

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

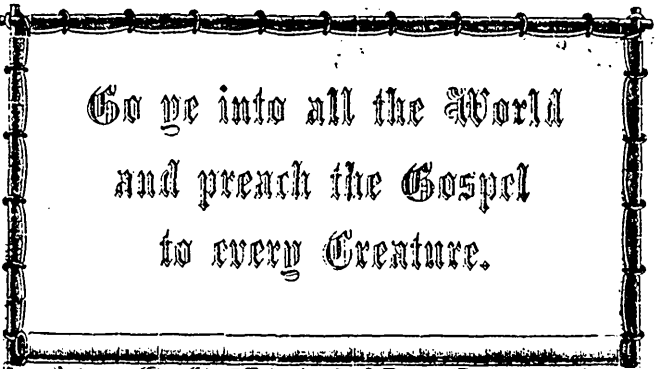
10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

Vol. 1. APRIL, 1886. No. 4.

THERE'S A CHRIST FOR YOU.

"Is there any Christ for little children?" asked a tearful, blue-eyed child of an elder sister.

There's a Christ for the little children,
Full of tender, pitying love,
Who is waiting to receive them,
And to welcome them above;
Every fault is freely pardoned,
Every weakness fully known,
And every childish sorrow
Made lovingly his own.

There's a work for the little children
Which their tiny hands may do,
A love that their hearts can render,
A service bright and true.
There are souls they may win for heaven,
By their Christ-like words and ways,
By their daily heart endeavor,
To tell out all his praise.

There are some in their heathen darkness,
Who know of no loving Christ,
Who never have heard the story
Of his precious love unpriced.
It may be the little children
Will send them the tidings sweet,
That the Lord has so freely loved them,
And called them to his feet.

Are you trying to send the Gospel
To souls that have never heard
Of the Saviour's undying pity,
Of this true and faithful word?
He will bless every weak endeavor
With a smile of tender love,
And the souls you have won for Jesus
Shall star your crown above.
EVA TRAVERS EVERED POOLE.

HOW THEY GIVE PRESENTS IN AFRICA.

One day last November Mrs. Sanders of Bailundu was greatly amused by a present which was offered her. The day before was Sunday. A man came bringing a little pig which he said was a gift. "Mr. Sanders told him," writes Mrs.

Sanders, "that it was the Sabbath, and he could not receive the gift that day; he might bring it the next. Before Mr. Sanders started the next morning, on his journey to Bihe, I asked him if I should give any return present. He said 'No; simply thank the man.' We are trying to break up their custom of bringing us presents and expecting to get twice their value in return.

"Soon after Mr. Sanders started, the man came with his pig. I thanked him and told him where to put it. He looked at me awhile and finally said, 'A long time ago I brought you a bunch of bananas, and you gave me nothing. Now I have brought you a pig. Are you not going to give me a present?' I replied that in our country when a person gives us a present we only thank him for it. Then he began to upbraid me. He poured out such a storm of words that I was quite overwhelmed. I left the door and went into the bedroom. Soon I heard a most vociferous squealing, and looking through the window, I saw the man going off with his pig on his back. Evidently he thought he would waste no more presents on this 'poor white trash.'" - *Missio Dayspring*.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

If washed in Jesus blood,
Then bear his likeness, too,
And as you onward press,
Ask, What would Jesus do?

With willing heart and hand,
Your daily task pursue;
Work! for the day wears on;
Ask, What would Jesus do?

Be gentle e'en when wronged;
Revenge and pride subdue;
When to forgive seems hard,
Ask, What would Jesus do?

Be brave to do the right,
And scorn to be untrue;
When fear would whisper, "Yield,
Ask, What would Jesus do?"

LETTER FROM MR. ANNAND.

Children! Do you like selfish boys and girls? I know that you do not! Even heathens despise mean people. Who loves that girl who refuses to give her playmates a small part of her cake and candy? Who cares for the boy that will not share his apples and raisins with his playmates? No, you don't like them, but you call them mean and stingy. You love generous boys and girls who share their good things with those who have none.

Now, do you think that God loves selfish and stingy people? Well, He has given us a great many gifts and blessings, and He has told us that if we are liberal with them He will give us more; but how many of us are willing to share our blessings with the heathen. We are so mean with the Gospel that we are like a selfish school boy who tries to keep all his own good things to himself, but yet wants to get a good share of those belonging to the others. Don't let us be so stingy with the Gospel, but let us give it to the heathen also! Don't you want to be happy and make others happy? If so share your blessings with those who have them not.

Santo, the largest island in the New Hebrides, covered with men, women and children, is now looking to us for the Gospel. They have never heard of Jesus. Their life is one dark, toilsome journey to the darker grave. No hope, no real happiness. No comfortable home here, no heaven hereafter.

A missionary wants to go there but our happy Christian people are not willing to share their luxuries or deny themselves anything in order to raise money to pay way. Boys, girls, you spend enough in candies every year to send him out to the heathen. Many of you give one cent for missions and five or ten cents for candy. Ask God to open our eyes to see what we ought to do—to open our hearts so that we shall give to this work, and to fill our hearts with love so that we shall work for him.

