

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND
 PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE

The
HILDRENS
RECORD.



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BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

STRANGE BURIAL CUSTOMS.

REV. R. A. MITCHELL, one of our missionaries in Honan, in a letter just received, tells of some curious customs among the people.

One is that they keep the bodies for a long time after death, without burying them. To bury them within a few days after death is considered a mark of the deepest poverty, or that the dead has no relatives who take an interest in the honor of the family. As a term of reproach, they call it "blood burial," because they say the blood has not had time to dry out of the body.

In this teacher's family the grandmother had died fifty years ago, and had been buried once, but in what was afterwards considered an unlucky place, and the body was taken up again, and kept in the guest-room in the house.

Then at different times, between fifty years and eighteen years ago, there had passed away, the grandfather, father, uncle, aunt, three cousins, and a cousin's wife—nine in all—and as it would have been the worst of ill-luck to bury any of those dying later, before the grandmother was buried, these bodies, nine in all, were kept in the guest-room in the house, for periods of from eighteen to fifty years.

In a family that can do so the coffins are tightly sealed up, but many poor families are unable to do this, and you can imagine how awful, in some cases, it must be.

Another custom sometimes seen, is, that when a young person dies and the body is taken out of the house for burial, the father takes a hatchet or axe, and, with a blow, sticks it into the door sill, to cut off all communication and prevent the spirit of the departed one coming back to trouble the house.

Another custom, that makes one shudder to think of, is, that when a young child dies, say of a year old or under, they crush the little head before burial, to prevent the spirit finding its way back to trouble the home.

When little Gertrude Goforth, the dear little daughter of one of our own mission families, died, the natives asked the sorrowing

parents, as they were about to bury her, if they had crushed her head.

What a contrast to the hopes with which we lay a little brother or sister to rest, with flowers around the beautiful white face, so still and peaceful, and our assurance that the spirits of the dear little ones are with Jesus, happy forever.

The work that we do in sending missionaries is to give them the knowledge and hope that makes glad our lives.

Very loud are their professions of grief on the way to the grave. If a father is being buried, the sons make a great outcry as they follow. The eldest son pretends to be specially overcome, staggering as if overcome with grief, and requiring to be helped along.

Sometimes they have tear bottles and put their tears carefully into them, and display these to show how great their grief has been. No doubt they sometimes add a little water to make the grief greater.

The women of the family go to the funeral in a cart, and keep up a loud wailing all the way.

In addition to all this, a band is hired, and with horns, fiddles, and bagpipes, make a hideous noise and din, to frighten away the evil spirits, that they may not molest the spirit of the departed.

For the same purpose they scatter mock paper money along in front of the funeral procession, to buy up the road from the spirits along the road and get a free passage.

They also burn mock paper money to appease evil spirits that might annoy the dead on its journey to another world.

Let us hasten to these poor, dark, hopeless, hearts, the knowledge of Him who has taken all the sting out of death and robbed the grave of its gloom.

In our three mission stations in Honan, there are now upwards of one hundred regular inquirers and candidates for baptism. Old men seventy years of age, and their grandchildren, are in the same classes, eagerly learning the story of Christ and the way of Salvation. What has been already done is great encouragement for us to go on, with new earnestness, in the work of sending the Gospel to the heathen.

INCIDENTS FROM INDORE.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, MR. LEDINGHAM.

Mr. Wilkie, in questioning the boys of the school here on the Bible, asked if they knew where Satan ("Sheitan") lived?

One little fellow called out, "Sheitan lives in a bottle!"

Mr. Wilkie said he wondered how this could be, and the boy, thinking that doubt was being cast on his answer, backed it up by saying, "Whoever drinks *sharab* (native spirits) has Satan in him, and *sharab* lives in a bottle, therefore Satan must live 'in a bottle!'"

Mr. Wilkie asked if Satan lives here? One boy answers, "No, Sheitan does not live here"; but another boy hung his head, saying, "Sheitan lives in every bad boy."

Yesterday I was shown a fine field of tobacco, and the native who was with me and who could speak English, said, "They do not need to put a hedge around their tobacco, or have a watchman to guard it, for no kind of animal that dwells in India will ever touch it."

In reading about our mission work in India, remember that it is the same people among whom our missionaries work in Trinidad. For the last thirty years they have been coming from India to Trinidad, and they are coming in large numbers every year, so that we have a part of India brought near to us.

A STORY OF FRENCH WORK

One of our French missionaries, Mr. Israel Mathieu, writes from Lachute, Que. :

Last Sunday, on my way home from Church, I said to Mr. V—, a new French Canadian convert from the Church of Rome, "Tell me the history of your conversion."

Said he: "About twenty miles back here in the mountains, on my way home, I had trouble with my horses. I was badly hurt by a kick from one of them, and in my distress I said, 'Jesus Christ aidez-moi' (Jesus Christ help me), and I felt relieved and helped.

Further on I came to a bad bridge, where I had much trouble with my horses when going up the mountains the previous day, and

as I came to it I prayed to Jesus again, and I got over it with very little trouble.

I was then and there persuaded that God heard me, and I never felt so happy in all my life.

I told my wife of it. She did not understand me at first. She saw a *change of mind* in me, and of conduct; but she could not account for it until a few months after, when her eyes were also opened, by the Grace of God."

