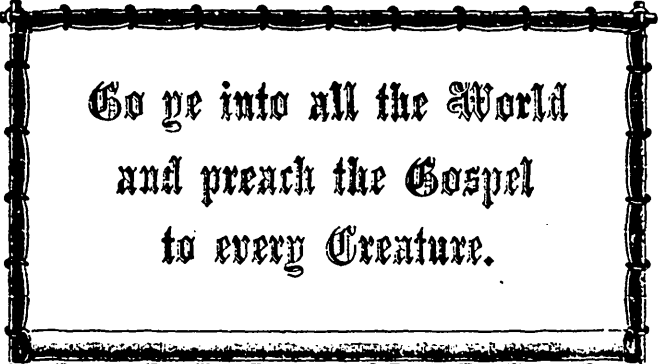





THE
CHILDREN'S
—
RECORD



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

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The Children's Record.

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

Some of our young readers know what it is to go out to the pastures to gather the cows and bring them home when they are wanted. That is to some extent the way that the children have to be gathered for school in some of our mission fields. Mr. Gibson, our Missionary in Demarara, tells us that they have a "driver" to go out every morning to gather the children for school.

Here is what he says of their school work in a recent letter. "Our school has not been so large as I should like to see. There are reasons which will account for this. The estate is putting up a new factory. Tearing down the old buildings and clearing away the rubbish has furnished work for a large number of children. The old brick are used for making roads. The children break the bricks and carry the pieces in small baskets on their heads. Some days over a hundred children are employed.

The driver, (who gathered the children for school) complained one morning of having eight of those she had collected for school, kidnapped by the driver of the working children and taken to work. Even the driver herself has sometimes been drawn off from her regular work of gathering the children for school, and of course the group of scholars was" made much smaller. Such is one of the many difficulties that our missionaries have in their work.

That way of gathering the children reminds one of Christ's command to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.

LABRADOR.

Let us now go from the far West of our Dominion to the far East, and pay a visit to the cold, rocky, barren coast of Labrador.

Here we find people who seek for treasure not from the deep mines, but from the deep, deep, sea. But this year they are seeking in vain, and the poverty and suffering are very great.

Mr. Wm. J. McKenzie, a young student missionary who has been sent there this summer by the students Missionary Society of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, writes as follows:

"The coast fisheries have completely failed. Some families of 6 or 7 have not caught a fish this season, and the time is nearly past for doing anything. They came from Newfoundland with one barrel of flour, expecting to get some fish, but now they must return without any."

"It is something awful to see the poverty that prevails, and what makes it worse is that they have no prospect of bettering themselves. When fish fails, all fails."

"Mr. Fraser, the colporteur, who was on this coast last summer, and I, have rented a boat for the summer and have come up here (along the coast) some 150 miles visiting all the Protestant families and some Catholics."

"We came 1000 miles below that in a vessel, and as we had to pass by many families, we, although it meant more danger and hardship, got a boat of our own."

"We nearly had a serious accident one windy day among the ice when a cake pierced her side."

"I have resolved to stay on the coast all winter. I will have no abiding place but will keep continually on the move, staying a fortnight or so where there are a few families."

This young missionary then tells how much these poor people prize the gospel, how the little children are growing up in ignorance, how much some teachers are needed in settlements along the coast.

Here are mission fields in our own do-

minion where the people are perishing for lack of knowledge, where the children are growing up in ignorance, but nearly all anxious to learn, especially to learn the knowledge that maketh wise unto salvation.

A LITTLE HINDU CHRISTIAN.

A little Hindu boy writes the following letter :

I go to a mission school, and every morning the master tells us about Christ and heaven, and I have wanted for a long time to love Jesus, but I have not dared to. Often at night have I cried myself to sleep under my blanket that I must still be a Hindu, when so many of the little boys who were Christians seemed so happy.

One day we heard that one of my uncles had become a Christian, and my father was very angry, and said he hated all the Christians, and vowed that he would take me out of the mission school. But some way the more father talked about it, the more I wanted to be a Christian. Now I will tell you just what led me to decide fully that I would really serve Jesus. There was a tradition that somewhere in one of my father's fields there was a pot of gold hidden beneath the earth. So my older brothers resolved to call a man who would tell just where the gold was. It came to my mind that I would settle the question forever; that is, if the gold was found, I would conclude there was still something true in the old religion; if it was not found by all their efforts, I'd give up all faith in everything but the Christian's God.

The following was the ceremony I watched with great eagerness: One Rama was called who had a lucky birth, and professed to read the future, and to know what was hidden in the earth. Then a bat was killed, and the liquid from the eyes of the animal was taken to moist the wick of a lamp; the lamp being filled with perfumed oil, was lighted and placed beneath a human skull, and Rama, putting lampblack on his hands, covered himself

with clothes, and sat down in front of the lamp, and in a few moments he told us that in a certain place a pot of gold and rupees of ancient date would be found.

