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**ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE**  
**and CHILDREN'S RECORD**  
for the Presbyterian Church in Canada

VOL. 7.

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1892.

No. 1



Rev. Wm. Cruikshank.

## Our Mutual Friend.



OUR good friend, Mr. Cruikshank who has been talking to you during the past year, has pictured many faces, but has kept his own hidden. I know you would like to see it, not merely from curiosity, but from a desire to look upon one who has proved himself your friend, and has made you feel that while on a man's shoulders he carries a man's head, filled with the wisdom and knowledge of more than forty years, yet he has a boy's heart.

He was born away down by the sea; down in Nova Scotia, in a place called *Musquodoboit*, a name long, and, perhaps, harsh sounding to a stranger, but full of music to those who know its history.

Early in life he decided to study for the ministry, and, having fitted himself for college, he entered the University of Dalhousie, in Halifax, twenty-three years ago. Four years later he graduated, and then went to Edinburgh, where, in its ancient seat of learning, he spent several years, fitting himself for his life work.

Completing his studies, he went for a year as Home Missionary to Bay of Islands, Newfoundland. From there he was invited to assist for a time Dr. Jenkins, in St. Paul's Church, Montreal. A year and a half later he was called to the charge of St. Matthew's congregation, Point St. Charles, Montreal, where he has since labored, and where his work is one of the best proofs our church affords of what can be done by steady, patient, faithful labor. He found the congregation small, weak and poor; now it is large and strong, and last summer they opened a beautiful new building for their Church home.

And yet, in one of the hardest years of his life, with the work of the new church on his hands, he found time, month by month, to look after the preparation and sending out to you of your own paper.

But I must not give him all the credit, nor forget to tell you that there was another who had no small part in the work for you. I have not her picture to give you. I can only tell you that she is a worthy co-worker with him whose name she bears, and whose photo forms our frontispiece.

## The Editor's Greeting.



THE last thing I wrote to the young readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD was the "Editor's Good-bye." When that was written, a year ago, I little thought that we should meet again in the same relationship. I can only say that the meeting is a pleasant one to me, for I enjoyed our former five years together, and I will do what I can to make it a pleasant one to you.

But say!—What have you all done with the big New Year's gift that I saw old Father Time bringing to you, as I parted from you twelve months ago? What gift? Why that great, big, bright, bran new, Year. It seemed so big that you hardly knew how you were going to use it, but I see that it is nearly all gone. What have you done with it?

O what a lot of answers I hear. Some have used it in growing better and wiser, learning lessons that will make them better men and women, they have been overcoming their bad tempers and bad habits, they have been growing more like Christ. But they have not kept their gift merely for their own good. Their use of it has made glad the lives of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, school mates and playmates, teachers and friends. And Jesus Himself has said of them, "Well done."

Some have wasted their gift. All they have to show for it is that they are a little bigger and older; no better, no wiser, no more patient, no more kindly and true, and no other hearts or lives made glad. Well,

whatever use you have made of it, it is gone, to come no more.

But look! What do I see? All the same young people with another gift of the same kind, another New Year. Even those who made a poor use of the last one, have another. How kind of our Heavenly Father to send Old Time to us once again with his big blessed gift to all.

And now comes my second question:—What are you going to do with the glad, young, year, that you now have? I hear a great many answers, and one strain runs through them nearly all, as I listen to the New Year's resolves, and that is, that you will use it better than any you ever had before. May it be so. Look to the Saviour to help you and your purpose will be fulfilled.

### Making a Fire.

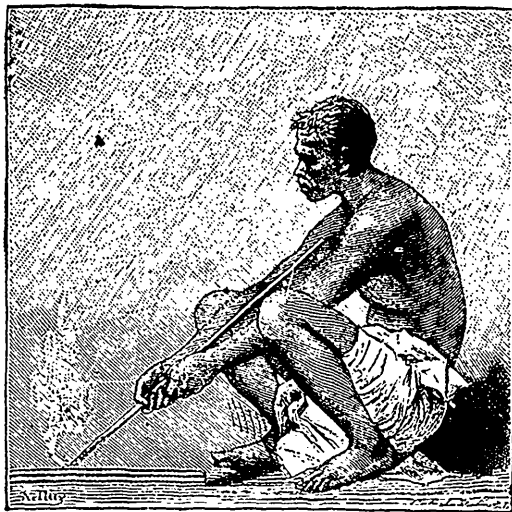


**C**OULD you make a fire to warm the coffee at a Sunday School picnic, my boy? Of course I could. How? I would gather some dry sticks, then some small kindling or dry grass, then strike a match, and—ho a fire. But if you hadn't a match what then? Why then I suppose we would have our coffee cold. Nobody could make a fire. Oh yes, some of those little heathen boys that you pity as being so ignorant, could make a fire without any matches, and think it in no way wonderful. But how would they make it? In the four pictures in this Record you will see some of the different ways and you can try it some day for yourselves. The most common way is something like the following. A savage will collect a heap of dry twigs. Then he will take two sticks. One of them he will sharpen to a point, while a small hole is made

on the other which is laid on the twigs. The pointed end is then placed on the hole, and twirled rapidly between the palm of the hands till the sparks fly out. These are blown into a flame with the mouth, and, catching the twigs, the fire is soon blazing.

So you see the heathen knows more about some things than you do. But it matters little to you. You can get your fires in other ways, and the knowledge of the poor savage gives him no advantage over you.

But there is another thing that he tries



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very hard to get, and cannot, and that is a light to light him to happiness and peace. His heart is sometimes heavy, and his mind dark. He knows he is guilty, and he offers sacrifices to his heathen gods, and sometimes inflicts suffering upon himself. You remember that the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel cut themselves with knives and lancets as they cried: "O Baal, hear us."

