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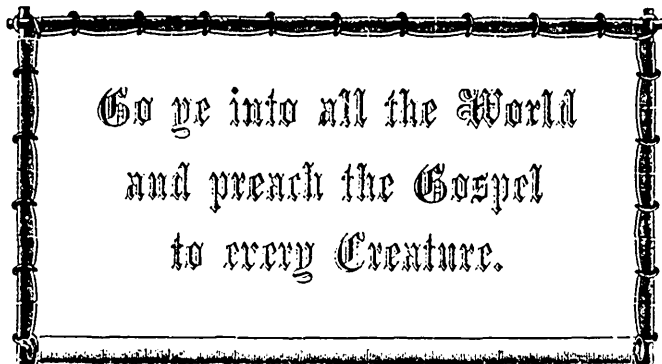
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THE
CHILDREN'S
—
RECORD



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

Vol. 1. AUGUST, 1886 No. 8.

The Children's Record.

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CHILDREN OF THE

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REV. E. S. ORR, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Aug. 1. — John 12: 1-16, Memory vs. 12-16,
Jesus Honored.

GOLDEN TEXT. JOHN 12, 13, CATRENSON, 88.

The lesson has three parts.

Verses 1-9 tell of the Supper at Bethany, with the family that Jesus loved, and the anointing of his feet with ointment. No ointment was too costly for Mary to use. He had called her brother from the grave.

Verses 12-16 tell of another honor done to Him by the crowd that came forth from Jerusalem to meet Him. Perhaps they knew of Christ's raising Lazarus.

Between these two honors, verses 10, 11, there is the dark, cruel, scheme of the priests, to kill Lazarus so that people might not honor Jesus.

Close the Bible and answer.

What feast was drawing near?

Why, when, where, and how was this feast held?

To what village did Jesus come?

What miracle had he wrought there?

With what family did Jesus stay?

What did He think of them?

What did they prepare for Him?

What did each one of them do at the supper?

How do you shew your gratitude to Him?

Who found fault with what Mary did?

Why did he find fault?

What other plan did he take to get money a few days after?

What did he do with it?

What lessons do we learn from him?

What did Jesus say of Mary's deed?

Who came to see him there?

Why did they come?

What effect did the coming have upon them?

Who were angry at their coming?

What plan was proposed to stop their coming?

How long did Jesus stay in Bethany?

Where did He go from Bethany?

What was the distance?

Who came to meet Him?

What did they carry?

What did they sing and shout?

How did Jesus travel?

What prophecy did this fulfil?

What did the disciples think of it?

Have you gone forth to meet Jesus, and are you travelling to the New Jerusalem with Him, praising His name.

Aug. 8. — John 12: 20-36, Memory vs. 23-25.

Gentiles Seeking Jesus.

GOLDEN TEXT. — JOHN 12: 32, CATRENSON, 88.

This lesson has two main parts.

Verses 20-22 tell of Gentiles seeking Jesus.

Verses 23-32 tell of Christ's discourse which followed.

Close the Bible and answer.

What nation observed the passover?

Who came with them this time?

Why did these strangers come?

They were converts to the Jewish faith.

Whom did they wish to see?

Whom did they ask?

How was the Son of Man glorified?

How did Christ's death bring forth fruit?

How does our selfishness defeat itself?

How does our self-denial bear fruit?

What is the duty in serving Christ?

What is the reward of service?

What was Christ's prayer in trouble?

What should our prayer be in trouble?

How did the people hear God's voice?

How did Jesus dethrone Satan and draw the world to Himself?

Have you been drawn to Him?
 If not who must be your prince?
 Who is the Light of the World?
 What is it to walk in the Light?
 Are you walking in the Light?

**Aug. 15.—John 13: 1-17. Memory vs. 13-16.
 Jesus Teaching Humility.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 13: 17, CATECHISM Q. 90.

This lesson may be divided into three parts,

Vs. 1-5, Jesus washing the disciples feet.
 Vs. 6-11, His controversy with Simon,
 Vs. 12-17, He teaches His disciples to follow His example.

Close the Bible and answer.

What change does Christ's own sorrow make in His love?

Who tempted Judas?

Did Judas yield or resist?

Resist the devil and he will flee from you.

What did Jesus do after supper?

Who usually did that work? A servant.

Who objected to being washed?

Has Jesus washed you?

Are you objecting to His washing?

If He wash you not you can have no part with Him.

What did He do after the washing?

What lesson did he teach?

What is the effect upon our lives of thus imitating His humility and self denial?

Aug. 22.—John 13: 21-28. Memory vs. 30-33.

Warning to Judas and Peter.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 COR. 10, 12, CATECHISM Q. 91.

This lesson has three parts.

Vs. 21-30, Tell us of Christ's warning to Judas.

Vs. 36-38, Tell of His warning to Peter.

Vs. 31-35, Come between the two warnings and tell the new commandment which Christ gave and the work of His true disciples. It was a sad hour for Jesus, one of the twelve was to betray Him, one to deny Him.

Close the Bible and answer.

In what state of mind was Jesus?

What was the cause?

Did the disciples know the betrayer?

Who prompted to ask Jesus?

Who asked Him?

How did Jesus point out the guilty one?

What did Jesus tell Judas?

Did the disciples understand him?

What did Judas do after the sop?

What was the time of day?

What new command did Christ give?

What is the mark of discipleship?

Have you that mark?

What did Peter offer to do for Christ?

What was Christ's answer?

Aug. 29.—John 14. 1-14. Memory vs. 1-6.

Jesus Comforting His Disciples.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 14, 1, CATECHISM Q. 92.

