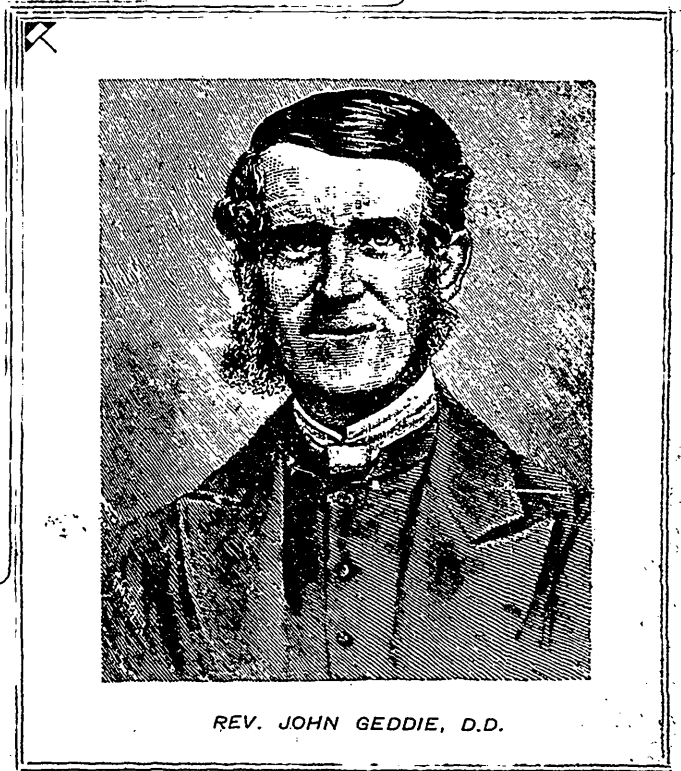


Children's Record

» JANUARY, 1897 «



REV. JOHN GEDDIE, D.D.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

At a wharf in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 30th of November, 1846 (—just fifty years ago.), a small vessel lies ready for sea.

A quiet-looking little man and his wife and two children come down the wharf and go on board.

Many of the people of the city and some from elsewhere are there to see them off.

Good-byes are said. The moorings are cast off. The sails are shaken out, and gently fill. The little craft moves off from the shore, out into the stream, and glides quietly down the Harbor.

The little groups of lingering watchers move slowly away, and the voyagers bid the sinking hills of their loved home land farewell.

Who are these, and where, and for what, are they going? They are our first Foreign Missionaries, Rev. John Geddie and his wife, setting forth on their long, long voyage to the South Seas.

To what Islands they shall go, they know not. All they know is that they are going to the heathen who never heard the Gospel, and who are living in cruel, naked savagery, without God and without hope; and that they are going to carry to these people the Saviour's message of love and peace, to make good and glad their lives here, and to give them hope for the future.

In their little vessel they go to Boston. There they get passage on a ship that is going on a whaling trip to the Pacific Ocean, and after a voyage in her, of 170 days around Cape Horn, they reach the Sandwich Islands.

After a time, a vessel passes there in which they get a passage to the Samoan Islands, which they reach after 28 days of tossing on the deep.

They remain for a little time with some missionaries who are there, learning about mission work and about the different groups of Islands, and decide to go to the New Hebrides.

At length they get a place in a passing ship, which will carry them there; and on the 29th of July, 1848, a year and eight months after sailing from Halifax, they land on Aneityum, among savage cannibals.

Twenty years afterwards that same little man and his wife came back on a visit to Canada, and could tell of the whole Island having cast away its idols; and when, some years later, in failing health, he went to Australia, soon to pass to his heavenly home, Aneityum was a Christian island; and in large letters, in the Church which he built, was put up the inscription "when he came there were no Christians; when he went away there were no heathen."

Mrs. Geddie, now very aged, still lives in Australia;—a noble woman, one of our first missionaries.

What changes have come in fifty years! Changes in two ways.

First, there have been great changes in the New Hebrides.

Other missionaries, from our own Church and from other churches, followed Mr. and Mrs. Geddie, until to-day our Church has three missionaries and their wives there, viz., the Annands at Santo, the Mackenzie's on Efate, and the Robertson's on Erromanga.

In all the group, there are some eighteen mission families, and nearly every island has missionary work done upon it.

There are a great many natives too, doing mission work,—about 130, and there is a College for training men to be teachers and preachers. At this College there are now twenty-eight boys or young men, the most of them with their wives.

What a change too in the Foreign Mission work which our Church is doing!

Then we had one mission family. Now we have three mission families in the New Hebrides; five in Trinidad; two in Formosa; eleven in Central India; five, besides five unmarried men, in Honan, China; and one unmarried man in Demarara.

Besides these, there are four unmarried women in Trinidad, four in Honan, and eighteen in Central India.

We have thus thirty-two men, and twenty-six married women, and twenty-six single women,—in all, eighty-four—from our own country, doing our work among the heathen.

Besides these, there is the great number of native workers, hundreds in all.



Christian Teacher and his Wife, Aneityum. L.]

Our young people will now take up the work where their fathers and mothers are laying it down, and will send out still larger numbers, and some of you will yourselves go.

I cannot give a better New Year's greeting than to pray that you may do more this year than ever before to send the Gospel to the world's perishing millions.

This will be one way to insure for yourselves a "Happy Year."

A ZULU CONVERT.

"I have just returned"—writes a missionary—"from a two months' tour through Zululand. It was my joy to see the power of the Gospel in the remarkable conversion of an old man of considerable influence and the owner of many cattle.

Our missionaries had visited him three times, always getting a kindly welcome and a request to come again. He had, on each occasion, allowed them to hold a meeting. Consumption laid hold of him, and he rapidly wasted away.

His sons had cut him a little "clearing" in the dense forest behind his kraal, to shelter him from the winds, and there we found him dying. A small hut, beehive shape, was in the corner of the clearing, and beside it lay the dying Zulu.

When he saw us his face literally shone with joy. Pointing up with his thin finger, he said in Zulu, "My heart is right with Jesus; I trust Him only. He has washed my sins away."

