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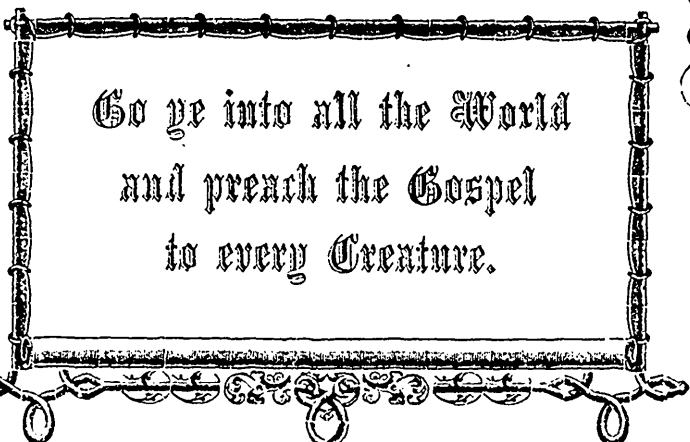
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THE
CHILDREN'S
RECORD



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

VOL. 2. DEC. 1887. No. 12.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 30 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time, but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date, \$100.00.

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

Price, in advance, 25 cents per year in parcels of 4 and upwards to one address. Single copies 40 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date \$100.

All communications to be addressed to

Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

Dear young people—with this number the CHILDREN'S RECORD closes another year of its pleasant visits to its many young friends that have given it such a cordial welcome. Let us hope that it has not only been welcome but helpful, first in your own young lives, second, in leading you to do more to send the knowledge of the Saviour to the poor little children of heathen lands. Before another issue reaches you, your many friends will be wishing you a "Merry Christmas," and the RECORD wishes now to join with them in wishing you a very happy holiday season. May your skates be sharp, your ice glassy, your sleighs smooth, and your hill sides snowy. May you have plenty to eat, drink, and wear, and good health to enjoy all your blessings. Above all may you know and feel that all your good gifts come from God, and thank Him for them.

And now, dear young people, hoping that your lives may be as glad and joyous as you expect them to be, the RECORD has one question to ask. Who of you will agree, with God's help, to serve Him for the coming year. Do not wait until the New Year begins. Begin now, and then if you have another year it will be indeed a Good New Year.

THE WORK OF THE YEAR.

During the past year the issue of the CHILDREN'S RECORD has been *ten thousand* copies monthly. It goes all over the Dominion from the restless, watery sea of the far East, to the still, prairie sea of the far West; and, with one or two exceptions, is pretty equally distributed over the whole church. There are Sabbath Schools in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba, taking one hundred copies each, and in one instance two hundred copies. Then it goes in parcels of eighties, seventies, sixties, fifties, and so on, down to fives, into the smaller schools and scattered settlements by the sea shore, in the back woods, or on the plain, glad to go wherever it finds a welcome.

The statement of receipts and expenditure for the year cannot yet be given, but so soon as possible this will be done and the balance paid into the Foreign Mission Fund.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD would like to go to many new places for the coming year.

During the past year there have been ten thousand copies printed monthly

All its receipts, after paying cost, are given to Missions.

It has already paid the cost of getting itself into circulation and something besides into the Foreign Mission Fund.

All who subscribe now for the coming year will get it for the remainder of this year free.

Its aim is to interest the children in the Mission work of our Church,

Will not some of the young people help in getting more subscribers?

Send it to some who do not take it and get them interested.

Parcels of sample copies will be sent free to any address.

Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right.—*Proverbs*.

This number of the CHILDREN'S RECORD like the last one contains a letter from a hand that is now stilled. This letter from Mrs. Murray was written but a short time before her death. She did not live to occupy that house over the gate, and that bright Sabbath School will miss her, but she has the house of many mansions and the great glad throng of children there. Do not forget what she says to you in closing—"until we meet let our daily prayer be for more of the spirit of Him who has given us the true missionary example."

LETTER FROM THE LATE MRS.
MURRAY.

CENTRAL INDIA,
AUG. 2, 1887.

My Dear Children:—

Would you like to know something of what we are doing in Ujjain? Well then, just fancy yourselves with us last Sabbath, and come along to our Sabbath-school. It is away off in Central India, and in the heart of the oldest city in the country. In getting to it you must pass through crooked, and just now, very muddy streets. You would rather walk, only there is so much mud and water everywhere. As we go to the school let us look at a few things that we see by the way.

Right before us is the old city wall with its high iron gate, which is said to have been swinging to and fro for the last nineteen centuries, but now it stands open wide. Would that we could say,

"And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar,
A Saviour's love revealing."

Over the gate and on the wall, there is a native, pagoda-like house, just building, which we are trying to secure. Already we have the promise of it. Wont we then be real watchmen on the city walls? And we will try and give warning to the people.

What a mixed crowd passes through this gate, of various castes and creeds, and what with herds of cows and buffaloes,

flocks of sheep and goats, you can scarcely press your way through. This week there are a great many strangers in the city. It is one of the Hindoo holy weeks, and numbers of filthy "fakcers" have come from all parts of the country to worship at the shrines and bathe in the stream of the "Sacred City." But look, here comes a crowd of people, and what an excitement! Suddenly we see an armed man running at full speed, followed by another whose breast presents a terrible appearance, the skin hangs loosely, and the flesh seared with a hot iron, and in this condition he is running to the "great god" in the temple by the river, expecting by this act to gain merit, not only for himself, but for many others. But alas! the god hears not, pities not, helps not.