In vs. 1-3 Christ tells of the better home.

“ “ 4-6 That He is the Way to it.

“ “ 7-11 That He is God, and

“ “ 12-14 That being God He hears and helps.

In last lesson Jesus was troubled. Now His disciples are troubled, and He comforts them.

Close the Bible and answer.

How does He comfort them?

What place does He mention?

Who prepares it? Who are taken there?

Who is the way?

What does He teach of God?

Of what are His works a proof?

What does He promise to them that ask?

Have you yet asked for pardon?

“LIKE A CHRISTIAN.”

Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian.” said little Willy one day, after coming in from a pleasant play with his sister.

“What makes you think so, my child?”

“Because, mother, she plays like a Christian.”

“Plays like a Christian?” asked the mother, the expression sounding a little odd.

“Yes,” replied the child; “if you take everything she's got she don't get angry. Before, she was selfish, and if she didn't have everything her own way, she would say, ‘I won't play with you; you are a disagreeable little boy.’”—*My Paper.*

A MAHOMMEDAN ZENANA.

BY MISS A. J. MARRIS, BENARES.

This morning I went to a Mahommedan house where one of the daughters is learning to read in the Hindi character. I went along a narrow passage where two people could not walk abreast, turned in at the open door, lifted a heavy curtain of dirty matting, and passing through a tiny room, found myself in the zenana courtyard. The women were all sitting in the middle in the sun, and did not see me, so I called out, "May I come in?" and then they all jumped up and salaamed.

I went across the court-yard to the opposite verandah, and my pupil brought me a chair. In a few minutes my pupil and I were working away at the first Hindi reading-book; she could just do a little more than A, B, ab. She sat beside me on a low bedstead, and her little brother came and looked over. Every now and then we were interrupted by some of the women coming up to ask all sorts of questions: such as, "Where is your sister?" "Are you married?" Then some one wanted to know the time, and I took out my watch to tell them: and when I told them my father gave it to me, they began to ask if I had any brothers or a mother.

There was a constant going and coming: the *bhisti*, or water-carrier, came in with a skinful of water on his back, and filled up some great earthenware jars that stood on a low tressel: one of the boys came by with ghee in an iron lulle and an egg he was going to fry; and an old man, who seemed to be the head of the family, went up on to the roof of the building opposite me, and began to clean his teeth.

At last when we were half-way through the writing-lessons, they asked me to show them the pictures, as one of the women had to go away for some reason, and she wanted to see them first. I had taken with me two large coloured pictures of the series published by the Religious Tract Society, and had carefully kept them covered till the reading and writing were over. When I uncovered them and began to read to story of Ananias and

Sapphira, and then the story of the Prodigal Son, all the women came round to listen, to ask questions, and to make remarks. I do not know enough of the language to explain much; but I could read the story in St. Luke's Gospel, and it was beautiful to see how they listened and seemed to take it in. Their own family love is so strong that it appealed to all their best feelings.

After that I tried to teach them the first two verses of "Around the throne of God in Heaven," and having sung it through to them, it was time for me to come away. For a minute or two I could not see which room I had come through, so one of them showed me the way out.

JAPANESE FARM VILLAGES.

REV. CHAS. M. FISHER, OSAKI.

Children, would you like to hear about a Japanese village? In Japan most of the people live in towns and villages. The Japanese farmers do not live in houses separated by long distances from one another, as in America, but gather together in little villages. In the early morning you can see the men and women and girls and boys leaving their village homes for the little fields and garden patches, carrying mattocks, hoes and rakes upon their shoulders. Their fields are largely cultivated by hand. In riding along the narrow roads, upon both sides of which stretch the fields of wheat, rice and other grains, you would not see any of the fine agricultural implements which the farmers in America use. On one side, perhaps, is a boy driving a small black cow hitched to a wooden plow, and near by some women turning over the soil with long mattocks.

If some of the boys in America had to work as some of the little Japanese boys do, they would think their lot a pretty hard one.

In the villages the houses are mostly ranged along one narrow street. Here and there are little shops, where a few trifling articles are for sale.

The village shrine is the most promi-

ment object. The approach is guarded by two hideous stone lions, or by immense images of demons. Here and there are figures of Buddha sitting on a lotus flower, and usually bedecked in a way which shows that the worshippers have not forgotten their god. The shrine itself usually contains some gilded image of Buddha. Sometimes it is a Shinto shrine. If so, it will contain no idol, but only a small mirror, a few strips of white paper and some green leaves. These indicate the presence of the "kami," or spirits. Up to these little shrines the children are taught to come from infancy. Many play on the grounds about the shrine—oftentimes with babies strapped upon their backs, who will look upon you with almost as much curiosity as their older brothers and sisters.

In the larger villages there are usually a few nice houses. Suppose we go into one. We are welcomed by the man and his wife, with low, polite bows. The front room is the kitchen, with strange-looking stoves made of clay. Upon these pots of rice and vegetables are boiling. There are no chimneys in the house, and the kitchens therefore look as if a coat of whitewash would improve their appearance. At one side, on a high shelf, is the household shrine, a little temple-shaped wooden structure with the usual Shinto emblems. Before it stand little clay images of foxes.

The people have superstitious ideas about the fox. They think it has power to bewitch them, so they put these little images before their shrines. From the kitchen you enter the best room in the rear part of the house, and are invited to a seat upon the soft matting which covers the floor. The room has no furniture. The only ornaments are a Chinese motto, some poetry printed on a long strip of silk, and a vase of flowers. The walls and doors between the rooms are merely sliding partitions covered with ornamented paper, while the windows are made of thin white paper. Back of this room is a little garden containing a pond with

gold-fish, and another little Shinto shrine where the people worship.

