

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

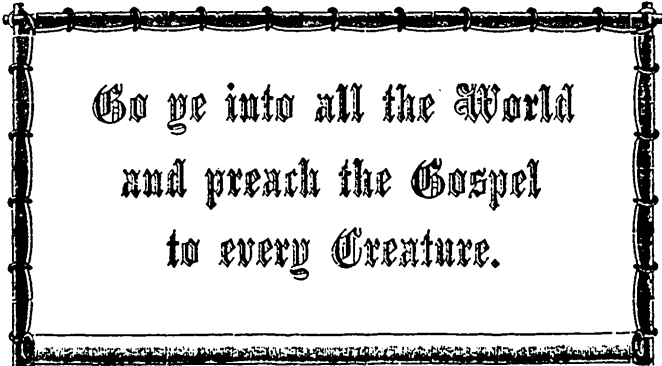
10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

---

Vol. 4. December, 1889. No. 12.

---

## The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE  
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE  
Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels  
of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies  
30 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin  
at any time, but must end with December.

All receipts after paying expenses, are for  
Missions. Paid to date, \$100.00.

All communications to be addressed to

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

This month you find two more pictures  
of our missionaries in Honan which have  
been kindly loaned by the *Presbyterian  
Review*. Mr. Croil has kindly sent pictures  
of the other three and you will have them  
next month. You will then feel more ac-  
quainted with them, and take more interest  
in the letters which they write to you.  
We hope to make you better acquainted  
with our missionaries in some of the other  
fields in future numbers.

What interesting and sometimes strange  
names mission bands sometimes take to  
themselves. We give a few of them. Per-  
haps some of our young readers who are  
puzzled to get a name for their band may  
find them helpful. Besides the more  
common ones such as "Helping Hands,"

"Little Helpers," "Little Workers,"  
"Happy Workers," "Willing Work-  
ers," "Light Bearers," "Porch Bear-  
ers," "Shining Lights," "Little Mis-  
sionaries," "Busy Bees," "Little Glean-  
ers," "Willing Gleaners," "Happy  
Gleaners," there are more uncommon,  
but very suggestive ones, such as the "S.  
P. Is." that is the "Stick To It," mission  
band, the "D. W. W. C." i. e. the "Do  
W! a We Can" band, "The King's Child-  
ren" with a still younger band called "The  
King's B. d. i. s." "The Young Volun-  
teers," the "Banana Club," "Snowflake"

while one band has taken to itself the  
name of "The Little Owls," meaning  
I suppose that they have been very wise  
in trying to do some mission work, instead  
of spending all their spare time in play  
and their money in candy and toys. We

will be glad to hear from any of our Mis-  
sion Bands. Send your name, your num-  
bers, and what you are doing and we will  
be glad to print it.

I want to tell you of a mission band  
that I saw a few days since. They num-  
bered five and were all men and women.  
What a small number you say to make  
up a mission band, and all big people.  
What a funny mission band! Who are  
they? Where are they? They are a band  
of missionaries going out to Trinidad.  
First there are Mr. and Mrs. Morton who  
have already been laboring there for  
twenty-two years and have been home for  
a rest and are now returning. Then  
there were Rev. Fulton Johnson Coffin a  
young missionary who is going out for the  
first time, and Miss Archibald and Miss  
Graham who are going out as missionary  
teachers. Pray for the mission band.

Josiah was eight years old when he be-  
gan to reign, and he reigned in Jerusalem  
one and thirty years; and he did that  
which was right in the sight of the Lord,  
and walked in the way of David his father  
and declined neither to the right hand,  
nor to the left.

And when the chief priests and scribes  
saw the wonderful things which he did,  
and the children crying in the temple and  
saying Hosanna to the son of David, they  
were sore displeased, and said unto him,  
Hearest thou what these say? And Jesus  
saith unto them, Yea; have ye never read,  
out of the mouth of babes and sucklings  
thou hast perfected praise.

And they brought young children to  
him, that he should touch them: and His  
disciples rebuked those that brought them.  
But when Jesus saw it he was much dis-  
pleased, and said unto them, Suffer the  
little children to come unto me, and forbid  
them not; for of such is the kingdom of  
God.



REV. JAMES FRASER SMITH, M. D.  
MISSIONARY TO HONAN, SUPPORTED BY THE  
STUDENTS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF  
QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

#### A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

When in Kansas City, two years ago, we saw the school-house that was so nearly destroyed by the terrible cyclone that visited the place shortly before. The timbers were thrown here and there with terrible fury, and some of the children were killed while others were caught and held fast by the falling ruins.

Among those so caught were a little girl and her younger brother, Johnny. The brother was only five and she, perhaps, was seven years old.

While they were trying to get to her and lift her out of the broken timbers she cried out "Don't mind me. Help Johnny out first; he is only five years old." Was she not a brave little girl, though? In fact, she was a little hero; and when all other incidents of that storm are forgotten, her plea for Johnny will be rehearsed with delight and welcomed as a story. It should have a place in verse and be sung in song. - *Sunday School Herald*

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED,  
FREELY GIVE."

There's no price to pay for the home above  
Where the many mansions be;  
And the pardon Jesus died to gain,  
Is offered full and free.

