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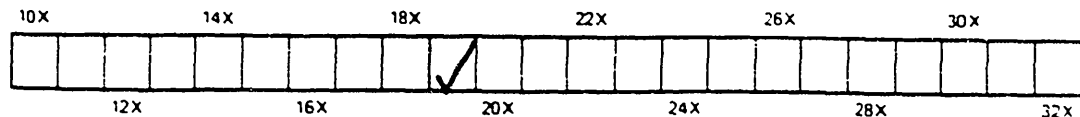
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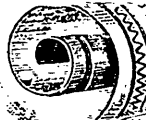
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

OUR MISSION IN HONAN.

Question.—Where is Honan?

Answer.—One of the eighteen provinces of China. (See map.)

Q. What is the meaning of the name?

A. "South of the River," i.e. the Hoang-Ho.

Q. How large is Honan?

A. About 350 miles, in length and in breadth.

Q. What is its population?

A. About fifteen to eighteen millions, or three times the population of Canada.

Q. What is the character of the country?

A. Level, except one range of hills, fertile, without trees, and all carefully cultivated.

Q. What does it produce?

A. Wheat, corn, maize, cotton, etc.

Q. What is the character of the climate?

A. A little warmer than Canada. The rivers freeze for two or three months, and a little snow falls in winter; the summer is hotter than ours.

Q. Compare its produce and population.

A. All that it can produce is needed to feed the dense population.

Q. What is the result when the food supply fails in any one year?

A. Suffering and starvation.

Q. Why do they not get food from other countries?

A. There are no railways to bring it, and besides, they are too poor to buy.

Q. What sometimes interferes with the food supply?

A. Floods, sometimes caused by heavy rains that run off very slowly, the country is so level; and sometimes by the overflow of the great Hoang-Ho, or Yellow River, or other rivers.

Q. Why is it called "yellow"?

A. Because it is so muddy with soil which it carries down from the mountains far inland.

Q. How does it overflow?

A. When it reaches the plain and flows slowly, the mud settles and fills up the channel. Dykes have been built on either side to keep it in, but as it fills it sometimes breaks these and floods a large district.

Q. How frequently do such famines occur?

A. There have been 800 recorded famines in Honan during the past thousand years.

Q. How do the people regard foreigners?

A. There are only two provinces in China more hostile than Honan.

Q. How has this affected missions?

A. There were no missionaries among the millions of North Honan when our Church began work there.

Q. When did our Church select this field?

A. In 1887, eight years ago.

Q. Into how many periods may the history of the mission be divided?

A. For convenience, into two periods of four years each.

I. FIRST PERIOD, 1887-1891.

Q. What is covered by these four years?

A. Getting a foothold. At the end of it, the two chief centres of the mission had been secured and occupied.

Q. What led to beginning the mission?

A. The missionary spirit in our colleges. In both Knox and Queen's the students had chosen one of their fellow students, and offered to the General Assembly in 1887, to support them in a Foreign Field, asking, if the Assembly were willing, that they should be sent to Honan.

Q. Who were the men thus chosen?

A. Knox College chose Mr. Goforth and Queen's chose Dr. Smith.

Q. When were they sent out?

A. Mr. and Mrs. Goforth in Jan., 1888; and Dr. and Mrs. Smith in July, 1888.

Q. What other missionaries went out that summer?

A. Dr. McClure, supported by Mr. Morton, of London, England, also Miss Harriet Sutherland, a trained nurse, went out with Dr. Smith, and a little later, arriving in China 1st Dec., Rev. D. McGillivray, supported by St. Andrew's Church, Toronto.

Q. To what town on the coast did they come?

A. To Chefoo, where there were missionaries already settled.

Q. How far inland was Honan?

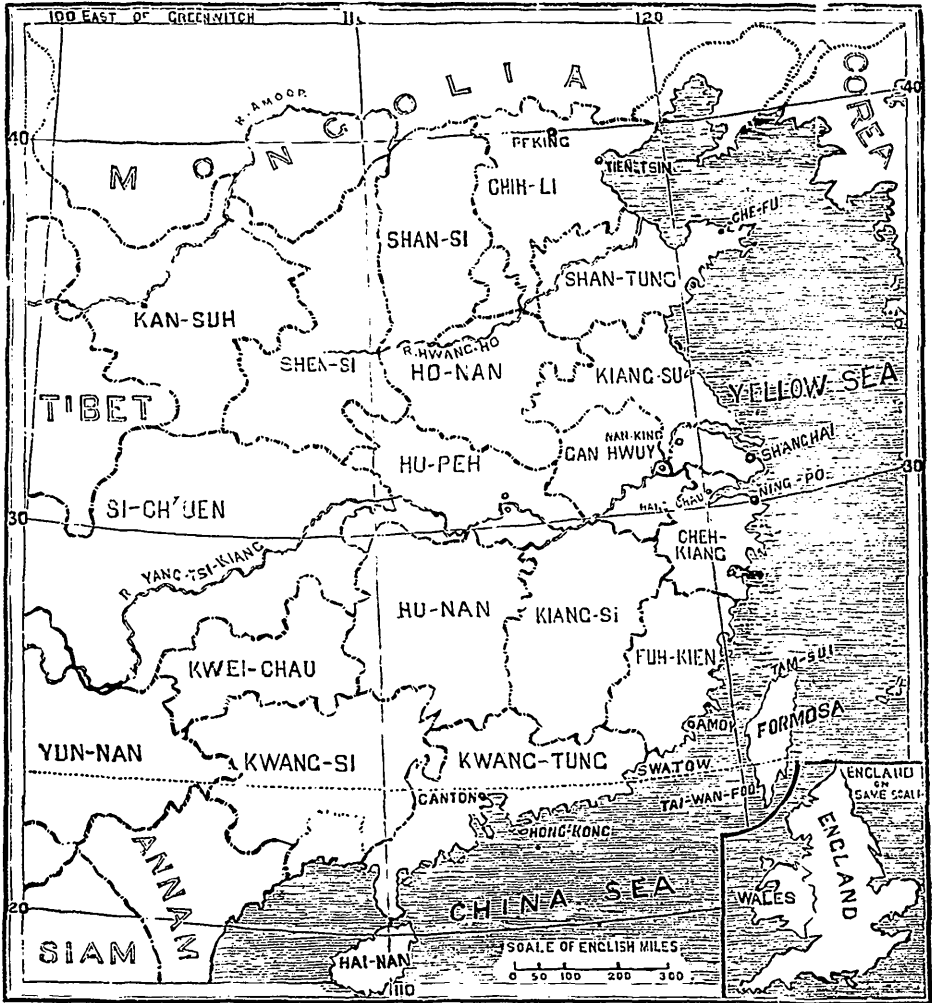
A. Four hundred miles inland.

