



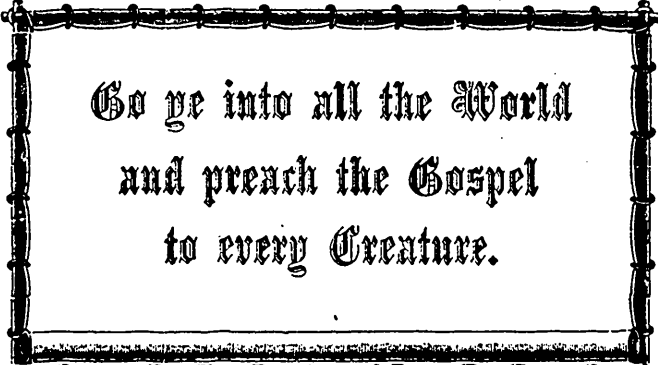
THE

CHILDREN'S


—

RECORD




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



Vol. 4 November, 1889. No. 11.



The Children's Record.

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REV. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia

TWO SAD THINGS.

I have to tell the young people from
our mission field.

One is that the little daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Goforth, of the Honan Mission,
died on the fourteenth of July, aged eleven
and a half months. You know how much
of brightness the baby adds to our homes,
and some of you know how lonely the
house seems when the cradle is emptied
and the glad baby voice is stilled. But
how lonely must these parents be when
this baby was the only child.

The other is, that the wife of Rev. W.
Macrae, one of our missionaries in Trini-
dad, died on the eighth of September,
leaving her husband and a little child
about two years old to mourn their loss.
In the one case the mother loses her child,
in the other, the child loses its mother; but
yet neither are lost, but gone before, and
mother and child, and, child and mother,
shall meet again to part no more.

Pray for the sorrowing ones that, in
their sorrow and loneliness, strangers in a
strange land, they may find that

"God is our refuge and our strength,
"In straits a present aid."

NARAYAN'S WIFE, OR, CRUELTY IN INDIA.

Mr. Wilkie tells the following touching
story about Narayan one of our native
preachers in India and his wife:

When Narayan became a christian a few
years ago, his people looked upon him as
dead, and treated his wife as a widow.

They gave her only a very little coarse
food and clothing, made her work very
hard and sometimes beat her cruelly.
When Narayan wrote to them inquiring
about her they wrote to him that she was
dead and that he must never again come
home, as they would in no way have any
thing to do with one who had brought
such disgrace upon them as to become a
christian. For five years Narayan believ-
ed her dead and mourned for her for he
loved her dearly.

Then through some of his friends he
heard something that made him think she
was alive. He returned to his native city
and found that she was really alive, but
his parents and friends were determined
that she should remain dead to him and
would not allow him to see her. He was
not even allowed to go near his old home.
After a great deal of trouble he succeeded
in getting an order from an English magis-
trate that she should be brought into court,
and asked whether she would go with
Narayan or stay with her people. She
rushed to him and Narayan returned in tri-
umph to Indore the city in which is the
head-quarters of our mission in India.

But five years of cruel treatment had
done its fatal work on poor Chanoo. The
cruelties practised upon her were so great
that she could not recover. Slowly she
sank, and at length passed away; but not
before she had found the same Saviour
that was so dear to her husband.

Such are the cruelties of heathenism,
and as Narayan preaches to his fellow-
countrymen that gospel that alone can
soften their hard hearts, will you not pray
for him that his work may be blessed.

WHAT IS THE TONGUE FOR.

"Since God made the tongue, and he
never makes anything in vain, we may be
sure he made it for some good purpose.
What is it, then?" asked a teacher one
day of his class.

"He made it that we may pray with
it," answered one boy.



MR. GOFORTH AT A CHINESE FAIR.

Come, boys and girls, let me introduce you to Mr. Goforth, our Missionary to Honan, whose face, through the kindness of the *Presbyterian Review*, you are now looking at, and who in a letter that was printed in the same paper, tells about a visit to a Chinese fair.

Would not our young people like to be with him for an hour or two, to see the strange looking people, with their curious dress, and rickety shoes, and long queues or pig tails, and listen to their strange language? We cannot very well get there just now, but we will listen to him as he tells about his visit to the fair. He says:—

“I suppose my young friends would like to hear about my visit to a Chinese fair last Saturday. I went in company with two Chinese preachers, a Chinese doctor and an old Chinese teacher,

I rode on a mule; one of the teachers had a horse, while the other three rode on donkeys.

It did not take long to trot over to the Town of the Four Virgins, for this is the name of the town at which the fair is held. Passing through the streets we see crowds as at home. The only differ-

ence was, here all is curious because all is Chinese. To see it you would wonder at it just as a Chinaman would wonder if he passed through London at a Western Fair time.

The Chinese do not believe in the same kind of a fair that we do. They bring their very best not to take prizes, but to sell. The animals stand around all fat and sleek, waiting a buyer. All other things are on display with the same end in view.