But the Master knew that a grateful love  
Would live in each follower's heart,  
So to give it voice, and room to grow,  
He shows every one his part

In the glorious work which He came to do,  
Of saving a ruined race,  
And leading the tired and sinful feet  
To him, of the resting-place,

Christ's words were meant for you and me  
Just as much as His chosen friends,  
When he left command that the gospel  
news  
Should spread to earth's farthest ends.

The women and men who have left their  
homes,  
And sailed o'er the ocean wave,  
Must look to us for the means of life,  
While they labor the lost to save.

There are churches to build and schools  
to teach,  
And very much work to do,  
Which you clearly see, without wisdom  
great,  
Needs money to help it through.

Won't you give to-night, with an open  
hand,  
That the light may travel fast?  
O! give, for the time your love to prove  
By such gifts, will soon be past.

Then may you hope for the gracious  
word,  
I verily say to thee,  
Ye have given to the least of these,  
"I count it as unto Me."

Ed.

## LITTLE SUNSHINE.

"We're going skating, Susie Barnes and I," said Nannie, as she walked slowly through the house. "But I don't know as I want to go."

"Why, Nannie! On such a beautiful day!" said her aunt. "I thought you liked to go skating."

"Yes, so I do," said Nannie, "but mamma says I've got to wear my old shoes and they're such clumsy old things I can't bear to."

The whine in her voice became a growl before she had finished speaking, and somehow the growl had something to do with her forehead; for if it was wrinkled before, it was fairly tied up in a knot now.

Have you ever noticed how, when little girls or boys get into a bad temper, the bad temper seems to go all over them? The dancing feet move sullenly, the dimpled hands are not ready for doing little loving deeds for anybody. The light goes out of the pretty bright eyes and the lips go down at the corners, and the dimples, oh dear! they surely go up into the forehead, for you have seen how it will be marked and seamed. I never did like dimples in the forehead, did you.

And the little ripple of a laugh is gone, and what a whine and whimper and growl have taken its place! Yes, you can easily see that the whole boy or girl is wrapped up in that ugly temper.

"What a pity!" thought aunt Carrie, as Nannie sulked and fretted. First it was because of the shoes, but she could not keep on all the time about one pair of shoes, so she soon found something else to grumble at.

"I wonder why Susie doesn't come. I think it's too bad of her to keep me waiting like this. We ought to have been off half an hour ago. The best part of the day is going."

"There's a hole in one of my mittens," was the next complaint.

"Well, as you are waiting, it will be a good time to mend it," said Aunt Carrie, "Here is a needle and some yarn."

"I never did like to mend," said Nannie.

"There are a great many things in the world harder than mending," said Aunt Carrie. "But they have to be done, and it is so much nicer to do them pleasantly, don't you think so!"

"If I could have fixed things they shouldn't have been hard," said Nannie.

She should not, however, refuse to take the needle and thread which Aunt Carrie offered her. But I am afraid that the darn in her mitten must have looked like the knot in her forehead.

"I know Susie'll be here before it is done," she said.

But Susie did not come until the darn was mended and the needle put away.

"Why have you kept me waiting so long?" asked Nannie, when at length she came in.

"Oh I'm sorry," said Susie, with a smile, "But mamma wanted me to help a little with the baby. Doesn't the sunshine bright and isn't it a nice day! I saw a blue-jay as I came along, and he twittered just as if he wanted to say, 'Isn't this a beautiful day for little girls and birds!'"

It would have done you good to look from Nannie's face to Susie's. She had surely brought in a good share of the sunshine with her in her bright little face, and the blue-jay's twitter could not have been merrier than her voice.

And dimples! Her dimples were all in place, just where God meant they should be when He made little faces to be the dearest and sweetest things in our home. Blue eyes, cheeks, lips and all went to make up the smile. You could feel pretty sure that mamma and baby at home had been left happy after the help of such a cheery little lassie.

Even Nannie's frowns had been melted away before her lively chat, and she forgot what a badly used little girl she was long before they reached the skating ground.

And then everybody who came near Susie felt the influence of her sunny face and her loving, kindly ways. — *N. Y. Witness.*



REV. DONALD MCGILLIVRAY, B. D.  
MISSIONARY TO HONAN.

### MICHAEL VERRAN THE HERO.

There are heroes in every class of life ; many a time unnoticed and unknown to fame, yet written in the Book of Life, enrolled in the noble army of martyrs, who have laid down their lives for others for His sake who died for them.

Such a hero was Michael Verran, a splendid specimen and true type of a Christian Cornish miner.

From a boy he had lived and worked in the dark mines ; but he had learned to hush the name of Jesus at his mother's knee, and the dark galleries and levels of the mine did not hinder his having an abiding sense of the Saviour's presence.

One day, in his full manhood, he was engaged with two others sinking a shaft. They had bored a hole in the usual way for blasting, and then, according to rule, one of the three had descended the shaft, leaving the others making preparation for firing the charge.

The hole was filled with powder and securely tamped, and all that was left to do was to cut the fuse, and then for one man

to ascend the shaft, and let down the bucket for the last, so that he who fired the fuse might have time to be drawn up to the surface before the charge could explode.

