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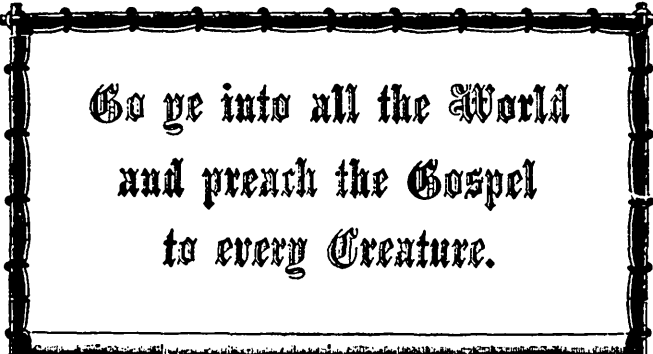
THE

# CHILDREN'S

—

# RECORD

—



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

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Vol. 5 . JULY, 1890 No. 7 .

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### The Children's Record.

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

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

### The Honan Mission.

LETTER FROM REV. DONALD  
MACGILLIVRAY.

LIN CHING, CHINA.

Suppose we take a stroll to the South  
end of the city to the chapel, and past it.  
As we turn the corner to go South on the  
great street, it is possible to hear a child  
calling out after you :

"YOUR DOG TAIL HAS DROPPED OFF !"

that is, your queue.

At this corner is a variety store, for the  
Chinese have such. A little on is a medi-  
cine shop in which little foreign glass bot-  
tles may be seen containing, who knows  
what. Farther on is a tavern where  
whisky can be bought. The Chinese,  
however, do seem a temperate people. I  
have seen one or two men who were  
"high" in liquor, although even they were  
not staggering. A staggering Chinaman,  
I have yet to see.

But see, over there is a donkey tied to  
a post. You observe he is lying down as  
far as he can well get from the post, and  
cranes his neck forward in the most pain-  
ful position. If you live long enough in  
China to see many donkeys, nearly every  
one will lie down in this same uncomfor-  
table way. A clever writer has recently  
compared the Chinese to the donkey in  
this, that they are both utterly indifferent  
to comfort and convenience. A foreign  
pillow they would pitch away and take in-  
stead a bamboo pole on which to rest  
their neck.

During the glowing heat of dog-days, a  
matting covering is stretched on poles  
across the street. Now, in winter season,  
it is rolled back and the poles alone re-  
main along which burglars may creep, and  
upon which cats gather and squall at  
night.

As you walk along a dog or two may  
growl at the presence of the foreigner. If  
the owner is well disposed toward you he  
will call the dog in loud tones, "the  
grandson of a tortoise" which is the ugliest  
name his tongue can speak about any-  
thing.

The great number of shop signs, mostly  
perpendicular, will strike you. If you  
dodge in too close to the wall, to avoid  
being thrown over by a wheel-barrow  
heavily laden with bales of cotton, or,  
worse still, to avoid the baskets of the  
collectors of fertilizing materials, they will  
strike you in reality. The signs are of  
all kinds. Often they display the name  
of the shop, which to the Chinese mind is  
usually some favorable combination of  
characters. "Virtuous Prospects Hall",  
is a very common name.

One thing about this people seems to  
be the praise of virtue with the practice  
left out. The sign hanging beside the  
door may display a Pharisaic strictness  
and honesty, but the smirking owner may  
be, as all tradesmen here cannot fail to be,  
a cheat of the deepest dye. On the signs  
there are sometimes painted figures repre-  
senting to the Chinese mind the articles  
sold within. In some places the doctors  
signs instead of hanging down shoot up  
into the air, perhaps to make people re-  
spect an art so very mysterious as theirs.

The good business houses have two  
steps of great bricks leading up, not to  
the doors, but to their counters. A cus-  
tomer and his donkey can stand before the  
counter, the rear of the donkey extending  
into the street so that you have to go  
around to get past. At night wooden shut-  
ters close up the whole front of the store.  
The goods are, for the most part, arranged  
on shelves similar to those at home.

Green grocers have the front of their

stands crowded with shallow baskets containing specimens of all kinds of vegetables.

The furs tores have very fine displays of ready made garments and unmade skins.

The "cash shops" are not better in appearance than their neighbors. Our bank buildings are usually very grand. Not so here. In a little room at the back of the bankers the strings of cash or Chinese money are piled up in stacks five or six feet high and three or four feet wide at the base, tapering toward the top. (You know that most of their money is made of coins of very poor metal with a hole in them; these coins or cash are strung on strings.) Where they keep the nuggets of silver I know not. Anything like a safe I have never heard of yet. The Chinese are very far behind in the matter of locks. The only Chinese lock I have yet seen could easily be opened without the key. They make them all of one pattern.