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH ANNAND.

WORTH WINNING.

There was a boy who "lived out," named John. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood box, and saw that the postage stamp on it was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, and so the stamp is as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the teakettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "Because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and this is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that He judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience. "God will know it, and that is enough; and He, you know, desires the truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best parts of John's character; "yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp the second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. And so John won the victory. Wasn't it worth winning?

We like to see a boy with his father. It is good for both of them. A boy will not be likely to turn out badly who likes to be with a good father; and the man who is willing to take his boy wherever he goes will not be likely to go very far astray.

SCHOOLS IN MAINPURI, INDIA.

BY M. E. POLLOCK.

When you think of schools in far-away India, do not picture in your minds a large airy school-room with rows of neat desks, and at each desk a clean, neatly-dressed girl. No, indeed! The little dusky Indian girls would be completely lost in such surroundings, and would not know what it all meant. They are not accustomed to benches and chairs, but prefer to sit on the ground. Come with me and I will take you to a typical Indian school. We pass through narrow, filthy lanes until we come to a low mud house—that is, the walls are mud—having a thatched roof. As we enter, we find ourselves in a little room about ten feet long and six or eight wide. The walls are plastered with mud, and the floor is mud and lime beaten so hard that it seems almost like stone. In this room there are no windows, and all the light and air we get must come from the door. On a square of matting sits the teacher, surrounded by twelve or fifteen girls, each with a book before her from which she studies aloud. You can imagine what a clatter they make: but it is their way, and according to their ideas, the louder they study the more they will learn.

Low cane stools are brought for us, and we sit down to examine the scholars and see what progress has been made since last we visited the school. The books, all containing Christian instruction, are numbered one, two, three and four, and are published by the Christian Vernacular Tract Society. When these have been mastered a Scripture History will be taken up, and after that the Bible itself.

They learn a simple catechism corresponding to one that possibly very many of you study, beginning, "Who made you?" We must be very careful to see that they have studied this, for as it contains the doctrines of our Christian faith, the heathen teachers do not like to teach it, and must be watched very closely that they do not neglect it. You know how hard it is for any one to teach what he does not believe

and does not want others to believe, and so it is with them. If the teacher refuses to teach the catechism or the girls to learn it, the school is at once closed.

Well, after this is recited and explained, we hear the multiplication table and have simple exercises in arithmetic. Then comes the writing class. The slates are boards painted black, the pens are large and made of wood and the ink is a mixture of lime and water. After that comes what they enjoy most of all, the singing of hymns set to native music. They are eager to learn to sing, too, and many of the older girls sing very nicely. The sun is getting high and we must hasten back to the shelter of the thick walls of our bungalow, for you know Europeans must be very careful of the fierce rays of the Indian sun.

All of these poor girls are taught from their very infancy, by their mothers, to worship idols, and a very common excuse for tardiness is, "I have been to worship some goddess." When you think of these poor heathen children and then of your own great blessings in having kind parents, comfortable homes and so many advantages in the way of education, are you not glad that you do not live in a heathen land, and does it not make you more eager to send the gospel to the children far away over the seas!

In Mainpuri we have eleven such schools, and in them one hundred and sixty-five girls are being taught. We hope that you will not forget to work and pray for these ignorant little children that they may forsake their idols and worship the one true God.—*Children's Work for Children.*

EVENING SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY E. A. S.

When the children go to sleep,
Still the stars are waking,
And from far the angels are
Swift their earth-flight taking,
All the night to watch and keep
Little children while they sleep.

HOW OLD ?

"Mother," said a little child, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?" And the wise mother answered:

"How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you, I do now, and I always shall," and she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another question:

"How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell me what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again:

"How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to?" Then the child whispered, half guessing what her dear mother meant:

"I can now, without growing any older,"

Then the mother said:

"You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love and trust, and try to please the One who says: 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered: "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in her prayer she gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his.

WILLIE'S PENNY.

Willie's penny made heaven rejoice! It would not have bought more than a stick or two of candy, or much helped a starving family. What did he do with it?

His sister was a missionary's wife in Africa, and the family were filling a box to send her. As one after another deposited their gifts, little Willie said, "I want to give my penny."

"What shall be bought with the little offering?" was the next question. It was

decided to buy a tract, and write the history of the gift on its margin, and, with a prayer for its success, send it on its distant errand.

The box arrived on the mission ground, and among its valuable, interesting contents, Willie's gift was laid away unnoticed and for a while forgotten. But God's watchful, all-seeing eye had not forgotten it. One day a native teacher was starting from the mission station to go to a Sunday school over the mountain, where he was to be employed, and the tract was given to him.

It shewed him that he was a lost sinner in danger of eternal death, and that all his learning could not help him. It also told him of One who was able and willing to save.

What years of Christian labor by the missionaries had not done, was now brought about by the penny tract. The strong man bowed in penitence and humble submission at Jesus' feet, and became a sincere Christian. The missionaries to whom he went praised God for the change by which they became blessed with a godly teacher. Those who put the tract in his hand were overcome with joy; and there is joy in heaven "over one sinner that repenteth."

