but as it was a lovely day they concluded to hold an open air meeting. So a place was chosen in the centre of a little grove of poplar (bluffs they are called here) and the Indians began to assemble. In the centre of the space there was a box covered with a white cloth which answered the purpose of a Communion table, and seated around on the grass was the congregation of about fifty Indians, men and women and half breeds, with three farm instructors, Mr. McKay, Stratton and myself representing the white population.

Stratton offered a prayer in English and we sang the hundredth psalm. Then Donald the young Indian interpreter,

read the account of the birth of Christ, in English, and Mr. McKay followed with prayer. Then they sang,

"There is a fountain filled with blood," in Cree, Mrs. Flett leading. Then Mr. Flett preached in Cree, French, and English a most eloquent sermon. He did not give us much English, but one had only to watch their dusky faces light up as he spoke in their native Cree to know how eloquent he was. After the sermon they sang,—

"When I survey the Wond'rous Cross," in Cree, and then we partook of the Communion together, fifteen in all, eight Indians, four half breeds and three whites. It was a solemn and yet a joyful service. I shall never forget it, or the impression it made upon me.

After it was over we drove home in order to be in time for our own evening service, Mr. McKay and Mr. Flett holding a prayer meeting in Geddie's house the same evening.

After this meeting, Little Child, one of the most influential Chiefs on the reserve, sent for them and asked them to baptize him and his children. They were very much pleased with his professions of faith, and we all hope great things from his influence.

A CLEAN HEART.

A Missionary in Syria writes: "I was teaching the little Moslem children the prayer of David, "Create in me a clean heart." One little girl wished to know how she would know she had a clean heart. Another replied, "When we have clean hearts and mother sends us to the Sook (market), we shan't eat the dibs (treacle), and the olives and cheese going home; we shan't tell lies and say bad words and disobey our mothers. If we do we have dirty hearts."

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother;

For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.

CRUELTY IN AFRICA.

If it were for no other purpose than to put a stop to the cruelties which abound among the heathen we ought to give them the gospel of Jesus Christ. Some very sad stories of cruelties perpetrated by African kings have recently been given to the world. The distinguished African traveler, Dr. Emil Holub, in his volumes just published, entitled *Seven Years in South Africa*, gives an account of Sepopo, King of the Marutse tribe, who live north of the river Zambesi. Sepopo's town, Sesheke, had been burned, and a new Sesheke was to be built. We will give in Dr. Holub's own words the story of a little boy whose cruel murder was planned by Sepopo, with the notion that in this way his new town would be made more fortunate.

"Sepopo brought it about that a resolution should be passed by his secret tribunal to the effect that in order to save the new town from the fate of the old, the son of one of the chiefs should be killed; but that his toes and fingers should first be cut off, and preserved as a charm in a war drum. In spite of the secrecy which was enjoined, the rumor of the resolution came to one of the chiefs, who communicated it privately to many of his friends. This was about the end of September, when Blockley was the only white man left in Sesheke. Night after night groups of men were to be seen stealthily making their way past his quarters to the woods; they were the servants of the chiefs, carrying away the young boys whither they hoped to have them out of the tyrant's reach, and some little time elapsed before either the king or his executioner was aware of the steps that were being taken to frustrate the bloody order.

"The appointed day arrived. Moshoku's emissaries were sent to ascertain from which of the chieftain's enclosures a victim might most readily be procured, but one by one they returned, and reported that not a child was to be found. At last, however, one of the men brought word that he had seen a solitary boy playing

outside his father's fence. Apprised of this, the king immediately sent directions to the father to go out at once and procure some grass and reeds for a hut that he was building, and then charged Mashoku to lose no time. As soon as he had satisfied himself that the man had left his home, Mashoku sent his messenger to fetch the child to the royal courtyard, where, although the place was full of people, a perfect silence prevailed. The king was in a terribly bad temper, and no one dared breathe a word. The executioner's assistant made his way to the abode of the chief, and was greeted by the mistress of the house with a friendly 'rumella'; he then proceeded to tell her that the kosana, her husband, was just setting out in his canoe, and that he had sent him to say he wished his little son to go with him. The mother acquiesced, and the boy was delighted to accompany the man, who, of course, took him off to the royal courtyard, where a sign from Mashoku announced their arrival to the moody king. Sepopo started to his feet, and accompanied by his band made his way towards the river, the child being led behind him. Bewildered as the poor little victim was, he was somewhat reassured by the direction they were taking; but all at once he was alarmed by the shrieks of a chieftain's wife, whose house they were passing, and who, knowing the purpose on which they were bent, cried out in horror.

