

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.

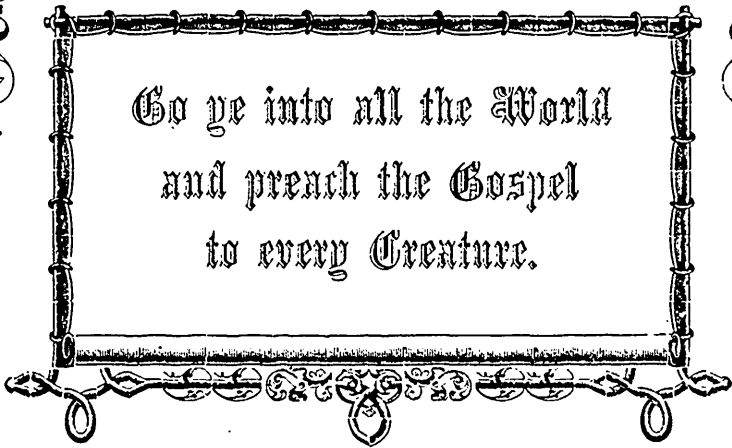
10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						



THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

Vol. 2. JULY, 1887. No. 7.

## 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.

## The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

Price, in advance, 25 cents per year in parcels of 4 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 \$400.

All communications to be addressed to

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

### CHEERING WORDS.

A minister in Ontario writes:—"I enclose you six dollars for 40 copies of the CHILDREN'S RECORD for 1887. We like it very much, and since the new year we have established a Sabbath-school Mission Fund which bids fair to be as large this year as the whole amount raised for all purposes last year and owing to the RECORD." Will not other Sabbath-schools that have not yet established Mission Funds try this plan.

### OUR MISSION SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

Miss Ross, one of our mission teachers in India, tells in her report of some things that will interest the young people. She says:

"In August I opened a new school in the money lenders' street. During the first three days no little maiden appeared. On the fourth one little girl came, and for three days had no companion. Her father had sent her. He told me that he would do so and he kept his word. In the first month only ten presented themselves. On September 8th, fourteen were present. The parents were very suspicious. On one occasion news came to me that I was putting bracelets on the girls and drowning them in a pond. Some affirmed that I

would carry them off. I also heard that I was going to give them something to drink that would break their caste.

"Still, from time to time people came in to see what we were doing. I have often been amused at persons coming in apparently in great haste, and asking if I would not teach certain girls; but although I always said I would, in many cases they never appeared. Another would enter, look about him, and say: I see none of my caste here, until I do I cannot send my daughter. Each caste seemed to greatly fear remarks of censure from its members.

"The numbers continued to increase. Now there are eighty-one names on the roll, but the daily attendance only ranges from twenty-five to thirty-four. At times they go out so often to dine with their caste people that the attendance of the majority is very irregular, but they cannot be induced to give up the practice at once.

"When I first brought desks, one little girl thought that they were to be used as seats and that the seats were for footstools and acted accordingly. It was rather laughable to see her perched up on her high seat.

"The dolls which the ladies so kindly sent out have been a source of great interest and attraction. It was surprising to see how closely they inspected them. Since the dolls have been given the attendance has increased, and the hope is that it will go on improving.

### PICKING UP THE MINUTES.

One of my little Sabbath-school boys earned a new suit of clothes, shoes and all, by digging dandelions and selling them for greens.

"When did you find time, Jenny?" I asked, for, besides being a very punctual and constant scholar at the day school, he did errands for Mrs. Davis—"when did you find time?"

"There is most always time for what we are bent on," said Johnny. "You see, I pick up the minutes, and they are excellent picking, s.r."

## A LETTER TO THE HEATHEN.

Some of you have heard of a great and good minister in the United States, called Archibald Alexander Hodge. He had been for many years before his death, which took place a few months since, a professor in Princeton College. When he was a little boy ten years old he and his sister wrote a letter to the heathen, and sent it away to a missionary to have it read to them. The letter was found recently among the papers of the missionary to whom it had been sent. It is as follows:

"DEAR HEATHEN: The Lord Jesus Christ hath promised that the time shall come when all the ends of the earth shall be His kingdom. And God is not a man that He should lie nor the son of man that He should repent. And if this was promised by a Being who cannot lie, why do you not help it to come sooner by reading the Bible, and attending to the words of your teachers, and loving God, and, renouncing your idols, take Christianity into your temples? And soon there will be not a nation, no, not a space of ground as large as a footstep, that will want a missionary. My sister and myself have, by small self-denials, procured two dollars which are enclosed in this letter, to buy tracts and Bibles to teach you.

"ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE,

"MARY ELIZ. HODGE,

"Friends of the Heathen."

## DO IT NOW.

This is for you, boys and girls. It is a bad habit, the habit of putting off. If you have something that you are to do, do it now; then it will be done. That is one advantage. If you put it off, very likely you will forget it and not do it at all; or else — what for you is almost as bad — you will not forget, but keep thinking of it and dreading it, and so, as it were, be doing it all the time. "The valiant never taste death but once;" never but once do the alert and active have their work to do.