On our way we will pass several eating houses or tea houses, and perhaps hear the strains of music (?) coming from them sometimes worked off by strolling tramps strong enough to be set to work, and sometimes by the blind. This sad class are often seen, now led by a little boy, beating a gong to notify others of their approach.

I was quite interested the other evening in seeing a poor blind man led by a little dog. It had been trained to do some simple tricks, one of which was to take a stick in his mouth and walk around a pivot to which the other end of the stick was made fast. I have seen a few little dogs here, quite unlike the ugly scar covered street variety, their little collars showing that they are pets. On the counters and windows of some of the stores may be seen bird cages, with thrushes from Mongolia which sing most beautifully, at the same time trilling their wings in a very odd way.

My barber came in a few days ago to wait on me. While engaged in doing his

work I heard a peculiar chirping noise. Whence it came I could not tell. Upon enquiring the barber produced from a small bag which hung at his waist, a quail. This bird is carried in the hand as a plaything of this bird loving people.

DONALD MACGILLIVRAY.

#### ASKING QUESTIONS OF HINDU BOYS.

A missionary in India writes that the boys often ask him for some of his little tracts and gospel books. He says:

"I sometimes ask, 'How many Gods are there?' If it is a boy just come from his heathen home, who has never seen a missionary or heard of Jesus before, he will answer, 'There are 330,000,000 gods.' But then I ask again, and another boy, who has heard us preach, or who has got some of our books, shouts out, 'There is one God.' He, of course, gets the prize. 'What is sin?' I ask sometimes. Moham-medan boys answer, 'Worshipping idols;' but if I repeat the question and ask a Hindu boy, he will reply, 'Eating beef is sin.' Then I am compelled to tell them the ten commandments, that they may understand all about it. I like to make them repeat after me something about Jesus, and then give a tract to those who can say it correctly. 'Jesus Christ is the Saviour of the world. If I believe on him I shall be saved and go to heaven.' 'Jesus died for sinners.' 'God has loved the world,' etc."

A missionary in India writes about a little girl she is teaching, who has just lost her father. She has a kitten, and told the missionary that she was going to care for it and give it the best of everything she had, for she felt sure that her father's soul had gone into the kitten. The missionary tried to persuade her to a different belief, but she could not, and the little girl insisted on being very kind to the kitten for her father's sake.

## THE MORNING PRAYER TO A MUD GOD.

BY A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

We are in India, and taking a walk in the early morning. We come to the bank

of a river. Everybody else seems to be there also. Women are filling their vessels of shining brass or red earth with water and stopping perhaps for a little gossip, raise them to the tops of their heads and walk away to their houses. The washermen are come with their great bundles of clothes; and we hear the splash as they beat them on the smooth flat stones. Here and there a morning bath is going on; and not in all the long hot day to come will there be such a busy time as now.

But here are some men who are worshipping idols; and we may go near enough to hear and look on. These two men are worshippers of the god Siva. We know his by the three marks we see on the

fore head and arms. They, however, mumble so rapidly all that they say, that we could not distinctly understand them, did we not know that all these men say the same thing every time. Let us watch one of them.

"Reverence to thee, Siva! I take this lump of clay."

Shaping it in his hand, he addresses the image:

"Siva, I make thy image. O god! enter into this image; take life within it. Constant reverence to thee, whose

form is radiant as a mountain of silver, lovely as the crescent of the moon, re-



WORSHIPPING A MUD GOD

splendent with jewels. Approach, rest, and tarry here."

The image now formed, he places it on the ground and presents water to it. He has also other offerings, which we see him spread before it. Then, kneeling and folding his hands, he prays :

"I offer thee water from the Ganges to wash thy feet. Praise to thee, Siva ! I bring thee water to wash thy hands. Smell this sandal-wood. Take these flowers and leaves. Accept the incense and flame. Consume this offering of mine."

Now he offers flowers all around the image, beginning at the east. As an act of merit he repeats the name of Siva as often as he can, keeping account on his fingers. Now he bows, folds his hands, strikes his cheeks, and, finally, we see him gather together all the flowers and throw them into the water.

He takes the image in his hands and prays to it to bless him for the day ; and then he throws it away. If we should go to find it, only the soft mud is there, crumbled in pieces.

He has finished his morning prayer ; and, filling his vessel with water, he walks away to his house, satisfied, and even proud, of his faithful devotions.

