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THE
CHILDREN'S
RECORD

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

Vol. 5: JUNE, 1890 No. 6.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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at any time, but must end with December.

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Missions.

All communications to be addressed to

REV. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Our young readers know that all the profits of THE CHILDREN'S RECORD go to missions, and they will be glad to learn that it has been able to send another hundred dollars to Dr. Reid for the Foreign Mission Fund.

The Honan Mission.

MR. GOFORTH'S JOURNAL.

For the Children's Record:

Oct. 16, 1889.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

This city, *Tai Kou*, with its fifty thousand people, has a large trade. *Hsui Hsui* is distant six miles to the North. *Hua Hsui* lies two miles to the East. If this place were chosen for a centre the three cities could be reached by a circuit of fifteen miles. Many ministers in Canada travel fifteen miles on Sabbath to preach at two or three different places, but here in these three cities one hundred and thirty thousand people could be reached, and besides this, *Hsui Hsui* controls one thousand villages, *Hua Hsui* four thousand villages. We arrived here in the night, and began work before nine o'clock this morning. We were crowded from the start. The sick people flock to the foreign healer.

A POOR WOMAN MUST DIE.

The Mandarin of *Hsui Hsui* sent his cart for the Doctor to go and see his wife

who is very ill. The Dr. was led into her apartment and saw her lying on her bed, and the Mandarin tried to describe the disease but would not allow him to examine what it was, nor where it was, so the Dr. said he could not give medicine. It may be pleurisy or rapid consumption. The woman is dangerously ill, but such is the ignorance of the ruler of several hundred thousand people that he lets his wife die rather than have her undergo a medical examination.

OCT. 11.

NEW TEMPLES.

We visited the new temple this morning. The head priest was not out of bed, so we could not go inside. We could only look through holes in the windows. It is very beautiful and costly. I had read in missionary papers that no new temples are building in China, but this one as well as many others disproves the statement. Idolatry is far from dead all through this region.

GREAT CROWDS COMING.

The crowd to-day was so great that we could with difficulty carry on medical work. Several important surgical operations were performed, the Chinese helper and I by turns speaking all day. An old teacher 77 years of age came and read through one of our small books, and told the people that what we said was good for all to hear. The respect which the Chinese have for these old teachers is most praiseworthy.

OCT. 12.

STILL GREATER CROWDS

To-day surpasses everything we have seen on this tour. We began work shortly after eight o'clock. From the first there was a crowd which grew to such an extent that we feared some of the women and children would get hurt in the crush.

Before twelve o'clock the Dr. gave up in despair. Every one wanted to be treated first and pressed forward. Then those who came merely from curiosity jammed up the yard in front so that there

was no getting in or out. Remonstrance was useless. We could do nothing so we went away to our boat. We even told them that if they did not cease crushing forward we would pack up the medicine and go to another city.

CLIMBING IN THE WINDOWS.

This afternoon I gave up teaching and manned one of the doors, only letting in one at a time. At first they began to climb in through the windows. To enforce the lesson upon others we ejected them back through the windows. This work fell to the Dr. and myself. One man jumped in by the window and refused to go out when asked by our helpers to do so. They appealed to us. I took him by the shoulders and pushed him out. Even the women climbed in by the windows. We allowed this for a time, but for the sake of order we were compelled to turn out the women who came in by the wrong way. But we did not wonder at the poor women trying to get in at the windows, for the men were so selfish that they would not let them come near the door. Then to prevent this I would not let the men in while women were waiting outside, but made them give way enough for the women to squeeze in.

The Dr. treated 158 to-day, besides examining many whose diseases were either hopeless or too difficult to undertake without a more suitable place. Darkness came on and many of the sick had to be turned away.

Oct. 13.

The Dr. treated 141 patients to-day or 401 in the four days we have been here. The news has spread far and near. We had to refuse many when evening came on.

Several hundred books have been sold and many people spoken to.

A BUDDHIST PRIEST SEEKING LIGHT.

It is rare to meet an intelligent Buddhist priest, but one came to the inn to-day. He was a blind leader of the blind, so before the people I proved the folly of

idolatry. All eyes were turned to the priest as if expecting a defence, but he admitted that his gods were vain, and asked if I would give him a bible. I did so, urged him to look to the one true God for salvation and then to lead his people from idolatry.

DEATH OF THE MANDARIN'S WIFE.

The wife of the Mandarin died to-day after her husband had refused to let the Dr. examine the disease. We were thankful that the Dr. gave no medicine. We were told that no less than ten Chinese doctors were called to see her.

OCT. 14.

We started up the river early this morning. Four miles from Tao Kou we came to another city called Hsin Chin, with about 10,000 people. We walked along the bank and talked with the people. They had heard of the Dr. healing the sick at Tao Kou, and asked us to stay even one day to see their sick, but wishing to reach the larger places, and fearing that both money and medicine would run short we did not stay.

A FUNNY EXPERIENCE.

Walking along to-day I passed a small village. If I had fallen from the clouds I could not have caused more wonder. They had never seen a foreigner before. One man surveyed me from head to foot and said :

"Are you one of us?"