Presently tea, in tiny cups, is passed around, and with it some small cakes. The people ask you all about your country and its customs, so different from those of Japan, and when you leave they politely ask you to come and see them again.

They are very glad to have the missionaries visit them and tell them about Christ. They sometimes take great pains to have the missionaries come and preach to them. What a glad day it will be when instead of these little shrines and idol temples each village will have a little church where very often will be heard the precious name of Jesus!

THE CHILD'S GOOD RESOLUTION.

I am a little pilgrim,
So I must watch and pray,
Learn to deny myself, and tread
The narrow thorny way.

The way that Jesus went
And all his Saints have gone,
In the dear footprints of their Lord,
With patience passing on.

With many a holy psalm
Their fainting steps were cheered,
While brightening to their wistful gaze
The "far-off land" appeared.

Teach me those psalms to sing,
That "far-off land" to see,
And when I weary in the race,
Uphold and strengthen me.

Is not the weakest child
The parent's tenderest care?
To gather with Thy mighty arm,
And in Thy bosom bear.

—*Sol.*

MORNING PRAYER.

As now I wake to meet the day,
I pray the Lord to guide my way:
If I should die before I sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

—*Congregationalist.*

A VISIT TO SOME OF OUR MISSION FIELDS.

Dear Children :

I know you like to go and see things. Come with me and we will visit some of the fields where our missionaries are laboring.

We will first sail away to India, and there in a city called Mhow, we will call on one of the teachers of the schools, Miss Annie Stockbridge. Hear what she has to say. She writes as follows :

"This is my third year in the mission during which time I have had charge of the bazaar school.

"The daily attendance of children at school during the last month was from thirty to forty. We would have many more if the mothers would send their girls regularly. The ignorant ones are very difficult to deal with. They tell you quite decidedly that they do not wish their daughters to be taught. They were never taught to read and write themselves and they see no reason why their girls should be wiser than their parents. The educated, however, who are very few, are quite different. They send their girls willingly, and feel glad they have the privilege of doing so.

The great hindrance to our work is the early marriage system. Often, bright girls in whom we begin to take a special interest, suddenly leave school to be married, which ends their life of freedom, for they are then bound to keep within the walls of their own house, and if we ask to see them the mothers-in-law object, particularly if they know that we have an influence over them, and those mothers-in-law are often very cruel to them.

"I have at present a very bright girl, about nine years of age, and she told me the other day that she is to be married soon, after which she will not be able to come to school any more. Poor little thing, so young too.

"Besides my school work, I visit the women in their homes. They wish me to teach them fancy work, and while doing so I am able to read and speak to them of

a Saviour's love. Many of them listen attentively to the truth, and are glad when we read the Bible and sing Hindustani hymns to them. It is not always pleasant, however, to visit their homes, for many of their houses are very small, and often two or three families are together in one house which is generally only one room, where they cook their food and do their household duties and also sleep, so that they have always a smoky and oily smell which is very disagreeable to those not accustomed to it. I have lately lost three families whom I used to visit and whose children attended the school."

Thank you, Miss Stockbridge, for what you have told us, good day.

FORMOSA.

Now we will call at Formosa, and have a talk with Mrs. Jannieson, the wife of one of the Missionaries. Listen to what she says in a letter :

"Fourteen years have passed away since Dr. McKay landed in Tamsui, and on the 9th of March, the anniversary of his landing, the converts agreed to have a celebration in the college grounds.

"Over one thousand came together to hear them sing. I could listen all night. I never heard such singing before. The words ring out so distinctly and seem to come from their very hearts, and some of their hymns are so expressive they seem to mean more every time we hear them. It was interesting to see old men and some women who had been converts twelve, thirteen, and fourteen years, and had stood any amount of persecution.

"The room in the Oxford College was nicely fitted up with flowers and mottoes, and Chinese lanterns were hung around the building. From a colored chart, A Hoa read in turn the number of converts belonging to each missionary society in China. Then he read an address from the whole church referring to what Dr. McKay had done and suffered for them these fourteen years.

"A cane was then presented him, asking him whenever he would look at it to remember that they all love him for what

he has done for them. The cane is gold-headed and all beautifully carved characters, birds, flowers, not a notch on it without some meaning. A Hoa says it would take a month to tell the history and meaning of everything on it. Near the handle is carved a tiny map of Formosa with every chapel marked. At another knot is a Scotch thistle.

"The following is the substance of Dr. McKay's reply to the address: 'What is true is true. You say I have toiled. If I should say so it would have no meaning. You know I don't care for silver and gold, and if you came to me with flattery I would reject it, but what you say is true. It is so. I have toiled, I have suffered, I have been wet and miserable, sick, almost dead. I have been anxious, I have been sleepless, I have been in danger, among the savages, in the streams, on the sea, but through it all you stood by me, you never deserted me. I know your hearts, I know what you mean. I know you love me, so I will keep this cane for your sakes.'"

TRINIDAD.

Thank you Mrs. Jamieson. We have another visit to make. Now we have a long voyage before us from Formosa to the West Indies, we will call at Trinidad and have a chat with Miss Copeland, one of the teachers there. She writes telling us: "The last week in May we had a little entertainment in the school room, in which about thirty-five children took part. We spent a very pleasant evening and the children did their part very well indeed, much better than we expected. We had songs, recitations, dialogues, and floral exercises. We cleared forty-six dollars for the Mission by the entertainment, and Mr. Grant was so pleased with the result that he says we must try and have another about the end of the year.