Michael and his companion had become familiar with danger. They were careless; and, while the fuse was attached to the charge, they set to work to cut it through with a stone and an iron drill. It doing it the iron gave out a spark, and in a second the hissing of the fuse told them that in a few moments the whole would explode.

Both dashed to the shaft, and, holding on to the bucket, gave the signal to be drawn up ; but, alas ! the strength of the man at the windlass was not equal to lifting two—he could wind up only one man at a time.

To remain was death to both, and it was Michael Verran's turn to ascend. He looked at his companion, stepped from

“Escape, lad, for thy life ; I shall be in heaven in a minute.”

Swiftly the bucket ascended, and the man saved leaned over the pit's mouth and listened—listened for what ? For the great roar and boom that told him of the destruction of the brave comrade who had given up his life to save him.

Up came the smoke and rubbish, blinding and sickening. There could be no doubt of the miner's fate close shut against that fearful hole. Yet down they hurried ; and among the scattered blocks of rock at the bottom of the shaft they shouted in faltering tones his name, “Michael ! Michael ! where are you ?”

And the strong answer came. “Thank God, I am here !”

Eager hands dragged away the rubbish and rock, and there, underneath, a huge slab of stone that had been blown across him, and lodging against the end of the shaft protected him from all the rest, they found him safe, not a scratch upon him, nor his clothes torn.

He had sat himself down in the corner of his rocky prison, placed a shield of rock before his eyes, and commended his soul

in prayer to God ; and the God who had cared for Daniel in the rocky dungeon had delivered him, and saved him from death.

For years he lived to tell of God's goodness to him, and to lead others by his example to the Saviour ; and they laid him in the quiet country churchyard where the long grass now waves over his sleeping place. But the name still lives in the hearts of the simple Cornish miners ; his heroism is still remembered by maiden and stripling who have learned his story from the aged folks who lived in the time when the brave, good fellow gave himself up to die for his friend and comrade in the bottom of the pit shaft.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

#### HOW MARIAN EARNED HER BAND MONEY.

Oh, mother, the girls are going to organize a Mission Band, and they want me to join them," said Marian Larned, coming in one after-noon from school.

As she spoke, her voice had a little note of interrogation in it. Her mother recognized this, and waited awhile before she spoke.

"What do they intend doing?"

"Why Mrs. Bird has a sister who is a missionary in China, Percy (Goodwin says.)"

"Yes, I know. I remember when she went out. Well, what else, Marian?"

"Percy says that this missionary has written to Mrs. Bird, and told her about a little Chinese girl. Her parents are dead, and their property all gone, and the lady wants to take her into the school. Mrs. Bird told Percy that we could read the letter, and if we decide to support this little girl, we can give enough money to our Women's Board to do it. I think they call it a 'scholarship'."

"Do you think you girls could raise the necessary amount?"

"Percy says that it *shall* be raised."

"If Percy says so, it will be done, for I never knew Percy to fail," the mother

said. "How much is each member to give?"

"Percy says that we ought to give not less than fifty cents apiece. She says that she means to give it, anyway ; and you know she seldom has money to spare, either."

"And do you know where you will gain your fifty cents?"

"That is just what worries me, mother. I was hoping that you would put on your thinking cap, and find a way for me; for my mind is so much set on belonging to this Band."

"Marian, I am giving to the Ladies' Society as much as I possibly can; and even though I gave you the fifty cents, it would still be me giving through you. You will learn the true meaning of mission work, if the money is yours, gained by sacrifice."

As Marian and her mother met at the breakfast table the next morning the latter said :

"When is your birthday, Marian?"

"Two weeks from to-morrow, mother."

"What have you set your mind upon, Marian?" her mother asked, in the most matter-of-fact way, as if it had nothing to do with missions.

"Don't you remembrr, mother, my telling you that I would be perfectly happy if I could have that lovely work-box in Synder's window? But if it costs too much, I will take anything else you think best."

"What is the price of the work-box?"

"It is marked two dollars, but I am afraid that you do not want to give so much."

"One-tenth of two dollars would be twenty cents. Twenty cents would pay four month-' fee in your Band."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"Would you be satisfied with that plainer box we were looking at the other day? It was \$1.75, and you could have the quarter for your mission Band."

Marian looked sober for an instant; then she said :

"I had my mind set on that lovely

box, for you had told me that I could have it; but I do really want to earn the money myself for our mission work." Then, after a moment's hesitation, Marian's face brightened, and she said, "Mother, I am glad that you have thought of a plan for raising a part of my Band money."

"Marian, I want you to enter on this work in no slipshod, thoughtless fashion. True, if you decide to take the plainer work-box, it will give you twenty cents, but still you will be unprovided for extra calls that must necessarily arise. If you will adopt the one-tenth principle, Marian, you will always have money."

"The one-tenth principle, mother! What do you mean?"

"It is the Bible plan, Marian. When you need new gloves, as you do twice a year, instead of giving \$1.25 for them, as you are used to, by taking the one-tenth off I can get you very good ones for \$1.15, and by doing this you will be enabled to give another twenty cents to your Society. Your dresses are never less than fifty cents a yard, and cost \$5.00 before they are cut into, but if you are willing for the one-tenth to come from them, you will be provided with another dollar for the year. And the same way with your hats, ribbons, etc. This is the only plan I can think of at present where you can rightfully earn your own money."