"No, I am not a Chinaman."

"Then are you one of those devils I have heard of?"

"No, I am not a devil. I am a man. Look at me. Feel my flesh. My body is just like yours."

He still seemed to doubt my place among the species, then pulling up his trousers above the knee, he asked to see my knee, saying :

"I have heard that devils have no knee joints."

Seeing that my knee was of the same pattern as his, he said,

"True you are a man."

"Yes, I am an Englishman and our

kingdom is three times as big as yours;" and then I began to tell them why I came to their country.

"What are these books you have? Ask my examiner.

"These books tell you of the true God."

"Do you want to sell them?"

"Yes."

"How much do you want?"

I named the price.

"Will you take eggs?" said he.

"Yes, I exchange books for eggs," but I found that although Chinese cash is difficult to carry, eggs are more so.

A NEW CENTRE.

Oct. 15

We reached *Hsihui fu* early this morning and began work about 9 o'clock. This city of Hsui is likely to be first occupied instead of Hsui Hsien because it is more central and governs nine Hsien cities with their districts, altogether, *eleven cities, twenty-five thousand towns and villages, or about two million souls.*

The most distant of these eleven cities is Hsui Hsien 35 miles away, the nearest is about 12 miles distant. Hsui Hsien ought to be taken up, but we have not enough men to man three stations at present. If we had another medical man we would occupy Chang te fu, Hsui Hsien, and Wei Hui fu.

Oct. 16.

Many intelligent young men have come yesterday and to-day. They treated us with respect. And being attracted by what the Old Testament says about idolatry, some feel a concern to know what the truth is, and will spend much time in going from passage to passage of the Word. It is surprising to see how much respect these Confucian scholars have for the Scriptures.

A SAD STORY.

On the way to the boat this evening, a man came and knelt down before us, begging that we would go and see his brother who was ill. We followed him to a temple in the river bank. In one corner the man lay dying. He was beyond hope.

It was a strange place to die. The dusk of evening had come on. In the dim light of a Chinese lamp the grim idols looked hideous. Before each the incense was burning, gods that cannot save! Thus a soul is soon to pass into eternity. A deceived soul! But he is only one of *twelve millions* who each year pass from China through the portals of death.

Oct. 17.

Great numbers came to-day. Sometimes it was very difficult to do anything for the press. The silk clad gentry have put in an appearance and were quite pleasant. One of the officials has asked for the Doctor to go and see his wife.

THE DIRTY CHILD.

Yesterday a man brought a child for treatment, with a sore but filthy head. The Doctor told him to go and wash the child's head. He waited a while and then again presented the unwashed head and was again told to go and wash it. This enraged him and he went away reviling the Doctor. We did not know but that he might spread bad reports of us, but we heard to-day that four men who heard him abusing the Doctor went to his home and gave him a beating.

YOUNG MEN INQUIRING.

The Lord is honoring His word to convince the people that they are sinning against a holy God. Several young men followed me through the Scripture and confessed that they were all wrong, then they said "How could we know for no man ever came to tell us. Then I turned them to Matt. vii : 24, and pleaded with them to learn Christ's way that they might also give the truth to their countrymen. One of them at once bought a New Testament and a copy of all our other books.

Oct. 18.

SICK PEOPLE THROGGING.

Great numbers came to-day. The sick from the country are coming in. One woman was brought in *thirty-five miles*. A young woman was brought *eleven miles* on a bed by her father and brother. Many

cases are beyond cure. The gentry were numerous to-day. The Mandarin sent his car this evening to take us to the yamen to see his son who is down with dysentery. We found the young man very weak, but after taking the medicine he was much better.

OCT. 19.

SCATTERING THE SEED FAR.

The first man I talked with this morning came from Chung fu, eighty miles to the South East. The next man was from Shansi more than one hundred miles to the North West. The former bought the New Testament. And when I explained our Lord's plan for spreading the gospel he promised to read it to his friends. Thus from a central place like this, the seed of the kingdom can be widely scattered.

OCT. 20.

A YOUNG MAN SEEKING THE LIGHT.

Very wet and muddy to-day yet many came. The young man who a few days ago bought the New Testament and a copy of all our books, came to-day for further instruction. He said he had no faith in heathenism and wanted to know how to serve the true God. We taught him along with others upwards of an hour.

AN UNEXPECTED OFFER.

We seemed to have gained the confidence of the people. Many have asked for us to come and live among them, but we have replied "We must first have a place to come to." Now we are taken by surprise by a man offering to sell us his place for a hospital. The situation is good. We expected that no one would be willing to sell to us perhaps for years, but now after a stay of a few days a place is offered us. This man has been one of our hearers and is impressed with the fact that we come to do good.

THE RETURN FROM OUR TOUR.