I once read of a boy who drooped so in health that his mother thought she must have the doctor to see him. The doctor could find nothing the matter with him. There the fact was; he was pining away, losing his appetite, creeping about languidly, and his mother was distressed.

The doctor was nonplused. "What does your son do? Has he any work?"

"No; he has only to bring a pail of water every day from the spring; but that he dreads all day long, and does not bring it until just before dark."

"Have him bring it the first thing in the morning," was the doctor's prescription.

The mother tried it, and the boy got well. Putting it off made his task prey on the boy's mind. "Do it now," relieved him.

Boys and girls, "do it now."

## A LONELY DWELLING PLACE.

North of Scotland there is a little island called Kilda, where there are only six families, composed of seventy-three persons. They have communication with the mainland only once a year, when the agent of the owner visits the island to collect rents, and carries with him a package of letters and newspapers. The families' provision consists of barley bread, eggs and sea-birds. Fish abound in the waters, but the islanders do not like them as food, and catch them only to sell when the agent comes over.

To pay their rent they weave rough clothing and blankets to sell. In the summer they cultivate gardens, collect birds and eggs for winter stores, and fish for trade. But these poor people, while fighting a hard battle for life, are contented with their lot. Crime and intemperance are unknown among them, and courts are never held. All the adults are members of the Church of Scotland, and know a large part of the Bible by heart. A minister resides among them, and holds regular services on Sunday and during the week. This little world is in strange contrast to the busy world of the nineteenth century. — *Youth's Companion*.

### DANGER OF KEEPING BAD COMPANY.

The crows, one spring, began to pull up a farmer's young corn, which he determined to prevent. He loaded his gun, and prepared to give them a warm reception. The farmer had a sociable parrot, who, discovering the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. The farmer detected the crows, but did not see the parrot. He fired among them, and hastened to see what execution he had done. There lay three dead crows, and his pet parrot with ruffled feathers and a broken leg. When the bird was taken home the children asked:

"What did it papa? Who hurt our pretty poll?"

"Bad company! Bad company!" answered the parrot, in a solemn voice.

"Ay! that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children. Beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned round, and, with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with the cry, "Bad company! Bad company!"

### LEARNING TO GIVE.

In the Young People's Department of the *Missionary Herald*, Mrs. Stover of West Central Africa, tells of the gifts of the young people of Bailundu, who you know have but just learned of Jesus Christ, for missionary work in Micronesia. The boys were strangely interested in the account of the people who live on the islands, and of the missionaries who hear so seldom from their homes, and though they had little to give, they wanted to do something. They had no money, for money is not used in their country. So they brought cloth and chickens, and corn

and beans, and other articles which they could raise, and sold them to the missionaries. A yard of cloth is worth as much to them as a dollar is to a child in America, and yet these poor children of Africa brought for the "Morning Star Mission" the value of twenty-three yards of cloth! Was not that a genuine gift? It is worth while to send the gospel to people who prize it so dearly, and who seek so eagerly to give it to others.—*Sel.*

### THE LITTLE ALASKAN CHILD.

In *Gospel of all Lands*, we find the following true story about a little Indian girl in Alaska. She was sad and neglected. No one cared for her. Her hair was tangled; face and hands dirty; and her only garment, a cotton dress, was faded and soiled. One day this little girl found her way into a mission school and was gladly received by the teacher, who had come to bless just such poor little waifs. Soon the Indians gave the child to the teacher, who took her home. In six months she learned to speak English and to read the *English Testament*; also to write and sew, and do many kinds of housework. She became tidy, pleasant-mannered, clean, and happy.

After she had been with the teacher awhile, there grew up in her heart a great desire for a doll, only a cheap little doll, such as we can buy for sixpence.

That afternoon at the school the lesson was about Christ, who gave up so much, and for our sakes became poor. This made the little girl wish to do something to show her gratitude to the dear Saviour who had done so much for her. That night, when bed-time came, she carried to the teacher her sixpence, which was to buy the doll she wanted so much, and said, "Teacher, divide; Jesus half, me half." She was willing to wait a little longer for her doll, so that Jesus might have part of her money! How many of our young readers are willing to make as much sacrifice to teach just such needy children as this child once was.

## REGULATING THE ELEPHANT.

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled upon were certain of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him—in fact, many of them did not believe that they could drive him out, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India, and in story books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll-gates all along the route we find he is going to take, and make him pay—"

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming around," shrieked an old woman. "And I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money enough in the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan. Regulate him! Regulate him!" shouted the crowd.

So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a quantity of gardens, they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate-keepers and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the animal regulated.

Slowly the great feet trampled onward; slowly the great proboscis appeared in view, and with a sniff of contempt, the elephant lifted the gate from off its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd started after him in dismay.

"Well!" exclaimed the keeper, catching breath, "we haven't made much

money so far, but the regulatin' plan would have been first rate if the elephant hadn't been a leetle stronger than the obstruction."

The only way is to drive him out entirely.

The elephant's name was whiskey.

## "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

One day a lady came home from shopping. Her little boy did not run to meet her and throw his arms around his neck, as he was in the habit of doing to show how glad he was to have her come home again. Instead of this, he seemed afraid to look his mother in the face, and kept out of her way as much as he could all day. His mother thought it very strange, and wondered what was the matter.

