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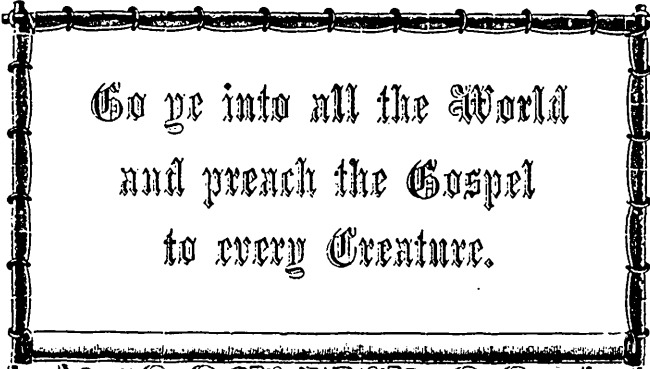
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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

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LAWRENCE AND HIS BANK.

Lawrence B. . . . , about nine years old, surprised his grandma the other day, by asking if he might give *all* the contents of his bank to the cause of missions. The boy had his home with his grandparents, and this bank contained all his little earnings.

"Why, surely not *all*," said his grandma. "By and by you will need pencils, or ball, or knife, and have nothing to buy with. I should think it would be more prudent to give half or a third than the whole."

"But I wish to give the whole," persisted the boy. "I want to send some Bibles to those who have not any, and I want to send some poor children to school where they may learn about Jesus."

Grandma felt that she had nothing better or more noble than this to propose, so she said, "Well, I will see about it."

After this grandma and grandpa talked it over together, and they said, "If our boy has it in his heart to make this offering to the Lord, we must not hinder him."

A few days later, grandpa had a talk with Lawrence about it; but he had not changed his mind at all. He could not think of saving anything for himself while there were so many children who had no Bible, and had never heard of Jesus; so grandpa told him to give it all, and he would add enough to make it five dollars. He had but a little more than a dollar to

add, for the bank contained almost four dollars.

A few days after came the mite-box opening. Lawrence had a piece to recite on the occasion, which began:—

Should you wish to know the best use of a penny,
I'll tell you a way that is better than any;
Not on apples and cakes and candy to spend it,
But far over the seas to the heathen to send it.

—*Sol.*

HOW TO GO TO JESUS.

One evening, after a children's service, a teacher was talking to a young girl who was weeping for her sins, but could not feel that she was pardoned.

"Suppose," said he, "that Jesus were in this room: what would you do?"

"I would go to him at once," she replied.

"And what would you tell him?"

"That I was a lost sinner."

"And what would you ask him?"

"Oh, I would ask him if he would forgive me."

"And what would Jesus answer?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then she looked up, smiling through her tears, for at once she saw it all:

"Why," she said "he would answer, 'Yes.'"

And, simply trusting in the Saviour's word, she went to him there and then, and Jesus said, "Yes."

BAD BARGAINS.

Once a Sabbath-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy, "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."

GIVING MONEY TO SEND THE GOSPEL.

Early one morning a little boy, five years old, said to his father: "Papa, I am going to put my penny in the Missionary-box?" The father asked him, "Who told you to put your penny in the Missionary-box?" "Nobody told me but myself," was the reply.

But what penny was this? It was the first penny he had ever earned. He had worked hard at his lessons, and kept at the head of his class for a certain time, for which he obtained a penny. This penny he gave that it might help to make known to the heathen what Jesus hath done for them. We can help in the same way by giving our pennies.

An English missionary magazine tells an interesting story of a little child, who a long time ago, when she was four or five years old, had some money given her as a birthday gift. She made up her mind to devote part of her money to the purchase of a Bible to send to India. Her name was written on the fly-leaf, and after reaching India, the Bible, it seems, was given to a heathen girl. In after years, the English child, when she came to be a woman, gave herself to the missionary work, and was appointed to labor in a certain city of India. While there in the rounds of her missionary toil, she met the very same Bible she had given when she was a child. The book had not been torn or neglected, and the heathen girl who had received it was then a Christian lady, the wife of a Christian husband. As the missionary entered that Christian home and took into her own hands the Bible which had her name on the title-page, with the record of her birthday years ago, we think her heart must have been overflowing with joy. Such a story we say is very strange, and perhaps it is. We shall not always see the fruit of our toil in this world, but God has said that we shall see it some time. If we reach the Better Land we shall find fruit of all our toil and self-denial for Jesus' sake. How we shall rejoice then.—*The Little Missionary.*

WHY A GOVERNOR SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" fell from the lips of Cain. God has so identified our interest with others, that we are in some respects our brother's keeper. No man liveth to himself, no man dieth to himself.