"At the river the whole party, numbering nearly seventy, embarked and crossed to the opposite side. The myrimbas were left behind, but the large drums were taken over. Shortly after landing the king seated himself on a little stool; he made the executioner, a few of his own personal attendants, and the members of his secret council, form an inner circle; beyond them he placed the drummers; and outside these he ordered the rest of the company to group themselves so as to conceal from the town the deed that was being perpetrated. The poor boy by this time had almost fainted from fear; but when, at a nod from the king, the execu

tioners seized him, he began to scream aloud with terror. The drummers were ordered to play with all their might, so that the piteous shrieks should not be heard; several assistants were then summoned to hold the child, so that resistance was impossible, and the two doctors set themselves to deliberately work to amputate finger after finger and toe after toe.

"No drumming could drown the heart-rending cries of the sufferer. The people of Sesheke could hear him, in the midst of his torture, calling out, 'Ra, ra, kama, ra, ra!' (Father, O my father!) and 'umu umu bulay' (they are killing me!) but though a large crowd was thus made aware of what was going on, no one dared to raise a hand to rescue the miserable sufferer.

"When the doctors had finished their cruel operation, the hapless boy was strangled, and knocked on the head with a kiri. The whole party then returned to their boats, which were pushed off into mid-stream, where, as if by accident, they were joined into a circle; but in reality with the design of concealing the corpse as it was dropped into the water. Meanwhile the weeping mother had made her way down to the bank, and regardless alike of the crocodiles and of the displeasure of the tyrant, waded into the stream, and demanded her son, her darling Mushemani. But to Sepopo a mother's grief was nothing; he landed quite unconcerned, and proceeded with his myrmidons to enjoy his pots of butshuala, while the doctors stored away the dismembered toes and fingers in a war drum."

How much they need the gospel.

A SERMON THAT DID NOT TIRE ANYBODY.

Dear Children: One Sunday not long ago, our preacher told us that the next Sunday morning he would preach a sermon all for the children. He said it would not be more than five minutes long, and he wanted us to invite as many as we could to come and hear it. Well, we did so, and were so much pleased with our own

little sermon, that we want the children to hear it.

The text was "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Then he divided the sermon into three parts: first, second, and third. First, God kept the Sabbath day holy, and rested on that day from all His works of creation. God did this as an example for us. We are not wiser than God, so we should follow His example very carefully.

Second, we need the day for special study of the Bible, that we may not forget what its teachings are.

Third, God commands us to keep the day holy. We are never safe nor really happy, unless we obey God's commands. Six days are given to us for work and play. One day God keeps for us to observe in serving Him.

That was all there was of the sermon proper, and then he told us this story: "A traveller was once met by a robber, who demanded his money. The traveller was a very kind-hearted man, and told the robber that he had seven pieces of gold; that one piece would pay his expenses to the end of his journey, and that he would cheerfully give him the other six pieces. This was done, and both went on their way. Pretty soon, however, the robber in thinking the matter over, concluded that the traveller might have given him the other piece of gold, that he could get through his journey some way without it, and by taking a short way across the hills, he again came upon the traveller, and forced him to give up the remaining and last piece of gold."

Then the preacher told us there were seven days in the week, that we had six days given to us, and God kept one; and that he would leave us to guess what the story meant. We all knew what it meant, and these words seem very important to us now, namely, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—*Evan.*

The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but he blesseth the habitation of the just.

HOW JOEL'S SIN FOUND HIM OUT.

Joel!" a voice called out one bright summer morning. "Joel! Joel! where are you?"

The sun never shone more brightly, the birds never sung more sweetly, than they did on the morning of which I write. Joel Sanderson's mother, as she stood on the stone step at the dairy door, holding in one hand a small covered basket, and with the other shading her eyes from the glare of the sun, thought so too. But where was Joel?

Again his mother's voice rang out: "Joel, Joel, Joel!"

"Yes'm, came the answer from the barn, and presently a little boy came running up to Mrs. Sanderson.

"Here, Joel, I want you to take this basket to old Mrs. Pettegill. She has been quite sick, and I thought perhaps she would like a little fruit; but, Joel," and up went a warning finger, "be sure not to remove the lid!"

Joel took the basket and started off at a pretty smart trot. Two angels were following him: one on his right, clothed in shining garments of brightness and purity having written on his forehead in letters of dazzling light, "TRUTH;" and the other on his left, clothed in soiled garments and filthiness and having written on his forehead in flaming letters, "SIN."

Joel had been walking on for about ten minutes when suddenly a thought popped into his head: "I wonder if mother put any pears in this basket?"