A little further on we pass a large Hindoo temple, at the front of which stands a fat white ox, with long horns painted red. Around his big neck there hangs a row of little bells, and over his back a bright scarlet cloth. We enquire about him and find that he is a sacred animal and never allowed to do any work; the people worship him, he is called Nundi, and is the supposed property of "Shiva" the destroyer, the third person in the Hindoo Trinity, and is always kept ready for the great god to come and ride upon.

In the midst of the bazaar we see a number of small bullocks roaming about at will, eating at the vegetable stalls, or from the hands of the by-passers. We wonder why they are allowed here, and find they also are sacred, and are worshipped on the eleventh day after the death of any relative.

Now we are near the school, and a number of boys meet us, with smiling faces, shouting, "Salaam; Salaam; Sahib and Mein-Sahib;" they run along before us, and when we arrive at the door there they are. We go upstairs, and in a long, large room find over a hundred boys sitting on fresh clean mats made from bamboo splits. How interesting and bright they look. Many of them have very pretty puggies or turbans, and are nicely dressed; others

again have very scant clothing, but all have their feet bare. The appearance of the room is neat. I notice on the table a large bouquet of roses, which some of the boys have brought; the walls are also brightened by some illuminated Scripture texts.

But there is something lacking. What can it be? Oh, yes, there is not a little girl to be seen.

Not one, they are not allowed to come yet.

The boys are now called to order, and the school is opened by singing and prayer in Hindi. We then read the fourteenth chapter of St. John, after which the boys were divided into three classes, two native teachers taking the classes in Marathi, and Mr. Murray teaching a class of over forty in Hindi. The lesson was taken from the chapter read, dwelling particularly on the fourteenth verse, "If ye love me keep my commandments." The question was asked, "How many commandments are there?" The answers were numerous but not very scriptural. However, some answered correctly, one boy saying eleven, the eleventh being, "Love one another." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, etc.," was another answer given to the eleventh commandment. Just when the lesson seems most interesting the time to close has arrived, and the boys from the other classes come in. We then sing, "There's a lad that is fairer than day," and after repeating the Lord's Prayer in Hindi and English, the school is dismissed.

We find our baby organ a great help in the work, and a special attraction for the little folks. Before leaving we are presented with garlands and wreaths of flowers, and amidst another chorus of salaams we start for home, having spent a happy season in the Sabbath-school.

On our way back we see groups of little girls, some swinging, some playing with dirty little dogs and cats, spending their lives in idleness and sin. We cannot help feeling and praying for the thousands of women and girls in this city alone, who spend just such lives. Their lot is a very

very hard one, they have never heard of a Saviour's love, and know nothing of Him who came to bless and save them.

Now we have come to our lodging place, and for the present must part, yet trusting that you will not forget our little trip to Ujjain, and until we meet again let our daily prayer be for more of the spirit of Him who has given us the true missionary example.

Yours lovingly,
CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

BE COURTEOUS BOYS!

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

"I often go there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal, again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"O! I don't mind; I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends come to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown up."

"Then, you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys!"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke:—"A boy or a man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added:—"Remember this, my boy. You lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—*Well-Spring.*

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and his ears are open unto their cry. Psa. 34:15.

"THE DOT UPON THE I."

(Dr. Tyng related the following incident to his Sunday-School in the Epiphany Church, Philadelphia, many years ago:)

In Russia's far-off frozen clime
There lived a lovely child:
The Lord to deeds and words of love
His tender heart inclined.

He loved to hear his parents read
In God's most holy word,
And treasured up within his breast
The blessed truth he heard.

This little boy was very sick,
And when about to die
He called his father to his side,
And said, "I want to buy

"Bibles to send to heathen lands,
Where they know not the Lord;
That they may all read for themselves
In His most holy word.

"I cannot send whole Bibles there,
Perhaps not one short word;
But I would like to give some help
To spread its truths abroad.

"Those three bright pennies in my box
I think a type would buy
To print in Christ's most holy name
The dot upon the i."

"That stricken father did not fail
Those little coins to send.
O children, think how many coins
In wanton waste you spend!

Christ will receive the smallest gift.
When follies tempt your eye,
Think of the little Russian boy's
Small dot upon the i.

M. W.

My son, forget not my law, but let thy heart keep my commandments: for length of days and long life and peace shall they add to thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thy heart.

OUR OLDEST MISSION FIELD.

Away in the South Pacific Ocean, where North winds are warm and South ones are cold, where the coolest weather is in our summer time, and in the shortest days the sun is North at midday instead of South, lies a group of about thirty islands, some of goodly size, with others very small scattered between them, extending North-West and South-East for four hundred miles, and having a total population of from 50,000 to 60,000. This is

THE NEW HEBRIDES

our oldest mission field. Forty years ago Dr. Geddie began his work at *Anciteum*, the most southerly of the group, and one after another has been occupied by missionaries until the gospel has been brought to most of the islands.