The price of everything throughout the country is regulated by the selling rates at the fairs. Suppose you want to buy from a farmer a donkey, a bag of sweet potatoes, a chicken, or a bunch of onions. If he has been at the fair and knows the prices there, he will sell, but if not he won't sell, even if you offer more than he could possibly get at the fair. So you see, these fairs are very important in China. Anything that is sold in China can be bought at a fair, not in the regular stores, but in stores made of matting erected specially for the fair time.

At this one a part in the town was chosen where two roads cross each other. On either side of the road these tent like stores, were put up and joined at the roof, so that the street was fully covered in. I bought a pair of shoes at one shop.

Of course the Chinese friends who accompanied me to the fair were along. We sat down on a bench before the counter.

It is in Chinese custom to give the customer a cup of tea, so at once a cup of tea was poured out for each of us. The shoes were tried on, Chinese shoes, not foreign shoes. Then we drank our tea; another cup was poured out all round. The crowd jammed the roadway to stare at the odd looking foreigner, for we are odd in Chinese eyes. After chatting a little while, we drank the second cup of tea, no milk or sugar. One thing which would astonish you is the number of shops that sell nothing but fans. China is a hot country, and though all go bareheaded in Summer everyone has a fan. It was a

real treat for me to see all the strange things manufactured by Chinamen.

But you must not think that I went to see the fair only. My real object was to go with the Chinese preachers and find out how they preached the Gospel to the crowds. We took our stand in an open place. We had a table and a bench. On the table we kept the book we had for sale. It wasn't hard to bring a crowd together; I was enough to draw. Most likely it was rather to see me than hear the Gospel that they came together. However they heard the Gospel story.

One of the preachers was a Buddhist priest before his conversion, so he knows all about that sect; besides he is gifted with a very strong voice and an off-hand manner of address, both of the first importance in speaking to a crowd in the open air. I counted several Buddhist priests among the listeners. Pointing to one of them standing near he said.

"LOOK AT MY BUDDHIST BROTHER THERE."

All eyes were at once fixed on the Buddhist to his evident discomfort. "He represents a foreign religion. Buddhism came from India and you have accepted it, but it is only a man-made religion. It is false and cannot save you." Then turning the attention from the priest to me he said,

"HERE IS THE MISSIONARY."

He is a foreigner as you may see. He comes to tell us of the true God and Saviour. He does not come to give us a foreign religion. It is the only true religion. It is for the world, and so belongs as much to the Chinese as to other peoples. Now we haven't time to tell you all about this salvation, neither have you time to stay and hear all. But here are the books of our religion, buy them and read for yourselves."

The people listened well. There was no disturbance, though we stayed among the crowd two hours preaching and selling books. I must tell you I don't yet attempt to talk before a crowd like this, but I teach a class of heathen men twice

every Sabbath. It takes a long, long time to speak and read Chinese correctly. But I enjoy telling these poor heathen of our Saviour, and though I cannot speak so very well yet, I believe God will use what I say to lead these poor souls to Jesus.

Fermosa.

LETTER FROM DR. MACKAY.

Tamsui, Aug. 17th 1889.

MR. SCOTT,

My Dear Friend,

We have meetings every night in Oxford College here, several preachers and students speak in turn standing on the platform.

Their wives and daughters who are in charge of Mrs. MacKay in the girls' school recite the lessons of the day on their seats, and the copy books of all I examine before the close. Last night however we had

A CHILDREN'S GATHERING

of twenty-four in number, seventy-five being absent on account of malarial fever. Twenty-three preachers and students, besides twenty-one who are either wives or daughters sat in the hall. The children sat in front and ranged from four to fourteen years of age. Fourteen were boys, and ten were girls.

Our own Georgie William who is seven years old spoke first on The good Samaritan: also on Christ blessing little children; then sang "Jesus loves me," joined by all the rest. Bella Caty sang "For ever with the Lord." And Mary Helen a hymn on *faith* in Father, Son, and Holy Spirit

The *Tel-Chham* preachers eldest boy, ten years of age, told of the elders, deacons, converts and school there, and his brother eight years, sang a hymn on *creation*. It is the first in our collection. Their little sister sang a few verses. The eldest son of the *Ang-Ming-Kating* preacher, ten years of age, gave an account of concerts there. His brother eight years old led in singing a hymn.

A girl of nine years sang. "I to the

hills etc." Another twelve years old, spoke on "The ten Virgins," and another on the "Mustard seed." A boy referred to Matt. 5 : 3, and another to Matt. 6 : 6.

Three boys went over portions of the Chinese classics. Rev Siam Chkeng's little boy read in Chinese characters a small Ho's Primer containing Bible truth, and Rev. Tan He's boy, twelve years old, spoke on "The Pharisee and the Publican." A number repeated the Lord's prayer, then all sang "All people that on earth do dwell," after which I addressed them on I Sam. 2 : 18. "But Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod." "Moreover his mother made him a little coat." Then we all arose and sang "Forever with the Lord," and closed a refreshing, sweet, and glorious meeting.

