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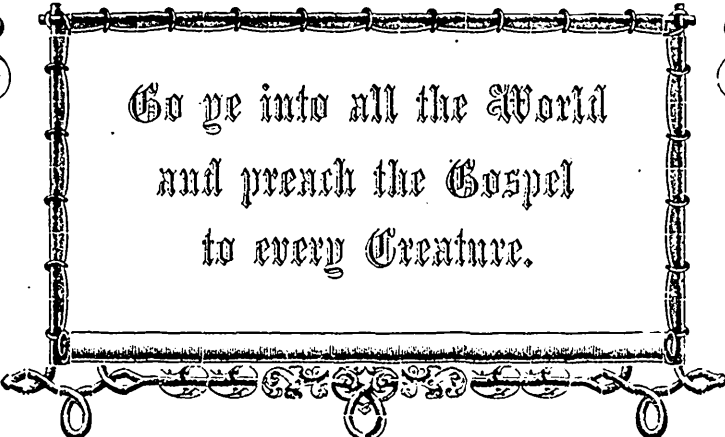
THE

CHILDREN'S

—

RECORD

—



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

VOL. 2. JUNE 1887. No. 6.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 30 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time, but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date, \$100.00.

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All communications to be addressed to

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

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

[For the Children's Record.]

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.,
March 19th, 1887.

My Dear Children:

I know you are always glad to hear about the little Hindu children in Trinidad. You may be very sure that some of them are quite as troublesome as the bad boys and girls that you have all seen in America, and some are much worse, because they think nothing of cursing their parents who are generally very kind to them, and the foolish parents often laugh at this and think it very clever.

I have in one of my teaching books a very good picture, shewing that some severe punishment will follow this sin; a dead body is lying unburied in a field with a large vulture standing over it and about to tear it. Prov. xxx: 17. When I shew this to the children they look quite frightened, and often name some particular child who might be benefitted by looking at it, and sometimes when I go back to see them again they all come running and asking to see the vulture.

All the estates are making sugar now; the children love to play in the mill-yards in crop time when they can get plenty of cane to suck; this is very sweet work and

often keeps them out of school.

One day that I was looking up scholars, a boy about eight years old was brought to me by some others, who, though they do not come to school themselves, were quite ready to blame him for having left off coming. The little fellow's excuse was that the school boys laughed at him for being so fat. "O!" I said, "never mind that; I have a boy who is much fatter than you, and his school mates call him 'chops,' but he does not mind it all." I tell you this that you may see how much Hindu boys are like other boys that we all know.

Sometimes they make us laugh too; as when one complained that another had cursed him and we found that he had only called him a "cockroach." At Tunapuna some bamboo had been cut down, and a bird's nest with eggs fell with it. The children were delighted at first; afterwards some of them would not touch it; they said the mother-bird was sitting up in a tree cursing them. I just heard of a very small, very bright, and very troublesome boy belonging to Tunapuna school who when reminded of his school privileges said: "Salih does not teach me for nothing; I pay a cent a week." He meant that he put a cent in the collection plate on Sabbath.

But I was going to tell you something about bamboo. It is a kind of grass, but it grows in clumps, with a woody stem, to the height of forty feet in one year. The stem is jointed, and hollow except at the joints, so that by cutting it below the joints it will make a flower pot, narrow but deep, and is constantly used in this way in nursery gardening. In planting out the slips or young trees the pot can be either split off or buried, when it rots. A clump of bamboos is a very pretty object; waving in the wind it cracks like the masts of a vessel, and the leaves rustle with a cool and pleasant sound. From the custom of planting it about burial grounds, or perhaps, rather, burying near where it is found growing, a native of India often speaks of his possible death in this way, "Suppose me go bamboo side."

SARAH E. MORTON.

THE GRACE OF GOD IN SIAM.

Once upon a time—not many years ago—there lived away off in Siam a poor, unhappy heathen family of three little girls and a wicked, wicked mother. Their father, too, was a bad man, and ran away from home and left his little girls with no one to take care of them, for their mother knew nothing about the religion of Jesus, which makes mothers kind and loving toward their daughters, and the only thing she loved was to play games of chance—to gamble. Poor little children, what a hard they had! for the mother sold everything that was in the house and gambled away the money, and then she sold her little daughters, one at a time, as slaves, and when the money was all gone she sold herself, and gambled away all that money. Was she not a wretched, unhappy, wicked woman? But she was a heathen, you know, and no one had taught her that she could be forgiven and saved from sin and from eternal death by the dear Lord who has saved all of us.

I am glad that there is a sequel to this story, and that there was some one in Siam who could help this poor woman. For you know our missionaries are there, and I am sure you will be glad if any of your money has sent a Bible teacher to Siam when you hear what the gospel has done for this poor family.