So you see how little Willie's penny made heaven rejoice.

WHAT THE GOSPEL DOES.

An Englishman asked a Chinaman who was listening to a preacher if he had ever heard the Gospel before, "I have not heard it," he said, "but I have seen it. I knew one who used to be the terror of his neighborhood, shouting and cursing for two days and nights without ceasing. He was a bad opium-smoker, and like a wild beast till the religion of Jesus took hold of him; then he became wholly changed. He is now gentle and not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly the teaching is good." That is what the Gospel does for the heathen. Has it made you gentle and loving like Jesus.

A MISSIONARY AMONG CANNIBALS.

The group of islands in Western Polynesia called the New Hebrides, about thirty in number, were inhabited less than forty years ago by naked and savage cannibals. In 1848 Rev. John Geddie, who had been a minister in Nova Scotia, but whose heart had long been on fire with desire to preach the gospel to the heathen, went to Aneiteum, the most southerly of the islands, to commence a mission. The life of Dr. Geddie, entitled *Missionary Life Among the Cannibals*, prepared by Dr. George Patterson, has just been issued, and is so full of interest that we wish all could read it.

The natives of Aneiteum in their heathen state, as Dr. Geddie found them in 1848, were naked, commonly painting the face either black or red. They were selfish, treacherous, and lying. They were great thieves, and would teach their children to steal. They were corrupt in every way. The most fearful cruelty would cause no remark among them. Revenge for any wrong was considered a duty. Cannibalism was common, and on one island it was said there were no children because the chief had eaten them all up. Women were slaves, and did all the hard work. Of course there were no homes, and children grew up without paying any honor to parents.

When Dr. Geddie arrived at Aneiteum, every woman on the island wore around her neck a stout cord, by which, with a moderate pull, she could be strangled to death: for whenever a man died, one or more of his wives was strangled. The notion seemed to be that his spirit would need some company. Time after time, in the early years of his labors, did Dr. Geddie try to stop this horrid practice. In some cases he succeeded, and at other times he was obliged to stand and look on while the sons of a man who had just breathed his last would strangle their own mother. One of the strangest things about this strangling was that the wives themselves generally insisted upon being

put to death. One case is recorded, happening after some of the people had become Christians, of a woman who savagely bit a man who was trying to save her from strangulation, demanding that they put her to death.

It was in November, 1848, that Mr. and Mrs. Geddie landed on Aneiteum, and the people were not at all glad to see them. The evil conduct of many traders who had come to the island had led the natives to dread foreigners. They had yet to learn how different was the errand on which the missionaries came. Mr. Geddie used to say that the first person on the island who ever asked him to conduct a service was a little boy who one day said, as he put his hand to his forehead and covered his eyes, "Come, let us do so." So the lad gathered other boys, and the service was held. This boy afterwards became a teacher.

Left alone with his wife upon an island fifteen hundred miles from the nearest missionary station, Mr. Geddie's position for two or three years was not only a very trying one, but full of peril. The natives often threatened to kill him. But little by little he won their confidence. The second year some of them began to pray, and sometimes forty or fifty would be present at the Sabbath service. At the end of the fourth year he had not only learned the language himself but reduced it to writing, and hundreds of the natives had been taught to read, and hundreds more were in school. Nearly half the population of the island, numbering about four thousand souls, attended Christian services.

The years that followed were marked by great growth. The people ceased to fight each other. Instead of being thieves, everything was safe, without lock or key. Churches were built, and were filled with decent and happy worshipers.

The missionary work was carried on not alone on Aneiteum. The other islands of the group were visited, and within twelve years from the time Mr. Geddie landed, twenty native teachers had been sent from Aneiteum to Tana, Erromanga, Fate, and

other of the New Hebrides islands. The missionary vessel, the *Dayspring*, was sent out to aid in the work in the group, and the children of the Presbyterian Church in Canada now help to support her.

In the pretty church at Aneleuhah, on Aneiteum, is a tablet erected by the grateful natives to their missionary, John Geddie. On this tablet it is written, in their language, "When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians here, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen." Was a more honorable epitaph ever written.

When Dr. Geddie died Aneiteum was the only Christian island in the New Hebrides group. Now, however, one third of the islands have been occupied. On Aniwa the whole population attend church and school. No sooner does an island become Christian than it sends out some of its people to plant stations among the heathen. Five years ago the church at Erromanga, the island where John Williams was murdered, had sent out twenty-five of its members as Christian teachers. So the gospel wins its way even among cannibals. *Mission Stories in Many Lands.*

" I JUST TOOK HIM AT HIS
WORD."

Sandy Bates was one of the Fresh Air Fund boys who had come out to The Pointe to get a glimpse of the green fields and a breath of the pure air of the bright country. He was nobody's lad, and he managed to keep life in his body by means of odd jobs that he was always on the lookout for, while any kind of a shelter at night was better than the miserable garret that he used to share with the old drunken creature who called herself Granny Bates, though Sandy was sure she had no claims upon him.