Ever Yours Sincerely

G. S. MACKAY.

India.

LETTER FROM REV. J. FRASER CAMPBELL.

For the Children's Record.

Rutlam, Aug. 22, 1889.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I am tired, and it is Saturday night; but I think I must tell you about a dear little girl, nearly nine years of age, who has just died a fearful yet a blessed death.

In May it is very hot in this country, so hot that even at night the people often find it hard till the cool of the morning to get the sleep their weary bodies need so much. The table land we live on is more favored with cool nights than most other parts of India; but even here the nights are often tryingly hot and the past hot season was exceptionally so.

Some have *putahs* swinging over them all night, which are long fans hanging from the walls or ceiling; some sleep outside and some inside, but with every door and window open. It is well to have bars or wire netting or something to close

these against animals or thieves, but many have nothing of the sort—only a watchman.

One night, or very early one morning, last May, little Janie Drew, step-sister of the Misses Stockbridge, who are doing so good a work in connection with our missions in Mhow, was lying asleep with her hand hanging over the side of the bed when a mad dog entered the open door and began biting the poor little hand. Apparently the other hand went instantly to its aid, and was in its turn seized and bitten. The child's screams aroused the whole family, who rushed to her side; the dog went into the bath-room, where it was quickly shut up till Mr. Drew shot it.

Poor little Janie! Every effort was made to save her from the dreadful death which is apt to result from such a bite, and with so much success apparently, that after a time hope grew strong that she would escape; although the intense anxiety of her parents and sisters was not wholly allayed.

On Sabbath evening (28th July) bad symptoms appeared, and on Monday morning she was much worse. Mr. McKelvie telegraphed for Dr. Buchanan, who hurried up, and with the local medical aid called in, did what he could, and doubtless her sufferings were thus lessened. Returning from Rutlam in the afternoon, I went up by next train, and hope contended with fear for hours, during which she sometimes got almost entire relief. But towards midnight a fearful time began, when we all saw that the end was at hand; and indeed our prayers were not so much for her recovery as that the Lord would grant her relief and speedily take her to himself.

So He did; she was not nearly so bad as cases I have read and heard of. And though there was intense excitement and occasional delusion, on the whole she was quite conscious, and through that awful time, to a degree that astonished me and made me praise and thank God, she was under the controlling influence of

the thoughts of God and heaven which had evidently taken so strong a hold of her heart when she was well.

Her mother had told me of her talks with her, of her expressed determination to live for Christ, of her unhappiness when she had done wrong, and her rejoicing when, having confessed her sin, and sought forgiveness through Christ, she could hardly keep still but wanted to dance about in her happiness.

And now when passing through the wild billows of nervous excitement produced by her disease, parched with thirst yet unable to swallow one sip of water, pained and wearied yet unable to keep still, tossing and flinging herself violently about, crying and screaming and sobbing in spite of her efforts to be quiet—momentary relief would be afforded her by a prayer or a verse of one of the hymns she would ask for, or some words about Christ and heaven. "Pray, pray," she would cry. One after another of us she would call on to pray, and one after another she would ask to be prayed for—herself, the members of the family, friends present and absent, a native Christian who had been guilty of lying, etc., that God would change his heart and make him a good man; and again her cry would be, in the true missionary, nay Christian spirit, to pray for all the people in the world.

She was a very affectionate child, full of life and energy, and shrank from separation from her dear ones. For a time she prayed and hoped that she might perhaps be "well in the morning", and that they might again be a "united happy family". She would have liked to remain with them or that they could go along with her. But as that could not be the next thing was that they should follow after and meet her in heaven. She was not indeed without a shadow of fear regarding herself. The awful possibility of the other alternative more than once disturbed her, but loving lips reminded her of words of Jesus and of her interest in him, and thus reassured her.

At length the tumult of the nervous

system ceased, the tempest had spent its strength, and as after a great storm you have heard the winds and waves gradually sob and sigh themselves to sleep, so the little sufferer threw herself partly on her face, and sobbed and sighed her life away. The last choking utterances I remember hearing were of heaven and her loved ones meeting her there. The breathing grew regular, and then it ceased—she fell asleep in Jesus.

Dear children, you would shrink with well-founded dread and horror from a death so distressing. And may no one of you suffer it! Yet, what great matter is it whether we cross the ferry in a storm or in a calm? The great thing is whether we are being taken across as condemned criminals for punishment, or to the loving welcomes of a delightful home.

I want to ask yourselves, every one, in which condition you would be if you were now to be taken. Remember there is no middle position. You know what is said about that in John 3: 18, and 36 do you not?