A Governor of Pennsylvania signed the pledge, "not because he thought himself in danger, but to save a friend." The head of one of the best families was becoming intemperate, to the great distress of his house. "I saw," said the Governor, "their grief. I resolved to speak to him on the subject; did so, and urged him to sign the pledge. He suddenly turned upon me, saying 'Governor, I will if you will.' 'It is a bargain,' said I, and we went immediately to the office of the secretary, and both signed; and I know not that I ever touched a drop of liquor afterwards. Nothing else would have induced me to sign; but I think of it as one of the best acts of my life."

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

Tommy Stubbs was helping himself to some bread at breakfast, when his father looked up and told him not to hold the loaf in the way he was doing; but the little boy was inclined to think he knew the best, as so many children do, and, pretending not to hear, went on as before. Just as he was finishing cutting off a very thick slice, the knife slipped and cut his thumb very deeply; then Tommy found out, too late, that his father was right.

The cut was a painful one, and bled so badly that the doctor had to be sent for to strap it up, and his hand pained him so much for the rest of the day, that Tommy looked quite pale and faint. His father was too kind to punish him for his disobedience, but he talked to him quietly, and explained that God means little children to be obedient to their parents, even in small things when they learn from the Bible to "honor their father and mother."—*Child's Own Magazine.*

A BAPTISMAL FONT WITH A HISTORY.

Of all the baptismal fonts to be found in the beautiful churches and cathedrals of the world, none has such a strange history as that of the stone font in the great church at Bau, in the Fiji Islands. It is but fifty years last October since the first missionaries gained an entrance to the islands of the Fijian group.

At that time there was nowhere on earth a more savage, brutal people. The stories of their cruelty are too shocking to print, but this story must be told in order to show what a wonderful change the gospel has wrought. In front of the largest heathen temple at Bau was a great stone which stood upright in the ground, having a special name, *Vatunibokola*. The Fijians being cannibals, were accustomed, whenever they entered a battle, to capture and kill as many of the enemy as possible that they might have their bodies to eat. They dragged the corpses to the temple, and as an offering to their gods they beat the heads of the dead men upon this stone *Vatunibokola*, in honor of these savage divinities. After this the bodies were placed in the ovens and the savage chiefs and warriors sat down to their cannibal feast. But when Christianity was introduced all this was changed. Though victims without number had been slaughtered upon this stone, for thirty years, it is said, no stain of human blood has touched it. The winds have blown over it and the rains have washed it year after year, and recently the people, with the consent of the chiefs, took up this great stone and carried it into the great church, which has been built at Bau, a place was hollowed in the top, and now it is used as a baptismal font. The first child baptized in it was the daughter of an English missionary. It must make one shudder to come near an object on which so much human blood has been spilt, and before which such cruelties have been practised. The change which has been made in this stone is a fitting emblem of the changes which have taken place in the hearts of the people of Fiji,

which once seemed harder than rock. Yet it is said that to-day there are not a score of heathen in all Fiji.—*Mission Dayspring*.

"GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T."

As a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy, who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, according to the usual practice, she made a pause to put a few questions.

"William," she asked, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?"

"Oh!" replied William, "because they do not belong to us."

"And what do you say, Robert?"

"I say, because if they caught us they would be sure to send us to prison."

"And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples or pears, or anything else?"

"Because," said little Mary, looking meekly up at her mother, "because God says we mustn't."

"Right, my love," said her mother; "that is the true reason, and the best reason that can be given. What God commands us we are bound to do, and what He forbids us we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal' are His own words. If ever you are asked by any one why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me—'BECAUSE GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.'"

A little boy had a habit, when anything went wrong with him, to wrinkle up his face and make a most dismal howling. I suppose he thought it was crying, but it wasn't, for people don't have to try to cry; it just comes of itself. One day some one asked him if he thought he was crying, and he said, "Yes, but I can't make any tears, come on my face."

That is because there was no need of tears. They know when they are needed, and always come in time and without trying. If there are no tears, there is nothing to cry about, you may be sure.

LITTLE FOLKS AMONG THE ZULU'S.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MELLEŒ.

Africa has a warm climate, so warm that the little babies do not need any clothes. But it is too cold sometimes for the little tender babe to be without a blanket. There is occasionally a white frost down in the deep valleys in the winter, but it never comes up the hills to the houses on the coast. Away back sixty miles from the coast there is a little ice, and beyond that on the mountains there is some snow.

The Zulu mother buys a cotton blanket, that costs her a good deal of money (75 cents), to wrap up the babe on these cool mornings. She has no bed or crib to put the little one in, so she lays it on a mat on the ground, and there it sleeps sweetly. The mother has not much work to do in her hut. She has no clothes to make or wash or mend. She does not even wash her blanket often, for she says it will wear it out to wash it, and I think it would wear holes in it if she should wash it clean. She has only one dish of food to cook at a meal. She sets that out in the middle of the floor, and the men gather around it, sitting on the ground, and eat with wooden spoons until they are satisfied. Then the women and children come and eat what they want, and if there is any left the dogs lap it out of the dish. So the woman has only one dish and a few spoons to wash, and only one room in her hut to sweep out and no furniture to dust.

