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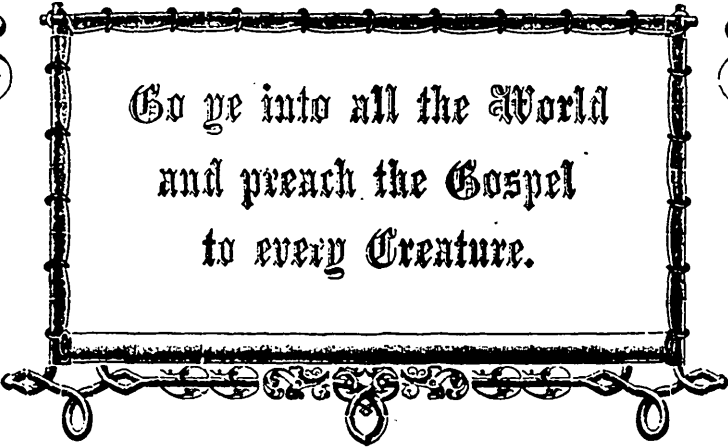
THE

CHILDREN'S

—

RECORD

—




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

VOL. 3.

AUG., 1888.

No. 8.



The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 30 cents. Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time, but must end with December. All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date, \$200.00.

All communications to be addressed to
Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

I promised to tell you something about that big meeting called "The General Assembly." It met in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, on the 13th of June. There were a great many ministers and elders present from the Maritime Provinces, from Quebec and Ontario, and some from the far North West.

What you especially wish to hear about is the missionaries that were present. There was

REV. MR. WILKIE,

from Indore, Central India. For eight years he has been there. At first he met with a great deal of opposition. The policemen used to drive away his congregations, beating them with sticks and clubs, and even abusing the missionaries. Patiently they waited and labored and prayed. At length they began to win their way and now their work is flourishing. God has given them success beyond what they had hoped.

But I want to tell you one thing about this mission family. When Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie return to India they will have to leave behind them in Canada their five little children both for their health and to go to school. Think of that boys and girls. How would you like to have your fathers and mothers go away and not to see them for many years. But they do this because they love the heathen and want to tell them of Jesus. Your work is to pray for them that their work may be blessed, and to give your money to send more missionaries and teachers.

Another missionary at the Assembly was

REV. DR. SMITH,

who is going to China and who has promised to send some letters to the CHILDREN'S RECORD, so that you may expect to hear from him. He could not tell of what he had seen in heathen lands because he has not been there, but he told us of the millions that are perishing and waiting for the gospel.

But there is a great

HOME MISSION WORK

to do. What is that? It is sending missionaries to the lonely and scattered settlements in our own country where there is no minister. There are about 400 stations in Canada at which such missionaries preach the gospel, and the work is sometimes almost as discouraging as in the foreign field, and you should pray for these Home Missionaries too.

Still another great work that our church is doing is

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION,

sending missionaries and teachers to the French Roman Catholics in the Province of Quebec. There are a million and a quarter of these people and they too need the gospel. Pray for and help the missionaries who are labouring among them.

A BOY'S LOGIC.

One day the teacher told her scholars "it was wrong to chew tobacco," when a small boy, with quite an important air, replied that he had seen a fellow chew because his teeth ached, and stoutly averred that it was not wrong for anybody to chew tobacco if his teeth ached.

This seemed to please the school very much, and the teacher was at first puzzled to know how to answer such a stunning argument.

At last she said to the bold boy. "Horace, if a girl should have the tooth-ache, and wanted to chew tobacco, what should she do?"

Horace scratched his head, and then said resolutely: "She ought to have the tooth pulled."—*Sunday-school Advocate.*

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

[For the Children's Record.]

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.,
June 14th, 1888.

My Dear Children:

I have been long thinking of writing you but many other things have been engaging my attention. It is not too late, however, to tell you the sad story of Timothy, a Hindoo boy whom we took into our house about four months ago.

His name was not Timothy at all but Khuda Bakhsh, which means "gift of God"; but although these words have such a nice meaning they have a very harsh sound, so we called him Timothy from the first day he came to stay with us.

We were at Tunapuna Station one evening waiting for the train when a boy of the idle set that haunt the station brought a strange boy forward and said: "This boy wants us to tell you that he is an orphan." He looked as though he might well be an orphan, dirty, neglected, and with a filthy bandage on one ankle—about 13 years old.

I asked him a few questions; he said he was quite homeless, and wanted to stay with us. We told him he might come, and took him with us. About two weeks later Timothy was a very different looking boy, clean, neatly dressed, and pleasant looking, but very indolent about learning to read, or working in the grounds, though he always seemed pleased to help me with anything about the house.

One evening Timothy found a cent in the carriage and brought it to me; I felt highly pleased to find him so honest, and to think that some day he might be a "parson man," but sad to say before twenty-four hours had passed Timothy had shown himself to be a thief.

It happened in this way. Our man servant wanted a few shillings and was sent out for change. He took two shillings from a five dollar note and gave the remainder, eighteen shillings and twenty cents; in a neat purse to Timothy, who

was standing at the house door, to hand in to me.