The eldest daughter went to the mission-school and there learned about Jesus, and gave her heart to Him. In course of time the other two girls were brought to the mission-school, and they too became little Christian girls. Then a young Siamese student, studying to be a Christian minister, loved and married the oldest girl, and redeemed her from slavery. Together they sought out the poor degraded mother, and took her to their home, and taught her the good news of salvation through Christ, and now that mother says, "My old heart was taken away, a new heart was given me; my old heart loved the gambling-dens, my new heart despises them." She has been working hard to buy back her youngest daughters, and has

now paid all the money to redeem them and half of her own redemption-money.

When we think that all of this has been done through the missionaries, does it not make us want to send many more missionaries, that other wretched heathen families may become happy by learning to love Jesus?—*Children's Work for Children.*

THREE LITTLE PRINCESSES AT SCHOOL.

Miss Nielson writes from Petchaburee, Siam, that three daughters of the governor have commenced to attend the mission-school. She says, "They come in a tiny little cart-carriage, drawn by a slave. Their nurse, a slave woman, and three or four slave girls come with them and stay all day. At noon they eat a lunch under the trees in the yard, and at four o'clock the carriage comes for them. Their names are Ern, Ob and Verb. Ern is about twelve years old, Ob about ten and Verb eight. They are all sweet children, and the youngest one is especially bright. They cannot read at all, but if they continue as industrious as they have commenced they will soon learn. The nurse sits by them during school hours and urges them on, and, had she her way, there would be no recess at all, but one long study-hour from morning till night.

"The little girls wear nice bright *pansies*, white jackets, and handsome silver bells around their waists. Two bracelets adorn each wrist, rings adorn the fingers, diamonds the ears, and anklets the ankles. In the morning they usually have fresh flowers stuck above the ears. This is the first experience in a public school, and of course they have not the faintest idea of school propriety. They chew betel the livelong day, in a truly disgusting manner; they talk aloud whenever they wish to, and study at the top of their voices. I do hope and pray that they may learn not only this world's wisdom, but what shall make them wise unto eternal life. I trust they will allow the little slave girls to be taught also, instead of running wild out of doors."—*Sel.*

GOD BLESS MOTHER.

A little child with flaxen hair,
 And sunlit eyes so sweet and fair,
 Who kneels, when twilight darkens all,
 And from those loving lips there fall
 The accents of this simple prayer:
 "God bless!—God bless my mother!"

A youth upon life's threshold wide,
 Who leaves a gentle mother's side,
 Yet keeps, enshrined within his breast,
 Her words of warning—still the best:
 And whispers, when temptation tried:
 "God bless!—God bless my mother!"

A white-haired man who gazes back
 Along life's weary, furrowed track,
 And sees one face—an angel's now!
 Hears words of light that led aright
 And prays, with reverential brow:
 "God bless!—God bless my mother!"

—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

TESTING A PRAYING SOLDIER.

There are many ways of testing Christians, and some of these are not very accurate. The following incident brings out one which can never fail in the circumstances. It took place during the American Revolutionary War, when the strictest order was required to be kept, and when care was needed to be taken lest the enemy should get an advantage.

One night near the British camp, not far from the river Hudson, a Highland soldier was caught creeping stealthily back to his quarters out of the woods. He was taken before the commanding officer and charged with holding communication with the enemy. The case of Major Andre was then very recent, and no Briton was disposed to be merciful toward a suspected friend of the Americans. The poor Highlander pleaded that he had only gone into the woods to pray by himself. This was his only defence.

The commanding officer was himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, but he felt no tenderness for the culprit.

"Have you been in the habit, sir, of

spending hours in private prayer?" he asked sternly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then down on your knees and pray now," thundered the officer; "you never before had such need of it."

Expecting immediate death, the soldier knelt and poured out his soul in a prayer that for aptness, and simple, expressive eloquence could have been inspired only by the piety of a Christian.

"You may go," said the officer, when he had done. "I believe your story. If you had not been often at drill you couldn't have got on so well at review."

And the poor soldier saved his life by proving himself to have practised habitual communication with God.

BEGINNING AND ENDING.

The beginning:

A schoolboy, ten years old, one lovely June day—with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat fields—had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there was seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under the beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came—He said to himself, "Shall I give it back? or shall I wait till he asks for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why, I can give it back again." He never gave back the money.

The ending:

Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in the drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.—*Scl.*

TERRA DEL FUEGO.

[For the Children's Record.]

This island is situated at the southern extremity of South America. Fifty-five years ago Darwin, the celebrated naturalist, was sailing around the world and called at Terra del Fuego. After leaving he described the people living upon it and it is a sad description. He never saw such people. They were wretched and degraded savages, the lowest type of humanity. Darwin thought they were beyond the reach of civilization, and that nothing could be done for them. The Gospel, however, can redeem the most savage tribes.

Let me tell you how God raised up an instrument to carry the message of salvation to this degraded people.

One day a little babe was found on the streets of Bristol, England—a foundling without home, father or mother. The babe was lodged in a workhouse and brought up on public bounty. Years passed away and he longed to be a missionary. The desire grew stronger and stronger, and the way was opened up for him to go forth and engage in the work. After finishing his course at college his services were offered to the Church Missionary Society, and at length he went forth among the very people Darwin said could not be civilized.