Please look at those verses, when you are alone with God. And then press home to yourself the question, and if the answer is not satisfactory do not cowardly shut your eyes to it, but face it. And accepting the loving Saviour's invitation (See Matt. II: 28-30.) COME TO HIM and rejoice in His assurance "HIM THAT COMETH TO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT." Then you can answer the question happily, and live for Him for three score and ten years, if this be His will, and then go gladly to Him when he calls.

Yours affectionately.

J. FRASER CAMPBELL,

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKADDAR.

TICARIGUA, TRINIDAD.

Aug. 22, 1889.

DEAR CHILDREN.

We often see strange sights, and hear strange sounds in our village. Sometimes

the people get drunk or angry, and commence fighting, then bad words come, and often blows, sometimes wounds will be given, then a policeman comes, and the bad people are sent to jail. Let me tell you about a donkey drive some of our young people took.

Annie Mewa is lame, she cannot walk far, and for even a very short distance she has to use a stick. She and Jimmie got on the cart, and away the owner of the donkey drove. They were afraid, held on to each other, and held on to the driver as well. People were amused at girls being such cowards. Well they saw some very sad sights during that short drive.

A poor man came on the street, his fingers and toes were gone, a dreadful disease called leprosy attacked the man, no doctor, no medicine can help him, he will get worse and worse till he dies. Do you remember how Jesus cured the leper? Here we see the same disease so often spoken about in the Bible. Two miles from Port-of-Spain, there is a large asylum. Many poor people are there, some kind ladies take care of them for years, not afraid of the dreadful sickness, not afraid to see most painful sights, as the disease goes on.

Well the next they met was a poor old Chinaman with only one leg and a woman without a nose. Poor Annie was sorry for the sad sights she met, and let her staff fall, a coolie man saw the stick took it up and was going away with it, when Annie saw him and made him return the stick.

They were glad to get into the house, and not see any more such things of that kind.

We have a tank for holding water, we always forbid any of the small girls from going near it. Well, a little girl did not do as she was told, but went for water, and fell in. I came in the house and heard a trembling voice say "I am here." Hearing the voice from the tank I ran as fast as I could. The water came up to her neck. I could not pull her out, so ran and call-

ed some boys: They pulled her out, and she never wanted to fall into the tank again.

Last week we gave some of the nice clothes made at home, to the coolie children. Do you know some come to school without any clothes on? Others have rags, and some are always neat and clean. They were so pleased to get the clothes.

Yesterday morning we heard a strange sound, and we saw a big centipede crawling up the wall, we got a stick, but he ran so fast we could not catch him. One morning one of the girls moved a box and a scorpion bit her, we put on some onion, and soon the pain was taken away.

Last night I was taking a bath in one of our rooms, I heard a noise and there was a big black snake, going out from under a step near. I got the broom, but Mr. snake got off, crawled up a tree near, and I suppose laughed at the fright he gave us.

We have a great many children at school now, and yet there are thousands growing up in sin and ignorance. Their friends will not allow them to attend school, because they fear they will become christians.

Sometimes we get discouraged, and think what is the use of trying, but we often meet with encouragement.

Some time past a coolie man was ill in the hospital in Port-of-Spain, a gentleman spoke to him, and found he could read a little, the coolie understood a great deal of the plan of salvation. "Where did you learn of God and Christ?" "At the estate where Mr. and Mrs. Morton go to see and speak to the people." Now the people of this estate have always seemed so hard and wicked, we can hardly get out any children to school from that place, yet here was a man who had listened and learned. When the man was told he could not recover, he answered, "I am not afraid, I trust to Jesus, he will take away all my sins," and then calmly died. We find that God's word never returns void, so our faith is increased, and we will go on not fearing. We would be glad to

get letters from some of you children, and then some of ours, will send you an answer.

Your Friend,

ANNIE L. M. BLACKADDER.

A BOY WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All the day they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hid away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped a night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen, and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy. "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened; some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed; but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and

giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle," said another. But when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still. The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.—*Sel.*

GOOD SERMONS FOR CHILDREN

Most boys and girls do not like sermons; they say they are too long for their highness. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over, and must not be read too hastily. A Swedish boy fell out of the window and was badly hurt; but with clinched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did for the man became the famous General Baur. A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian. An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo. A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it, he said to himself, "Now, this

will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Richter, the great German philosopher. Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil that make man or woman good or not. — *Early Dev.*

SMOKING BOYS.

Science gives the following significant facts concerning the results of smoking by boys:

"In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society, and of average health, who had been using tobacco for a period ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough, and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months' time one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year."

The prevalent juvenile smoking is one of the greatest evils of our time. It is of such magnitude, and is so much on the increase, that it should awaken solicitude and vigilant opposition on the part of all good men and women.

FAITHFULNESS.