We turn homewards to-morrow, after having visited four cities. We have reason to believe that we have many friends in these cities who will be glad to

welcome us when we return a few months hence. The Lord indeed has gone before us, and opened the way and disposed high and low to treat us with favor. Let us pray the Lord of the harvest that He will enable us to reap rich harvests from Honan's millions. A great field awaits conquest for our Master. The section of Honan North of the Yellow River alone has a population greater than that of Ontario and Quebec combined. But yet not one in a million confesses Jesus as Lord. Need we speak of the appalling need of these millions. You know their need. They need our Saviour. The prophet's awful description is enough. "He feedeth on ashes. A deceived heart hath turned him aside that he cannot deliver his soul nor say, 'Is there not a lie in my right hand?'"

We thank God for the great interest which the whole Church has in the Honan millions, and pray that it may increase till all these idol temples give place to churches where the multitudes shall meet to hear the Gospel of the living God.

Your friend,

J. GOFORTH.

HELPLESS GODS.

One of the strangest things in the world to me is that grown up men and women in heathen lands can worship the absurd things they do—cows and snakes and monkeys and such hideous looking idols. The one in the picture is a serpent idol and is very, very old; it is so dingy and dirty that it must be very disagreeable to go near it. So it is with nearly all idols: they are so frightful and repulsive looking that those who worship them live in constant fear of them; and yet, as you and I know, they are perfectly helpless.

I once read a story about an idol in China. When it was first made, it was carried through the streets followed by a great procession. There were bands of cymbals, gongs, and flutes. There were flags and streamers and clouds of incense

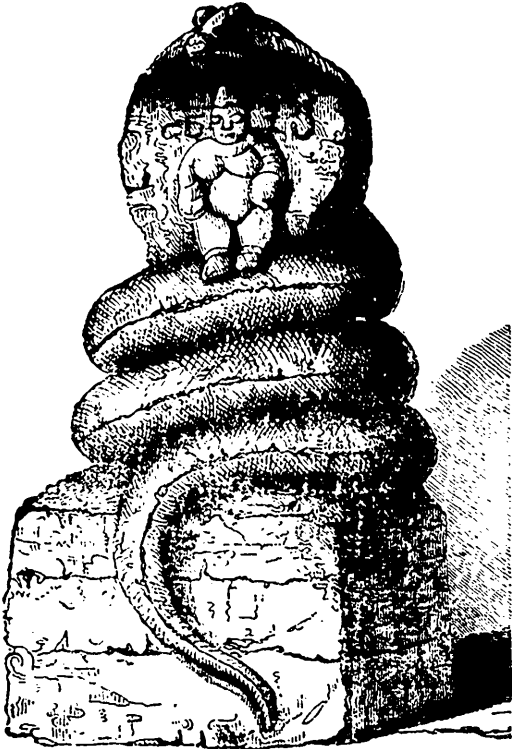
all about the huge image, which was carried on the shoulders of men.

The procession went on finely for some time; but, suddenly, something happened. What do you think it was? Why, this great god which was made of clay was carried by men who were a little unsteady, and they contrived to pitch him into the gutter and knock off his head. Some of the people were very much frightened and troubled by it; but others could not help laughing at the poor god that couldn't take care of his own body.

In heathen lands, too, they have so many gods that they are apt to think anything at all strange or mysterious must be a god.

An English lady writes from India, that, one night, a man came to her house for shelter. As she could not talk with him because she could not understand his language, she showed him some curiosities. Among them was a magnet such as you have often played with. He was very much pleased with it; and the missionary thought she would try to teach him something with it. So she took a small idol god, which had been given her, and placed it before a paper of needles, which of course had no effect. Then, she put the magnet near the needles and they all moved toward it. The man screamed out with wonder when he saw this; and, very timidly taking up the magnet, he rubbed it, and tried the needles till he was satisfied there was no trick. Then, looking up, he said, "English god." It was a great wonder to him. His eyes lighted up, and his dark features really became beautiful with interest.

There were a company of people in the other room; and, catching up the magnet, the idol and the needles, he rushed in



SERPENT IDOL.

where they were. He placed the idol before the needles and called out, "L-high!" ("come"). He pinched and beat the idol, but could not make it show any power. Then, he tossed the idol away: aaa, placing the magnet before the needles, showed, "L-high!" again, and they all came, much to the surprise of all the people.

Then he took up the idol, and, shaking his head, threw it back, exclaiming, "No god! no god!" Afterward, he took up the magnet and showed it to the men, saying, "Little god! but no god! no god!" The strangers put their heads together, and began to talk about it among themselves.

"It has more power than our idols," said one. "Perhaps it is an English God."
 "No," said another. "The English God lives up in the heaven; perhaps he made this strange icon."

Ah! they were coming to the truth. They stayed and talked with the missionary for a long time about the 'English God' and his dear Son, our Saviour. Before they left, one of them took up the idol; and, looking at it very earnestly, said, "This only an image. I mean to read this book you have given me. I want to see if these things are true. - *Sol.*

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM REV. J. MORTON.

For the Children's Record.

I hear an Indian girl singing under my window: -

"Water's cheap, but rum is dear; beer is muddy, water's clear.

This is part of a temperance chorus of which the boys and girls are very fond. Perhaps some of you may know it, others may not, I therefore enclose a copy.

NO, WE WON'T DRINK RUM.