A serious illness, induced by exposure and poor nourishment, had left him so thin and pale as to attract the attention of a benevolent lady, who succeeded in obtaining a permit to have him sent to the country for a week or two. Sandy's first Sunday in the country was one glad

song of delight. In Mr. Raymond's class that day he first heard the simple story of redeeming love. Eagerly he listened to the oft-told tale of the Babe cradled in the manger, of the sorrowful life that followed, and of the ignominious death that finished the work of redemption. The plan of salvation was all new, but exceedingly plain to the forlorn boy, and the passages of Scripture read and memorized were full of meaning to his growing understanding. The week that followed was bright with new life and beauty. When next Mr. Raymond took him by the hand, Sandy informed him that he now belonged to the Saviour.

"Are you very sure?" asked Mr. Raymond, fearing that the child did not understand what he was saying.

"Just as sure as that my name is Sandy Bates," was the instant response.

"How do you know that he has accepted you?" urged the teacher.

"Why, I just took him at his word; for when he told me to come unto Him, I knew he meant it, and I am sure He will not go back on His word," replied Sandy, with glistening eyes.

"You are right, my boy. I think I understand now what Jesus meant by accepting the kingdom of God as a little child," murmured Mr. Raymond. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."—*Selected.*

WHAT TIME IS LIKE.

Time's a hand-breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis a short-lived fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light;
'Tis a bubble; 'tis a sigh;
Be prepared, O man, to die. *Quarles.*

WHAT ONE LITTLE INDIAN DID.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

Away up in Alaska, there was a poor little Indian girl whose parents were dead. She was sad and neglected. No one cared for her, her hair was tangled, face and hands dirty, and her only garment, a cotton dress, was ragged and soiled. No wonder that tears oftener than smiles showed themselves on her face, for her life was filled with more sorrow than joy.

One day, this little girl found her way into a mission school, taught by a good woman, who felt much interest in such poor little waifs, and did what she could to make their lives brighter, and teach them the way to Heaven. Here she learned a great many things she had never heard of before. She learned how bad she was, and that there was a Saviour to whom she could go, who would help her give up her bad ways and lead a new and better life.

The Indians gave the child to the teacher, who felt especially drawn toward the poor little outcast, and longed to help her. The teacher took her home. She learned to speak English in six months, to read the English Testament, to write, sew, and to do many kinds of housework. She became tidy, pleasant-mannered, clean and happy. After she had been with the teacher a while, there grew up in her heart a great wish for a doll, only a cheap little doll, such as we can buy for ten cents. She began to save up her pennies to buy one. One day she picked several quarts of berries, for which some one gave her ten cents.

That afternoon, the lesson at school was about Christ, who gave up so much, and for our sakes became poor. This made the little girl wish to do something to show her gratitude and love for the dear Saviour, who had loved and given himself for her. That night, when bedtime came, she carried the ten cents, which she had earned, and which she had treasured so carefully to buy a doll, and giving it to the teacher, said; "Teacher, divide;

Jesus half, me half." She was willing to give up part of her money to Jesus, and wait a little longer for her doll. How many of my little readers will do as much and send their money to teach just such needy children as this child once was.

CHILDREN, GO AND TELL OF
JESUS.

Children, go and tell of Jesus,
How He died to save our souls;
How, that He from sin might free us,
Suffered agonies untold.

Tell the guilty of their danger,
While they wander far from God;
While they live to Christ a stranger,
And reject His precious Word.

Tell them of the joys of heaven,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;
How that they might be forgiven,
Jesus left His home above.

Tell them how He hath ascended
To prepare a home on high;
Where all sorrows shall be ended,
Where the good shall never die.

"And thou, my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve Him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts; if thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever." 1 Chron. 28: 9.

Father! now the day is past
On Thy child Thy blessing cast;
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Keep Thy guardian angel band,
And throughout the darkling night
Bless us with a cheerful light.

Let me rise at morn again,
Free from every thought of pain;
Thus, my Father, day by day,
Keep me through life's thorny way.

MISSIONARY CATECHISM ON
CHINA.

Where is China? In Asia, bordering on the Japan, Yellow and China Seas, and extending west to the center of Asia.

What is the population of China? Nearly 400,000,000.

How far back does the history of China extend? Over 2,600 years before Christ.

What kind of people are the Chinese? Rather short, with yellow skin, coarse black hair, little or no beard, peaceable, industrious, prudent and skillful.

How do they dress? A wide-brimmed hat or round silk skull cap, loose out jacket with wide sleeves, wide short trousers, and silk or cotton shoes with thick felt or wooden soles.

What do they eat? Rice chiefly, vegetables, and nearly all kinds of animals as well as fish. All drink tea constantly.

What language is spoken in China? The Chinese, strange in form and sound, with several dialects, and difficult for foreigners to learn. There is no alphabet. Every word or idea has a separate sign.

How do the Chinese write? With little brushes, in columns from top to bottom of the page, beginning at the right hand side of the page.

