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



# The CHILDRENS RECORD.

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

### A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

**M**R. ANNAND, our missionary on Santo, New Hebrides, and his wife, have been patiently trying to win to Christ the savage people among whom they live.

Several boys and women have been coming to learn from them and this has made some of the heathen very angry.

One of them, a native of Tangoa, the village where Mr. Annand lives, was very much enraged because his boy came to the missionary to be taught, and being afraid to kill the missionary himself he got some heathen people who lived farther inland to shoot Mr. Annand the next time he should go to their villages to preach, and gave them cartridges to do the terrible deed.

One Sabbath shortly after, Mr. Annand and a native helper went inland to some of these villages. They visited several places and preached to the people, and then, instead of returning by the same road they came home another way.

A few days afterward the helper, on going over this same route found that the people in one place had been lying in wait, watching for the missionary's return, to shoot him, and had waited for quite a while expecting his coming.

Does not that remind you of an old story in an old book, how Herod sought to destroy the Infant Saviour and how God warned the wise men in a dream to return to their own country another way, and not to come back and tell Herod.

Do you not think that God put it into Mr. Annand's heart to return to his home another way, that thus he might escape the heathen who sought his life.

There is a more cruel enemy that lies in wait for us. The Bible tells us of one who like a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour.

What a good thing it is to have one to take care of us, who knows all that is in our way and can keep from all danger and harm.

That same God watches over all who trust

and follow Him and will help them in their time of need.

Let us thank God for preserving the lives of our missionaries, and pray that He may still keep them safely, and let us trust Him and follow His guidance, that He may deliver us from the snares of the evil one.

### THE NORTH-WEST INDIANS.

There are ten thousand pagan Indians yet unreached by the Gospel, in our own North-West. We owe them the Gospel just as we do to all the rest of the world.

But there is a further reason why we should send missionaries and teachers to them. They are in our own country, and if we do not help them they will hurt us.

Did you ever notice how one boy in a school, who smokes, uses bad language, or has other bad habits, leads other boys to do the same. One boy injures a great many. So if we have a people in our country who live low, unclean, vicious, lives, they will have their effect upon others. We must try and make these people better men and women by teaching them the Bible and all else that is good or they will help to make our country a worse one.

For similar reasons we should help what is called our Home Mission work. In the North West are large colonies of Mennonites, a people who come from Southern Russia; there are Icelanders, Germans, Hungarians, and a large colony of Mormons. If the new settlements, filled with these people are left without the Gospel, they will become a hurt, instead of a help to our country.

“Not your own!” to him ye owe

All your life and all your love;

Live that ye his praise may show

Who is yet all praise above.

Every day and every hour,

Every gift and every power;

Consecrate to him alone,

Who hath claimed you for his own.

—F. R. Havergal.

## LETTER FROM INDIA.

By our Missionary, Dr. Margaret O'Hara.

DAK BUNGALO, DHAR, July 15th, '95.

TO THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

**T**HIS evening, after tea, I was walking on the verandah and thinking of all the children I had seen in the city to-day, and suddenly I thought of a group of children far away over the sea, and imagined I heard the voice of my little nephew, Johnnie, saying, "Once upon a time," "Please auntie Maggie tell us a story." and the desire at once came to tell, not only my own nephews and nieces, but all the children who read the RECORD a little about the children here in Dhar. They are all strangers to you, as this is our new station, and I went on to take an interest in these rollicking, frolicking, little ones.

The first morning that I found my way into the city, a boy whose name is "Ragmandeen" was the first to make my acquaintance. He salaamed to me in a most friendly manner, and was very much surprised that I did not know his name. Since then he is the first to welcome me when I go to the city; opens the gate door for me, and insists on carrying my medicine case into the dispensary. His mother had been ill a year ago and was treated by me at Indore, and this he thinks gives him first claim on me.

There is a little girl living near the bungalow where I am staying at present; her mother is dead, and she is not looked after very much; all the clothes she has is a little cloth around her loins, and a vest without any buttons. Her hair looks as if it were never combed. She does not possess such an article as a comb at present, and I assure you she has large possessions of another kind in her head, and it is not book learning either.

Well, this little thing became very fond of Miss Calder who was out here with me a few days, and Miss C. began teaching her John 3:16, and a hymn. Since Miss Calder went home she haunts me, stands looking at me as I write, asks questions about the children in my country, sings a line of her hymn and I

join in and we sing the whole of it. When I walk she walks by my side. She tries to repeat any verses I tell her, but wash her face and comb her hair she does not believe in; and yet I love this little waif and would like to wash her; but in this country one is not allowed such privileges. Her name is Kari-mabai.

Yesterday (Sunday) I had my first Sabbath School in Dhar, and this little girl, with two boys just as naked and just as dirty, were all who were present. The high caste children are cleaner than these and many of them I see in the city; but somehow these wild, loving ones draw out my sympathies. There are scores of them who flock around me in the city, how I love to take their little brown faces into my hands, look into their pretty brown eyes, and tell them of Jesus who loved the little ones, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Will you not pray for these dear little ones? and pray also for me that I may live so near to Him that I may win them for His kingdom.