At the close of the day she found out the reason. When she was about to undress him to go to bed he said, "Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can He see when it is all dark there?"

"Yes," she said, "He can see us at all times and in all places."

"Then God saw me," said the little fellow, "and I may as well tell you all about it. When you were gone out I got into the closet and ate up the cake. I am sorry, very sorry. Please forgive me;" and he laid his head on his mother's shoulder and cried bitterly.—*Chris. Observer.*

## ARE THE AFRICANS STUPID?

Oh no, not many of them. They readily learn to read the Bible in their own language, and memorize large portions of it. A class of boys were accustomed, daily, to repeat the Shorter Catechism entire, their teacher asking only, "What is the chief end of man?" (*Ele nja evend'eneve ya moto e velanaku dwe?*) The boy at one end of the class would answer, and he would ask the second question, the boy next him giving answer. In turn the boys would recite, without book or prompting, until the 107 were completed.

## MY DOLLY.

Yes, Fido ate Annabel's head off,  
And now I suppose she is dead;  
And Mabel has swallowed her eye-balls.  
While Sue has a crack in her head.

But Janey has gone on a mission,  
A regular mission, no fun;  
Away across the wide ocean  
She followed the setting sun.

I loved her the best of my dollies,  
Far better than Mabel or Sue;  
But doing your duty most always  
Means something you'd rather not do.

When I heard of the poor heathen children  
In their mud huts so filthy and low,  
With hardly a thing to amuse them,  
I knew it was her duty to go.

So I made her a lot of new dresses,  
Of crimson, of pink, and of green,  
The handsomest, loveliest dresses,  
For a doll, that ever were seen.

I buttoned her up in her ulster,  
I hugged her, and kissed her, and then  
I sent her away to the mission.  
And I never shall see her again.

I tried not to cry at the parting,  
To be cheerful, and happy, and brave,  
But still the hot tears would keep starting;  
You know 'twas the best one I gave.

But I'm not a bit sorry I sent her,  
This dear little dolly of mine,  
For I feel just as if I had lent her  
To Jesus, your Saviour and mine.

— Selected.

## HOW IT BEGINS.

"Give me a half-penny and you may pitch one of the rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you three-pence." That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or three-pence?"

"Three-pence," was the answer, and

the money was put in his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman standing near him watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir!"

"You staked your half-penny and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give his three-pence back, and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He had hung down his head, but raised it very quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly, as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honorable man. — *Morning Star.*

## HOW TO KEEP FROM BEING BAD.

An anecdote is told of a native of Madagascar, who had embraced Christianity; and who was asked by a sea-captain what it was that first led him to become a Christian. "Was it any particular sermon you heard, or book which you read?" "No, my friend," replied the chief. "It was no book or sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man he drunk all day long; big chief, he beat his wife and children. Now thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; big chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man get something inside him, which makes him different, so I became a Christian too, to know how it feel to have something strong inside of me, to keep me from being bad."

## THE TROUGH-PILLOW.

Many years ago there was a baby boy, whose father, Vaangaru, was a South Sea Islander. A little child was thought, at that time, to be just the thing to kill and lay on the altar of the idol Rongo. Many of Vaangaru's relatives made up their minds that they would steal his little son away, on a certain night, for a sacrifice. They did not mean that Vaangaru should know anything about it; but in some way he got a hint of the danger. The night came and Vaangaru was on the watch. But he could not keep the lively little Arapouri still, and was afraid he might run outside the hut and be carried off and killed.

So he took off his head-dress and tied Arapouri to his own leg. This did not please the child at all, and he cried himself to sleep. After a while the father too grew sleepy, and then he began to think that his boy might be stolen from his side. He looked around for a place to hide him. There was a long wooden trough lying upside down in the hut, and a bright idea occurred to Vaangaru. He laid the sleeping child under the trough, taking care to raise one end of it so that he could breathe. Then he laid himself down with the trough for a pillow. He held his spear in both hands and dozed uneasily. Thus he saved his little one's life. For his enemies found another victim and Arapouri was no longer wanted. He grew up to be a man, and missionaries came to his island home and taught him the blessed truths of the Bible. He believed them and gave his life to God, and in 1872 he was still living as a Christian in his native village. — *Sel.*

## AN AFRICAN MOTHER.

I want to tell the children who have kind fathers and mothers about a heathen father and mother who live in Africa. The father got angry with the mother and made her drink poison, expecting it would kill her. She did not die, so he sold her to a slave dealer (for there are men whose business it is to buy the poor Africans for slaves), and she was driven away from her

home and from her little child. Think how you would feel if your mother were driven off in that way and you could never see her again. Well, that black mother loved her child, and every night watched for a chance to escape. At last it came; the watchman was sleeping, and she managed to get her hands unfastened and stole noiselessly away. She had to walk day and night through the bush, tired, hungry and in danger from the wild beasts; but she reached her home, seized her child and escaped to where the missionaries were. Somehow she felt sure that the people who loved Jesus would take pity upon her, and they did. — *Etc.*

## DO YOUR BEST.

"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one day to a friend with whom he was talking. "I paid a visit to my grandfather. He was an aged man, and wore a black velvet cap and knee breeches with large silver buckles at the knees. When I went to say good-bye to him, he took me between his knees, kissed me kindly, and then laying his hand on my head, he said, "My dear boy, I have only one thing to say to you. Will you try and remember it?" I looked him in the face and said, "I will, grandpa." "Well," said he, "it is this: whatever you have to do, *always do the best you can.*" This was my grandfather's legacy to me. It was worth more than thousands of gold and silver. I never forgot his words, and have always tried to act upon them."