But all the efforts of the heathen cannot bring them this light. They grope in dark-

ness still, and are waiting for us to send and tell them of Him who said:—

“ I am the light of the world.”

## Letter from Santo, New Hebrides

By REV. A. H. McDONALD.  
SANTO, NEW HEBRIDES, Aug., 1891.



Y DEAR CHILDREN :

When I wrote to you last it was about Erromanga and Mr. Robertson. Some time has elapsed since then, and now here I am with my dear wife, settled at the north-west end of Santo, where Mr. Gordon, who was afterwards killed on Erromanga, stayed when he came to Santo, over twenty years ago. My house is built not twenty yards from where Mr. Gordon set up his tent. Some things that Mr. Gordon did, remain yet.

A bright little stream runs past my school house, and years ago pigs used to make it muddy, so Mr. Gordon got the natives to build up a wall around three springs, and then had a bamboo cut for an aqueduct, and now fresh, clear water comes from these, so that all may drink there, while the pigs can wallow in the water flowing past them and not dirty the water used by the villagers.

I find too, that one of the boys that Mr. Gordon had with him is still alive, though no longer a boy. He has never been away since, so that for twenty years he did not see any printing, and when I put into his hands a primer that Mr. Gordon had printed, I was astonished when he spelt the words in the book. You must know that Mr. Gordon used x. for an, and e. for oi, and yet this man remembered that. Malo is a big man now and a chief of many pigs, but I hope one day he will become a Christian.

Now I want to tell you something about Cape Lisburn. Ever so many years ago Mr. Goodwill came out here as a missionary. You may know him for he is with you in Canada again. Well, one day my wife and I set out

to see the people of Cape Lisburn, and the men all remembered Mr. Goodwill, or as they call him “ The Tall Missionary.” They were glad when I told them he was not dead, for they thought he had gone to Fiji and died there. Well, we saw the spot where Mr. Goodwill had his house, and they told me the orange trees he planted are growing and giving plenty of oranges.

The men who live near the spot asked me why they had not got a missionary. They are very anxious to get a missionary, and I think our Church of Victoria will grant their request. After stopping at Cape Lisburn some time we continued our journey and went on to Tangoa to see Mr. Annand. How glad we were to get out of the boat, and to get a kindly welcome from Mr. Annand! We rather astonished Mr. and Mrs. Annand when they came out on to the verandah early one morning, for you know we had come in our open boat sixty-six miles. How kind Mr. and Mrs. Annand were to us, and it was not nice at all to leave such friends, but our work is in the north. Mr. Annand kindly printed a primer for me and now my scholars are learning out of that primer.

Now dear children I must draw to a close. I like to think, that in this far away spot there is a link joining me to the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and also joining me to Erromanga and Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, and last but not least, to Mr. and Mrs. Annand.

Good night children, it is time for us to put out the lights and go to bed. God's blessing rest on you.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. H. McDONALD.

The fact has been made public that the major domo at Hatfield House, the residence of Lord Salisbury, was a priest, although the fact was not known to the Premier. When recognized the man at once left. It is thought by Lord Salisbury's family that he was a Jesuit agent, and sought to obtain information for the Vatican.”

“ It is stated without contradiction that twelve hundred priests of the Church of England now hear confessions in private.”

## Letter from Rev. J. T. McVicar.

LIN CH'ING,

Aug., 7th, 1891.



ELL, I wrote you last in the beginning of April, whilst proceeding in a dingy house-boat up the Wei to join Dr. Smith in an endeavor to secure mission premises in Hsin Chen. As I stemmed the muddy current of the river, I came one day in sight of

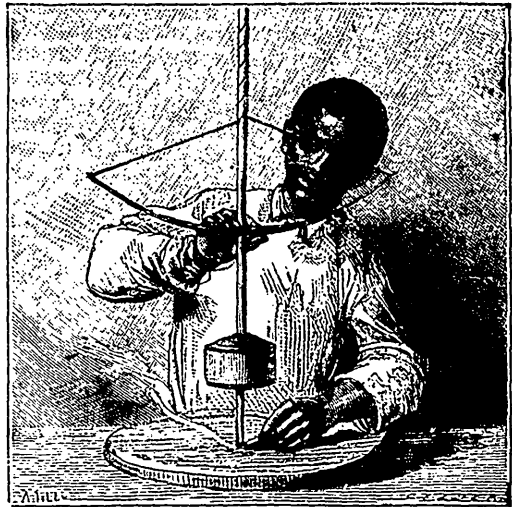
mountains, which, the perpetual monotony of the great Northern plain, tended to excite emotional recollections

Folk make fun of Montreal's little hill and propose to spell the Mount, so called, with a "d"; but I can tell you they would think *highly* of it if exiled for a year or two in a great flat, bare country such as this is in winter.

But far more striking than any suggestion of Montreal, seemed the resemblance between Hsun Hsien and Quebec. A considerable rock inside the city causes an elevation from which the buildings peer over the battlements with a very stern aspect, a reproduction in miniature of the historic citadel; while below, on a narrow strip of land between the "heights" and the river, are a number of narrow poorly built streets, not unlike the lower town in the ancient capital.

Here, in an inn, on the lower levels, I worked for some days with Dr. Smith. Almost the first person to approach me was a kindly old Chinese gentlemen called Mr. Chou. He seized me by both hands and shook them with a heartiness that again reminded me of home; for as you recollect, the native mode of salutation is to shake *their* hands, not yours. The reason for his demonstrativeness was both

touching and cheering. For six or seven years he had been blind. In his extremity, he had heard of the presence of a foreign practitioner, and came to Dr. Smith, whose operation for cataract proved so successful that now, when subjected to harassment by his fellow-villagers, who bitterly detest the "foreign devils," he can adapt the words of the man in the gospel, and retort, "Whether these men be devils or no, I know not; *one* thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." And we are still greatly encouraged to think that the scales are falling from the eyes of his



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spiritual understanding as well, and that this "miracle" is proving a further means of grace in his household. One of his sons is looked upon as a very hopeful inquirer.