We all proceeded to the place, when he said: "Draw a circle round this spot; give us tobacco to smoke." Also he added: "A devil guards this place. A kitten, rice and lemons must be given him." These were brought, and Rama said the devil was appeased. Then some of the men began to dig. "Now," thought I, "I shall know whether I must serve the Christian's God or the Hindu's." They dug a while, and then what do you think? Solid rock was reached, the buried treasures were not there. My father and brothers were so disappointed that they began to beat Rama. I was overjoyed, and creeping behind a hedge began my first prayer to God. I there gave myself to Him, and such joy filled my heart I wanted to run around and tell everybody.—*Little Missionary.*

A SAD MOTHER.

Mrs. Lewis was a widow. Tom was her only boy, and he was twelve years old, a manly little fellow. How his mother loved him! and how she planned and worked, hoping all the time that in the future Tom would be her comfort and stay!

But now Tom was growing bad very fast. Some bad boys had gained an influence over him, and his mother talked and reasoned with him in vain.

What did he do? Oh, he was learning to smoke, to break the Sabbath, to hang around street corners, and to disobey his mother!

Every one of them downward steps, you see. Poor Mrs. Lewis, how troubled she felt! One night she sat late over the fire, thinking and praying about it all. Tom was asleep upstairs. But he had bad dreams and woke in a fright.

"Mother, mother!" he called.

But his mother did not hear. Then Tom hurried down stairs. But his mother was not in the room. Now he was frightened in earnest. Where could she be?

And suddenly the thought came, "What if I should lose my mother?"

He pushed open the door of the sitting-room and looked in. There she sat, her Bible in her lap, tears upon her white face.

"Mother! what is it?" cried Tom in real distress. "What has happened?"

"Oh, it is my boy!" cried the sad woman. "It is my dear boy. I am losing him, and it breaks my heart!"

Tom never forgot that night. For the first time in his life he caught a glimpse of his mother's deep love, and, kneeling by her side, he promised God and his mother that he would be a good son from that hour.

And he was! That was the turning point in his young life. He saw that mother's love was better than fun, be it ever so funny, and he vowed that mother's wishes should be his law from that time.

Tom is a man now; and, boys, we wish you to know what a grand man he is! And his mother—what a happy woman she is!—*Sel.*

THE PLEA OF THE NATIONS.

JAPAN.

Across the sea, full many a mile
From far Japan's sea girded isle,
I come, oh, Christian friends, to plead
My country's dire and urgent need;
Teach us to tear our idols down,
And give unto your God the crown.

CHINA.

I come from China. Dark and deep
Pacific's rolling billows sweep
Twixt your fair land and mine, where
^{now}
Unnumbered millions blindly bow,
And prayers are poured, and vows are
^{paid}
To gods which their own hands have made.

INDIA.

I come from India's ancient land.
Her forests, vales and mountains grand
With idol temples are defiled:
The air is rent with mournings wild;

And suffering women live and die
In hopeless, hapless misery.

PERSIA.

From Persia's sunny vales I come,
No longer may our lips be dumb!
The days and years are fleeting by,
And we in heathen darkness die.
Oh, haste the bread of life to give,
That Persia, too, may eat and live!

SYRIA.

From Syria's sacred shore I come—
The land your Saviour calls his own;
Yet where His holy feet once trod
They know not of the living God!
Oh, Christian people! heed our call:
Teach us of him who died for all.

AFRICA.

From Africa's darkened shores am I;
Hark! hear ye not that mournful cry?
There human blood is daily shed,
The living souls are as the dead;
Oh, haste and help to free our land
From error's dread, despotic hand.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Not from the distant Orient I;
Our land lies 'neath your own fair sky.
Yet South America has needs,
And earnestly, O Christians, pleads
For help to break the chains that bind,
And life's immortal way to find.

NORTH AMERICA INDIAN.

This noble land I call my home,
And free its hills and mountains roam;
But I have heard the white man pray,
And seek to know the living way.
Oh, come and teach the Indian brave
How your Great Spirit waits to save.

MEXICO.

From Mexico's hill-girded shores
I come, a suppliant to your doors.
Haste, with the Spirit's flaming sword,
Haste, in the name of Christ the Lord,
And help our fettered land to free
From Rome's dark craft and tyranny.

—*Miss. World.*

A PENNY PARABLE.

At an English missionary meeting, an earnest speaker had been telling about God's work among the heathen, about its trials and its triumphs.

A collection was then taken, and as it was a children's meeting, the plates came back with a great many pennies. These looked very much alike, but the Steward who counted them over said they differed wonderfully.

"How so?" asked the teacher.

"Because of the different feelings with which they were put into the plate," answered the Steward.

Then he gave a little history of what had happened as he passed the plate among the classes.

One boy thought collections should not be taken at a missionary meeting. "When I give," said he, "I want to give without being asked. But as the plate is here, right under my nose, I suppose I must give something. Pity, though, that I can't come to a meeting without being dunned for money."

With this the boy threw the penny in. "I call that an *iron penny*," said the Steward. "It came from a hard, iron heart, and the hand that gave it was a cold and merciless hand."

As the plate passed on, it reached another boy. He was laughing and talking with a boy in the class behind him, at the time. The plate waited a second, while the boy's teacher tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Have you your penny ready?" "A penny?" said the boy, turning about; "What's a penny! of course I'll give a penny; a penny's nothing; here goes a penny for the heathen!" and so saying, he tossed his penny in, and at once looked about for some more fun. "That boy's penny," said the steward, "I call *tin*."