Now Joel loved pears. Oh, how delicious they were! To be sure, if any were in the basket they were for old Mrs. Pettegill, and not for Joel Sanderson.

"But," reasoned Joel, "where is the harm of just looking?"

Truth came close to Joel's ear, and whispered, "You would be disobeying your mother."

Joel knew this was so, for the last words his mother said to him were, "Be sure not to remove the lid! But sin knew what was in the little boy's mind, and following up his chance he came very close

to him, and said in a very low whisper, "Mother will never know."

"Ah, but God will!" This from Truth.

For a few minutes the thought of God knowing of his sin startled him considerably; but then he began thinking: "God is away up in heaven; He can't tell me!"

"Oh, no!" echoed Sin; "there's no use thinking about that."

Presently Joel stood stock still in the middle of the road, and shutting his lips tightly he raised one corner of the lid and peeped. "Oh! ah!" for there, lying snugly together, were four of the most luscious, ripe, yellow pears Joel had ever seen.

"Take one," whispered Sin, this time quite loudly.

He hesitated for a minute. But alas! it was only for a minute. At the end of that time he actually put in his hand and drew out a pear. Just think of it, children! A little boy, ten years old, *stealing* what was sent to the poor, sick woman! A little boy ten years old a **THIEF**.

But Joel had not thought about that. He was not thinking about it now. His thought were, "Oh, ain't this an immense pear, though?"

"Be sure your sin will find you out."

Joel started, and paused midway in a big bite. Where had he heard these words? Who said them? Somehow the last half of that pear didn't taste quite so good, and the last bite went down with a gulp. But he comforted himself with the thought, "Mother won't know."

At last he arrived at the door of Mrs. Pettegill's cottage, and upon rapping, he was shown into the front room, where a number of ladies were talking in hushed tones, and, after telling his errand, he was thunderstruck to learn that the poor old lady had gone home to heaven.

"Tell your ma she died at nine o'clock this morning."

Joel sped away home, and Mrs. Sanderson soon was acquainted with the fact; but what had come over Joel? There he stood in the middle of the room with a red, guilty face; and when his mother, who had opened the basket and at a glance

saw one pear had been removed, turned a grieved, sorrowful look, mingled with surprise upon her little son, he could stand no more, but bursting into tears, he confessed his sin, and asked her forgiveness. Joel never forgot that day's lesson, and in after years, when assailed by temptation, he always remembered the day when he earned from experience that his "sin had found him out."—*Well Spring.*

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

Once a little brother and sister wandered away from home in search of flowers. On and on they went, thinking only of their flowers, until the clouds began to gather, and they found that a storm was upon them. Then they tried to find their way home, but night came, and they could see no signs of the dear home they loved so well.

How troubled and frightened they were!

They stumbled along in the dark, trying in vain to find the path which had been so easy to follow when the sun shone.

At last they saw a light shining, far ahead of them. "We will get to the light," they said, and that will show us our path."

But soon the tangled briars and bushes hid the friendly light from their eyes, and again they stumbled on in the gloom.

"O, if the light would only shine on our path!" they cried.

That is just what we all want, light to shine on *our* path, the path in which *we* have to walk.

Is there such a light, and can we have it? Yes, "Thy word is a lamp unto *my* feet and a light unto *my* path."

Just the path in which *you* have to walk, dear little friend, will be made light as you let God's word fall upon it.

The briars and branches of sin and self-will will hide the shining light from you if you do not take heed. But you need not fear if you will only follow the light, that is, obey the word, for it will surely prove "a lamp unto your feet."—*Sel.*

LETTER FROM REV. R. C. MURRAY.

ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES WHO IS SUPPORTED BY ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

(For the *Children's Record.*)

MHOW, CENTRAL INDIA,

Dec. 14, 1885.

Dear Children :

I am almost sure there is not a boy or girl in Canada who would care to live in a country where there is no Christmas. "No indeed!" shout a hundred merry voices. "It must be a very dreary place. To us Christmas is the brightest and happiest day in the whole year." Yes, we think you are quite right. How often both old and young look forward with hopeful pleasure, for days and weeks, to Christmas' welcome dawn. The very thought of all good things in store for the "little folk" makes even the older hearts beat with joy. The kind, fond mother, with child-like sympathy sees that the stocking is hung up in a place where Santa Claus cannot miss it. The scenes of Christmas morning are very familiar to all the dear children who read the *RECORD*.