Q. Did the missionaries go at once to Honan?

A. They wished to do so, but older missionaries told them that to go without knowing the language would not help their work, and that they should work for a time in older mission fields to learn the language and something of the work.

Q. When did they visit Honan?
 A. Mr. Goforth and Dr. Smith and two other missionaries went on their first tour of seven weeks, 13 Sep., after Dr. Smith's arrival.

Q. How did they find the people?
 A. More friendly than they expected.



MAP OF CHINA.

Q. How long was it before they could rent buildings to make their home in Honan?

A. About two years after the first arrival in China, and they had even then great difficulty in getting premises.

Q. How were these two years spent?

A. In tours through Honan, preaching, selling books, and healing their sick, thus trying to win the friendship of the people.

Q. Where were the women of the mission during this time?

A. First at Chefoo, then at Pang Chuang, 250 miles nearer to Honan, then for a time at Lin Ching, another 50 miles nearer.

Q. What were they doing?

A. Learning the language and helping in mission work where they were.

Q. What was the first station opened in Honan?

A. Chu Wang, a market town just within the border of Honan. See map.

Q. When was it obtained?

A. In September, 1890.

Q. What was the result of their renting these premises?

A. The first result was that a mob made an attack on the place but a few days after it was rented and carried away everything they could lay their hands on.

Q. What did the missionaries do?

A. They held their ground. They would not be driven away, and they appealed to the authorities and were paid for the damage.

Q. What was the next station?

A. Hsin Chen, 'New Market,' about 60 miles farther inland, in the spring of 1891.

Q. What was the result of opening this centre?

A. Not many months after it was opened, a band of rough fellows called "beggars" attacked it, broke down the doors, seized some of the missionaries, dragged them to the gate, brandished knives over them as if they would kill them, and made them give up the money they had.

Q. What effect did this have upon the missionaries?

A. They stood faithfully at their post. The frightened robbers sent the money back, and

the Government told the people that they were not to molest the missionaries.

Q. What other helpers had come to China in this period?

A. Rev. M. McKenzie and his wife, supported by Mr. David Yuile of Montreal; Rev. J. H. MacVicar and wife, supported by Crescent Street Church, Montreal; and Rev. John McDougall and wife, supported by Erskine Church, Montreal; and Misses Graham and Mackintosh, trained nurses, all arrived in Lin Ching 5th Dec., 1889.

Q. When was the Presbytery of Honan formed?

A. On the night of the arrival of these missionaries, 5th Dec., 1889.

II.—THE SECOND FOUR YEARS, 1891-1895.

Q. What was a chief incident in the beginning of this period?

A. The riot at Hsin Chen, 29th Oct., 1891, which is mentioned above.

Q. For what is the year 1891 distinguished in China?

A. For the spirit of hatred against Christianity.

Q. What stirred it up?

A. Placards, with the most false, foul and abusive statements about Christianity were posted up in great quantities all over the country, and many of the people, believing that the christians were very bad, hated and abused them.

Q. What effect did this have upon our own missions?

A. It led to the riot at Hsin Chen, above mentioned.

Q. How was the mission carried on after the stations were secured?

A. The medical men give medicine and instruction to those who come for healing, while the ministers travel much of the time through the villages, towns, and cities, near and far, sometimes taking six or eight weeks to a trip; and the women teach the women whom they can gather at the stations.

Q. How many missionaries came in this second period?

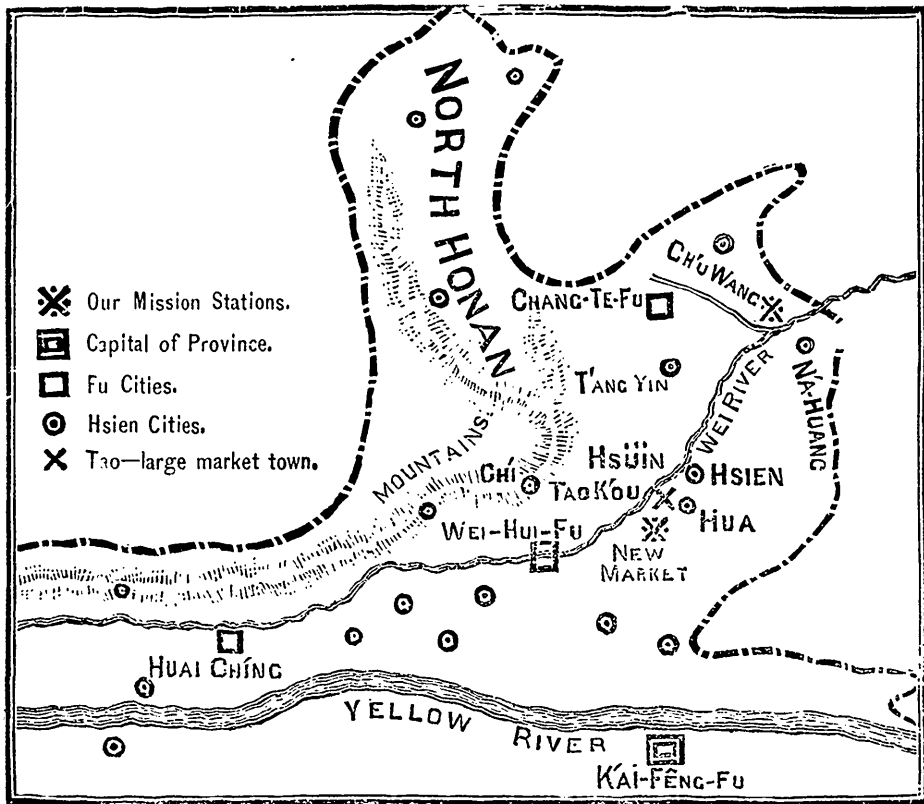
A. Rev. Wm. Hervey Grant and Mrs. Grant,