He could not read—had no Bible—was buried away with his people in the densest heathendom, but through it all the message of life, taken by our dear missionaries, had broken in upon his soul.

The old Gospel, in the power of the Holy Ghost, has the same effect to-day as at Pentecost. Pray for this country with its half million of Zulus.

COUNTING UP HER MERCIES.

Once there was a poor old woman sitting in a chimney corner, and she always looked so happy that people wondered, who saw her bent, tired old shoulders and her wrinkled face and her knotty, pain-twisted hands. At last somebody said:

"Granny, what are you doing there all day? How do you pass the time?"

"Counting up my mercies, dear!" she answered cheerily. "Such a blessed lot of 'em! You can't think how many new ones I find every morning!"

GUARDED.

"Come out, please."

A very tiny woman in the cap and gown of a deaconess nurse stood holding open the door of a dark closet. Within stood a huge, black-browed man, his hair disordered, his eyes wild and bloodshot. He glared down at the little woman like a wild beast, and ground his teeth together. Was she afraid? No! Not a tremor passed over her. An hour before, she had been on her knees, and now she knew that an invisible hand protected her.

"I won't come out. Shut the door and leave me alone."

"But I want you to come out first. Why should you stay in here?"

What power it was that prompted the man to obey, the girl herself could not have told, but, crazed with drink as he was, he felt the spell of some power stronger than his own will, and staggered out of the closet. The girl closed and locked the door and then went back to her patient.

The sick woman lay unconscious. Already the cold gray shadows were creeping over her face. All that the nurse could hope to do for her was to protect her from the drunken frenzy of her husband, and suffer her soul to go in peace. The children wept by the bedside, or fled in terror from the presence of the insane father as he approached them. A few neighbors huddled around the doorway, held partly by morbid curiosity, and partly—let us hope—by real sympathy. The man was possessed by a passion to kill, to kill his wife—his children—himself—anyone who should come in his way. Some such threat he had been muttering when he had rushed into the closet and shut the door. He went into the next room, still muttering.

Presently, as the nurse was waiting upon the dying woman, she saw him rush through the room with an axe in his hand. The neighbors fell back terrified, but the nurse followed him into the little hall. Down at the foot of the stairs was a policeman, his foot on the lower step. At the top stood the drunken man, brandishing the axe.

"Come up if you dare!" he shouted with frightful oaths and imprecations. "I'll smash your skull before you shall touch me." The policeman stood still, and the little nurse stepped to the man's side. "Give me the axe," she said calmly, and though he glared at her savagely, he let her take it from his hand. Seeing him disarmed, the policeman came up the stairs. The man was fully his match in size and

strength, and the officer of the law walked around the room a few minutes and then prudently took his departure.

An hour or two passed. The man seemed to have grown more quiet, and the nurse left the sick woman for a minute. But almost immediately one of the children rushed after her, pale and wild-eyed with horror. "Oh come quick!" she cried. "He's going to kill mother!" The nurse hurried back. Stooping over the unconscious woman was her insane husband, clutching a knife in his hand, and looking like a demon incarnate. They took the knife from him, and drew him away. At last, after much persuasion, the nurse induced him to go into another room and lie down. The last stage of intoxication was coming on, and he fell into a heavy slumber. Before he awakened, his wife was forever beyond his reach.

He awoke sober. Finding the house strangely quiet and his daughters weeping together, he inquired what was the matter. The nurse took him to the bedside of his dead wife and told him of her last hours and his own wretched conduct.

"Oh, my God!" he groaned, hiding his face in his hand, "and to think I might have killed her!"

"Or yourself," the nurse suggested.

"It's only you I have to thank that I'm not a murderer or a suicide," he said.

"But you," looking wonderingly at the slight form of the little woman standing before him—"weren't you afraid?"

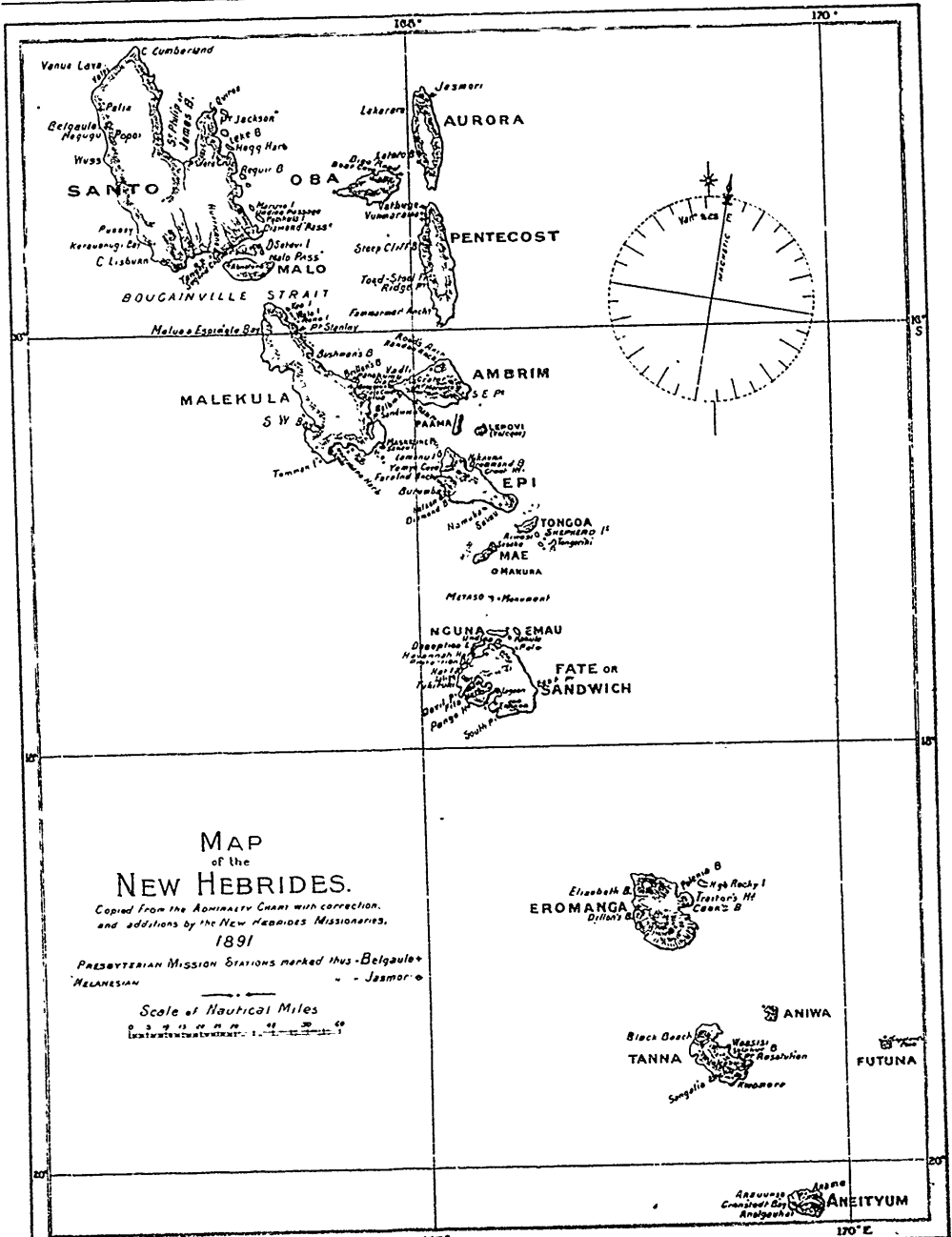
"No," she replied quietly. "I knew God was able to protect me."