Both he and his wife have left the Church of Rome, and have united themselves with our Church. They have taken their little girls from the Catholic school to send them to the Protestant school, and they also send them to the Sunday school.

The Grace of God has produced a great change in that man. He is truly a new man. As he goes about his work, he carries a New Testament with him, although he cannot read, and when he meets a Roman Catholic who can read, he invites him to read, and tells him what God has done for him and for his wife. He is always doing something for the Master in that way, and is not ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the power of God unto salvation to every believer.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant; "have you any berth on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school once for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made out of good stuff.—S.L.

MACKAY OF UGANDA.

MACKAY of Uganda" and "Mtesa of Uganda"! How little difference in the names; how much in the men?

WHO WAS MTESA?

He was the heathen king of a heathen people, to whom Stanley came in his journeyings in Africa, some twelve years ago. They had rarely, if ever before, seen a white man, and had never heard of our God.

King Mtesa listened with wonder when Stanley told him something of Jesus Christ, and he asked that missionaries might be sent to teach him and his people.

Stanley at once wrote to the London Missionary Society, telling them what a fine field there was for missionary work.

Several men volunteered to go to Uganda. Among them young Mackay, whose picture is here given.

But sad to say, King Mtesa did not live long, and Mwangi, his son, hated the missionaries, and cruelly killed them all except young Mackay. Some of the natives, who had become Christians, were also put to death, but they were very brave and cheerful because Christ was with them, and other people were so impressed by their good cheer and courage that they began to think a good deal more about Christianity; and the persecution, instead of hindering Christianity, actually helped it.

King Mwangi did not live long. His successor allowed the Christians to worship as they pleased, and now there is in Uganda one of the world's most flourishing and successful missions.

WHO WAS MACKAY OF UGANDA?

He was a Scotch laddie, the son of a Presbyterian minister in whose hospitable home the editor of the CHILDREN'S RECORD often spent a pleasant hour when studying in Scotland, one winter twenty-one years ago.

Some incidents of his boyhood will be of interest.

When a very little fellow he loved to work with tools, and the workmen in the neighborhood all liked him. When he came they

would say, "Well, laddie, going to give us a sermon to-day?" He would say, "Please give me trowl; can preach and build same time." And that was just what he did when he grew to be a man and went to Africa.

He learned easily and quickly and at four years of age he read the Bible.

The pluck of the little four-year-old is seen in the following incident. He was visiting at a farm-house. The farmer asked him to get him a small pick. Off he ran but did not return.

The farmer went to see what was the trouble. The boy had not understood what kind of a tool was wanted, but finding a large pinch lever, six feet long and very heavy, he was bringing it. Of course he couldn't carry it, but he had lifted one end up a little, taken that around, and then dropped it and gone back and carried the other end around. That was the sort of grit that carried him through Africa.

When he was a boy, his father, who wanted him to be a minister, did not care to have him at the smithy's or carpenter shop so much, so one day, when he was going up to Edinburgh, from the little village where they then lived, he asked his boy what good book he should bring him to read. "I would rather have a printing press," said the boy. His father would rather have him study Hebrew than waste his time over a printing press. Still, he bought it for him. And what do you think became of it? He used it so well that when he went off to Africa he still had it and printed the Gospel with it for the people of Uganda.

What led him to go to Africa?

He had a good mother, whose words to her little boy were to "read his Bible and to search it"; and she said to him, "If the call comes to you, take care you do not neglect it."

He did not forget his Bible while learning his trade as a machinist. He sowed no wild oats. And when, nigh twenty years ago, he read in the paper that Stanley had sent home an appeal for young men to go as missionaries to Uganda, he at once offered his services to the Missionary Society and was sent.

As I have told you, the other missionaries

were shortly afterward put to death. Mackay was the only one that was left alive.

Why was he spared?

Because he was so skillful. He was a

beautiful candles to give light, their wonder knew no bounds. He was too valuable to be put to death and his life was spared, and after a time the persecution passed away.



Alexander Mackay, Missionary to Uganda.

machinist, and could do much that they had never seen or heard of. When they saw the turning lathe at work, or even saw him melting down the fat of an ox and making it into

Then, as he worked, he would tell them how the British people were once savages, and how by the knowledge of Christianity they had become civilized. Then he would

teach them the Bible as he worked at his bench day by day.

But he did more than teach them. With that printing press, which his father had bought for him when a boy, he printed them the Gospel in their own language.

After he had been there some years, Stanley came that way again. He met Mackay, and this is what he writes :

"If ever a man had reason to be lonely and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his bishop, burning his pupils, strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, the new king turned his eye of death upon him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked."

Again, Stanley writes of Mackay's pupils: "Now, I noticed that as soon as they left me they went to their own little huts and took out little books they had in their pockets. And one day I called Samuel to me and asked, 'What book is that you have?' And that was the first time I knew they had the Gospel in their language. Then I asked him, 'Do you consider yourself a Christian?' 'Of course I do,' he replied. 'How long have you been a Christian?' 'Well,' he said, 'I am one of Mackay's pupils, and learned from him. There are about 2,300 of us, all belonging to Mackay's mission!'"