A little later Timothy was called for his breakfast but could not be found. I asked the servant for the change and then understood why Timothy was missing. I went to his room; there were his best clothes etc., he had not stopped to take them. I have never seen him since, but he has been seen by the magistrate, who ordered him to have a whipping with a tamarind switch.

We offered to take him back but he would not come; we have since learned that his father is living and that he is a regular street Arab, so you see that our work has its discouragements.

Our wet weather has set in and everywhere planting is going on just as in spring-time in Nova Scotia.

Last Sabbath we were at Tacarigua Sabbath School. I asked a very small boy "Where is God?" He pointed with his finger and said "Dere; 'pon top." I talked to them about the soul that lives in the body, but is much greater than the body as jewels are more valuable than the box that holds them. I then asked a little fellow who had not been attending "What is inside your body?" He smiled and said, "Rice."

SARAH E. MORTON..

HIS KINGDOM.

In a military hospital a soldier lad lay dying. He had stood steadily on the battle field only a few brief hours ago, yet he was a mere lad for all that. The bloom was still on his full young cheek, heightened a little by the intense fever of his gunshot wound; his eyes were innocent in their sweet expression, although they looked restlessly round at times in search of some relief from the agonizing pain—and closed again—finding none. There was a hush in the roughly improvised hospital ward; gentle whispers and quiet footfall—the inevitable appendages of sickness everywhere; and the rest—you know them all. The lad lay on a narrow stretcher—a frail storm battered boat tossing amongst

breakers, every plank creaking, every seam parting, beaten up and down on billows of anguish, the final surge that was to sink it out of sight coming nearer and nearer!—it had almost come. The nurse, who watched by his bedside, realized how close death was coming, and with a tender pity in her heart for the soldier boy who lay dying so far away from home and mother, laid her gentle hand upon his head, saying—

“William, if this should be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet God?”

The dark eyes opened slowly, and a sweet smile passed over his boyish face, as he answered feebly—

“I am ready, sister, for this has long been His Kingdom”—and as he spoke he placed his hand over his heart,

The nursing sister looked down upon him as he lay, still smiling. “Do you mean,” she questioned, “that God rules and reigns in your heart?”

“Yes, my heart is His Kingdom,” he answered, but his voice sounded faint and far off, as though it came from a soul well on its way through the dark “valley of the shadow of death.”

When they looked at him a few hours later, he lay, with a light like the sunset at eventide upon his face, and his hand upon his heart—“His Kingdom;” the loyal heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier lad’s soul had gone up to God. The King had come to “His Kingdom.”

Is the Lord reigning in your soul? Can you pray “Thy Kingdom Come?” The hearts of His people are the palaces in which He delights to reign. Is your heart His Kingdom?

Beyond the grave there is no giving of the heart to God; there is no place to pray in the tomb. Those who founder here—founder forever: a blunder now is a blunder for eternity. I do not want you to make a mistake. I do not want you to fear death, but to be ready for its coming. Let the Lord have his way with you, and let Him reign in your heart, dear young reader.

If Jehovah is King, are we giving Him glory?

Our Royal Redeemer should reign on His Throne;

Are our lives the sweet echo of gospel told story

Lived out by the hearts that His sovereignty own?

A SINGLE UNTRUTH.

I shall never forget an untruth I once told, although it happened when I was a very little child. My younger sister had a farthing, with which she wished to buy a fig, but being too ill to go down to the shop herself, she engaged me to go. Accordingly, I went. As I returned with a fig nicely folded up in a small piece of paper, suddenly the thought occurred to me that I should like to take a peep at the fig. So I very carefully opened the paper, when the fig looked so very tempting, I thought I could not help tasting it a little at one end. I had scarcely eaten it, before I wanted all; and without much more thought I ate up the whole fig! Then when it was all gone, and I had nothing to do but to think, I began to feel very uncomfortable. I stood disgraced before myself. I thought of running away somewhere, I did not exactly know where, but from whence I should never come back. It was not long before I reached home; I went as quickly as I could. I told my sister that I had lost the farthing. I remember she cried sadly; but I went directly out into the garden, and tried to think of something else, but in vain. My own guilt stared me steadily in the face, and I was wretched. Although it wanted a few minutes to the dinner hour, yet it seemed very long to me. I was anxious some event might intervene between me and the lie I had told. I wandered about with a very heavy spirit. I thought I would give worlds if it had not happened.

When the dinner-hour came I was seated in my high chair at my father’s side, when my sister made her appearance, crying and looking very much grieved. My father immediately asked what the

matter was. Then my mother stated the story, the conclusion of which was that I had "lost the farthing." I can never forget the look of kind, perfectly unsuspecting confidence with which my father turned on me, and with his large blue eyes full in my face, said: "Where did you lose the farthing? Perhaps we can find it again." Not for a single instant could I brave that tone and that look, but bursting into tears, I screamed out; "Oh, I did not lose the farthing—I ate up the fig." A silence, as of the grave, ensued. No one spoke. In an instant I seemed to be separated at an immense distance from all the rest of the family. A great gulf yawned between us. A sense of loneliness and desolation came over me, the impression of which will go with me forever. I left the table, and all that afternoon, the next day, and during the week, my feelings were melancholy in the extreme. But my father and mother, brothers and sisters, received me back to their love and favor as time wore away, and my spirits recovered their wonted tone. The whole event left an indelible impression on my mind and heart.—*English Magazine.*

TWENTY-FOUR GOLDEN RULES.