Have they many books? Multitudes, on all subjects.

When did they begin to write books? Probably before they first moved to China from the region south of the Caspian Sea—long before written history began.

What are two of their largest literary works? A dictionary in 5,020 volumes, and an encyclopedia in 22,937 volumes.

How do the children treat their parents? With great respect.

When does school life for the boys begin? At the age of six.

How are children educated? By committing to memory a series of reading books selected from the works of Confucius and a few other writers.

How long do they study? Until they can pass examination for the office they wish—sometimes all their lives.

What is the religion of the Chinese?

There are three principal religions: Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism.

What is Confucianism? A religion founded by Confucius; an atheistic mixture of politics and moralism, beginning and ending with self-development.

What is Taoism? Originally somewhat similar to Buddhism in theory, it soon became practically a system of magical rites, charms and superstitious sorcery.

What is Buddhism? A dreamy, speculative religion, imported into China from India about A. D. 60. It is one of the three missionary religions.

What is really the actual religion of most of the Chinese? A mixture of the corrupt forms of all three religions.

What Apostle is said to have preached in China? Tradition affirms that Christianity was preached by the Apostle Paul in China, and that he built a Church at Peking.

Who were the first Christian missionaries to China? Probably Nestorian monks in the sixth and seventh centuries.

What was the result of their work? It is recorded that "religion spread in every direction and temples rose in a hundred cities."

Who was the first Protestant missionary in China? Rev. Robert Morrison, sent in 1807 by the London Missionary society.

When was the first convert made? In 1814 Dr. Morrison baptized his first convert at Macao, a Portuguese settlement, eighty miles southeast of Canton.

How many converts were made from 1807 to 1830? Dr. Morrison reported the baptism of ten natives.

How many communicants were reported in 1853? 351.

How many in 1863? 1,974.

How many in 1868? 5,743.

How many in 1877? 13,035.

How many the first of 1883? 22,601.

How many the first of 1884? Over 24,000.

How many the first of 1885? 26,287.

How many missionaries are in China? The first of 1885 there were reported by 33 societies, 544 foreign missionaries and 1,450 native helpers.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

NOTES FROM MISSION FIELDS.

(For the Children's Record.)

ANEITYUM.

The Rev. J. Laurie, the Free Church missionary on Aneityum, has been dispensing the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper during Mr. Anmand's absence. He says there was a great deal of earnestness among the people, and in some cases church members who had not been living on good terms were made friends.

On the Monday after the Sacrament two of the elders brought him three short bamboo sticks filled with sacred earth. This, together with a small stone the shape of a triangle, with a hole in the centre, had been kept as the apparatus of one of the old sorcerers. By mixing particles of this earth with food, women were bewitched, couples divided and much trouble is said to have been caused by those who knew the secret. The following is the receipt for making this sacred earth. "One or more lizards, a piece of wood, some dried banana leaves, some green lanana leaves, the whole to be burned in the fire, the charcoal or ashes to be rubbed fine between the hands, and filled into bamboo bottles, corked up with a tuft of human hair, and kept ready for use." When heathenism of such a character is yet to be found hidden in Christian Aneityum, in what an awful condition, children, must those be in the heathen island of Santo, where our missionary Mr. Anmand expects to be settled on his return.

THE NORTH WEST.

The following is an extract of a letter from Miss Christie B. McKay, who is teaching a school among the Indians in the North West, on the Mistawasis Reserve :

"I have 39 pupils and they are almost all girls, five boys. They are getting along nicely now; they had forgotten almost all during the rebellion.

We have one very poor family on the reserve. They are from Carlton. They came here last week, one blind man, two

deformed women, another old man that can hardly walk. Their brother tries to work for them. We do our best to give them food when he comes. There is another blind woman, a widow with three children. They come to school. The boy is very smart, also the girls learn very fast. There are a great many widows on this reserve.

We have not got a church yet and that is something we are in need of. Last Sunday the school-house was crowded to suffocation, some had to stand out doors, others sat on the floor. Pa has tried to get a church built. They held a meeting last winter. Most of the people are going to help."

INDORE, INDIA.

Miss Rodgers writes: There are not many changes in my school, a few new girls have entered and a few have left on account of their families going to other stations. The two brightest and most advanced Parsi girls will leave shortly as their father goes to Bombay. While in Indore he was in the employment of His Highness Maharajah Holkar. One of the girls that attended my school four years is now living in the city, but she says she will come to the camp for a time at least so that she may be nearer. She cannot attend school now as she is married but she wishes to be taught still. The teaching of the children to do something useful is appreciated by the parents. It is of much more consequence in their eyes that they should learn to knit and sew than to read. One of the women I visit is learning very rapidly to do several kinds of work. Her husband is a doctor in government service. He has served 27 years now and has three years more before he takes his pension. He is much pleased with his wife's progress and although he speaks English well, he sometimes uses a wrong word. He has said several times, "She is not at all dull, she is too cunning," meaning she was very clever. When she sees me coming she calls to him to bring the Fox which is used for a chair, if he is in the house.