Mr. Wm. Malcolm, M.D. and Mrs. Malcolm, and Miss Lucinda Graham, M.D., were appointed in 1892, arriving in Honan early in 1893; Rev. Kenneth McLennan, and Mrs. McLennan, who arrived in the autumn of 1893, and Rev. Mr. Slimmon who arrived in China during the present year.

China; and last autumn Dr. Lucinda Graham died, 13th Oct., and Mrs. Dr. Malcolm 21st Oct. They had gone together to the mission field and had been there but two years.

Q. Who were the first converts baptized?

A. Mr. Chou and his son were baptized in June, 1892.



MAP OF NORTH HONAN.

Q. What deaths have there been in the mission?

A. Two little children of Mr. Goforth's, two of Dr. Smith's, one of Mr. McKenzie's and one of Mr. McLennan's; six little graves in

Q. What is the present condition and prospects of the work?

A. Most hopeful. Much prejudice and hate have been overcome, many of the people are friendly, some are anxiously seeking after the

truth, 14 adults have been baptized, a large number are on probation, good foundations have been laid, and before many years have passed, it is hoped there will be a number of native churches in North Honan.

Pray for the missionaries and their work.

KATY'S EASTER.

KATIE was sick in bed. She had been sick in bed for a good many weeks, but had promised herself that she would be up and out on Easter. But now there was every prospect that the promise was going to be broken, and Katy's heart with it. Uncle Doctor discovered this one afternoon when he came in to call on his patient.

"What makes my girl so dismal this bright, Spring day?" he asked, after he had held the thin little hand in his for a few moments.

That was quite enough to bring the tears, which had been very near for an hour past, welling up into the gray eyes.

"It's about Easter!" was all Katie could manage to say.

"Easter! Why, of all times, Easter is the last to be dismal."

"But, don't you see," said Katy, with trembling lips, "I expected to be out by Easter, and to be so happy, and now"—and then the head went down and the rest was floated away in a flood of tears.

Uncle Doctor smoothed the back of the little head which was all there was to be seen of it, and presently said: "I wonder how it would do as you think it quite impossible to be happy yourself—to try to make somebody else happy?"

"How?" came in a muffled voice from the pillows.

"Well, I know three little children who are—no, have been, ill, but are just able to be out. They live in the most miserable homes, and have never had a single flower, and but very few oranges, even [none but what the doctor himself had carried them] while they have been ill. They all live in different homes and all are poor and ill-cared for. Now, I

thought how pleased they would be if a certain little girl would invite them to her pretty room on Easter, give them each a pot of flowers and a card,"—

"And an Easter egg full of candy!"

There were no tears, even in the voice, now, and how Katy's eyes were shining, as, sitting up and pushing the hair from her face, she said. "Please, Uncle Doctor, go to my desk, and bring me my pocket-book. Yes," when it was brought, "There is plenty of money here for the pots, and the cards, and the candy eggs too. No, please let me do it all myself, it will be so much nicer," as her uncle suggested helping with the treat.

I wish I had space to tell you all about the delight of those three little children when they were taken into Katy's sweet room, bright with flowers and sunshine on that Easter afternoon; how Katy, sitting up in bed, handed to each a pretty plant in full bloom, a lovely card, and a great egg, which, when opened, proved to be full of candy; how Uncle Doctor, at her request, sang three Easter hymns in which Katy herself joined—but, as you see, I have been able to tell you none of these things. But after the children had gone, clasping their treasures, their little faces fairly beaming with delight just as Katy's mother came into the room with a delicious little supper on a tray, Uncle Doctor leaned over the little girl, and whispered: "Has Easter been so very unhappy, girlie?"

"Unhappy!" cried Katy, looking at him in astonishment: "Why it's been just the loveliest one I ever had. Why did you ask that?"

Then as her Uncle's eyes began to twinkle, she said: "Oh, I forgot. I didn't think I could possibly be happy if I spent Easter in bed, but—I have been."

"Yes, there is nothing like giving others happiness for making oneself happy. It is the very surest way that I know."

"Then you must be very happy," laughed Katie, as she gave him a loving hug.

"Oh, you rogue," said her Uncle.—*The Mission Field.*

THE HIGH TIDE THAT CARRIED AWAY GRAN'SIR'S MUG.

"**C**EPHAS, do look at that 'ere boy!" said old lady Smith, watching from a window her grandson Peter.

Cephas Smith, who was in the room, smacking his lips over a mug, came to the window, and remarked :

"It's a dreadful high tide. Peter's hen-coop may have to go. I've told that boy more'n fifty times to put his hens somewhere else."