"I would like them to know there is room for them all,

And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for that blessed and glorious time,  
The fairest and brightest and best;  
When the dear little children of every clime  
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest."

## FAITH.

Once, in an hour of great peril, an officer had showed such courage that his wife afterward said to him, "How could you help being afraid?" He drew his sword and rested the point at her heart. "How can you smile?" she said. "Because," she answered, "he who holds the sword loves me better than his life." "It is the same with me," he said, as he returned the sword to its sheath. "He who holds the wind in the hollow of his hand loves me infinitely."

The great deed is a thing of earth, but the good deed lives forever.—Sel.

### WHY HE SUCCEEDED.

**H**ERE is a good one for the boys. A few weeks ago, an honored business man in St. John, N.B., told me of one little incident to which he owed his success in life.

When a boy, in Scotland, he was apprenticed in what we would call a lawyer's office. There were several clerks older than himself. Though often urged to go with them in the evenings, he steadily refused. One day one of the older clerks went to a cupboard in the office, poured out something from a bottle into a glass, came to him and asked him to drink. It was near enough for him to catch the smell of it and he knew that it was whiskey. He refused to touch it. Another of the clerks came along with a big ruler and with an oath ordered him to drink it, threatening if he did not to strike him with the stick.

"Do what you like, I won't touch it," was the boy's reply. Just then was heard the step of one of the members of the firm on the stair, and nothing more was said.

But that was not the end. While his fellow clerks, giving way to drink, lost their positions and became useless drunkards, his brave stand saved him from a similar fate.

More than that, his employer had overheard the threats and his brave stand, though he did not mention it till years afterwards, and knew that he had there a boy whom he could trust, and promoted him rapidly until, at a very early age, he became head clerk in the office which he had entered as a boy a few years before.

He himself looks upon that stand as the deciding point of his life. Had he yielded, he would have been in their power. The second yielding would have been more easy than the first, and the downward road always grows more steep and slippery.

You may not be placed in a position of that kind, but every one has to choose between good and evil, right and wrong. And with God's help every one may take his stand for the right, and if he do, he will be sure of success in life; not perhaps great success in position or wealth, but success in that which

is better, and gives more happiness than either, viz., in character.

### NILE WORSHIP.

That the Egyptians should have worshiped the Nile is by no means so strange as many other forms of idolatry. That mysterious and mighty river was the creator of their land and the preserver and benefactor of their civilization. Herodotus made it plain when he said that Egypt was "the gift of the Nile."

It is literally true. The Nile brought that matchless soil from the far-away mountains of the interior, and laid it along its bed for a thousand miles. The Nile by its annual inundation of the valley, gives it a top-dressing which continually renews its fertility. The Nile not only irrigates the land, but slakes the thirst of man and beast.

There is practically no rain in Egypt. All the water comes from the Nile, and it is wholesome and fattening. The river is actually smaller when it reaches the sea than it is a thousand miles above its mouth. The water has been used by the people along its course for all domestic purposes, has been evaporated by the sun, has been carried through the land by a net-work of innumerable canals.

But not only did the Nile give to the Egyptians their soil and their crops, their bread and water and fish, it gave them their highway also. The river was their means of communication. No part of the country was more than five or ten miles from it, and it was navigable the year round. And the fact that the river ran from the south to the north made it a far more important artery of commerce than it would have been had its course been from east to west, since in the latter case the products along its whole course would have been the same, and there would consequently have been less necessity for commercial interchange.

But as it was, the Nile flowing through many degrees of latitude, stimulated commercial and social intercourse. In every way it was a civilizier. Little wonder, then, that polytheists such as the Egyptians should worship this mysterious and beneficent river.

### CHINESE FIRE ENGINES.

"I want to tell you how they put out a fire here in Paofu," writes a missionary. "My son described it at dinner and it struck me as supremely ridiculous. The fire was at South Side. Past the North Chapel (which is ours) the criers tore, crying for help and beating gongs. North volunteers soon began to appear, putting on sleeveless jackets while running, each with a character meaning "faithful" on the back, conspicuous in size and color.

Two men rushed past *carrying* the engine, followed by a pell mell retinue, all with small flags. Soon several twos appeared, carrying on poles, baskets painted black for dipping up water, and other twos between them carrying mammoth teapots with wide mouths to assist the engine in pouring on water.

To complete the ludicrousness of the whole affair the law of the land requires the head of the burning house to be *whipped* for allowing anything so dangerous as a fire. On inquiring if he really was whipped the answer was, 'Oh, no.' Many a bystander for a small consideration is willing to take the whipping."