"Water's cheap, but rum is dear,
 Beer is muddy, water's clear;
 Rum makes rags, and water's wealth,
 Rum brings sickness, water's health.
 Then, don't, don't, don't drink,
 Don't drink rum;
 No we won't, won't, won't drink
 We won't drink rum.

Bread is cheap, tobacco dear,
 Beer is muddy, water's clear;
 Rum makes rags as coal makes coke,
 Tobacco only makes a smoke.
 Then don't smoke, don't chew,
 Don't smoke or chew,
 No, we won't smoke, won't chew,
 We won't smoke or chew.

Virtue's cheap but sin is dear,
 Water's better far than beer;
 Smoking's foolish, swearing's worse,
 Then let us with this final verse
 Say don't drink, don't smoke,
 Don't, don't swear;
 No, we won't drink, won't smoke,
 We will never swear.

Water is this hot country is very precious. Our church has spouts all around it, but the water was allowed to run away. As we have very little rain for three or four months, I thought it was a great waste, when we had to cart water in the dry season, so I got an estate to cart some water-washed gravel for me, then I bought six barrels of cement, and told two of my catechists, who live near, that I wanted them to make a cistern out of the gravel and cement. They gave some hours to it every morning and attended to their studies and work all the same. It is an excellent cistern, capable of holding 1350 gallons. To-day we had some showers and we caught about 300 gallons of water in it. The names of the men who made it are Geoffroy Subaran and John Gane Shram.

J. MORTON.

Tunapuna, March 26, 1890.

March 29th.—More showers have filled the cistern to overflowing, so the song is true "water's cheap."

J. M.

STORY OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Just before the missionaries went to the Sandwich Islands, the people had grown tired of their idols and thrown them all away, and made up their minds that they wouldn't have anything more to do with religion, but they would just have a good time. One of their gods was called Pele, and she was supposed to live in the big volcano, and everybody was very much afraid of her, and thought that if any man offended her she would strike them dead. But one day, after the wife of one of the chiefs had become a Christian, she



A SANDWICH ISLAND IDOL.

thought she would show her people that Pele was no true God, and could harm no one; so she started to walk to the volcano, saying she was going to dare the goddess to do her worst. Every one was very much frightened, and thought she would certainly be destroyed, and they tried to persuade her not to go; but she kept right on, even when the prophetess of Pele met her and told her she would certainly perish. She picked some of the berries near the crater which were sacred to Pele and ate them; and, in company with one of the missionaries who had joined her, she walked a little way into the crater, and said to the people who had followed her to see what would happen: "If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah, and he shall save me from the wrath of Pele, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah." Then they sang a hymn and prayed to God, and feared Pele no longer.

But I haven't told you yet how the missionaries came to go to these far-away islands. It all came about through a Sandwich Island boy, Obookiah. He had seen his father and mother and brother all killed in a war, and he was very lonely and very glad to say yes, when an American captain invited him to come to America in his ship.

He was seventeen years old, but he didn't know how to read, or how to do much of anything else. He went to the captain's home in New Haven, and when he saw the boys in America all learning so much more than himself, he sat down on the steps of Yale College and cried. Just then a kind gentleman passed by, and he stopped and spoke to Obookiah; and when he found out how much he wanted to learn, he found a home for him where the people were willing to teach him. And they taught him not only reading and writing and arithmetic, but they taught him about God, and about our Saviour, Jesus Christ; and Obookiah gave his heart to Christ, and made up his mind that as soon as he finished going to school, he would go back to his islands, and tell the people what he had learned.

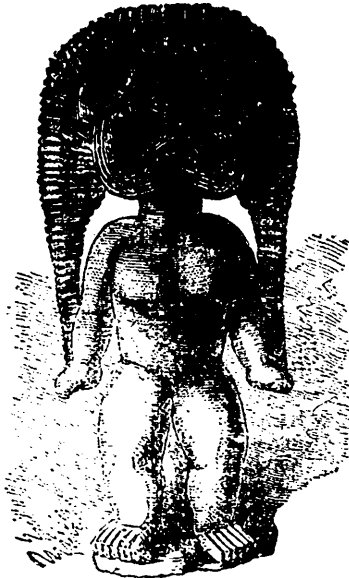
But before that time came, he was taken very sick, and when he found out



A SANDWICH ISLAND IDOL.

that he was going to die, and could never preach to his people himself, he begged that some one would go instead. And so the next year seven men and their wives were found who were willing to go and tell these poor heathen people about Christ.

One of the first things they did was to teach them to wear clothes. The king had bought some cloth of a trading-vessel, and he sent it to the missionaries and told them to make him five ruffled shirts with



A SANDWICH ISLAND IDOL.

plaited bosoms; then the queen wanted three silk dresses, and so it went on until the missionaries' wives saw that they should never have time for anything else but sewing if they didn't teach some one else to do it. So they opened a sewing school for the women, and their husbands opened a school for the king and his chiefs, for they wanted to learn how to read English.