What power the Gospel has. Just think of this people, the most brutal living upon earth, in some respects worse than the brutes, now singing God's praises and worshipping Him. Though Darwin did not believe in Christ yet a short time before his death he again visited Terra del Fuego. What a change he witnessed. When he saw what had been wrought he confessed that God's Word had marvellous power. D.

TOBACCO.

For the Children's Record.

How sad it is to see so many boys using tobacco. The filthy habit is on the increase. Men who use it are responsible

for this. Their example is telling upon you boys.

Nearly three years ago Jerry McAuley, a faithful missionary in New York, was called to his rest and reward. What a wicked life he at one time lived. A thief, gambler, drunkard, and a great tobacco user. God, however, by the Holy Spirit, changed his heart, and though after his conversion he used tobacco for a time, he at length gave it up.

Listen, boys, at what he said about its use and then say if men should not, in God's strength, give up tobacco:

I consider it, said McAuley, a great stumbling block in any Christian's life, but when a man has had an appetite for liquor and is trying to keep from drinking, the use of tobacco is positively fatal. It will surely bring him back to his cups. If I had given it up when I gave up rum I believe I should have had none of the fearful falls witnessed in my life after conversion. I was led at last by the grace of God to do the clean thing, to give up every sinful habit, and from that time Jesus has kept me.

Boys beware of tobacco lest it prove a stumbling block to you. X.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

These children are very impressible. A friend of mine seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder passed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, don't tell anybody, please sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a hiding."

"What are you hiding for?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir!"

"Where's your mother?"

"Please sir, mother's dead!"

"Where's your father?"

"Hush, don't tell him. But look here." He turned himself on his face, and thro' the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw the boy's flesh was terribly bruised and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did he beat you for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street thief once."

"And why won't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school and they told me there of God and of Heaven and of Jesus, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But please don't tell him."

"My boy, you musn't stay here. You'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time. 'I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, would you like to hear me sing a little hymn?"

"Yes," was the answer. "I will hear you sing your little hymn."

The boy raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

"Fain would I to thee be brought—
Gracious Lord forbid it not,
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-by."

The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and there was the little motherless boy, with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom—dead. Oh, I thank God that He who said, "Suffe-

little children to come unto Me, did not say "respectable children," or "well-educated children." No, He sends His angels into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness.—*J. B. Gough.*

HEATHEN SPORT.

Did you ever attend the funeral of some little boy or girl—a schoolmate perhaps, or may be a little stranger? The lifeless body was neatly dressed and placed in a pretty casket; loving hands scattered flowers about the little one, and carried it tenderly to the grave. The procession that slowly followed was a solemn and quiet one.

The other day I saw a lifeless body, just the size of some of you; but instead of being borne along as was your little friend, it had been thrown into the muddy river and came floating past our door. It was followed by a procession too, but such a one as you never saw. A number of boys were swimming after it, poking it with it with sticks and laughing and shouting as though in the midst of a merry game. Do you wonder that it made me sick at heart and sad and sorry? You can hardly think of boys wicked enough to do such a thing. Ah, but these are heathen boys. They think the spirit of that little child will return to earth again, as a boy or a girl or some kind of an animal—maybe a dog, a cat or a snake. Hence they do not like to kill even a chicken, for fear of taking the life of a grandmother or some other relative. They do not know that when we die we must go either to heaven or to hell.

Every child who will read this letter knows the story of Christ, and could tell me at once what He has done for you. What are you doing for Him? Are you loving and serving Him? If not, suppose you begin right now, and then ask Him to let you help save these poor ignorant heathen children in Siam.—*Ex.*

WATERING THE MILK.

There was an Arab youth in Bombay who made a living by peddling milk. Like all Arab Moslems, he was abstemious, frugal, and very religious.

He worked very hard. He got up before daybreak, said his long prayers, bought his milk, and, I am sorry to say, he watered it. But he most religiously abstained from watering it more than half.

By dint of hard work and watering the milk he had saved 200 rupees, and he concluded to go back to his happy village in Arabia Felix, and buy a little flock of goats and sheep, and live happy during the rest of his life.

He went on board of one of the native Arab crafts and sailed happily with a light heart for the port of Sena, in the Red Sea.

I need hardly say that our Arab friend, Iben Hasid (for that was his name,) never parted from his bag of rupees. He would creep into an obscure corner of the little vessel, open the bag and run the bright silver through his hands, and feel so happy.

Well, on board of that craft was one of those mischievous African monkeys, that are always an inevitable appendage to an Arab vessel.

This monkey spied Iben Hasid out, and was seemingly a boon companion to him. In fact, our friend Iben would show him the rupees and tell him of his future plans, and keep the bright rupees running through his hands into the canvas bag.

But the treacherous monkey was up to his tricks. He watched his opportunity. He snatched the bag of rupees suddenly, and ran up with it to the mast-head, and there he imitated the usual proceedings of Iben Hasid, by trying to run the rupees through his clumsy, thick hands.