In the whole group there are sixteen missionaries, three from our own Church, two from the Free Church of Scotland, and eleven from churches in Australia and New Zealand. But even though other churches have now the largest part of the real work, the field is near and dear to our church yet on account of its being the beginning of mission work with us as well as the first beginning of mission work in these islands.

Many are the wonderful changes that have taken place. Where fighting, killing and eating each other used to be so common; where widows were strangled when their husbands died, and mothers when their sons died; where many little children were put to death, where vices and cruelties unmentionable were common, are now the voice of prayer and song of praise. And the children instead of being trained in habits of cruelty and sin, are now taught to love that same Jesus of whom you sing and to whom you pray.

LITTLE THINGS.

A little thing may decide your all. A Cunard steamer put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot-box, a nail was driven too near the compass.

You know how that nail would affect the compass. The ship's officers, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried: "Land ho!" and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket Shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lucking a word puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair and tries to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night, by the light of an insect called the candle-fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution with seventy-five thousand tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea, or flung the spinning lugs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three noughts placed on the right side of the figure one make a thousand, and six noughts on the right side of the figure one, a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity were affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

Rev. J. Wilkie, one of our missionaries in India, has written a letter to the scholars of St. Andrews Sabath School, Toronto, from which we take the following extract for the young people who read the CHILDREN'S RECORD. — Ed.

'I wish to tell you of three facts that recently were brought to my notice.

One wet evening when going to church I saw a jam on the grass plain busy laying

down handfuls of a mixture of dry flour and sugar on each of the many ant-hills, whilst following him were about half a dozen of crows enjoying the double feast of the flour and the ants who came up to feed on it.

After the jain had gone to the end of his beat, he turned to come home, Oh the misery that was depicted on his face as he saw the impudent crows busy robbing him of all the merit of his religion! Stones began to fly, but the crows lazily flapped their wings, caw, cawed, flew around his head and then divided into two groups—the one in front of him being chased and stoned till they took refuge in some neighbouring trees—whilst the group behind him went on with their feast.

Feeling that now all was right he was about to go away when he espied detachment No. 2. He immediately gave chase only however to allow detachment No. 1 an opportunity to go on with their half-finished meal.

One would almost imagine they enjoyed the fun from the impudent and lazy way they would flop around, occasionally crying "caw, caw," to their neighbours when disturbed, till at last the poor jain wet and angry was obliged to leave the field defeated.

THE JAINS

who are the cruel, hard-hearted and dishonest money lenders and bankers of India who by their base practices have crushed the life out of many a poor cultivator—hold as their principal religious belief that all life is sacred, and allow that faith to develop in ways that would make you laugh, were it not for its terrible results.

The other day in the city I met a small double decked gari full of dogs; and on asking the meaning of it was told that the dogs were being taken out to a garden outside of the city, kept up by these jains for all kinds of animals. There were big dogs and little dogs, some diseased and some well, but all snarling and fighting as one was lurching against another as the gari rolled over the uneven ground.

Out at this garden might be seen all

kinds of animals, with all forms of disease, slowly dying a miserable, painful death; whilst in places the ground is full of holes where the rats and mice live that are daily fed.

In Bombay, in a similar institution, I am told they regularly pay a coolie to go in day by day to become for a certain length of time a prey to the bugs and fleas that haunt the spot.

In the school it is no unusual thing to find a bug peeping out from the folds of a scholar's turban or to see it careering over his snow white garments. This, however, is carefully picked up and carried outside, lest in the school it might be killed.

In vain we appeal to them that they are going against the laws of nature—that the crow has as good a right to live as the ants, that it would be the highest mercy to end the sufferings of these poor suffering creatures, and that mercy to man is surely as important as mercy to the lower creatures. They have a form of religion that does not in any way interfere with their own selfish, and I may say, sensual desires—a religion that the ages past has only tended to make the more confirmed, as it has blinded the minds and hardened the hearts of its followers.

The third picture is, however, more cheering. When in Lahore I was shown

A MAHOMEDAN TOMB,

around which in days gone by *holy* fakirs had burned many a lamp and before which he had been said many a prayer that the buried saint might hear and bless them; but which now has burning in it the Lamp of Life, and in which Sabbath by Sabbath is preached the glorious Gospel of our loving Saviour Jesus Christ—the Mahomedan tomb having become a Christian Church—surely a good omen for the future.

Will you not pray, as you give, that the day will soon come when all heathen temples may become Christian sanctuaries?

With sincere thanks for your kind interest in this difficult but hopeful work, I remain your fellow-labourer in Christ,

J. WILKIE.

INDORE, Aug. 23d, 1887.

LITTLE THINGS.

I cannot do great things for Him
Who did so much for me,
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto Thee.
Faithful in every little thing,
O Saviour, may I be!

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;
And little bits of work for Thee
I may do everywhere.

And so I ask Thee, give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee
And ever do Thy will.
And in each duty, great or small,
May I be faithful still.—*Sel.*

NEVER SWEAR.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as to swear.

2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.

3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well bred, refined. Such a man will no more swear, than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

5. It is indecent, offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."

7. It is abusive—to the mind that conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.

8. It is venomous, showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears, one of them sticks out its head.

9. It is contemptible, forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked, violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

Little boys are longed for and cared for even more in China than in India, if that is possible. There is wonderful rejoicing in a Chinese house when a little boy is born in it, but little girls are thought nothing of at all, and have a very bad time, even worse than in India.