But she does not expect to live in idleness, since her husband has paid ten head of cattle for her. She takes great pride in having a nice garden—as much so as your mothers in having a nice house. When the mother goes out into the garden to work, she ties the babe on her back with the blanket I have spoken of, and marches out with a great hoe on her shoulder, a dish of sour milk on her head to feed the babe with, and her hands full of ears of corn.

Arriving she scatters the corn broadcast and commences her digging, swinging back and forth with her little one on her back, thus rocking her babe to sleep. She

then lays it on the soft grass in the shade of a tree, and although there are so many snakes all about there, we have never heard of their biting the little ones. There is one very large snake there—large enough to swallow a babe. I have caught them as large as a stove-pipe, and sixteen feet long. But they do not swallow the children.

When the little one wakes up it cries just as white children do, and the mother throws down her hoe and runs to it just as fast as any of your mothers run for you when they hear you crying. She loves her child just as much as white mothers do theirs. It is hungry, and the mother feeds it with that sour milk she has brought on her head. They never drink sweet milk neither the children or the grown people and it is more convenient to have it sour, for their dishes are always sour. The mother has a nice way of feeding her little one without cup or spoon. She puts her hand just under the babe's mouth and makes a tunnel, and pouring in the milk it runs right down the child's throat.

When the little fellow is big enough to run all about the hut, and he sees his father has some food ready to eat (it may be thick milk with boiled corn ground), he comes and holds out his two hands put together and says, "*Gi pe babe ukudhla kwako okum nandi*" [give me, papa, some food of yours which is nice]. The father fills his hands heaping full, and he laps it all out without spilling a drop on the ground.

The children are contented with plain food, and have but one kind of food at a meal. They never complain of a hard bed, though they sleep on a mat on the ground, often without even a little blanket to cover them. If you should go into their hut you would find "the little darkeys in bed with nothing over them."

They are just as happy as the goats they sleep with at night, or as the monkeys that come down from the tops of the trees to steal the corn as soon as it is ripe. They are as cheerful as the baboons that come out from among the rocks to scratch up the corn the mother plants, if she does not re-

main in the garden all day and keep them out. They are very fond of play. One of their amusements consists in making oxen and cows and other animals of clay. They skip and jump about as happy and joyful as the animals about them. But there is a kind of happiness which you have and which they have not. And they do not know how to get it until missionaries come and tell them. — *Presbyterian Observer.*

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

Some days ago as I went to my work, a walk almost across the city, the thermometer between 90° and 100°, I thought of you, and wrote you a thought letter. I often write thought letters to shut out the outside world. Going along the bank of the canal, a little girl of some four or five years came from her play to meet me, with a pleasant smile—but, children, she was so dirty! I don't think you ever saw such a dirty, half-dressed little girl. I did not know her at first, through all the dirt, and she could only have known me as a foreigner. She put her little hand up to take mine, and led me along to her home.

I wonder what you would have thought of that for a home? Just one room in which her father, mother, and little baby sister live there together; the fuel room and pig pen in the front yard; not one blade of grass, no flowers, no pretty playthings; and as I sat on the brick bed, talking with and teaching her mother, some of her companions came and sat down close by me—they were all just as dirty as she was.

I think I pity the children in this land more than the grown-up people; none of the nice times and pleasant woods you have in a Christian land; mothers here so often have no pleasant words for their little girls, only scoldings and often blows; little girls are not loved as boys are.

In the same room where I taught, I saw some years ago a sight which filled my heart with joy; a girl of some twelve or thirteen lay dying. She had learned to read and pray, and loved Jesus; she spoke

to her mother just before she died, and told her she was going to be with Jesus, and was glad to go. Her father was and still is a heathen, but we hope her mother and brother love her Jesus.

Won't you pray for the little girls in China that they may know and love your Jesus!—*Miss F. G. Evans in The Little Missionary.*

A MICRONESIAN CUSTOM.

BY MRS. M. D. ROGERS OF THE W. E. M. I.

A curious custom have the Micronesian Islanders. When a person is yet a child a hole is made in the lobe, or soft part of the ear, and something is wedged into it to keep the hole from closing as it heals. From time to time this substance is removed, and a larger and still larger quantity of material is used, until by the time a youth grows to manhood his ears have been stretched and stretched until they hang far down upon his shoulders.

We should not consider this very ornamental, but a Micronesian thinks himself finely dressed when he has a large ring of polished shell fitted into each of his poor, disfigured ears.

These rings are sometimes used for the purpose of carrying articles which a native cannot conveniently take in his hands.

For instance, Captain Bray says he once saw a man who was sufficiently civilized to wear one garment made of cloth. It was a cotton shirt. The native wished to swim from one point of land to another, but the precious shirt must not be wet. After thinking a few moments he seemed to have decided the matter. He took off the shirt, rolled it carefully together and tucked it neatly in his ear-ring! Then he swam across, holding his head high above water, and not a whit the worse for the voyage was the shirt. When these natives learn from our missionaries that this cruel and hideous disfigurement of their bodies is not pleasing to their Heavenly Father, they do the best they can to remedy the wrong. They no longer decorate the large loop of flesh, but hang it up over the upper part of the ear!