May we not ask our young readers as Mackay's mother asked him, "If the call comes to you do not neglect it." God wants some of you to go and tell the heathen of a Saviour. Who will answer, "Here am I, send me?"

But whether our work is at home or abroad, God wants the same spirit of love, and trust, and obedience, that Mackay had. He wants that in our sphere, small or large, we be found faithful.

There are sheep that far have wandered

From the pastures green and fair,

Out upon sin's gloomy desert,

Over rock and mountain bare.

Little workers, little workers—

Lead them to the Shepherd's care.

WHAT THE CHINAMAN RECEIVED.

The Chinese are a very avaricious race, and it is said they will do anything for money. Many of them think that the missionaries pay people for becoming Christians, and hire men and women to be baptized.

One day a neighbour inquired of a converted Chinaman, "How much did the foreigners pay you for being baptized—twenty dollars?" "More than that," was the answer. "A hundred dollars?" "Oh, much more than that," was again the reply. "A thousand dollars?" "Much more than that," was still the answer. "How much, then, was it you got?" "More than the weight of this great mountain in silver and gold." In the name of Buddha, what are you saying?" exclaimed the astonished Chinese. "Yes; for they have given me this precious book," answered the Christian holding up his Bible with both hands, "which tells me of God, of Jesus Christ, and eternal blessedness and everlasting life."—*Indian Standard.*

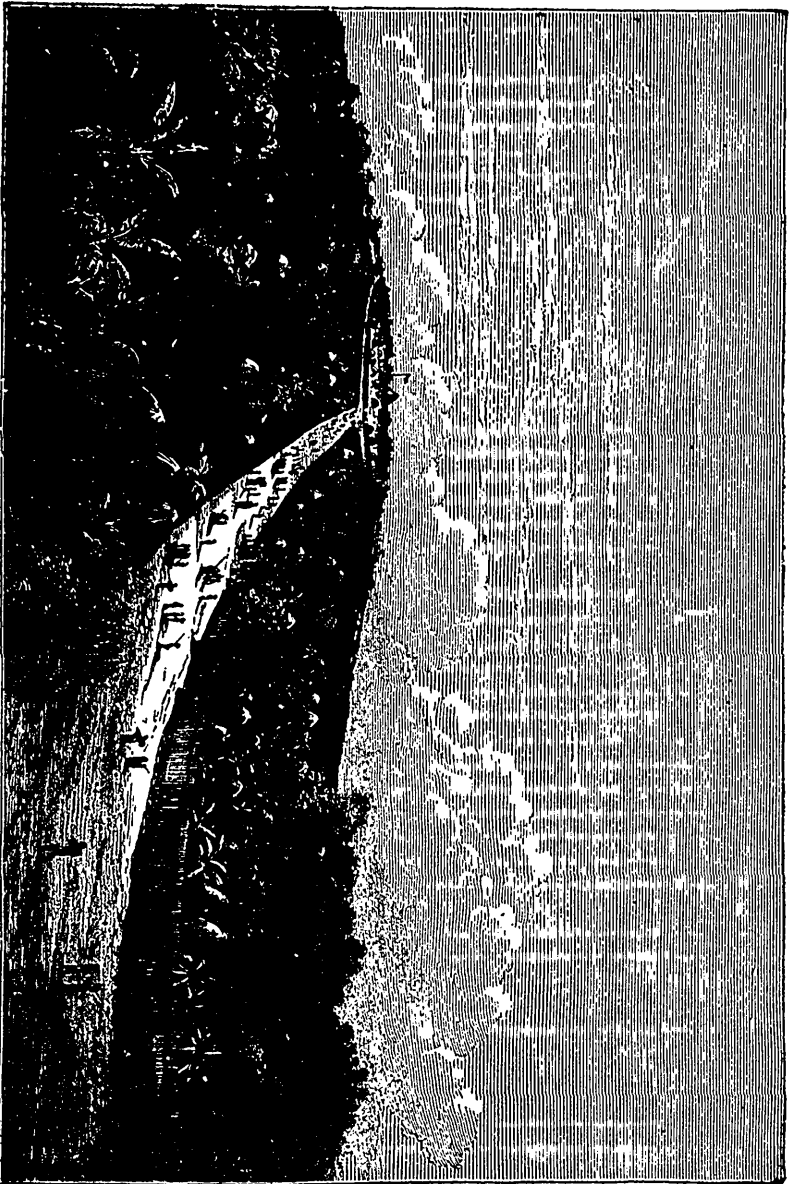
GROWING VIEWS OF HEAVEN.

When I was a boy, I thought of heaven as a great shining city, with vast walls and domes and spires, and with nobody in it except white angels, who were strangers to me. By and by my little brother died, and I thought of a great city, with walls and domes and spires, and a flock of cold, unknown angels, and one little fellow I was acquainted with. He was the only one I knew in that country. Then another brother died, and there were two whom I knew. Then my acquaintances began to die, and the number continually grew.

But it was not until I had sent one of my little children back to God that I began to think I had a little interest there myself, A second, a third, a fourth went; and by that time I had so many acquaintances in heaven that I did not see any more walls and domes and spires. I began to think of the residents of the Celestial City. And now so many of my acquaintances have gone there that it sometimes seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on earth.

Uganda's Capital in Uganda, where Mookay went.