Marian sprang up and threw her arms around her mother's neck, with the exclamation, "There is nothing in the world like a mother for making plans and finding ways to do things! Saving will be almost like earning, and I shall have money of my really own to give!" - *H. W. in Children's Work for Children.*

#### THAT WONDERFUL STORY.

For a long time the Moravian Missionaries worked among the Eskimo without any result; they occupied their otherwise useless time in translation, but the time came at last. God chooses His own sea-

son. A missionary was copying a Gospel, and four Eskimo drew near to watch him. At their request he read a portion which chanced to be an account of the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. As he read on the Spirit of the Lord fell upon them as manifestly as upon Cornelius and his companions. Some of them laid their hands on their mouths, which is their manner of expressing wonder. One man called out in a loud and anxious voice,

"How is that? Tell me that again, for I would also be saved." This man proved the first of a long succession of converts.

In the south of Europe a little Protestant child was taken to a public hospital to die. In her last moments she gave her little Testament, the only thing that she possessed, to the nun who had nursed her. The keeper of the Bible depot remarked with surprise that he sold during the next few days several copies to female figures who crept in after dark. That day salvation had come within the walls of that convent. No doubt the books were soon discovered, and in the parlour of the Lady-Abbess, and the presence of the Priest-Confessor, and weeping women, there ascended the living smoke of a sacrifice of burning paper, the unaccepted offering of Cain, who slew his brother; but certain precious promises had been too deeply printed in the memory and the heart to be effaced, and had been in faith appropriated by these humble saints, for whom some day a door, by grace, may be found ajar, which will be closed against Pharisee and Cardinal who, in the day of their opportunity, would not enter in themselves and shut the door on others.

Let us glance at the other extreme, and raise up in our imaginations an assembly and on the other side of the Atlantic of those who once had known and had abandoned God. A new digger from the old country had just joined them, and with him a motherless lad. In their rough sport they had searched the boy's pockets and found a little Testament, the



gift of the boy's dead mother; out of mere wantonness one of them begins in a scoffing way to read aloud, but his fingers and eyes were guided by a power greater than his own, for first he read how Jesus came walking on the sea and then the story of the Good Samaritan. The laughing and outcries had ceased and all were listening, when the wind blew the leaves over and the reader found himself reading solemnly the awful tale of the Crucifixion, a tale well remembered though forgotten, 'o'd but still new; as he came to the last words of the penitent thief and our Lord's reply, the book fell from his hands to the ground amidst an awe-struck silence, only broken by sobs. God has His chosen ones in every assembly of His children; He has His corner in every human heart. A hoarse voice came up from the rear

"Will no one pray? Can no fellow remember a prayer?"

The echo of far-off English Sunday Schools, the warning throb of their own death struggle, perhaps not far distant, stirred into life those dead hearts; the fool may have said in his heart that there was no God, but these men were no fools and knew better, that God was near unto them. The call was for some one to pray, but words are not forthcoming unless the Spirit supplies them. As the lad crouched forward to recover the lost Testament he was caught up by strong arms and ordered to pray. As his childish treble went up to the clear sky, repeating the little prayer which he had often heard at his dead mother's knees, hats were off, and knees were bowed, and a deep calm fell over the assembly, while this innocent child became the mouth-piece of these rough emigrants. Not as yet had he learnt to be ashamed of his innocence, not as yet had his lips been defiled with oaths and obscenities and his little prayer rose up to heaven above the tall pines, and who can say how many brands may be saved from the burning by the chance contact of one little Testament.

#### A GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

"Sleep, baby sleep;  
Your father tends the sheep;  
Your mother shakes the branches small,  
Whence happy dreams in showers fall;  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

"Sleep, baby, sleep;  
The sky is full of sheep;  
The stars the lambs of heaven are,  
For whom the shepherd moon doth care,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

"Sleep, baby, sleep;  
The Christ-Child owns a sheep,  
He is Himself the Lamb of God;  
The world to save, to death He trod;  
Sleep, baby, sleep."

#### AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE NORTH WEST.

##### A TRUE STORY OF TRUE HEROISM.

Rev. J. Young gives the following incident of his experiences in the North West.

"A few years ago that terrible disease, the smallpox, broke out among the Indians of Saskatchewan, and wrought terrible havoc among them. Thousands died. It got into the home of our beloved missionary McDougall, and three of his loved ones died. The Province of Manitoba had then been organized, and the Government decided that there should be no traffic between the Province and the distant settlement of Saskatchewan. This meant a great deal of hardship for the missionaries and the Hudson Bay officials and the surveyors and a few traders and settlers who had gone in. So a gentleman came up to Norway House and said:

"Mr. Young, can you possibly induce one hundred and sixty of your best Indians to take a large number of those new

boats, each carrying about four hundred tons cargo, up the mighty Saskatchewan, to relieve those people in their dire necessity there! They will go through the country where hundreds are dying on each side of the river; they must keep in the middle of the river all the way. It is an awful risk; do you think you can get them to do it?