## A GENTLE REPROOF.

A man was swearing angrily at the corner of the street, when a little girl came along. She stopped a moment, looked up at him and said:—"Please, sir, don't call God names, because He is my Father, and it hurts me to hear you."

The man pretty soon said: "Thank you, miss. My mother taught me that He was my Father, too. I will not swear again—never!" and he walked quickly away with his head down.



## CHINESE HOMES.

Most of the accounts given of the homes in China refer to the homes of the poor. But there are some rich people in that land, though they are few in number compared with the multitudes who live in poverty, and who hardly know from day to day what they can get to eat. In the *Daybreak*, published by the church of England Zenana Missionary Society, there is an interesting account of the homes of some rich people in the city of Foochow, where the American Board also has missionaries. The writer, together with Mrs. Ahok, a Christian Chinese lady, wife of a native gentleman who has given much for Christian work, went in sedan chairs for an hour and a half through narrow and crowded streets until they reached a fine house. Here is the story of what they saw:

"We were carried through the large outer door, and then through a small courtyard, and our chairs were put down in a row, facing the partition which shut off the next portion of the house. There we had to wait some little time, as I fancy the ladies had not quite finished dressing themselves, but at last out came one of the heads of the family and invited us in. We got out of our chairs and in turn made a low bow to the lady, shaking our own hands all the time. This over, she escorted us into an inner room which was fairly nice in our eyes, but evidently very lovely in theirs. There was a rug on the floor and a round table, some very high chairs with straight backs, and some mirrors. We sat in state some few minutes, and then more ladies came in, one after another, and each one we had to rise and salute in the same ceremonious way. One of these ladies exclaimed, after looking at me, that she knew my face quite well. 'Oh, no,' said Mrs. Ahok, 'you never saw her before.' 'Yes,' said the lady; and then she reminded me of a day four or five years ago when Mrs. Ahok brought a few ladies to see me, of whom she was one.

"After this we seemed to get on more friendly terms, and, with the help of M.s.

Grimke's cards, we got an opportunity of telling them something about the Lord Jesus. Miss Gough had her concertina with her, and we sang some hymns for them, 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' etc., and tried to get them to learn the chorus. We had to drink tea when we first went in, and at this stage of the proceedings quite a meal was spread on the round table, cakes, fruit, and tea again. We sat at the table with three of the principal ladies, while the others sat and looked on. I was struck with the respectful way in which the younger ladies have to treat the older ones, always rising when they enter the room, and remaining standing till after they are seated.

"We were next invited to go and inspect the house, and I was soon quite bewildered at the number of courtyards, with rooms all around, which we were led through. I was never before in so large a Chinese house, only one story high, but it must cover a great deal of ground. The number of people, too, seemed very great; wives, sons' wives, children in dozens and scores, servants and slave girls to any amount--altogether in the one establishment 126 people!

"At last we finished our tour of inspection and arrived again in the outer court, but alas! more refreshments were waiting; a bowl of soup for each of us, with some white stuff inside which all my politeness could not give me courage to dispose of. At last we got through the greater part of the concoction, wiped our mouths with a cloth wrung out in very hot water, presented to us by a slave girl, and began to take our leave. We bowed to the ladies of the house, begged them to be seated, informed them we had given them great trouble, but were grateful for their kindness, and, amid repeated requests to walk 'slowly, slowly,' we reached our chairs, calling out thanks and requests to them to be seated alternately.

"We then proceeded to another house, where we went through much the same etiquette. We were received by a very pleasant old lady and her daughter-in-law, a nice young woman, with four dear little

children, three of them boys. The old lady is the widow of a rather high mandarin, and the eldest son is at Peking preparing to be a mandarin also. We were asked to drink tea again, and after some time the old lady invited us into her own bedroom, a very much cleaner room than one sees generally, with white matting on the floor and some good furniture. She was very proud of it, but according to Chinese fashion kept exclaiming that it was such a bad room that she could hardly ask us into it, but we must excuse it, as it was 'an old woman's room.'—*Mission Dayspring*.

#### HOW HE SOUGHT PEACE.

Here is a story told by Rev. Mr. Lowrie in *The Church at Home and Abroad*, about a Buddhist pilgrim, whom he met in China near the border of Mongolia, traveling toward what was to him a sacred shrine in the province of Shanse. The man had the shaven head and garb of a Mongol priest. He would throw himself flat upon the ground, and making a mark with his extended hands, would rise and place his feet upon the mark, lift his clasped hands reverently above his head, and then throw himself again full length upon the ground. In this way he was measuring with his body the long way to the sacred shrine. Mr. Lowrie says:

"We stood and watched him a few moments in silence, pursuing his journey in this laborious manner, he, on his part, taking no notice of us whatever. He was protected on his breast and legs with a large piece of undressed cow-skin, and his hands furnished with wooden palms, lest they too should be lacerated on the rocky roadways through which he had been obliged to pass. I could not help a feeling of reverence for the man who would submit himself to such experiences for the sake of appeasing his god, and hesitated to break in upon the privacy of his thoughts; but the thought of the message we could bring him overcame the hesitation, and we accosted him respectfully.