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A FIGHT WITH A CROCODILE.

A Missionary writing from Delena, New Guinea, gives the following sorrowful illustration of the perils to which the children of that country are exposed. He says:

"We have had a heart-rending experience in the village this afternoon. Two girls—one about eight years of age and the other about eleven—were playing in the shallow water on the beach, when a large crocodile seized them both, and made off into deep water. Seven canoes put off after him at once, a carpenter who had been at work on the Mission premises in one, I in another.

For more than an hour we chased him. Every time he came up we made for him, and at last he had to come up for a long breath. In a moment we were all round him, and at him with spears and poles until he let go one body and tried to get away with the other under one of the canoes.

A young fellow caught the second body by the arm, and was pulled out of the canoe and right under it by the crocodile. Both held on, and after a good deal of splashing and struggling the brute let go and got clear away. What caused him to loose his prey I don't know; we were all too excited to notice exactly how it came about.

It was a sorrowful procession back to shore with the poor little remains, and a landing the like of which I hope never to have to endure again; for, as you know, the natives are very fond of their children, and the weeping and wailing of parents and sympathising friends were intense.

The bodies were very little torn. The children were close together in the water, one behind the other, and the brute took them both round the hips. You can imagine the size of his jaw, and his determination in holding them for more than an hour."

After dark, as the carpenter was being taken off to a vessel by which he was leaving, the crocodile struck the canoe, scaring "Donisi" and the rest, but fortunately no harm was done. The brute afterwards remained about the coast, and, although repeated attempts had been made by the

Missionary to shoot him, he had escaped up to the time of the despatch of the last letter.

A HEAVY PUNISHMENT.

In India one of the severest punishments meted out to a convert to Christianity is cutting off his access to the village well. His family is compelled at once to tramp through hot sun, and with a heavy water pot, to some distance to get whatever water they use for bathing and for cooking. This is all against the law, but sometimes the persecution is so severe as to compel a return to the forsaken faith, or exile from the village. To prevent this the missionaries often have to engage, in behalf of their converts, in long and bitterly fought contests. Most of these persecutions are instigated by a few high-caste people, who virtually own the villages, and the majority of the villagers are usually glad to see the cases decided in favor of the converts.—*Golden Rule.*

A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

Helen stood on the door-step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said:

"I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"O, thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we can go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"O, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled, and asked: "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my ownself, papa; but O, no, I guess not, it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father, tenderly. "Can't I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry my orange that I saved from dessert to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has any thing nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken

bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy. Don't you think that poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes, as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, and I think we too often forget them until sickness and starvation. You are right, this is a little errand of God. Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to old Peter's and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer.—Pres.

"WHATSOEVER A MAN SOWETH THAT SHALL HE ALSO REAP."

THE following is a true story of a young man who was an only child. His father died, and after the burial his mother became more anxious than ever for his salvation. Sometimes she would come to him and put her arms around his neck and say with kindness, "Oh, my boy, I would be so happy if you would only be a Christian, and could pray with me."

He would push her away: "No, mother, I'm not going to become a Christian yet; I am going to wait a little longer and see the world." He would try to banish the subject from his mind altogether. Sometimes he would wake up at the midnight hour, and would hear the voice of that mother raised in supplication for her boy: "Oh, God, save my boy; have mercy upon him."

At last, this is the way he put it: "It got too hot for him." He saw he had either to become a Christian or run away. And away he ran, and became a prodigal and a wanderer. He heard from her indirectly; he could not let his mother know where he was, because he knew she would have gone to the end of the world to find him.

One day he got word that his mother was very sick. He began to think: "Suppose mother should die, I would never forgive myself," and he said, "I will go home," but then he thought, "Well, if I go home, she will be praying at me again, and I can't stay under her roof and listen to her prayers," and his proud, stubborn heart would not let him go.

Months went on, and again he heard indirectly that his mother was very sick. His conscience began to trouble him. He knew he would never forgive himself if he didn't go home, and he finally determined. There were no railroads, and he had to go in a stage-coach. At night he got into the town. The moon was shining, and he could see the little village before him.

The mother's home was about a mile from where he landed, and on his way home he had to pass the village grocery, and as he went along, he thought he would pass through the graveyard and see his father's grave. "What," he thought, "if my mother has been laid there."

When he got up to the little plot where his father's body had been laid not many months before, by the light of the moon he saw an open grave; he knelt down and kissed the sods which lay by ready to cover the last remains of a loving mother. "Oh," he said, "what will become of my poor soul now? My father and mother are both dead and who will pray for me now?"

He then started off to the little cottage where they used to live. He rapped at the door. An old friend opened it. "What caused poor mother's death?" he asked with trembling voice. "She died of a broken heart grieving over her only boy," was the answer.

He came in and passed the night by his mother's cold corpse. Again and again he bent over the coffin and kissed her cold, cold cheek; but, although his mother's death had brought him to repentance, he said "he could never forgive himself for the way he used his loving mother." "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Young man don't wait till your mother dies to kiss her cheek and accept her Saviour as yours; do so while she lives and let her have the pleasure of knowing, during her life, that you are safe for eternity and that you can stay like a daughter of Old Testament times: "Thy God shall be my God, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, even for eternity."—*Gospel Lantern*.