### "ANGELS, STOP SINGING."

A little girl once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me—something I want to tell Him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think He could hear it away up in heaven; but you have a great big man's voice, and he will be



CHINESE STREET BEGGAR.

sure to hear you." The father took his little girl in his arms, and told her that even though God were at that moment surrounded by all His holy angels, singing to Him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever heard in heaven, he was sure that He would say to them: "Hush, stop singing for a little while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear."—*Drummond.*

### LINES BY AN INDIAN PRINCE.



lady in Halifax sends the following lines to the CHILDREN'S RECORD :

She says they were written by the young Rajah of Tanjore, when his friend and instructor, Rev. Christian Frederic Swartz, died, toward the end of the year 1797, nearly one hundred years ago; and that they are memorable as being the first ever written in the English language by a native of India.

This good lady, whose body has seen seventy-three years, but whose heart is still young, says she learned these lines when a child of ten years of age, and has never seen them since.

And now before giving the lines let us learn this precious lesson. What we learn when young, remains longest and most clearly in memory. What a pleasant thing it is to hang the memory chambers with bright pictures when young, to have them to look at when we get old. How much young people can do in this way toward making old age bright and keeping it young.

*In memory of Rev. Christian Frederic Swartz.*

Firm went thou, gentle and wise,  
Honest, pure, free from disguise;  
Father of orphans, the widow's support,  
Comfort in sorrow of every sort.  
Blessing to princes, to people, to me;  
May I, my father, be worthy of Thee,  
Wisheth and prayeth thy "Sarabojee.

\* Hindu word meaning child.

The story of the circumstances which obliged Swartz to take charge of the little heir to the throne of Tanjore will be found in "The Lives of Missionaries" written by J. Carne.

### CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

The Gonds live in Central India. They are a wild, uncivilized people, The Rev. E. D. Price, a missionary among them, writes: "You may perhaps be surprised to hear that there are a good many doctors, or 'medicine men,' amongst the Gonds.

A favourite medicine is a bit of thick red cloth about four inches long, and with a knot

in the middle of it. This medicine is, of course, not taken internally. It is used by sick people not too ill to walk about. As they are going along they mutter over the name of the god or goddess of sickness, generally Kali, and drop down the bits of cloth. If anyone passing along happens to tread on the cloth, or even to touch it, the sickness will fly away to him from the sick man. So an exchange is effected, and the sick man recovers.

Another cure is to pick a thorn off a jujube-tree and to hide it under a stone. So if any passer-by treads on the stone by accident, or approaches too near to it, the goddess of sickness flies off to him, leaving the sick man to recover. If a Gond sees one of these thorns or bits of cloth lying about, he will keep out of its way.

After we have had several patients at our bungalow, we usually find a good many such bits of red cloth in the verandah. I have often picked them up and asked how it is we do not get ill from touching them. The Gonds have replied: "The gods, like us, are greatly afraid of the Sahibs (Englishmen), and run away when they see them coming."

*Missions of the World.*

### THOUGHT SHE WAS IN HEAVEN.

A lady who has visited Japan told to a gathering of ladies, recently, an experience that came to her knowledge. A little child had come to a mission school. The contrast between the cheerlessness of her home and the very atmosphere of that Christian place made it seem something more beautiful than she had ever known. Soon after she entered, she commenced to ask for "grandmamma." "Your grandmamma is not here." "She must be here. She has gone to heaven, and this is heaven; she must be here." Scarcely could she be persuaded by the teachers that the one she sought was not there. But the school was overcrowded, and the child could not be kept. As she was sent back home she was told that there was no room for her there. "What! no room? Grandmamma always said there was plenty of room in heaven, and this is heaven; there must be room for me."—*Sel.*

## CHINESE ETIQUETTE.

**H**OW very curious it is according to our ideas is seen in the following.

Rev. Mr. Pott, head-master of a Mission College at Shanghai tells how he receives a pupil :

"You want to know how I receive a boy into the college? Well, the fathers of the boys at St. John's are usually politicians, merchants or scholars. They are all Chinese gentlemen. Of course I have to adapt myself to the etiquette of the Chinese, and so, when a father arrives with his boy, I escort them to my Chinese reception-room, where the father and I each shake our own hands most heartily, and bow profoundly. I then say to him:—

"What is your honorable name?"

"He replies: 'My mean, insignificant name is Wong.'

"Then I say: 'Please be seated,' and point to a seat in the back of the room, at the left left hand of the table—the seat of the greatest honor. He immediately takes the right-hand seat, nearest the door—the post of least honor. I urge him to go up higher. He declares that he is unworthy. Then I catch hold of him to force him to go higher, and he takes hold of me to prevent it. We have quite a vigorous struggle lasting some time. Finally he accepts a compromise, and takes a seat half-way up the side of the room. I sit down on the seat next lower.

"Before beginning our conversation I send for tea and the water-pipe, and when they arrive I say: 'Please use tea.'

"When he has taken some tea and a puff from the pipe, we talk. He asks innumerable polite questions about myself. A Chinese gentleman never comes to business for a quarter or half an hour. Time never troubles an Oriental. He begins by asking:

"What is your honorable name?"