In six months the school had one hun-

dred scholars, and very proud they were to think they could read like the white men. They began to come to meetings on Sundays, and to have school exhibitions, and the people thought these last greater fun than their old dances, and used to want them instead of the dances on their feast days.

At the end of two years the missionaries had printed some books for them in their own language; and the people built a church to hold meetings in. They began to build houses for themselves too, and, when trading-vessels came along, they bought furniture, looking-glasses, writing-desks, and things pretty to look at first, for they didn't know how to use beds and tables and chairs. So they grew more and more civilized, and began to learn more and more about Christ.

After the missionaries had been there five years, one of them wrote that there wasn't an hour in day that the natives didn't come to ask how they could be saved; and one of the princesses made a law that no one should come into her house who couldn't read hymns. This made an old chief angry, and she made a law that no one should come into her house that couldn't dance well. But the king made laws forbidding the people to steal and gamble and break the Sabbath, and it began to seem more like the New England home the missionaries had been accustomed to. Then came a great revival. For months and months the missionaries could hardly get time to eat and sleep, so many came to ask about Christ. They would come as far as sixty miles regularly every Sunday. Blind men would get little children to guide them, and poor cripples would crawl on their hands and knees, they were so anxious to get to meeting. The missionaries, instead of preaching once or twice a week, had to preach twenty or thirty times; and to such big congregations! More than four thousand! And one communion Sunday there were seventeen hundred people to unite with the church.—*Mission Day-spring*—

LETTER FROM REV. J. H. Mc-
VICAR

TO THE NAZARETH ST. MISSION SABBATH
SCHOOL, MONTREAL.

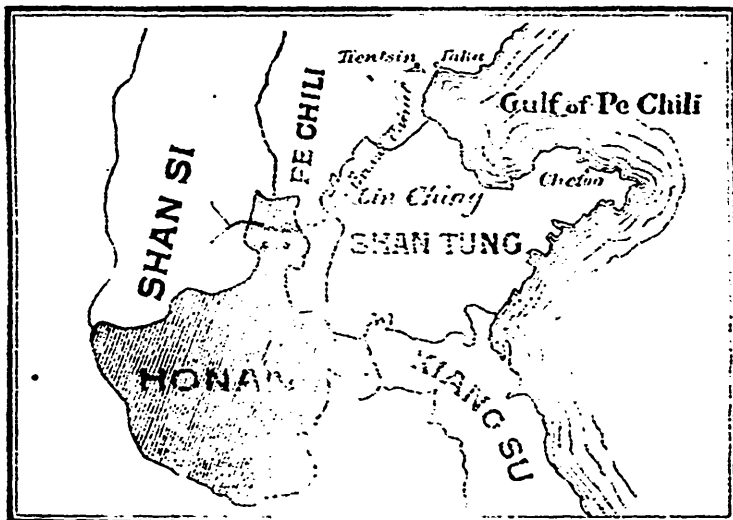
Dear Children :

The letters which some of your teachers have written us make us almost fancy ourselves in the mission room on a more, surrounded by all the familiar faces, instead of here in a far country ten thousand miles away, with strange faces always peering into ours, and strange hands al-

on the faces of one of the girls as she asks, where ever is Lin Ching? and what are you doing there? I thought you were going to Honan—the great green spot on the map you left hanging on the school-room wall. Is Lin Ching some place or other in Honan?

Well no.

Honan, at least that part of it in which we hope to work, is one of those regions where the people have never even heard the name of Jesus, and we missionaries will have to go in and visit them a great



ways feeling our clothes when we go out upon the streets and strange voices always laughing at our funny ways. Not that our ways are any funnier than they were at home; but the boys and girls of Nazareth Street cannot imagine what sport the boys and girls of China would make of them if they were to fly on the wind across the ocean at this moment and suddenly walk down one of the streets of Lin Ching.

"LIN CHING? LIN CHING?"

I almost fancy I can see the puzzled look

many times before they are likely to be more willing to let us take a house in one of their cities and live among them. So in the meantime we are going to live here, in Lin Ching, till we learn how to speak to them in their own language, and what is equally important learn more about the people and their ways of doing things and looking at things.

Do you know, even if we were able to go in and preach to them right away, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if we would do more harm than good, not understand-

ing enough of their ways to speak of Jesus to them without making them think very poorly of Him and of His followers. Jesus himself wants to be not only as "harmless as doves" in dealing with the Chinese, but also as "wise as serpents." So, we have settled down for a while in Lin Ching, not very far from H-man, where there have been other missionaries preaching the Gospel for some years.

As I was saying you Canadian boys and girls cannot imagine what fun the Chinese boys and girls would make of you if you were suddenly to walk down one of the narrow streets of Lin Ching.

WHAT AN UPROAR THERE WOULD BE!

Not only among the children, but among the pig-tailed, diamond-eyed, Chinamen, and among the women toppling excitedly about on their small doll-like feet.

I can't help smiling when I imagine some of the Nazareth Street boys starting out from here for a little morning walk. If their experience were anything like ours, they would not go far before every eye would be on them, and every finger pointing at them, and all the Chinese boys and girls running on ahead as fast as their legs could carry them and shouting at every door, "Quick, quick, the 'foreign devils' are coming! The 'foreign devils'! Quick! Quick!" And it would not be very comfortable for you to be called names like that and to attract so much attention, would it?