I can give you on paper but a very faint idea of the character of the work carried on during these sojourns in an inn. The main attraction, of course, is the doctor. Patients are brought to him, sometimes in great numbers, sometimes only with extreme chariness; but still they are brought, and idlers gather round to

see them treated. In a vast multitude of cases the complaints for which a cure is sought are of an exceedingly trifling nature; but for them all the native quacks have remedies, concocted more on principles pandering to superstition and credulity than based on scientific analysis and synthesis. The hold these nostrums have upon the popular imagination is appalling. I remember one day, the Doctor had given some medicine to a woman who happened to be possessed of more than the ordinary prejudice against foreign methods of treatment. Instead of going away satisfied with what the Doctor had given her, she sat down upon a stone step and began to rail at him.

"I want to be pricked," she kept exclaiming; "I want to be pricked. He doesn't understand." The Doctor overheard her and replied, "O yes, I *do* understand, but then that's not my method." "You *don't* understand," she persisted, "You *don't* understand. I want to be pricked." "Yes, you want to be pricked. I understand. But I am not going to prick you, so you had better go home," said the Doctor.

For a considerable time she sat on the stone step reiterating her one desire, "I want to be pricked." Finally realizing that her vain repetitions were accomplishing nothing, she slowly moved off, still muttering to her friends, "He doesn't understand."

And what *did* she want? A very common operation, and one in which the natives have unlimited confidence. It is very simple and consists briefly in this: innumerable punctures are made in the skin of the neck till it is completely lacerated: and then the patient goes away, complacently enduring the pain, in the belief that an infallible cure has been wrought for almost any ailment.

Whilst patients are being treated in one room, the main guest room is thrown open to all comers, Christian books are offered for sale, and the preaching missionary, together with a native helper, brings the elementary principles of the Gospel under the notice of such as show a disposition to listen.

I found, however, as all missionaries have

found, that the disposition to listen was at no time great. Sometimes while I would be speaking the room would be filled, and the rapt attention with which my words were received would, by a sentimental onlooker, have been attributed to spell-bound wonder at the story of the Gospel. But so far from that, the wonder in their minds (if there was any) was that a foreigner should be deliberately trying to speak their language, and could actually succeed so far as to make them understand an occasional sentence or two.

In addressing first audiences, even missionaries with that mastery of the language which long experience may be supposed to give, often find it difficult to convince their hearers that they are speaking to them in their mother-tongue; they seem to make up their minds beforehand that they can't understand a "foreign devil" and it's no use trying.

I have in mind a missionary who has been preaching for ten years. On ordinary occasions he is perfectly understood, but several times I have heard him address some natives who had never come in contact with foreigners before, and in every instance he had trouble in getting the conversation started. Once I heard him repeat a simple question a dozen times, and in as many ways without eliciting the faintest spark of intelligence from his auditor. All this, simply because the man had made up his mind that he couldn't understand a "devil," and therefore wouldn't. And if that be true of experienced speakers, you can imagine the embarrassment of a mere novice who pauses for an unusually earnest spiritual exhortation, and has such questions fired at him as the following:

"Are you going to start up business here?" "How many miles is your country away?" "Did you come in a fire-wheel boat or a fire-cart?" "How ast did it go?" "How old are you?" "What's your name?" "Have you had your meal?" "Do you grow wheat over there in your land?" "And is *he* a foreigner, too?" (pointing to the native helper) "Why do you grow a moustache?" "Why don't you shave your head?" "It's from your kingdom

opium comes, isn't it?" "Will you have a smoke?"

Sometimes, however, a certain amount of interest *would* be manifested by individuals in the crowd, and I found it prudent in such instances to request our native helper, Mr. Fu, to go over the same ground that I had tried to cover, with a view of removing any mistakes to which my imperfect idioms might have given rise. It brightened my heart wonderfully when the restored blind man, Mr. Chou, would take up my words, as he often did, and commend them to the crowd. Amidst all the callousness to which one grows so sadly accustomed in China, it was as water to a thirsty soul to observe this old gentleman, who for six years had not been able to see at all, pick up a copy of one of the Gospels and read distinctly and intelligently from its pages with a quiet earnestness which is too often lacking in the Chinese nature.

A number of Buddhist priests came from their temples to visit us; and we were able by a little cross-questioning to see that estimate which makes out the priests of Buddhism know as little of the real principles of their religion as the great mass of the common people. We talked with them ourselves and had the helper, Mr. Fu, talk with them, but sensuality and vacancy were unmistakably stamped on their faces, and their talk betrayed crass ignorance.

One day we thought we would visit them, without warning, in their temple on the summit of a hill. Now, a Chinese proverb says: "A person ought never to enter a temple alone." For what reason? Because he will be sure to find the priests engaged at something disreputable, and, if alone, the chances are that they will rise up and kill him, in order to prevent the tale of what he saw from reaching the outside world. So we took the hint,

and the two of us went—only to find the proverb true. The sound of angry voices attracted us to one of the main buildings, and on lifting the screen at the door we witnessed a sudden scattering of benches. Under the very nose of the gods, they were busy over the gaming table, which, promptly on our appearance, was hustled out of sight.

Yours sincerely,

J. H. MACVICAR.



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#### IDLE WORDS.