Of course the rupees fell on the deck and in the water. Poor Iben Hasid scrambled for his rupees. When the monkey had emptied the bag, he flung the empty bag at the Arab's head, and scrambled, as usual, all over the vessel. The poor Arab, after recovering the bag, put the remaining rupees into it, and returned to his obscure corner of the ship, and began to count them,

Alas! there were only 100 rupees left. But Iben Hasid was a devout and good Moslem, and he thus exclaimed:

"Allah! Thou art just and righteous and Mohammed is thy prophet, I have saved 100 rupees by selling milk, half of which was water. If I had not watered milk, I could certainly not have saved more than 100 rupees.

"Therefore thy judgment is right. The rupees that I had made by water have now gone back to the water, and the 100 rupees I made by milk remain. Therefore let me again say, 'Allah, il Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.'"—*Gospel in all Lands.*

A NEW HEART.

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

"'Stop,' said Teedyuscung, 'don't praise it to me, but rather tell me what it is, and let me think for myself. I do not wish you to tell me of its excellence: tell me what it is.'

"'It's for one man to do to another as he would have the other do to him.'

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

CHILDREN'S SERMON.

BY REV. JAMES HASTIE, CORNWALL, ONT.

Theme.—“*Little Missionaries.*”

Jer. 7-18. “*The Children gather wood.*”

Eight hundred years before Jeremiah penned the text, God gave to Moses the “Ten Commandments” upon Mount Sinai, as found in the 20th chap. of Exodus. Now, the very first commandment is, “Thou shalt have no other gods before me.” This command was still in full force in Jeremiah’s time, and Israel knew that God was “jealous” for His own honor and worship.

But, alas! multitudes had forsaken the living and true God for idols. Like the heathen in our own day, they made idols of wood and stone and clay, and worshipped them; while many chose for their gods the “hosts of heaven,” sun, and moon, and stars. For evening worship the moon was the favorite divinity with many, according to the text, which they honored with the grand title of “Queen of Heaven.”

Evening come, all the members of the household turned out to take part in the service. An altar had to be built. Offerings had to be prepared. Wood for the fire to be gathered. Here was work for the fathers. Here was work for the mothers. Here was work for the little children. The strong men built altar and oven. Their wives baked the cakes and prepared the oil and incense.

Then the little children, what of them? These, all of them, girls as well as boys, hastened off to the forest and field, and gathered up fallen limbs and refuse with which to heat the oven for mother, while she baked the cakes for the altar.

Thus you see the children had a work to do and they did it, and in its own place was as important as the work done by the grown up people.

True, it was a wicked cause they were working for, and God was angry with all that was done, whether by fathers or mothers or children. But, the point I want to make this morning is that there is work

for children to do for Christ as truly as there is work found for children in Satan’s kingdom. And the special work I want to enlist the children in this morning is *Missions.*

Now, I shall mention a few things children can do, and should, for missions. (1.) Some can help by literally “gathering wood.” This is sometimes done by converts in the Sandwich Islands. A missionary says that for a year past his native converts have been in the habit of contributing one *bundle of sticks* each per month, for the support of their church and schools.

The people are all very poor, and they have no money, yet they are anxious to help on the good cause. So they gather and tie up bundles of wood, and sell these for money to the fishing ships when they call, and in this way they raise quite a large sum for the Gospel.

A few years ago all these people were savages and cannibals; men, women and children, all wicked. But, now these same people, down to the little children, may be seen coming down from the mountains and woods by hundreds, with the wood on their shoulders for the treasury of the Lord.

(2.) You can help missions by giving money directly.

In England, there is a society where “copper collections” only are taken up, and the amount raised in one year was several thousands of pounds, and with it some eight or ten missionaries to the heathen are supported, and about eighty heathen children are boarded and educated.

Another juvenile association raised in one year two thousand dollars. Now, who is willing to help with your coppers and pennies to send the Gospel to the heathen?

(3.) Then you can help with your prayers. Some may find it impossible to gather sticks and sell them for money. Some may have very little money to give. But, every body, rich and poor, young and old, can pray.

If any of you doubt the power of prayer with God, read the 17th chap. of Exodus. There you are told of a great battle that

was fought between God's people, Israel, and a powerful enemy, the Amalekites. The Amalekites were splendid soldiers and thought they could whip anybody. The Israelites did not know much about war, as they never had been trained to fight. Two leaders God had placed over them, one an old man of eighty, the other a young man. The young man knew something about warfare, the old man did not. So the young man was sent to the battle-field to lead the people of Israel; the old man retired to a hill-top, from which he could see the battle, and he prayed with hands uplifted heavenward. And what good did that do? Well, on that old man's praying turned the fate of the battle. So long as he continued to hold his hands up and pray, Israel prevailed. The moment his hands began to come down from fatigue the enemy began to prevail.

By and by the old man's arms grew so weary that he could hold them up no longer, (for you know that it is very tiresome to hold your arms up over your head for hours and hours without a change), and, therefore, two men came to his help, and one taking hold of one arm, and the other man of the other, his hands were thus held up till sundown and Amalek was defeated.