Some one has prepared the following rules for boys and girls, which are certainly worthy of very careful study. The young readers will find it very profitable for them to cut out these rules and put them where they can be often read. With an earnest and persistent effort to obey them there is no doubt but they will tell favourably on their future lives. Some of the eminent men of the past in early life adopted such rules, to which in after years they attributed, in a large measure, their great success.

I am sure at least of this, that no one ever adopted and followed carefully rules like the following, whose life was a failure. Success in its truest sense is doing right, and no one succeeds really who does not do right.

I shall never know the number of boys and girls who will cut out these rules and

carefully put them away in some book or drawer with the resolution that they shall be the rules of their lives. But I do know there is One whose eye watches over all, who will know and put His blessing upon every one who endeavours to follow these golden precepts. Then, too, in keeping them to the best of your ability you will know that the smiles of heaven are upon you. Here are the rules:

1. Respect and obey your parents.
2. Love your brothers and sisters sincerely.
3. Never speak evil of one another.
4. Never strike, nor lie, nor cheat, nor steal.
5. Be strictly honest, even in the smallest matters.
6. Save what you can, so that you may be able to give to the poor.
7. Do not mock the deaf, the lame, or the blind.
8. Always address the aged with proper respect.
9. Do not dirty or injure your clothes.
10. If you find anything, return it to the owner.
11. Avoid the company of bad children or companions.
12. Never be cruel to any living thing.
13. Do not covet what is not your own.
14. Try to improve at school every day.
15. Guard against low and vulgar language.
16. Eat with thankfulness whatever is set before you.
17. Never chew or smoke tobacco or any other narcotics; nor drink any intoxicating drinks.
18. Be exact in your behaviour at all times.
19. Put your clothes and playthings in their proper places.
20. Avoid eating any kinds of unripe fruit.
21. Always answer distinctly, correctly and modestly.
22. Shun all kinds of gaming as great evils.
23. Become the young disciples of Jesus Christ.
24. Pray daily to God, and by your service praise His holy Name.—*Sol.*

A ONE-EYED ZULU WOMEN.

[Mrs. Holbrook the wife of a missionary in Zululand, South Africa, who has lived there about four years, writes to an American paper the following story:]

I want you to hear the story of one of our earnest Christian women as I heard it from her lips. Her whole life is a beautiful illustration of what a Christian Zulu woman can be and do. She has but one eye, and the other is not only blind but often causes her intense pain. In one of our women's meetings, which she led, she took for her subject Matt. v: 29— "And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members perish and not that thy whole body be cast into hell." Then she told us how on account of her eye which was lost, that verse had always been most precious to her. In her simple, earnest way she narrated the following story of her tragic life:

"I was born in Zululand and lived there during my childhood. Mbzuazi and Cetywayo fought together to see which should succeed to the kingdom. My father was a doctor, and he loved Cetywayo and helped him. Mbzuazi was overcome. Mpande, their father, the old king, said to my father, 'I will not see your face again, for by your incantations you have driven away my son.' So he killed my father and all my brothers who lived at home, and carried away my sisters and all my father's wives, except the first one, who was killed.

"My father was a great man, with many *kraals* and sixty wives, and the king killed or carried away all that belonged to him. I was almost ten years old, and one of Mpande's men stole me and carried me to his *kraal*. When the king found out that some of us had been stolen by his people, he ordered that we be brought back and live with our brothers who had not been slain. My sisters who lived with Mpande told the man who was sent to bring me to my brothers that if he would take me by the *kraal* in which they lived they would give me food to eat. He did so, but Mp-

ande's daughter heard that I was to pass that way, and she told my sisters that I must come and live with her. When they heard her words my sisters were very sorry that I had come that way, for Mpande's daughter was very cruel, and she wished me to come and work for her and cook her food. Mpande's daughter cut a stick, and said, 'When the girl is as tall as this stick she must come and live with me.'

"The man took me to my brother's, where my mother was then staying, and when I told them the words of the king's daughters they wept. After two months, although I was not as tall as the stick, she sent for me.

"One of Mpande's wives was kind of heart and she said, 'No you shall not live with that cruel girl and be always whipped, but you shall live with me.' So I lived with her. At night I slept with her feet resting upon me, for she was the queen and I was her footstool.

"I stayed in her house all the time and did not go about like other children, but I said to the others, 'When you go to the river to bathe, I want you to speak loud, so that the queen shall hear you, and perhaps she will let me go with you.'

"One day she told me to go with them, but when I came from bathing my eye was sick. When the queen heard me crying she was very sorry. I cried hard during the nights, and one of my eyes was well, but one was blind, as it has been ever since.

"My mistress sent some people to ask a witch-doctor the reason that my eye was blind. The doctor said the spirit of my dead father had done it because I was living with the wife of Mpande. Then the queen gave me a great cow and sent me to my brother's. When I reached home they killed the cow that had been given me and made a great feast. I staid with my friends a short time and my mistress sent for me again; so I went to live with her, but my eye grew worse, so I was sent home. Three times she sent for me, and three times my eye grew worse and I was taken to my brother's. One of my sisters, who lived with Mpande's people, was very bad.