I expect, however, that before this letter will reach you from this far off land the Christmas of 1885 will have come and gone. Many of you I trust will be looking back with very much pleasure on the good time you have had; you will be telling your companions what a number of nice presents you got. How this kind friend sent you a new sled or a big elephant. Another gave you a beautiful book, or a lovely doll, or some pretty toy, or better gift. Then when the day with all its fun and feasting was over you will remember how, weary and tired, mother, sister or nurse put you quietly to rest in your snug cot, and hushed you to sleep by telling you of the welcome, old, but ever new story of Jesus being found in Bethlehem's manger. How he lived in the world and cared for little children, taking them up in his arms and blessing them. How he died on the cross to save sinners. How he rose again from the dead and went back to Heaven to make ready a beautiful

home of many mansions for all those who are good and love Him.

Did you not feel very glad that you were in a country where there was a Christmas. Was your heart not full of love to Jesus who came to this foreign sinful world to bestow so many blessings on you.

Now my dear children I would like to see you real happy. I think if you knew about the number of children who have not any Christ, and the blessings brought to us by Him, you would be doubly thankful. You would be also much happier if you tried to share with them. Try and tell them about Jesus, or send something to them that will let them know about Him.

If you could only see the thousands of poor little children in India who have to run about in the scorching sun without coat or cap or clothing of any kind, you would be very content in your comfortable homes. Many of the girls especially are not even allowed to go outside at all. They are kept shut up in horrid, nasty zenanas. It would be more comfortable in our jails at home.

You know the girls must get married when very young, most of them before they are eight years old. Very often their husbands die when they are quite young. Then these young girls have to live in widowhood all their lives.

When in Bombay I went to see the native Christian school for girls. There were present about one hundred dusky, but yet real pretty little dots. Mr. Ghangibhai, the teacher, told me many things of interest about them. "Look, that's a little Parsee girl. She is very richly dressed, with very beautiful bright colors in her loose robe. Her father is a wealthy merchant. This is a little Hindoo girl here. Her parents are poor and of a low caste. On the other bench is a high caste Brahman girl. Her father was a priest, and she must not touch these other girls, must not take any bread or candies from them or she will lose caste, which would be much worse than death."

"But who is that girl with the thick

dark veil?" "Ah," says the kind hearted teacher, "poor Puddha is a widow. She was married when a child but her husband died a few years ago. She must now live under the curse of society and especially of her own relatives and friends. She must not wear any good clothes or jewelry, and were it not for the influence of Christians she would not be allowed to attend school at all." Not only that, but if there never had been Missionaries sent to India she would have been burned on the same funeral pile with her husband. That's what is done in a land where there is no Christmas.

Is there not a better reason for prizing Christmas? Surely, because it reminds us of Christ. That is the great reason why it is so sad living in India because the people do not know Christ, and so cannot imitate His good and holy life. They cannot trust in His atoning death, and hence they have no hope of going to heaven when they die.

Now my dear children you love Jesus and you expect to be with Him up there in the bright mansions of glory. Will you not try and tell others of His love so that they may love him too. Thus you shall have a real happy life. You can then join more heartily in singing the Christmas carol:

"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
God is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men."

In a few years then, when Jesus shall call you to sing in the choir in Heaven, how sweetly you can join in singing the "New Song," along with those whom you have been the means of leading to the dear Saviour.

R. C. MURRAY

HAPPY HEARTS

Little hearts will happy be,
If little eyes will always see
That little hands do work for thee,
Our God and King.

"I'M SURE THE SAVIOUR SMILED."

Some one said one day that we do not read that our Saviour when on earth was ever seen to smile. A little girl heard the remark. "What!" she said, "didn't Jesus say to the little children, 'Come unto Me?' and they would never have come unless He had smiled!"

I'm sure the Saviour smiled,
Or else no little trembling child
Had dared to venture near
No darkening frown, no angry word,
Was ever seen, or ever heard
While Jesus sojourned here.

I'm sure the Saviour smiled,
And all the children's hearts beguiled
By his heart-winning ways;
His tender welcome, loving voice,
Made little hearts in hope rejoice
To meet his loving gaze.

I'm sure the Saviour smiled,
He calmed the tempest fierce and wild,
Of sin and sorrow sore,
And by his sweet, sad, look of love,
Charmed careless souls to Heaven above
To worship and adore.

I'm sure the Saviour smiled,
And though I'm but a little child,
I dare to seek his love,
I have no fear, I have no doubt,
He will not, cannot cast me out,
But welcome me above.—*Sel.*

BOYS, PERSEVERE!

A poor woman had a supply of coal laid at her door by a kind neighbour. A very little girl came out with a small fire-shovel, and began to take up a shovelful at a time, and carry it to a sort of bin in the cellar. The child was asked by a stranger, "Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" The girl replied cheerfully, "Yes sir, if I work long enough." So let us persevere with whatever we attempt, and we may, by God's, help, depend upon success.