"I, of course, reply that my mean, insignificant name is Pott. The next question from him is:

"What is your honorable kingdom?' and I am obliged, much as I dislike it, to say:

"The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America.'

"How many little stems have you sprouted? he says. That is the way he asks how old I am.

"I have vainly spent thirty years,' I reply.

"Asking after my father, he says: 'Is the honorable and great man of the household living?'

"It is shocking, I know, but I have to answer: 'The old man is well.'

"Then comes: 'How many precious little ones have you?'

"I reply gravely: 'I have two little dogs.' (The little dogs are my children.) The last question is:

"How many children have you in this illustrious institution?'

"I have a hundred little brothers.'

"Then he comes to business, and says: 'Venerable master, I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge.'

"The little fellow, who has been standing in a corner of the room, at this comes forward, kneels before me, puts his hands on the ground, knocks his head on the floor, and worships me. I raise him up, and send him off to school, and arrangements are made about his dormitory, course of study, etc.

"The gentleman rises to take his leave. I have tormented you exceedingly to-day,' he remarks.

"Oh no!' I answer. 'I have dishonored you.'

"As he goes toward the door he keeps saying: 'I am gone, I am gone,' and I reply: 'Go slowly, go slowly.'

"As I follow him to the gate in the garden, he says: 'Please refrain your golden footsteps.'

"When we arrive at the gate we again shake our own hands, bow reverently to each other, and he is gone.

"Their politeness is sometimes carried to an extreme which seems amusing to us. I have seen five or six men enter a door at which they had chanced to meet. They all urge one another to go in first. And this ceremonious politeness is not confined to the



upper classes. If two wheelbarrow-men met in a narrow path, and one has to go on to one side to let the other pass, the one who kept the road will say, 'I have sinned against you;' and the other will reply, 'Don't mention it.'

"But while they are exceedingly polite among themselves, they are very rude as a rule to a foreigner."--*Selected.*

### STICK TO THE FARM, BOYS.

BY DR. GRAY IN GOLDEN RULE.

**H**OW is it now? A man must have large wealth before he can be an independent merchant or manufacturer. The department store has killed off all the small stores. The great factories have destroyed all the little workshops. The clerk or the artisan must be another man's man all his days. The professions—he must have devoted and influential friends, or the best years of his life will run to waste.

When the country boy goes to the city, his first quest is for a boarding-house, and his first impression there is an olfactory reaction. The door of a boarding house in Chicago is identical with that of one in Boston, as is that of two pinks. Fresh air is an extravagance in the coal bill. In the summer it may be mixed with the general city odor, dust, roar, cat-squalls and dog-barks.

Then the boy starts out for a situation, and in his weary search receives humiliating rebuffs, which make him sick at heart, and takes all the manhood out of him. When the situation is secured, his wages will barely pay his board. Then he discovers that he has vacated his right to himself, and must suffer in silence the insolence of petty superiors; and, finally, that he has no assurance of even his miserable subsistence beyond the next Saturday night.

Now answer me this question: What is the sweetest thing in life? I suppose you will answer, "A pretty girl." Correct, so far; but after you have captured her? Is it not independence? Is it not to own one's self absolutely, to be in position to look in the face

any man that lives, without a touch of servility or of fear? It does not require independent wealth to plant one thus on manly feet. Ten acres will do it, and they can be had for a hundred dollars.

"The man that's noble, just and brave  
Will never live a pampered slave;  
A peasant poor he'd rather be,  
With homely fare and liberty."

For myself, I never saw the hour when I would stand a word of insolence from an employer, much less that of a trade-union's "walking delegate," the most brutal tyrant on earth; and I advise farmers' boys not to be so foolish as to place themselves in circumstances where they will have to do so.

If they will pardon a word more of personal experience, I will tell them how I secured such independence. In the first place, when an employee, I always tried to avoid any provocation for reproof by working faithfully and doing my very best. But, in the second place, I have always managed to own a piece of land. It cost me ninety dollars when I was twenty-one years old. I have been an "independent farmer" from that day to this, ready and glad, any day of these forty-five years, to fling down my pen and go on it. I wish now that I had gone. It is hard, very hard, to be a Christian amid this wrangling of polemics, and a patriot in this rascality of politics.

Country boys, take my advice, taught of experience, and stay where you are. Allow yourselves to be attracted by the sham glitter of city life, and a hundred chances to one that you will be sorry for it but once, and that, your whole life.

### MAKING THE WORLD BETTER.

Try to make others better,  
Try to make others glad;  
The world has so much sorrow,  
So much that is hard and bad.

Love yourself least, my brother,  
Be gentle and kind and true—  
True to yourself and others,  
As God is true to you.

### KOREAN GIRLS AND WIVES.

"The Korean girls have names which they retain until they are married. They are very expressive. The following are examples:— 'Katnane,' Newborn; 'Soonie,' Amiability; 'Powie,' Rock; 'Epoonie,' Fair; 'Poktongie,' Blessing. Dancing girls are called by the names of flowers. The name of a married woman is wife of such a man, or mother of such an one. I know of no instance where a woman is called by the name of the place from which she came.