"He replied with great courtesy and modesty, unlike the common devotee, who

is usually a bigot thrice dyed. He told us that his home was two hundred and thirty miles north of us, in Mongolia; that he had left there six months since, intending to measure his length to Wu Tai Shan, at least five hundred miles away in the province of Shanse, regarded by the Mongols and Chinese as one of the most sacred spots on earth; that he was neither atoning for sin nor fulfilling a vow, but was seeking for peace, 'P'ing an,' both for himself and for the inhabitants of the region through which he passed. Said he, when we expressed doubt as to there being a god at Wu Tai Shan who could give him peace, 'Well, there must be a good spirit somewhere who will reward one with peace in return for all this labor and suffering.'

"This opened the way for us to speak to him of the great thoughts of Christianity—of the Lord on high, his glory, his goodness and mercy, his unwillingness to see us mortify ourselves to obtain his favor. He listened with deep attention, for he saw that we respected his motives, and, though he seemed dazed with the strangeness of what he heard, he offered no objection. He asked some intelligent questions, took a book from us—a simple catechism of Christian doctrine—which we explained somewhat to him, asked minutely for our residence in the city, and assented to our earnest invitation to come and stay as long as he chose with us here. We then left him, and looking back after going a little distance, saw that he was not proceeding with his prostrations, but was sitting by the roadside conning the little book. May the Lord who said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,' direct his steps to us or to some others who can teach him the way of peace. We wait anxiously to see whether he will fulfil his promise of seeking us out as he passes through the city.'—*Mission Dayspring*.

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.

### A BOY'S LETTER FROM MICRONESIA.

I am a little Micronesian boy and live upon one of the little coral islands; and I wish to tell you how we live and what we do. Our house is made of a frame of poles fastened together with the cocoanut cord, covered with thatch; this is fastened to the frame with cord, for we have no nails here; there is no floor, but the ground is covered with firm matting. The ground just outside our house is covered with fine coral stone; we cannot have green grass about our houses here as they do at Kusaie, because it will not grow well on the low coral islands.

In front of our house it is only a few steps to the lagoon. There are many canoes all along the shore; some are small and are used near the land in fishing; others are large, so fifty or sixty persons can go in them, and are used in crossing the lagoon or in going to other islands. It is not always safe to start for another island, as a storm or a current may drift the canoes away to sea and they be lost. Back of our house there are bread-fruit, pandanus, and cocoanut trees, and through them we can just see sparkling waters of the great ocean and hear the roar of the waves as they beat upon the beach. You know our islands are very narrow.

We enjoy playing upon the beach and in the water more than anything else. When the babies are about a year old the mothers often put them on the sand just where the waves wash about them, and they sit and play with them, as they come and go; some of the older children play near by, to move them higher up the beach before the waves come too high. We are never afraid of the water, as we learn to swim while very young, and such fun as we do have swimming and diving and floating about in the water! Sometimes we dive down deep in the water and break off branches of beautiful pink coral; and after there has been a high wind we walk along the white sand when the tide is out and find such beautiful shells. Sometimes we can sell coral and shells to

help buy books and clothes. We fly our kites and play ball. Perhaps you would laugh at our balls, they are so unlike yours. Ours are made from the long narrow leaf of the pandanus, and we know just how to fold the leaf so as to make a firm ball that flies through the air beautifully. But it is almost square and will not bound very well. Our kites, too, are made from leaves, as are our floor mats and beds and canoe sails and baskets. We have leaves to eat from, to carry water in, and to use as you do umbrellas; we used to make clothes from leaves or bark before the missionaries came, but now we buy cloth.

They have meetings in our large church, and tell us about Jesus and how He will help us be good, and if we love and obey Him we shall live in His home by and by. We thank you very much for all you have helped us. *Sol.*

### A CATECHISM "MATCH."

The young people's society of the Second Church, Louisville, U. S., gave an entertainment lately. It was a Shorter Catechism recitation or "Match." An absolutely perfect recitation was required. There were three judges appointed, and they sat, with catechisms in their hands, following each answer as it was recited, slowly and distinctly. When a mistake was made, by a word omitted, or put in, "Wrong" was called out by the judges, and that contestant dropped back from the line. There were married ladies, young girls and children, all standing in two rows, and feeling very nervous as their time came to answer. Twenty-two contestants entered the list, and thirteen stood the test. The plan was that the whole catechism was gone through regularly, and then twenty questions were asked, skipping about anywhere. This was the hardest part, for the hardest and longest questions were picked out. There was a large company present, and the interest was intense. There was a notable absence of gentlemen in the class, but a good many present to hear the trial.