"I have a large school and the longer I am in Trinidad the better I like it. The daily average attendance for last month was one hundred and fifteen.

One of the elders of our church while we are teaching in English, instructs the

Madras Indians in their own language. The members of his class are mostly old people. A few Sabbaths ago a Madras family, father, mother, four children, and a servant, came to be baptized after being instructed in the truths of the Gospel."

POINTE AU TREMBLES SCHOOLS.

One more call children, and we will be done for to-day. We will sail away north to Canada, and not far from the city of Montreal we will see the Pointe au Trembles School where French Roman Catholic children are taught of Jesus. We find that they have their holidays now, but we can learn something of their work. They closed a successful session on the last of April. Ninety-four boys and girls were in attendance last winter. Nearly all proved good scholars and were well behaved.

Small-pox broke out in the institution about the time of opening. One pupil was stricken down with the disease and a school companion volunteered to nurse her. She was placed in a rented house two miles from the school, and her friend with great self-sacrifice watched beside her sick bed day and night for five or six weeks. Jesus, who looks upon a kindness done to his disciples as done to himself, will say to that self-denying one, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

One pupil eighteen or nineteen years of age died after a long illness, trusting in her Saviour. This is the first death since these schools became the property of our church.

Eighteen pupils made a public profession of their faith in Christ, and if ye seven last spring sat down at the table of the Lord and commemorated his death.

Now my dear young people, that we have had this little visit together, to some of our mission fields, I hope it will make us more thankful to God for the Gospel, and more diligent in sending that Gospel to others. Perhaps some other day I will call for you and we will have another trip to the mission field.

Your friend

D.

GOD SPEAKING TO US.

Oliver Cameron—"my big brother Nolly," as little Bess called him—was at home from school a few days, and the children were delighted at the stories he told them of his school life and studies. One evening, after some lively games, they clustered around Oliver's chair to listen to a story before bed-time.

"Well, what shall it be this time?" said he; "a Bible story?"

The children liked Noll's Bible stories, and so they settled quietly into their places, and with bright-eyed Charlie on one arm of his rocking-chair, little Bess on the other and sober Fred at his feet, he began.

He told them the story of little Samuel, the boy who was given to God by his good mother, and who when a little boy went to live with Eli, the priest, to wait on him and help him in the work of the temple: he told how one night he was awakened from sleep by the voice of God calling him by name in the darkness, and how Samuel thought at first it was Eli who called him, and it was not till the fourth time that he knew it was God who was speaking to him, and then how attentively he listened.

As he finished the beautiful story, Fred asked thoughtfully, "Why don't God speak to people now as he did in those days?"

"Do you want him to speak to you? Would you listen if he should?"

"I guess we would listen and do just what he told us, too, wouldn't we Charlie?" said little Bess.

"But he does speak to us all very often," said Oliver, "only perhaps we don't know that it is he that is speaking."

"Samuel didn't know it was the Lord at first," said Fred. "But how does he speak to us, Noll?"

"He speaks to us in writing. When we read in the Bible, we can hear him calling to us, and saying, 'Give me your heart, Follow me, Love me and work for me.' Then he has appointed his ministers to speak his words to us, and the Sabbath school teachers, and in many other

ways he talks to us."

"But if we could hear his voice directly as Samuel did, it would seem more real," said Fred; or if we could have lived in Jesus' times, and seen and talked with him."

"He comes to us here and speaks to us in another way, just as really as if we could see him. It is by his Spirit, who whispers to us words that nobody else can hear, and tries to lead us to love and obey him. This is his, 'still, small voice,' and we must listen to it, and always try to do as God tells us to do."—*W. S. Harris.*

THE ALTAR ON THE PRAIRIE.

One day, a gentleman was riding on a western prairie, and lost his way. Clouds were in the sky, and, not seeing the sun, he quite lost his reckoning. Night came on, and as he knew not which way to guide his horse, he let it take its own way. It was a western horse, and was therefore likely to understand prairie life better than his rider, who was not a western man.

By-and-by a light glimmered in the distance, and it was not long before the faithful animal stopped before a log cabin.

"Who's there?" somebody shouted from within.

"A benighted traveller," answered the gentleman. "Can you give me a night's lodging?"

"You are welcome," said the man, appearing at the door.

The gentleman was thankful enough to give up his saddle and bridle to the master of the log cabin. He found the family at supper—man, wife and children—and a place was soon made for the stranger.

Some time in the evening, the man asked, "Are you a minister of the gospel, sir?"

"No," answered the gentleman, and, seeing the man disappointed, he asked him why he wished to know.

"Oh, sir," answered the man, "I hoped a minister had come to help me to build a family altar! I had one once, but I lost it coming over the Alleghenies. It was a great loss."

"Perhaps I can help you to build one, though I am not a minister," said the gentleman, who always had one himself, and, after a little more talk, the man handed him an old family Bible. He read, and they sung a Psalm, and all knelt. The gentleman prayed first, then the man prayed, and the wife and children prayed, for it seemed as if each wanted to have a little part in building up the family altar.

"Sir," said the man, when they arose, "there's many an emigrant that loses his family altar before he gets here, and after, too. Sir, it's a great loss."

Yes, many family altars are lost. Some are lost in politics, some in travelling, some in moving, some in the hurry of the harvest, some at stores and shops. It is an unspeakable loss. Abraham kept his, yet never family travelled more and moved oftener than his. But wherever he pitched his tent, he set up his family altar, and called upon the Lord, and the Lord blessed him.