Ralph Warner and Joe Curtis were next-door neighbors. The doors were not very near, for both lived on farms, and the two houses were the eighth of a mile apart. The farm on which Ralph lived was a large and rich one, but Ralph was not rich. He was only a poor orphan boy, who worked for Mr. Harris, the owner of the farm. Joe Curtis was an orphan, too. The farm on which he

worked was owned by Mrs. Douglas, a widow. It was a small one, so small that sometimes this boy was all the help she had.

One night Ralph asked Mr. Harris if he might go to the river with Joe.

'Have you done all the chores?' asked the farmer.

'Yes, sir.'

Now Mr. Harris knew if Ralph said so, it was so, and he granted his request at once.

Ralph found Joe bringing in the wood for the next morning.

'Joe,' he said, 'will you ask Mrs. Douglas if you can go the river with me?'

Joe gave a ready assent. He assured Mrs. Douglas that the chores were all done, and received her permission to go with Ralph.

Knowing something of Joe's habits Ralph said, just as they reached the gate, 'Are you sure the chores are all done?'

'Yes, I believe so,' was Joe's careless answer.

'The barn doors are open. Doesn't Mrs. Douglas expect you to shut them at night?'

'It don't make a bit of difference, and she won't see them, for they are out of sight from the house.'

'I should shut them, if I were in your place,' said Ralph, and the barn reminding him of eggs, he asked, 'Have you brought in the eggs to-day?'

'No, I forgot to look. But the hens don't lay every day, so Mrs. Douglas won't think anything about it.'

'Let's see if we can find any before we go to the river,' said Ralph, 'I like to hunt for eggs.'

They went, and soon found several. Ralph, not satisfied with this continued to look around, and soon discovered a nest with ten eggs, of which Joe had no knowledge.

'Only think! we have found sixteen,' said Ralph, exultingly, after counting them. 'Worth looking for, I am sure.'

Two years passed, and each of the boys went on his way; Joe neglecting his du-

ties with little or no compunction, if he felt sure his unfaithfulness would not be discovered, and Ralph performing every duty carefully; and yet during this time, the difference between the two boys seemed of little account. Ralph seldom got even a word of approbation from Mr. Harris, and Joe usually contrived to escape censure.

At the end of the two years Mr. Harris received a visit from an old friend, who was a very busy man at home, and it was a great treat to him to spend a whole week in a quiet country farmhouse. He was a close observer, and one thing which did not escape his notice was the faithfulness with which Ralph did all his tasks. He spoke of it to Mr. Harris.

'Yes, Ralph is a pretty good boy,' said Mr. Harris, rather carelessly, as if it were a matter of course.

'I wonder if you know how few boys there are as faithful as he is?' was his friend's reply.

'I want a good, honest, faithful boy,' said a friend to this gentleman about two weeks after his return home. 'Did you chance to find such an article while you were in the country?'

The gentleman's thoughts turned at once to Ralph, and he answered, 'I did see such a boy. I never saw one more faithful and trustworthy. And then he told him all about Ralph.'

'Do you think I could get him?'

'Very likely you could if you try.'

He did try, and the result was that Ralph found an excellent situation, which proved to be the first stepping-stone to a successful career in the business world.

It has often been said that the rogue or wrong doer is sure to be found out at last; but it is just as true that the faithful industrious boy is sure to be found out in the long run. He may think that no one observes him, but people around him have eyes, and by and by there will be a place where such a boy is wanted, and some one who has been silently watching him will bring the place and boy together.

Congregationalist.

SHINING FOR JESUS.

Are you shining for Jesus dear one?

You have given your heart to him;

But is the light strong within it,

Or is it but pale and dim?

Can everybody see it,

That Jesus is all to you?

That your love to him is burning

With radiance warm and true!

Is the seal upon your forehead,

So that it must be known

That you are "all for Jesus,"

That your heart is all his own?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,

So that the holy light

May enter the hearts of others,

And make them glad and bright?

Have you spoken a word for Jesus,

And told to some around,

Who do not care about him,

What a Saviour you have found?

Have you lighted the lamp for others

That has guided your own glad feet?

Have you echoed the loving message,

That seemed to you so sweet?

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,

Not for yourself at all?

Not because dear ones, watching,

Would grieve if your lamp should fall?

Shining because you are walking

In the Sun's unclouded rays,

And you cannot help reflecting

The light on which you gaze!

Shining because it shineth

So warm and bright above,

That you must let out the gladness,

And you must show forth the love?

Then rise and "watching daily,"

Ask him your lamp to trim

With the fresh oil He giveth,

That it may not burn dim.

Yes, rise and shine for Jesus!

Be brave, and bright and true

To the true and loving Saviour

Who gave himself for you.

Oh, shine for Jesus, dear one,

And henceforth be your way

Bright with the light that shineth

Unto the perfect day; — F. R. H.

THE FRIGHTENED TIGER.