"And He did," was the reply: "but oh, what will become of a wretched man like me?"

"God will help you if you truly repent. No one else can," replied the nurse steadily.

He sank upon his knees, sobbing and praying as only a man can who sees the blackness of darkness yawning before him.

His repentance seemed sincere; his resolution never again to touch the stuff that had ruined his manhood and turned his home into a hell was made with all the strength of his nature: and though that strength was utter weakness, the Christian nurse could point him to one whose grace would be sufficient for him. The two older daughters were also won to try to live a better life. Through the death of the heart-broken wife and mother, the broken remnant of a family may yet be built up into a Christian home.—*The Deaconess Advocate.*



"WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?"

There's a call from the far-off heathen land :
O what can you give for the great demand ?

We have not wealth like the rich man's store,
We will give OURSELVES : we have nothing more.

I will give my FEET, they shall go and go,
Till the heathen's story the world shall know.

I will give my HANDS, till their work shall turn
To the gold I have not but CAN EARN.

I will give my EYES, the story to read
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.

I will give my TONGUE, that story to tell.
Till Christian hearts shall will pity swell.

—Selected.

A LIFE THAT WITNESSETH.

She was a worn little old lady, bent with suffering, wrinkled with cares. She was very poor, and one might have passed her without any thought, save one of careless pity. And yet she was a faithful witness.

Into a neighboring house one summer came a busy woman, forced by ill health to rest from the strain of public duties. She found out the little old lady, and went often to the bare, small home.

"She was real good," the poor creature said afterward. "She said things that sounded as if they was out of some lovely book—so kind of comforting. I can't see why she should have said 'em to me, but they'll do me good to think of just as long as I live. Think of heaven being full of such lovely folks, and all of us getting the chance to see and hear 'em."

"You did her good too," said the neighbor; "Miss T— says she will be a better, braver woman all her life, more grateful for the privilege of living and working in the world, more satisfied with the lot to which she is appointed, because she has known your patient, contented life."

"To think of it," said the little old lady, with tears shining in her faded old eyes. "To think that lovely woman should say I done her good ! I don't deserve that ! No; as happy as it makes me, I don't deserve it."

But it was true. The faithful life cannot be so narrowed or so hidden but it will witness somewhere.—*The Lookout.*

A SAD RESULT OF DELAY.

A man told me the following story, which I have never forgotten:

"When I left home my mother gave me this text : Seek first the Kingdom of God.' But I paid no heed to it. I said when I got settled in life, and my ambition to get money was gratified, it would be time enough then to seek the Kingdom of God. I went from one village to another and got nothing to do.

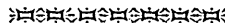
"When Sunday came, I went into a village church, and what was my surprise to hear the minister give out this text, 'Seek first the Kingdom of God.' The text went to the bottom of my heart. I thought that it was only my mother's prayers following me, or that some one must have written to the minister about me. I felt very uncomfortable, and when the meeting was over I could not get the sermon out of my mind.

"I went away from that town, and at the end of a week went into another church, and heard the minister give out the same text. 'Seek first the Kingdom of God.' I felt sure this time it was the prayers of my mother, but I said calmly and deliberately, 'No ; I must first get wealthy !'

"I went on, and did not go into a church for a few months, but the first place of worship I went into, a third minister preached from the same text. I tried to drown, to stifle my feelings ; tried to get the sermon out of my mind, and resolved that I would keep away from church altogether, and for a few years did keep out of God's house.

"My mother died, and that text she had given me kept coming up in my mind, and I said, I will try to become a Christian. I could not ; no sermon ever touches me ; my heart is as hard as a stone."

I heard that story when I was a boy, and after I got to be a man, I went back home, and asked my mother what had become of the man who told it. "Didn't I write to you about him ?" she asked. "They have taken him to an insane asylum, and to everyone who goes there he points upward with his finger, and says, 'Seek first the Kingdom of God.'" There, in the asylum, was that man, with his eyes dull with the loss of reason, but the text had sunk into his soul—it had burned down deep.—*Moody.*



A TRANSFORMED LIFE.

The wonderful results that sometimes follow the dropping of seed into rather unpromising soil is shewn by the experience of a minister, who a number of years ago passed through a prison crowded with convicts.

One gigantic fellow crouched alone in a corner, his feet chained to a ball. There was an unhealed wound on his face where he had been shot while trying to escape. The sight of the dumb, gaunt figure touched the visitor's sympathies.

"How long has he to serve?" he asked the keeper.

"For life."

"Has he anybody outside to look after him—wife or child?"