Now, Moses did as much by his prayers on the hill-top to win the battle for Israel, as General Joshua did down in the battle field. What Moses did to win the battle of Rephidim, you can do to win the battle of the cross: you can pray for success.

(4.) You can help by becoming missionaries yourselves. When I say "you," I don't mean boys alone, but also girls as well. Time was when none but men were sent as missionaries to the heathen, for it was thought that only men could do the work required. But, of late, many women have gone forth too, and it is found that there is some work they can do even better than men can.

I have shown you *how* children can help in mission work.

Now II. A few words on another point:—*Why* children should help. Half a

dozen reasons I might give, but I shall give only two.

(1.) Because the whole church needs your help.

In a terrible storm one winter night, a fishing boat was wrecked. The crew got into a boat and rowed for shore. When about a dozen yards from the beach the boat grounded on a sand-bar and stuck fast. Fishermen on shore ran down to their help, the sailors on board flung them a rope, and told them to pull with all their might. The fishermen did so, but though they were strong fellows and brave, they could not succeed. Then their wives joined in, too, and pulled, but though both the women and the men strained every nerve, the boat did not move yet.

At last the children joined in, and some got hold of the rope and pulled, and some got hold of their fathers' smocks and their mothers' gowns, and pulled; and then came "the long pull, and the strong pull, and the pull together," and the thing was done. The boat shot over the sand-bar, and every man was saved.

The children's weight made all the difference in the pull, and their help the big people could not do without.

Your help we need, young friends, in raising money. Your help we need in praying; your help we need in supplying more missionaries for the field, at home and abroad.

(2.) Jesus wants and asks your help.

As you read Christ's life in the Gospels you will be often surprised to see what a large place He gave to children as helpers.

He began by setting the example Himself of being a missionary when only a little boy of twelve years of age, you remember, He went up to the Temple one day, and asked questions of the wise men, and answered questions about holy things. (Luke 2, 49.)

Later on, when He Himself had become a public teacher, He wanted to teach His disciples the duty of humility, and setting him in the midst, said, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of Heaven."—Matt. 18:3.

On another occasion a congregation of five thousand were present, to hear Christ preach, and they were in danger of starving, for they had nothing to eat. There happened to be a boy present who had five barley loaves and two small fishes, and taking these Jesus wrought a miracle by multiplying this small quantity of bread and fish into an abundant feast for all. But, you will notice that it was a little boy that supplied the food at first. (Jno. 6-9).

On another occasion when the priests and rulers were very angry at Jesus for His good doings, a host of little children in the temple, began to sing, saying, "Hosanna to the Son of David;" and the priests and scribes rebuked them, but Jesus said: "Yea, have ye never read: 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.'"—Matt. 21-16.

These and many other instances recorded show that Jesus employed children to help him when He was on earth, and He wants the same help still, and your help, young friends, I ask for Jesus, this morning.

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY CORN.

At planting-time a year ago a package of twenty-kernels of pop-corn was given to each child in Sunday-school, who wished it, to be planted, cultivated, watched and harvested by themselves, and sold for missionary use.

From the time for preparing ground to the autumn harvest, there are lessons to be learned, taught by nature and by labor. In these the children must be helped by the superintendent or the overseer of the corn-raising; for there is no more attractive, practical or successful way to impress the truths contained in these lessons. The dear Jesus taught in this way. It reaches directly to the understanding and to the heart.

The harvest festival was deferred and very appropriately united with the Christmas festival. Half the evening was given to each, and the occasion was full of in-

teresting and lively enjoyment to the large gathering. The pastor introduced the auction sale with fitting thoughts and hints to purchasers. The superintendent and ex-superintendent were auctioneers; a young lady was clerk. The crops varied from two or three bushels to a half peck or more of fine ears. Each crop was separate, and mostly in pretty, simple fancy baskets, with the owner's card attached, giving in fewest words the hindrances, causes of success or want of success. The wind cut down every stalk for one, but the plucky little fellow set to work and earned money and bought some fine ears to replace his loss. The children's earnest endeavors, together with the ready wit of the alternating auctioneers, brought prompt bids.

A little five-year-old girl had the most for the number of hills; of course some seed-kernels were lost in the much handling of her treasure. A dainty basket held slips of paper with regrets and disappointments. A poor little child, with hardly more than a foot of land for her planting, wrote, "I'm so sorry, my corn's no good." The bids for this lot ran up quickly, and with two or three others of special note, were struck off at \$1.50 each! All sold admirably, netting \$15, besides the stimulus and pleasure to the older people as well as to the little ones.

The plan is a capital one, to be varied and improved according to the tact and taste of whoever will heartily make the experiment. About twenty children took part in this enterprise. If fifty Sunday-schools would try it, averaging \$10 (a small probable average), there would be \$500 to send abroad,

"That little ones in every land
God's word may hear and understand."

And just as easily can one hundred schools try it, doubling the amount of missionary work. One thousand dollars! Just think of it! the little ones can scarce comprehend so much possible work; no more can any of us who will do all that we can.
Sel.

GREAT LESSONS FROM SMALL THINGS.