Mpande said because she was so wicked that if she or any other daughter of my father come to the *kraal* of my brothers they must kill them.

"My mother was afraid because of the words of the king, for she thought that I would be slain. So she took me to Mapunulo in Natal, where her brother lived. I was then about fifteen years old, and I went and lived with Mr. Abraham, the missionary. When there I heard that the queen, my old mistress, was dead, and they had killed my sister who was bad, and another sister who had staid with the queen in my stead. Then I thought of the words of the Bible which I had heard the missionary read—'And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee, for it is better that one of thy members, perish and not that thy whole body be cast into hell;' and I saw that my life had been saved because I had lost my eye, and after that I was very glad, for my soul, too, was saved because I had but one eye."

If this touching story shall lead others, as it has myself, to a better appreciation of how God cares for and leads the most degraded of His chosen ones long before any human agency is used, I shall be glad that it has been written. Keep on praying for us and our people, for we need a still greater blessing.

"A CUP OF COLD WATER."

In one of his journeys, Dr. Moffat came near a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. Weary, hungry, and thirsty, he sat down at the entrance of the place, for night was coming, and he feared exposure to the lions if he proceeded on his journey. The people gathered round, looking fierce and angry. He asked for water; it was refused, and it was clear that no one would give him food. He was just giving up hope, when a woman drew near with a bundle of wood and a vessel of milk; this she handed to the missionary without saying a word, and went again into the village. A second time she returned, with some meat, which

she prepared and put on the fire. Moffat asked again and again who she was, and why she alone showed such kindness to a stranger. The tears stole down her face as she exclaimed, "I love Him whose servant you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in his name: my heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy I feel to see you in this out-of-the-world place."

KEEP HIM OUT.

There is a story told of a camel that, standing outside of his master's hut and feeling cold went to the window and asked if he might not put just his nose in to warm. The master thinking this a small favor that he could not well refuse, gave his consent, and for a while the animal seemed contented, and to be the cause of no harm, and the master ceased to watch him, but went about his ordinary duties. But no sooner was this the case than the camel pushed in his head so far his ears were under cover, and then his shoulders, and a little later the fore feet were put cautiously in, and at last, with a little crowding and pushing, in went the whole of the beast; and the owner of the establishment rousing himself when he found he was being pushed to the wall in his own house, strove to drive the beast out. But alas! he was no longer the master, for he was the weaker of the two. After a long struggle he betook himself to the corner to bemoan his fate. Now, when it was too late, he could see the mistake he had made in giving entrance to the smallest portion of what should have been kept out. An easy matter would it ever have been to have remained master had he but kept the camel on the outside and not given permission for him to even put his nose where it did not belong.

Now, children, when some temptation like a beast of sin comes nosing around asking for just a little portion of your heart, say "No, sir!" and stick to it, for unless you keep him entirely away, there is danger that he will get full control
et c.

CHINA.

ITS VILLAGES.

There are so many of them that in some parts of the country, if you were to walk to the top of a hill, you would be able to count fifty or sixty.

On the Ta Hiong tableland there are four hundred villages. Each inhabited by one clan. Some of these clans are made up of two hundred or three hundred families, all having the same surname. How confusing it must be! Fancy, if you lived in a village where there were three hundred people all named Johnston! You will be glad to know that there are some missionaries at work on this tableland.

Most of the village cottages are made of bamboo and mud; only the walls of the temples and the house of the head man of the village are made of brick. The framework of the huts is made of thick stems of bamboo, either twisted together or tied with hemp, as this is found cheaper and stronger than doing it with nails. The walls are made next, of small branches or thin lathes of bamboo, fastened together and fixed to the frame-work, and then a coating of mud to put over this. In the northern provinces the wood of pine and the stems of millet are used, as bamboos are not so plentiful there as in the south.

The wind and rain are kept out of the huts by thatching the roofs and walls with rice straw or bamboo leaves, which you remember are waterproof.

Nearly all the working men and women of China live in these huts. The villagers are very kind to one another, and always ready to welcome strangers and do anything they can for them, so missionaries can generally do as much work among villagers as they have time and strength for. The country people of China are just the same to-day as they were three thousand years ago; believing just the same as their ancestors did then, and living just the same as they did. They look upon the head man of the village as their father, and are always willing to do as he tells them. The Manchus found this out, so instead of sending Man

chu rulers to look after the people in the villages, they left it to these head men to keep them in order; the Manchu governor of one city often has a thousand villages under him, each with its own head man.

The villagers are always happy and contented, unless there is a flood or a famine. All village men more than seventy years old are called elders; they may invite themselves to any feast that is going on in their village, and are always treated with the greatest respect.

The village women work in the fields when they are young, and give advice to the younger ones when they get old.

In the South of China there are often quarrels between different village clans, and sometimes even wars. If any prisoners are taken, they are treated very cruelly; sometimes their wrists and ankles are bound together, and then the rope by which they are tied is tossed over a high branch, and the prisoner is dragged up and down. If a man belonging to one tribe is killed by a man belonging to another tribe, the friends of the dead man will watch for the murderer; and when they have caught him they will avenge the death of their friend by cutting and tormenting his enemy, but refusing to kill him. They know nothing of a religion which tells us to love our enemies and to do good to them that hate us()

and they have never heard of Him who "when He suffered, threatened not" (), and gave His life for those who were His enemies, praying for them with His last breath (). You know all about that, but have you begun yet to follow the example of Jesus, by being kind to those who are unkind to you, and doing all you can to help those who hurt you? Not unless you have made friends with the Lord Jesus, I am sure, for it is only when He lives in our hearts that we are able to imitate Him.