I called them together, and put the matter before them. I said:

"Indians, the white man has not treated you fairly and honorably all through, but here is a grand chance to do a glorious act. The white men, with their wives and children up there will suffer if they don't get supplies. Are you willing to run the risk?"

I picked out one of the class-leaders, and said:

"Samuel, you are to be the guide and leader of the party." He said, "Will you give us a little time to talk it over?" So we left them.

When we went back they said, "Missionary, will you let us have one Sunday more at the church, and give us the sacrament of the Lord's Supper ere we start upon the dangerous journey?"

I said, "Yes," and we had such a memorable Sabbath. It seemed to me as though the men who were going into the jaws of death for the sake of doing a kindly act were there commemorating the death of the Lord Jesus Christ for the last time. We saw them start a day or two after on their long journey. They had to paddle their boats one thousand two hundred miles up the current to this settlement.

After being away about ten weeks they came back in peace and safety, and all well with the exception of the guide, such had been the strain upon him. In spite of all we could do he drooped and died. I was with him when he passed away. It was a beautiful afternoon. There he lay, stretched out on his bed of robes, on some balsam boughs. He was emaciated and wasted away. I saw a change coming over him. His life had been his testi-

mony, but their was a longing in my heart to hear his living voice again, and bending over him I said, "Samuel, this is death, that has come for you; tell your missionary how it is with you, if you can."

His eye brightened, and he caught my question. He lifted up his emaciated arm, he seemed to be holding on to something, and he said:

"Missionary, I am holding on to God; He is my all, my joy and happiness;" and the arm fell nerveless, and my comrade was in a better land.

#### ANOTHER INCIDENT OF DEEPEST INTEREST.

The same missionary tells:—There was an old Indian, a strange, savage looking fellow; if you met him in the swamp, you would like to have your rifle handy. His hair was braided back and reached to his knees, it was a most wonderful switch, and all his own too. This fellow came and stood before me, and pushing his fingers through his hair as far as its braided condition would allow, he said: "Missionary, once my hair was as black as a crow's wing, now it is getting white. Grey hairs here and grandchildren in the wigwam tell me that I am getting to be an old man. I never heard before such things as you told me to-day. I am so glad I have not died before hearing 'his wonderful story. Stay as long as you can, and when you have to go away, come back soon, for I have grandchildren; I have grey hairs, and may not live many winters more; come back soon."

Then he turned as though he would go to his place: but he again faced me and said, "Missionary, you said just now 'Our Father.' That is very sweet to us. We never thought of the Great Spirit as Father; we heard Him in the thunder, and saw Him in the lightning and tempest, and were afraid. The Great Spirit Father! That is very beautiful to us."

Then he said, "May I say more?" "Yes, say on." "You say our Father—He is your Father?" "Yes." Does it mean He is my Father—poor Indian's Father?" "Yes, your Father." "Your Father, missionary's Father, Indian's Father?"

"Yes." "Then we are brothers?" "Ah," said he, "it does seem to me that you, my white brethren, with that great Book and its wonderful story, have been a long time coming to tell it to your red brother of the woods." That is the question which the weary, waiting, longing pagan millions of earth's nations are asking us: why we with the Bible should be so long coming with its wondrous story.

### TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

Off the very southern point of South America, separated from it by the Straits of Magellan, lies the little archipelago of Terra-del-Fuego. Who named it thus we do not know; but its mountains, rising six and seven thousand feet into the sky, were once volcanoes, and perhaps some ship's crew, far from home, making their course slowly around that dangerous coast, watched the flashes of fire and red-hot lava hissing down the mountain-sides, and christened it Terra-del-Fuego—"Land of Fire." Or, it may have gotten its name from the signal-fires often seen burning on its rocky headlands, by which the natives of one island send messages to those of another.

This archipelago consists of eleven large and twenty little islands. The western coasts are mountainous; the eastern level, sometimes barren; but more often covered with dense forests of Antarctic beech, and evergreen trees of great beauty. The scenery is grand and beautiful. High mountains with snowy helmets form the background; blue glaciers the foreground; and between lie green, sheltered valleys, where vegetation is abundant and semi-tropical because of frequent rains and temperate winters. Here the Atlantic meets with mad fury the Pacific which, all unmindful of its name, tosses its white mane and roars and struggles with its foe.

The people living in these islands are savages, sometimes wearing a garment made of the skin of sea-otters; but usually, even in the snows of winter, men, women and children go naked, save that

their bodies are covered with a thick paste of red earth and grease which helps to keep them warm. They are about the average size, with skin as white as ours, mild black eyes and pleasant faces. They live much of their time in canoes, which are made of rough boards held in place with the sinews of animals. A fire is built in the centre of the boat on a little pile of sand, and around this the family gathers. They have no quadrupede but dogs: raise no grain or vegetables, and subsist upon eggs, wild fowls and fish. Their dogs are trained to go into the water, and by barking and floundering about, drive the fish up into the shallow bays and inlets where they are easily caught. They are a very social people and spend much time in talking, making up long stories and "supposings." They fear to die, for they expect then to wander as lone spirits on the tops of the mountains. They have no idea of God and therefore no word that represents Him.