A man in Korea considers it a great indignity for another man to speak to him directly of his wife. This is illustrated by a Korean poem. The legend is that a man had been away from home for a long time and was most anxious to hear from his wife. Before reaching home he met a neighbour of whom he could have inquired, but custom forbade that he speak of his wife, he therefore inquired about the plum tree that grew in front of his door. The neighbor understood and replied, 'It is in bloom, 'tis true, but pale from waiting long for you.—*Sel.*



JAPANESE BED.

Look at the pillow in the picture. Japanese ladies take a great deal of pains with their hair. They plaster it with pomade, fat, or ointment of some sort, and then put it up very carefully in high rolls and coils, so that it will remain in that position for some time.

But how do they keep it from being disarranged at night? Their pillow is a piece of wood which they put under the neck and allow the head to hang over without resting on anything. Not very comfortable, is it? But people will sometimes suffer a good deal for the sake of being in style.

Does this not call to mind what Paul says about the way that women put up their hair in his day, and about the most beautiful kind of ornament that women and girls can wear. Find it and read it, girls.

Look at their shoes lying on the floor, blocks of wood with straps to pass over the feet. They could not run very fast. But this wonderful people are rapidly learning the ways of Europe and America. Let us pray that they may receive with open hearts the best thing we have to give them—the knowledge of forgiveness of sin through Jesus Christ, in place of their idolatry and sin.

### HOW TO PAY DEBTS.

**D**VEN a small amount of money in constant circulation may cancel many obligations, or serve to give honest employment to willing workmen.

What helps one man is likely to help another; and he who pays his debts does more towards liquidating the debts of other men than he will be likely to imagine. The following incident, founded on a real occurrence, illustrates our meaning:

A owed fifteen dollars to B.

B owed twenty dollars to C.

C owed fifteen dollars to D.

D owed thirty dollars to E.

E owed twelve dollars and fifty cents to F.

F owed ten dollars to A.

All of the persons that these initials represent were seated at the same table.

A, having a five dollar note, handed it to B, remarking that it paid five dollars of the fifteen dollars he owed B.

B passed the note to C, with the remark that it paid five dollars of the twenty dollars which he owed.

C passed it to D, and paid with it five dollars of the fifteen dollars he owed D.

D handed it to E, in part payment of the thirty dollars he owed him.

E gave it to F, to apply on account of the twelve dollars and fifty cents due him.

F passed it back to A, saying: "This pays half of the amount I owe you."

A again passed it to B, saying: "I now only owe you five dollars."

B passed it again to C, with the remark, "This reduces my indebtedness to you to ten dollars."

C again paid it to D, reducing his indebtedness to five dollars.

D paid it over to E, saying: "I now owe you twenty dollars."

E handed it again to F, saying: "This reduces my indebtedness to you to two dollars and fifty cents."

Again F handed the note to A, saying: "Now I don't owe you anything."

A passed it immediately to B, thus cancelling the balance of his indebtedness-

B handed it to C, reducing his indebtedness to five dollars.

C cancelled the balance of his debt to D by handing the note to him.

D paid it again to E, saying: "I now owe you fifteen dollars."

Then E remarked to F: "If you will give me two dollars and fifty cents this will settle my indebtedness to you."

F took two dollars and fifty cents from his pocket, handed it to E, and returned the five-dollar note to his pocket; and thus the spell was broken, the single five-dollar note having paid eighty-two dollars and fifty cents, and cancelled A's debt to B, C's debt to D, E's debt to F, F's debt to A, and, at the same time, having reduced B's debt to C from twenty dollars to five dollars, and D's debt to E from thirty dollars to fifteen dollars.—*Sel.*

### A STORY OF TWO WORDS.

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

"And then?" said a friend.

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

"And then?"

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

"And then?"

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

"And then?"

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

"And then?"

"O bother your 'thens!' I must be off."

Many years after, the friend was accosted with: "God bless you! I owe my happiness to you!"

"How?"

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

## AN INDIAN SUN DANCE.

**W**OULD you like to see it? Yes, for it would be a strange sight. No, for it is hard and cruel, and a part of heathen worship.

Let us listen to Mr. Gilmour, as he tells in the *Leaflet* of one which he saw in the North West.

“You asked me for some description of an Indian Sun Dance:—

The Indians—that I have met with—believe that there is one God over all, but that to his white children He gave a book (the Bible) to teach them how they are to serve Him, while to his red children he gave no book, but by visions, or dreams, that come to certain Indians in each band, he makes known his will towards them. Thus it is given by dreams to a certain Indian, that for a number of years he is to have the conduct of the sun dance, and he becomes the master of ceremonies.

During the winter or summer preceding the dance some of the Indians have dreams that indicate that by going through some of the sun-dance ordeals, either the torture, or fasting, or dancing ordeal, he or some member of his family will get relief from some sickness they may have, or they will earn pardon for some past misdeeds.