THE GARDEN OF THE HEART.

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

EYES FOR THE BLIND.

FRED LESLIE was walking slowly along High Street. He stopped to kick every little stone on the sidewalk, and if there were none for quite a distance, he went out into the street to find one. Fred's boots were always wearing out at the toes. Do you wonder? Papa Leslie would say, with a sigh, "I cannot understand it," but if he had seen Fred that afternoon the matter would have been perfectly clear.

Sometimes Fred picked up a bit of stone and threw it at a dear little robin, for it was a lovely spring day, and the robin family had just returned from the South, where they had had spent the winter.

He had no thought of hurting the birds—he did it just for fun: but since robins have no way of finding out what boys mean to do, there was always a sudden flight on their part.

By and by Fred reached Captain Whipple's gate and stopped. The Captain was a blind man, made blind in the war, and all the village boys respected him, and had a way of looking out for him on the street which was pleasant to see. But now he had dropped his cane, and stood moving one foot carefully about, and reaching out his hands trying to find it. Fred thought he looked very funny, and gave a little whiff of a laugh. But the next moment he sprang through the gate.

"Here is your cane!" he cried, picking it up from the path, and placing it carefully in the blind man's hand.

"Thank you, my little man. When I drop my cane I'm lost in broad daylight. But who are you? I don't seem to recognize your voice," said Captain Whipple.

"My father is the new minister. My name is Fred Leslie."

"Yes, yes! Were you coming to see me?"

"No, sir, I just came in to pick up your cane. I've got to go to the Mission Band meeting up to Miss Dexter's," and Fred looked as if he expected a punishment of some kind.

"Got to go! Don't you like it?"

"No, sir," Fred answered, "but mamma said I must."

"But aren't you sorry for the heathen?" Captain Whipple asked soberly.

"Oh, 'course I wish they wasn't so foolish—worshipping idols and things; but—well, you see, I can't do anything for 'em."

"You can't? Why, you picked up my cane."

"Yes," said Fred, with a puzzled look. "I saw you poking round in the wrong place, and I knew you was blind. That's why."

"Exactly," and the captain smiled; "the heathen are blind, too."

"Blind?" echoed Fred.

"Yes, their mind-eyes and soul-eyes, I mean. I have only lost the eyes that belong to my body. The outside world is dark to me, but my mind and soul live in a great light room, because God is there, and there is no darkness where He is. Do you understand?"

"I don't think the heathen are like you," said Fred, doubtfully.

"O, yes, they are, because they are groping around after something to guide them, just as I was groping for my cane. You know the twenty-third Psalm, I suppose. What is it that is to help us in the 'valley of the shadow'?"

Fred ran it over in his mind. "Oh! 'thy rod and thy staff,'" he exclaimed.

"To be sure. Now isn't it worth while to help even one poor blind soul to find that 'rod and staff'?"

"O, yes! I'd like to do that. I'd like to do that, and then be done with it," said Fred, with great decision.

Captain Whipple laughed "A great many people feel that way. But you see, my boy, there are so many to be helped, that we must

keep working, sending Bibles and mission-aries until their soul-eyes are opened, and they find the right path. The money you gather in your little society helps a great deal. Miss Dexter has told me about it."

"Does it really? Well, I'd like to help *blind* people. I wouldn't like to be blind, inside or outside. Per'aps I better go now," said Fred.

"Yes, and remember about the 'rod and staff.' Good-bye," said the Captain.

"I will. Good-bye, sir," and Fred ran swiftly up the street. Mission Band work looked very different to him since he picked up Captain Whipple's cane.—*Sel.*

A NEWSBOY'S BANK.

He was very little, and his clothes were ragged, and his hands were red with cold whenever he came spinning around the corner and paused before the handsome house across the way. One funny thing about it was that he never came on pleasant days, but I grew accustomed to see him take up his position and call his papers while the snow whirled around him, and the wind tried its best to take him off his feet. At last I became curious, and determined to find out why he never came when the sun was shining and everything looked bright. I had only to beckon to him, and he hurried across the street with a cheerful, "Here you are! A *Record*, did you say?"

A moment later I had him before the grate, and his eyes resembled those of a great mastiff, as the warmth penetrated his shivering body. "It's terrible cold," I began.

"Yes, rather; but I've seen it worse." was the answer.

"But don't you find it hard selling papers this weather?" I continued.

"Ye-es, sometimes; then I hustle over there as fast as I can," nodding at the house across the way.

"Why, do your papers sell more readily in this neighborhood?"

"No!" with a disgusted sniff at my evident lack of business intuition; "scarce ever sell one here."

"Why do you come, then?"

"Do you want to know the real reason?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, earnestly.

"Well, one day, pretty near a year ago, I was most done for; couldn't sell any papers, and was about froze, and if I'd known any place to go would have crawled off somewhere and give it all up. While I was thinkin' of all this, a couple of fellows passed me, and one of 'em says, 'He's richer'n Cræsus now, an' to think he was a beggar only a few years ago.' 'A beggar?' says t'other fellow.

'Yes, or what amounts to pretty much the same thing—a newsboy—and I've heard him say dozens of times that nothing but pluck and the grace of God would ever have brought him through.' 'An' his house is in the next street, you say?' 'Yes, we go right past it.'