In many families the girls have not even any names of their own, but are called number 1, number 2, number 3, and so on. When a Chinese girl marries, she is called Mr. So-and-so's wife, and as soon as she has a little boy, she is called Mr. So-and-so's mother.

You will understand how sorrowful a little Chinese girl's life is, when I tell you that in some places, for three days after she is born, she is left to lie on some rags on the floor, to show how little care will be taken of her as long as she lives.

Some very funny things are done to a Chinese baby that you will like to hear about. When it is three days old, it is washed with charmed water to make it lucky; in this water there are pepper, dates, walnuts, soap, chips of acacia trees, and other things; it is supposed to wash off the baby's outside skin. Next it is washed in some more water, in which have been put some cash, chestnuts, dates and silver; this washing is intended to make sure that the baby shall be rich when it is grown up; the things in the water are given for a present to the nurse. Then a large plaster is put on the baby, made of pitch and a plant that we call mugwort; this plaster is meant to prevent its having any aches and pains. After this, its skin is smeared with the white of egg, to give it a good complexion, and when it is beaten on the hips with an onion to make it clever. It would be a wonderful child if all these things did what they are supposed to do, but I am afraid they do not always.

About the same time that all this happens, another thing is done, called "Binding the wrists;" there are different ways of doing it. Some children have a few old cash tied round each of their wrists with a

piece of red cord; some have a red string without any cash, and others have silver toys tied to their wrists as well as cash. The same piece of string is tied to both wrists, but as it is about two feet long it leaves a long piece between them, so that the baby's hands do not feel as if they were tied together. This string is sometimes worn till the child is fourteen days old, and sometimes for several months. It is supposed to be very useful, for the wrists are tied to keep the child from being naughty afterwards, and from being frightened and throwing its arms about; the cash are to keep away evil spirits, and the toys to make it a happy child.

When the baby is a month old, it has all its hair shaved off, generally by a woman who has some sons of her own; you see women with sons are allowed to do a great many things that no woman without sons may do. If the baby is a boy, his relations and friends are invited to a feast the day his head is shaved, and most of them bring him a present; in some parts of the country, one of the presents is always a silver plate, on which is engraved "Long life, honours, and happiness." On this day the baby gets its name, but it does not keep it all its life, so this first name is called the milk-name. A girl is generally called by her milk-name till she is married, but a boy gets a new name the first day he goes to school. The Chinese always put the surname first instead of last, just as you sometimes see them written in England in lists of subscriptions.

For the first year after it is born, it is thought dangerous to put a baby into water, so it does not have a nice bath every day, like your baby brothers and sisters do; it only has its face and hands wiped with a damp cloth; the rest of its little body is left dirty; that is not nice, is it? Its head is shaved very often, to make the hair grow fast, and when it is an inch or two long, it is plaited into a tiny tail on the top of the head with a bit of silk or cord tied to it to make it a little longer, and the baby's cap is made with a little hole in the top for its tail to come through; some babies have two tails, some

only one. Over the cap is a stiff band of silk or velvet, embroidered with smart colours and trimmed with little bells, and very often there is in the front a small image of an idol to take care of the baby.

One thing that you will think very funny about Chinese babies is, that they never get any kisses. Instead of kissing them, their mothers smell their faces, and instead of saying what darlings they are, they say how nice they smell. In some parts, instead of being kissed they are pinched on their cheeks, but not hard enough to hurt them.

A great many of these things that I have told you about are often only done for baby-boys, but not for girls. The most terrible things about little girls in China is, that great numbers of them are killed as soon as they are born, because nobody wants them, and even their fathers and mothers would rather kill them than have to spend money on their food and clothes. More baby-girls are killed in the southern provinces than in the northern, because there are more poor people in the south than in the north. They are generally killed by being thrown into a tub of water, or a stream, with something tied to them to make them sink, just as people in England drown little kittens; or else they are burned alive, which is much more cruel; it is generally their fathers who kill them. In some parts of China even rich people kill their little girls, when they have as many as they care to keep. This is the reason why in some places there are so many more boys than girls.

There was one Chinese father, a blacksmith, who had two little daughters one right after the other, who were both taken ill when they were quite little, and both died. By-and-bye a third little girl was born, and the father and mother made up their mind, that it must be the same spirit that was in the other two babies, who had come back in the third, and that it must be a wicked spirit, as both the other babies had died. So the father collected a great pile of wood, and made a big fire on his forge, and then put his own little baby on the top, and stood by and watched it till

it was burnt to a cinder; then he tied a stone to it, and threw it into a canal.

There was another little baby girl, whose mother did not want her, just because she was a girl and not a boy; so she left her on the floor all night, and took no notice of her. In the morning the father came into the room, and when he saw the baby, he went to fetch some water to drown it; but while he was gone, a poor woman came in, and saw what was going to happen; so when the father came back, she asked him not to kill the baby for a little while, and then she went away to a lady missionary, who she knew was very fond of children, and told her about it. The lady came directly and asked the father to give the baby to her, instead of drowning it, which he was quite ready to do, as he only wanted to get rid of it. So the lady took it to her own house, and fed it and dressed it, and took care of it, but it very soon died. A little while after, the same woman came to the lady with another story about a father and mother who wanted to sell their little girl, and who meant, if nobody would buy her, to take her to some hills, and leave her there to be eaten by wild dogs. This time, instead of taking the baby to her own house, the lady said she would pay the woman if she would nurse the baby for her; so she did, and this one did not die.