And we—as we turn thoughtfully away—shall we not remember the words of the Lord Jesus :

"But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do : for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them."

A little Hindu girl in a Christian mission-school in Calcutta, was asked by her teacher if she bowed down to the idol of the house at home, and she answered, "Yes, when mother tells me I have to, but I go away immediately by myself and fold my hands and look up and say, 'O God, I have sinned, but please forgive me. I could not help it, because my mother will beat me if I do not obey her.'"

## INDIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

India is in the south of Asia, and the people are under the control of the British Government.

There are in India about two hundred and sixty millions of people.

The people of India have dark skins, but European features.

The women and young girls wear over the head and shoulders a snow-white covering.

The men and boys wear white robes and caps, or turbans.

The people of India are fond of music, and all sing.

Most of the people of India are idolators and worship many idols.

The Hindus are early risers, and the first thing they do is to repeat the name of Rama several times.

The religious teacher of the Hindus is called a *guru*, and they are very careful not to offend him.

The children of India are generally respectful to their elders, obedient to their parents, and well behaved in public.

The Hindu eats with his fingers. The right hand is used for this purpose, the left being stretched out as far as it will go, being unclean.

Sometimes wealthy Hindus, in order to lay up for themselves a large store of merit, plant a grove, or build a rest-house for travelers, or dig a well on a public road.

A traveler in India usually carries with him a small brass vessel and a long strong cord with which he can draw water from a public well to quench his thirst.

The monkey is regarded by the Hindus as sacred, yet it is esteemed a misfortune to hear the name of this animal mentioned in the morning, as that portends hunger.

If a man of inferior caste were to touch the Hindu while eating he would immediately rise and not take another mouthful, even throwing out what he might have in his mouth.—*Little Missionary*.

### "DUTY FIRST, PLEASURE AFTER. WARD."

"A disagreeable old saw," did you say? Perhaps it does seem so when the pleasure is very inviting and the duty very irksome by contrast; and yet I doubt if any one ever made a success of life who turned the "old saw" and tried to make "pleasure first" the rule.

It is said that a rich man who was poor when a boy, was asked how he became rich. He replied, "My father taught me never to play until my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it. If I had but one hour's work in a day, I must do that first; after that I was allowed to play. Then I could play with more pleasure than if I had an unfinished task. I formed the habit of doing everything in time. It soon became easy to do so."

### LETTER FROM JAPAN.

In my last letter I told you about some Japanese schools, and I believe I promised to tell you about the Sunday schools.

They don't study the same lessons that you do in America. There is one question-book that is used by the very little ones, but the others all study the Bible without any lesson-leaves. In some chapels there are benches, and in others the people all sit on the soft mats. If it is cold, they sit around the bowl of ashes and coals, and warm their hands.

The doors are left open on the street, and a man who can talk well and draw in passers by has his class near them. As only the Christians stop working on Sunday, crowds often gather by the door: nurses, and the children on their backs; errand boys; peddlers with their packs around their necks; the men who draw the carriages; cobblers with their kits of tools and string of old shoes; men selling vegetables, with baskets suspended from the ends of poles over their shoulders; soldiers with their swords and uniforms,

and men who have nothing to do. They stand and listen a little while, and, though a few come in, most of them are driven away by an invitation to come and sit down.

The children learn the Ten Commandments, and they and their parents are very much pleased when they stand up on the platform, before the close of School and say them so nicely as to receive a card, and hear the old men say, "Ah, that was remarkably well learned!" They sing some of the very hymns that you do; but the words are so queer that you could not guess what they were singing about, unless you could tell by the tune. But mamma says that



NURSE AND CHILD.

God understands them just as well as He does you and me, and is just as glad to have them praise him.

In our Sunday school there is a blind boy about twelve years old. He has no father, and he and his mother try to earn their rice by rubbing the bodies of sick people. The mother too is blind, or nearly so. He carries a staff with a tiny bell on it, so that people will not run into him when they hear its tinkle. His clothes are not very clean, for he cannot see when

they are dirty. He has hardly missed a Sunday from Sunday school for years, and a few months ago he was baptised and joined the church.

We have a lame beggar-boy too, in our school. He was found on the road near the city, with a big hole in his foot, where he had stepped on a sharp stump of bamboo, and had left the farmer's house because he could not work. He was taken care of for months, until his foot grew better. He was very fond of singing. One day a lady told my mamma that she was feeling very sad one day, almost bad enough to cry, when she looked out of the window and saw him limping by on an errand, seeming so happy, and singing "Hold the Fort." Then she thought, if he, without any father or mother, or home or money, with an ugly wound in his foot, could be so cheerful, that she ought not to be discouraged.