"I followed 'em till they came to the house over there, and while I stood looking at it something seemed to say to me that, if that man could build a house like that when he'd begun by being a newsboy, I could too. Then I wondered over what the men had said. They'd gone on out of sight, and I said over and over, 'Pluck and the grace of God.'

"Then I made up my mind I'd got the pluck all right, and I'd ask over and over for the grace of God. I didn't know just what that was, but every time I was alone I'd just say what I could remember of the Lord's Prayer, and finish up with 'An' give me the grace of God.'

"If you'll believe it, I begun to get along right away. I'm saving money now to go to school with, and whenever I get discouraged—it's always on stormy days, you see—I just come in front of that house and think it all over and say, 'Pluck and the grace of God,' over to myself a few times.

"Then I go back, and you wouldn't believe how fast the papers sell after that."

He rose, shook himself together like a big dog, and said, "I must hustle along and get rid of my papers, but I'll be round whenever I'm down in the mouth, for that house is my bank, and I come to draw on it when I'm hard up. I expect it's a deal more comfort to me than to the man that built it," and a moment later the youthful philosopher was shouting, "Hyers your mornin' papers! *Tribune*, *Herald* and *Record* here!"—*Ram's Horn.*

A SOUTH SEA KING.

In the year 1818, Tamatoe, the king of Huahine, one of the South Sea Islands, embraced the Gospel. Some of the heathen islanders resolved on the destruction of him, and of those who, with him, had become followers of Christ. The enemy laid their plan, and had purposed to burn to death those whom they seized.

But the plot was discovered; the small band of Christians were on the shore in readiness to meet their foes as they leaped from their canoes, and soon gained a complete victory.

And now these heathens looked for nothing but death, and that a cruel death. How great, then, was their surprise when the Christians assured them that they meant not to touch a hair of their heads, because Jesus had taught them to treat kindly their bitterest foes!

They went further—they prepared a sumptuous feast, and asked the captives to sit down and partake,

Some of these were so amazed as to be unable to taste. At last one of the heathen leaders arose before them, declared himself no longer a follower of helpless idols, stated his cruel intentions had he been successful, but that this utterly unlooked-for kindness of the Christians had fairly overcome him, so that he could only admire their humanity and mercy. The result of all was, that in a few days every idol in the island had been cast away; for the heathen, melted by all this kindness, joined the Christians.

CHINESE CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

Miss Emma Boughton, a Missionary in China, says, "I wish people at home could know some of these women."

One, who had been studying, said, "My heart is so light while I am with you. If I were here all the time, how much I could learn."

Women sixty years old, just learning to read, will bend patiently over the Bible, studying it word by word, and be as delighted over what is to them a new promise discover-

ed, as a man at home might be over a gold mine. Indeed, the Bible is a mine of gold to them and to us.

Last year three of my school girls went home to Heaven, and it *was* going home to them. They went peacefully and happily to be with Jesus. What a contrast to a heathen's death—without hope, stupid, fearful.

One woman said to me, "I was as stupid as a beast, only knowing enough to eat and drink, before I heard of Jesus, but now my heart is light."

A woman in the hospital asked Dr. Brown a few days ago if she was going to die, saying, "You need not be afraid to tell me—I would just get ready, that is all."

Is it not well worth coming to China to be able to help them even a little?

A STORY OF TWO WORDS.

"O if I were lucky enough to call this estate mine, I should be a happy man," said a young man.

"And then?" said a friend.

"Why, then, I'd pull down the old house and build a palace, have lots of prime fellows about me, keep the best wines and the finest horses and dogs in the country."

"And then?"

"Then I'd hunt and ride and smoke and drink and dance and keep open house and enjoy life gloriously."

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose, like other people I should grow old and not care so much for these things."

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose, in the course of nature, I should leave all these pleasant things—and—well, yes—die!"

"And then?"

"O, bother your 'thens'! I must be off." Many years after, the friend was accosted with:

"God bless you! I owe my happiness to you!"

"How?"

"By two words spoken in season long ago.—'And then!'"—*The Quiver*.

AFRICAN HOMES.

Shall I tell you about a hut I visited one day?

As I went to the door I saw three or four dirty children, with little or no clothing on, playing outside. The mother came to the door and asked me to come in, so I crawled in. It was so dark I could scarcely see at

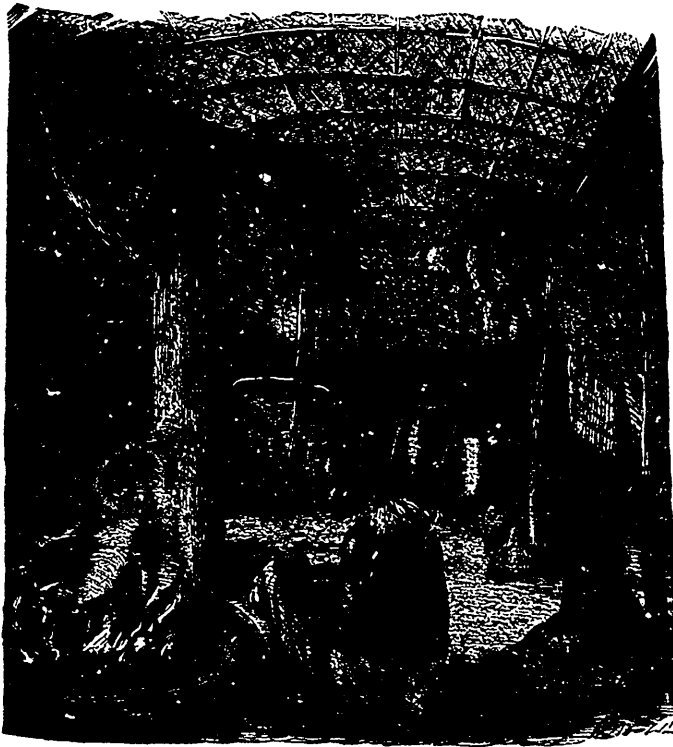
any bed. She lay on a mat on the floor, just as all the family do at night.