BOYS, READ THIS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to put on ready made with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let me see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I don't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Busy Bee.*

LOOK UP.

A little boy went on a sea voyage with his father to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him:

"Come, my boy! you will never be a sailor if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast."

The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up; but when he got to the top and saw at what a height he was he began to be frightened and called out:

"O father! I shall fall—I am sure I shall fall! I am sure I shall fall! What am I to do?"

"Look Up! look up, my boy!" said his father. "If you look down you will be giddy; but if you keep looking up to the flag at the top of the mast you will descend safely."

The boy followed his father's advice and reached the bottom with ease.

Learn to look more to Jesus and less to yourselves.—*Sel.*

A MARTYR IN MEXICO.

How many of you have listened to the stories of the martyrs who laid down their lives for Christ's sake long ago in the early days of Christianity, or in the later days of the persecution in France, England and other countries of Europe? Have you not drawn a deep sigh of relief to think that those days of persecution are over? But while those dark days are past in the history of some countries, it is not so in all, and only a few months ago a faithful servant of Christ was put to death in Mexico, simply because he was trying to tell his countrymen that Christ is able and just to forgive us our sins, if we confess them to Him, without any mediation of saints or prayers or priests.

"It is now about fifteen years since Mr. Nicanor Gomez, walking through the plaza of Santiago on a market day, saw exposed for sale some strange books which attracted his curiosity. Drawing near and examining them, he found them to be copies of the scriptures, and decided to buy one of the volumes. He took it home, and in the evening, after the children were all in bed, he read from his new purchase to his wife. This was repeated evening after evening, and the more they read the more precious the book became to them.

To reading they added prayer, and then they felt constrained to teach their children what to them had proved the way of life. But Mr. Gomez was not satisfied with this, and invited one after another of his neighbors to come in and hear what he should read to them from his new book. In this manner he very soon surrounded himself with a little circle of truly Bible Christians.

"The next step was to provide for the assembling of themselves together for simple united worship, and Mr. Gomez offered to fit up the only comfortable room in his humble dwelling as a chapel, and to move with his family into some out-building which did not even boast of a wall except on one side, the other being enclosed by a sort of picket fence. This offer was made good, and for all those years that

little chapel has resounded Sabbath after Sabbath, and once during the week, with the prayers and praises of God's people in number from twenty to fifty, the services being conducted by Mr. Nicanor Gomez, or by his son Nestor.

Not satisfied with the chapel at first prepared and devoted to gospel services, he had been at work for over a year erecting, out of his scanty income (twenty dollars a month), a better building, which was nearly ready for dedication at his death. In all the regions round about Calpullhuac, companies of simple Indians are found in whose minds the truth of God has been sown by the good old man whose death we now deplore.

One September our missionaries at Mexico received an earnest request from some fifty people at a town called Almaloya del Rio that they would send ministers to preach to them the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ. The missionaries finally decided to send three men to commence a service there, among whom was Mr. Gomez. You can imagine how happy this good man was at the thought of opening another church of Christ, as he started from his home, and how the Christians in the city of Mexico hoped and prayed for their success. But when Mr. Gomez and his companions reached Almaloya, it was quite plain that the people did not mean to let the service go on; and very soon the house in which they intended to hold the service was surrounded by a crowd of fierce and noisy people.

Soon the bell in the Romish church near by rang for mass, and most of the people went away for a time to their own church; but do you think they heard a gospel of peace preached? No; instead of that, the priest told them many wicked and false things about the Protestants, and told them they must put a stop, at any cost, to the service they meant to hold. After this strange sermon was over, the people hurried back to the house where Mr. Gomez was staying, and soon the narrow street was filled with a mob of fierce people. Men, women and even *little children* were armed with clubs,

stones,—anything they could lay their hands upon—and seemed like blood thirsty wild beasts as they crowded about the house and tried to enter it. At last two sons of Mr. Gomez escaped from a side door and went for the horses, which had been left at the house of a neighbor, and their father with Rev. Mr. Diaz, who had come with them, went to the front door of the house. The justice of the peace and some other men whom the people respected were with them to protect them, but the angry mob cared nothing for anything but to have the lives of these two ministers of God. A shower of stones were hurled at them, and blows from heavy clubs fell on all sides. Mr. Diaz succeeded in getting into his saddle and rode away, although he had many cuts and bruises. But Mr. Gomez did not fare so well. As he was mounting his horse a heavy stone struck him, making a dreadful wound upon his face, and another struck the back of his head, and he fell to the ground and was left for dead. The good justice of peace took up the poor dying man, dressed his wounds, and cared tenderly for him. He lived about a week in very great agony, and on Sabbath morning, November 2, he passed away to join the noble army of martyrs.—(*Children's Work for Children.*)

SINS BLOTTED OUT.