Among the "idle words" enumerated at a prayer-meeting recently, were "cutting words," spoken only for the purpose of hurting some one's feelings, and "complaining words" that cannot possibly do any good, but that foster a wretched complaining spirit. For all these we shall give account in the day of judgment.—*United Presbyterian.*

The greatest difficulty before conversion is to yield the heart to God and after conversion to keep the heart with God.—*Flavel.*



## Childrens "Tithes."



EAR boys and girls, in the Sunday school lessons for the past year, you have learned that the Christian life is an unselfish one, that it is a life of serving others. How are you acting out the teachings of those lessons? Have you denied yourselves anything this year in order to give to others? Have you given anything to the missionary cause? If so you have tasted something of the pleasure of working for Christ, and there will be little difficulty in getting you to set aside your "tenth" for Him.

In asking you to devote some portion of your money for God, I would point you to the rule which He himself has given. In Leviticus 27:30, you will see that one-tenth or tithe "is the Lord's." Perhaps your tithe may be so small that you may think it not worth giving; but a tenth from every Sunday school scholar would make up a great sum.

Then it is not so much the amount given, as the spirit in which it is offered that makes your gift of value. If you have denied yourselves something for Christ's sake, your pennies will be as lovingly received by Him as was the widow's mite.

Many men and women give but little to good objects and to the church schemes because they were not taught to do so in childhood, and they have never felt the happiness that comes from free and cheerful giving. If you begin now to give your tithes to the Lord, you will not offer him less when you are men and women. You will have formed the habit of giving freely and systematically, and the church of the future will be more liberal than the church of to-day.

The habit of running to your father for something to put into the collection box is a bad one. The gift offered is not yours but his. It may, of course, do for very little children, as it teaches them from their earliest years the habit of giving regularly. But you should

give your own money. If you have none, then try to earn some.

God will reward those who give cheerfully and systematically. It may be said "Freely give and ye shall freely receive."

Very truly,

L. L. B.

TATAMAGOUCHE, Nov. 30th, 1891.

## Farming in China.



OW busy they are! In the morning, about eight o'clock, we passed a man reaping a small field, about an eighth of an acre in size. The land is divided up in small plots of an eighth, a half, or a whole acre. The plots can be cultivated much better that way. The owner had his whole family to help him. He himself and a daughter about fifteen, each with sickle in hand, were rapidly cutting the rice and laying the small bunches behind them on the ground. They had commenced very early and were half way over the plot. His son followed with the threshing tub, a very simple contrivance. With two or three slaps down into the tub he got all the rice off; it is now called paddy. A rope was attached to the tub, by which he dragged it along after the reapers. The straw was laid down in small bunches behind the tub. Another man was busy carrying the paddy into the village as fast as the tub got too full to manage. Then a small boy, not more than three feet and a half high, tied up the straw in bundles and marched off with them, one on either end of a carrying pole. Thus the whole process of cutting, threshing and garnering was going on at once.

This was in the morning. Well, about two o'clock I came back. In the interval the remainder of the field had been cut; it had been ploughed and now all the hands were rapidly hoeing it up in great rows, and the man had come with the cuttings to plant sweet potatoes, and the first row was actually com-

menced. Rice growing on it in the morning and sweet potatoes planted in it before night. Beat that if you can. And these are what some call a worn-out people.

The land here must work. There is no rest for either land or people. The people are so many, that the land is made to do not merely double, but triple service. I asked the man, "How long before you will dig these potatoes you are now planting?" He replied, "In four months." "And then what will you put down?" "Then we shall plant rice again." "And how long before you cut that rice crop?" "Four months longer." And this crop that he has now was set four months ago. So you see that the ground is made to yield three crops a year.

This is not possible everywhere. Two or two and a half crops in twelve months, though, is universal here, except in such things as sugar cane. It is attainable by means of irrigation and by taking time by the forelock. When the potato crop begins to ripen the rice sprouts are started in advance; and when the rice begins to turn yellow the potato sprouts will be started and got ready to set. No time is ever lost. As soon as these potatoes are ready to dig, up they will come. The whole family, men, women and children, and the chickens will turn out to eat the great worms, and before night the land will be flooded for the culture of rice.—*Sel.*

#### NOISY CHILDREN

"It has been said that noisy children and bad housekeeping invariably go together. A certain orderly arrangement, an inflexible neatness, a persistent insistence on tidiness of person in a child—these have a very strong tendency to bring the child within the dominion of law and order and make him reasonably quiet. If your children are unbearably noisy try and see if making the housekeeping more exact will not make them more quiet."

### A Chinese Picnic.

By A MISSIONARY IN AMOY. Started a little boarding-school for boys here at the Chinese New Year, and when you have been working hard at your lessons at home, your little brothers out here have been doing the same. And grand workers they are. If you ask them they will work from five or six in the morning till five or six at



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night without a bit of fun to cheer them up. However, I believe that all work and no play will never make a good boy, or a good Christian; so we have five short lesson hours, plenty of play hours, and a whole glorious holiday every Saturday. The boys would, I think, be unanimous in sending a vote of thanks over the sea to you for having invented the Saturday holiday. Alas, China knows neither Saturday with its fun, nor Sabbath with its holy rest.

When I was strolling about the country, visiting the stations, my mind began to run on the little lads, and the willing way they learn their lessons, and the happy thought occurred to me, "Why not have a picnic?" This is another invention utterly barbarian; such things being undreamt of hitherto in this celestial land. So I quietly had the necessary arrangements made, and on Friday after school was over told all about it. We were to start at six next morning, walk two miles or so to the river-side, and there find a boat all ready to row us down some ten miles to a town called Ko-tin. The boys all jumped at it at once, and were in such high glee that they stayed up till nearly eleven that night singing hymns, and *slept in on picnic morning!* I am sure you never did that! However, we got away in fair time, and it was a lovely morning, and all through a beautiful day. We never were without a little breeze, and the sky was full of great white clouds that now and then veiled the sun's burning face from us.