LABRADOR.

In studying geography at school you have sometimes pointed out on the map the large peninsula of Labrador. You have learned something of the people living there and how they have to hunt and fish to provide for their families.

Do you ever ask what is being done for their souls. There are a few missionaries from the Moravian, Episcopal, and Methodist churches laboring among them, but sad to tell many are perishing for lack of knowledge. Our own church a few years ago sent a missionary down in the summer months, but none is now sent.

Last summer a student from Dalhousie College labored as a colporteur along the coast. Owing to failure in the fisheries during the past two years he found great scarcity of food. Travelling over a distance of 400 miles he saw but two schools in operation. The majority of the children are growing up without being able to read, and many are without religious instruction. In several places on the coast from one end of the year to the other no sermons are preached, no Sabbath Schools held, and the Bible is a sealed book.

How sad thus to think of souls sitting in the region and shadow of darkness.

A PASTOR.

CROOKED HABITS.

While shaking hands with an old man the other day we noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said, "In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children. For fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effects of holding the reins for so many years."

This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how oft-repeated acts become a habit, and once acquired, remain generally through life? The old man's crooked fingers are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words and actions of men and women.

MAKE YOUR RECORD CLEAN.

You have all been hearing or reading of the sudden death of John B. Gough, the great temperance orator. On the evening of the 15th Feb. he stood on the platform of a church in Frankford, U. S., delivering a temperance address. Whilst uttering the following sentence, "Young man, make your record clean," he immediately fell unconscious on the platform. For 40 years his voice which had been used as a powerful force for good was silenced forever in this world.

These words should never be forgotten. It is important that every young person begin well in order that they may end well. Boys and girls, make your record clean if you wish to succeed. Much depends on a clear record in order to success here and hereafter.

Abstain from all appearance of evil, and love that which is good. Be like the child Jesus who grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him. To make a clean record we must be like Him.

Your Friend, D.

WHAT YOU MAY DO.

If it's only a poor little penny,
If 't is all you have to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some-cause to live.

A word now and then of comfort,
They will cost you naught to say,
But they cheer the weary pilgrim
And help him on his way.

If it 's only some out-worn garment,
If it 's all you have to spare,
They will help to clothe the needy:
The poor are everywhere.

"God loveth a cheerful giver,"
Though the gift be ever so small;
But what does he think of his children
When they never give at all?

- S. L.

LITTLE PILGRIMS' SANDALS.

The way to heaven is narrow,
And its blessed entrance straight ;
But how safe the little pilgrims
Who get within the gate !

The sunbeams of the morning
Make the narrow path so fair,
And these early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

They pass o'er rugged mountains,
But they climb them with a song :
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

They do not greatly tremble
When the shadows night foretell :
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path so well.

They know it leads to heaven,
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits.

A KAFFIR BOY LEFT TO PERISH.

SOMERVILLE, SOUTH AFRICA,
October 29, 1885.

Dear Young Friends :

I have a very touching story to tell you of a little boy. The boy's father lived near this place. Two months ago he was attacked by small-pox, and was by his heathen neighbors driven from his home with all his family. They sought shelter in a forest beside the mission, and there the man died from disease and exposure.

The next victim was his wife, who died under a tree on a bitterly cold and wet night. There was then left the little boy I spoke of, his aunt, and another woman.

After his mother died, the boy took small-pox; but the aunt, instead of nursing him, tied him to a tree, and left him to die of hunger. He managed to undo the rope, and crawled here. When he came to my waggon he was perfectly naked, and covered with the small-pox eruptions.

I was in great difficulty. The weather was cold. I had no place where I could shelter him. My neighbors would not come within a quarter of a mile of him, and it seemed a horrible thing to leave him to die. I happened to remember a small, dry cave I had seen at the edge of the forest; and after getting food and clothing for him, I directed him there. In this cave he has lived ever since; and though still thin and weak, he is in a fair way to recovery.

This story shows very clearly the difference between Christianity and heathenism. In Christian lands the sick are carefully tended, and hospitals are provided for every form of disease. In this land of shadow and heathenism the sick are driven from the homes of men to die like the wild beasts. This boy's bones would to-day be bleaching in the forest, if I had not happened to be here and at home the day he came to me for succor. I had never seen him. He was the son of wild heathen parents; but he had probably heard something about the goodness of the white man generally to the sick and helpless, and sought assistance in the only place where help could be found for such as he.—*Jas. McDonald, in Free Church Chil. Rec.*

A little boy who had been taught to love the missionary cause and to think of the poor little heathen children, one day showed in a new way that he was thinking of them. He looked at the sun one evening, as it shone quite brightly just before it had hid behind the hills. He had been told that the sun rises in China about the time it sets here. He began in a low and thoughtful tone. "Farewell, sun! Farewell sun! Good by! Give my love to the little boys in China."

RULES FOR TO-DAY.

Do nothing that you would not like to be doing when Jesus comes.

Go to no place where you would not like to be found when Jesus comes.