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said: "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

"Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—remembered no more. 'As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.'"—*Old and Young.*

HARK! THE VOICES LOUDLY CALLING.

Hark! the voices loudly calling,
Wafted hither o'er the sea,
And in tones entreating, tender,
Even now they summon thee.

Heathen mothers bowing blindly
Unto gods of wood and stone.
By their cry and tears they call thee
Now to make the Saviour known.

Little children, sad and sinning,
Bid them seek to be forgiven!
Tell them of the blessed Saviour,
Say he waits for them in Heaven!

Men and women, faithful toilers,
Far from home they fainting cry
"Come and help! the seed time passes,
Worn and weary we must die."

Jesus Christ Himself is calling
"Go and tell world of me!"
Gifts and prayers and lives of service
Are the answers He would see.

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.—*Horace Mann.*

STORIES FROM INDIA.

The happy holiday time has come and gone. The children who have wise parents and pleasant homes and good schools and good times all the year round, have had still better times lately. They cannot guess what a joy their whole life is, compared with that of heathen children. They do not know at all what a blessing they have in their parents.

A story has just come from India about a family who had begun to think about worshipping the true God. A Christian native was teaching them. But last year when the teacher was gone away a child in his family was taken very sick and had convulsions. There was no doctor near. The parents were frightened, for they thought some devil had entered into their child. They sent to a village near by for *arudy*, a begging priest, to drive out the evil spirit by his queer ceremonies. They also sent far away for a native doctor, who came and gave medicine to the sick little one. But all the neighbors said that the child would surely die if its father and mother did not give up believing in the Lord Jesus and return to the worship of their old idols. The child grew better and the poor parents thought the *arudy's* foolish performances cured it. So they gave up the Lord Jesus, and will not come near the Christian's worship any more. Their child has lost the blessed joyous privilege of being brought up in a Christian home, where all are trying to love and help each other, out of love to their Heavenly Father.

Another family in the same place had lost their two children. A little son was born afterward and was very precious to its parents. One day, a few months ago, they left their baby swinging in its cloth cradle near the fire, and went into the fields to work. Something caught fire, and the house and baby and all they had were burned up. These parents, too, had wanted to be Christians, but now, in their great sorrow, a fortune-teller told them he knew why this grief had come upon them. It was because they had given up

their idols. So they too returned to the worship of gods that cannot see or hear help. We must pity the sad blindness and ignorance more deeply; and pray and give more heartily that they may learn the better way.

But all the stories from India are not sad ones. Here is another sent us by Rev. John E. Chandler of the Madura Mission about a boy who had been in their orphanage.

In the time of the great famine, years ago, a man took his oldest son and went away from home, leaving his wife and another little son to live as they could, or to die of hunger. That is the cruel way of those who do not know the true God. The mother with her child wandered away in search of food. One night they tried to cross a river in the dark. The swift stream parted them and the mother was washed ashore. The boy was drawn out of the water on the other bank. Each thought the other was drowned. Our missionaries took the boy to their orphan's home, and called him *Moses*.

This was eight years ago. He stayed there three or four years, and studied well and learned to pray. His teacher hoped he become a Christian. But one day he went off without a word of good-bye. He traveled back to his old home and there he found his mother alive and well! His father and brother too were there, and all were living in the old heathen way. But *Moses* had taken his Bible and hymn-book with him, and says that he often read them and prayed alone, wishing himself back with the missionaries. At last he went to a great market, such as they hold yearly in some places in India. There he saw a Christian native teacher, who belonged to the orphanage where he had been taught. "Do you think the missionaries would let me come back again, after I have been such a prodigal son?" asked *Moses* of the teacher. "Come back, by all means," said he.

And *Moses* went. The missionaries welcomed him kindly, and at first they gave him work as a servant. Then they

let him enter their Boarding-School. He is working night and morning to pay his expenses, and they all hope that he is now a true Christian. We trust he is to be one of our dear Lord's own servants, to help in raising up his country out of its darkness and sin.

A STORY OF TITHES.

Many years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal boat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know," he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"There is no trouble about that, said the captain. "Be sure you start right and you'll get along finely."

"William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you and give you a little advice, and then I will go."

They both kneeled on the towpath (the path along which the horses that drew the boat walked.) The old man prayed for William, and then this advice was given: "Some one will soon be the leading soap maker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to Him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I am certain you will be a great, good and rich man."