The plate went on its way and presently met a boy of another sort. His penny was ready. He had been holding it between thumb and finger in such a way that his classmates might all see it. Looking round to make sure that they were all now watching him, he dropped it in with a

self-satisfied air and with a loud thump. "A *brass penny*, that," said the steward, as he kept on counting.

"But the next kind that I got was a great deal better," he pursued. "It came from a little fellow who had been listening to every word of the speaker, and whose heart was touched with real pity."

As the plate drew near this boy, he turned to his teacher and whispered, while a tear dimmed either eye, "I'm very sorry for the heathen! of course I'll give a penny, and I only wish that I had more to give.

"I call that a *silver penny*," said the Steward.

"But now I have the best of all," he added, as he held up a clean and bright new copper coin.

"This I shall call a *golden penny*, for as I held out the plate to get it, I heard the boy that gave it say, 'I love my Saviour: He wants the poor heathen to know how much He loves them, and to learn His pleasant ways. I will give my penny gladly for His sake. And I would give anything I have to carry out His wish if I knew He wanted it.'"—*Sel.*

THE EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.

Tobacco, used in any form, destroys the ability to apply one's self to study, and prevents his comprehending or remembering his lessons. The faculties of a boy under the influence of this weed seem to be in a stupor, and since depraved nerve power weakens the will power, there is but little use for the teacher to seek to arouse the dormant, paralyzed energies, or to interest and foster the *fagged desire*.

I have not met a pupil that is addicted to the habit who will go through a single day's work and have good lessons. I have never had one whose scholarship record was good and in almost every case the department was below the average standard. At the regular examinations for promotion, nearly every one of the tobacco-using pupils fail in doing the most reasonable test work, even if this is not the first time the work has been passed over in class.

I have had numbers of cases in which they have remained in the same grade for four successive years, and then they were not ready to be advanced into the next higher class.

A high-school boy who had always done excellent work was reported one term as not getting his lessons. I had a talk with the boy and stated the facts, assuring him that with his past record his poor work was unexplained, as he insisted that he devoted his time faithfully to his studies. He denied using tobacco at all. His work failed from month to month, and before the year closed his parents withdrew him from school. His father deeply regretted the failure, admitted that a change had come in the boy's conduct at home, but as he had hitherto been truthful and faithful, he could not think that the presupposed cause was the true one. In a few months the habit, thus far secret, became more pronounced and more public, and it was absolutely certain by the boy's own admission that it was begun several months before the trouble noticed at school, and that no one knew it save the salesman that furnished him the supply of the narcotic.

Four years ago a boy entered one of my primary schools as a chart pupil. Before the boy was four years of age he had learned the habit of smoking cigarettes and stubs of cigars. His father taught him the use of narcotics, and considered it sport to see his son exhibit the habits of his elders. During the four years he did not complete the twenty-four lessons on the chart, although he attended regularly, and applied himself as diligently as the average pupil of that grade. He seemed perfectly unable to learn like other children, though he was at the beginning a precocious, promising child. His mental activity so dulled and paralyzed as to render him but little better than an idiot or an imbecile. Experience has shown that the younger the habit is acquired, the more disastrous the results to the mentality of the child.—*Christian Instructor.*

LITTLE GALE OF CHINA.

BY MISS FIELDIE OF SWATOW IN "LITTLE MISSIONARY."

When little Gale was born nobody was pleased. Girls are sometimes endured, but never welcomed, in Chinese families. As there were already three boys and no girls in a family she was allowed to live. She had her head shaven, except two little tufts of hair over the bumps of "sublimity"; a short sack was put on her, and she was laid in a basket that swung by a rope from a beam in the roof, and thence she looked about her world. It was a very small one. The house had three rooms—a bedroom at each end, and a middle room used for all domestic purposes. From her basket Gale could watch the pigs and fowls running about, and could see the busy people in the six-foot wide street before the door. As soon as she was strong enough, with her hair braided in one strand down her back, like a boy's, with a pair of short trousers on, and with a cold, boiled sweet potato for luncheon, she went with other girls to gather dry grass and sticks to cook the family food. These excursions were very pleasant.

She had so much work to do that her feet were neglected, and got so large that they began to be a disgrace to her. She knew the pain would be dreadful, but it was more dreadful to hear her neighbours say as she passed, "There are two boats going by." So she had them bound, and had to endure the pain until it ceased. Her feet could never be straightened again, and she could not go to the hills any more, for she could not walk far. One day a foreign person came to the village. It was said that he was very wonderful, with white skin, pale eyes, and red hair. Everybody ran to look, but her feet would not go fast, and she lost the sight.

She helped her mother to spin and weave the cotton cloth for the family garments, and to cook the sweet potatoes and rice for the family meals. When her father and brothers had eaten, then she and her mother ate what was left. On certain

days she worshipped the little gilded images that were on the shelf for gods; and sometimes she went with her female relations to burn incense and gilt paper before the gods of the village temple. So she came to her fifteenth year.