FOLLOWERS OF THE GOLDEN RULE IN AFRICA.

BY HOPE.

It is not a story of two rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed little girls I am going to tell you; because, as I have not seen such a little girl for over five years, you certainly know more about them than I do. But these I am going to tell you of would be a curiosity to you, for you have never seen them or been in the place where they live. True, some of you may go every summer, to have a good time, on the other side of their bath-tub; but even your bright eyes fail to catch a glimpse of them, or your sharp ears to hear their *splashing*, as I heard it last Saturday afternoon, when they had a good frolic in the Atlantic.

These brown-checked and black-eyed girls began life in a poor little smoky hut, and were not taught anything good, or, in fact, much of anything, until they came into the mission school, where their gentle earnest, missionary mother, Mrs. Reutlinger, has taught them a great many good things.

Let me tell you one lesson they have learned, and how nicely they put it in practise yesterday. We have in our prayer room one bench, which is counted as a sort of "high seat," occupied by the older girls. On Wednesday and Sabbath evenings, as a special favor, the little girl who asks first is allowed to sit there also. Last evening, just as the lamps were being lighted, Matomba, one of the roundest-faced and brightest eyed little tots, put in her request for the place of honor, and permission was given. A little later she came to me with the same bright smile, to say, "Iya, after all I don't want to sit there." I said, "Very well; but another time don't ask for what you do not want. What is the reason you have changed your mind?" "Because I did not know when I asked you that Ediya-boka was ready to make the same request. I would rather she would take the place." All right. But when we came to take our places, Matomba had the coveted seat, Ediya-boka refusing to accept the sacrifice. What did I

do? I let them both sit on the "big bench," and thought they deserved it, too. Don't you think so?

This leads me to think of what happened a little later in the evening. About nine o'clock on Saturday night, three new girls had appeared in our midst as suddenly and unexpectedly as though they had dropped out of the moon. They had really come over the ocean, a distance of about one hundred miles, in a native boat or "dug-out," the trunk of a large tree hollowed out by burning and cutting. Don't you think they were anxious for an education? We thought we were full before, but there was no possibility of turning these away. Ordinary evenings we let the girls have a lantern burning until eight o'clock; but prayer-meeting evenings, it being already late, we take the light away as soon as they have made the necessary preparations for bed. This evening they said, "Leave the light a little longer, as we must provide for these strangers." When we went to get the light, we found that two of the older girls had spread all the mats, and made the little ones lie down "spoon fashion" to save room. They pointed to the prostrate forms, making a row clear across the room, and said, "But now, Iya, we two have no mat left for ourselves." This want was soon met from the other room where the larger girls sleep, who readily and cheerfully furnished a mat out of their not over-abundance.

I am sure you will think these girls did very nicely in both these instances, and you would appreciate it still more highly if you could contrast this thoughtful kindness with what they are taught in their heathen homes. Several of them want to be Christians, and that is best of all.

Dear young friends, show your love and gratitude to the children's Saviour by praying for and caring for the little heathen children. — *Children Work for Children.*

According to a statement made at the Unitarian Convention in Philadelphia lately, there are in this country only 360 churches scattered over 24 States.

PRAISE MEETING OF THE
FLOWERS.

The flowers of many climates,
That bloom all season through,
Met in a stately garden
Bright with the morning dew.

For praise and loving worship
The Lord they came to meet.
Her box of precious ointment
The rose broke at His feet.

The passion flower His symbols
Wore fondly on her breast ;
She spoke of self-denial
As what might please Him best.

The morning-glories fragile,
Like infants soon to go,
Had dainty, toy-like trumpets
And praised the Master so.

" His word is like to honey,"
The clover testified ;
" And all who trust thy promise
Shall in thy love abide."

The lilies said, " Oh, trust Him !
We neither toil nor spin,
And yet His house of beauty
See how we enter in !"

The king-cup and her kindred
Said, " Let us all be glad
Of his redundant sunshine ;
Behold how we are clad."

" And let us follow Jesus,"
The star of Bethlehem said ;
And all the band of flowers
Bent down with reverent head.

The glad sunflower answered,
And little daisies bright,
And all the cousin asters,
" We follow toward the light."

" We praise Him for the mountains,"
The alpine roses cried ;
" We bless Him for the valleys,"
The violets replied,

" We praise Him," said the air plant,
" For breath we never lack."
" And for the rocks we praise Him,"
The lichens answered back.

" We praise God for the waters,"
The gray sea-mosses said,
And all His baptized lilies
" Amen, amen," replied.

" And for the green, cool woodlands
We praise and thanks return,"
Said kalmias, azaleas,
And graceful feather-fern.