Another father, as soon as he found he had a little girl, laid her on the ground and covered her over with a large dish, and left her there to cry till she was smothered and died.—*Children of China.*

But we must stop here. You shall hear something more about them next month.
—Ed.

HOW GOD LOOKS AT SIN.

During last summer, a Christian lady who was visiting a seaside place, asked some little children to come to her every Lord's day afternoon, to hear about the Lord Jesus.

One afternoon she wanted to tell them what God thought about sin, so she took a microscope, and gave them some very

small print to look at through it.

They all exclaimed, "How large the letters seem, and when we look at them without the microscope they are so very small."

So then the lady told them, "That is the way God looks at sin."

You see, God thinks sin is very big, while you and I think it looks very small. We need to look at it through a microscope, as the little children did at the small print, to see how big it really is, though it looks so small to us.

Now, dear children, perhaps you think it is a very little thing to tell a story, or get out of temper, or be disobedient to your parents; but God does not think it a little thing. God thinks it so big that nothing but the blood of Jesus, his own dear Son, could wash it away; and God loved the world so much, and the dear little children, too, that "he gave his only begotten Son" to die on the cross, so that his precious blood might wash away all their sins.—*Christian Observer*.

A. HEATHEN WOMAN'S FRIEND.

It was years ago, and I was in a New England country town, called there to speak for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Resting at a farm house, a little fellow, in the glory of his first pants, came into the room, and after looking me over, announced, "I've got the heathen woman's friend, I have." Of course, I thought at once of the paper of that name, so I replied:—"Do you like the little paper, the *Heathen Woman's Friend*?"

"Of course I like her: she longs to me, and she ain't paper, neither."

"What is she, then; come and tell me about her?"

"Well, you just come out o' doors, and I'll show her to you," and he led the way. Through a long yard, a gateway and another yard he hurried me, till, pausing beside a stake to which a cord was tied, he pointed:—"There, don't you see her, 'the heathen woman's friend?'"

My eyes followed the cord, and the

other end was tied around the leg of a silver-gray hen, which was clucking and scratching in most motherly fashion for the chickens around her.

"Don't she look like 'the heathen woman's friend?'" asked my little entertainer.

"I don't think I quite understand; you will have to explain this to me," I said.

"Well, you know 'bout mission bands, don't you? You see I'm in one of 'em, and we are going to get a lot of money. Simmy Lave and John Jones have got a missionary hen, and papa gave me one. My Aunt Fanny, she said I'd better call mine 'the heathen woman's friend,' and so I did. We set her on some eggs, and how many chickens do you think she hatched?"

It seems impossible to count the restless little things; but looking at Benny's beaming face, I said, "O, a dozen, I hope."

"O, she did better than that; we set her on thirteen eggs, and she hatched every one. Don't you think she's 'the heathen woman's friend?'" he asked, triumphantly.

Further questioning drew out the statement that "papa is to buy all the chickens that grow up, and I'm going to put all the money into mamma's mite box. Don't you guess 'twill burst the top out, and maybe the bottom, too?"

In talking with the mother, I learned that considerable influence would be brought to bear by older brothers to test Benny's missionary zeal, and she promised to write me the result, which I give in brief. The "friend" brought up the brood, with the loss of only one chicken, and when the dozen were sold they made a nice sum, and Benny was told that he was under no obligations to give more than the price of one to missions. However, Benny was firm:—"I promised 'em to the Lord, and I won't be mean enough to cheat him," and though he was tensed and taunted, he held on:—"I can't lie to the Lord," and every cent was given as promised.—*Methodist Recorder*.

A CHILD'S INTERCESSION.

A TRUE MISSIONARY STORY.

Labrador is a large peninsula belonging to British America and lying on the north-eastern coast of North America, between Hudson Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. It is a rocky, inhospitable country, but rich in many valuable furs, and is inhabited chiefly by Esquimaux and Indians.

Not many years ago a missionary from Labrador was the guest of a prominent family in London. As they were seated at the family table, enjoying the bounties spread for them, they were often entertained by the interesting accounts the stranger gave them, not only of his labors, but also of the far-off northern land in which his lot was cast. The children, too, enjoyed hearing of the curious ways and doings of the people among whom he worked, and were filled with wonder as he related some of his personal adventures. In one little boy, particularly, he found a very attentive hearer.

After a pleasant visit, as he was about taking leave of this happy family circle and returning to his chosen field of labor, he asked each and all to pray that he might have a pleasant and safe voyage. This dear boy of whom we have spoken heard the request, and concluded at once that he, at least, would never forget his new friend, but daily ask his Heavenly Father to keep him in peace and safety. He had often heard the stranger tell of the dangers to which they were exposed in Labrador from wild animals, and it seemed to make a lasting impression on his youthful mind. That evening, after he had knelt his usual prayer by his mother's knee, he added, "Lord Jesus, bless the dear missionary and keep the Polar bears from hurting him."