There are so many tigers in India that the people are always in fear of them. They call them "man-eaters." Sometimes when a tiger is very hungry he will come boldly into the house and carry off a child or helpless person. The soldiers of the British army and other men who are traveling in India organize "tiger hunts." They ride on elephants and kill the tiger with guns and spears.

A story is told of a certain soldier who was walking out alone where he supposed he was safe. He had neither gun nor sword with him. Suddenly a wicked "man-eater" sprang out of the deep jungle-grass, and expected to make a fine feast of his red-coated enemy.

The soldiers had read that all wild animals are afraid of strange noises, so he lifted his bear skin hat off, and putting it over his face roared into it with all his might. The tiger backed off and listened. The soldier peered over his hat and roared lustily into it again. He had to stand there roaring for sometime before help came.—*Sel.*

JACK'S TEXT BOOK.

"He is the decentest little chap I've ever seen," said Mrs. Ray who kept the Sailor's Boarding-house. "As quiet and mannerly as a grown man, while most of the other boys keep up such a fussing that I'm clear worn out."

Jack, the little sailor, had been staying for a short time at her house before sailing on his second long voyage.

"I'll pack your box for you, my boy," said the kind-hearted woman when he was going. "I'd like to help such a well-behaved boy as you."

"Ah," said she, as she lifted the cover of the trunk, "is this yours?"

She held up a Bible in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack: "my mother gave it to me, and I promised to read it. She said it would always tell me the right thing to do."

"H'm," said Mrs. Ray: "was it this

that taught you to bear it when Jim Pond abused you, and tried to quarrel with you?"

"Yes, ma'am; it tells me that a soft answer turns away wrath."

Mrs. Ray silently went on with her packing. She had thought little of the Bible, and knew as little of what its pages contained. But the thoughtful face, good manners, and kindly disposition of the little sailor had drawn her attention.

"If it's the book that makes him so different from the others, it must be a book worth looking into," she said to herself.

"Keep it up, Jack," she said, as she wished him good-bye; "and I'm going to try it myself. If it's good for boys, it must be good for old folks too."

Jack had never thought of being an example; but he surely must have felt glad and thankful in having led any one to read the pages which point the way to eternal life.

BUT TWELVE HOURS LONG.

The great Indian Rajah Montja, it is said, had but one son, to whose education he gave much time and thought, in order that the boy might be fitted for his high place. Among his devices for the wise training of his son was the placing near him an old man whose duty it was to say to the prince, whenever he was enjoying any pleasure keenly, "The day hath but twelve hours."

When the lad, on the other hand, was sick or in trouble, he changed the warning to, "The night is but twelve hours long."

The poor lad struggling through college in a crowd of wealthy classmates, fancies the mortifications and humiliations which he endures will last as long as life itself. He forgets how swiftly in this country social condition changes. In twenty years not a man in his class probably will stand where he does to-day. Each man will have found his place for himself. There are among our readers, too, many plain, unattractive girls who find themselves neglected while their prettier companions

are admired and courted. Their suffering is not a thing to smile at; it is real and sharp. They are at the age to which beauty and grace are fitting, and they have neither wisdom nor experience to bear disappointment coolly.

But they should remember that there are other and more potent charms than pink cheeks and bright eyes which will tell in the long run.

The night, however dark, is but twelve hours long; with each morning come fresh chances and possibilities for all of us. — *Youth's Companion*.

LEARNING IN YOUTH.

Daniel Webster once told a good story in a speech, and was asked where he got it. "I had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never had a chance to use it until to-day," he said.

My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the 'rule of three', or to commit a verse of the Bible. The answer is this: "Sometime you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place; but it will be just in place some time. Then, if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when he met the bear."

"Twenty-five years ago my teacher made me study surveying," said a man who had lately lost his property, "and now I am glad of it. It is just in place. I can get a good situation and high salary." The Bible is better than that. It will be in place as long as we live. — *Christian at Work*.

STRONG IN GOD.

"The other day," says Dr. Norman McLeod, "I was requested by a brother minister, who was unwell, to go and visit a dying child. He told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who during three years' sickness, had manifested the most patient submission to the will of God with a singular enlightenment of the Spirit. I went to visit him

The child had suffered excruciating pain; for years he had not known one day's rest I gazed with wonder at the boy. After drawing near to him and speaking some words of sympathy, he looked at me with his blue eyes—he could not move, it was the night before he died—and breathed into my ear these few words, "I am strong in him."

"The words were few and uttered feebly; they were the words of a feeble child in a poor home, where the only ornament was that of a meek and quiet and affectionate mother; but these words seemed to lift the burden from the very heart; they seemed to make the world more beautiful than ever it was before; they brought to my heart a great and blessed truth. May all of us be strong in him." — *Life of Dr. Norman McLeod*.

A GOOD REPLY.

A good reply was made at a children's mission meeting one evening. Said the speaker to the boys:

"There's a time and a place to play, but the time and the place is neither now nor here. Say, boys, a kite is a good thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied a bright little fellow, "but it is not worth much when it breaks loose."