And yet, I assure you, many a time since we have come to China, I have found myself wondering

HOW THE BOYS OF MONTREAL WOULD
LIKE IT

if the tables were suddenly turned upon them in this way, and instead of teasing a poor Chinaman on Craig Street and trying to pull his pigtail, they were to find themselves all at once surrounded by a lot of excited Chinese people who could not help thinking a handful of Montreal boys funnier than a whole cage of monkeys in the London "Zoo."

A great teacher in China once said,

"Don't do to others what you don't want done to yourself." And

A GREATER TEACHER

in Palestine, whom you all know (and, I trust *love*) has said, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so to them." Boys! quit teasing the Chinamen. That is acting like a heathen. Show them that knowing Jesus makes true gentlemen of you.

But I don't want you to think from what I have written that the people of Lin Ching don't want us to stay here—that they are unfriendly. On the contrary they are *very* friendly; and it is only the *bad* boys that call us names, and just as it is only the bad boys that throw stones at the Chinamen in Montreal.

SOMETIMES THE BOYS AND GIRLS

are quite nice to us, and especially when Mrs. MacVicar is with me—they don't think me worth looking at, at all, then, all their eyes are for her. And it is quite a relief, instead of hearing them call out "Foreign Devils!" to hear them calling out, in a shy laughing way, "T'ai, t'ai! T'ai, t'ai!"—"Lady! lady!"

One day, when we had been out for a walk quite a crowd of children followed us for a long distance to our door, in such a noisy, laughing, procession that we were reminded how the boys follow brass bands at home,—some running on ahead, and waiting at each corner to see which way we would turn, and others walking behind so that they might see us better. O, how we long to be able to tell these boys and girls, whom we are meeting nearly every day, about Him who can make them truly happy in this world and the next.

Speaking of happiness, I am reminded that to-morrow is the first day of the Chinese new year. It is funny isn't it? This is the twentieth of January, and so our new year began twenty days ago; but their's is only beginning now. And to-night as I sit here writing, the air is full of noise and I can smell the smoke of gunpowder coming from the yard outside where the Chinamen have been setting off tremendous

QUANTITIES OF FIREWORKS

and keeping up a terrible racket with the explosions. You would almost think they were having a battle with real guns; for China is the best place in the world for getting fire-crackers—none of your little squibs that make a noise like paper caps, but great solid fellows that startle you almost out of your senses if you are too near when they go off. And it isn't the boys, either, who are setting them off, but the grown up Chinamen. All over the land they are setting them off to-night at their kitchen doors, getting noisier and noisier as the evening wears on, and some one in each family will stay up all night to keep on firing them till daylight. Indeed for the last few days fireworks have been exploding and harsh gongs sounding all over the town. And what do you think it all means? Well, when it *does* mean anything, it means that they are trying to frighten away evil spirits so that the new year which begins to-morrow may be a happy one.

HOW DIFFERENT

their way of seeking a happy new year is from yours: staying up all night to scare away evil spirits with the noise of fire-crackers,—that's the way *they* do it; while *you*, more sensibly, go to bed the night before and waken in the morning, fresh and eager, to jump into the big sleigh and drive up town to some church to hear of Him, who, when once admitted to any heart gradually drives out all the fear and sin and misery that may be there, and shines in all the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness.

But the Chinese want to be happy, as much as we, and they seek for happiness at this season in the best way they know how, not by showing their love toward the great good God, in whom they live, and move, and have their being, but by showing their terror for evil spirits filling earth and sky, who, they believe, can do more to harm them than their gods can to protect them.

O yes, they want to be happy: and to-morrow will go about calling on one an-

other and wishing one another a very happy New Year, just as you do at home. By the way do any of you

REMEMBER THE STORY

about China I once printed for you in a yellow cover, with some Chinese characters on the back? Well, would you believe it, only this afternoon I saw those very characters pasted up over the doors of a number of Chinese houses. I wonder if any of you remember what I told you the characters meant? They really represent a single word, which is pronounced *foo*, as in the English word "food." It means HAPPINESS; and the idea of pasting it up to-day is to wish everyone who goes through the door a year of happiness.

Let us all work and pray for the time when these strange people will be made willing to enter the true door to happiness here and hereafter—even to enter through Him who called *Himself* the Door. But as it is they know nothing of Him, and worse still don't particularly care to know.

They little realize that He is so near them all the time, that they do nothing without His knowledge. Why, last week, as the year began to grow very odd, instead of looking up to our Heavenly Father and confessing all the sins they had committed through the year, and praying for forgiveness in Jesus' name, believing that if they confess their sins God is faithful and just to forgive them their sins,—instead of doing this what do you think they did all over China?

SHALL I TELL YOU?

They gathered in their kitchens on Tuesday night, in order, as they thought, to send a paper god up to heaven through the flames in the stove to report upon everything good and bad that they had done throughout the year; and as he was burning they prayed earnestly, "Now, god of the cooking stoves, be a good god, and tell only nice things about us!"