A warfare between two tribes will often be carried on for months together without a real battle. Sometimes the men of other villages will try to make peace, but it generally happens that, instead of doing this, those who meant to be peacemakers

join in the quarrel, by taking one side or another. When at last the tribes go to war, they do not generally fight themselves, but each side hires a number of men, who make it their business to take up these city quarrels and fight them out. If there are no village contests going on, these men spend their time in going from one village to another robbing the people; the government does not interfere, unless one of the villages does not pay its taxes, and even then it seldom makes war upon these fighting robbers, but bribes them not to interfere with the tax-gathering; for it sometimes happens, that instead of robbing the villagers, the thieves wait till the taxes have all been paid, and then rob the collector, so saving themselves a good deal of time and trouble. *From Children of China.*

WATCHING THE TONGUE.

Keep a watch on your words, my children,—

For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey—
Like bees, they have terrible stings:
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,

And brighten the lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger—
Yes, cut like a two-edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,

If their errand be true and kind
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengful spirit

Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through the brain like lightning,

Or fall on the heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my children,
Are always slow to heal.

May Christ guard your lips, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the words of the beautiful truth.

THE LITTLE BOOTBLACK.

A hundred years ago there lived a little boy in Oxford, England, whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous university there.

He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favor with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, and his industrious habits and faithful deeds won their admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man, and they proposed to teach him a little every day. Eager to learn, George accepted their proposition; and he soon surpassed his teachers by his rapid progress. "A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said one of the students. "Keen as a briar," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on, step by step, just as the song goes:

"One step, and then another,"

until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man, who preached the gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitefield.—*Christian Neighbor.*

DO YOUR BEST.

"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one day to a friend with whom he was talking, "I paid a visit to my grandfather. He was an aged man, and wore a black velvet cap and knee-breeches with large silver buckles at the knees. When I went to say good-by to him, he took me between the knees, kissed me kindly, and laying his hand on my head, he said, 'My dear boy, I have only one thing to say to you. Will you try and remember it?' I looked him in the face and said, 'I will grandpa.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is this: whatever you have to do, *always do the best you can.*' This was my grandfather's legacy to me. It was worth more than thousands of gold and silver. I never forgot his words and have tried to act upon them."

A GIRL IN CHINA.

When between six and eight years of age, all well-born Chinese misses have their feet bound. It is a fashion they are obliged to follow. If they do not, they would not be recognized as ladies when they grow up, and they would become a disgrace to their families. Chinese aristocrats are as proud and jealous of their good name as the bluest-blooded of European nobles. Anything that lowers them in the eyes of their neighbours is carefully guarded against. Accordingly, only the daughters of poor and humble parents are permitted by society to keep the feet as nature gave them.

The process of binding is a gradual one. From first to last, bands are wound around the tender feet to prevent their growth; but at first shoes are worn nearly as large as the natural size; in a year or so the shoes will have to be smaller, and as the feet decrease in size till they attain to three or two and a half inches in length, so shoes are made to fit the lessened foot.

But, oh! the suffering that goes with it! This never has been exaggerated in any account. Many a time have I heard my cousins groan with pain as the tortures of binding were being undergone. Yet strange to say, those girls would not have had exemption from the process on any account. To be ranked as servants, working girls! Not they. The Chinese young lady chooses to be fashionable even though she undergo torture for several years and incur helplessness for life.

Don't think, however, that Chinese ladies are unable to move. They can, most of them, walk short distances. But it is true that the spirit is taken out of them by this species of suffering, and that they are oppressed by a sense of helplessness and dependence.

The work that little girls in China do is light. Trifling things about the cooking, such as shelling of peas or assorting of greens, were given over to my girl cousins. Between meals, the little girls were taught to sew, embroider and to spin flax. They were never so happy as when a group

of them sat together at work; one would tell a story, another would follow with a ballad, singing it with that peculiar plaintive tone which is considered a part of the ballad's charm. My cousins were early taught to read and write, and in company with us boys, until they were eleven or twelve; then they were thought too old to be in the society of boys very much; especially was it so after some young strangers came to our school, which was established in the men's living-rooms.

In closing this chapter, I wish to call attention to the fact that Chinese girls—though you may think they lead a hum-drum sort of life, though it be true that they are strangers to the exciting gayeties enjoyed by American girls—are usually contented and think their lot a pleasant one. It is the custom, I am aware, to represent Chinese young ladies as languishing in their apartments and contemplating with tearful eyes the walls that confine them. To be sure, they do not have that excess of liberty by which some American girls are spoiled; yet they are not kept under lock and key. They have that liberty which is consistent with our ideas of propriety. They make visits, they call on their neighbours, they see the sights, and do many pleasant and social things besides. But whatever they do, there is always this limit—they are not permitted the acquaintance of young men. And when they are married, they are restricted to the society of their husbands. You perhaps think their existence a failure. They look upon the sort of life that American girls lead as very improper. — *Christian Union.*

A BRAVE BOY.