COUSIN SADIE.

#### A GOOD ARGUMENT.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine there is a noble castle, which lifts its old grey towers above the ancient forest, where dwelt a nobleman who had a good and devoted son, his comfort and his pride.

Once, when his son was away from home, a Frenchman called, and, in course of conversation, spoke in such unbecoming terms of the great Father in heaven as to chill the old man's blood.

"Are you not afraid of offending God," said the baron, "by speaking in this way?"

The foreigner answered, with cool indifference, that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen Him.

No notice was taken of this observation at the time; but the next morning the baron pointed out to the visitor a beautiful picture which hung on the wall, and said: "My son drew that!"

"He must be a clever youth," replied the Frenchman blandly.

Later in the day, as the two gentlemen were walking in the garden, the baron

showed his guest many rare plants and flowers, and, on being asked who had the management of the garden, the father said with proud satisfaction: "My son; and he knows every plant, almost, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed! observed the other. "I shall soon have a very exalted opinion of him."

The baron then took his visitor to the village and showed him a neat building which his son had fitted up for a school, where the children of poor were daily instructed free of expense.

"What a happy man you must be," said the Frenchman, "to have such a son!"

"How do you know I have a son?" asked the baron, with a grave face.

"Why, because I have seen his works, and I am sure he must be both clever and good, or he never could have done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him," returned the baron.

"No; but I already know him very well, because I can form a just estimate of him from his works."

"I am surprised," said the baron in a quiet tone; "and now oblige me by coming to this window and tell me what you see from thence."

"Why, I see the sun travelling through the sky, and shedding its glories over one of the greatest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods and pastures and orchards and vineyards and cattle and sheep feeding in rich fields."

"Do you see anything to be admired in all this?" asked the baron.

"Can you fancy I am blind?" retorted the Frenchman.

"Well, then, if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his various works, how does it happen that you can form no estimate of God's goodness, by witnessing such proofs of his handiwork?"



## EXCUSES.

No wiser remark was ever made by Dr. Benjamin Franklin than a severe sentence which he once uttered to a young man who had an appointment with him and missed it. Next day the young man came and began to make a very fluent excuse to the doctor for his absence the day before.

"Stop!" said Franklin. "You have said too much already, my good boy, for the man who is good at making an excuse is seldom good at anything else."

An easy excuse made by a delinquent for a flat error or failure to do a duty, seldom, indeed, softens the heart of an employer or superior. Of course an account of the reasons for a failure should be given when a demand for them is made but they should be given simply and briefly, and without any attempt to make the case appear any better than the plainest statement of the facts make it.

A youth who is beginning a round of duties in any place which has any responsibilities may as well make up his mind that his employer will look with some disfavor, if not with suspicion, upon his explanation of failures.

He must be perfectly honest about them, and never slow to admit his mistakes. And there are few employers who are not willing to allow a beginner a liberal number of blunders and failures as a part of his education.—*Scl.*

## KEEP A CLEAN MOUTH, BOYS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls being so exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a

decent girl using words she would not utter before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," "the next thing to swearing," and "not so wicked;" but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

Young reader, keep your mouth free from all impurity, and your "tongue from evil;" but in order to do this ask Jesus to cleanse your heart and keep it clean; "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

## WITHOUT HIM YOU CAN DO NOTHING.

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

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

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

Many, indeed, secretly seek themselves in everything they do, and perceive it not. These, while the course of things perfectly coincides with the sentiments and wishes of their own hearts, seem to possess all the blessings of peace; but when their wishes are disappointed, and their sentiments opposed, they are immediately disturbed and become sorrowful and wretched.—*Thomas A. Kempis.*

Faith is the key that unlocks the cabinet of promises and empties out their treasures into the soul.—*Watson.*

## A MAN, NOT A SPIRIT.

The Children in this land, where schools and books are so plentiful, where even the babies are taught something of the beauties of the world around them, can hardly form any idea of the ignorance of some of the people to whom our missionaries are trying to carry the gospel.

And because they are ignorant, they are very timid about certain things; they are continually haunted with the idea that there are spirits about them ready to in-

come walking into their village, they looked at them very carefully; and, knowing that they had come in the big ship, they suspected that all was not right.

At last, after looking at them for a long while, some of them caught sight of their feet, clothed, of course, in decent shoes and stockings. Immediately they set up a cry:

“*Mou, mou!* these are *mou* (spirits)! They have no toes; they have no toes. They are *mou, mou!* They are not men! Run, run for your life! They must



jure them in some way; and at times they are almost afraid of their own shadows.