Children, as well as parents, have an interest in keeping the family altar. Don't let it be lost. If father forgets, let the children gently and respectfully remind him—"Father, we have not yet thanked God for his goodness." No praying father, I am sure, but will thank a child for thus helping him in his duties.

It is good to sing, and praise, and pray around the family altar. "Blest be the tie that binds" a family altar. They are dearer to each other for being near to God.—*Sel.*

HELPING THE MINISTER.

"There was one thing that helped me very much while I preached to day," said a minister, once.

"What was that?" asked a friend.

"It was the quiet attention of a little girl who sat and looked at me all the time I talked, and seemed to try to understand what I said. She was a great help to me."

Think of that, dear little ones, when mamma and papa take you to church, and see if you can't help the minister, too.

BOYS, READ THIS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows—that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood, but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forget; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Busy Bee.*

LITTLE WORKERS.

Little children can be workers
In the vinyard of the Lord;
If they do their labor gladly,
They will find a rich reward.

They can gather from the by-ways
Children wandering in sin,
Telling them the gates of heaven
Wait to welcome wanderers in

They can tell the poor and needy
Of the sins the Saviour bore,
That they might be heirs of heaven,
Poor and needy nevermore.

They can scatter smiles of sunshine
In the pathways where they tread,
And the world will be the better
For the kind words they have said.

Little workers for the Master,
Great will be your last reward,
When you enter in rejoicing
To the kingdom of the Lord.

THE TONGUE GUARD SOCIETY.

A few months ago a society with the above name was formed in Hartford, Conn. The members pledge themselves to give one penny to its treasury every time they speak ill of another person. The money thus raised is used to benefit the poor. The following is the Constitution of this society :

MOTTO :

" If aught good thou canst not say
Of thy brother, foe, or friend,
Take thou then the silent way,
Lest in word thou shouldst offend."

ARTICLE I. The name of the association shall be the Tongue Guard Society.

ARTICLE II. Any person may become a member of this society by signing the constitution and conforming to its rules.

ARTICLE III. We the undersigned pledge ourselves to endeavor to speak no evil of any one.

ARTICLE IV. Should we, however, through carelessness, break our pledge, we agree for each and every offense to forfeit the sum of one cent. The money so forfeited to be placed in a box reserved for that purpose, and to be expended semi-annually for charitable objects.

ARTICLE V. We also agree to use our best endeavors to increase the membership of the society in our town, and to assist in organizing societies in other places.

ARTICLE VI. It is, however, understood that when called upon to give our opinion of the character of another it shall be done in truth, remembering in what we say, the Scripture injunction: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

We commend this plan of guarding the tongue, and think our young friends will do well to form such societies among themselves. Many a one who would not soil or profane his lips with impure or wicked words, does not hesitate to speak in a hurtful way of others. A back biter and one that taketh up a reproach against his neighbor is specially condemned in the

Scriptures, and the first eight verses of the third of James gives the tongue a fearful character. David prayed that God would "set a watch at the door of his lips," lest he sin with his tongue. And we need both the praying and the watching, now, as much as he did or more.—*My Paper.*

A TRUE STORY.

Sixteen or seventeen years ago there lived on the banks of the Popoagie river, in Wyoming Territory, a little Indian boy of the Arapahoe tribe. There he hunted with his little bow and arrows, and played by the river with companions as wild and free as he. Their games were never interrupted by the sound of the school-bell, and very rarely by calls to home tasks. Does that seem a very enviable life? Would you like to be free from the bell that sounds when you are in the most exciting part of your game? Would you like never to be obliged to run errands or perform the little duties that interfere with your own important plans? But this little boy was growing up in just such ignorance as Brave Bear, his father, had lived; growing up, possibly, to just such a fate as met Brave Bear. Listen, and perhaps you will envy him less.

When our little Indian was about nine years old, his father left the main band of the Arapahoës, and pitched his tepee in a little thicket of willows and bush on the banks of a mountain stream. It takes very little time to "move" Indian fashion, and the new home was ready for occupancy in a few hours. As the family gathered in it, they noticed some Indians on a hill about a mile from their tepee, and took them to be friendly Crows; but that very night these Indians, who in reality were Shoshones and Bannocks, bitter enemies of the Arapahoës, stole down upon them, under cover of the darkness, and attacked them, setting fire to the tent. In defending his family Brave Bear was killed, but the mother and children crept away into the bush and escaped.

There are drawbacks, you see, to this

wild, free life; and a regular bed hour, early though it may be, has possible advantages when it comes as a peaceful close to a day undisturbed by perils and alarms.

Not long after his father's death our little Indian started with his mother and some friends for the military post on the Popoagie, to lay in a store of such things as they needed in their simple housekeeping; and as they went, a band of the hostile Shoshones and Bannocks fell upon them, killing an old man and taking the rest of the party captive. But the little little Arapahoe was not to be left to the tender mercies of his father's enemies. A soldier, passing by, rescued the women and children, and, perhaps taking a sudden fancy to this particular little boy, carried him to the neighboring military post, and gave him over to an army officer. Captain Coolidge by name.

The boy could not speak one word of English. He had never known any garment but his Indian blanket. He had never been bound by law or rule: had never dwelt anywhere but among his own people. Now, among strangers, who spoke a strange language and had ways that differed from any that he had ever seen, separated from his mother, homesick and forlorn, do you think life was showing its dark side to him?

Ah, God leads us through the darkness often that we may come out into a place of greater light, and He had work for this little wild Indian lad to do, for which all his hard experiences were fitting him.