He never seemed to grow weary of repeating the same words, and day after day, to the joy, and perhaps also to the mortification of his parents, sent up his humble petition.

A year passed away; the father wrote to his friend in Labrador of the never-ceasing intercessions of his boy on his behalf, asked for some account of his life since he had

visited them, and inquired if in the course of the year he had had any further adventures with Polar bears. A few months later came the reply. The missionary thanked him for telling him of the love and prayers of his dear son, gave a short account of his work and added that, although so far he had been mercifully protected from the attacks of the ferocious bears, he earnestly hoped his little friend would continue to ask for him the protection of the Saviour.

Not long after this the missionary was appointed to preach to a Christian family who lived in a lonely country place many miles away. He embarked in a small skiff, such as are generally used in that country, and placed himself under the guidance of two natives who were to row him in the right direction. Suddenly they swept around a rocky corner, and were just about steering through a narrow arm of the sea when they saw on a steep precipice, overhanging the water, one of these powerful animals, which seemed waiting to spring at them.

"Master," said the rowers, "shall we not turn back? The sea here is so narrow that the monster can reach us in one bound, upset our boat and plunge us into the greatest danger." For one moment he paused to consider, then added cheerfully, "No, we will go on. There is a little boy in England who has been praying for the last year that God would protect me from these very creatures. He will do it. In His name I go, to offer the Bread of Life to the hungry."

They rowed carefully on, as far from the dangerous coast as possible, but the threatening bear had selected his prey. With one mighty effort he sprang into the water and came swimming towards the little ship. Quick as thought one of the men fired his pistol at the foe. The ball must have wounded him severely, for instantly the water was dyed with his blood, and one could see that it was with the greatest difficulty he reached the shore. A second ball ended the victory, and after a few minutes the animal lay dead on the shore.

"Now," said the missionary, "give me my axe. I will send the paw of this bear as a sign of our danger and deliverance to my little friend, whose prayers God has to-day so wonderfully answered." With a few strokes the mighty paw was severed from the body and the little company proceeded happily and safely to their destination. The missionary had the paw dressed and beautifully prepared and sent it with a kind letter to the faithful trusting lad in England. Years have passed—the boy is now a man. In his house, among many other valuable curiosities, he treasures this bear's paw—and the one who relates this interesting story has seen it there himself.—*Sel.*

CONQUERED BY KINDNESS.

He was only a little colored boy, not very strong and not very clever; and the rough boys said he was a coward and a baby, because he never retorted to their angry words or tried to fight.

It made his mother's heart very sore to have him come running in to her for protection day after day—sometimes even with tears rolling down his cheeks, for his persecutors were often very cruel. This went on for weeks, but Joe never lost control over his temper, nor was anything but a patient, cheerful little Christian—as all Christians, little or big, ought to be.

"Child, you can't stand this much longer. You'd better give up trying to play in the street," Joe's mother would sometimes say to him. And Joe would answer: "You just wait, mother; I believe those boys are going to like me yet."

And learn to like him they did, for it wasn't any fun teasing a boy who never would be teased. It takes two to make a quarrel, as well as to make a bargain.

But no, he had not won over quite all the boys. Tim Keller cared for nobody, and certainly nobody cared for him. He was the terror of the neighborhood. From his father, who had been a bad man, the boy had learned to be quite a desperado, and all the little children kept well out of

his way. He did not go to school, and he would not work.

What was Mrs. Thompson's horror, then, one day to see that dreadful boy speaking to her son! She talked earnestly with Joe that night, fearful of his getting into trouble.

"Never mind, mother," said he, looking up with one of his sunny smiles. "I want to make friends with Tim."

You could not imagine a greater contrast than the hardened boy, who was steeped in vice, and the gentle, trustful little Christian.

Tim thought Joe too weak and insignificant to be noticed: but the latter was persistent, and no rough treatment could shake him off. How Tim would have laughed if he had known what was in the boy's heart! But God knew; and sometimes I think our Father especially delights to answer children's prayers—perhaps because these little ones have simpler faith than we.

Down in Tim's heart, hidden under the weeds of sin, was a tiny seed of love; and that seed began to grow the more Tim was in Joe's company.

Mrs. Thompson could hardly believe her eyes when she discovered that the boys were close friends! They were always together. It was not long before Tim gave up carrying his dangerous weapons. He did not speak so many bad words. The children lost their fear of him.

One beautiful Sunday in winter Joe walked off with his new friend, amid the curious exclamations of the other boys. Not far away was Salem Chapel, where Sunday school was held all the year round. Joe had gone there regularly ever since he was a little boy. No one knew how happy he was that afternoon as he walked into the bright, warm room, followed by a rough-looking white boy.

Yes, Tim Keller had been persuaded to go just once, for Joe's sake; and with what anxiety Joe watched the new scholar, and how relieved he was when Tim grew deeply interested in the lesson, I leave you to imagine.

Tim became so earnest a student in the school, that his teacher did not know till months afterwards, when visiting, of the former character of his quiet, orderly scholar.—*Sel.*

BITTER FRUIT.