The *Illustrated Missionary News* tells the following story:

“We should not think any one could be afraid of a man because he happened to wear shoes and stockings, should we? They are not very frightful things in themselves; nor, should we think they could have any very frightful meaning.

“But the poor Africans, among whom our missionaries went for the first time on the banks of the Niger, thought differently. When they saw one of them, with his interpreter, land on their shores and

be spirits; they have no toes.’

“The missionary, as soon as he heard what it was that frightened them, sat down on a bank and pulled off his boot. This astonished them very much. They thought he had pulled off a piece of himself, and they crowded around him to see if it was all right. But under his boot he wore a white stocking; and as soon as they saw that they began again:

“‘Ah! That is what we said. Now we know you are *mou*; for you have feet without toes under those things you take off.’

“It was not till he had pulled off the

stockings too, and showed them his feet with five toes on each, that they would listen to him at all, or believe that he was anything else than a spirit."

### TRUTHFULNESS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and, arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in the money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said:

"What a fine large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"That melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, naming it over.

"No there is," said the man: "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "Is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow: always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and with man also. I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday! Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbor. Thus the season passed; the gentleman, finding that he could always get a good article of Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through the various posts of service, he became at length the honored partner in the firm.

### CULTIVATE A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet voice, to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, and at work while at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. Use your best voice at your home.

A missionary in Java, walking through a village, entered several houses, and in every one was an idol. In one he saw an engraving of the French Emperor Napoleon, before which incense was burning, and an old man was bowing and paying it honor and praying for a blessing. When asked why he worshiped a European engraving he replied, "O, we are not particular, we worship anything."

## HONAN.

## LETTER FROM REV. DR. SMITH.

*Dear Children*:—I am quite sure that many of you are anxious to hear about the children of Honan, and to know how your missionaries are getting along among them. Let me tell you of a journey we had and a little of my experience with the children. We left *Lin Ching*, Feb. 21st, and we were absent six weeks. When we came to a town we used to rent two rooms in an inn; one of which was used by Mr. Goforth and his native helper, for preaching, and the other was my dispensary.

We had not to wait for a crowd, for long before I had my medicine unpacked every place from which they could see us, was crowded. The children jostled the older people and generally got to the front. We always made friends with them so long as they behaved properly and did not call out "Foreign Devil." A term which the children, no doubt, learn from their parents, and which many of them think is the proper thing to call foreigners.

I found the children very much like the children in Canada, with one exception, and that is that in Canada the parents for the most part rule the children, while in China the children rule the parents.

A large number of my patients were children from three to twelve years of age and we had quite a few lively scenes over the *castor oil* cup. When coaxing, cross looks, and threatening failed, the plan that mothers in Canada sometimes take, hold the nose until the child has to open the mouth to breath and then pour in the oil was generally successful. It was more difficult, however, with the Chinese children, owing to the smallness and flatness of the Chinese nose.

The saddest part of my work was to turn away bright little boys and girls who were totally blind, without being able to give them any hope. I found in nearly every case that it was through the ignorance and carelessness of the parents during some previous illness. I saw during those few days not less than fifty blind

children. Dear young people how thankful you should be for loving parents who take such care of you and do not, through carelessness, allow such a sad thing to befall you.

Then it is harder to be blind there, than here. It is a hard lot even among us to lose all the pleasure which the blessing of sight brings to us. But in China, where every man has to struggle for an existence, and where love and friendship hold a low place, it is a calamity the meaning of which we cannot realize.

If the blind child is a daughter she is kept until she is old enough to get married. Her feet are carefully bound in order that she may bring a better price, and the bargain is made by the parents, the husband not seeing her face until after the ceremony is over, and not until then does the husband know that he has a blind wife. If he is cruel and feels that he has been deceived, he is sure to lead the poor woman a terrible life.

If the blind one is a man, not being able to provide for himself, much less help provide for his parents, he must be content with what he gets, and the other members of the family look upon him as a burden.

One little boy who was very ill was brought over fifty miles. He was not able to walk, and so a rough bed was made for him on a wheelbarrow, his grandmother, sat beside him and the father wheeled them all the way.

Over and over again patients were brought quite a distance who had to be sent away with the words, "too late." I have thought how many in this dark land can use the same words in reference to our coming, "You have come too late to reach us with the gospel before we die." When will our little band be able to preach this glorious gospel to the millions in North Honan alone, and how very many of the people will have passed away before the gospel will have been preached in one half of the numberless towns and villages.