" And for the wealth of gardens
And all the gard'ner thinks,"
Said roses and camellias
And all the sweet-breathed pinks.

" Hosannah in the highest."
The baby-bluets sang ;
And little trembling harebells
With softest music ran.

" The winter hath been bitter,
But sunshine follows storm ;
Thanks for His loving-kindness,
The earth's great heart is warm."

So said the pilgrim Mayflower,
That cometh after snow,
The humblest and the sweetest
Of all the flowers that blow.

" Thank God for every weather,
The sunshine and the wet,"
Spake out the cheerful pansies
And darling mignonette.

And then the sun descended,
The heavens were all aglow ;
The little morning-glories
Had faded long ago.

And now the bright day lilies
Their love watch ceased to keep.
" He giveth," said the poppies,
" To His beloved sleep."

The gray of evening deepened,

The soft wind stirred the corn,
When sudden in the garden
Another flower was born.

It was the evening primrose
Her sisters followed fast ;
With perfumed lips they whispered,
" Thank God for-night at last."

Little Helpers.

JAPANESE FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

The Japanese practise both burial and cremation. If the body is to be buried it is placed in a large earthen jar, in a sitting posture, with the head bent forward and the arms crossed upon the breast. The body is placed in the grave, with the face to the south.

The bodies of women are dressed in their best garments, and adorned with their richest jewels. The hair is arranged in most elaborate style, and the face is painted. The *obi*, or girdle, is wound about the waist and tied in front, in the manner worn by widows.

Japanese cemeteries are always in some retired place, and are usually made tasteful and attractive. Almost every grave has its headstone, and some have costly monuments. Over new made graves lights are often kept burning for several nights. The tombs of the nobility are frequently furnished with lanterns or lamp-posts, sometimes very costly, inscribed with the virtues of the departed.

On certain days in the year public ceremonies are performed in the cemeteries. One of these days is called the " Feast of Lanterns," and during this festival the cemeteries are lighted with many bright-colored lanterns. At Yeddo the tombs of the Tycoons are very elegant and costly structures, and worship is celebrated there every day by priests appointed for the purpose.

The poorer classes more frequently burn the body than bury it, and the fire is lighted by one of the nearest relatives. The ashes are preserved in jars or vases, which are either kept in the houses, or placed in temples, or left in the cemeteries.

The wealthy Japanese lavish much expense upon funeral ceremonies. Generous presents are made to all who have assisted, from the coolies and professional mourners to the officiating priests. A sumptuous feast is given to the guests, and poor neighbors are also kindly remembered.—*Little Helpers.*

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

A Chinese barber-boy heard the gospel, and believed. Upon offering to relinquish one seventh of his small wages, so as to work but six days in the week he was dismissed from service. His aunt, who had adopted him as an orphan boy, was angry and took away his clothes and shoes. He finally enlisted with others as a coolie, to go to British Guiana, thinking this would furnish favorable opportunities for teaching Christian truth. There he became a successful preacher of Christ ; and he was instrumental in building up a church of two hundred members, that last year raised two thousand dollars. His name was Lough Fook, and he died last May at the age of forty-three, after having grandly demonstrated the gospel's power to save.
—*Illustrated Missionary News.*

A PRAYER HYMN.

Our Father, we pray
What Christ taught to say,
And hallow Thy name
That from heaven He came.

O wonderful King,
Thy blessed rule bring
Till earth does that will
Which the angels fulfil !

O give us always
Our bread for each day ;
Forgiveness renew,
And let us forgive too.

Keep us in Thy way
Lest evil betray,
Power and glory to Thee,
Our dear King, ever be ! M. W. S.

NOTES FROM THE MISSION FIELDS.

(For the *Children's Record*.)

AMONG THE INDIANS.

Mr. J. G. Burgess teacher at Bird Tail Sioux Reserve, writes :

The number of children on the school roll is at present 24. In summer they come pretty regularly but in winter I have to drive round and teach them in their own houses, some of them living over three miles away. Each child attending school daily is entitled to a quarter of a pound of "hard tack." They are bright, nappy looking children, quick to learn, and not troublesome. I have been with them two years now and can speak the language pretty well, but it is difficult to acquire without books. Mr. Solomon Jankansieye, our native minister, holds service in the church twice every Sabbath in summer and a prayer-meeting during the week. In winter we have only one service and for my own part it is just as much as I can endure to sit it out with a heavy coat and mitts on. The women and children sit in a circle on the floor around the stove and so are pretty comfortable I suppose, but the rest of the people suffer much from the cold, the building being old and out of repair.

INDORE.