"Stop right there," said the speaker. "I want to ask you a question: How much is a boy worth when he breaks loose?"

The boys understood at once; there was unanimous consent that a boy is not worth much either. The speaker had compelled the boys to testify against the habit of breaking loose, from parental restraint, from the teachers' authority, from the loving rule of Christ.

Sabbath is now generally observed in Japan as a day of rest. The movement began with the closing of the government establishments on Sabbath.

The Sabbath School Lesson.

Nov. 3.—2 Sam. 15 : 1-2. Memory vs. 4-6.

David's Rebellious Son

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ex. 20:12. Catechism. Q.45.

Introductory.

Who was Absalom ?
 What great crime did he commit ?
 Whither did he flee ?
 How did Joab bring about his recall ?
 How was his father's reconciliation with him effected ?

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

Recite the memory verses. The catechism.

II. Absalom's Treachery. vs. 1-6.

What display did Absalom make ?
 Where was he accustomed to stand ?
 How did he flatter those who came with their complaints ?
 How did he blame the king ?
 What judgments did he promise ?
 What was his manner toward the people ?
 What was the effect ?

III. Absalom's Falsehood. vs. 7-9.

How long did Absalom act in this way ?
 What did he then ask the king ?
 With what false pretence ?
 What did he say was his vow ?
 What was the king's answer ?
 What did Absalom then do ?

III. Absalom's Conspiracy. vs. 10-12.

Whom did Absalom send throughout Israel ?
 With what message ?
 Who went with him to Hebron ?
 What did they know about his plans ?
 For whom did Absalom send ?
 Who was Ahithophel ?
 What does David call him ? Ps. 41 : 9.
 What is said of the conspiracy ?
 What gave it strength ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That pride and vanity lead to great crimes.
2. That unlawful ambition will stoop to the most contemptible acts.
3. That disobedience to parents is a very great sin.
4. That parental indulgence may end in parental grief.
5. That repentance and forgiveness cannot avert all the consequences of sin.

Nov. 10.—2 Sam. 18 : 18-33. Memory vs. 32, 33

David's Grief for Absalom.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Prov. 17:25. Catechism. Q.47

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson ?
 Who commanded the rebel forces ? ch. 17 : 25.
 Who commanded David's army ?
 Which army was victorious ?
 What became of Absalom ?
 What is the title of this lesson ?
 Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time Place ?
 Recite the memory verses. The catechism.

I. Sending the Tidings. vs. 18-23.

Who asked to bear the tidings of the battle to David ?
 What was Joab's reply to his request ?
 Whom did Joab send ?
 What did Ahimaaz then request ?
 What did Joab say to him ?
 By what means did Ahimaaz get ahead of Cushy ?

II. Waiting for the Tidings. vs. 24-27.

Where did David wait for tidings ?
 What was told him ?
 What did David conclude from the man's coming alone ?
 What was next seen ?
 Who was the foremost messenger ?

How did the watchman recognize him?
What did David say of him?

II. Receiving the Tidings. vs. 28-33.

What tidings did Ahimaaz bring?
What question did David ask?
What was the reply?
Who was the second messenger?
What was his report?
What did the king again ask?
What was the answer?
How was the king affected?
What would David have done to save Absalom?
What did Jesus do to save us?

What Have I Learned?

1. That there is great tenderness in a father's love.
 2. That a son's sin is a father's sorrow.
 3. That children who dishonor their parents will, sooner or later, be punished.
- That God's love for his sinful children infinitely exceeds David's love for his rebellious son.

Nov. 17.—2 Sam. 23: 1-7. Memory vs. 3, 4.

David's Last Words:

GOLDEN TEXT.—2 Sam. 23: 5. **Catechism Q. 48**

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
What preparation did David make for the building of the temple?

Whom did he place with him on the throne?

At what age did he die?

How long had he reigned?

Who succeeded him?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
Place?

Recite the memory verses. The catechism.

I. The Blessings of the Covenant. vs. 1-5.

What are the words of this lesson said to be?

How were they inspired?

What do they describe?

What is the character of the Ruler here named?

How are the blessings of his reign described?

In whom are these descriptions perfectly fulfilled?

How doth Christ execute the office of a king?

On what was David's confidence based?

Where have we the record of this covenant? 2 Sam. 7: 1-27.

What do the Scriptures teach about Christ's reign and kingdom?

II. The Fate of the Wicked. vs. 6, 7.

Who are meant by the sons of Belial?

What shall be their doom?

What do the Scriptures teach about the future state of the wicked?

What doth every sin deserve?

What doth God require of us that we may escape the wrath and curse due to us for sin?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God's covenant is an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.