## SUMATRA CHILDREN.

How many of the readers of this paper can tell me anything about Sumatra? Where it is, what it is, what comes from there? I do not think that it would be a very difficult matter to interest these far-away children in the story of Jesus. There are thousands of such children in the islands of the sea growing up without a knowledge of Jesus and his love toward them. What are you doing toward sending the Gospel story to them? If you are only a little child you can do something.

I am just going to give you a few general facts about Sumatra, and I want you to find out more for yourself. I am not going to tell you where it is, for if you don't know, you will remember it better by finding it on the map for yourself. The island is 1,050 miles long and its greatest breadth is 250 miles. Its population is estimated at between three and four millions.

The inhabitants are for the most part Malay Mohammedans.—*S. I.*

## POSTURE DURING PRAYER.

President Mark Hopkins used to teach his students that those who neglected the natural attitudes of prayer would soon lose also the spirit of prayer. In not a few of our Sunday-schools and congregations a large minority do not take any devotional attitude during prayer. But they cannot enter into the prayer and make it their own while they sit with heads upright and their eyes wander about the room. They reverse the Legend of Prague, and not the beleaguering army of demons, but the blessed angels of prayer

“Fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.”

How can the heart be praying while the eyes, like the fool's thoughts, are wandering over the earth? It is not a question of forms and no forms, for we cannot worship except in some attitude and through some form, but it is a question of the best form.

## TEMPERANCE.

A public dinner had been given General Harrison on one occasion. At the close of the dinner one of the gentlemen drank his health. The General pledged his toast by drinking water. Another gentleman offered a toast, and said: “General, will you not favor me by drinking a glass of wine?” The General, in a very gentlemanly way, begged to be excused. He was again urged to join in a glass of wine. This was too much. He rose from his seat and said in the most dignified manner:

“Gentlemen, I have twice refused to partake of the wine cup. I hope that will be sufficient. Though you press the matter ever so much, not a drop shall pass my lips. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink. That vow I have never broken. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated at college together. The other sixteen members of my class now fill drunkards' graves, and all from the pernicious habit of wine drinking. I owe all my health, my happiness and prosperity to that resolution. Would you urge me to break it now?”—*Youth's World.*

## A HELPLESS GOD.

A missionary, accompanied by a Christian native, visited a grand heathen temple lately in India, at a place called Roosrah. There was a huge brass god here, weighing more than half a ton, which used to be covered with precious jewels. The visitors found no worshippers, but the temple door locked. The priest in charge, on being asked the reason of this, said, “To keep the god from robbers.”

“What! did any one rob the god?”

“Yes,” said the priest; “some time ago a Brahman, who came here to worship, stole all the jewels which the god had on his right arm, and now we have to keep the temple locked lest the other arm be stripped too.”

You may be sure that the missionary was not slow to declare that a god who could take no better care of himself than this was hardly worth trusting in.

## A DISASTROUS RIDE.

Some little Drops of Water  
Whose home was in the sea,  
To go upon a journey  
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,  
They drove a playful breeze,  
And over town and country  
They rode along at ease.

But oh! there were so many  
At last the carriage broke,  
And to the ground came tumbling  
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses,  
They were compelled to roam,  
Until a brooklet found them  
And carried them all home.

## DON'T.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log-cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakspeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dulness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub any one. Not alone because some day, they may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian. — *Christian Advocate*.

## UN-WRITING IT.

Nina was told never to make pencil marks in books; and trusting her to obey, papa often loaned her his pencils. But one day some naughty spirit must have told her that it would be nicer to write, as she called her scribbling, on the blank leaves of one of papa's books than on the paper he had given her. When she saw the mark, though, she remembered what papa had said; then she thought that just the other day she had seen papa make marks and then rub them out with something on the other end of the pencil.

"I'll un-write it again, as papa did, and then no one will know it."

So she rubbed and rubbed with the eraser; but while some of the pencil-marks disappeared, great, dirty stains were left; and when she had rubbed almost through the paper, still it did not look as it had before it was written on, and the indentation of the pencil-point was still plain in the paper.

She learned that "un-writing" was not so easy to do. So it is with naughty actions or words; you can never rub them them out so perfectly that they won't leave some mark on the character:—*Morning Star*.

## BLOSSOMED OUT FOR HEAVEN.

The grandpa of a little girl over on Bagg street died recently, and the family made the request that no flowers should be sent. This grieved the child, who knew her old friend was very fond of flowers. She pondered the matter in her wise little head, and at last took the housemaid into her confidence.

A short time before the funeral she ran to the family much excited, and begged them to come into the parlor; with her own little hands she had arranged the pretty white flowers she had obtained, and formed a crown for the silver head that reposed there.

"Isn't gan'pa lovely?" she lisped sweetly. "He's all blossomed out now for heaven."—*Ex.*

## The Sabbath School Lessons.

July 3.—Matt. 2: 1-12. Memory vs. 7-11.

### The Infant Jesus.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 1: 21. CATECHISM. Q. 27.

#### Introductory.

Who was the author of this Gospel?

What do you know about him?

Who was the mother of Jesus?

Where was he born?

How came Joseph and Mary to be at Bethlehem?