A recent letter from West Central Africa tells us of a slave-boy twelve years old who on a recent Sunday had surprised the missionaries at Bailundu by praying in the boy's meeting. He had not been counted among the converts. A few days later, a feast in honor of a departed spirit was held at his village. The chief, Chickulu, noticed that this boy did not drink the beer, and commanded him to do so.

He refused, and remained firm, though the chief tried force, and finally tied him up, beat him, and threatened to sell him to a very cruel master. The old man interfered, and the lad was released and came directly to the mission. "Did they make you afraid?" asked a missionary. "No," he replied, "there was no fear in my heart. Jesus gave me strength. They may tie and beat or sell my body, but they cannot tie or kill or sell my soul."

And the missionary adds: "I never felt so low and humble in my life as since I have watched these children, struggling with all the powers of darkness and temptation, and accepting the life of hardships; and in many cases, of peril, of those who follow the Lord. All my sins and shortcomings and lost opportunities come up before me sometimes, and I wonder if in their position I should have their courage."—*Missionary Herald*.

THE STRAYED LAMB.

A little lamb, one afternoon,
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it broken-hearted.

Not all the flock that shared his love
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it,
And when he saw it fainting lay,
He clasped his arms around it.

And closely sheltered in his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He took it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive
The little ones who fear Him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near Him—

Blest while they live, and when they die,
When soul and body sever,
Conduct them to His home on high,
To dwell with Him forever.

LITTLE WIDOWS.

Two little girls in India attended a school taught by English ladies. The school was supported by the children of a Sunday school in Cambridge, England. One of these little girls was eleven and the other was five years old. But, will you believe it? they were both *married!* They lived at home, each with her parents, and they knew nothing about the husbands they were expected to go to some future day. Both these husbands died the same year. The girls were taken away from school, and their lives became perfect blanks. Their people think that they are so very wicked that the gods took away their husbands to punish them. As soon as they are sixteen, they will have to fast every eleven days, as all widows in India do. On a fast day they can have no food and no water. If a widow were dying on a fast day, no one would give her water if she begged for it ever so hard. These poor little widows are cruelly treated. They have but one meal a day, have to wear plain clothes, put away their jewels, and eat the poorest food. Are we as glad and grateful as we ought to be that our own dear little girls were born in Bible lands, where every body knows better than to treat them so?—*Selected*.

WHAT IF I AM DEAD?

Miss Crosby writes us of a meeting she held for the children on one of the Marshall Islands, at which they listened with great eagerness. She gives this interesting incident: "I told the children the story of the Christ child, and then gave them some verses from the Sermon on the Mount to learn, and to recite to me if I come next year. I asked those who were willing to learn them to raise their hands, and every hand was raised. One little fellow as he raised his, asked, 'And what if I am dead?' I told him that if he loved Jesus he would be with Him and could say the verses to Him. 'Oh, yes!' he exclaimed, 'and I'll tell Him you told me to learn them!'" Do you wonder that Miss Crosby adds to this story: "These little children are becoming very dear to me."

A LITTLE RED BOX—A SONG OF MITES.

MRS. N. C. ALGER.

This little red box in my hand
Is as empty as it can be.
It makes no noise at all, at all,
Though I shake it hard, as you see.

I wish it were full, don't you?
Of pennies and quarters and dimes,
But wishing will not make it full,
For I've tried it so many times.

Just think how much good it would do,
If this little red box were full,
How many an ignorant child
Might be sent to a mission school?

It makes me most ready to cry,
When I hear the stories they tell
Of children that don't know at all
Of Jesus, who loves them so well.

I wish I could help them some way,
Now listen, I've thought of a plan—
I'll pass my red box 'round the room,
And ask all to give what they can.

I think you'll each give a little,
I'll get my box full I believe,
For Jesus once told the people
'Tis more blessed to give than receive.

PEACE ALREADY MADE.

A few days after General Lee had surrendered, and president Lincoln had issued his proclamation of amnesty, a man was riding on horseback along a road in Western Virginia. At a certain point a man sprang out from the roadside and seized his horse by the bridle. He had on a tattered Confederate uniform, and in his hand an old musket. With emaciated face and hungry eyes, he cried, "Give me bread; I do not wish to injure you: but give me bread, for I am starving."

The man on horse-back answered him: "Why do you not go to the village yonder, and get food?"

"I dare not; I would be shot."

"What for? tell me your trouble."

The man then told his story. "A few weeks ago," he said, "I resolved to desert the Confederate service. But when I came to the Federal pickets, I was told that an order had been issued not to receive any more rebel deserters; and unless I went back I would be fired upon." If he returned to his companions in arms, he would be shot as a deserter. What could he do?

There was nothing for him but to take to the woods and hide; and there he had been living until starved almost to madness. The man on horseback said to him: "The war is over, peace has come; President Lincoln has pardoned the rank and file of the Confederate army. You may go home."

"The war is over?" he replied; "it cannot be, it cannot be."

"Yes, the war is over," and, taking from his pocket a newspaper, he showed him the account of Lee's surrender and President Lincoln's proclamation.