His new friends—for friends in the truest sense of the word they proved—intended to train him to be a house servant; but they soon discovered that he was bright and quick, eager to learn, and determined to improve himself as soon as he had found out what improvement meant. They saw that he would profit by any advantages they could give him, and they sent him first to Skattuck School, and then to the Divinity School, since it was now his heart's desire to return as a missionary to his own people, and to teach them the good things he had learned.

He had been baptized by the name of

Sherman Coolidge, a name which stood high on the honor-roll of his class. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Whipple in June, 1884, and in the following September he was sent to his tribe at the Shoshone agency, to carry to them the good things of which he had become possessed.

It was sixteen years since he was taken from his home; and when the news of his arrival spread among them, his people flocked from all directions to greet him as one given back to them from the dead. The White-Man-Arapahoe they called him, seeing him in the white man's dress, with the white man's ways, and speaking the white man's tongue.

Was not that a wonderful coming-back for the little, wild, ignorant lad? And what do you think the mother felt, whom he sought out instantly, as she recognized her son through all the changes those strange sixteen years had made? What would your own mother feel if you had been taken from her suddenly and given back to her, the same child only in the love of your heart, after many years!—*Young Christian Soldier.*

JUGGERNAUT.

There are a great many idols in India. No less than three hundred and thirty millions. Just think of it! And the people worship them all, but at different times and in different places. The three great gods whom they worship chiefly are Brahma, who creates life, Vishnu, who preserves life, and Siva, who destroys life. Vishnu is the most friendly and is worshipped under different names.

One of the names under which Vishnu is worshipped is that of Juggernaut, and there are some very fine temples erected to this god in different places. He has twenty thousand priests and priestesses to wait upon him, bathe, wash and dress him, and bring him food. On festal occasions he is dressed in silk and gold, and drawn through the streets on a car kept for that special purpose, followed by a crowd of priests chanting songs, and men, women and children dancing and shouting.

Some of these poor ignorant people used to throw themselves beneath the great car and let it crush them to death during these processions. They regarded it as a very worthy act, and thought they would go to heaven by doing so. But that is not allowed any more. The country is now ruled by the English, and they station policemen all along the line of the procession to keep people from throwing themselves beneath Juggernaut's car. The Hindus are a very religious people in their way: they attend to all the outward forms and ceremonies of their heathen worship, but they have not the true spirit of religion, because they do not know and love the true God. Some of their dreadful practices have passed away, and let us hope that as the gospel comes to them, they may obey its teachings and become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

THE ZULUS.

There are three native races inhabiting South Africa: the Bushmen, the Hottentots, and the Kaffirs. The Zulus belong to the Kaffir tribe, and they are sometimes called Kaffir-Zulus. They occupy a region in the south-east part of Africa, including the province of Natal and the territory north of it. Natal is now an English colony, having been made such in 1843, and many English people have gone there to trade and to live. But before these colonists went to Natal, missionaries from America had begun to preach the gospel to the degraded natives. This was in 1835.

The Zulus, as they were first found, were degraded indeed. The men to be sure, had good forms and features; they were tall and quick in their motions. The earliest missionaries described them as wearing a few feathers upon the head, beads upon the neck and arms, a small piece of the skin of some animal about the loins, and otherwise without clothing. They are a strong, vigorous race, and very brave.

The ordinary native dwelling is called a "kraal." It looks like a large beehive, and is made of withes covered with

thatch. Kraals are usually some eight or ten feet in diameter, and in the centre are four or five feet high, so that no man can stand erect in them. They have but one opening, about two feet high, which serves for door as well as for windows and chimney.

If a Zulu has many wives, several of these kraals are built together in a circle, thus making a pen for the cattle. Women are always bought for wives in exchange for cattle, fathers selling their own daughters to the man who will give him the most cows for them. The Zulus were never cannibals, but they care very little for human life. It is said that when a king dies his body is not allowed to touch the ground, and before he is buried several of his principal men are killed and their bodies are placed in the grave so that the king may rest upon them. Cetawayo, at one time king of the wild Zulus, when the English protested against his slaying so many of his own people, sent back this message: "I do kill, but do not consider I have done anything in the way of killing. I have not yet begun. I have yet to kill. It is the custom of our nation, and I shall not depart from it."

WHAT THE GOSPEL HAS DONE FOR THE ZULUS.

Some one told Mr. Grout, one of the first missionaries who went to Africa, that he was going on a wild goose chase. After thirty years of work there he could say: "If I did, I caught my goose." To be sure, it was ten years after the missionaries reached Natal before the first convert was received, but since then fifteen churches have been formed, and large numbers of Zulus have become Christians.

They are changed in every respect, — with new hearts first, and then with new clothes, and new houses, and new habits.

A ZULU CHIEF AND PASTOR.

Our missionaries tell the story of the Rev. James Dube, a noble specimen of the Christian Zulu.

The story of the man is remarkable. He was born in the interior, in a common

kraal, where he lived as all Zulu children did, naked and untaught. He was the son of a chief, but when he was quite a boy his mother fled with him towards the coast because a war had broken out between the tribes in the region where they lived. They came to one of the missionary stations, built a kraal, and there James cared for his mother.

He soon became a Christian, and when he had gained an education he was made a teacher. After a while the people of his tribe came to get him away from the mission, offering him the place of chief, to which by birth he was entitled. He had only a small salary as teacher, and the chieftainship would have given him every thing which an ordinary Zulu thinks worth having: cattle, wives, and authority. But he answered them: "I want you to take Christ for your chief, and then I will gladly be your servant and teach you about him." He seems to have acted on the command Jesus gave his disciples when he said: "He that is great among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief as he that doth serve."