I asked the mother what she was doing. She said she was about to cook dinner, but I didn't see any stove. I watched to see where she would cook it. She made a fire right in the middle of the mud floor and set a pot over it in which to make some porridge. How it

did smoke! There was no chimney, so what smoke could not go out at the door had to stay in. It almost made me cry!

I asked the mother if her children went to the mission school near by. She replied that they did not. I asked her if she would not let them go, and she said that she was willing but their father refused, for he was afraid they would want to be Christians if they went to school.

When I rose to go out I nearly upset a large clay pot near me. I asked what was in it, and the woman said it was native beer. I asked her if her children drank it. "O, yes," she said, "they like it very much."



INSIDE AN AFRICAN ZULU HUT.

first. There are no windows in a hut. There were no chairs, so I took a seat on the floor.

I heard a baby crying, but could not see it anywhere. Finally I saw it was strapped to its mother's back, where she carried it all day long. The old grandmother was sick and lying down—not on a bed, for there wasn't

Think of it! No windows, no chairs, no chimney, no beds or stoves, but darkness, smoke, filth, beer!

O children, "Who maketh thee to differ? Can you tell? If not, talk it over with your mother, and she will tell you how you can help to make those heathen homes more like your own happy homes. *In Mission Dayspring.*

THE LITTLE INDIAN GIRL.

In a frontier Indian mission station, where a faithful young woman was teaching, a little girl one day came to her and said, "Teacher, will you let me do something?"

The teacher asked her what she wanted to do. She said, "I want to give myself away to you, because I love you," and kneeling down by her side and putting her two hands in the teacher's, she said, "I give myself to you, because I love you." And the little heart just swelled with gladness, and she threw herself into the arms of her teacher, so glad to be owned and loved.

A few days afterwards she asked the teacher how she could consecrate herself to Christ. She had heard about it, but didn't understand it. The teacher said, "Darling, just give yourself away to Christ as you gave yourself away to me."

A light came into the little face, and kneeling down again beside her teacher, she clasped her hands, and looking up with holy reverence, said, "Jesus I give myself away to You, because I love You."

She had a very wicked father in a distant station, a cruel, brutal man, who refused to listen to the Gospel. She began to pray for him, and one day she asked the teacher if anything could be done to save him. "Why," said her teacher, "write to him and tell him that you have given yourself away to Jesus, and ask him to do the same."

The little letter was sent with many tears and prayers. Days and weeks passed by, but nothing seemed to come out of it. She did not know but he was fiercely angry and waiting for some terrible revenge.

But one day he appeared at the mission. He had walked fifty miles, and was tired and broken, and tears were running down his face. He asked for the teacher, and then he requested to be baptized. He said he had come "to give himself away to Jesus," and amid the rejoicings of his little one, and all at the station, the rough, brutal, wicked man gave himself to Jesus and became a humble follower and fearless witness to the Saviour he had hated and despised. *Alliance Journal.*

ONLY A DROP.

"Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.
Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live."

International S. S. Lessons.**LESSONS IN PRAYER.****10 May.**

Les. Luke 18 : 9-17. Col. Text, Luke 18 : 13.
Mem. vs. 15-17. Catechism, Q. 58.

Time—A. D. 30, March, just after the last lesson.

Place—Perea, on the way to Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

To what kind of persons was the parable of our lesson spoken? Who did Jesus say went up into the temple to pray? Who were the Pharisees? Who were the publicans? How did the Pharisee pray? The publican? What did Jesus say about their prayers? Why was the Pharisee's prayer rejected, and the publican's accepted? What is prayer? What does this parable teach us about prayer? Who were brought to Jesus at this time? What did the disciples do? What did Jesus say?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. True prayer is not telling God of our virtues and of other people's sins.
2. True prayer is telling God of our own need as sinners.
3. True prayer is marked by penitence and confession.
4. True prayer receives gracious answer from God.
5. Christ loves to have the little children brought to him.

PARABLE OF THE POUNDS.**17 May.**

Les. Luke 19 : 11-27. Col. Text, Lu. 16 : 10.
Mem. vs. 13-15. Catechism Q. 59.

Time—A. D. March 31, six days before pass-over.

Place—Jericho, probably before leaving Zaccheus' house.

QUESTIONS.