"How should I know? Nobody has ever noticed him all the time he has been here."

"May I speak to him?"

"Yes, but only for a minute."

The minister hesitated. What could he say in one minute? He touched the man's torn cheek. "I am sorry," he said. "I wish I could help you."

The convict looked keenly at him, the hard lines of his face softened, and he nodded to indicate that he believed in the sympathy expressed.

"I am going away, and shall never see you again, perhaps; but you have a Friend who will stay here with you."

The small keen eyes were upon him; the prisoner dragged himself up, waiting and eager.

"You have heard of Jesus?"

"Yes."

"He is your friend. If you are good and true, and pray to God to help you, I am sure He will care for you."

"Come, sir!" called the keeper. "Time's up."

The clergyman turned sorrowfully away. The prisoner crawled after him, and catching his hand, held it in his own while he could. Tears were in the clergyman's eyes.

Fourteen years passed. The convict was sent to work in the mines. The minister went down one day into a mine, and among the workmen saw a gigantic figure bent with hardship and age.

"Who is that?" he asked the keeper.

"A lifer, and a steady fellow; the best of the gang."

Just then the "lifer" looked up. His figure straightened, for he had recognized the clergyman. His eyes shone. "Do you know me?" he said. "Will He come soon? I've tried to be good."

At a single word of sympathy the life had been transformed, the convict redeemed.—*Selected.*

A KIND HEART.

It was a bright morning early in summer. Ex-Mayor Sichel descended the brown-stone steps of his mansion, on an up-town square, and started down the street toward his office. As he walked slowly along he noticed in front of him a very pretty young lady. She was dressed according to the latest fashion, and went tripping along with her head held high in the air, in a manner befitting a young queen. As the venerable ex-mayor looked at her fine array and watched her toplofty manner, he could not but wonder if she took as much pains with the inward adornment of her heart as she did with the outward decoration of her body.

Presently an old man came up the street, pushing a wheelbarrow. Just before he reached the young lady he made two attempts to get into the yard of a small house, but each time he failed; the gate would swing back before he could get through with the wheelbarrow.

"Wait a moment," said our stylish miss; "I'll hold the gate open." And reaching out a hand incased in a pearl-colored glove, she held the gate until the old man and his wheelbarrow had passed in. Then she nodded and smiled in response to his thanks, while our ex-mayor thought that her handsome clothes were not a bit too fine for a body that carried such a beautiful spirit.—*Er.*

FRUIT OF ONE BIBLE.

Stanley tells this story of what one Bible accomplished:

"In 1875, Miss Livingstone, the sister of David Livingstone, presented me with a beautifully bound Bible. On a subsequent visit to Mtesa, I read to him some chapters, and as I finished, it flashed through my mind that Uganda was destined to be won for Christ. I was not permitted to carry that Bible away. Mtesa never forgot the wonderful words, nor the startling effect it had upon him; and just as I was turning away from his country to continue my explorations farther in the Dark Continent, a messenger came to me, after traveling two hundred miles, crying out that Mtesa wanted that book, and he got it. To-day the Christians in Uganda number many thousands; they have proved their faith at the stake, and under torture until death."

THE LITTLE FATHERS.

Much has been written and said of the patient "little mothers," who mind the younger children so carefully, the "little mothers," who are the home tenders and baby minders while the mother goes out to earn the food and the money for the rent.

But have you ever noticed how many "little fathers" there are? Walk through the parks on a pleasant day, and you will see here and there the elder brother leading the younger children about. It does not come so naturally to a boy to mind the children as it does to a girl. It requires more close application, for there are so many alluring things going on to distract his mind from playing his part as "little father."

Walking through the park Saturday afternoon, we came upon a "little father" taking his two little sisters for a walk. The younger one could but just toddle about. He was picking up pretty leaves for them, and they in turn threw them over their heads, and made music among the fallen leaves with their feet as children love to do.

They were chubby and dirty, but three such happy child faces I have rarely seen.

The boy was so patient and pleasant with the little strollers that I said, "You are the good brother, and these are your two little sisters, of whom you are so very fond that you take them out this lovely day to enjoy the park?"

"Yes, ma'am. I bring them out, for they bother mother so when she's trying to clean up the house."

I found they had come a long way to enjoy the beauties of the park, and I queried how the little one had walked so far, but the "little father" said, "Oh, I carry her most of the way. When my arms get tired, I put her down a while."

Not once did he neglect his charge, though a grey squirrel came down from the tree and ran all about the grassy place. Flocks of boys, like birds, came on the ground in a moment to chase that squirrel, it was great fun.

That boy, we knew, would like to have joined them, but he stood with one of each of his little sister's hands in his and looked on with interest. It seemed sometimes as if the hand of some boy almost grabbed the squirrel, and then the "little father" would cheer, but the squirrel was only leading them a merry dance. He had no idea of being caught, and when danger was near, he needed no sign board to tell him: up

a tree he ran, and then climbed to the top-most boughs and looked down, fairly laughing because he had played such a joke on the boys. A game of foot ball was in progress, but the "little father" must view that from afar, for the little sisters might get hurt with the ball or in the crowd of scramblers.

The brother was a protector, for when the little ones had been allowed to wander off by themselves just a little way, they ran back when anything started them to put their wee hands in brother's larger, stronger hand. They had confidence in his ability to shield them. It was a lovely sight, a proof of the true love of that brother for the little sisters.

We thought of the many brothers, who most of their lives are bent on having a good time and get it too, who frown and think it a great trouble to look after a little sister, even for a short time.

And how very thoughtful that little nine year old boy was of his mother. "The little ones bothered her when she was trying to clean the house up," and so he had taken the little bothering hindrances away. How happy the mother of that boy must be, and his act of goodness was not done under protest, his face was too happy looking for that to be thought of for a moment.