Meanwhile Lim, a tradesman of Swatow, had a younger brother, Wo, getting near twenty—a suitable age to marry. The parents being dead, Lim was the head of the house. Wo had front teeth like tusks, and was stupid as well as ugly. He helped Lim in the shop. Lim's wife wanted a servant, so she persuaded her husband to send a go-between to find a wife for Wo.

The go-between bargained for Gale, and she was betrothed to Wo.

The betrothal money, equal to five pounds twelve shillings, wrapped in red silk, was carried from Lim to Gale's parents; and on a day pronounced lucky, Gale was taken in a closed sedan chair, with a red shawl covering her head and face, to the house of her unknown bridegroom's brother. There she worshipped the household gods, and was led to her room where her veil was removed, and she saw for the first time the man who was her husband. She saw his tusks and his stupidity, and then and there began to hate him. The next day she stood among several old female friends, and all who chose of both sexes came to see her, and passed comments on her, flattering, curious, or malicious, as their dispositions led them.

Then her life of servitude began. Lim's wife having got the power, she used it mercilessly. She was arrogant and contemptuous towards Gale, and made her wretched. Wo, too, grew more hateful and hated.

Her next neighbour was her aunt, one year older than she was. Three years before she had been betrothed and brought home by the parents of a young man who had been absent five years. For three years she had served the old couple, awaiting the return of the bridegroom. For two years nothing had been heard from him. The father was sick and fool-

ish, and the mother took care of the cows for the support of the family, leaving her son's betrothed wife to take care of the sick man and the house. Gale and this girl were often seen talking together; then they were met very early in the morning, in gala dress, on the road to their native village, and when asked where they were going, they said "for a pleasure-trip home." Shortly after their shoes were found on the brink of a pool in a rice-field, and their lifeless bodies were taken from its bottom.

Poor girls of China. They have little brightness in this life and no bright hopes for the next. Who will send them the gospel.

THE LIVING SOUL.

A minister was trying to teach some children that the soul would live after they were all dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand. He was not simple enough. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said, "James, what is that I hold in my hand?" "A watch, sir!" "A little clock!" says another. "Do you see it?" "Yes, sir." "How do you know it is a watch?" "Because it ticks, sir." "Very well, can any of you hear it tick? All of you listen, now." After a pause, "Yes, sir; we hear it."

He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other. "Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches?" "The little one in your right hand sir." "Very well, again. Now I will take the case, and put it away down here in my hat. Now, let us see if you can hear the watch ticking?" "Yes, sir; we hear it!" exclaimed several voices.

"Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off, and put in my hat. The watch goes just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case—the body may be taken off and buried in the ground, but the soul will live and think just as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is taken off."—*My Paper.*

DOLLY AND THE DIME.

'Twas a thoughtful child that was seen one day
 To turn from her toys and careless play,
 With a questioning glance of sad surprise,
 And a far-away look in her dark brown eyes,
 For something so strange she had heard them say—
 These older one's talking that summer day.
 They thought she had come for a fond caress,
 Nor dreamed that their meaning a child could guess.

She listened while shadows came down apace,
 Then crept to her treasures with earnest face,
 And then in the twilight she told it all
 To one little hearer, her patient doll;
 "Why, Fanny, my dolly, across the sea
 Are millions who never will Christians be,
 Till somebody tells them of Jesus' love,
 And how they may go to the home above.

"And I heard them say that to lands afar
 A packet is going, the 'Morning Star,'
 'To carry the gospel,' I believe they said,
 'If people to giving are only led.'
 Now I have a dime that I meant for you,
 To buy you, my Dolly, a ribbon blue;
 But perhaps it will help them sail the ship.
 We'll give it," she said with quivering lip.

The mother bent low at the evening prayer
 O'er the form of her darling kneeling there;
 And lovingly stroking the curly head,
 She noted the words that were softly said—
 "Dear Jesus, my Dolly and I are glad
 To keep the poor heathen from being bad,
 And sometimes will help them, perhaps, again.
 I hope you will bless them, O Lord.
 Amen."

And then in the starlight a silence deep
 Betokened the coming of quiet sleep,
 But the head on the pillow turned once more,

A puzzled expression the child face wore.
 "I want to know, mamma, what 'twas I heard,
 The meaning of sacrifice—that's the word."
 She answered, "My child, I'll explain to you;
 Your sacrifice, dear, is the ribbon blue."
 She had given to send to those afar
 The wonderful light of the "Morning Star;"
 And into her soul shall His presence shine,
 To beckon her on to the light divine.
 And so, in her girlhood's sunniest hour,
 She yielded her heart to the Spirit's power,
 And kept her desire of greatest worth,
 "To carry the gospel" to all the earth.

And out into maidenhood's hopes and fears,
 Far out in the whirl of the rushing years,
 She remembered the lesson learned that day,
 In the magical hour of childish play.
 The dime to the dollar had now increased;
 The blessing of giving had never ceased.
 The sacrifice often took shape anew,
 In the same old guise of the ribbon blue.
 —By A. S. H. in *Children's Work for Children*.

A CAPTAIN'S DISMISSAL.