In 1870 Mr. Dube was ordained as a pastor over the native church at Inanda, and one of our missionaries, writing about him at that time, says: "While he has renounced every rag and tatter of heathenism, he is still greatly respected by his people. They know him to be a true man, a wise man, inside and outside a nobleman." He was a little over six feet high, of splendid form and feature, and though black as any negro, it was rare for a stranger to meet him without asking: "Who is that fine-looking man?" His preaching was said to be remarkably serious, earnest, and eloquent, so that he always deeply moved his hearers. But before he had time to show all that a Zulu could be or could do, God called him away from earth. He died in 1877. Well did one write about him at his death under the title "Ripened Fruit." There is more of such fruit to be gathered in Zululand. — *Mission Stories of Many Lands.*

CHINESE WOMEN.

Their homes, the homes of a third of the human race, are windowless, floorless, and ceilingless. They are very hot in summer, very cold in winter, dank and dark all the year round. They are small because of poverty; low for safety from typhoons; unventilated, because openings would give egress to the long hooks of thieves; densely crowded together for mutual protection; opening only on tiny courts and narrow streets, where all filth fumes because every iota must be saved for fertilizing the rice fields. Villages so made up and surrounded by walls to keep out marauders, are but a few minutes' walk from each other, all over the land.

From such a home, to such a home, a woman is brought and married to a man she has never seen before, to serve a mother-in-law who is kind to her in proportion to her diligence in rearing pigs, and her aptness in bearing sons. The greater portion of the women have seen only the village in which they were born, and that into which they are married. All the world outside is unknown to them as is the planet Mars.

Toward the life to come they look blankly, hoping only that their male descendants will feed their wandering spirits after death with earthly food. The Chinese women are grave and patient women. Of all in the world, there are none to whom a knowledge of the way of salvation would be a more blessed boon, and none more capable of appreciating and using the gift. — *Miss Fiddle.*

BRING YOURSELF TO HIM.

A minister had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him to Jesus." As he was going home his little daughter, walking beside him, said, "I like that sermon so much!" "Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied, "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him." Her father thought that would do admirably for a beginning.

CRUELTY OF HEATHENISM.

BY THE REV. J. M'CARTER.

(For the Children's Record.)

When the large ship *Grosvenor* was wrecked at Delagoa Bay in 1782, the crew and passengers travelled along twelve hundred miles of the African coast seeking the help they needed. They passed tribe after tribe of Kafirs, who scorned them as beggars, and were far more ready to plunder and maltreat than to shew any kindness. One by one they died, till more than a hundred perished of hunger and hardship, but as soon as the few survivors reached the settlements of the Dutch, who knew the Bible, they received every kindness and hospitality.

One evening, while the writer was sitting in his home in South Africa, a man was led in whose arm had been sorely bruised by the teeth of a lion. He told how after the lion had left him faint with loss of blood, and killed the horse on which he had ridden, he crawled and wandered for nine days in the midst of natives who treated him with cold neglect, and he must have perished had he not reached the house of a settler from a Christian land.

Can it be wondered at that the heathen are cruel, when even their religion teaches them that their gods are pleased with human torture and blood? Are we not told of the old Canaanites that "even their sons and their daughters they have burnt in the fire to their gods?" One of the native tribes called the Khoonds were in the habit of kidnapping children, and at times adults, and after fattening them like cattle, selling them for sacrifice.

As the mournful procession moves on to the fatal spot where the sacrifice is to be offered, they sing songs to the goddess of earth, praying for her to give them cattle, sheep, pigs, children, poultry, and safety from tigers and snakes, and promising her plenty of human blood.

Arrived at the Meria Grove, the victim is bound for a day in a sitting posture to a stake, while drinking, feasting, and li-

centious orgies, proceed, as they have done for the two previous days.

About noon of the third, the unhappy Meria, whose arms, if not also his legs, have been broken in several places, is enclosed in the cleft of a split branch of a tree, which holds him fast. The priest then slightly wounds him with an axe, by way of signal, when the multitude rush on the wretched victim and cut his flesh in small pieces from his bones. Each then returns home and deposits the fragment he has brought away, in his field, as an offering to the earth goddess, supposed to have the power of making land fertile.

After this all are dumb for three days. Then a buffalo is offered at the place of sacrifice, and their tongues are loosed again. What a blood thirsty divinity the poor Khoonds must imagine God to be! Will you not help send them the gospel that they may learn that "God is Love."

A LETTER FROM A HINDI BOY.

SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD,

May 15th, 1886.

Dear Mr. Scott:

Mr. Grant asked me to write something for the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

As I wish to be a Missionary, I will say something about my family and myself. Our home is in St. Mary's Village, Oropouche, which is about eight miles from here. Most of the black and colored people there, are Roman Catholics, a very few are Protestants. My parents knew nothing of Jesus, neither did they wish to know.

About five years ago Mr. Grant returning from Fyzabad which is about five miles beyond our house, called at our shop, weary himself and with a weary horse, and saw us for the first time. That day we became friends.

Soon after he came back bringing Balu Lal Behari with him. Their visits were repeated again and again. My parents liked to see them come, and hear their words, but though they liked to hear of God's kindness in sending Jesus to save

us yet they did not intend to become Christians, but God's truth gained power over them. Mother first decided to be a Christian. Father was very angry, but she was firm. For two weeks they did not speak to each other, but all the time father believed in his heart and at last he said to mother "you are right and I am wrong." From that day neither was afraid of their countrymen.