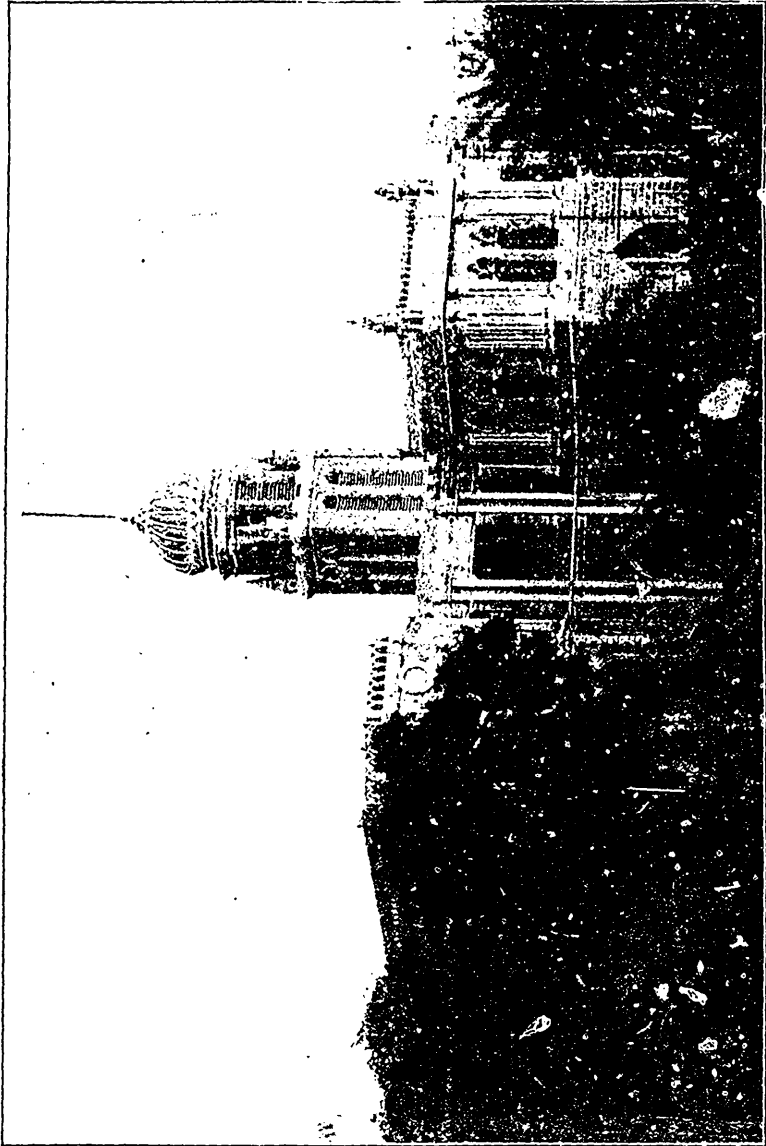
—Susan Teall Perry, in *Even*.

WHEN YOU STUDY, STUDY.

Lord Macaulay, the celebrated historian, was a great student, and when he studied, he studied. He used to get up at five o'clock, and study till nine or ten. He got so he could read Latin and Greek right off-hand the same as you can this. He had the power of putting his whole mind on his book.

Many people put part of their mind on their work, and the rest on something else. But all this is wrong. Play when you play, and when you study, study. In study all the faculties are needed—reason, to judge of what you read; memory, to recollect it; and so with all the rest.

Macaulay became one of the most distinguished writers of his time, and it was mainly by dint of this early habit of his, putting his entire mind at the disposal of the work before him. All cannot study alike, but we can all be deeply in earnest in whatever it is that we do, and only downright earnestness will cause us to succeed in life.—*Selected*.



Our Mission College at Indore, Central India.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONARIES.

I.—THE NEW HEBRIDES.

- Rev. J. Annand, D.D., and wife, Santo.
 " J. W. Mackenzie and wife, Efate.
 " H. A. Robertson and wife, Erromanga.

II.—TRINIDAD AND DEMARARA.

- Rev. J. Morton, D.D., and wife, Tunapuna.
 " Dr. Grant and wife, San Fernando.
 " W. L. Macrae, Princetown.
 " A. W. Thompson and wife, Couva.
 " S. A. Fraser and wife, San Fernando.
 Annie L. M. Blackaddar, Tacarigua.
 Adella J. Archibald, San Fernando.
 Cecilia Sinclair, Princetown.
 Lucy Fisher, Couva.
 Rev. J. B. Cropper, Demarara.

III.—FORMOSA.

- Rev. G. L. Mackay, D.D., and wife, Tamsui.
 " Wm. Gauld and wife, Tamsui.

V.—CENTRAL INDIA.

- Rev. J. Fraser Campbell and wife, Rutlam.
 " J. Wilkie and wife, Indore.
 " A. P. Ledingham and wife, "
 Marion Oliver, M.D., "
 Janet V. Sinclair, "
 Jessie Grier, "
 Janet White, "
 Margaret McKellar, M.D., "
 Rachel W. Chase, "
 Bella Ptolemy, "
 Harriet Thompson, "
 Rev. W. A. Wilson and wife, Neemuch.
 Charles R. Woods, M.D., "
 Agnes Turnbull, M.D., "
 Jessie Duncan, "
 Catherine Campbell, "
 Rev. J. Fraser Smith and wife, Mhow.
 Rev. N. H. Russell and wife, "
 J. J. Thompson, M.D., and wife, "
 Isabella Ross, "
 Catherine Calder, "
 Jean M. Leyden, "
 Rev. W. J. Jamieson and wife, Ujjain.
 Margaret Jamieson, "
 Jessie Weir, "
 Rev. F. H. Russell and wife, Dhar.
 Margaret O'Hara, M.D., "
 Mary Charlotte Dougan, "
 Rev. J. Buchanan, M.D., and wife, Jhabua.

IV.—HONAN.

- Rev. J. Goforth and wife, Chang te Fu.
 " Donald McGillivray, " "
 " J. Menzies, M.D., " "
 Annie Mckenzie, " "
 Jeanie J. Dow, M.B., " "
 Minna A. Pyke, " "
 Wm. McClure, M.D., and wife, Ch'u Wang.
 Rev. M. Mackenzie and wife, " "
 " K. McLennan and wife, " "
 Maggie J. McIntosh, " "
 Davina Robb, " "
 Rev. W. H. Grant, Hsin Chen.
 " J. A. Slimmon, " "
 Wm. Malcolm, M.D., and wife, " "
 Rev. R. A. Mitchell, " "

MAKE A FRIEND OF HIM.