Realizing the truth, the man flung his musket from him with a cry of joy, and turning, ran for his home. Now what had so changed his feelings? He had simply read in a newspaper the announcement of the close of the war, and the return of peace to the land. He had done nothing, nor could he do anything, but simply enter into this new and blessed condition of peace. So with the Christian, peace has been made with God through Christ, and we are to enter into joy.—*Dr. G. F. Pentecost.*

LUCK AND LABOR.

Luck is waiting for something to turn up. Labor with keen eyes and strong will will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and lays the foundation of competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chances. Labor on character. Luck slips down to poverty. Labor strides upward to independence. Which do you depend on, my boy?

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Aug. 5.—Lev. 1: 1-9. Memory vs. 4, 5.

The Burnt Offering.

GOLDEN TEXT.—ISA. 53: 6. CATECHISM, Q. 88.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
When was the tabernacle set up?

How did God show his acceptance of the tabernacle?

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Offering Chosen. vs. 1-3.

What was the burnt offering?
From what classes of animals could it be chosen?

Why was this variety allowed?
What kind of animal was required?
To whom do these requirements point?
Heb. 9: 13, 14: 1 Pet. 1: 18, 19.

II. The Animal Slain. vs. 4-6.

In what spirit was the offering to be made?

Where was it to be presented?
Why was it to be given at that place?
Ps. 116: 14.

What did the offerer do to his offering?
What was shown by this act?
What was then done with the offering?
What with its blood?
What did this represent?

III. The Sacrifice Consumed. vs. 7-9.

What was finally done with the sacrifice?
What was thus shown?
Why were these offerings *a sweet savor unto the Lord*?

Who became our Sacrifice? Eph. 5: 2.
What did Christ say of himself?
How did God show his acceptance of Christ as an offering? Phil. 2: 8-11.

What Have I Learned?

1. That we must willingly offer our best to God.

2. That God accepts the humble offerings of the poor as well as the costly gifts of the rich.

3. That Christ has offered his blood, his life, for our sins.

4. That, as the offerer laid his hand upon the sacrifices, so must we by faith lay our hand upon Christ.

5. That we should present our bodies, ourselves, a living sacrifice to God. Rom. 12: 1.

Aug. 12.—Lev. 16: 1-16. Memory vs. 16.

The Day of Atonement.

GOLDEN TEXT.—HEB. 9: 22. CATECHISM, Q. 89.

Introductory.

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Entering the Holy Place. vs. 1-4.

What was the day of atonement?
What was the object of its services?
Who conducted its services?
What caution did the Lord give Aaron?
Why was this caution given?
What preparation was he to make for entering the most holy place?
What garments was he to put on?

II. Bringing the Offerings. vs. 5-10.

What offerings was Aaron to take for himself?
What offerings for the people?
What decision was made by lot?
What was Aaron to do with the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell?
What with the other goat?

III. Making the Atonement. vs. 11-16.

How did Aaron make atonement for himself?

Why was this necessary? Heb. 5: 1-3
Wherein is our High Priest superior to Aaron? Heb. 7: 26, 17.

For what purpose did he first go into the most holy place?

What did he do when he entered it the second time?

How did he make atonement for the people?

For what purpose did he enter the most holy place the third time?

How did he make atonement for the tabernacle?

Why was this necessary?

What was brought after the service of atonement?

What was done over this goat?

What became of it?

What did this show?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we are defiled with sin and need an atonement.
2. That the blood of Jesus Christ will cleanse us from all sin.
3. That he is a great Sin-bearer who takes away the sins of all who believe in him.
4. That when our sins are thus taken away God remembers them no more for ever.
5. That by the blood of Christ we may have access to the true holy of holies--heaven.

Aug. 19.—Lev. 23: 33-44. Memory vs. 41-43.

The Feast of Tabernacles.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ps. 118: 15. CATECHISM. Q. 90.

Introductory.

What three great feasts were all the males required to attend?

Why was the passover instituted?

When was Pentecost observed?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Making the Offerings. vs. 33-36.

When was the feast of tabernacles held?

What did it commemorate?

How long did it last?

What was forbidden on the first day?

What offerings were made?

Why were so many offerings given?

In what spirit were they to be made? Deut. 16: 14, 15.

II. Bringing the First-Fruits. vs. 37-39.

By what other name was this feast known? Ex. 23: 16.

What did this name show?

How were the people to show their thankfulness?

What was to be done on the eighth day?

How were the people to show their joy and thankfulness?

How was this feast observed after the Captivity? Neh. 8: 14-18.

III. Dwelling in Booths. vs. 40-44.

In what did the people live during the week of this feast?

What did these booths keep in mind?

What is the command of Deut. 8: 2?

What was added to this service in later times?

What did Christ once say at this feast? John 7: 37; 8: 12.

What similar day is kept in our country?

Why should we keep Thanksgiving Day?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we should remember God's mercies with thankful hearts.

2. That we should praise him for all his goodness.

3. That we should show our gratitude, not by words only, but by lives of love and obedience.

4. That it is right and proper for us as a people to observe days of special thanksgiving.

5. That life is a journey and this world a wilderness in which we have no fixed or permanent abode.

Aug. 26.—Nums. 9: 15-23. Memory vs. 15, 16.