"Yes, it is a master tide. It keeps a-comin' in and a-comin', and all the time this 'ere storm is a-blowin' guns down the chimney. Jest hear it! and that tide is a-risin', and keeps a-comin' in, nearer, nearer, jest like a livin' and breathin' bein'. Oh! I don't like such things."

While she spoke she sharply watched her husband. She was now thinking of another tide that for some time had been rising, even Cephas Smith's habit of drinking.

He had just taken his favorite mug of flip at the kitchen stove, and nigh the kitchen cupboard.

Grandmother Smith had had a confidential talk with Peter, now in the yard, trying to prop up his hen-coop. She had frankly confessed to Peter that "gran'sir was getting into a dreadful foolish habit," and "what to do she didn't know."

"I'd 'a' slave myself to stop his drinkin' He'll just ruin hisself, Petie."

Here Grandmother Smith buried her face in the folds of her long apron, and sobbed pitifully.

"Dreadful foolish!" cried Peter. "It's dreadful wicked!"

Then he did not know but he had gone altogether too far in thus speaking his mind, and he went up to Grandmother Smith, and began, by way of reparation, to stroke her back fondly and pityingly.

"Don't worry, grandma. He—he—don't think. He—may be really sorry inside, but the drink gets the better of him. Now—now don't worry. I'll stand by ye, and perhaps—why, who knows?—between us both,

we may do something. We can put our heads together, you know."

This made Grandmother Smith smile, for Peter was just a small boy, and his head was not a very big one. At any rate, his curly head did not seem very large beside grandmother's, with big folds of soft white hair all about it, and outside of that a fluffy white cap and its ribbons and bows.

Then there was silence. What next?

"We can pray, grandma," murmured Peter.

"Yes, dear, we will do that," said grandmother soberly.

And that very night two pairs of hands were folded in prayer—one in grandmother's chamber, and one in a little nook under the low slanting roof where Peter slept.

The conference with Peter came into the grandmother's thoughts as she and Gran'sir Smith stood side by side at the window, and watched the high-tide deepening round Peter's hen-coop.

"There may be chance for Peter to save his hen-coop by all his sticks and props," observed Gran'sir Smith, "but he ought to have built on higher ground, and I will tell him so."

He took his old tarpaulin hat from its nail, and went out into the yard.

"Peter," he shouted, as he faced the storm, "you ought to have built on higher ground."

"I think so too. Do you know, gran'sir, that the shed is in danger?"

"You—you—don't say!"

He looked at the shed, now encompassed by water.

The Smiths lived on a lane that ran down to a river making in from the sea, and subject, in certain storms, to violent tides. An "equinoctial," for instance, would beat down fiercely, and scourge the river as it were to madness.

The tide was now rising steadily about the hen-coop, and threatening soon to lift it on its blue shoulders and bear it away. Peter prudently had removed the hens to a safe retreat. What safety was there for the hen-house? It was the shed though, that was now the object of anxiety.

"I see that there is suthin' to be done about that 'ere shed," remarked gran'sir. "I will be back soon."

He went into the kitchen, prepared a stiff mug of flip, and drank it down eagerly.

"O Cephas!" moaned grandmother.

"Now, wife, why do you say anything? I have a hard job before me."

She wiped her tears in reply. She knew that gran'sir already had had more mugs of flip than he could carry off.

"You're cryin'!"

"Yes; you can't handle yourself out there."

"Can't I handle myself? You'll see, you'll see, madam! I think I can!"

It was a foolish boast.

He strutted across the yard, but unsteadily, and went into a shed to get a joist with which to prop up the shed on the outside. He carried it outside. The Smith lot went down to the river. Here a wharf had been built, and the shed and hen-house were on this wharf, the rear wall of each coming to the wharf's edge.

Gran'sir went to the edge of the wharf to see where he could best set up his prep. He was feeling the liquor he had drunk. He made a careless movement, and down he tumbled, and over the edge of the wharf he went!

"Help! help!" rang out his voice.

Peter was on hand, small boy though he was. Somebody else was on hand—Grandmother Smith. She came fluttering out of the house, and then ran to the wharf. In her hand she carried her old red shawl. The faded fabric was homely now, but it was strong. Holding on to her end firmly, she flung out the other end to Gran'sir Smith.

"Ketch it, ketch it!" she shrieked.

Gran'sir Smith grabbed it.

"Now, Peter, help your grandma! Pull in! All together—now!"

Grandmother Smith showed herself an expert. Peter did his share. They pulled together. They pulled Gran'sir to the wharf. They pulled him over the edge of the wharf. How they did it, they could not say. Then they led him into the house. He was put

into dry clothes. He was placed before the kitchen fire.

He looked so comfortable there before the cheerfully purring fire. He wore a blue dressing-gown that Grandmother Smith had made for him, and it contrasted finely with his long white hair that the same faithful wife had brushed back from his forehead.

Now and then he looked up at the old flip-mug on the mantel over the stove, glancing down at his blue dressing-gown. He looked very solemn.

"What are you thinkin' of, Cephas?"

"I was thinkin' if I had looked this way, all slikt up so neat, if I had gone down to the bottom of the river."

"Oh!—O husband, don't speak of it!"

"But I must, wife; if—if if it hadn't been for you and Peter, I should have been down at the bottom of the river, sartin. I know why I fell over."

Here he gave a savage glance at the mug.

"Is that shed a-standin'?"

"Yes, and I believe it won't go after all."

"Well, that hen-coop, hen-house—won't that go?"

"No, it's standing, and I don't believe it will go."

Gran'sir rose in his chair.

"Suthin' has got to go!" he said energetically, "and it shall be that mug! Peter!"

"What, sir?"

"Take my mug and a piece of board, and put the mug on the board, and then put the board on the edge of the wharf, and then—then"—here Gran'sir's voice became almost terrific—"then launch her! That thing has got to go! Not goin' to have this tide for nothin'!"