An angry man once applied to a friend for advice as to the best method of "coming up" with one who had injured him.

"Is he an enemy of yours?" was asked.

"I should think he was," was the reply; "he is doing all he can to hurt me."

"Very well; he ought to be destroyed. Kill him."

"Kill him?" and the man was puzzled.

"Certainly; but there is only one way to destroy an enemy so that there will be no bad after-effects."

"How is that?"

"Make a friend of him. The enemy, will then be gone, thoroughly destroyed."

KEEP A CLEAN MOUTH, BOYS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word I could not pronounce before my mother."

He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example is worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father or mother.

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

TWO PICTURES FROM LIFE.

I.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud house in Peking, China.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sighs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so because it was dying she was afraid of her own baby!

"It is almost time," said the mother-in-law, glancing at the slanting sun-beam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window; and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air. The mother shrieked, "My baby is not dead! My baby is not dead yet!"

"But it has only one mouthful of breath left," said the old woman, the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you."

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart drawn by a black cow passed slowly down the street; the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the carter drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flower will ever blossom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails, "My baby is lost; my baby is lost; I can never find him again!"

That black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

II.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission, "Baby is dying."

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the Comforter had come before us.

"Our baby is going home," said the mother, and, though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

"We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He has but come for His own," said the father reverently, and he threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the

little life slipping away, some one began to sing softly:

Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and with one long gaze into the loving faces above closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed in through the gate to the heavenly fold.

"Let us pray," said a low voice. We knelt together, and Heaven came so near we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear songs of welcome.

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Peking, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes and laid her lovingly in her last resting place. We decked the room with flowers, and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery.

With a song of hope and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the sacred spot where we laid her, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord," says the baby's father, while baby's mother answers: "Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her again, some glad day."

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.—*Clara M. Cushman, in Gospel in All Lands.*

A BOY ENDURES PERSECUTION.

One day, at Yen Ching Chow, China, among several who tarried to chat awhile about what they had heard, was a lad sixteen years old. I was not there at the time. The helper afterward confessed that he had neglected the boy, selling him a Gospel and a tract, but not urging him to become a Christian, because "he was only a boy."

But the boy came again and again, and at last, uninvited, he himself asked if he might not be enrolled as a probationer.

The helper had learned a lesson. Much ashamed of himself, he at once took a warm interest in the serious-faced lad. The boy had already endured persecution for Christ's sake; the books he purchased had been torn to tatters, and he himself beaten by his father for going to the "Jesus chapel."

During the next six months he suffered cruel treatment in his own home from father, mother, and older brothers, because he would attend worship at the chapel. One night his angered father and mothers tied him to a tree and told him they would beat him to death if he did not recant. Hearing his screams of pain, some heathen neighbors interfered and saved him.

I baptized him three weeks ago. 'Twas touching to hear him pray for his father, mother, and brothers, the marks of whose cruel blows he still bore on his back and arms.

Later on the persecution was so cruel that he came to the chapel and said he must run away: that God approved this course, for he had prayed about it.

I sent word to him that when he ran away if he came to Pekin I would take care of him.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

THE TEST OF LIFE.

A man waited to speak to the preacher as he came down from the pulpit one Sunday.

"I wish you would come over to see mother the first time you have leisure," he said. "She is afraid she is losing her Christian hope, and she would like to talk with a minister."

"Certainly, I will come," was the warm reply. "I wish none of us had more reason for such fears than she has," continued the preacher, thinking reverently of the old lady, almost blind, and a semi-invalid, but still so full of the sweet Christian graces that her presence in the household was felt as an actual blessing by every member.

The increasing weakness of extreme old age and her utter inability to meet the religious world at any point had wrought upon a deeply conscientious nature, and brought her to wonder if she had ever been really and truly a child of God—a state of feeling which she had never known in younger and stronger days, when she could do active work for the church and humanity in general. That "they also serve who only stand and wait" did not occur to her weakened and weary mind.

The very next day the pastor called to see her. She told him of her early Christian life, of the joy in service that had been hers so many years, her love of the Bible and of prayer, her zeal for the church and all good work.

"Now that I am laid aside," she said in a despondent tone, "I have lost it all. My soul seems as weak and inactive as my

body. My prayers are lifeless, my mind seems half asleep. I have no feeling. And I sometimes wonder if I am deceiving myself all those years."

The minister pondered a moment. Though an elderly man, just such an experience had never come under his observation before.

Almost mechanically he put to her a test question—"How does Jesus Christ seem to you now?"

A flush of joy passed over the wrinkled old face before him, the dim eyes lighted wonderfully.

"Oh!" she said, "I can never cease to love Him! He is all worthy. It is only myself that is cold and unworthy."

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;"

quoted the minister. "Don't you see, my dear lady, that all you lack is strength of body to carry out the faith and love that is in your heart? Don't try to analyze your feelings, for physical weakness will rule those to a great extent; only trust."

To the end of her days, which was not long after, the aged woman blessed the man of God who had so easily and skillfully brushed away the cobwebs from her spiritual vision.

The ice covers the little brook, but under the ice the water is still dashing along toward the ocean.

So the ice of feebleness and old age may shut us away from the world's activities, but if our souls are continually fed by the warm springs of faith and love we are, perhaps unconsciously to ourselves, drifting safely to the Peaceful Sea.—*American Messenger.*

BOYS OUGHT TO KNOW.

1. That quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as of a gentlewoman.

2. That roughness, blustering and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.

3. That muscular strength is not health.

4. That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.

5. That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.

6. The best capital for a boy is not money, but the love of work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.—*Ex.*

AVERAGE WON'T DO.