"This is very pleasant!" cried a young bear, as he floated down the river on a log he had found by the water's edge. "What a mistake my mother made when she told me not to go on it! It's the nicest time I ever had, and so I shall tell her when I get back."

And the log floated down the river.

"I wonder when it will go the other way!" cried the little bear after a time, as the current bore him farther and farther from home; "I'm getting hungry."

But the log floated on.

"I want to go back!" cried the little bear, again; "I've been quite far enough, and I'm getting stiff and cramped."

Still the log floated on.

"O dear!" cried the little bear, "I wish I'd listened to my mother; I believe she was right, after all, and when I get home I think I'll tell her so."

But, alas! the poor little bear never had a chance of telling her so, for he never saw his mother or his home again. He was seen and captured by some fur traders, and many a time in his captivity did he mourn over the disobedience that cost him his liberty.—*Mrs. Prosser.*

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

Little children, watch and pray,
Never, never, go astray;
Trust in Jesus' mighty arm,
He will keep you safe from harm.

Never by your actions prove
You are heedless of God's love;
Strive to learn how to obey
Yet more fully every day.

Little children, sing this song,
And the joyous words prolong,
"We are children of a King,
This is why we gladly sing."

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Dec. 4.—Matt. 13: 1-9. Memory vs. 3-6.

Parable of the Sower.

GOLDEN TEXT.—LUKE 8: 11. CATECHISM. Q. 51.

Introductory.

What is a parable?

Why did our Lord teach by parables?

What seven parables are given in Matt. 13?

To whom were the first four addressed?

The last three?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Wayside Hearers. vs. 1-4.

Who came to Jesus by the seaside?

What did he do?

Where was the multitude?

How did he teach them?

What did the sower do?

Where did some of the seed fall?

Who is the sower?

What is meant by the seed?

Who are they by the wayside?

How is the good seed taken away from them?

II. The Stony-Ground Hearers. vs. 5, 6.

Where did another part of the seed fall?

What became of it?

What effect had the sun on it?

Why?

Who are those that receive the seed on stony ground?

What follows their having no root?

Who did Jesus say are his disciples indeed? John 8: 31.

III. The Thorny-Ground Hearers. vs. 7.

Where did another part of the seed fall?

What hindered its bearing fruit?

Who are those that receive the seed in thorny ground?

Why may we not love the world and Christ too? Matt. 6: 24.

How can we keep our Christian life from being destroyed by the cares of the world?

What most hinders you from serving Christ?

IV. The Good-Ground Hearers. vs. 8, 9.

Where did another part of the seed fall?
What was the result?

Who are they that receive the seed into good ground?

What is it to bear fruit?

What kind of fruit should the word of God produce in our lives? Ps. 119 : 11 ; Gal. 5 : 22, 23 ; John 15 : 18.

What must we do if we would have a heart like good ground?

How is the word to be read and heard that it may become effectual to salvation?

What Have I Learned?

1. That, as it is a great privilege to hear the gospel, we must take heed how we hear?

2. That we should prepare our hearts by casting out everything that is contrary to the word.

3. That we should not let the world creep into our hearts to destroy the good Church plants there.

4. That we must prize the word of God, hear it prayerfully with faith, and receive it gladly as news from heaven.

Dec. 11.—Matt. 13 : 24-30 : Memory vs. 27-30.

Parable of the Tares.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 13 : 39. **CATECHISM.** Q. 52.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses? The Catechism.

I. The Sowing of the Tares. vs. 24, 25.

To what is the kingdom of heaven likened?

Who is the sower? v. 37.

What is the field? v. 38.

The good seed? v. 38.

What are tares?

Who sowed the tares?

When?

Who are meant by the tares? v. 38.

By the sower of the tares?

II. The Growing of the Tares. vs. 26, 27.

When did the tares appear?

What was the difference between the wheat and the tares?

What is the difference between God's people and Satan's? Matt. 7 : 16-20.

What did the householder's servants say to him?

What was his reply?

III. The Burning of the Tares. vs. 28-30.

What did the servants propose?

Why did he say, Nay?

What was his command?

What should, then, be done?

What does the harvest represent? v. 30.

Who are the reapers?

Who shall be gathered out of the kingdom?

What shall be their fate?

What shall be the condition of the righteous?

What Have I Learned?

1. That there is a mixture of good and evil in the Church.

2. That the enemy, the devil, is always ready to sow his seed in our souls.

3. That it is often hard to tell the good from the bad, but the end will show the difference.

4. That in the end of the world Christ will separate the bad from the good and each shall go to his own place.

Dec. 18.—Matt. 13 : 31-33, 44-52. Memory vs. 41-46.

Other Parables.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 13 : 49. **CATECHISM.** Q. 53.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite memory verses. Catechism.

I. Small Beginnings. vs. 31-33.

To what seed did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven?

What is said of this seed when sown?

How does this represent the kingdom in its beginning?

How does the Church resemble the mustard-seed in its growth?

Repeat the next parable.

What do you learn from it?

II. The Value of Salvation. vs. 44-46.

Repeat the parable of the hid treasure.

Why is true religion like *treasure*?

Why is it like *treasure hid*?

Repeat the parable of the pearl.

What are pearls?

What do we learn from the parable?

Why are men willing to give up all things else when they find Christ?

III. The Final Separation. vs. 47-52.

To what does Jesus next liken the kingdom.