We lightly speak of "little things,"
 But oft forget to count
 The separate trifles, thus to find
 The aggregate amount.
 We say, "How can *our* little help
 Enrich the mission field?"
 The Lord can multiply the seed
 And give abundant yield.

The world is made of little things—
 A saying *true* as trite:
 We find our courage in the word
 As each one gives her mite;
 And so, to keep ourselves in heart
 While here we bring our head,
 We'll call to mind some "little things"
 Wherein great power is stored.

One little blade of grass alone,
 How trivial and forlorn!
 But He who causes two to grow
 Where one did greet the morn,
 Is piecing out the fair green robe
 Which doth our earth adorn.

The countless leaves upon the trees
 A whispered lesson give,
 Reminding of the "healing leaves"
 Whereby the nations live.
 How many bitter streams of strife
 Which death and sorrow yield
 Might bless our land if they could be,
 Like Marah's waters, healed!

— *Missionary Exercises, No. 2.*

FOUR LITTLE MARYS.

They all live in the same house. They all have the same room; and the fact is, they are all in the same body. But they do not think the same thoughts or do the same things; so that it is often hard for them to live together without quarrelling. In the morning the rising bell rings.

"We must get up," says Mary Loving. She always wants to please her mother; and she has not told anybody, but she has

promised Jesus she would try to serve him.

"I don't want to get up," says Mary Lazy.

"O, never mind the bell!" says Mary Selfish.

"I won't get up!" says Mary Willful. So they all lie together awhile longer. Then the mother calls.

"Yes'm says Mary Loving.

"O, I hate to get up," say the other three. But they all agree that they must mind mamma, and slowly arise.

"We must put in a new shoe-string," says Mary Loving.

"O, knot the old one," says Mary Lazy.

"No; we must have a new shoe-string," says Mary Loving. So the rest let her put it in.

But Mary Willful will not stop to sew a button on her dress; and Mary Lazy thinks her hair will do, if it isn't quite smooth. Did you ever meet these little girls!—*Sol.*

TWO GOOD HANDS.

When I was a boy I became especially interested in the subject of inheritances. I was particularly anxious to know what my father's inheritance was; so, one day, after thinking about the matter a good while very seriously, I ventured to ask him, and this was his reply.

"My inheritance? I will tell you what it was—two good hands, and an honest purpose to make the best use in my power of my hands and of the time God gave me."

Though it is now many years since, I can remember distinctly the tones of my father's voice as he spoke, with both of his hands uplifted to give emphasis to his words.

Many a boy does not receive a large inheritance of money or lands; but every one has a pair of good hands, which are better than thousands of money. And the good purpose to make the best use of them is in every boy's power. Remember this wise injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

ABOUT SWEARING.

"Avoid swearing. An oath is but the wrath of a perturbed spirit."

"It is *mean*. A man of high moral standing would rather treat an offence with contempt than show his indignation by an oath."

"It is *vulgar*; altogether too low for a decent man."

"It is *ungentlemanly*. A gentleman, according to Webster, should be a genteel man, well bred, refined."

"It is *indecent*, offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears."

"It is *foolish*. Want of decency is want of sense."

"It is *abusive* to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed."

"It is *venomous*, showing a man's heart to be as a nest of vipers; and every time he swears one of them starts out from his head."

"It is *contemptible*, forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good."

"It is *wicked*, violating the divine law and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain."

Think of this boys. Swearing is mean, vulgar, cowardly, ungentlemanly, indecent, foolish, abusive, venomous, contemptible, wicked. Avoid even slang expressions, for they are only the stepping-stones to more unworthy sayings.—*Scl.*

SERMON TO LITTLE FOLKS.

And in leaving that point, there is a single passing word to be spoken to the little people. When your mate does something to annoy you, it wouldn't be strange if you made a move to pay him back. He has insulted you, you think; and it doesn't agree with you to be insulted. You don't like to have your dignity hurt. My little friend, did you ever think of it, what a shaky, rickety affair your dignity must be that it gets hurt so easily? If you have in your yard a flower that is weak and

puny, hardly strong enough yet to be called a flower anyway, you put in stakes about it, or something of the kind, for its protection, so that nothing will injure it. When the flower gets grown to any respectable size you pull up the stakes, and feel that it is sturdy enough now to take care of itself.

It is a good deal so with your dignity. I am not making fun of your dignity, only if you have enough of it to make it worth talking about, it will probably be able to take care of itself and go without stakes; but if it is only a dumpy, puny thing, then is when you have to take care of it lest it get hurt. That is why boys and men fight, and girls, and once in awhile women, sulk when they are insulted, not because they have so much dignity, but so little, and that little not quite able to be depended upon.

The boys have an admiration even for a dog that is composed and princely enough not to be fretted and made to show his teeth by the little barking cur that is trying to worry him. Even from your mastiff, my little friend, you and I can learn a lesson, and can see that it is not because we are so great and so grand, but because we are so puny and silly, that we make such an ado when some one has spoken ill of us or done us a wrong. Worth is its own testimonial, and conscious strength dispenses with a revolver, and needs no dog.—*From a Sermon on "Gospel Patience" by Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D.*

"O papa!" exclaimed a little boy riding in a railway car, "what a great, high hill this is!"