I must say the boat-man looked astonished when he saw his freight coming along: fourteen boys, one foreign barbarian, one Chinaman with a wooden leg, one school teacher, and one burly fat preacher: eighteen in all. Fortunately he was a good natured fellow, and his little boat just held us. - - -

So away we went sailing down, with the river and the tide both in our favour. My opera-glasses were in great request. The children had seen an eclipse of the moon through them. (I went along at half-past one o'clock one night, and wakened them all up to see it!) And the first lad I gave them to at once turned them on the sky, saying, "Why, there is no moon to look at." I explained that a glass was good for looking at the scenery as well as at the moon! However, they soon got tired of that, and began looking through the glasses the wrong way, and looking at one another, till a real grand bit of "scenery" took their attention: this was the banks of the stream, which were swarming with little mud-fish, crabs, etc. Oh, this was a grand scenery, they all declared; and how they

revelled in it. "Do you see that red-head?" "Oh, what a *great* big one!" In fact, everything was "very great"; even the little ripples on the river were "very big sea waves," and many believed the river was really the sea!

We were most kindly received in the town. I fancy the children did not like being called "A Barbarian's Big Family!" but they kept any angry feelings inside their little breasts, which is the best place for them; and they sang hymns to the people very sweetly, and we preached a little, and so walked all about the town. Then we had some dinner, fruit and biscuits and tea, and soon it was time to start for home again.

The time passed very pleasantly on the way back in singing hymns and guessing riddles, eating fruit, drinking cold tea, landing to lay in a fresh water supply, and so on. Then just as the sun was sliding down the western sky we got into our little port, and made off for the city. The smaller boys were very plucky, walking up smartly by the side of the big ones, and refusing to own that they were tired. But our faces, oh! how red they were with the sun, and we all felt more or less giddy at night. But God is good to the little ones, so we have no misfortune of any kind to record, but all unmixed happiness. I may say the total expenses of this grand picnic were about five shillings! So if any superintendent wishes to arrange a cheap school trip he should first of all bring you children out here to China, and then he could do it! How glad we should be that a little money can make so many happy.

In less than a fortnight now the boys will be off home for the summer holidays. One may go down to the Amoy School after that, but I expect all the rest back for a good winter's work.

Dear children, do not let the Chinese boys beat you. Work hard at your books, and love your Sabbath School.

The true aim of the highest education is to give character rather than knowledge, to train men to be rather than to know.—Mark Hopkins.

## A Trip to Houan, China.

BY REV. J. MCGILLIVRAY.



WELL, boys and girls, we are off for a trip to Honan, China. Will you come along? Very good. We will start from Montreal, say by C. P. R. Now, as we want to get to China as soon as we can, we will not be able to chat much about places by the way.

You must suppose we are going very fast. We catch a glimpse of Ottawa, our capital, North Bay, Sudbury, and speed along the rough, rocky shores of Lake Superior until we near Port Arthur. Thence on to Winnipeg, and away across the wide prairies till we begin to shout and clap our hands with glee as the great Rocky Mountains, nodding their snowy heads, say to us, "We are very old and white; but we love boys and girls. Come along." And we go on, nearer and nearer, till we can touch their feet and look up into their white faces and run along by their giant sides. And as they talk to us and show us their big ice-palaces and snow-fields, and swift rivers and deep gorges, we are very sorry to say 'good-bye' to them. We hurry over to the coast and reach Vancouver city.

Yes, there's our boat—one of the fine C. P. R. steamers. We are on board and steam out into the Pacific Ocean. For fifteen days water, water everywhere!

At last, see, there is land! It is Japan, the Sunrise Kingdom, and soon we step off at Yokohama. I would like to take you off here and show you many strange things—especially those funny little carriages called *jinrikishas*, drawn by men, and at a fine speed, too—but we are going to China. So we change steamers, and are soon passing along the beautiful coast of Japan, and winding in and out among the islets of the lovely "Inland Sea."

But now we enter another sea. Look at the color of the water. Yes, of course, the

Yellow Sea, and beyond this sea is China, with its 350,000,000! We land at Shanghai, change steamers again, and sail north along the coast, round a cape, and step off at Chefoo, Province of Shantung.

Now, how far have we come? About 10,000 miles! That's a long journey, but we are not at the end yet. We started to go to Honan, didn't we? How are we to get there? It is away inland 400 miles. Well, in summer, we could go up to Tientsin and go all the way by river-boat; but in winter we must cut across the country on a donkey-cart or wheelbarrow. Say we try the cart. Now, Chinese carts are big and ugly, with great wide wheels that never miss a stone on the road and jolt you up and down like a churn-handle. And, then, they are so narrow. Two persons cannot sit side by side; so be prepared for jolly upsets and some that are not jolly. But I must not frighten you before we start, as I want you all to come along.

Now we are off. But look at our team. Three animals, one ahead of the other—first a donkey, then another donkey, and a cow as leader! We want, you see, two drivers—one who leads the cow by a rope around her horns, and another who sits on the front of the cart or on one of its shafts, and flourishes his long whip in a boasting fashion. In the hot season this cart has an awning with big flaps like wings that go up and down with the motion of the cart and make a fine cool breeze.

But what roads! Now the cart wheels are nearly buried in mud, now jolting over cranky cobbles, now we are in a channel ten, fifteen or 20 feet deep, worn down by rainfalls and the wear and tear of thousands of years, some of these roads being in use, perhaps, since the days of Abraham, and never once repaired!

But what crowds of people we are meeting, of all ages and classes, dressed in blue. There is a family removing. Furniture, food, bed, wife and children, all heaped up on a wheelbarrow pushed along by the father, assisted, if the wind is favorable, by a huge sail. Here a lot of students, bearing colored flags, going

to or coming back from the examination. (You see there are examinations in China, too.) There goes a funeral procession bearing the body of a friend hundreds of miles, as it is the custom, wherever a man dies, to bury him at his ancestral home, where his grave can be worshipped and his spirit set at rest. Then the poor beggars (many of them blind) that we meet all along the road. They cast themselves down on their knees in the mud before us, crying out for charity.