Where did Jesus speak the parable of our lesson? Why did he speak it? v. 11. What is meant here by the *kingdom of God*? Whom does the nobleman represent? Whom his servants? What are represented by the pounds? What is meant by *occupy till I come*? See 1 Pet. 4:10; Rom. 12:1. Who are represented in vs. 16, 18? Who in vs. 20, 21? What is the reward of faithful use of God's gifts? Of unfaithful use?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. To every one Christ gives something of his to trade with.
2. We must use our gifts and account for them to Christ.
3. With faithful using, our "pound" increases according to our activity.
4. Those who have been faithful shall be rewarded.
5. Those who do not use their gifts lose them.
6. What gift am I wasting that I might be using?

JESUS TEACHING IN THE TEMPLE.

24 May.

Les. Luke 20 : 9-19. Gol. Text, Lu. 20 : 17.
Mem. vs. 13-16. Catechism Q. 60.

Time—A. D. 30; Tuesday, April 4, the last day of Christ's public ministry.

Place—Jerusalem, in the temple.

QUESTIONS.

Who is represented by the man that planted the vineyard? What, by the vineyard? Who, by the husbandmen? For what purpose did the lord of the vineyard send his servants? How did the husbandmen treat them? How does all this apply to us? What fruit does God require from us? Whom did the Lord of the vineyard send last? Whom does this son represent? How did the husbandmen treat him? How may we be guilty of the same sin? How were the Jews punished for their rejection of Christ? What is the lesson for us?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. To each one God gives a vineyard to keep for him.
2. We are God's tenants and are to return him a fair rental.
4. God expects us to give him fruits from our vineyards.
4. Rejecting the servants does not free us from the duty we owe to God.
5. To reject Christ is to reject the only Saviour.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM

31 May.

Les. Luke 21 : 20-36. Gol. Text, Luke 21 : 33.
Mem. vs. 34-36. Catechism Q., 61.

Time—The same day as last lesson.

Place—The Mount of Olives on the way to Bethany.

QUESTIONS.

What would be the sign of Jerusalem's desolation? What should the people in Judea and Jerusalem do? What would be the doom of the Jewish people? What would befall the city? What further is here predicted? What did he say about the coming of the kingdom of God? About his un-falling word? What warning is here given? What then were the disciples to do?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Final rejection of Christ will surely bring destruction.
2. Christ will come again to judge those who reject him.
3. Not a divine word can fail of fulfilment.
4. We should be ever watchful, ready to meet our Judge.
5. We need both to watch and pray to be safe.

WARNING TO THE DISCIPLES.

7 June.

Les. Luke 22 : 24-37 Gol. Text, Phil. 2 : 5,
Mem. vs. 24-26. Catechism Q, 62.

Time—A. D. 30, Thursday evening, April 6.

Place—An upper room in Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

What was the passover? Whom did Jesus send to prepare for its celebration? Who were present at this feast? What new ordinance did Jesus institute? What command did he give about its observance? What strife was there among the disciples? What did Jesus do to rebuke them? What did he say to them? What did he say to Peter? What did Peter answer? What warning did Jesus give him? Of what did he forewarn his disciples?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. True greatness is unselfishness—seeking to serve, not to be served.
2. Christ knows Satan's plots and prays for us.
3. When we have been helped by Christ we should help others.
4. Self-confidence is sure to lead to a fall.
5. Life is full of danger and we should always watch and trust.

A PITIFUL TALE.

Never more pitiful story than that recently told in the newspapers as follows:

'A wretched mother dropped dead about four weeks ago at the feet of the son who had been a burden and a sorrow to her. This son, who was thirty years old, instead of helping his mother, spent his wages for whiskey. At last the mother concluded that committing him as an habitual drunkard might lead to his reformation. She was called to the witness stand to swear to the complaint, but the strain was too great for her, and she fell dead with the words on her lips: 'It's breaking my heart.'

Will every boy who reads these lines promise that with God's help, he will never taste that which may lead to breaking his mother's heart.

WHAT DRINK DOES.

It overworks the heart. It checks the action of the lungs. It inflames and hardens the liver. It causes fatty degeneration of the kidneys. It arrests digestion by inflaming the mucous membrane of the throat and stomach. It creates an appetite which is only increased by being gratified. It destroys the nerve force and paralyzes the energy. It diseases to the third and fourth generations by the laws of heredity. It not only ruins the mental and physical faculties but wrecks the moral powers.

This is what it does for a man as an individual. Now what effect has it on society, business, politics and religion? It blasts homes. It degrades father and son. It blights wife-love and mother-pride. It chains womanhood in the hell of unchastity. It blocks factory wheels. It closes mines and mills. It furnishes "no markets" for all sorts of produce. It delays sales of bread, clothes, shoes, lumber, furniture, groceries and fuel. It causes strikes, fills jails, and piles cost on county, state, and nation. It corrupts politics and politicians. It creeps into the ballot-box and destroys free suffrage. It places men in office who dare not oppose the traffic. It hinders honest legislation and

brews laws which are a stench in the nostrils of every patriot. And, first, last, and above all, it damns men eternally, giving them no comfort in life and no hope in death.—*Scl.*

HOW OLD MUST I BE ?

"Mother," a little child once said, "mother, how old must I be before I can become a Christian?"

And the wise mother answered, "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

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

The mother made answer with another question. "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

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

The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant, "I can now without growing any older."

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

The child whispered, "Yes."

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

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