The Pillar of Cloud and of Fire.

GOLDEN TEXT.—2 Ps. 43: 3. CATECHISM Q. 91.

Introductory.

When was the tabernacle set up?

Into what two apartments was it divided?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?

Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism?

I. The Cloud Covering the Tabernacle. vs. 15, 16.

What was the tabernacle?

When was it reared?

How did the Lord show his acceptance of it?

What was the pillar of cloud and of fire?

Where is it first mentioned?

How did it protect the Israelites at the Red Sea?

Where did the pillar rest when the tabernacle was set up?

What was its appearance upon the tabernacle by night?

II. The Cloud Guiding the Marches. vs. 17-19

At what signal did the Israelites begin their marches?

How were they guided in their movements?

What did the Psalmist say of the pillar?

What is said of it in Neh. 9 : 19?

How does God now guide his people?

III. The Cloud Fixing the Encampments. vs. 20-23.

When did the Israelites pitch their tents?

How long did they remain encamped?

At what signal did they start again?

How long did this guidance continue? Ex. 40 : 36-38.

Under what direction was the pillar of cloud and of fire?

What is God's promise to all his people? Isa. 4 : 5; Matt. 28 : 20.

What Have I Learned?

1. That the Lord is always with his people in their journey through life.
2. That he will guide them in the right way if they will follow his guidance.
3. That he will guard and protect them from danger.
4. That he will support and comfort them in trial.
5. That he will bring them finally to the heavenly Canaan.

Westminster Question Book.

A HOME INSTEAD OF A CIGAR.

"In early life," says a New York merchant, "I smoked six cigars a day, at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in

cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest.' Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of twenty-nine thousand and one hundred and two dollars three cents by compound interest.

"We lived in the city; but the children, who had learned something of country life from their annual visit to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I noticed a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. I wish all boys could see how my children enjoy their home, as they watch the boats and steam-launches which course along the river. Now, boys, you take your choice—smoking without a home or a home without smoking."

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

I read a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good ways out into the pond, and the big boy said, "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in after her every time."

"I daren't," said Jim, "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," said Jim softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail boats, and she never would let us come unless we had string enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid, you know I'm not; only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?—*Ex.*

THE APPEAL OF A CHILD-WIDOW IN INDIA.

WRITTEN FOR ALBANY MORNING STAR
CIRCLE.

"Are you never, *ever* coming with the
glad good news to *me*?
The 'good news' that lights with glory
that great land beyond the sea!
Oh! I think if but you knew it, knew how
tired, how very sad
I've been *so* long, awaiting *every day* for
something glad—

"If you *knew* I think you'd hurry, for
they say you're good and kind,
For oh! I'm but a widow, and my life lies
all behind,
And I am *so very* little. *How* I want to
run away
From out this hateful prison out into the
open day!

"Perhaps 'tis all a fable, but I've heard
them, talking low,
When they thought I did not listen (per-
haps it isn't so),
Tell about a beauteous country where the
little children may
Go about with none to stop them, yes, and
that they *laugh* and *play*!

"Play among the grass and flowers, and
there're no *child-widows* there!
And *they say* they have a *good* God to
whom they can kneel in prayer—
One who loves them, yes, and us here; and
that messengers of His have come
Here from Him to tell the good news—
but *I've* never had *one crumb*

"Of the joy *they say* they're bringing from
that land far o'er the sea!
Oh! *can* it be true, oh! *ever* will they find
their way to *me*—
Come and lead me out of prison, as, *they*
say, they *can* and *will*,
From this weary place, so motionless, no
grave more drear and still."

—A. McN

IF I WERE A BOY.

If I were a boy again I would look on
the cheerful side of everything, for al-
most everything has a cheerful side. Life
is very much like a mirror; if you smile
upon it, it smiles back again on you, but
if you frown and look doubtful upon it,
you will be sure to get a similar look in
return. I once heard it said of a grumb-
ling, unthankful person, "He would have
made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if
he had happened to be born in that station
of life!" Inner sunshine warms not only
the heart of the owner, but all who come
in contact with it. Indifference begets
indifference. "Who shuts love out, in
turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again I would school
myself to say "No" oftener. I might
write pages on the importance of learning
very early in life to gain that point where
a young man can stand erect and decline
doing an unworthy thing because it is un-
worthy, but the whole subject is so ad-
mirably treated by dear old President
James Walker, who was once the head of
Harvard College, that I beg you to get his
volume of discourses and read what he
has to tell you about saying No on every
proper occasion. Dr. Walker had that
supreme art of "putting things" which is
now so rare among instructors of youth or
age, and what he has left for mankind to
read is written in permanent ink.

If I were a boy again I would demand
of myself more courtesy toward my com-
panions and friends. Indeed, I would
rigorously exact it of myself toward stran-
gers as well. The smallest courtesies, in-
terspersed along the rough roads of life,
are like the little English sparrows now
singing to us all winter long, and making
that season of ice and snow more endura-
ble to everybody.

But I have talked long enough, and
this shall be my parting paragraph. In-
stead of trying so hard as some of us do to
be happy, as if that were the sole purpose
of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try
still harder to deserve happiness. —*Journal*
of Education.