Our great hope is that we may be able

to reach and influence many of the children, and that they in their turn will become missionaries to others. Pray for us, dear children, and while you pray and work for the children of many climes, do not forget to work and pray for the children of Northern Honan.

Yours sincerely,

J. FRAZER SMITH.

#### A PARABLE WITH A POINT.

A gentleman who had accumulated a vast fortune was suddenly seized with an impulse to help somebody. He employed an agent to select three poor men, who were reported to be worthy, as objects of his generosity. They were invited to call at different hours at the elegant residence of the generous benefactor.

To the first who was introduced he gave the choice of three kinds of business. -- Choosing the grocery trade, the rich man gave him the sum of \$3,000 with which to commence and carry on the enterprise. -- The second preferred the dry goods business, and to him was given \$5,000 to purchase and stock a store. The last selected farming, and he was started with \$10,000. Each made his investment, and for five years every thing went well enough.

After five years' trial the grocer, the dry goods man, and the farmer were still alive; their families had been fed and clothed, and their affairs were in good shape. One morning, toward the close of the fifth year, the agent of the benefactor of these men called upon each in turn, beginning with the one who had received the smallest amount.

"Good morning," said the agent. -- "Five years ago my master gave you \$3,000. He is to-day in need of money to carry on other benevolent enterprises, and has sent me to see how much you will give to help him in his charitable work?"

"I am glad you called on me," replied the grocer, promptly and cheerfully, at the same time handing the agent a five-

dollar bill and saying: "Take this, and call again when your master needs more."

The agent called at the well-filled store of the dry-goods man and stated his object.

The merchant heard the agent and then abruptly hurried away to serve a customer, the net profit of that single trade being, as he gleefully told the agent on his return, about \$3. He then invited the agent into the office, and after making several inquiries concerning the kind of enterprise contemplated, and expressing his idea that "the heathen at home" needed to be taken care of first, handed the agent \$1, saying: "I hope it will all be used."

Calling upon the farmer the agent reminded him of the \$10,000 which he received and stated the needs of his master likewise. The farmer excused himself while he consulted his crop record and his wife, and after looking at the clouds in the sky, and speculating about the dry season, and saying: "I don't expect to see it rain for a month," handed to the agent a quarter of a dollar, remarking as he did so: "Don't expect too much of us hard-working farmers. Twenty-five cents is a good deal off a sheep's back."

How many grocer, merchant, and farmer Christians who believe in and acknowledge a divine Providence, and hold their property and stock at a net valuation of thousands of dollars, yet who dole out their pittance of twenty-five and fifty cents, when they ought to be turning into the Lord's treasury for benevolent and missionary work not less than five or ten, or even twenty dollars a year!

It is neither charity nor benevolence to pay preachers who preach to us or to build churches in which to worship. That kind of giving is all for ourselves. That only is benevolence which blesses others without any hope of return.

In diving for pleasures, we often bring up more gravel than pearls.

**Our Sabbath School Lessons.**

**July 6.**

**Luke 13: 10-17.**

**Lawful Work on the Sabbath.**

**Memory vs. 15-17.**

**GOLDEN TEXT**—Matt. 12: 12

Catechism Q. 81.

**Introductory.**

Give the title of this lesson? Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

**I. The Woman's Cure.** vs. 10-13.

What was Jesus doing on the Sabbath?  
Who was in the synagogue?  
What did Jesus do when he saw the woman?  
What outward act did he employ?  
What was the result?  
What did the woman do?

**II. The Ruler's Anger.** v. 14.

What did the ruler of the synagogue say to this?  
At what was he offended?  
Which is the fourth commandment?  
How is the Sabbath to be sanctified?

**III. The Master's Rebuke.** vs. 15-17.

How did the Master rebuke his opposers?  
What was the proper principle in both cases?  
What effect had this reply on his adversaries?  
On the people?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That Jesus will bless those who wait upon the Lord in the services of his house.
2. That he is both able and willing to deliver those whom Satan has bound in the fetters of sin.
3. That he often gives help to the needy in the sanctuary.
4. That hatred of Jesus is sometimes hypocritically cloaked under al or right.

**July 13.**

**Luke 14: 15-24.**

**The Great Supper.**

**Memory vs. 21, 22.**

Golden Text.—Luke 14 15.

Catechism Q. 84.

**Introductory.**

Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

What was the subject of the last lesson?  
Give an outline of the intermediate events.