But don't miss seeing the farm we are passing by, with maize, barley, millet, buckwheat, cotton, tobacco, and, alas! that poison, opium; the garden, with cabbage, beets, onions, leeks, garlic, etc., the Chinese being very fond of strong smelling vegetables; the orchards, with apples, pears, plums, apricots, figs, etc. Some of these farmers, you see, are ploughing and harrowing, and there is even a seed-drill in use, pulled along by a man, while his wife holds its handles to steady it. In some ways these farmers are not very neighborly, for just read the piece of writing on that pillar yonder in the field. It is a prayer to the Locust-God not to touch the grain in the field, but to go past it to the next neighbor's!

Now here we are, just crossing the boundary into Honan, after a cart ride of two weeks. And here, for the present, I must leave you, my young fellow-travellers. The next time we meet I hope to make you acquainted with the missionaries and their wives (and the missionary without a wife), and chat with you about the people and their religion. Your fellow-traveller,

J. MAC G.

Dr. Cyler, in the *Independent*, says:—  
 "During my first ministry in a suburban town I had in my little congregation a very distinguished lawyer for a part of each year. He once said to me, 'The two things I want are simplicity in preaching and downright earnestness. My brain is taxed all through the week with the exacting labors of my profession, and I do not come to God's house to have it taxed again with intricate questions; I come there simply to be made a better man. A volume of suggestion in this for a preacher who is seeking to glorify God and do the true work of a minister.'

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I am Jesus' little lamb,  
 Ever glad at heart I am;  
 Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,  
 All things fair and good he shows me,  
 Even calls me by my name,  
 Every day He is the same.

Safely in and out I go;  
 Jesus loves and keeps me so,  
 When I hunger, Jesus feeds me,  
 When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me  
 Where the waters softly flow,  
 Where the sweetest pastures grow.

Should I not be always glad?  
 None whom Jesus loves are sad;  
 And when this short life is ended,  
 Those whom the Good Shepherd tended  
 Will be taken to the skies,  
 There to dwell in Paradise.

*From the German by Dr. Fleming Stevenson.*

## LISTEN, BOYS!

Treat your mother as politely as if she were a strange lady.

Be as kind and helpful to your sisters as to other boys' sisters.

Don't grumble or refuse to do some errand which must be done, and which otherwise takes the time of some one who has more to do.

Have your mothers and sisters for your best friends.

Find some amusement for the evening that all the family can join in, large and small.

Be a gentleman at home.

Cultivate a cheerful temper.

If you do anything wrong, take your mother into your confidence.

Never lie about anything you have done.—  
*A Friend.*

## A NEW HEART.

An anecdote was published many years ago concerning the Indian chief Teedyuscung, King of the Delawares. One evening he was sitting at the fireside of a friend. Both of them were silently looking at the fire, indulging their own reflections. At length the silence was broken by the friend, who said, 'I will tell thee what I have been thinking of. I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the Author of the Christian religion, which from its excellence we call the *Golden Rule*.'

'Stop!' said Teedyuscung, 'don't praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let

me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence; tell me what it is.'

'It is for one man to do to another as he would have another do to him.'

'That's impossible; it can't be done,' Teedyuscung immediately replied. Silence again ensued. Teedyuscung lighted his pipe and walked about the room. In about a quarter of an hour he came to his friend with a smiling countenance, and taking the pipe from his mouth, said, 'Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a *new heart*, he could do as you say, but not else.'

Thus the Indian found the only means by which man can fulfil his social duties.

### A SON OF GOD.

Henry M. Stanley tells that once in the heart of dark Africa a native was dragged before him by some of his followers for stealing a gun. Stanley looked at the gun; it clearly belonged to his expedition. The poor man who had it was frightened at the mention of Stanley's name, and could hardly find his voice or say a word only, "I am a son of God, I would not steal!" This he repeated again and again. It was all he could say.

Stanley was interested, and it dawned on him that this man was probably one of the converts of some of the missionaries laboring in that region, and he accordingly gave him the gun, and allowed him to go, while they pursued their way.

At the next station where they stopped they found the gun waiting for them. It appeared that the gun had probably been lost. This man had found it, and when he was set free he at once went with it to the missionary for instructions, and by his direction it was sent where Stanley would get it.

But what a light must have touched that darkened son of Africa, who, though brought up in all vileness and theft and sin, had come to realize the glorious dignity of a divine paternity, and say, "I am a Son of God, I would not steal."

How many there are in civilized lands whose ideas of the grandeur of divine sonship are not as clear as his! Let us pray that we may know how much it means to be sons of God, and knowing this that we may walk worthy of our calling, as children of the light, in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is;" and though "the world knoweth us not because it knew Him not," yet it is for us; to know Him and know ourselves as His children and His servants, who by our lives

and conduct should adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.—[Sel.]

What an illustration of the value of missions.

### HOW CAN ELDERS BEST SERVE THE CHURCH.

Notes of a discussion by the elders during a recent meeting of Synod in California.

1. There should be monthly meetings of the session.
2. They should be punctual in attendance at church courts. No trifling excuse should keep them away.
3. Let the elders find a place for work in the Sunday school, if possible.
4. An elder should take the pastor's place when absent, and read a sermon or conduct prayer meeting.
5. They should visit the sick and give such aid and sympathy as the case seems to demand.
6. They should see that the machinery of the church is kept in good running order.
7. They should pray for the pastor.
8. They should be lieutenants to the pastor, holding up his hands. They should be ready to stand between pastor and people when any trouble occurs. They should make the pastor feel that he can lean upon them and safely trust them under all circumstances.
9. Qualification of elders. (a) They should be converted and thoroughly consecrated to God's service. (b) They should be diligent students of the Bible. (c) They should be acquainted with the laws by which the Presbyterian is governed. (d) They should lead exemplary Christian lives.—*Occident*.