Miss McGregor writes thus about the widows of India :

Five widows in all have been taught and trained to take the places of assistant teachers. One thing I have noticed in them all, that is the hunted, down-trodden look which every one of these poor creatures wears when she first comes to school and which after a time gives place to a bright look when she finds that she is of some use. I noticed the same look of woe in the face of one who came a few days ago. When I first saw her she was cowering in the corner of the room and seemed to think I might turn her out, and nothing could be more timid and distressed looking when I hesitated about ad-

mitting her before knowing whether she bore a good character. I am obliged to be particular on this point on account of the school girls. This woman has not a living relative, and my heart ached when I thought of her friendless condition. I hope she will continue to come to school. Another widow who had taught for about two years, died a short time ago, and as I saw her on her death bed I felt glad that God had sent her to me. She often talked freely with my Bible women, and was willing to trust in Christ though she made no open profession. When her feet were touching the river of death she said firmly, "I trust in Him, I am not afraid," and her look was one of quiet contentment till the summons came. She and her mother were all to each other and a few days after her death the poor old woman brought back her daughter's school books and said with a sorrowful burst of tears, "Who will read them now." I feel glad to think that even a little joy came into the last few years of the poor crushed life, and better than all that she was saved through the blood of Christ.

Mrs. Wilson, in company with Miss Rodger, spent two hours one day last September in visiting Zenanas. The Zenana is the part of the house in which the women live in India. She says : "The first house we entered was that of a high caste Hindoo. The room into which we were shown was, according to our ideas, small and very untidy. On the floor was an old Brussels carpet so worn and threadbare that the patterns and colors could only be guessed at. There was little furniture in the room. The little girl who was doing the honors, a daughter-in-law in the house, found somewhere a second chair and then went to call her mother.

After waiting about 15 minutes she appeared dressed in silk and jewels. Miss Rodger asked her if she had put on her finest to receive us. She said no, she had dressed to attend a dinner that afternoon, and we had called in time to see her in full party costume. With her came into the room her only child, a little

girl about 13 years of age, and of whom the mother is very fond.

The three, mother, daughter, and daughter-in-law, sat on the bed, and after finding out all about me, asked Miss Rodger to read something to them. She read a part of Christ's sermon on the Mount, exhorting His hearers to return good for evil, blessing for cursing. They all listened earnestly, and when the reading was finished the mother said that these words were very good, but did any one act on them. When Miss Rodger told her that Christians at least tried to do so, she shook her head rather doubtfully and said: "Perhaps one in a thousand may do it." This woman had been anxious to learn to read herself and had asked to be taught. Though done as quietly as possible her stepson got knowledge of it and influenced his father to forbid it, so the lessons had to be given up.

FORMOSA.

Mrs. Jamieson writes:

"I wish you could have seen the effects of a typhoon (a violent wind) that passed over us lately. It lasted two days, and the most solid buildings suffered more or less. The wind roared almost like thunder, tiles were cracked or torn off, the rain came pouring down, and fences were flattened. The Colleges stood it well, but the trees were bent over or torn up by the roots. Dr. McKay was in the country, exposed to the full force of the storm, and narrowly escaped drowning when trying to cross some water in a little boat.

Seven chapels were destroyed, which were among the best. One of these was opened a little over a year ago when I was baptized. To the right and behind this chapel lived Rev. Tam-He, the native assistant who was ordained last year. He had notes carefully written out of all Dr. McKay's daily teaching for the last 14 years; they were stolen and no doubt destroyed."

A PASTOR.

The Church of England has nine mission stations along the Panama Canal.

THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT.

One day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now," said he "I'll have some candy; for I've been wanting some a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"O yes! I want the candy very much." And he hurried on his cap, and off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy store; and then he stood there awhile, with his hand on the latch, and his eye on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glance in his eye, as he exclaimed,—

"Mother, the heathen have beat!— the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny, to help to send us good missionaries. We want bibles and tracts. Help us little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying, 'Oh! I want the candy.' At last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my penny into the missionary box. It shall go to the heathen."— *Scl.*

THE PIOUS WISH.

Oh, that mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see!
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear!
That truth my tongue might closely tie
From ever speaking foolishly!
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast!
That by each word, each deed, each
thought,

(Glory may to my God be brought.

Scl.

“COME OVER AND HELP US.”

[For five little girls — one standing in the middle of the room and one in each corner.]

MIDDLE.

Voices are sounding and calling for me
Across the mountains and over the sea ;
“Come over and help us,” they seem to
say.

Whence do they come : and from which
way ?

NORTH.

My voice is weak : but I send it forth
Down the icy hills of the frozen earth :
I wish it could sound so loud and clear
That all in Christian lands could hear.
There are long dark nights in the land of
snow.

In the cheerless home of the Esquimaux ;
There are nights of darkness and nights
of sin :

Will you bring the lights of the gospel in ?
Come over and help us, and tell us where
The Lord is the sun, and there's no night
there.

Come over and help us.

SOUTH.

Where the tossing waves of the South Sea
roar,

And dash their foam on the coral shore,
From the cruel isles of the sea, we cry.

“Come over and help us before we die.”
Jesus said, “Let the little ones come unto
me.”

Though we dwell in the uttermost parts
of the sea,

Come over the stormy waves, and bring
The isles of the sea to their Lord and King;
Come, help us to know where our home
shall be

In the land where ye say, “There shall
be no sea.”