When the boy reached the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's last words and the last words of the canal boat captain. He was then and there led to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

He united with the church. He remembered his promise to the old captain. The first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. He looked in the Bible and found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth, so he said, "If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did. Ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

After a few years both partners died, and William became sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain; he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He was prosperous; his business grew; his family was blessed; his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then decided to give the Lord two-tenths, and he prospered more than ever; then three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths. He then educated his family, settled all his plans for life and told the Lord he would give Him all his income. He prospered more than ever.

This is the true story of a man who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.
—*Gospel in all Lands.*

HER BEST DRESS.

A missionary writes from Syria: "I was visiting at the house of one of our members who had been a Mohammedan, but has now become a Christian, and she told me of her little girl who did not want to wear her best dress, but wished to keep it clean, as she heard that Jesus was coming, and wanted to have herself ready to go and see him." Dear child, it is a clean heart that Jesus wants to see when He comes.

On one occasion a missionary was examining a class of Hindoo youth in the Bible, and asked the question, "What does walking with God mean? They hesitated for a few moments; at last one said:—"Is it to live as Mr. Wray does."

HELPLESS GODS.

I once read a story about an idol in China. When it was first made, it was carried through the streets followed by a great procession. There were bands of cymbals, gongs, and flutes. There were flags and streamers and clouds of incense all about the huge image, which was carried on the shoulders of the men.

The procession went on finely for some time; but, suddenly, something happened. What do you think it was? Why, this great god, which was made of clay, was carried by men who were a little unsteady, and they contrived to pitch him into the gutter and knock off his head. Some of the people were very much frightened and troubled by it; but others could not help laughing at the poor god that couldn't take care of his own body.

In heathen lands, too, they have so many gods that they are apt to think anything at all strange or mysterious must be a god. An English lady writes from India that one night a man came to her house for shelter. As she could not talk with him because she could not understand his language, she showed him some curiosities. Among them was a magnet such as you have often played with. He was very much pleased with it; and the missionary thought she would try to teach him something with it.

So she took a small idol god, which had been given her, and placed it before a paper of needles, which, of course, had no effect. Then they put the magnet near the needles, and they all moved toward it. The man screamed out with wonder when he saw this; and, very timidly taking up the magnet, he rubbed it and tried the needles till he was satisfied there was no trick. Then looking up, he said, "English god." It was a great wonder to him. His eyes lighted up and his dark features really became become with interest.

There were a company of people in the other room; and, catching up the magnet, the idol and the needles, he rushed in where they were. He placed the idol before the needles and called out, "Lohigh!"

("come.") He pinched and beat the idol but could not make it show any power. Then he tossed the idol away; and, placing the magnet before the needles, shouted, "Lohigh!" again, and they all came, much to the surprise of all the people.

Then he took up the idol, and, shaking his head, threw it back, exclaiming, "No god! no god!" Afterward, he took up the magnet and shewed it to the men, saying, "Little god! but no god! no god!"

The strangers put their heads together, and began to talk about it among themselves.

"It has more power than our idols," said one. Perhaps it is an English god."

"No," said another. "The English the god lives up in heaven; perhaps he made this strange iron."

Ay! they were coming to the truth. They stayed and talked with the missionary for a long time about the "English God" and his dear Son, our Saviour. Before they left, one of them took up the idol; and, looking at it very earnestly, said, "This is only an image. I mean to read this book you have given me, I want to see if these things are true."—*Mission Dayspring.*

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

Saviour, who thy life didst give,
That our souls might ransomed be,
Rest we not till all the world
Hears that love and turns to thee.

Help us that we falter not,
Though the fields are wide and white,
And the reapers, sorely pressed,
Call for aid on every side.

Guide us, that with swifter feet
We may speed us on our way,
Leading darkened nations forth
Into thine eternal day.

Sweet the service, blest the toil!
Thine alone the glory be.
Oh, baptise our souls anew,
Consecrate us all to thee!

A WIDOW'S GIFT.

A Missionary in Persia tells of a poor widow with two little children to support, and a mother and an invalid sister who needed all the help that she could give them. And still she desired to hold those were in suffering and distress.

"One day," says the missionary, "she cut off the greater part of her beautiful hair and sold it, and brought me the money. She knelt down at my feet, and with eyes full of tears, said, 'Take this money for the poor people; I want to give it to God. It is the price of my hair. I had nothing else to give.'"

It was not merely the value of the gift, but the willing mind that prompted it, which made it a sweet savor of love to the weary missionary, working among the poor and the distressed. The poor woman, like the widow of old, cast in her mite. Her choicest tresses were bestowed upon the poor.