A date is fixed upon for holding the dance; and word is sent to the other reserves, and a week before the time the visitors begin to arrive. This interval is spent in horse-racing, gambling, etc.

A sort of pavilion made of long poles is erected, and inside this skeleton of a building the dance is held.

The three principal features of the recent Lizard Point dance were: fasting, dancing, and the torture.

To a number it was revealed by a dream that they should fast, and for three days and three nights they neither ate nor drank, and kept continually blowing on a little whistle, such as boys are fond of making from the branches of some kind of bush.

The dancers shuffled their feet in a clumsy sort of way, keeping time to the beating of a large drum. This was kept up for perhaps

twenty minutes at a time, with a breathing space of one or two minutes between each dance. The same dancers continued during the three days and three nights, and without breaking their fast.

The torture consists in pinching up the skin on each shoulder in front; through this double fold of skin a hole is pierced, and a stick run through the two holes, to either end of this stick a strong string is fastened, and at a distance of a few feet from the body these strings are attached at the same point to a long rope, which, at a considerable height, is fastened to the centre pole of the pavilion.

The man then leans back so far that the weight of his body comes on the rope, and in this position sways to and fro until the skin tears out, or until, as is frequently the case, he faints. If he succeeds in bearing up until the skin is torn out, there is great rejoicing, the spirit is pleased with the brave man, and will grant that for which the torture is borne.

In one case the incisions were in the back of the shoulders, strings were fastened in these holes and tied to the skull of a buffalo; in this way he walked three times around the pavilion, dragging the skull after him.

Only the Indians who have been guided by dreams participate in these hideous rites, but all the others are there as spectators.

As soon as the dance is declared over, every Indian folds his tent and moves away, as the spirits would be much displeased if any should remain in the vicinity of this sacred ground. The pavilions are never touched afterwards, and are never used a second time.

This is all very sad to us, as it must be to all Christians, but we were pleased that none of our pupils, not even the larger ones, expressed any desire to see the dance. I think this dance belongs to the class that has been, recently, by law, forbidden, so that we hope they have had their last sun-dance.”

When Robert Morrison started for China, an incredulous American said to him: “Mr. Morrison, do you think that you can make any impression on the Chinese? “No,” was the reply, “but I think the Lord can.”

### FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD.

**J**ENNIE, did you go in to see Clara Stone to-day? asked Mrs. Case, as she and her daughter sat by the fire one evening at the close of what had been a dreary day in November.

"Dear, no," was the reply; "I forgot all about it. I met Stacy Moore down town, and she had so much to tell me about the new society the young people of their church were going to have this winter, that Clara Stone never entered my mind."

"I'm very sorry," said her mother. "You have always been such good friends. It seems too bad, now that she is unable to go out, and has been since last winter, that she should be so neglected by so-called friends."

"Now really, mother, do you think she is as badly off as she pretends?"

"Pretends!" exclaimed Mrs. Case. "Do you mean to say that you think Clara is pretending to be sick? Then I should think that one look at her sunken eyes and hollow cheeks would be answer enough."

"Well, I suppose," said Jennie, "that I ought to go in, but I never have any time."

"Why, Jennie," said her mother, "you have all there is, and you find time to attend almost every meeting of the different societies to which you belong, and I can't help but think you ought to go to see her."

A week passed by, and nothing more was said on the subject, until one evening Jennie's brother came to the sitting-room door with a paper in his hand and said, "What was Clara Stone's father's name?"

"John," said Jennie.

"Then Clara's dead," he replied.

"I don't believe it," cried Jennie. "Give me that paper." And taking the paper from his hand she read the notice of her friend's death. She looked sober, and tears filled her eyes.

After a moment's silence, she said, "It does not seem possible that it can be Clara. I should have thought they would have sent me word."

"I do not know why they should," said her mother, "you have not been to see her in

nearly two months, and every time I have been in there she has looked up with an expectant air and said, 'I surely thought Jennie would come to-day,' and I have made excuses for you. There she has lain all the long weary days, and the most of her young friends have proved themselves to be those of summer only—in fact, like the priest and the Levite, have passed by on the other side."

Jennie made no reply, but soon after said "good-night" to her mother and went to her own room. The next morning Jennie said, "I must go down to the florist's and order some flowers for Clara's funeral."

In a low tone her brother said, "Neglect for the living and flowers for the dead."