In 1850 a missionary party of seven, under Captain Allen Gardiner, set sail from England to carry the Bible and civilization to the Fuegians. Not being well received by the natives and no help arriving, in 1851 the whole party perished from hardships, exposure and starvation. In 1854 a second expedition, headed by Captain Parker Snow, arrived from Bristol. This too was unsuccessful. Later, Bishop Selwyn of the Falkland Island Mission, cruising about in his little schooner, has visited these islands and done much for the people. And now the South American Missionary Society of England, has sent over another little party of heroes under Mr. Aspinwall, a medical missionary. They have a little schooner named the "Allen Gardiner," in which they go from island to island. At first the women and children would hide in the woods, and the men remain to defend their property; but they have learned to welcome the little white-winged ship and its messengers of peace. They wash off the red paint, and in their otter-skin robes, sit and listen to the story of Jesus; but when

the missionaries sail away, they put on the paint again.

A school has been opened for the children, and in them lies the hope of raising this people. The government of Chili has granted Mr. Aspinwall the use of Grey Island and three small islands adjacent, and Cape West, the western point of Hermit Island. In return, Mr. Aspinwall is bound to maintain a life-saving station and care for the 'Light House' to be built at Cape West. This has long been the most dangerous part of the voyage between Europe and the west coast of South America. Now we may hope that this beacon light staring out over the water may guide many a gallant ship to her desired haven and God bless Mr. Aspinwall and his brave little band, and help them to tell Fuegians of that other Light that came down from heaven. *Children's Work for Children.*

### JIMMY HOWARD.

#### OR, REBUKED AND REPENTING.

Jimmy Howard was twelve years old, and away from home for the first time in his life. His mother was an invalid and his parents had sent him to a boarding school. He had expected it would be great fun, and he enjoyed his first day very much; but it was ended, and here he was in his room with four other boys, and he had promised his mother to read a few verses in his Testament and also pray every night.

"I can't," he said to himself, "I know these fellows never pray: how full of fun they are."

"But you promised," conscience whispered.

"Mother never half knew how hard it would be, or she would never have asked me. Why, I shouldn't wonder if they threw their shoes at me. There wouldn't be any comfort praying that way. I'll just jump into bed and say my prayers there, and I'll read my Testament to-morrow when they're not looking."

So he quieted the voice of conscience

and slipped into bed, pulling the clothing over his face to shut out the clatter, and tried to pray. But he was not happy, and the words would not come. Presently it grew quiet, and he heard one of the boys say, "John, it's your turn to read to-night."

And then he listened as John read aloud the fifth chapter of Ephesians. "This is my verse, boy," John said, as he finished. "Be not drunken with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit."

"That one about 'Redeeming the time' is mine," said one of the others.

"Seems that one about 'foolish talking and jesting' comes home to us pretty well. I never knew that was in the Bible, did you, John?"

"Yes, mother read it to me once, but it is an awful hard one to live up to."

"What is your verse?" he asked of a lazy-looking boy, who was lounging on the foot of the bed.

"I haven't any," he drawled out.

"Where's the new boy?" asked John. Then seeing where he was: "I say, Jimmy Howard, ain't you ashamed of yourself to get into bed without saying your prayers?"

"Yes, I am, sure as you're alive," the boy said, rolling out. "I am a regular little coward: I thought you'd all laugh at me, and I couldn't stand it."

And as he dropped upon his knees with the others, he remembered a Sundayschool lesson of several months before about the prophet Elijah, under the juniper tree, bewailing the fact that he was the only one who did not worship Baal, when there were thousands in Israel who had not bowed the knee to that false god.

The next day Jimmy Howard wrote to his mother a full confession of his wrong, not forgetting to tell how he had been comforted, while begging for forgiveness, in the thought that the great prophet Elijah had at one time been just as weak and cowardly as he.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

## LITTLE THINGS.

I cannot do great things for him  
 Who did so much for me,  
 But I would like to show my love,  
 Dear Jesus, unto Thee,  
 Faithful in every little thing,  
 O Saviour, may I be!

There are small crosses I may take,  
 Small burdens I may bear,  
 Small acts of faith and deeds of love,  
 Small sorrows I may share:  
 And little bits of work for thee  
 I may do every where.

And so I ask thee, give me grace  
 My little place to fill,  
 That I may ever walk with thee  
 And ever do thy will,  
 And in each duty, great or small,  
 I may be faithful still.

## BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

That a true lady may be found in calico  
 quite as frequently as in velvet.

That a common school education, with  
 common sense, is better than a college edu-  
 cation without it.

That one good, honest trade well-mas-  
 tered is worth a dozen beggarly profes-  
 sions.

That honesty is the best policy: that it  
 is better to be poor than rich on the pro-  
 fits of "crooked winsky"; and point your  
 precept by the examples of those who are  
 now suffering the torments of the doomed.

To respect their elders and themselves.

That, as they expect to be men some  
 day, they cannot too soon learn to pro-  
 tect the weak ones.

That smoking in moderation though  
 the least of vices to which men are heirs—  
 is disgusting to others and hurtful to  
 themselves.

That to wear patched clothes is no dis-  
 grace, but to wear a black eye is.