The mug went. The tide swept about the board, drifted it away, and quickly smothered it.

Its fate was watched from the kitchen window, and then gran'sir said:

"Now, wife, pray for me! Where's Peter? Oh, here he is! Peter, pray too! I want my appetite to be sunk way down—way down—same as that mug. God help me!"

Such a time of prayer!

The wind raved down the chimney. The rain rattled against the windows. Above all these sounds, though, could be heard the voice of Grandmother Smith earnestly crying to God, and then came a boy's voice, clear and penetrating. Never such a day in that house as the day when the spring high-tide carried away gran'sir's mug.—*S. S. Times.*

KILLING A TEN-FOOT SERPENT.

HOW IT HELPED THE MISSIONARY.

By Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., Missionary to India, of the Reformed Church in America.

TWO or three days after my chase for a tiger, of which I told you a few weeks ago, occurred an incident that I at first thought damaging, but that proved helpful.

We were still in the great teak-wood forest, with trees towering one hundred and fifty feet above the woodman's path up which we were wending our way to the great Godavery River, and along which path, or rough cart tracks, were clearings every few miles, and villages and cultivation. We had that morning taken a long march of some seventeen miles, preaching and disposing of Gospels and tracts in every village and hamlet that we passed. Learning from our guide that about a mile ahead was a large village, I rode on in advance to find a place in which to pitch our tent.

As I came near, I saw the elders of the city coming out of the city gates (for it was an old walled village) to meet me. Passing the polite salutation of the day, I asked them where was a shady place where I could pitch my tent, as I wished to remain there for the day and night. They replied: "You need not pitch your tent. Here is a new thatched building just erected for a shelter for our cattle, but not yet used. That will be as comfortable as your tent, and will save the trouble of pitching; please accept the use of that." Close by us, just outside the gates of the town, was this new building, with roof and walls made of palm-leaves, with an open doorway, but no door; and the floor was the

virgin soil still green, for it had not been used.

I accepted their hospitality, and as soon as my cart came up I took out my camp cot and put it in the middle of the hut, and threw myself down to rest while my servant was preparing my breakfast. My native assistants had not yet come up, as they had found another little hamlet after I left them, and had stopped to preach in that.

I was lying on my back on my cot, reading my Greek Testament, which had been my daily companion from a boy. I was holding it up over me, reading a little, and shutting my eyes and thinking a little. At length the passage I was reading was finished, and I let the arm that was holding the book fall.

Then, and not until then, did I become aware that a huge serpent was coiled around one of the bamboo rafters, with some four feet of his body hanging down just over my head, with his eyes flashing, and his tongue darting out just above where my book had been and had concealed him. While I was reading, he had let down one-third of his body, or more, and was looking to see what this leprous-looking white man was about, for he had probably never seen a white man before.

His darting tongue was almost within arm's length of my face when I caught sight of him. I remembered that during my course in the medical college, in the skylight dissecting-room of the old College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, I once looked attentively over the muscles of the human frame, and wondered whether a person lying down could jump horizontally without first erecting himself. I found it could be done with proper incentive, for off that cot I came at one bound to my feet without first raising my head, for that serpent was too near it.

Running to the door, I seized an iron spit some six feet long, with a sharp point, used for roasting purposes in the jungle, and which was in the cart. Coming back and using that as a spear, I was successful at the first thrust in piercing the body of the serpent where it was coiled around the rafter.

But then I found myself in another diffi-

culty. I caught the spear to keep it from falling out and releasing the serpent, but the serpent would draw back, and with a tremendous hiss strike at my hand that held the spear, and come suspiciously near hitting it with his tremendous extended fangs. If I let go, the spit would fall out, and the serpent would get away; and he and I could not sleep there together that night. If I held on, his body might slide down the spit until he could reach my hand, which might be fatal to me instead of to him.

However, in answer to my lusty calls, my servant appeared with a club; and, holding the spit with my left hand, and taking the club in my right, I soon administered to the serpent a headache from which he died. As I took him down, and held him up by the middle on the spit to the level of my shoulder, both head and tail touched the floor, showing that he was ten feet long.

Just as I held him in this position, one of the village watchmen passed the door of the hut, going into the village, and saw what I had done. It occurred to me at once that now I should find myself in a "bad box," for the people revere serpents as demi-gods. They dare not kill them or harm them, and will always beg for the life of a serpent if they see any one else killing one. They think that if you harm one of these deadly serpents, it or its kin will wage war with you and your kin and descendants until your kin are exterminated.

I, a missionary, had come there to preach. How would they hear me when I had killed one of their gods? Knowing that the news had gone into town, to the elders, I began to prepare my line of defence, for I thought that they would soon come out to call me to account. I remembered a verse of one of Telugu poets commending the killing of venomous reptiles, and, having a copy of that poet with me. I opened my book-box and took it out, but had not found the verse when I saw the chief men of the place coming out towards the hut. To my astonishment they had native brass trays in their hands, with sweetmeats and cocoanuts and limes and

incense-sticks on them; and as them came to the door of the hut, they prostrated themselves before me, and then presented these offerings, for they said I had rid them of their most dangerous enemy, that that serpent had been the bane of the village for several years. It had bitten and killed some of their kine, and, I think, also a child. They had made every effort to drive it away from the village by burning straw between it and the village and putting the burning straw closer and closer to it to make it go farther and farther away, but it would always return. They had tried to coax it away by putting little cups, each holding half a teaspoonful of milk, every two yards or so in a line out into the jungle; but as soon as it had drunk all the milk it wanted, it would turn around and crawl back into the village and into some house, and then the people of that house would have to vacate until it chose to leave. It had become the terror of the village.