Say nothing that you would not like to be saying when Jesus comes. C. O.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Some years ago a party of English hunters in the far West, descending a thickly wooded mountain, came suddenly upon a glimpse of an Indian camp in the valley. A strange, unearthly sound ascended from the camp, which, on their drawing nearer, proved to be an attempt at singing. About thirty in all, men, women, and children, were gathered around a leader, who, to the surprise of the party, was found to be leading them in religious service. They were singing "Rock of Ages." The settlement was an isolated one. They had no connection with any other tribes. For fifteen years no missionary had been among these people, and yet for all these years this daily religious service had been kept up. Fifteen years before a Methodist missionary had been there for a short time, and had taught them about God. And this was the result! For three weeks the party staid with these Indians, and for the first time in their travels left all their property exposed and unwatched. Nothing was taken. On leaving the chief asked them if they had lost anything, and on being answered in the negative, said simply, "We love the same Jesus that you do."

One of the joys of the Great Reaping time will be the ingathering of such unlooked-for harvests.—*Church Miss. News.*

KIND HEARTS.

It was a warm day, and a warm dispute was going on in the pretty summer-house in Mr. Mayne's garden between Lily and Victor Mayne.

At first it was a half-laughing dispute, but it grew and grew, until Mrs. Mayne heard the angry voices and went out to see what could be the matter. But when she saw the flushed faces, and noted how high the tide of anger had risen in each little heart, she said:

"No, I cannot hear your story now. You may both remain here without speaking for a half-hour. I will return in a few moments, bringing something which

you are each to learn by heart and recite to me at the end of the half-hour.

Lily and Victor were silent. They were obedient children, and did not think of resisting their mother's will. At the end of the half-hour they were ready to repeat the verse she had given them to learn.

They both looked a good deal ashamed as they walked slowly up to the piazza where Mrs. Mayne sat. But there was no shade of reproof on her face. Her eye and voice were as kind as ever, and she listened with the most pleased attention to the recitation, first from Victor, and then from Lily.

This is the verse they recited:

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life;
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

"And now, Lily," said Mrs. Mayne, "you may tell your side of the story first, as you are the lady."

"Oh, mamma," said Lily, "I haven't any side to tell! I got angry at nothing, and I am sorry and ashamed."

"And you, Victor?" said Mrs. Mayne, smiling.

"I was the only one to blame, mamma," cried Victor, eagerly. "If Lily will forgive me, I'll try and behave better another time."

And so it was all over, and kind hearts won the day!

A boy of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister who was two and a half years old. Drawing her upon a foot-stool, he imagined himself both the engine and the conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam he stopped and called out "New York," and in a moment after, "Paterson," and then "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly, "Top; I dess I'll dit out here."

THE CORAL-ISLAND CRIPPLE.

"As I went along one evening," says Mr. Williams, a missionary to the Pacific islands, "I was struck by seeing a man get off a seat near his house and walk upon his knees into the middle of the pathway, when he shouted, 'Welcome, servant of God, who brought light to this dark island! To you we owe the word of salvation.'"

"His hands and feet were eaten off by leprosy, and he could only move along on his knees.

"On asking what he knew about Jesus Christ, he said: 'I know that he is the Son of God, and that he died in great pain on the cross for the sins of men, in order that their souls might be saved and go to be happy in the skies.'

"Where did you learn what you know?" asked the missionary.

"Why, as the people come back from the service, I take my seat by the wayside, and beg a bit of the word of them as they pass by. One gives me one piece, another a second piece, and I gather them together in my heart, and, by thinking over what I get and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about his word."

After this the missionary seldom went by the poor cripple's house without speaking to him.

WHAT A BOY ACCOMPLISHED.

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools went out in the country the past Summer to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man:

"Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow."

The swearer who had taken a great liking to him, said:

"I thought you were going to stay all Summer?"

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must

go, so I will leave."

The man felt the rebuke, and said:

"If you will stay I won't swear," and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and that which is to come.

A MINUTE'S ANGER.

Not long ago, in a city not far from New York, two boys, neighbors, who were good friends, were playing. In the course of the game a dispute arose between the boys, and both became angry; one struck the other, and finally one kicked the other, who fell unconscious in the street, was taken home, and now for four weeks has suffered most cruelly. The doctors say that if he lives he will never be well, and will always suffer and need the constant care of a physician. If the boys had been the greatest enemies they would not, could not, have desired a worse fate for each other than this. But, instead of enemies, they were friends and loving companions. Now everything is changed. One will never be able to walk, or to take part in active games; the other will never forget the sufferings he has caused.

A minute's anger caused this.

GO HOME, BOYS.

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, right on, then go home. Home is the place for boys. About the street corners, and at the stables, they learn to talk slang, and they learn to swear, to smoke tobacco, and to do many other things which they ought not to do.

Do your business, and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games, and when the play is ended, go home.

The way to be saved—believe.

JUST AS I AM.

Some time ago, a poor little boy came to a city missionary, and holding up a dirty and worn-out bit of paper, said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a *clean* paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn of which the first stanza is as follows :

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
Oh, Lamb of God, I come."