That night as Jennie sat in her room after she had seen all that was mortal of her friend Clara put from her sight forever, her mother came in and sitting down by her said, "Let this be a lesson to you, Jennie, and learn to do unto others as you would have them do to you. This is not the first time I have seen the same thing done, and by people older than you, too. They have been so intimate with others in the time of health and strength, and when they were overtaken with sickness, and not able to mingle with them in all their amusements, they have been left alone. Only those who have tried it know how monotonous life within four walls can be, especially if one is well enough to talk to friends if they would only come; and it adds to the burden of sickness, however slight, to feel that you are not necessary to your friends' happiness. Jennie, remember that 'flowers after death' will not bring smiles to cold lips, nor cheer hearts that have stopped beating; and if ever again you are tempted to neglect your friends in the time of trouble, remember this little verse:

"'Tis easy to be gentle when  
Death's silence tames our clamour,  
And easy to discern the best  
Through memory's mystic glamour;  
But wise it were for thee and me,  
Ere love is past forgiving,  
To take the tender lesson home—  
Be kinder to the living."

—Free Church Monthly.

### HOW THE NEW TESTAMENT CONQUERED.



ROMAN Catholic priest, in a village near Morlaix, France, warned his flock that he had power to give absolution to any of them who might be guilty of theft, lying, or any other sin; but if any of them were guilty of reading the New Testament he could not absolve them.

In the audience was a young man, who, from his violent conduct was the terror of the village, even his parents having to defend themselves against their son. This young man hearing the priest's statement, said to himself, "I have committed all the sins the priest has mentioned, yet he will give me absolution for all if I do not read the Book. What kind of a book can this be? I am going to get one and read it."

When he went to the colporteur, the man, knowing his character, at first refused, thinking he was jesting, but when he saw that he was in earnest and explained his reasons he gave him one. A few days afterward his mother said,

"How is it that Jean is so quiet and sober lately? he is never drunk and retires to his own room after dinner." The father replied,

"I don't know but I will follow him."

The next day, going quietly to the door of his son's room, he found him intently reading a book. He returned and told the mother,

"He is in his room reading some book; I believe it is a New Testament." She replied,

"If that is all the harm the New Testament is doing, ask him to come and read it to us."

He came and did so. God blessed the reading to the father, mother, and lastly to himself. The mother sent to the missionary, saying,

"I will take the furniture out of one of my rooms, and place chairs in it, if you will come and read the Word of God to the neighbors and tell them, though the priest refuses to give them absolution, God has forgiven us, and will also forgive them."

The missionary did so, and God blessed the telling of the old, old story to many souls.

Some time after this the mayor sent for the missionary, and said,

"I don't know how it is, but when the Bible went into that house, it was the pest of the village, but now it is the paradise of the place."

This proves that the Word of God is still "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Heb. iv. 12.—*London Christian Herald*.

### WAR AND ITS COSTS.

The cost of the Mexican war was \$66,000,000.

The total number of men in the world's navies is 237,000.

In the last 200 years France has spent £993,000,000 in war.

The engines of the first-class man-of-war cost nearly \$700,000.

In less than 300 years Great Britain alone has spent £1,359,000,000 in war.

The French army costs every year 675,000,000 francs; the navy 203,000,000.

The peace footing of the Russian army calls for the service of 170,000 horses.

The annual cost of the British army is £17,000,000; of the navy, £14,000,000.

Austria spends every year 15,000,000 florins on the army.

During the retreat from Moscow the French lost, or threw away, over 60,000 muskets.

The wars of the last 70 years have cost Russia \$335,000,000 and the lives of 664,000 men.

Italy spends every year 14,000,000 lire on her army and navy.

At Waterloo there were 145,000 men on both sides, of whom 51,000 were killed or disabled.

The annual army expenditure of Greece is 18,000,000 drachma. A drachma is about 20 cents.

It is estimated that the world's cannon has cost the world's tax-payers a little over \$400,000,000.

The estimated cost on both sides of the great civil war of the United States was \$6,500,000,000.—*See*

## International S. S. Lessons.

(Adapted from the Westminster Ques. Book.)

### RUTH'S CHOICE.

20 Oct.

Les. Judges 1 : 14-22. Gol. Text, Ruth 1 : 16.  
Mem. vs. Catechism Q. 7-10.

Study the Lesson Help in the *Presbyterian Record*, and answer the following

#### QUESTIONS.

*Between the Lessons.*—Who was Naomi? Why did Elimelech go into the land of Moab? Whom did the two sons marry? What did Naomi do after the death of her sons? When her daughters-in-law proposed to go with her, what did she say to them? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *Orpah's Departure.* v. 14.—What probably led Orpah to leave Naomi? Why was her decision unwise?

II. *Ruth's Constancy.* vs. 15-18.—What did Ruth do? What did Naomi say to her? What was Ruth's reply? What did this show? Who was Naomi's God? What did Ruth give up? What choice are we required to make? What did Christ promise to those who leave all for him? Mark 10 : 28-30.

III. *Naomi's Return.* vs. 19-22.—To what city did Naomi and Ruth come? How were the people affected? What did Naomi say to them? Meaning of *Naomi's Mara*? At what season did Naomi and Ruth come to Bethlehem? What afterward became of them? Who were descended from Ruth?

#### LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Crosses sometimes bring our greatest comforts.
2. They choose wisely who choose God's service.
3. God honors children's love for parents.
4. He has more than a father's care for children.
5. All things work together for good to them that love God.