How many Christian boys and girls, men and women, there are who waste in useless dress and pleasure much that might be given to relieve distress, to enlighten darkness, to comfort those that mourn, and send the light of the knowledge of the Lord among those who sit in lands of darkness, beneath the shadow of death. How is it with the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD?

HEATHEN PRIESTS.

In Central Africa many of the people are very ignorant and very superstitious. They believe that their priests or medicine men can make it rain, or make sick people well and well people sick, and can save them from the power of the witches.

"No one is supposed to die from natural causes; disease is charged to witchcraft. No one is killed in war, in hunting, by drowning, or in any other way, but it is charged to witchcraft. The witches must be found out and tortured to confession and death."

The priests will, by their horrid rites, pretend to have it revealed to them into whom these witches have entered, and

then accusing them, the accused will be given poison to drink, or he will be cut to pieces with knives, or be bound and cast into the sea.

Surely they very much need the gospel of Jesus.—*Sel.*

OUR SIN.

Archie's mother was commending him one day for his helpfulness. She told him she loved him for it, and that Jesus too was pleased.

Archie held his head down as he said, in rather a low voice, "Sometimes I think mother, that Jesus can't love me, I am so naughty," then brightening up he added, "but I know it isn't me he hates, but the sin."

Archie had learned something which we should all remember.

JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Since I'm Jesus' little lamb,
Happy in my soul I am;
He will teach me, he will guide me,
And will walk so close beside me;
He will always love the same,
And he knows my real name.

Going out and coming in
He will keep my heart from sin;
To his pleasant pastures lead me
With his gentle precepts feed me;
Keep my feet from straying far,
Show me where sweet waters are.

Ah, how sweet it is for me.
Jesus' little lamb to be!
In his bosom safe he folds me,
With his strong arm he upholds me;
If he leads me every day,
Never shall I go astray.

—*Child's Paper.*

A thing to be thankful for is that God so sifts our prayers that only the right ones are answered. If all the foolish ones were granted we would have unspeakable sufferings.

KITTY'S APPEAL FOR THE MISSIONARIES.

A COLLECTION RECITATION FOR MISSION
CIRCLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Dear friends, once more I meet you,
And as I raise my hand,
You'll see this little box again,
And then you'll understand

That I am still on duty,
And though I am quite small,
I'll do what little I can do
To spread the gospel's call.

We support a mission teacher,
And of course you won't refuse
To help to spread the Word of God,
Which you in wisdom choose.

And now I'm coming right down there,
With the little box in my hand;
Asking for cents and quarters and dimes
To send to the heathen land.

Don't think I'm a little beggar,
And please don't frown on me ;
Just give one thought to your little ones,
Then the little ones over the sea.

Compare your pleasant, happy homes
With the ones in Hindu land :
Oh, pity them in their misery,
And lend a helping hand.

Perhaps you'll think the maxim good
To practice what I preach ;
So in I'll drop a shining dime,
And I'll thank you for one from each.

(Collection taken.)

My red box now resounds once more
With the offerings from your hands ;
Accept from me the many thanks,
In behalf of the Mission Band.

'Tis the little makes the many,
Let us work for the cause of right ;
Now once again I thank you,
And to one and all, good night.

THE ELEPHANT RIDE.

Tom and Harry had gone with some other boys to the zoological gardens to see the wild animals that are kept there. After looking at all the cages they went to the yard where the elephant was.

"We must have a ride on the elephant," said Harry.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom; "I'd rather have a ride on the elephant than to have a sight of all the other beasts."

But there were many other boys who wanted a ride. Somebody must be disappointed, for it was just time to start back to the train.

"Never mind," said Harry; "the man promised us long ago, our turn will come next."

"Halloo!" cried the man, nodding his head: "now for it my boys!"

"Come Tom," cried Harry.

Tom wanted a ride just then more than he wanted anything else. But among them was Sam, a lame boy who wanted it, too.

"Cannot we take him, sir?" he asked.

But the man shook his head. "There is room for only four," he said.

What made Tom think of his "Golden Text" just then? What was the "Golden Text?"—"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

He nodded to the lame boy, whispered a word to the elephant's keeper and then off he ran. Before one could say a word the lame boy was in Tom's place on the elephant's back.

"O Tom, you foolish fellow! Tom don't know how splendid it is up here," cried Harry. Tom's mother, too, wondered why Tom had stayed down there. But the lame boy knew. He smiled and called "Thank you."

Tom brushed away some tears. "If I had waited a moment longer I don't believe that I could have done it, he said, 'I am glad, though, that I did. I promised teacher last Sunday that I would think about my "Golden Text" this week. What good does it do a fellow just to say his "Golden Text"? He'd better try to act it out."—Sunbeam.