"Yes, my son," replied the father, who wore a cane on his hat, "it is very high. That is a mountain, Arthur."

"Shall we get out of the cars and go and climb up the high mountain, papa?"

"O no; why should we do that, Arthur?"

"'Cause I didn't know but maybe we could climb to the top and see mamma. Do you think we could?"

The Sabbath School Lessons.

June 5.—Ex. 16: 4-12. Memory vs. 7-8.

The Manna.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 6: 35. CATECHISM. Q. 21.

Introductory.

Where did the Israelites go from the Red Sea?

What happened at Marah?

Where did they next halt?

Into what wilderness did they come?

What trouble had they there?

Against whom did they murmur?

For what did they find fault?

Why did they wish they were back in Egypt?

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Promise of Bread. vs. 4-5.

What did God promise to send?

How was it to be gathered?

What reason is given for this great mercy?

What provision was made for the Sabbath?

II. The People's Murmuring. vs. 6-9.

What were the people to know at even?

What would they see in the morning?

What had the Lord heard?

What did Moses say to them?

Against whom were they murmuring?

What did Moses tell Aaron to do?

III. The Lord's Mercy. vs. 10-12.

How did the glory of the Lord appear?

What did the Lord say to Moses?

What were the people to eat in the evening? What in the morning?

What would they then know?

How was all this fulfilled?

What name was given to this bread?

How long did the Israelites live on it?

When did it cease to fall? Ex. 16: 35.

Who was represented by it? How? John 6: 51.

From whom do we receive our daily food? Matt. 6: 25, 26.

How are we to seek it? Matt. 6: 11.

What Have I Learned?

1. That we are too apt to forget our mercies.

2. That God does not forget us even when we murmur against him.

3. That he will provide in some way for the true needs of his children.

4. That Christ is the Bread of Life, the true Bread from heaven.

5. That we should seek this bread of life that we may never hunger.

June 12.—Ex. 20: 1-11. Mem. vs. 3-11.

The Commandments.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 22: 37. CATECHISM. Q. 25.

Introductory.

At what place did the Israelites receive manna?

What happened at Rehidim?

When did they come to Mount Sinai?

How did God appear in the mount?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. God's Worship. vs. 1-6.

Who spoke these words?

To whom did God speak them?

What did he call himself?

What do these words teach us?

Which is the first commandment?

What does it require? What forbid?

Meaning of *before me*?

Which is the second commandment?

Meaning of *graven image*? Of *likeness*?

What does this commandment forbid?

What does it require?

How may you disobey it?

What will God do to those who do not serve him?

What has he promised to those who love him and keep his commandments?

II. God's Name. vs. 7.

Which is the third commandment?

What is meant by the *name of the Lord*?

What is required in the third commandment? What forbidden?

What reason is annexed to it?

How may we take the name of the Lord in vain?

What does our Lord say about swearing?
Matt. 5: 33-37.

How should you always speak God's name?

III. God's Day. vs. 8-11.

Which is the fourth commandment?

Meaning of *remember*?

What is required in this commandment?

Which day of the seven has God appointed to be the weekly Sabbath?

How is it to be sanctified?

What is forbidden in this commandment?

What are the reasons annexed to it?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we should worship God only, and not images and pictures of him.

2. That we must not give to anything else the love and honor that are due to him only.

3. That we should use God's name with reverence.

4. That profane swearing is very wicked, and will be punished.

June 19.—Ex. 20: 12-21. Mem. vs. 12-17.

The Commandments.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 MATT. 22: 39. **CATECHISM** Q. 26.

Introductory.

What is the preface of the ten commandments?

Which is the first commandment? The second? The third? The fourth?

To what class of duties do these commandments refer?

How should we love the Lord our God? To what class of duties do the last six commandments refer?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Duties to Man. vs. 12-17.

Which is the fifth commandment?

How should we honor our parents?

What is promised to those who keep this commandment?

What does Paul say of it?

How did Jesus keep it?

Which is the sixth commandment?

What does it require? What forbid?

How does Jesus say it may be broken? Matt. 5: 22.

What leads to murder? 1 John 3: 15.

Which is the seventh commandment?

What does it require? What forbid?

Which is the eighth commandment?

How may this commandment be broken?

Which is the ninth commandment?

What is required in it? What forbidden?

Who is *my neighbor*?

Which is the tenth commandment?

What is it to *covet*?

What is the sum of these commandments? (Golden Text.)

What is our Saviour's Golden Rule?

II. The Divine Majesty. vs. 18-19.

How did God show his presence in the mount?

How did the people feel?

What did they ask Moses to do?

Who is our Mediator?

III. The People's Terror. vs. 20-21.

What did Moses say to the people?

Meaning of "*God is come to prove you?*"

How should we show our fear of God?

What did Moses then do?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we must love, honor and obey our parents.