Come over and help us.

EAST.

From the land of the East, oh ! hear my
cry ;

Come over and help us, nor pass us by,
For wrong and cruelty, pain and sin,
Are all of our habitations in.

Wise men of the East came long ago
To seek the wonderful Child, you know ;
Yet lands so near where the dear One
dwelt

Have never the light of his presence felt.
Come over and help us ; we long, like
them,

To find the manger of Bethlehem.
Come over and help us.

WEST.

My voice shall speak of the Western wild,
The home of the ignorant Indian child,
Where wicked anger and hatred are,
Where the tribes go forth unto strife and
war.

Is there somewhere a merciful Prince of
Peace ?

Is there one who maketh the wars to cease ?
I think, if there is, you must love him so,
You will come and help us his name to
know.

Come over the wilderness drear and vast,
And make it bloom like the rose at last.
Come over and help us.

MIDDLE.

And so from the East, West, North and
South
Again and again doth the sound go forth.

EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH [*in concert.*]

Come over and help us.

MIDDLE.

The earth is the Lord's from sea to sea,
And oh, of the children of God are we.

EAST, WEST, NORTH, SOUTH [*in concert.*]

Come over and help us.

—Selected.

[After this recitation, let eight other children recite
the first eight verses of Psalm cvii.]

A HYMN 600 YEARS OLD.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong!
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it.
That it speak no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise.
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil words come in
That may cause the soul to sin;
Wicked words will sear.
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be;
Guard, while thou art young.
Ear, and eye, and tongue.

A CONGO SCHOOL.

The following paper prepared by missionaries in Africa refers to a station seven hundred miles inland from the sea on the banks of the Congo.

HOW WE MADE A BOYS' HOUSE, AND COMMENCED SCHOOLS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

When Mr. Petterson had made a small house to live in, he saw a fine large ant-hill at the back, and the happy thought struck him to build the boys' house right upon the top of it! He cut off its summit, and on the platform thus made built the boys' house of clay with a palm-grass roof. There it was prettily perched on the top, fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, with a wooden ladder to reach it and large enough to hold eight or ten boys. From the river this house looks lovely, and all the boys like it. Here they take their meals of manioc, stewed fish, palm oil and potatoes. For six cents a week they keep themselves. They sleep in it on

mats, or bamboo frames only a few inches from the floor. They are fine and happy in it; and far into the night their merry laughter and conversation go on till we have to get up and quiet them. For clothing they have two yards of calico around the loins, and a small print coat. We give them a small blanket to sleep under at night.

HOW DID WE TEACH THEM?

Mr. Petterson planed three boards, nailed them together, and hung the board thus formed upon the wall. On it we wrote copies in charcoal (we had no blackboards or chalk). Round it the boys gathered and did sums till it was too black to do more; then the eldest boy would wash it with sand and set it to dry till the morrow.

HOW THE BOYS SPEND THEIR TIME OUT OF SCHOOL.

Their greatest pleasure is a game at ball with goals and sides, and fine fun they have. When tired they run off and jump into the Congo. They are clever little swimmers and go far out in races with one another, dive deep, and show their best feats. Later on they sweep up our rooms, make up the beds, lay the table, serve us at dinner, remove and wash the dishes, and cook their own food, rest and perhaps sleep a little, help us in gardening towards the evening time, finally come into prayers, sing and hear the Gospel, and retire to their house on the top of the ant-hill.

HOW WE GOT ON WITH THE SCHOOL.

We have over twenty boys attending it, and twelve or fifteen of them live with us at the station and very rarely go to their own villages; some of these boys are slaves who live with us through the consent of their owners; most of them are free boys. All of them live with us by choice. We are now able to have prayers with them in their own language. When we have services crowds of people gather and look on in much astonishment.

HOW AN ORPHAN WANTED US TO BE HIS FATHER.

One poor little slave boy about six years.

old came many times and begged me to go to his owner and get his permission for the boy to come and live with us. I was very much attracted by this dear little boy and asked him, "Who is your owner?" "Ranangesi." "Where are your friends?" "I have no friends." "Where are your brothers?" "I have no brothers." "Where are your father and mother?" "I have no father or mother; *"I wish you to be my father."* "Where is your home?" "I came from far away; I should like your house to be my home." Poor little homeless, friendless Loleka, I could not resist his entreaties, and went to his chief and got his consent for the boy to come and live here. When he got dressed in a coat and cloth, he came running to me, threw his arms around me and said, "You are my father and friend; I will live with you day by day." *Little Helpers.*

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 could 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 you twenty-five cents," said papa. "That would not be earning it 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 a 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 doll's clothes, and I *might* make a few snits, real nice ones, and put them in Mr. Robert's 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.'"—*Canadian Missionary Link*.

WATCHING FOR HIS PREY.