How was his birth announced to the shepherds?

What took place when he was presented in the temple?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. The Troubled King. vs. 1-6.

Who came to Jerusalem?

What did they ask?

Why had they come?

For what should we seek Jesus?

Who was king at this time?

What do you know about him?

What troubled Herod?

Whom did he call together?

What did he inquire of them?

What was their answer?

#### II. The Guiding Star. vs. 7-10.

What did Herod ask of the wise men?

Where did he send them?

What did he tell them to do?

Why did he give them these directions?

What did the wise men now do?

How were they guided?

#### III. The Wise Men. vs. 11-12.

Where did the wise men find the infant King?

Why not in the stable or manger?

Whom else did they see?

What did they do?

Meaning of *worshipped* him?

What gifts did they present?

What is *frankincense*? *Myrrh*?

Why did they not return to Jerusalem?

### What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus became a child to be the children's Saviour.

2. That God will guide those who truly seek Jesus.

3. That we should rejoice when we have found Jesus, and offer him our best gifts.

4. That we should worship him with our hearts, lips and lives.

July 10.—Matt. 2: 13-23. Memory vs. 19-21.

### The Flight in Egypt.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PS. 18: 19. CATECHISM. Q. 28.

#### Introductory.

Where was Jesus born?

Who came to visit him?

How were the wise men guided?

What did they do when they found him?

How should we feel about our Saviour being born a little child?

What should we give him?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. The Angel's Warning. vs. 13-15.

Who appeared to Joseph?

What Command was given to him?

What did Joseph do?

How long did he remain in Egypt?

What prophecy was fulfilled?

Of whom were these words first spoken?

How were they fulfilled in Christ?

#### II. The King's Slaughter. vs. 16-18.

Why did the wise men not go back to Herod?

What did Herod do?

Why did he kill these children?

What prophecy was fulfilled?

To what did this prophecy first refer?

How was it fulfilled in this event?

#### III. The Child's Return. vs. 19-23.

What caused Joseph's return?

When did Herod die?

Why did Joseph go to Nazareth?

What do you know about Nazareth?

About Archelaus?

What prophecy was thus fulfilled? How?

Why should the Saviour be very dear to little children?

**What Have I Learned ?**

1. That God will take care of those who are very dear to him.
2. That man's wickedness cannot prevail against God.
3. That God can easily withdraw his children from the rage of their enemies.
4. That he will give us help in our perplexities.
5. That Jesus exalts the place and heart in which he dwells.

July 17.— Matt. 3: 1-12. Mem. vs. 11-12.

**John the Baptist.**

GOLDEN TEXT. MATT. 3: 8. Q. 29.

**Introductory.**

What was the subject of the last lesson?  
Why did Joseph and Mary flee into Egypt?

Where did they go on their return?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. Preaching Repentance. vs. 1-6.**

What do you know about John the Baptist?

When did he begin his ministry?

Where? What did he preach?

What is repentance?

What announcement did John make?

What did the prophet Isaiah foretell?

How was this fulfilled by John?

How was John clothed?

What was his food?

Who went out to hear him?

Where were they baptized?

What did they do?

**II. Preaching Wrath. vs. 7-10.**

Who were the Pharisees? The Sadducees?

How did John address them?

Why did he call them a *generation of vipers*?

What did he tell them to do?

What are the fruits of repentance?

What warning did he give them?

How did they expect to be saved?

Why will not merely going to church and Sabbath-school save us?

What will be done with the unfruitful?

**III. Preaching Christ. vs. 11-12.**

What did John say of his own work?  
How did he proclaim the coming Messiah?

What was to be the Messiah's baptism?  
What further did John say of the coming Messiah?

**What Have I Learned ?**

1. That we must repent if we would be saved.

2. That if we truly repent we will forsake our sins.

3. That no going to church or Sabbath-school will save us unless we come to Christ.

4. That only that which is good and pure can be admitted into the kingdom of God.

July 24.— Matt. 3: 13-17. Mem. vs. 13-17.

**The Baptism of Jesus.**

GOLDEN TEXT.— MATT. 3: 17. CATECHISM Q. 31.

**Introductory.**

Who was John the Baptist?

What was the burden of his preaching?

What did he do besides preaching?

How did he reprove the Pharisees?

What did he say of the coming Messiah?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. The Conterconsion of Jesus. vs. 13-15.**

Who came to John to be baptized?

Where did he come? How old was he?

How did John receive him?

How did Jesus remove his scruples?

Meaning of *to fulfill all righteousness*?

Why was Jesus baptized?

**II. The Witness of the Father. vs. 16-17.**

What did Jesus do after his baptism?  
Luke 3: 22.

What then took place?

Why did the Holy Spirit thus descend upon him?

What voice was heard?

Meaning of these words?

Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?