2. That we must not indulge in spite or anger.

3. That we must be pure in thought, word and deed.

4. That we must avoid every kind of dishonesty.

5. That we must always speak the truth.

6. That we must not desire that which is wrong, or that which can be obtained only at another's loss.

June 26.—Gen. 37: 23.—Ex. 20: 21.

Review Exercise.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ps 119: 33.

What did his brothers do with Joseph?

To what office did Pharaoh raise Joseph?

For what purpose did Joseph's brothers go to Egypt?

What did Joseph say to his brothers when he had made himself known to them?

What did Joseph do for his father and brothers when they came into Egypt?

What happened in Egypt after the death of Joseph?

What did this king say of the increase of the Israelites?

How did the Egyptians try to stop this increase?

What cruel law was made for the same purpose?

What did the mother of Moses do to save him?

By whom was it found?

What did Pharaoh's daughter do with the child?

How did the Lord appear to Moses in Midian?

What did the Lord say to Moses?

What did Pharaoh reply when Moses delivered the Lord's message to him?

When nine plagues failed to soften Pharaoh's heart, what did God threaten as the tenth?

What name was given to the feast which was kept in remembrance of this?

What were the Israelites directed to do that the Lord might spare their first born?

How did the Israelites cross the sea?

What became of Pharaoh and his host?

How did the Lord feed his people in the wilderness?

With what words did God preface the ten commandments?

Which commandment is especially for children?

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

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

A child who had a mother, asked of one who had none:

"What do you do without a mother to tell all your trouble to?"

"Mother told me to whom to go before she died," answered the little orphan. "I go to the Lord Jesus; He was my mother's friend, and He is mine."

"Jesus Christ is in the sky. He is away off, and He has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely that He can stop to mind you."

"I don't know anything about that," replied the orphan. "All I know is He says He will, and that's enough for me."

What a beautiful answer that was! And what was enough for the child in enough for us all.—*Sel.*

IN TUNE.

A little boy went to a Sunday-school concert and tried to help the rest sing. But he had never been there before, and so did not know the songs they sung, and was told to keep still, as he was not in tune. Do you think any one could sing this "new song" in heaven who had not learned to sing it on earth? They would be like the boy, not in tune. And no one can sing it here, except those whose hearts are changed by Jesus, and put in tune with it. Are you in tune?

BRAGGING BOYS AND DOING BOYS

Have you not heard how some boys brag about what they intend to do? They are always going to do wonders. "You must wait," say they, "and we will show you some day what we can do." "Now is your chance," we would say to you. "You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now."

MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things!
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.

Anticipated sorrows are harder to bear than real ones, because Christ does not promise to support us under them.

"THE WONDERFUL BOOK."

One day, at the door of his bungalow in Upper India, sat a devoted missionary. Behind him the Himalayan mountains pointed their white fingers to heaven. Around him the sights and sounds of Oriental life were gathered. His hair was white and his form bent, for he had labored for many years under the blazing sun of the torrid zone.

Presently through the compound came a little group of people. Twenty-seven in all he counted as they paused in front of him. With a deep salaam the chief of the men opened the conversation.

"My father! Seventeen miles have I and my people walked since the sun the all powerful hath risen this morning."

"And what do you want of me?" questioned the missionary, slowly, for his heart was weary and his body tired.

"My father! Thou art a teacher come from God the all good. We wish for the wonderful book!"

"Do you mean the Bible?" The tones were eager now, all weariness and heart-sickness lost in glad surprise.

"My father! We have sent for the wonderful book written by God the all-wise - to Calcutta, but the great city hath it not; to Benares the holy, the Ganges beareth it not to us; to Agra, but the Temple containeth it not. Now we come to thee; can the teacher of all truth give us one?"

The missionary answered: "I have one copy of the wonderful book, but only one. I cannot give it you. I know not where to get another. If I give my copy to you, what shall I do when my people bid me read to them out of the wonderful book?"

Still they pleaded for it.

"And why," he said, "do you want this book?"

Very humbly, very softly, fell the next words: "We want it—the wonderful book—because it tells of the Lord Jesus Christ—the all-loving—and of the way to heaven."

The missionary could not resist that appeal, and gave it to them. Then the leader

fell on his knees and kissed his feet. He clasped the book to his heart, and kissed it; then gave it to his son, who kissed it again and again.

Presently from his "cummerbund" (or girdle) he drew out a little bag, full of gold and precious stones. Little value were they to him compared with the "wonderful book."

"My father! I bid thee take these stones; they are worthless; thou hast given me the true riches."

But the missionary refused, saying—

"Nay, keep thy gold, I ask it not; For the word of God is free."

"The book was a present to me," he added, "take it as a gift; I cannot sell it."

With many farewells the travelers were about to depart, when he asked one more question. "Tell me, what will you do with the wonderful book?"

Reverently the Hindoo held the little volume up. "I will go out by the temple—the temple of the all-false—every morning; I will stand by its marble steps, and I will read from the wonderful book—the all-true—for twenty minutes to all who will hear."

"And may the blessing of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost be with you."

And with the white teacher's words in his ear the sable missionary went on his way.

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little child to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.