A Christian captain held religious services on board his vessel every Lord's day, wind and weather permitting, and many of his crew and passengers have been converted to God through his instrumentality. Some parties in New Zealand, connected with the firm which employed him, wrote home to complain of him, stating that captain C. was too religious, and expressing a fear that the house would suffer, unless a check were put upon him. Accordingly, he was told that unless he altered his conduct in this respect he would be discharged on his return to England; and he was requested to take three days to consider the question, and then let the firm have his answer. The captain replied, "I do not want three days to consider; you can have the answer now." But no, he was to consider. On the third

day he gave his answer, and it was to this effect: He would do his best for the owners, but if the passengers did not object to his preaching he must continue to do so. The reply was, "Very well, then, on your return you must leave the ship." The ship went out, and had a very prosperous voyage in every respect. Services were held on board morning and evening, and many were led to the Saviour. On reaching home, when all was settled, the captain was called into the office and told, "Well, captain, you have *not* done as we required you. You will remember what was said; you will have to leave the ship." "Sorry for it," was the reply; "she has had a good run and paid well!" "Oh yes; nothing to complain of," said the owner; "she has done well, never better. But there is our word, and that is our bond." "Well," said the captain, "I suppose you do not object to give me a letter to some other house: for I have done my duty to you ever since I entered your employ." "Do not be in a hurry," said the gentleman, "for although we never deviate from our word when it is given, and therefore you must leave the ship, yet—it is only to be removed to one of our best vessels, since we feel that a man who thus honors his God is too good to lose. And here is a check for £20, as an acknowledgement of our confidence." Such was the happy issue of one of the trials of a good man's life.

A TRUE STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Far away in the valley of the Saskatchewan, near the Rocky Mountains in Canada, lives a little white girl named Lita. Her father is a missionary and is teaching the brown-faced Indians about the dear Saviour who died for them. Lita's mother too has a class of little squaws who come, not very regularly, to be trained in better ways than their poor mothers can teach them. Lita told me that when she was nine years old she used to help her mother to teach, "because," she said, "though I did not know much, they did

not know anything." One day an Indian agent came to Lita's home on horseback and riding fast. He told Lita's parents that they must fly for their lives; for Big Bear, a heathen Indian, was coming with his warriors, and all the tribes were rising and about to murder the white people. The missionary said, "No! my Christian Indians will protect us; I can trust in the good God and them."

"That is well," the agent replied, "but they are few, and Big Bear's men are many and they are robbing and burning as they go; so hasten, put your horses to the large wagon, and drive fast over the prairie, or we will all be killed."

It was many miles to the nearest settlement, and poor Lita's eyes were wild with terror as she listened, but she felt sure her father would know what was the best thing to do. After talking with his wife a little, they decided to hide in the woods near the river until they found out if the news were quite true. Then Lita flew to her room for her warm cloak and hood, for it was early in the season, and the nights were chilly. They all hastily gathered what food they had that was cooked. They dared not make a fire, fearing it might tell of their hiding-place. A friendly Indian took their horses off and hid them. Lita's mother laid a buffalo-robe on the moss under the trees and tucked the children under warm blankets and they were soon asleep.

When the little ones said their prayers that night, looking up at the stars as they shone through the thick branches of the oak-trees, they *really* asked God to "keep us safe till morning light." Think of it, dear children, who kneel beside your snowy beds, so safe and warm, and say your prayers scarce thinking what the words mean; think of those two little girls who said, "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die"—then they thought of those fearful Indians and shuddered till the dear mother soothed them off to sleep. A l that night their quiet was not broken, but the next morning they now and then saw an Indian hurrying past in the distance,

and about noon a great many dark-faced savages came to the house, broke in the door, and searched all the place to see what they could find. They took away nearly all the missionary's store of food and a good many other things, and would have set fire to the house had not the Christian Indians begged them not to do so.

After the band of warriors were all gone out of sight across the prairie the party came from their hiding and poor Lita with tears in her eyes tried to help her mother to set their little home in order again. It made their hearts ache to find so much spoiled or stolen things which had been brought so far with much toil and care, and which they would sorely miss in carrying on their work; but when their Christian Indians came round them, saying, "You good friends, not run away, stay to teach us," they were glad; they thanked God and took courage.—*T. C. J. in The Child's Paper.*

HOW MONGOLIANS PRAY.

Rev. James Gilmour, an English missionary who has laboured much in Mongolia, gives the following account of how the people pray:

"Almost nine out of every ten Mongols you meet will have rosaries in their hands, and be rapidly repeating prayers, keeping count of them by passing the beads through their fingers.

"*They Don't Know the Meaning of Their Prayers.*—One of the prayers most commonly used consists of six syllables. Ask one man what these six syllables mean, and he will tell you one thing; ask another, and he will have another version of the meaning; ask a third, and he will most likely give an answer which all will agree in—namely, that it does not matter what they mean; the efficacy depends not on the meaning, but on the repetition of the prayer. Acting on this behalf, the Mongols rattle away at their prayers, hoping thereby to make merit which will among other things, cancel their sins.