**I. The Feast Prepared.** vs. 15-17.

With whom did Jesus dine?  
What did one of the guests say to Jesus?  
What parable did Jesus then speak?  
Who is represented by a certain man?  
What by a great supper?  
By bade many?  
What did he do at supper-time?  
What is represented by the supper-time?  
By the servant sent?  
By the message?

**II. The Feast Despised.** vs. 18-20.

How was the message received?  
What did the first say?  
What excuse did the second make?  
What was the excuse of the third?  
What excuses like these do men now make for neglecting the gospel?

**III. The Feast Honored.** vs. 21-25.

What did the servant do?  
What effect had this report upon the master of the house?  
What did he command?  
What was now the report of the servant?  
What did the Lord then command the servant?  
Who are meant by those in the highways and hedges?  
What is said of those who were bidden?  
What conduct of men will cause their condemnation? Heb. 2: 2.

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That God has made full provision for the salvation of all.
2. That all are invited to come and partake freely of this provision.
3. That many make false and frivolous excuses for neglecting it.
4. That if we neglect or reject the invitation we cannot be saved.

**July 20.** **Luke 14: 25-35.**

Taking up the Cross..

**Memory vs. 27-30.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—LUKE 14: 27.

Catechism Q. 85.

**Introductory.**

- What was the subject of the last lesson?  
 What is the connection between the last lesson and this?  
 Title of this lesson! Golden Text?

**I. Bearing The Cross.** vs. 27.

- Who went with Jesus?  
 What did he say to them?  
 What is here meant by hate?  
 What is it to be a disciple of Christ?  
 What other rule is here given?  
 Meaning of bear his cross?

**II. Counting the Cost.** vs. 28, 31.

- How does Jesus illustrate this truth?  
 What does one do who intends to build a tower?  
 Why does he carefully count the cost of doing it?  
 What other illustration does Jesus give of the same truth?  
 What may be the consequence of neglecting such consideration?  
 What do you learn from these illustrations?

**III. Preserving the Savor.** vs. 34, 35.

- What great truth does Jesus infer from all this?  
 Meaning of forsaketh not all?  
 How is true Christian character here represented?  
 How is false profession represented?

- Meaning of lost its savor?  
 What if salt have lost its savor?  
 What if Christians have lost its savor?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That we must love Christ supremely more than any earthly friend or relation.
2. That we must be willing to deny ourselves and give up all things, even life itself, for His sake.
3. That without this suffering spirit we cannot be his disciples.
4. That in deciding to follow Christ as his disciples we must fully count the cost of self-sacrifice required, and be willing to count all things loss for his sake.

**July 27.** **Luke 15. 1-10**

Lost and Found.

**Memory vs. 4, 7.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—LUKE 15: 15

Catechism Q. 86.

**Introductory.**

- What was the subject of the last lesson?  
 What conditions of discipleship did Jesus give?  
 Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

**I. The Lost Sheep.** vs. 1-7

- Who came to hear Jesus?  
 What complaint was made against him?  
 What parable did he speak?  
 Repeat it.  
 What does the shepherd do for the lost sheep?  
 How long does he continue the search?  
 What does he do when he finds it?  
 How does he express his joy on reaching home?  
 How did our Lord apply the parable?  
 Who is our Shepherd?  
 How does Christ seek the sinner?  
 Meaning of just persons which need no repentance?  
 What is repentance?

**II. The Lost Coin.** vs. 8-10.

What is the second parable?

What are the different steps in the search for the lost coin?

What followed the finding of the coin?

What joy is compared to that of the woman?

Who rejoice in the repentance of the sinner?

What is said in Ezek. 33: 11?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That we, as sinners, are in a lost condition.

2. That Christ came into the world to seek and to save the lost.

3. That he does not wait for the lost one to return, but himself goes forth to seek him.

4. That Christ himself rejoices, and there is joy in heaven.

5. That we should rejoice in the saving of the sinner, and should seek to save the lost.

**MOTHERLESS BOYS.**

Our beloved country is noteworthy for the number of its public institutions for the benefit of helpless and suffering humanity, but there is a private heart-charity which every "home-maker" has the power to bestow—this is the influence which she may exert in behalf of motherless boys.

It is a well known fact that if a father dies, however poor the mother may be, she generally manages to keep her little flock together, scuffling hard, perhaps, but scuffling together. The mother's influence is around them; her prayers shield them; her example inspires them; they soon develop into her sturdy little protectors and life begins to brighten for them. But when a mother is taken, the child loses his best earthly friend. One child goes off to school, another to some wealthy relative, another to strike out for himself into the busy world, but half equipped for the battle of life, beset by dangers and temptations on every side.