But now I, a stranger and foreigner, had killed it without their knowledge or consent (that was their safety); for if they had seen me doing it, they would have begged for its life, lest they be taken as accomplices; and now it was dead, and they were guiltless, and it could harm them and theirs no more. Would I please accept these sweets? They had sent to the flock to have a fat sheep brought me as an offering, and would I please accept the sheep? Now, whatever I had to say, they would listen to me gladly, for was not I their deliverer? The sheep was brought. Myself and associates and servants made a sumptuous dinner from it. The serpent was not a cobra—cobras never grow so large—but it was said to be equally venomous.

When the heat of the day was over, we all went into the town to preach. At the gate was the village erier, with his tom-tom, or small drum; and, as soon as we appeared, he went through all the streets, beating his tom-tom and crying: "Come, all ye people; come and hear what the serpent-destroyer has to say to us." A royal audience we had, while we spoke to them of "the old serpent" and his deeds, and Christ who bruised the serpent's head. The killing of the serpent, instead of proving a bar, had opened a door of access to the gospel.—*Golden Rule.*



SOME SAMPLES FROM AFRICA

“WHO SHALL ROLL US AWAY THE STONE?”

A MISSIONARY EXERCISE.

[Seven young girls will be required for this exercise. If desirable they may carry semblances of rough stones, made from cardboard, and outlined and lettered in charcoal, bearing in order the names of the “stones of hindrance” represented by different speakers.]—*Over Sea and Land.*

ROLL—who shall roll the stone away?
 Asked the women, full of dre
 Hastening at the dawn of day,
 Bearing spices for the dead.
 Wondrous sight! ’Tis rolled away!
 “Seek Him not among the dead,
 See the place where Jesus lay,
 He is risen, as He said.”

Still, as on that early day,
 Anxious hearts the question ask:
 “Who shall roll the stone away?
 Who is equal to the task?”

Hindering stones before us lie,
 Obstacles beset the way;
 How can sinful souls come nigh
 To the Son of God to-day?
 Think upon the Mission Cause,
 How its triumph is delayed;
 Those who love it often pause,
 Sick at heart, and sore dismayed.

Indifference :

Hard indifference, is one
 Of these hindrances well known;
 From the glorious work begun,
 Who shall roll away *this* stone?

Ignorance :

Ignorance is in the way,
 Some there are who do not know,
 Others will not, though they may.
 Learn His way, Who loves them so.
 Ignorance, at Home, Abroad,
 Hinders still the work of God.
 Who shall roll away this “Stone”?
 Make His Cause and Kingdom known

Intemperance :

Chief among the hindering things
 Is Intemperance, we know;
 Oh! the ruin that it brings,
 Desolation, pain, and woe!
 Who shall roll this “Stone” away?
 Speed, oh! speed the coming day!

Superstition :

Superstition, dark and dread,
 Is another hindering “Stone”;
 Christ is risen from the dead,
 But His power they will not own,
 They who wander in the dark,
 Desolate, deceived, alone.
 Who shall roll away *this* “Stone”?

Selfishness :

Selfishness, that sordid thing
 Stands, a hindrance, great and strong;
 Who will haste some power to bring
 That will overcome the wrong?
 Who will roll this “Stone” away?
 What fair form, in bright array?
 Fear not, fear not, nor be dismayed,
 The risen Christ shall be thine aid,
 And angels fair, in bright array,
 Shall roll each hindering stone away.

“Indifference” shall give place at length
 To fervent Interest, in its strength,
 And “Ignorance” be overturned
 By Knowledge, even now discerned.

Intemperance shall be removed,
 When fair Sobriety is proved.
 And “Superstition,” sadly strong,
 Shall feel the power of Light ere long,
 While Love Divine shall take away
 The love of Self, with sordid sway.

Look up, take heart, O Church of God.
 Along the way the angels trod
 To roll away that stone, of old,
 Shall come, with blessings manifold
 The Angels of His Love and Might
 To clear the way of Truth and Right.
 Let not the eye of Faith grow dim,
 But, trusting, serving, wait for Him.

[All join in singing softly to the old air of
 “Jesus, Lover of My Soul” (Martyr)]

Long ago, from Jesus’ tomb,
 Angels rolled the stone away.
 Those who came with rich perfume
 Found their darkness turned to day.
 So, on this bright welcome Dawn,
 Lord of Life, and Light, and Love,
 Let our hearts to Thee be drawn,
 Send Thine angels from above.

Let them roll away the stone,
 Take away each hindering thing,
 Make Thy power and glory known,
 Till the world shall own Thee King.
 He is risen! Joyful word!
 Power and might to Him belong;
 Spread the news till all have heard,
 Sing, O Earth, the gladsome Song!

WHAT A BOY SHOULD KNOW.

A boy said: "How hard it is to do right! I've tried and tried, and there's no use trying any longer."

But one day after reading his Bible, he said: "Why, I've been trying to change myself all the time, and here I read that only God can change me. I can no more change my heart than a colored man can make himself white. How foolish I have been not to ask Him!"

And he was right. Are you trying to change your own heart? You can never do it. It will get worse and worse until you ask Jesus to give you a new heart.

WRONG SIDE OUT.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys. But he did nothing but fret and complain.

As last his mother said:

"Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated. Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out and put on his coat and his pants and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravellings—before the glass, wandering what his mother meant.

But he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said: "This is what you have been doing all day: making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefaced. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you try to speak what is pleasant and do what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."—*Christian Observer.*

International S. S. Lessons.

(Adapted from the Westminster Ques. Book.)

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

9 June.

Les. Luke 24: 13-32. Gol. Text, Lu. 24: 32.
Mem. vs. 25-27. Catechism Q. 24.

Study the lesson help in the *Presbyterian Record.*

LESSON PLAN.