A man who prided himself on his morality, and expected to be saved by it, was constantly saying: "I am doing pretty well, on the whole: I sometimes get mad and abuse folks with my tongue, but then, I am strictly honest; I work on Sunday when I am particularly busy, but I give a good deal to the poor, and I never was drunk in my life."

This man once hired a canny Scotchman to build a fence around his lot, and gave him very particular directions as to his work. In the evening, when the Scotchman came in from his labor, the man said:

"Well, Joek, is the fence built; and is it tight and strong?"

"I canna say that it is all tight and strong," replied Joek, "but it's a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I don't know but I may have left a gap here and there, a yard wide or so; but then I made up for it by doubling the number of rails on each side of the gap. I dare say that the cattle will find it a very good fence, on the whole, and will like it, though I canna just say it's perfect in every part."

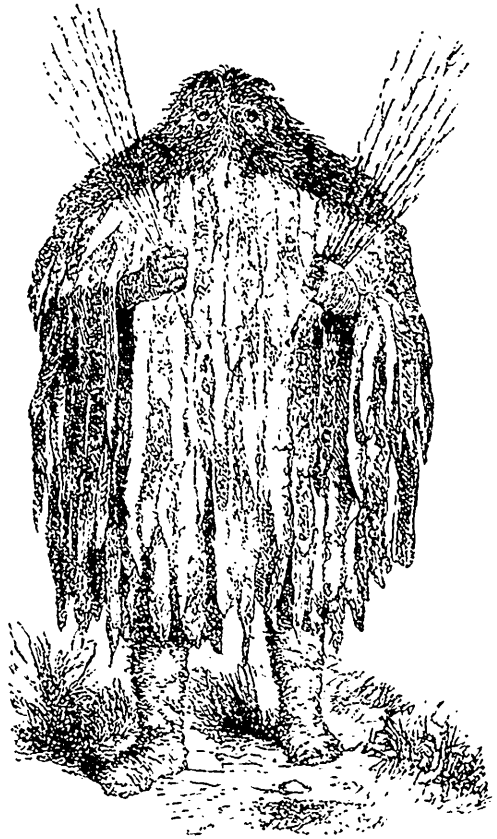
"What!" cried the man, not seeing the point. "do you tell me that you have built a fence around my lot with weak places in it, and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will all go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect, or it is worthless?"

"I used to think so," said the dry Scotchman. "but I hear you talk so much about averaging matters with the Lord, it seems to me we might try it with the cattle. If an average fence won't do for them, I am afraid that an average character won't do in the day of judgment."

"When I was on shipboard, and a storm was driving us on the rocks, the captain cried, 'Let go the anchor!' But the mate shouted back, 'There is a broken link in the cable.' Did the captain say, when he heard that: 'No matter: it's only one link. The rest of the chain is good. Ninety-nine of the hundred links are strong. Its average is high. It only lacks one per cent. of being perfect. Surely the anchor ought to respect so excellent a chain, and not break away from it?' No, indeed. He shouted, 'Get another chain!'"

The captain knew that a chain with one broken link was no chain at all. That he might as well throw the anchor overboard

without any cable, as with a defective one. So with the anchor of our souls. If there is the least flaw in the cable, it is not safe to trust it. We would better throw it away, and try to get a new one that we know is perfect.—*Forward.*



An Indian Medecine Man.

A missionary pig is the latest. We hear of it from Australia, where a Christian Endeavor society is fattening a porker as a missionary investment.

There are two saloons in the basement of the Capitol, Washington, just as there were two saloons in the Parliament Building, Ottawa. The C. E. Societies of Washington have commenced a campaign against the two saloons.

International S. S. Lessons.**CHRIST'S ASCENSION.****3rd January.**

Les. Acts, 1: 1-14. Gol. Text, Luke 24: 51
 Mem. vs. 7-9. Catechism, Q. 82.

The Parting Promise. vs. 1-3.
 The Departing Lord. vs. 9-11.
 The Waiting Disciples. vs. 12-14.

Time.—A. D. 30, May 18.
Place.—Mount of Olives.

QUESTIONS.

Who wrote the book of The Acts?
 How long was Jesus upon earth after his resurrection?
 What did he do during this time?
 What great promise did he make to his apostles?
 What great commission did he give them?
 V. 8. What then happened?
 V. 9. What did the apostles then do?

LESSONS.

1. That Christ actually rose from the dead.
 2. That Christians are to be Christ's witnesses.
 3. That Christ returned to heaven to be our Friend there.
 4. That Christ will return again in glory.
 5. That we should meet together in prayer.

THE HOLY SPIRIT GIVEN.**10th January.**

Les. Acts, 2: 1-13. Gol. Text, Acts, 2: 4.
 Mem. vs. 1-4. Catechism, Q. 83.

Filled with the Holy Spirit. vs. 1-4.
 Speaking with New Tongues. vs. 5-11.
 Wonder among the People. vs. 12, 13.

Time.—A. D. 30, ten days after Christ's ascension.
Place.—Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

How long did the disciples continue praying for the coming of the Holy Spirit?
 What event took place during this time?
 What happened on the day of Pentecost?
 Describe the coming of the Spirit. What peculiar power did the disciples receive?
 What was the effect of this miracle?
 Of what did some accuse the disciples?

LESSONS.

1. We should pray to be filled with God's Spirit.
 2. The Spirit is like fire which purifies and shines.
 3. When we are filled with the Spirit we speak new words.
 4. Christianity brings people of all nations together.
 5. While some wonder at Christ's grace, others mock.

A MULTITUDE CONVERTED.**17th January.**

Les. Acts, 2: 32-47. Gol. Text, Acts 2: 39.
 Mem. vs. 38, 39. Catechism, Q. 84.

The Cry of Penitence. vs. 32-37.
 The Answer of the Gospel. vs. 38-40.
 The Rejoicing Christians. vs. 41-47.

Time and Place.—The same as last lesson.

QUESTIONS.

What was the occasion of Peter's first gospel sermon?
 What great facts about Jesus did he proclaim?
 How were his hearers affected by his words?
 What great question did they ask him?
 What did he reply?
 What was the result of this sermon?

LESSONS.