**What Have I Learned.**

1. That if Jesus honored the ordinances of the Church, so should we.

2. That there are three Persons in the Godhead, all appearing in this lesson.

3. That if Christ needed the baptism of the Spirit for his work, we surely do too.

4. That we should try so to live as to have God always well pleased with us.

**July 31.—Matt. 4: 1-11. Memory vs. 1-4.**

**The Temptation of Jesus.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—HEB. 2: 18. CATECHISM, Q. 32.

**Introductory.**

What do you know of John the Baptist? What took place at the baptism of Jesus?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. The First Temptation. vs. 1-4.**

- Where was Jesus tempted?
- By whom? Why? Heb. 2: 18; 4: 15.
- What was the first temptation?
- How could this tempt him?
- Why was it wrong?
- How did Jesus meet it?
- What food do we need beside bread?
- What is our spiritual bread?

**II. The Second Temptation. vs. 5-7.**

- What was the second temptation?
- Why should this tempt him?
- Why was this wrong?
- What scripture did Satan quote?
- How did Jesus meet this temptation?
- Of what temptation to us is this a type?

**III. The Third Temptation. vs. 8-11.**

- What was the third temptation?
- How could Satan give these things to Jesus?
- What was there in this to tempt Jesus?
- Why was it wrong?
- How did Jesus meet this temptation?
- How are we tempted like this?
- What did the devil then do?
- How did Jesus get the victory over the tempter?
- How may we triumph over temptation?
- Who came and ministered to Jesus?
- What is the work of the angels? Heb. 1: 14.

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That even the best of us are subject

to temptation—young people as well as old.

2. That it is no sin to be tempted. The sin lies in yielding, and the danger is in parleying with it.

3. That great trials often come after great blessings.

4. That, as Christ was tempted in all points like as we are, he is able to succor us when we are tempted.

—Selected from *Westminster Teacher*.

**GENERAL GORDON'S HANDKERCHIEF.**

The Bishop of Newcastle, preaching at the funeral service for General Gordon, gave a very beautiful and inspiring illustration of Gordon's faithfulness to his time of daily communion with God. "There was each morning, during his first journey in the Soudan, one half-hour during which there lay outside Charles George Gordon's tent a handkerchief, and the whole camp knew the full significance of that small token, and most religiously was it respected by all there, whatever was their color, creed, or business. No foot dared to enter the tent so guarded. No message, however pressing, was carried in. Whatever it was, of life or of death, it had to wait until the guardian signal was removed. Every one knew that God and Gordon were alone in there together; that the servant prayed and commended, and the Master heard and answered. Into the heart so opened the presence of God came down. Into the life so offered the strength of God was poured. So that strange power was given to Gordon, because his heart became the dwelling-place of God."

Dr. Guthrie beautifully and truthfully remarks: "Give me these links: First, sense of need; second, desire to get; third, belief that God has in store; fourth, belief that, though he withholds awhile, he loves to be asked; and fifth, belief that asking will obtain. Give these links, and the chain will reach from earth to heaven, bringing heaven all down to me, or bearing me up into heaven."



## A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Dear boys, God wants *you* in his kingdom. He wants you just as much as he does your father and mother. He wants your heart, your love, your service. He wants you to honor him and live for him. Christ died for you, boys, as much as for any one. His invitation, "Come unto me," means you. You boys can serve him just as faithfully and acceptably, and just as easily, as older persons. Serve and honor him in your own boy-life and way; be boy-Christians. Being Christians will not make you any less happy and joyous; it will add new joys.

Christ wants you *now*. Do not wait to become older. It is easier to give your hearts to Jesus and to commence to live for him now, than it will be when you are older. Every day of delay may take you farther from the Saviour. Those who "seek early" have special promise of success in finding. Christ wants you now—every one of you who read this. Ask him to forgive your sins, however small they may be; for every little sin needs forgiveness, and he alone can give this. Give yourself to Jesus now; and when you have done this, help your companions to do the same. —*Sel.*

## TRUST AND OBEY.

Miss Havergal tells a story in verse of a young girl named Alice, whose music-master insists upon her practicing very difficult music. To Alice it seems cruel that she may not play easy pieces like other girls. The chords are difficult, and the melody is subtle. Her head wearies, her cheek flushes, and with clouded brow she makes a protest. The master will not yield, and she writes home to her father, who answers kindly, but firmly, that her teacher knows what is best. "Trust and obey," is her father's advice. Persuaded to try again, she at length master's Beethoven's masterpiece. Years afterward at a brilliant assembly of musical artists, when the gentle twilight fills all hearts with thoughts of peace, Alice is invited to play

some suitable strains. She selects the very piece that was so difficult, but which, thoroughly learned, has never been forgotten. She plays it with pure and varied expression, secures the rich approval of one of the masters of song, who confesses that even to him Beethoven's music has never seemed so beautiful and so suggestive as in her rendering:

Then swift up flashed a memory,  
A long forgotten day,  
A memory of tears once shed,  
Of aching hand and puzzled head,  
And of the father's word that said,  
"Trust and obey."

The lesson learned in patience then  
Was lit by love and duty;  
The toiling time was quickly past,  
The trusting time had fled fast,  
And Alice understood at last  
Its mysteries of beauty.

Many a hard task may yet come to both boys and girls. Let them also "trust and obey," and little by little they likewise may become interpreters of life's holiest music.—*Sel.*

## EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who seeks every day to practise the grace he prays for!

Every day a little happiness. We live for the good of others if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. "In little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, at the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.