He makes his way to a large city. Some old friend of his father's procures him temporary employment. The pitiful sum which it is customary to pay for very hard work and plenty of it, is barely sufficient to pay his board in some third-rate boarding house.

The persons who keep houses are generally matter-of-fact, hard-working people, who struggle too hard for their own daily bread to waste any time in thinking of their inmates in any other light than as so many beings with fearful appetites, whom they must try to fill with such materials as are "very fillin' at the price." Consequently there is no real home-life for our boy. He toils hard during the day, and comes home very tired, needing recreation as well as rest, and where will he find it? It is true there are Christian Associations where good books, warm, bright room, cheerful and healthful games are provided for just such cases, but the boy who has loved his dead mother, wants to see a friendly, womanly face now and then, to feel the clasp of her motherly hand, as her gentle voice asks "Is it well with you, my boy?"

When we think of all the loving care which we lavish upon our dear ones, how we shield them from every rough wind, how we study their every look and gesture to see the effect of each day's outer life upon their plastic characters, can we not widen our circle and take in some motherless boy, giving him at least bright cheery evenings which will warm his heart and give him strength to face the hardship and temptations which are his inevitable lot? It is something to comfort a sad heart; to make an oasis in the desert of life to which the weary traveller may turn and be refreshed. Having made one, it is so easy to make another, and thus he will find them dotted all along his journey, just far enough apart so that the pleasure of the last may be swallowed up in the anticipated joy of the next. But above all we may unwittingly drop a good seed now and then.—*Sarah A. Peppie in Home Maker.*



### A SCHOOL GIRL'S CONFESSION.

You will be almost tired of hearing about everyday "trifles," I am afraid, but I do want to repeat one more anecdote in that line. Here is a little confession taken from the lips of a school-girl, and set down in her own words:

"I've begun to find such little mean streaks in myself that I'm quite frightened. Guess what I was tempted to do the other day! I was washing the dishes for mamma, and when I got to the tins and kettles I was discouraged, they looked so greasy and black, and I've always been a little vain of my hands.

"I'm going to Kitty Merrill's party to-night, and I want to keep my hands nice for that. I'll leave this for mamma; it won't make any difference with her hands, because she can't keep them nice, anyway."

"Then something seemed to say to me: 'Oh, you coward! oh, you sneak! To be willing to have whiter hands than your mother! Aren't you ashamed?'"

"I was ashamed, and I washed the kettles pretty humbly, I can tell you. I felt as if they weren't half as black as I.— Since then I've watched all my thoughts, for fear I shall grow so wicked mamma won't know me. I've learned pretty thoroughly what the minister means when he talks about "the little foxes that spoil the grapes of a fine character."

### RELIGIOUS TEACHERS IN INDIA.

We were in a mission boat on the river and a Mohammedan was passing in a little canoe, and a Hindu was following in another.

"Who is in that boat?" asked the Mohammedan, as he tossed his head toward us.

"The Christians' 'guru,'" replied the Hindu. "He comes to give them instruction out of the Christian Shastres."

"Then does he receive presents? Do they pay him?" inquired the Mohammedan. He remembered how every visit of

his moulvie cost him the choicest of his fruit, as well as the money he could ill manage to spare. And he knew that all Hindus gave as freely to their gurus whenever they liked to call on them. In bitterness I have often heard them call such "Money gurus," instead of "Religious teachers."

"No, indeed!" answered the Hindu. "It is just the opposite. He often helps them. If they are in trouble he is ever ready. They give him nothing."

"This is not at all like a guru!" the man exclaimed. And as they paddled along the two men thought over the matter, and found there was a great difference between the missionary and the native religious teachers. But there is a greater difference still in the messages we have to deliver. Ours is from above and divine; theirs is from beneath and human. We tell of the true and living God; they preach to deaf and dumb idols.—*Spurgeon Report.*

### A CHINESE FUNERAL.

Among the strangest customs of foreign nations are those connected with the burial of the dead. What a terrible thing death is to those who have not heard the words: "He that liveth and believeth on me shall never die!"

A little Chinese girl was buried in Evergreen Cemetery, in New York, the other day, in a way that would seem very odd to an American child. Red candles, which emitted a disagreeable odor, were burned in the house, and at the grave a fire was kindled to burn all the girl's clothes. Into this the relatives kept throwing a white powder, which burned with a bluish light. The Chinese believe that Satan has a fashion of racing to the grave and seizing the body as soon as it arrives, so on the way there the friends keep tossing bits of paper out of the carriage window, which Satan is supposed to pick up and read, thus allowing the procession to reach the cemetery first.—*Selected.*