"A Presbyterian preacher in Scotland, Rev. Mr. Yair, has been in the ministry sixty-two years, and is now ninety-two years old. As he is becoming both blind and deaf, the Presbytery wished him to resign his church. But he refused, and as his letter showed that his mental vigor is unabated, the Presbytery allowed him to remain."

Let us do what we ought and what we can for our own souls at once. For the judgment is coming not only at the last day, but all the time. Every day the power that we will not use is falling from us.—*Phillips Brooks*.

There is always danger to those who have to talk much about religion, that their religion may become that of the head, rather than the true religion of the heart.

## IN HEAVEN.

Oh, the feet that faltered and failed on earth  
 Shall walk the golden street,  
 And the voice which trembled and ceased below  
 Shall sing heaven's music sweet.

The hands that grew weary and laid aside  
 Earth's lightest works of love,  
 Shall be busy and strong to do his will  
 In the Father's house above.

The eyes that so often are clouded now  
 The King's dear face shall see;  
 And the heart which longs to be more his own  
 Shall love him perfectly.

—*Methodist Magazine.*

## LEAD THEM STRAIGHT.

A few months ago, at a great mass-meeting in England, a brave officer of the army who fought under Sir Garnet Wolseley at the battle of Tel-el-Kehir, told an incident of that battle which touched every heart, and which deserves to be oft repeated.

He spoke of that strange dark night march which, as we know, preceded the great battle. He told how one young officer in particular was charged with the special duty of keeping the soldiers in the right direction, as they pushed along in the dark straight up to the earthworks of the enemy. They marched under the stars, they did not lose their way, they arrived opposite the guns of the enemy just as the light of morning began: and with one of the first discharges of the enemy's artillery this brave young officer, to whom they owed the precision of the march, was wounded to death. The general in command, Sir Garnet Wolseley, saw him, spoke to him a few words of thanks and sympathy; the young officer had just strength left to say, "Didn't I lead them straight?" And with that he died.

Is there not solemn suggestion here for every Christian? No man liveth unto himself. Each of us is leading others.

There are many and many around you who follow wherever you go; will your steps lead them to the Cross? Like the faithful soldier, when we each come to report to our Great Commander, can we face our divine Master with the influence of our lives upon those about us, and say, "Didn't I lead them straight?"

Consciously or unconsciously every Christian is directing followers. A consistent life is a power anywhere and everywhere. The religion that keeps the speech pure and honest, the temper sweet and kindly, the actions considerate and unselfish—such a walk and conversation is a constant telling of the Gos-

pel story, of the real good news to man. But, as Mr. Moody says, "a man may preach with the eloquence of an angel, and if he doesn't live what he preaches, and act out in his home and in his business what he professes, his testimony goes for naught, and people will say it is all hypocrisy after all; it is all a sham." We talk about the importance of preaching the Gospel, and it is important; but let us be assured of this one thing—Christ's people have got to live the world to Him or the world is lost. What is the leadership of your life? Others are following you. Lead them straight!—*Pres. Journal.*

## THE PRAYER-MEETING CHRISTIAN.

The prayer-meeting Christians, those who are found at the mid-week service right along, are the Gideon's band of the Church. Other members may give a good deal of money and do a variety of other necessary things, but a pastor very soon comes to have a different feeling for the prayer-meeting Christians than for any others. He knows that he can depend on them, and that they are the link between the Church and the throne of God. Revivals usually start among the prayer-meeting Christians. The time, the toil, the care the pastor spends in leading his church to support the prayer-meeting are a profitable spiritual investment.—*The Watchman.*

"C. S. M.," in the *Children's World*, says: "Of every six infants in the world, one is born in India; of every six orphan girls, one is wandering in India; of every six widows, one is mourning in India; of every six men that die, one is passing into eternity from India. Think of it and give India a part of your prayers."

The following item appears in one of the foreign journals: "George Kennan, the well-known writer on Russian subjects, says the Czar of Russia believes that he is divinely appointed to persecute the Jews for having crucified the Saviour, and that he is only fulfilling the commands of the Scripture by so doing."

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it—this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—*Tillotson.*

The Gospel is the fulfillment of all hopes, the perfection of all philosophy, the interpretation of all revelations, the key to all the seeming contradictions and mysteries of the physical and moral world.—*Max Muller.*

**Sabbath School Lessons.**

Jan. 13. THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

Lesson, *Is. 11 10.* Golden text, *Ps. 72. 8.*  
 Time *B.C. 720, Hezekiah, King.* Memory vs. 2-4.  
 Place, *Jerusalem.* Catechism *Qs. 54.*

QUESTIONS.

*I. A Righteous Kingdom, vs. 1-5.*—Whose coming does the prophet denounce woe? How was this woe to be brought upon them? Who is meant by *the stem of Jesse*? In what condition was the family of David when Jesus was born? How shall this king be anointed? What shall be the effect of this anointing? How will he act as judge? How will he execute justice? What personal qualities will he possess?

*II. A Peaceable Kingdom, vs. 5-9.*—What will be the condition of his kingdom? How are its peace and tranquility described? How its security? Why will this state of things prevail? Why is Christ called *the Prince of Peace*?

*III. A Victorious Kingdom, v. 10.*—What further is prophesied of this king and his kingdom? Who will be its subjects? How shall the king be distinguished? How far has the prophecy of this lesson been fulfilled? When will it be completely fulfilled? How doth Christ execute the office of a king?

Jan. 10. A SONG OF SALVATION.