Concealed in the midst of the jungle, the tiger lies crouched sometimes for hours together, watching for his prey, and ready in an instant to pounce upon the first unwary animal that comes within his range. His whole body is on the alert. His mouth wide opened shows the cruel white teeth, his ears are erect, ready to catch the first distant sound, and the bright, sharp eyes pierce through and through the thick undergrowth of ferns and grasses.

With one spring he pounces upon his victim, and it then takes but a short time to finish his work. Just so Satan, the Arch-Enemy of mankind, goes about watching for his prey. He is never weary always on the alert, ready to pounce upon us. Therefore,

"Take ye heed, watch and pray, lest coming suddenly, he find you sleeping," and you fall a victim to his snares.—*Scr.*

GATHERING FOR JESUS.

In the vineyard of our Father daily work we find to do,

Scattered gleanings we may gather, though we are so young and few;

Little handfuls help to fill the garners, too.

Toiling early in the morning, catching moments through the day;

Nothing small or lowly scorned, as along our path we stray,

Giving gladly free will offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory, not for objects nothing worth,

But to send the blessed story of the Gospel o'er the earth,

Telling heathen of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

THAT ETERNAL THINK.

A convict, on being removed from one prison to another, was asked how he liked his new home.

"Not at all," was his reply.

"Are you not clothed and fed as well here?"

"Yes, better."

"Is your labor harder?"

"No, not so hard."

"Are you not treated with kindness?"

"Yes."

"Then why not like it!"

"Because I am allowed to speak to no one. I go to the table and sit and think; I go about my work all day to think; and at night the iron door shuts me in my solitary cell to think! think! think! and I cannot endure it."

Can the mind contemplate a more dreadful condition than the remorse of a lost soul thinking through an endless eternity?

WORKING FOR JESUS.

Dear Children:

Miss Beattie, our medical missionary in India, has not yet been two years in the mission field. She cannot talk directly to the women of that country. She is, however, working for Jesus in another way, doing what she can to spread the gospel. Let me tell you how she does it.

The people often come to her for medicine. Just as with our doctors, the directions are pasted on the bottles. Below the direction is also pasted a text of Scripture in the Hindi language. Eternity alone will reveal how many of the poor heathen in India may be led to Christ through those pasted texts on medicine bottles.

If you are anxious to work for Jesus, like our missionary Miss Beattie, you will find ways of doing so. You can drop a tract in the hand of somebody, speak a kind word, help the poor and pray for those out of Christ. And let us not weary in well doing for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Your friend,

D.

SUNBEAM LOVE.

A darling little infant
Was playing on the floor,
When suddenly a sunbeam
Came through the open door;

And falling on the carpet
It made a golden dot;
The darling baby saw it,
And crept up to the spot.

His little face was beaming
With a smile of perfect joy,
As if an angel's presence
Had filled the little boy.

Then with his tiny finger,
As in a fairy dream,
He touched the dot of sunshine
And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother,
To share his infant bliss,
Then stopped and gave the sunbeam
A pure, sweet baby kiss.

O Lord, our Heavenly Father,
In the fulness of my joy
I pray that childlike feeling
May never leave the boy!

But in the days of trial,
When sin allures the youth,
Send out thy light to guide him -
The sunbeams of thy truth!

And may his heart be ever
To thee an open door,
Through which thy truth as sunbeams
Make play upon life's floor!

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Where two ways meet the children stand,
A broad, fair road on either hand:
One leads to right and one to wrong,
So runs the song.

Which will you choose, each lass and lad,
The right or left, the good or bad?
One leads to right and one to wrong,
So ends the song.

FIVE RULES FOR BOYS.

1. However much you admire any one, never allow yourself to be influenced by that one to do what you know is wrong.

2. Never follow any one blindly, make sure what it is you are asked to do, and what purpose is to be served by doing it.

3. Always think of what the thing you are tempted to do would lead you to, and where it would land you at last.

4. Follow the leadership of no one who sneers at those whom you know to be good people.

5. Rather deny yourself pleasures that are lawful than expose yourself to temptations which you are too weak to resist, by becoming the close companion of an evil-doer.—*Sel.*

AN INCIDENT.

A young man went into the office of the largest dry-goods importing house in New York and asked for a situation. He was told to come again.

Going down Broadway that same afternoon, opposite the Astor House, an old apple woman, trying to cross the street, was struck by a stage, knocked down, and her basket of apples sent scattering in the gutter.

This young man stepped out from the passing crowd, helped up the old lady, put her apples into her basket and went on his way, forgetting the incident.

When he called again upon the importers he was asked to name his price, which was accepted immediately, and he went to work.

Nearly a year afterward he was called aside one day and asked if he remembered assisting an old apple woman in Broadway to pick up a basket of apples, and much to his surprise learned why he had obtained a situation when more than one hundred others were desiring the same place.

Young man, you little know who sees your acts of kindness. The eyes of others see and admire what they will not take the trouble to do themselves.—*Sel.*