In some cases they had a stuffed god, to whom they thus prayed as they burnt him; but in the most of cases they had

only a paper one like that which I send with this and which Mr. Ross will now show you. Look at it—the “God of the kitchen,” or the

“GOD OF THE COOKING STOVES,”

as they call him—just look at it, and you will begin to understand how ignorant these people are, and remember, in all their worship they are moved by fear, not love. Even when they send the kitchen god up to heaven they are so afraid he will tell only bad things about them, and pay no attention to their prayers, that they often smear his lips with a very sticky kind of taffy, thinking his lips will be glued together so that he won't be able to speak a word. What a god to have; one so helpless that by merely smearing his mouth with “taffy” you can keep him from telling tales on you! I imagine some of you in your hearts are laughing at the foolish Chinaman.

But, ah me! I am afraid idolators are not the only ones to be guilty of such folly. God had to say to His own chosen people, “Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God,” (Is. 40: 27). We cannot deceive our God, but we can deceive ourselves and think we have no sins to confess before Him—or at least worth His noticing. Some people, at home, instead of frankly confessing their sins and seeking pardon through Jesus, will roll their eyes and say, “O sir, I have my hopes—God is merciful,” and then go on sinning, but “God is not mocked.” He willeth . . . “that all should come to *repentance.*”

Our prayers go up continually that God may bless the Superintendent and fill the whole staff of teachers with His Holy Spirit, that they may lead you all—from the youngest to the oldest—to Jesus Christ our dear Redeemer. This is still the best wish of your old friend, and now in some measure your representative.

J. H. MANICOR.

The Sabbath School Troops.

June 1.

Luke 10: 25-37.

The Good Samaritan.

Memory vs. 33-35.

GOLDEN TEXT. Lev. 19: 18.

Catechism Q. 79.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
For what purpose did Jesus send forth the seventy?

What did Jesus then do?

Give the title of this lesson? Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. A Self-Righteous Religion. vs. 25-29.

What was the lawyer's question?

What did Jesus answer?

What reply did the lawyer make?

What is the sum of the ten commandments?

What did Jesus answer?

What did the lawyer then ask?

II. An Unbrotherly Religion. vs. 30-32.

What happened to a certain man?

How did the robbers treat him?

Who came down that way?

What did he do?

What ought he to have done?

Who next came?

What was a “Levite”?

What did the Levite do?

What was the sin of these men?

How should we treat those in trouble?

I John 3: 16-18.

III. A Compassionate Religion. vs. 33-37.

Who was the last to come by?

Who were the Samaritans?

How were they regarded by the Jews? John 4: 9.

What did this Samaritan do?

What further did he do on the morrow?

What did he say to the host?

What question did Jesus then ask?

What did the lawyer reply?

What did Jesus then say to him?
How can we do likewise?
Who is our neighbor?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we must love God with all our heart.
2. That we must love our neighbor as ourselves.
3. That my neighbor is any one, friend or enemy, that needs a kindness.
4. That pity should not end in words; it should lead to acts of kindness.
5. That Christ is our good Samaritan; he sees our need, and is prompt to give us help.

June 8.

Luke 11: 1-13.

Teaching to Pray.

Memory vs. 9-13

GOLDEN TEXT. Luke 11: 2.

Catechism Q. 89.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
What application did Jesus make of the parable?
What is prayer?
Give the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. Teaching by Example. vs. 1-4.

What did one of our Lord's disciples ask him?
What did he answer? vs. 2-4.
Where else is this prayer recorded? Matt. 6: 9-13.
Repeat it as there given.

II. Teaching by Parable. vs. 5-8.

What parable did Jesus then give to teach us how to pray? vs. 5-8.
What encouragement is given by this parable?
What reception did the prayer in the parable receive?

What assurance is here given as to the result of persevering?

III. Teaching by Illustration. vs. 9-13.

What command is given about prayer?
What promises are made to those who thus pray?
Why are so many prayers not answered?
How will an earthly parent treat the requests of his child?
How will our heavenly Father treat the prayers of his children?

What Have I Learned?

1. That it is our duty to pray.
2. That we must pray with earnestness and perseverance.
3. That if we pray aright God will answer our prayers.
4. That we must forgive others if we would have God forgive us.

June 15.

Luke 12: 13-21.

The Rich Man's Folly.

Memory vs 19-21.

Golden Text. Luke 12: 15.

Catechism Q. 81.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
Give an outline of the intermediate events.
Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism.

I. The Danger of Covetousness. vs. 13-15

What request was made of Jesus?
Why did the man ask this?
How did Jesus answer him?
Why did he refuse to interfere?
Of what sin was this man guilty?
What did Jesus then say to the people?
Why beware of covetousness?
What is the chief end of man?
What is said of covetousness in Col. 3: 5; Eph. 5: 3; Heb. 13: 5.

II. The Mistake of Covetousness. vs. 16-19

What parable did Jesus then speak?
 In what was this man rich?
 Who gave this increase?
 What troubled him?
 What use should he have made of his goods?
 What did he determine to do?
 What would he say to his soul?
 What was sinful in this?