One of our family, Swambar and his wife, also came to hear. Til-ak-singh was appointed catechist. He taught at our house every night. The room was always full, some believed and some did not. We all studied Hindi, and we worked hard that we might read for ourselves what we heard from others. Before we were baptized father closed his rum shop, because he believed it was wrong for a Christian to sell rum. He still keeps his provision shop.

We all helped Mr. Grant to build a nice church, and the rest of the money he got when in Canada. Every day Hindi is taught one hour, and a Bible lesson is given. On Sabbath we meet twice to make praise and once for Sunday School. Mr. Berridge, an overseer on Belle Vue Estate helps the School very much. About forty-five children come. Plenty more people will soon be baptized there. We are all very happy to see so many leaving their useless idol worship to serve the living God.

As for myself I was always hearing with my parents, but now I believe not only because they are Christians but because I know that Jesus Christ and no one else is the true Saviour of sinners. I trust in Him and by God's help I will work for Him as long as I live.

I am here now at Miss Copeland's school with eight others, preparing for Mission work. We all live in Mr. Grant's yard. At 6.45 every morning we meet for worship with Rev. Lal Behari, and we take prayer in our turn. Then follows Hindustani and Latin till 8.30. Then the English work of the day, after which we get special lessons in Algebra and Geome-

try, from Miss Copeland. We are all getting on well, thanks be to God.

Your humble servant,
JOSEPH C. BENNY.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Only a little lad
With a morsel of barley-bread,
And a few small fishes—'twas all he had,
So the disciples said,
As they placed his gift before
The blessed Master's feet;
When, lo! from out the wondrous store
Five thousand people eat!

Only a little child
Obeying the Saviour's call;
Yielding his heart, by sin defiled,
With his gifts and graces small;
Yet, firm with a purpose true,
And filled with a faith sublime,
The good that little child can do
May reach to the end of time.
— *Aunt Adna.*

"WHY, HE PROMISED TO."

A little maiden, about seven years old was once asked: "My little girl, are you a Christian?"

Looking up with a happy smile she answered: "Yes!"

"How long have you been one?"

"Ever since last night," she said. "I was at the meeting, and I felt I was a sinner, and I went home and kneeled by the side of my bed, and I asked God to put away my sins; and He did it?"

"How do you know he did it?"

"Why, He promised to," was her reply.

How this dear child's faith took God simply at His word, believing that what He had promised He would fulfill.

Thomas Carlyle, in a conversation with Mr. John Morley about temperance, said he could not understand what was meant by compensation to the publicans. "If any publican came to him and wanted compensation he would tell him to go to his father, the devil, for it."

HOW ZENANA WORK BEGAN IN INDIA.

The women in India are not allowed to go out in public as they do in Canada. They are shut up at home in places called zenanas, and there, unable to read, with little to do, they spend their lives in a great measure in idleness, and ignorance. The missionaries were not allowed to enter the zenanas or homes of the natives, and while preaching and teaching to the men there seemed but little hope of reaching the women. The following story from an American paper tells us how a beginning was made. Now there are many lady missionaries engaged in zenana work, visiting from home to home and teaching the way of life. A brighter day is dawning upon the women of India :

"In Calcutta, one hot afternoon, Mrs. Mullens, the wife of an English missionary, was, in the temporary absence of her husband, finishing the slippers she was embroidering as a present for him on his return. During the many years of her residence the sorrows of the secluded women around her had been a perpetual weight upon her feelings, and the question, "How can I help them?" was always sounding in her mind. Her chief hope was that the boys in her school, when grown men, would become her allies in some scheme of relief.

But in this she was disappointed. Caste was invincible even to those who had yielded to her reasonings against its injustice and cruelty. But as her hope faded, her watchful interest increased, and on this afternoon her thoughts were busy with their woes and her finished work dropped from her hand as a young Baba, (native gentleman) a former pupil, came in to see her. Struck with the gay embroidery, he picked it up, chatted upon its beauty and her marvellous skill in its execution.

With a sudden flash of inspiration she said, "Take it home and show it to your wife." After a little parleying he consented, and after giving his wife what

proved a great pleasure, he handed it to another Baba, who in turn passed it to a third, who continued the passing until quite a number of Zenanas had been stirred by the story of the slipper. Then it was returned, and glowing pictures of the excitement it had caused were coupled with the thanks of the gentlemen.

With another kindling of inspiration Mrs. Mullens said, "Your wife can learn to do that work; and if you will allow me I will teach her." The Baba hesitated. The presence of a Christian was an offense, the touch of one pollution, how then could he admit her into the most sacred precincts of the Zenana!

But to the wish that stole, he knew not how, into his heart to provide this little enjoyment to the poor prisoner at home, Mrs. Mullens added a gentle entreaty, and the day was carried. A trial might be made. The lady went eagerly to her appointment, found an enthusiastic scholar into whose life the bright worsteds and new occupation brought variety and interest.

The news of this venture with the fancy-work, spread from house to house till soon her hands were full of pupils. And she took another step. "I can only teach embroidery," she now announced, "to those will learn to read."

It was a startling proposition, but it was accepted, and the Zenana, firm shut to reason and entreaty, was now opened to the Christian teacher with her skeins of worsted and her Bible. The story of the Saviour was told to hearts apparently waiting to receive, and many of those dark homes became bright with the "light of life," and joyous with the songs of salvation. The great prison-house, pierced at this point, was attacked and broken by the laborers in different places. And now there came for the first time light into the harem and joy into the Zenana. The intelligence of the great achievement reached our shores, and our women acknowledge that their prayers had indeed been heard and answered.