How is the Church on earth like the *net*?

What was done when the net was full?

What separation was made?

How is the last judgment like this?

What Have I Learned?

1. That the Church of Christ, from small beginnings, will increase until it fills the whole earth.

2. That true religion has a similar growth in the heart of every Christian.

3. That religion is a treasure that makes rich.

4. That in the day of judgment there will be a final separation between the good and the bad.

Dec. 25.—Matt. 8: 5-13: 52.

Review Exercise

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 8: 62.

What did the centurion say to Jesus?

What did Jesus reply?

What was the centurion's answer?

What did Jesus then say to him?

What was the disciples' prayer in the storm?

How did Jesus answer their prayer?

What did Jesus say to the man sick of the palsy?

How did Christ prove his power to forgive sin?

What was the prayer of the ruler?

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

To whom did Jesus send his apostles?

What did he command them to do?

What else did he command them to do?

What did Jesus say about kindness to his disciples?

What was Christ's witness to John?

What judgment did Jesus denounce against Capernaum?

What merciful invitation did he give?

What did Jesus say to the Pharisees when they falsely charged his disciples with Sabbath-breaking?

What authority did he claim?

Who is the one that received seed among the thorns?

Who is the one that received seed into the good ground?

What was the Master's command about the tares among his wheat?

Repeat the parable of the pearl?

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review, and Catechism questions.

Westminster Question Book.

WILLIE'S PRAYER.

Willie had learned in Sunday-school that if he asked God for anything he needed, he would receive it; so one morning he went into the yard, and looking up into the sky, he prayed this prayer: "O God, father drinks, mother has no money, and my feet get so wet and cold I want a pair of boots. Please send me a pair for Jesus' sake. Amen."

For three mornings the child went out, looked up, and prayed, and the third morning his mother said, "Willie, what are you looking for?"

He replied, "Mamma, I have asked God for some boots, but I don't see them coming yet."

That afternoon his auntie came for him to go to walk, but he told her God had not sent his boots yet, and he could not go. She insisted on his going, and took him down the street, and bought him a nice pair of boots. Happy Willie then ran home, saying, "O mamma, God sent the boots by auntie!"

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Prov. 4:23.

The Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge. Psa. 94:22.

"THE LORD OF THE HARVEST."

BY LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Palmer, "that you have all at some time seen a field of grain ready for the harvest."

"We did," exclaimed Hal eagerly, "this summer at Uncle James' farm."

"And it was beautiful," said Edith, "when the wind blew over it, and all the yellow wheat waved back and forth."

"When I saw one," said Ned, "I liked best to see the reaper cutting those waves so smoothly."

"And do you not think," said Mrs. Palmer, "after that grain was ripened, it would have been a great pity to leave it in the fields, to fall to the ground and waste?"

"Why, of course!" exclaimed all the children.

"Our text this month is about a harvest field waiting for reapers. 'Then saith He unto His disciples, the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.'

"In the Gospel of Matthew, ninth chapter, thirty-seventh verse," read Alice.

"And in Luke, tenth chapter, second verse," said Edith.

"John's Gospel, fourth chapter and thirty-fifth verse, reads, 'Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest,'" added Frank.

"What do you think Jesus meant by the fields, the plenteous harvest?"

There was a little silence, then Edith said,

"Is not the field the world, and the harvest, people ready for the gospel?"

"Yes. And when we hear from time to time of those places—some nearer us than others where men, women and children are waiting, some eagerly, anxiously waiting, for teachers and preachers to bring the word of God, they are indeed like great harvest fields ready for reaping."

"Our country for prayer this month is South America," said Lula. "Do you think, Mrs. Palmer, that the people there are wishing for missionaries, and to be taught?"

"In all places, my child, there are those

who are *not* waiting, who have no wish to be gathered into the garner of the Lord. It is so in Christian lands, and so elsewhere. But we are glad to know that our teachers in various parts of South America can send us encouraging tidings from schools and churches. They tell us that Bibles and tracts are gladly received; that many find joy in Christ, and many are longing to know more clearly of Him. A very interesting story comes to us from Chili. A colporteur received from a woman a fifty-cent piece in payment for a Bible. She had kept the coin for this purpose for seven years, refusing to part with it even when hungry from lack of bread. And this was the first opportunity she had for exchanging the money for her desired treasure. Was not this poor woman hungering for the Bread of Life? But while there are many waiting for the Bible and ready to welcome the truth, the laborers in this great harvest are few. 'We need helpers, we need funds for books, for buildings, for increased work;' this is the word our missionaries send, even with their best news. How can we help in this harvest?"

"It is so far away, mother," said Bessie, "and so big!"

"Yes, dear; but if we read the thirty-eighth verse of the same chapter in which our text is found, we shall see the way to help."

Alice read: "'Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into His harvest.'"

"Now you see the help Jesus gives us. As Bessie says, the harvest field is large; how could we, even with the most willing hearts, the most patient labor, help in the reaping! But our God is the Master and Lord of the harvest. He knows how great it is, and He only can supply the needed laborers. And we must come right to God when we hear how helpers are wanted. Jesus did not say anything about working very hard, or trying of ourselves to find laborers; He simply told His disciples, and He tells us, 'Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.'"