III. The Doom of Covetousness. vs. 20, 21

What did God call this man?
 In what respect was he foolish?
 What doom did God pronounce upon him?
 Of what use would his riches then be?
 Ps. 49: 17.
 Who is like this foolish rich man?
 Where should we lay up treasure? Mat. 6: 19-21.
 How may we be rich toward God?
 What should be our first object of desire? Matt. 6: 33.
 When should we attend to it? Eccles. 12: 1.

What Have I Learned?

1. That greediness of gain is a sin; we should beware of it.
2. That greediness leads to worse sins; it makes us forget God.
3. That happiness in this life and the next does not depend on the amount of money a man has.
4. That we should live not for this world alone, but for the world to come.

June 22.—Luke 12: 22-34.

Trust in Our Heavenly Father.

Memory vs. 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Luke 12: 34.

Catechism Q. 82.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
 What is the connection between the last lesson and this?
 Title of this lesson? Golden Text?

Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. Trust for Food. vs. 22-26.

What did Jesus say to his disciples?
 What is more important than food and raiment?
 How is trust for food taught by the ravens?
 Why are our cares useless and needless?
 What is further urged as a reason for trusting to God?
 What does our Lord infer from this? vs. 26.

II. Trust for Raiment. vs. 27-30.

How do the lilies teach trust for raiment?
 Upon whom should we cast all our care?
 What weakness of faith is here referred to?
 What questions ought we never to worry over?
 Who do worry over these things.
 Why ought not we?

III. Trust for Heaven. vs. 31-34.

What are we to seek first of all?
 What is meant by seeking the kingdom of God?
 What is promised as the result of his seeking?
 What counsel and encouragement are given in v. 32?
 What is meant by this?
 What command does Christ here give his disciples? v. 33.
 Explain the words.
 What reason does he give for this command?

What benefits do believers receive from Christ at their death?

At their resurrection?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God is a kind and loving Father.
2. That his children may trust his care.
3. That we ought not to fret and worry over the future.
4. That we should make religion our first and chief concern.
5. That God will give to all who trust in him every needful thing in this life, and a blessed inheritance in heaven.

June 29.

Luke 6-12.

Review Exercise.

GOLDEN TEXT. John 1: 17.

What duty does God require of us toward our enemies?

What did Jesus meet near the gate of Nain?

How did Jesus show his compassion?

What did Jesus say to the penitent woman who anointed his feet?

How did Jesus close the parable of the Sower?

What was the prayer of the ruler of the synagogue?

What word was brought to the ruler on the way?

What did Jesus do when he came to the ruler's house?

Where did Jesus go with his disciples when he heard of the death of John the Baptist?

What miracle did he work there?

How much remained after they had all eaten?

Which of the disciples witnessed the transfiguration?

What was the Father's testimony to Jesus?

Upon what mission did Jesus send the seventy?

What did Jesus command them to do in the cities that received him?

For what purpose did Jesus speak the parable of the Good Samaritan?

Who required a neighbor's help?

Who failed to give him a neighbor's help?

Who showed the suffering man a neighbor's care?

Who is your neighbor?

What request did one of the disciples make of Jesus?

What was the reply of Jesus?

What warning did Jesus give?

What startling message came to the covetous man in the parable?

Why should we not worry about worldly things?

What did Jesus counsel us to seek?

INSIDE A MISSION SCHOOL.

Have you ever been in our mission school
When the benchless floor was crowded full?
Have you looked on the childish faces there
That are crossed already with lines of care!

In front of the door the noisy street
Is trodden hard by the children's feet;
And every nook of the spacious room
Is bright with their faces, and still they come.

Far in the depths of their wise'ful eyes
A questioning thought like a shadow lies;
A shadow of hunger, want, and pain,
And childish hopes that are hoped in vain.

Oh! white is the field and the laborers few,
But it calls for a love that is warm and true;
Shall we win these souls for the Saviour's fold
By a careless lesson or precept cold?

To-day a beseeching cry goes forth
From end to end of the waiting earth;
A cry from the children, tender and sweet --
These heathen children that throng the street.

Shall we dare today to hear in vain
That passionate cry of wrong and pain?
Shall we dare hereafter in shame to say
We heard the cry, and we turned away!

Mission Dayspring.

THE SPIRIT IN THE SNAKE.

A missionary was in the hut of an old
Zu'u in South Africa and a snake glided
by. The missionary cried, "Kill it?" "O
no!" said the old man. "It is the spirit
of my father; we can't kill it." "The
spirit is angry; we must kill an ox for it."
"And what do you do with the ox?" "O
we put a part of it in the hut, and the
spirit goes at night and eats all it wants,
and we eat the rest."

A South American Indian was sent by
a missionary to a friend with a letter and
four loaves of bread. He ate a loaf on his
way, and was amazed to find that the let-
ter told of his theft. Not long after he
was sent again with a letter and four
loaves, and to keep the letter from dis-
covering his theft he sat on it while he
was eating a loaf.