"*The Hurdle Praying Wheel.*—But

mouth repetition is a slow process, and to expedite matters a praying wheel has been invented, into which are put a large number of printed prayers; the wheel is turned round, and by this simple act all the prayers contained in the machine are supposed to be repeated.

"*The Family Praying Wheel.*—In some tents there is a stand on which is placed a large wheel, bearing about the same relation to the hand wheel as a family Bible bears to a pocket Bible. A thong is fixed to a crank: the inmates take their turn in pulling it; but the aged grandmother, as having most leisure, usually spends most time over it; and the grandchildren keep a sharp lookout, and raise an outcry when, from inadvertence, a wrongly timed pull sends the cylinder turning backwards, and, according to the Mongol idea, makes sin in place of merit.

"*The Roasting Jack Praying Wheel.*—In one house I saw a wheel placed over the fire, and driven by the upward current of hot air, after the manner of a roasting jack!

"*The Water Praying Wheel.*—In western Mongolia a wheel containing prayers is put up in a little stream and the water made to turn it and the person desiring to pray can look at it as it prays for him.

"*The Clockwork Praying Wheel.*—Sitting in a tent once I heard behind me a curious clicking noise, and looking round, found a praying wheel going by machinery. The master of the house, being a mechanical genius, had bought an old clock in a Chinese town, taken out and rearranged the spring and wheels, and made them drive a cylinder filled with prayers. When he got up in the morning he simply took the key, wound up the clockwork, and then the thing made prayers for the whole establishment.

"*The Praying Flag.*—He that is too poor to buy a hand wheel gets a prayer flag—a piece of common Chinese cotton cloth printed over with Tibetan characters—fastens it to a pole and sets it up near his tent, believing that every time it flutters in the wind all the prayers on it are repeated.

"The whole thing would be laughable were it not too serious a matter by far for laughter. The *deluded worshippers really believe* that this charm-repeating and wheel-turning and flag-fluttering *makes merit which cancels sin*. They live in this belief, and they die with this lie in their right hand.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny;
Salvation, O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

HINDU WOMEN AND GIRLS.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH IN "MISSIONARY WORLD."

MAMIE.—Mother, can you tell me something about Hindu women and girls? Miss Crosby asked us to find out all the facts we could and bring them to the next meeting of the Mission Band.

MOTHER.—Do you know where the Hindus live?

MAMIE.—In India.

MOTHER.—What is the part of the house called where the women live?

MAMIE.—The Zenana.

MOTHER.—Yes, the high-caste women live in these Zenanas exclusively, never seeing anyone but their servants who wait upon them, and occasionally the husband and father, for all the women and girls in a Zenana are either the wives or daughters of the master of the house.

MAMIE.—Do they never go anywhere?

MOTHER.—No, the children never go to church or Sunday-school or out on the streets to walk or play, and the women are not allowed to look out on the street, much less to go to places of amusement or to visit their friends.

MAMIE.—How do they spend the time; do they read and study?

MOTHER.—They neither read, write nor sew, but occupy their time in conversation with each other, and doing fancy work.

MAMIE.—Poor things! They must get very tired of living such lives.

MOTHER.—They are tired, it is true, but they cannot help themselves. Girls are married at ten and twelve years of age, and then they lose even the comfort of their mother's love and sympathy.

MAMIE.—Do they have to leave their mother so young?

MOTHER.—Yes; they go to live with their husband's mother, who rules the house and leads them a wretched life. The mother-in-law has all authority over the daughters-in-law in the house and seldom fails to use it.

MAMIE.—If the husband should die while the wife is young, could she not go back to her mother?

MOTHER.—No; she must remain where she is, and her life becomes even more miserable than before. The widow used to burn herself on her husband's funeral pile, but that has been stopped, and the poor little widow has all her jewels and pretty clothes taken from her, made to wear coarse garments, to sleep on the bare floor, and fast two days in each week. She is also allowed only one meal a day.

MAMIE.—I should think they would want to die.

MOTHER.—They would if they could die on their husband's funeral pile, for they believe they should then go to heaven; but if they die in any other way, they may pass into the body of some ugly beast.

MAMIE.—What does a woman do after she is married?

MOTHER.—A high-caste woman is taken to the Zenana, where she lives among the others, doing nothing; while the low-caste woman is taught to cook her husband's food and do all kinds of rough work. In either case she must regard her husband as a god, look neither to the right nor the left when in his presence, but keep her eyes upon him, ready to obey his commands. When he eats she stands behind and waits upon him, and when he has finished, eats what is left.

MAMIE.—How glad I am that I was not born in India.

MOTHER.—Yes; we should be thankful

that our lines have been cast in such pleasant places, and pray that these poor, ignorant, suffering women may have their burdens lifted, and the blessings of peace and happiness come into their lives.

MAMIE.—Thank you, for telling me so much about them. I will write it down and then I shall not forget it.

KILLING THE DRAGON.

A little boy four years old was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister; and the next day he said to his father :

"Father, I want to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father; "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," replied John. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!"

"So you shall, my boy."

"But when can I be one?" persisted the child.

"You can begin to-day," said his father.

"But where is the dragon?"