2. That Christ's kingdom is an everlasting kingdom.

3. That we will reign for ever in righteousness and in the fear of the Lord.

4. That he will bring peace, purity and prosperity to his people.

5. That he will utterly destroy all His enemies.

Nov. 24. 1 Kings 3: 5-15. Memory vs. 12, 13

Solomon's Wise Choice.

GOLDEN TEXT —Prov. 8: 11. **Catechism Q. 49**

Introductory.

When did David die?

How had he reigned,

In what state did he leave the kingdom?

Who succeeded to the throne?
 What was one of Solomon's first acts?
 vs. 1, 2.
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The catechism.

I. The Choice Made. vs. 5-9.

For what purpose did Solomon go to Gibeon?
 Who appeared to him there?
 What did the Lord say to him?
 What did Solomon ask?
 What three reasons did he give for his choice?
 How should we value wisdom? Prov. 3: 14, 15.
 What is always the beginning of wisdom?

II. The Choice Approved. vs. 10-15.

What did the Lord think of Solomon's choice?
 Why was he pleased with it?
 For what gifts had Solomon not asked?
 What had he preferred to them?
 How was his choice rewarded?
 What added blessings were given?
 Upon what conditions was long life promised?
 What does Christ promise us? Matt. 6: 33.
 What did Solomon do when he awoke?
 What sacrifices did he offer?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God gives us permission to ask good things from him.
2. That if we ask aright he will grant our requests.
3. That our need of a special blessing is a good reason for praying for it and expecting it.
4. That God loves to give abundantly more than we ask, or even think?
5. That wisdom is more to be desired than riches or honor or long life.—*Westminster Question Book.*

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

There are a great many things that boys, while boys, should learn. And if they learn these lessons so as never to forget them during life, they will prove of incalculable help to them oftentimes when they need.

Among other things that a boy should learn, an exchange classes the following, to wit:

Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes in to sit down.

To treat the mother as politely as if she was a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong; and above all never lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, and necessities to bad ones.

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 alone can change me. I can no more change my heart than a colored man can make himself white. How foolish I have been not to ask him!"

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

PERSIAN TRICKS.

A missionary in Persia in a letter to *Children's Work for Children* tells of the strange things that people do to gain power among others, and that make it much harder to get the people to believe in the gospel. He says:--

"A name for holiness and power to work miracles is a great source of gain as well as fame to a person or place, and sometimes people try to get this reputation by deceit.

"A Sheikh (or chief) in Kurdistan wished to increase his influence over the people. He was already of considerable repute and he gave out that on a certain day he would kill and raise to life one of his pupils.

According to previous arrangement, a drug which would put him into a heavy sleep, had been given to the pupil. He was commanded to enter the room and die. Then word was given to the people. They entered, found him lifeless and prepared him for burial. The grave was dug, the body deposited, a little earth placed upon it, and the people were told to come in the morning. At sunrise a crowd assembled, the earth was removed and the body called upon to rise. No answer came. He had not correctly calculated the time when the effects of the drug would pass off. The pupil had awakened in the night and after trying in vain to escape had died. The Sheikh was arrested for fraud.

"A holy shrine in Karadagh is visited by many sick for healing. It originated in this manner. One morning a man told his neighbors that during the night a heavenly light—a manifestation of an Emaum had appeared on a certain hill. The report spread and people began flocking to the shrine. It was a time of an overstocked melon market, and the bazaar was distant. This story brought a throng of purchasers near and the man sold his melons at a good profit. Then he told the people what he had done, but they declared his confession a lie and held to the fable as truth.

It is considered very meritorious for a Mussulman to pay the expenses of the burial of a dead believer. Two beggars agreed that on alternate days each should feign himself dead and the other collect alms for his burial. They have a remarkable power of stiffening their limbs and bringing a deadly pallor to the countenance. After many successful efforts, they one day were informed that a great man was approaching. Having made all preparations, a piteous tale of distress was poured into the Khan's ears. He recognized the men and immediately assented to bear all the expenses of the burial. He ordered his attendants to dig a grave and light a fire that hot water might be prepared for washing the body. The accomplice besought him not to trouble, declaring that he had a vow to perform these last rites for his friend. Unbleeding, they made all the preparations, and only when the scalding water was falling on his pate did the dead man abandon his trick. The noble then gave the beggars a present and sent them on their way.

"Just outside of Oroomiah a new shrine has been built. A man dreamed, so he said, that a son of an Emaum had appeared to him and directed him to where he should find gold in his grave. He should take the gold and build a shrine which should be under the protection and blessing of the Emaum. The man called several witnesses, went and dug up the treasure, and built up the shrine. It has become a resort of the faithful, whose offerings have not only made good the original outlay, but filled the purse of the dreamer and given him a reputation as one honored with a vision of the holy Emaum. Even the children can see that the man had first hidden the gold to make his story appear true.

Does it not seem to us that people who can so easily believe these silly fables and lies might be easily won to believe in the truth which Christ's messengers, the missionaries, go to tell them, but it is just the reverse.