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died; and she used to sing it all the time while she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame to hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air, like a falling leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little mission Sabbath school, probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, to find in it, we may hope, the gospel of her salvation.

BEGIN RIGHT.

As the boy begins, so will the man end. The boy who cheats his teacher into thinking him devout at chapel, will be the man who will make religion a trade and bring Christianity into contempt. The boy who wins the highest average by stealing his examination papers, will figure some day as a tricky politician. The lad who whether rich or poor, dull or clever, looks you straight in the eyes and keeps his answers inside of truth, already counts friends who will last his life, and holds a capital that brings surer interest than money.

Then get to the bottom of things. You see already as to that. It was the student

who was grounded in the grammar, who took the prize; it was that slow, steady drudge who practiced firing every day last Winter, that bagged the most game in the mountain; it is the clerk who studies the specialty of the house in off hours, who was promoted. Your brilliant, happy-go-lucky, hit-or-miss fellow, usually turns out the dead-weight of the family by forty-five. Don't take anything for granted; get to the bottom of things. Neither be a slum yourself nor be fooled by shams. --S.S.

PICK OUT YOUR TIME.

When will you begin resolutely, heartily, wholly to serve God?

How varying the answers!

"When I think I am good enough."

"When I sha'n't disgrace my profession."

"When I am a little older."

"When out of this set of young people who will laugh at me."

"When I have run my round of good things."

Set these all down.

Don't you think it fair that God should have something to say in this matter? Let God pick out his time. To the first he says, "Come now and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

"To the second, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

To the third, "Those that seek me early shall find me."

To the fourth, "Fear ye not the reproach of men."

To the fifth, "I will mock when your fear cometh."

Christ has lived, and He asks living followers. He has died, a sacrifice, and He asks the spirit of self-sacrifice in you. --
Bishop Huntington.

There is no habit more dangerous than that of deceiving in little things, because it is so easily fallen into.

PRUE'S MISSIONARY MONEY.

"Oh, mamma, my potatoes are looking splendid, and papa thinks there will be at least six bushels, and if they are fifty cents a bushel, there will be three dollars. Only think! won't that be a good deal of money?" So saying, Phil Sanborn drew up to the dinner-table, delighted.

"Yes, my son, that will be a good deal indeed," said Mrs. Sanborn, as she smiled down upon her ten-year-old boy.

The spring previous some of the ladies of the Woman's Board of Missions had been in that town to tell of the grand work they were doing, and even the boys and girls were interested. Phil had been told that he might plant some potatoes, caring for them himself, and have their price for missions when these ladies came again.

Prue, Phil's nine-year-old sister, heard, and her large blue eyes grew sad, for she had nothing to give.

"Eat your dinner, Prue," said mamma; "I thought my little girl was fond of apple dumplings."

"So I am, but I was thinking."

"Of what, pussy?" asked papa. "Any new disease attacked your dolly?"

"No, papa, but such wonderful things are to be done."

"What wonderful things? Is Barnum coming up here with his museum?"

"Why, no, papa, but about missions, and you and mamma and auntie and even Phil have something to give, and I—I haven't anything." And Prue ended with a sob.

"Who ever expected girls could earn anything, I'd like to know! See here, Prue, I'll give you ten cents of my potato money," said Phil.

"Thank you, I do not want it," returned Prue.

"I'll give twenty-five cents," said papa.

"That would not be earning myself. Like the rest of you do! No, I shall give nothing which is not my very own," said the little miss.

After the dishes were washed mamma sat down to her sewing and auntie to her

knitting, while Prue with the kitten in her lap was in a brown study.

"Oh, mamma! I've got an idea," and Prue gave such a jump that the kitten went out of the window. "Auntie said I was very clever at making dolls' clothes, and I might make a few suits, real nice ones, and put them in Mr. Roberts' store. He will let me if it is for missions, and then I'll have some money all my own to give."

"So you shall, dearie," said auntie. "Get your silks and merino and your dolly, and we will commence. I will cut and fit, and you shall sew every stitch."

In November the missionary meetings were held again. Phil gave three dollars and seventy-nine cents, the dollars from potatoes and the cents from chestnuts. Then happy little Prue brought her offering, four bright new silver dollars, with her eyes shining like stars.

That night as they talked the meeting over by the fire at home, Phil said, "I have changed my mind about girls since Prue earned so much. I don't know that many boys could have done better."

And Prue whispered to mamma, "Wasn't it work for Jesus too, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, if you did it for the love of helping Him," replied mamma with a loving kiss for her little girl.

"It seemed to-day as though Jesus stood there and smiled at me, saying, 'Prue, I know you love me, for you gave up those pretty clothes for me.'—*Missionary Link*."

MY TIME TABLE.

Sixty seconds make a minute,
How much good can I do in it!
Sixty minutes make an hour,
All the good that's in my power.
Twenty hours and four a day,
Time for sleep, and work, and play,
Days, three hundred and sixty-five,
Make a year for me to strive
Right good things each day to do,
That I wise may grow and true.