1. Jesus who was crucified is our Lord and Saviour.
 2. We must find some way to be saved, or we shall perish.
 3. To be saved, believe on Christ and confess him.
 4. Young Christians should be faithful in all duties.
 5. There should be love among Christians, all helping each other.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.**24th January.**

Les. Acts, 3: 1-16. Gol. Text, Act, 3: 16.
 Mem., vs. 13-16. Catechism, Q. 85.

The Miracle of Healing. vs. 1-3.
 The Wonder of the People. vs. 9-11.
 The Power of Jesus' Name. vs. 12-16.

Time.—Probably A.D. 31-33.

Place.—Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

On what errand were Peter and John going ?

What was the condition of the man they saw at the temple gate ?

How long had he been in this condition ?

What did he ask of Peter and John ?

Meaning of "an alms" ?

What did Peter do ?

What did the man do ?

What did Peter then do, and what was the result ?

What was the effect of this miracle upon the people ?

What did Peter plainly tell them ?

LESSONS.

1. We can bring our suffering friends to the gate of prayer.

2. We can help by prayer and love without money.

3. We should give a helping hand to those we pray for.

4. Only in Christ's name can we really bless others.

5. Our greatest need is not money, but Christ.

THE BOLDNESS OF PETER AND JOHN.

31st January.

Les. Acts, 4: 1-14. Gol. Text, Acts, 4: 12. Mem. vs. 10-12. Catechism, Q. 86.

Arrested and imprisoned. vs. 1-4.

Standing before the Council. vs. 5-10.

Witnessing with Power. vs. 11-14.

Time.—Of vs. 1-4, same as last lesson; of vs. 5-14, the following day.

Places.—Solomon's porch; the judgment hall.

QUESTIONS.

After explaining how the lame man had been healed, what did Peter say to the Jews ?

Of what were Christ's sufferings the fulfillment ?

What did Peter exhort his hearers to do ?

What did he further explain ?

Who were greatly concerned because of the apostles' teaching ?

What did they do ?

Before whom were Peter and John brought next day ?

What was asked them ?

How did Peter reply ?

How were the rulers affected ?

What did they finally do ?

LESSONS.

1. Sometimes we must suffer for Christ's sake.

2. Persecution does not stop the work of the Spirit.

3. We should give Christ the honor of all his own work.

4. There is only one name by which to be saved.

5. People should know when we have been with Jesus.

TRUE AND FALSE GIVING.

7th February.

Les. Acts, 4: 32-5: 11. Gol. Text, 1 Sam. 16:7. Mem. vs. 32, 33. Catechism, Q. 87.

Examples of Generous Giving. vs. 32-37.

Examples of Dishonest Profession. vs. 1-4.

Swift Divine Punishment. vs. 5-11.

Time.—Soon after last lesson.

Place.—Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

What took place after Peter and John's examination by the Sanhedrin ?

How were all the Christians now banded together ?

How did they regard their possessions ?

What is the meaning of "had all things in common" ?

What was the result of this ?

V. 34. What did the Christian owners of lands and houses do ?

What did Ananias and Sapphira do ?

What was their sin ?

How was it punished ?

LESSONS.

1. True Christian consecration holds all things for God.

2. The strong should help the weak, the rich aid the poor.

3. We should keep back nothing when we become Christ's.

4. We lie to God when our professions are not real.

5. We should fear to sin, for curse always follows.

—Westminster Ques. Book.

THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T FIGHT.

The little boys in class room No. 4 thought the noon recess would never come; their copper-toed shoes scraped the bare floor, until Miss Edith felt like jumping out of the third story window to get rid of the sound.

But at last the big gong struck twelve, and at the signal twenty-five children tumbled down the steep steps, into the paved court behind the school building. The school was so big and the play-ground so small that the rooms took their recess by turns. It was No. 4's turn at twelve.

And now you will see why they have been so eager to get out: there is a new scholar to-day, and they want to "size him up," as boys say.

"Where are you in arithmetic?" asks one.

"Partial payments," replies the newcomer, promptly.

He has been using his ears in the class room, and he knows his arithmetic will give him rank among these new comrades.

"How many blades has your knife got?"

"Four!" The new boy's head is still up as he produces a beauty of a knife.

"Whew!" whistles round the crowd; this beats partial payments out of sight.

"Let's have a fight," now says the stoutest little rascal of the party, and this is the supreme test in No. 4: a boy who can do partial payments, has a four-bladed knife, and will fight, can take any place he wants among them.

There is a dead silence for an instant: the stranger's face gets red, his eyes flash, but he stuffs his hands in his pockets, and says with an effort, "I don't fight."

Did you ever see a gay-colored little balloon floating in the sunshine above your head, so light, so buoyant, you think it could touch the clouds? But a tiny little rift appears, and the balloon is a piece of shrivelled rubber at your feet. That was just the way with the new boy of No. 4.

when he refused to fight. partial payments went for nothing, a four-blader didn't count. He was a scorn and a by-word.

A week has passed by, and it is noon recess again. Miss Edith sits at the window, pretending to eat her luncheon, but she has forgotten her sandwich and jelly cake.

"What am I going to do about Charley Graves?" she says to herself. "I can't propose to him to go in training for a prize fight, and yet--"

Suddenly the noise of battle comes up from the paved court: the teacher looks out of the window, but seeing only a confused mass of tossing arms and legs, and hearing only a sound as of Kilkenny cats on the warpath, she rings her bell sharply, and recess comes to a sudden end.

Up comes the panting, sweating, dusty crowd.

"But what is this?" she cries, for the new boy's lip is bleeding, and his forehead is swelling visibly. "I thought you wouldn't fight?"

"I promised my mother," said the hero, proudly: "that I would never fight unless I was obliged to, but when Micky twists little Tom Poaque's arm, and won't stop, I am obliged to!"

Miss Edith bound his head with a wet handkerchief, and stuck his lip up with pink court plaster, and tried to look sorry, but it was easy to see that she was pleased with her new boy's idea of when he was obliged to fight--not when twenty-four boys were looking black at him, but when a boy twice his size was teasing a little one.—*Er.*

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