"I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book, and his sister Catharine's a beautiful doll. Now, John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls; and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears.

His father, who happened to be there, said quietly :

"Now, John, the dragon is out."

The child stopped crying and looked quickly around the room, and then up at his father's face, but said nothing.

That evening, however, when he bade his father "good-night," he whispered: "Papa, I am very glad Catharine has the doll. I did kill the dragon!"

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

I read a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good ways out in the pond, and the big boy said, "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in after her every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother, said Jim, softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail boats, and she never let us come unless we had string enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid, you know I'm not; only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Lord, look down on me,
Sinful though I be;
Draw my heart to Thee.

Teach me how to pray,
Take my sins away,
Help me to obey.

Make me Thine own child,
Humble, meek and mild,
By no sin defiled.

Lord, be Thou my Friend,
All my steps attend,
Keep me to the end.

In Thy faith and fear
May I serve Thee here,
Till Thou shalt appear;

Then, Lord saved by grace,
In yon happy place
I shall see Thy face;

And, from sin quite free,
Heaven my home shall be,
There to dwell with Thee.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Sept. 2.—Num. 13: 17-33. Memory vs. 30-32.

The Spies Sent to Canaan.

GOLDEN TEXT.—NUM. 13: 30. CATECHISM, Q. 92.

Introductory.

How long did the Israelites remain at Sinai?

When did they begin their march?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Charge of the Spies. vs. 17-20.

What did the Lord direct Moses to do. vs. 1, 2.

How many spies were sent?

What charge did Moses give them?

What were they to find out about the land?

About its inhabitants?

What time in the year was it?

II. The Visit of the Spies. vs. 21-25.

What did the spies do?

How much of the country did they examine?

How long were they absent?

What fruits did they bring back?

What did these fruits show?

III. The Report of the Spies. vs. 26-33.

What did they do on their return?

What report did they make about the land?

What about the inhabitants?

Which of the spies gave a different report?

What did Caleb urge the people to do?

Who agreed with Caleb?

What did the other spies say in reply?

What Have I Learned?

1. That many people have gone before us and tried the Christian life.

2. That the Christian life is like Canaan in its rich fruits and other blessings.

3. That we shall have many strong

enemies to conquer before we can get the good things of religion.

4. That we ought not to be afraid of enemies, for God will help us to overcome them.

5. That we should not believe those who try to frighten us from being Christians.

Sept. 9.—Num. 14: 1-10. Memory vs. 2-4.

The Unbelief of the People.

GOLDEN TEXT.—HEB. 3: 19. CATECHISM, Q. 93.

Introductory.

How many men had been sent to look out the promised land?

What sort of a report did they bring?

Did they all agree?

What was the report of Caleb and Joshua?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The People Rebel. vs. 1-5.

Whose report did the people believe?

What did they do?

In what did their rebellion consist?

What did they propose to do?

Why did Moses and Aaron fall on their faces?

II. Joshua and Caleb Plead. vs. 6-9.

How did Joshua and Caleb express their sorrow?

What did they say of the land?

What is said of Caleb and Joshua in Num. 32: 12?

What alone did they think necessary for success?

What did they plead with the people to do?

III. The Lord Threatens. v. 10.

How did the people receive this plea?

What were they about to do?

What prevented them from stoning Joshua and Caleb?

How did the Lord threaten to punish them? v. 12.

What punishment did he put upon them?
vs. 27-34.

What Have I Learned?

1. That people are more apt to believe an evil than a good report.
2. That it is better to pray for wicked and riotous people than to chide them.
3. That if the Lord be with us we need not fear.
4. That to have his favor we must obediently follow him.
5. That Canaan may be very near, and yet be lost through unbelief. Heb. 4 : 1, 11.

Sept. 16.—Num. 20 : 1-13. Memory vs. 7, 8.

The Smitten Rock.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 COR. 10 : 4. **CATECHISM.** Q. 94.

Introductory.

At what place was the report of the spies received?

How did it affect the people?

How were they punished for their unbelief?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The People's Distress. vs. 1-5.

When did the children of Israel come to Kadesh?

Who died there?

What do you know about Miriam?

Why did the people complain of Moses?

What had God done before for them when suffering for water? Ex. 17 : 6.

What promise is given to those who "thirst for the living water"? Isa. 55 : 1; John 7 : 37.

What did the Israelites in their distress say to Moses?

II. The Lord's Answer. vs. 6-8.

What did Moses and Aaron do?

What appeared to them?

What was Moses directed to do?

Who was to go with him?

What was he to do to the rock?

How did this differ from what he was to do at Meribah in Rephidim? Ex. 17 : 6.
Whose power was to bring this water?

III. Water from the Rock. vs. 9-13.

What did Moses do?

What spirit did he manifest?

What improper words did he use?

In what particulars did he disobey God?

How was the people's distress relieved?

To whom is the water from the rock likened in the Golden Text?

What did Jesus say of the water of life? John 4 : 14.

Why was the Lord displeased with Moses and Aaron?

How were they punished?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God is merciful to the rebellious and disobedient.