- I. The Unrecognized Companion. vs. 13-18.
- II. The Great Interpreter. vs. 19-27.
- III. The Blessed Revealing. vs. 28-32.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—How long did Jesus remain in the grave? By whom and to whom was his resurrection first announced? To whom did he first appear? To what other persons did he appear on the day of his resurrection? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Unrecognized Companion.* vs. 13-18.—Where were two of the disciples going? Of what were they talking? Who joined them? Why did they not recognize him? What did Jesus ask them? Why was Cleopas so surprised at Jesus' question?

II. *The Great Interpreter.* vs. 19-27.—Repeat the story Cleopas told Jesus. What had been the disciples' hope about Jesus? Why had they now lost that hope? What strange report had bewildered them? What had further perplexed them? How did Jesus rebuke their lack of faith? In what had they shown folly? Why ought the Christ to have suffered these things? Heb. 2: 9, 10. What did Jesus then do? What things concerning him do you find in the Old Testament?

III. *The Blessed Revealing.* vs. 28-32.—What did Jesus do as they drew near the village? What did the disciples do? What took place at the table? How was Jesus made known to them? What did they say to one another? How may we have Jesus abide with us? John 14: 23,

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Jesus walks and talks with those who love him and talk about him.
2. We sometimes fail to recognize him when he comes to us.
3. He reveals himself to those willing to see.
4. We may freely tell him our perplexities.
5. There are precious truths in the Scriptures which he only can open to us.
6. If we earnestly seek his presence, he will ever abide in our heart and home and church.

PETER AND THE RISEN LORD.**16 June.**

Les. John 21 : 4-17. Gol. Text, John 21 : 17.
Mem. vs. 15-17. Catechism Q. 25.

Study the lesson help in the *Presbyterian record* and answer the following

LESSON PLAN.

- I. The Miracle of the Fishes. vs. 4-9.
- II. The Meal on the Shore. vs. 10-14.
- III. The Restoration of Peter. vs. 15-17.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—Describe the five appearances of Jesus on the day of his resurrection. Also his sixth recorded appearance. Where did the apostles go soon after? Why did they return to Galilee? Matt. 26 : 32; 28 : 10; Mark 14 : 28; 16 : 7. What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Miracle of the Fishes.* vs. 4-9.—What took place at daybreak? What did Jesus ask the disciples? What did they answer? What did he tell them to do? What followed? To what discovery did this lead? What did Peter do? How did the other disciples come to land? What did the disciples find when they landed?

II. *The Meal on the Shore.* vs. 10-14.—What did Jesus direct them to do? What did Peter then do? How many fishes were there? What did Jesus say? Why did the disciples not ask who he was? What did Jesus then do? How many times since his resurrection had Jesus shown himself to the assembled disciples?

III. *The Restoration of Peter.* vs. 15-17.—What did Jesus ask Peter? What did Peter answer? What did Jesus say? Whom did he mean by the *lambs*? What did Jesus ask Peter the second time? What did Peter reply? What did Jesus say? Whom did he mean by his *sheep*? What did Jesus ask Peter the third time? Why was Peter grieved? What did he now answer? What did Jesus again tell him to do?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Jesus comes to us in our daily duties as really as in our hours of devotion.
2. Work for Jesus, at His Word, in His way, and with His help, is sure of great results.
3. Jesus freely and fully forgives the truly penitent, even though they have sinned greatly.
4. Without love to Christ our religion is vain.
5. Work for the good of Christ's people is evidence of love for Christ.

THE SAVIOUR'S PARTING WORDS.**23 June.**

Les. Luke 24 : 44-53. Gol. Text, Matt. 28 : 19.
Mem. vs. 45-47. Catechism Q. 26.

LESSON PLAN.

- I. The fulfilling of Prophecy. vs. 44-47.
- II. The Promise of the Spirit. vs. 48, 49.
- III. The Ascension of Jesus. vs. 50-53.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—Tell the story of the last lesson. Give in order all the recorded appearances of Jesus after his resurrection. What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text! Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Fulfilling of Prophecy.* vs. 44-47.—What did Jesus say to his disciples? When had he spoken of these things? How had his predictions been fulfilled? What did Jesus then do? What are some of the prophecies concerning Christ? What should be preached in his name? To whom is the gospel to be preached?

II. *The Promise of the Spirit.* vs. 48, 49.—Of what is every Christian a witness? What did Jesus promise his disciples? Meaning of *the promise of my Father*? Where were they to tarry? With what were they to be endued? How was this promise fulfilled? Acts 2 : 1-4. What followed the gift of this power? Acts 2 : 11.

III. *The Ascension of Jesus.* vs. 50-53—Whither did Jesus lead the disciples! What did he do there? As he blessed them, what happened? What did the disciples do? What cause had they for praising God!

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Our trust is in a risen, ever-living Saviour.
2. It is only in his name that sin will be forgiven.
3. The Old Testament testifies of Christ and is fulfilled in him.
4. Every disciple of Christ is a witness for him.
5. He has commanded his gospel to be preached to all nations.
6. It is our duty to send it to all who have it not.

Though now ascended up on high
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name
He knows the frailty of our frame.

With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of Heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

REVIEW.**30 June.**

Gol. Text, Heb. 12 : 2. Catechism Q. 15-26.

HOME READINGS.

M. Mark 11 : 1-11 ; 12 : 1-12..... Lessons I., II.
 T. Matt. 24 : 52-51..... Lesson III.
 W. Mark 14 : 12-42..... Lessons IV., V.
 Th. Mark 14 : 53-54 ; 15 : 1-16..... Lessons VI., VII.
 F. Mark 15 : 22-37 ; 16 : 1-8..... Lessons VIII., IX.
 S. Luke 24 : 13-32 ; John 21 : 1-17. Lessons X., XI.
 S. Luke 24 : 44-48 Acts 1 : 1-12.... Lesson XII.

REVIEW EXERCISES.