Lesson vs. 26. 1-10. Golden text, vs. 26-4.  
 Time *B.C. 712, Hezekiah, King.* Memory vs. 1-4.  
 Place, *Jerusalem.* Catechism *Q. 55.*

QUESTIONS.

*I. A Song of Trust, vs. 1-4.*—When shall this song be sung in Judah? How does it begin? Who may enter the strong city? How shall they be kept? What are they exhorted to do? Why may they thus trust in the Lord for ever?

*II. A Song of Judgment, vs. 5-7.*—What judgment will the Lord bring upon the oppressors of his people? What is meant by *the lofty city*? What is said of the way of the just? Meaning of *thou dost weigh the path of the just*?

*III. A Song of Waiting, vs. 8-10.*—For whom had God's people waited? Meaning of *in the way of thy judgments*? How is the earnestness of their waiting expressed? What is promised to all who wait on the Lord? *Isa. 40: 31.* What should men learn from God's judgments? What will be the effect of favor shown to the wicked?

Jan. 17. OVERCOME WITH WINE.

Lesson *Ps. 28 : 1-13.* Golden Text, *Prov. 20: 1.*  
 Time *B.C. 724.* Memory *Vs. 5-7.*  
 Place, *Jerusalem* Catechism *Q. 56.*

QUESTIONS.

*I. The Wasting of Drunkenness, vs. 1-4.*—Upon whom does the prophet denounce woe? How was this woe to be brought upon them? Who is meant by *the mighty and strong arm*? Under what figure is the destruction of Samaria represented? What does this teach about the sin of drunkenness? What can you tell of the *wasting of drunkenness*?

*II. The Defilement of Drunkenness, vs. 5-8.*—What promise is made to Judah? What sins are charged upon Judah? Who are specially charged with these sins? What effects of strong drink are here portrayed?

*III. The Stupefying of Drunkenness, vs. 9-13.*—What contemptuous reply is made to the prophet? How does the prophet answer these scornors? How will God answer their drunken questions? How shall the word of the Lord be to them? Explain verses 12 and 13. What can you say of the *stupefying of drunkenness*?

Jan. 24. HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER AND DELIVERANCE.

Lesson *Ps. 57 : 14-21 ; 33-38.*  
 Golden Text, *Ps. 34 : 17.*  
 Time, *B.C. 698.* Memory vs. 15-17.  
 Place, *Jerusalem &c.* Catechism *Q. 57.*

QUESTIONS.

*I. The King's Prayer, vs. 14-21.*—What did Hezekiah do with Sennacherib's letter? Who prayed with him? *2 Kings 19 : 20 ; 2 Chron. 32 : 20.* How did he plead for a hearing? How had Sennacherib reproached the living God? Why were the gods of the nations unable to help them? What was the king's prayer? With what plea did he enforce his prayer.

*II. The Lord's Deliverance, vs. 33-38.*—How did the Lord answer the king's prayer. By whom was the Assyrian host destroyed? How many were slain? What did Sennacherib then do? How did he die? Who succeeded him



## SOMETHING FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.

A few days since a man, who had been for years in a position where he employed a large number of men, suddenly passed away.

Among those who came to look upon his quiet face was a young man, who seemed to be much affected, and when he was going out of the house he turned to one of the members of the family and said: "I have lost one of my best and truest friends.

"When I was a little boy I carried water to the men on the public works. I naturally disliked my occupation and shirked it as often as I could. I carried the pail of water in such a way that half of it was spilled out. I should have been discharged, had it not been for that friend, who took me aside and told me if I ever wished to be an upright workman, I must do my work in the best possible way, even if it was distasteful to me.

"I was a poor boy and my mother needed the money I earned to help her to keep her family together, and he kindly told me this and offered to try me again. I began to feel an honest pride in my menial labor and did my best carrying the water; soon I was promoted to laying the brick, and again I became careless and tumbled them in without regard to good workmanship. They were laid in sewers, and what matter how they went in as long as they were out of sight, but my elderly friend talked with me again about my poor workmanship, and told me he could not pass on my work as good work when it was not. Its being out of sight only made the slight of greater importance.

"Putting his hand on my shoulder, he said: 'My boy, there is plenty of poor work done in the world, but as long as you live be determined to do your very best, whether it is open to inspection or not. Be upright and true in all your dealing and you will find that you will always be wanted for a responsible place in life.' Now I am an inspector of that very kind of work and those early words of counsel have enabled me to do my work and see that others did it in a right manner."

We all know that it requires patience and perseverance to do a piece of work properly, and that the temptation to shirk it, especially if there are other things we wish to do much more, is very strong. Now boys, every time you do your work in the best manner, when you are tempted to slight it, you gain a victory over your spirit, which strengthens your character and makes you feel the satisfaction of being a boy who can be trusted with important duties. Fidelity, honesty and integrity are three characteristics much needed in this age of corruption and dishonest money getting.—S. T. P.

## TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

A LITTLE SPEECH FOR A LITTLE BOY.

Perhaps you think a little boy  
Can hardly understand

The message that the temperance folks  
Would send through all the land.

But this I know—that want and woe  
In drunkards' homes are found;  
And places where they buy their drinks,  
Are open all around.

For liquor and tobacco, too,  
More money goes, they say,  
Than all the people in the land  
For bread and meat now pay.

Some think a little does no harm,  
It makes them feel so nice;  
But, ah! it is more dangerous  
Than skating on thin ice.

A little makes you soon want more;  
And more and more you crave,  
At last, to alcoholic drinks,  
You find yourself a slave.

The chains begin to bind your soul,  
When first you take a drop,  
Before you take a single drink,  
That is the time to stop.

The people of St. Petersburg will abandon all entertainments this winter, and devote to the famine relief fund the money thereby saved.

It is a noteworthy fact that the suicides in the French army are nearly double what they were two years ago. Absence of all religious belief is bearing its fruits.

## The Children's Record.

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