And that from a child thou hast known  
 the holy Scriptures, which are able to  
 make thee wise unto salvation through  
 faith which is in Christ Jesus.

## NOTHING FOR CHILDREN TO DO.

Don't think there is nothing  
 For children to do,  
 Because they can't work like a man;  
 The harvest is great  
 And the labourers are few:  
 Then, children, do all that you can.

You think, if great riches  
 You had at command  
 Your zeal should no weariness know;  
 You would scatter your wealth  
 With a liberal hand,  
 And succour the children of woe.

But what if you've naught  
 But a penny to give?  
 Then give it, though scanty your store:  
 For those who give nothing  
 When little they have,  
 When wealthy will do little more.

It was not the offering  
 Of pomp and of power,  
 It was not the golden bequest—  
 Ah, no! 'twas the mites  
 From the hand of the poor  
 That Jesus applauded and blest.

Then don't be a sluggard  
 And live at your ease,  
 And life with vain pleasures beguile;  
 But ever be active  
 And busy as bees,  
 And God on your labours will smile.

## GOOD WORDS FOR BOYS.

An English writer says: "A gentleman  
 must be polite, gentle, truthful and hon-  
 est. And if a boy wishes to become a  
 gentleman, and will rule his life by these  
 four words, he will succeed. But words,  
 simple as they are, have deep meanings, and  
 it may not be always easy for him to put  
 them into daily practice."

These words are good for girls, too, if  
 they want to become real ladies and not  
 mere shams.

### The Sabbath School Lesson.

Dec. 1.—1 Kings 8 : 54-63. Memory vs. 62-63.

#### The Temple Dedicated.

GOLDEN TEXT. Hab. 2:20. Catechism. Q.50.

#### Introductory.

When did Solomon begin to build the temple?

When was it finished?

Who offered the prayer of dedication?

For what did Solomon pray?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. Thanksgiving. vs. 54-56.

What did Solomon do when he had offered the prayer of dedication?

In what posture had he offered the prayer?

What was his posture when he blessed the congregation?

For what great blessing did he give thanks?

What had God promised?

How completely had he fulfilled his promise?

#### II. Prayer. vs. 57-60.

For what did Solomon pray?

To what did he ask the Lord to incline the hearts of the people?

Why should we offer this prayer?

What did Solomon mean by the words of his supplication being *wigh unto the Lord*?

What would be the effect of God's favor to Israel?

#### III. Sacrifice. vs. 61-63

What final counsel did Solomon give the people?

What sacrifices were offered?

How did the Lord show his acceptance of the sacrifice? 2 Chron. 7 : 1-3.

#### What Have I Learned?

1. That churches should be dedicated to God with prayer, praise and thanksgiving.

2. That we should dedicate our bodies and souls to God as temples of the Holy Ghost.

3. That he will come and abide with those who are so dedicated to him.

4. That if we would have him in our hearts we must obey his commandments.

5. That if we love and serve him he will give us joy and blessing.

Dec. 8. 1 Kings 10 : 1-14. Memory vs. 6-8.

#### Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 12:12. Catechism. Q.51

#### Introductory.

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. The Queen's Visit. vs. 1-3.

Who visited Solomon?

Where was *Sheba*?

Why did she take this long journey?

Who came with her?

What did she bring with her?

What did she do on her arrival?

What was Solomon able to do?

#### II. The Queen's Amazement. vs. 4-9.

What did Solomon's answer show the queen?

What did she see?

What did she say?

Why did she call his servants happy?

Wherein may we be happier?

Why did she offer praise to the Lord?

**III. The Queen's Presents, vs. 10-13.**

What presents did the queen give to Solomon?

When had these presents been foretold?

Who brought similar gifts to Jesus?

What gifts should we bring to him?

What return did Solomon make to the queen?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That there is a greater than Solomon to whom we should go.

2. That he welcomes all who come to him, solves their questions and shows them his glory.

3. That he receives their gifts and loads them with far richer ones in return.

4. That if we do not seek Jesus and his wisdom, the queen of Sheba will rise up in judgment against us and condemn us.

**Dec. 15 1 Kings II : 4-13. Memory vs. 9-11**

**Solomon's Fall.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.** 1 Cor. 10 : 12. Catechism, Q. 52

**Introductory.**

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**31. Departure from God, vs. 18.**

Who turned Solomon's heart from the Lord?

What did he do to please his wives?

What false gods did he worship?

Where did he set up altars for these gods?

What were the sins of Solomon?

How do we now depart from the Lord?

Which is the first commandment?

**II. Divine Anger, vs. 9-11.**

Why was the Lord angry with Solomon?  
What made Solomon's idolatry the more heinous?

What did the Lord say to him?

What special command had the Lord given him?

What punishment did he threaten?

**II. Divine Forbearance, vs. 12, 13.**

How was the Lord merciful to Solomon?  
For whose sake did he show his forbearance?

When will the Lord depart from us?

For whose sake will he be merciful to us?

What does the Psalmist say of the divine forbearance? Ps. 103 : 8 ; 145 : 8.

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That obedience to God brings wisdom, riches, honor and long life.