How did the multitude honor Jesus as he entered Jerusalem?

How did Jesus represent the privileges of the Jews.

What doom did he pronounce upon them for their rejection of him?

What duty did Jesus urge upon his disciples

At the Lord's Supper, what did Jesus say when he gave his disciples the bread?

What did he say when he gave the cup?

What did he command as to the observance of the Lord's Supper?

What did Jesus say to his disciples in Gethsemane?

What prayer did he offer?

Who guided the band sent to take Jesus?

By what sign did Judas betray Jesus?

What did the band then do?

For what did the council condemn Jesus to death?

Why did the council deliver Jesus to Pilate?

What did Pilate say after he had examined Jesus?

What did the Jews say when Pilate would have released Jesus?

What inscription was placed over Jesus on the cross?

What were the dying words of Jesus?

Upon what day of the week was Jesus crucified?

Upon what day did Jesus rise from the grave?

What did the angels say to the women at the grave?

To whom did the risen Jesus first appear?

What did he teach two disciples on the way to Emmaus?

Did these disciples know who was talking with them?

What took place as he sat at meat with them?

To whom did Jesus appear at the Sea of Tiberias?

What miracle did he then work?

What did Peter command Peter to do?

What occurred forty days after the resurrection!

Review-drill on titles, Golden Text, Lesson Plan, Memory verses and Catechism.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.**7 July.**

Les. Ex. 20 : 1-17.

Gol. Text, Luke 10 : 27.

Mem. vs. 3-17.

Catechism Q. 27.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—What miracle did the Lord work at the Red Sea? How did the Israelites celebrate their deliverance? Where did they go from the Red Sea? What happened at Marah? Where did they next halt? Where did they go from Elim? What trouble came on them in the wilderness of Sin? How did the Lord supply their wants? What happened at Rephidim? How were the Amalekites defeated? Who visited Moses? What counsel did Jethro give? When did the Israelites come to Mount Sinai? How did God show his presence in the mount? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *Our Relation to God.* vs. 1, 2.—Who spoke these words? To whom were they spoken? Ask Catechism Q. 44.

II. *Our Duty to God.* vs. 3-11.—Which of the commandments prescribe our duty to God? Review here Catechism Qs. 45-62. What is meant by *graven image*? *Likeness*? *A jealous God*? What forms of idolatry are there besides worshipping images? What is meant by taking God's name in vain? What is required of us on six days of the week? What on the seventh? Why do Christians keep the first day of the week as the Sabbath?

III. *Our Duty to Our Neighbor.* vs. 12-17. Which commandments prescribe our duty to man? Review Catechism Qs. 63-81. How are we to honor our parents? How did Jesus keep this commandment? What is murder? Mat. 5 : 21, 22 ; 1 John 3 : 15. Which commandment requires purity of heart and life? Which requires honesty? Which requires truth? Which requires contentment and forbids envy? What is it to *covet*?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. In these commandments God speaks to us as really as though we heard his voice.

2. All God's commandments are summed up in the Golden Text.

3. We have broken these commandments, and are sinners in the sight of a holy God.

4. We must be pardoned and purified, or suffer the penalty of our transgressions.

5. Christ is our only hope. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

FIVE DON'TS.

Don't fret. Fretting irritates and annoys listeners, without bringing comfort or cheer to the fretter. Don't fret.

Don't tale-bear. Tale-bearing is not apt to bear good fruit, the product too often being unhealthy, specky and rotten. Don't tale-bear.

Don't grumble. Whatever else you do, don't grumble, unless you have something really worth grumbling about, and even then don't spin your grumbling out interminably. Don't grumble.

Don't talk unduly. There is a time to talk and a time not to talk, as decidedly as there is a "time to laugh" and a "time to weep." Don't talk unless you have something to say worth talking about. Don't talk unduly.

Don't pout. Pouting should always be done in the back yard, never "before folks." Don't pout.—*ScL.*

WHAT A CHINESE BOY DID.

BOY was admitted into a missionary school in China, his mother being dead. He remained several years, and not only learned the truth, but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years of age he went to his friends, during what we call Christmas holidays. One afternoon he went into a village temple. As he was looking at the idols, an old man, very feeble, came in with tottering steps, and laying a few incense sticks before an idol, knelt down and began to pray. Then passed to the next idol, and so on the whole round of them.

The little boy thought to himself, "Here's an old man who has not long to live, and he does not know the way to heaven. But I'm only a boy; I can't tell him." The young people in China are taught to treat the aged with very great respect, and it would have been very impertinent for the little boy to attempt to teach the old man.

"What is to be done?" He has no one to teach him," thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol, and, as he thought, the tears ran down his cheeks. These tears were

eloquent, as the boy felt forced to go to the old man and say, "Would you mind a boy speaking to you?" I am young, you are very old."

"What are you crying for?" said the old man. "Can I help you?"

"Sir, I am crying because I am sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! What for?"

"Because you are aged and cannot live long, and you don't know the way to heaven."

"What! Do you know the way to heaven?"

"I know that Jesus saves me, and will save you."

"Who is Jesus?" asked the old man. The boy told him the story of God's love, and the man's heart melted as he listened.

"Boy," he said, "I am over sixty years of age, and I have never heard such words. Have you had dinner?"

"No, sir; not yet."

"Come home with me, then, and you shall tell the old lady the story you have told me."

The boy went home with the old man and told the story of the love of God, while the aged couple listened with great interest. He was invited again and again, and stayed in their house the whole of his holiday; and the result was that, through this youthful servant of Christ, they were both led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.

Four years after, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, who recently related this story, accompanied the youth to the home of the aged couple, and found them truly devoted Christians, and, naturally, warmly attached to the lad. Said the old man, "But for this boy, my wife and I would have died in darkness."—*The Day Spring.*

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