2. That he will punish even his servants for not honoring him.

3. That pride and anger turn blessings into curses.

4. That we are not to do the Lord's work in our own name.

5. That God gives the water of life freely, without money or price.

Sept. 23.—Deut. 34 : 1-12. Memory vs. 5-7.

Death and Burial of Moses.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PROV. 4 : 18. **CATECHISM** Q. 95.

Introductory.

How long had the Israelites been in the Wilderness?

Why were they there so long?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism?

I. Moses' Pisgah-View. vs. 1-4.

What did the Lord show to Moses?

From what mountain had he this view?

What did it embrace?

How did Caleb and Joshua describe this land?

Why was Moses not permitted to enter it?

At whose command did Moses ascend Mount Nebo? Deut. 32: 49, 50.

II. Moses' Lonely Death. vs. 5-9.

Where did Moses die?

At what age?

What shows that he was still strong?

By whom was he buried?

Why was his sepulchre hidden from the people?

When and where did he appear in later times?

What does this appearance prove?

How long did Israel mourn for him?

Who succeeded Moses?

How was Joshua fitted for this work?

III. Moses' Inspired Epitaph. vs. 10-12.

What is said of Moses as a prophet?

How had the Lord distinguished him?

How had Moses been a deliverer?

How a leader?

How a legislator and prophet?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God greatly honors his faithful servants.

2. That he takes care of them in death as in life.

3. That his work does not stop when his workmen die.

4. That God's approval is better than marble monuments or splendid sepulchres.

September 30.

Review Exercise.

GOLDEN TEXT.—DEUT. 5: 2.

How were the ten commandments given?

What did Moses afterward do?

What did the people promise?

Where did Moses then go?

Of what sin were the Israelites guilty?

How were they punished?

With what further punishment were they threatened?

How was the Lord turned from this purpose?

For what did Moses pray?

What was the Lord's answer?

How did the Israelites give for the tabernacle?

How was Moses commanded to consecrate the tabernacle?

How did the Lord show his approval?

What promise was made to the offerer of the burnt offering?

Why do we not offer burnt offerings?

For whom did the high priest make atonement?

How has Christ made atonement for us?

Why were the Israelites to observe the feast of tabernacles?

What was the signal for the Israelites to begin their march?

What was the signal for them to encamp?

What did Moses do at Kadesh?

What report did the spies bring on their return?

Which of the spies brought a good report?

What did the people propose?

How were they punished for their unbelief?

Why did the people murmur at Meribah-kadesh?

How did the Lord relieve their distress?

Of what sin were Moses and Aaron there guilty?

What sentence did the Lord pronounce upon them?

What privilege did the Lord give Moses?

Where did Moses die?

How old was he?

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

Westminster Question Book.

There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living.—Irving.

Take care of your thoughts children, for they lead to words and actions, just as brooks lead to rivers, and rivers to oceans.

China.—If each letter in the Bible be taken for a person, it will take eighty Bibles to represent the population of China.

BAND EXERCISE.

FOR A CLASS OF VERY LITTLE GIRLS.

First Child.

In India the papas are very angry when a little girl is born, for there they do not know our loving Saviour, Jesus.

Second Child.

In China the papas sometimes sell their dear little girl babies for forty cents apiece; they would not be so cruel if they knew and loved Jesus.

Third Child

In this Christian land our papas love their little girls dearly, because they believe in the blessed Christ, who said,

All Together.

Suffer little children, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

First Child.

And this is meant for girls as well as for boys.

All.

Let us all help send the Bible to the heathen.

--Little Helpers.

KOOTENAY.

Most of our young people have learned geography and yet perhaps they have never met with the strange name—"Kootenay." Perhaps you think it is some small district or town in a distant land, or some small island in a far off sea. It is neither. It is in the Dominion of Canada, a new mining district that has been opened in British Columbia, where large numbers of men have gathered to dig for the rich metals that lie buried in the rocks.

But though very rich in precious metals it has been very poor with regard to that which is more precious than gold. Not long since the Presbytery of Calgary sent a missionary to tell the people of better riches. The country was wild, rocky,

mountainous. Sometimes he had no road, nothing but a blaze, a mark on the side of the trees, to guide him.

The first time he preached there were some who had not heard a sermon for 30 years. This is part of our Home Mission work to which you sometimes give. You see how much it is needed. Pray for these people that they may be led to seek the riches that never perish. And I trust that you also my dear young people will make that riches your own.

BIBLE WORDS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Little children, early seeking
What to do and where to go,
Is there light to guide their footsteps
And a pathway plain to show?

Answer. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Little children know so little
Whom to follow, whom to trust;
Who should lead them, ever faithful,
Strong and willing, wise and just?

Ans. "Be ye . . . followers of God, as dear children."

Little children meet with danger,
Tempted oft to go astray;
Tell them how to walk with safety
In the straight and narrow way.

Ans. "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

Little children will keep doing
Things they know are wrong each day,
Sinning often, though so sorry.
Who will take their sin away?

Ans. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

Little children, oft forgetful,
Are unloving and unkind;
What can sweeten hearts so selfish
With a love that is Divine?

Ans. "If God so loved us we ought also to love one another."

--Christian Observer.