2. That departure from God brings folly, impurity, dishonor and death.

3. That the Lord will not depart from us unless we first depart from him.

4. That he will certainly punish those who depart from him.

5. That even in the midst of anger he exercises forbearance and shows mercy to the penitent.

**Dec. 22. 1 Kings II : 26-43. Memory vs. 12, 13**

**Close of Solomon's Reign.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.** - ECCLES. 12:13. Catechism Q. 53

**Introductory.**

What was the subject of the last lesson?

Of what sin was Solomon guilty?

What punishment did the Lord foretell?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. Division Foretold.** vs. 26-31.

Who rebelled against Solomon?  
 What kind of a man was Jeroboam?  
 To what position had Solomon advanced him?

What did the prophet Ahijah foretell to him?

By what significant act did he express this prediction?

What did the Lord declare?

**II. Mercy for David's Sake.** vs. 32-39.

What part of the kingdom should remain to Solomon's line?

What reason is given for this mercy?

Why was the kingdom to be divided thus?

From whose hand would the Lord take ten tribes?

What was promised to Jeroboam?

On what condition did the Lord promise his continued favor?

**I. Solomon's Last Acts.** vs. 40-43.

What did Solomon seek to do?

How did Jeroboam escape?

How long did he remain in Egypt?

What record was made of Solomon's acts? How long did he reign?

When did he die?

Where was he buried?

Who succeeded him?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That God will fulfil all his threatenings as well as all his promises.

2. That he raises up men as the instruments to work out his plans.

3. That he is merciful and forbearing even in his judgments.

4. That he was ever mindful of his covenant with David.

5. That Solomon's last days warn us never to depart from the Lord.

**December 29. Review.****GOLDEN TEXT.**—Prov. 3: 35.

When did David become king over all Israel?

What city did he make his capital?

What did David perceive?

What did David propose to do with the ark?

Where was the ark left for three months?

What was the result to the household?

What did the Lord promise David respecting his son?

What earnest prayer did David offer?

Whom does David pronounce blessed?

What is promised to him that trusteth in the Lord?

How did Absalom steal the hearts of the people of Israel?

How did the rebellion end?

What great blessing of the Lord did David mention in his last words?

How old was David when he died?

Who succeeded David as king?

What did the Lord say to Solomon at Gibeon?

For what did Solomon ask?

Who offered the prayer at the dedication of the temple?

What did Solomon do when he had offered the prayer?

What did he exhort the people to do?

What did the Queen of Sheba say of the wealth and wisdom of Solomon?

What happened when Solomon was old?

What punishment did the Lord threaten?

Who rebelled against Solomon?

What was the cause of his rebellion?

How long did Solomon reign over Israel?

What last record is given of Solomon?

Review-drill. Titles. Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review and Catechism questions.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.



## WATCHING ONE'S SELF.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a school-master who had an odd way of catching the idle boys. One day he called out to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle. I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'

"Ah! thought I to myself, there is Joe Simmons that I don't like. I'll watch him. Directly I saw him look off his book, and immediately informed the master.

"Indeed," said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'

"I saw him," said I.

"You did! And were your eyes on your book when you saw him?'

"I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we will have much less time to find fault with the conduct of others.

## INSIDE A MISSION SCHOOL.

Have you ever been in our mission School  
Where the benchless floor was crowded  
full?

Have you looked on the childish faces  
there

That are crossed already with lines of care?

In front of the door the noisy street  
Is trodden hard by the children's feet;  
And every nook of the spacious room  
Is bright with their faces--and still they  
come.

Far in the depths of their wistful eyes  
A questioning thought like a shadow lies:  
A shadow of hunger, want, and pain,  
And childish hopes that are hoped in vain.

Oh, white is the field, and the laborers  
few;

But it calls for a love that is warm and  
true:

Shall we win these souls for the Saviour's  
fold

By a careless lesson or precept cold.

To day a beseeching cry goes forth  
From end to end of the waiting earth;  
A cry from the children, tender and sweet--  
These heathen children that throng the  
street.

Shall we dare to-day to hear in vain  
That passionate cry of wrong and pain?  
Shall we dare hereafter in shame to say  
We heard the cry, and we turned away?  
- *Missionary Echoes.*

## SECRETS AND GIRLS.

Secrets are things many girls delight in. Experience has shown that the fewer secrets and mysteries girls have, the safer and comfortable they feel. No girl should agree to keep a secret that she will have to withhold from her mother. If it is important and necessary that it should not be communicated to a third party, then she had better refuse to hear it at all. A great deal of unhappiness and misery has been done through small secrets leading on from one wrong to another, until a web of deceit has been woven so complete and intricate that it is nearly impossible to get disentangled from it. Your mothers, dear girls, are the wisest and best confidants you can have. Their love, you may be sure, will guide and counsel you aright, and although you may make many mistakes and blunders, you can never go very far astray if you tell your mother everything. A girl whose first thought is that mother mustn't know anything of this, is standing on very unsafe ground. Hide nothing from your mothers. If you do wrong go to them and own it; don't wait for some one else to tell them, and thus shake their confidence and trust in you. Concealment and deceit should never be tolerated in your intercourse and association with other girls; shun those who take pleasure in them and seek companionship of those with whom there need be no mysteries.