### THE CHILD SAMUEL.

27 Oct.

Les. 1 Sam. 3 : 13. Gol. Text, 1 Sam. 3 : 9.  
Mem. vs. 1-4. Catechism Q. 11-13.

#### QUESTIONS.

*Between the Lessons.*—Of what is the first book of Samuel an account? Who were Samuel's parents? Why was he called Samuel? How did Hannah fulfil her vow? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text?

Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Child Ministering.* vs. 1-3.—What is meant by "minist red unto the Lord?" What was probably Samuel's age? What made the word of the Lord specially precious at that time? What is recorded about the young king Josiah? 2 Chron. 34 : 1-7. About Timothy? 2 Tim. 3 : 15 What can you do in the Lord's service?

II. *The Child Called.* vs. 4-8.—What awakened Samuel? Who did he think called him? What did he do? How many times was he called? Whose voice did Eli now know it to be?

III. *The Child Listening.* vs. 9-13.—What direction did Eli give Samuel? What did the Lord then do? What did Samuel answer? What did the Lord then say? What warning had he given to Eli? With what neglect was Eli charged?

#### LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Even young children can minister unto the Lord.
2. God calls them through parents and teachers by conscience, by his Spirit and his word.
3. They should listen to God's calls and promptly obey them.
4. They should heed and obey the admonitions of their parents.
5. Parents who do not restrain their children will be punished.

### SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

3 Nov.

Les. 1 Sam. 1 : 5-15. Gol. Text, 1 Sam. 7 : 12.  
Mem. vs. 12, 13. Catechism Q. 14-16.

#### QUESTIONS.

*Between the Lessons.*—What judgment did the Lord denounce against Eli and his sons? How were these judgments inflicted? What did the Philistines do with the Ark? Why did they send it back? How were the Israelites affected by their troubles? v. 2. What did Samuel say to them? What did they do? vs. 3, 4. What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *Praying for the People.* vs. 5-8.—Where did the people assemble? How did they show their penitence? What confession did they make? What is repentance unto life? What did the Philistines now do? How did this affect the Israelites? What did they do? Why had they confidence in Samuel's prayers? What other examples of intercessory prayer can you give? Who is our great Intercessor? Rom. 8 : 27.

**I. Sacrificing for the People.** vs. 9:12.—  
W. at did Samuel first do? How was Samuel's prayer answered? Who defeated the Philistines? What did the Israelites then do? What memorial did Samuel set up? What did he call it? What did he then say?

**III. Judging the People.** vs. 13-15.—What was the effect of this victory? How long did this effect continue? What cities did Israel receive from the Philistines? Between whom was there peace? How long did Samuel judge Israel?

#### LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. God will pardon those who confess and forsake their sins.
2. The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.
3. Answers to prayer deserve memorials of praise.
4. God's help in the past should lead us to trust him for the future.
5. Christ ever liveth to make intercession for us, and him the Father heareth always.

#### SAUL, CHOSEN KING.

10 Nov.

Les. Sam 10:17-27.  
Mem. vs. 24:25.

Gal. Text, Ps. 97:1.  
Catechism Q. 17-197.

#### QUESTIONS.

*Between the Lessons.*—Whom did Samuel in his old age associate with himself as judges? What was their character? What did the people request? What did the Lord direct Samuel to do? How was Saul sent to Samuel? How was Samuel prepared for his coming? What did Samuel do by the Lord's command? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. The Demand for a King.** vs. 17-19.—Where did Samuel assemble the people? Of what did he remind them? What return had they made for these mercies? How had they rejected God? How did they treat Christ when he came? John 1:11. How do many show their gratitude?

**II. The Choosing of a King.** vs. 20-23.—What did Samuel then do? How was the choice made? How did the choice by lot show God's will? What tribe was selected by lot? What family? What person? Why had Saul hidden himself? How was he found? How did he and Samuel know who would be chosen? 1 Sam. 9:17-10:1. Why were the people pleased with Saul?

**III. The Receiving of the King.** vs. 24-27.—How did Samuel present Saul to the people? How did the people show their joy? What did Samuel then do? Where did Saul go?

Who went with him? Who are meant by the children of Belial? What did they do? How did Saul show his prudence?

#### LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. God shows great forbearance toward the erring and rebellious.
2. He overrules the conduct of men even when they reject his authority.
3. He sometimes disciplines and punishes men by letting them have their own way.
4. He does not leave them entirely to the consequences of their folly.
5. When the ends of discipline are answered he provides for them something better than they had desired.

#### HELPING PEOPLE.

Some time since we were invited to a small gathering at the home of a friend. One of the guests was to come on a train from a neighboring town. After hearing the whistle of the engine, we went out on the porch to await her arrival. Soon we saw her passing up a neighboring street, carrying a large and heavy carpet-bag, while a feeble old lady, poorly dressed, was walking by her side.

"That is just like Grace," said the hostess; she has found that old woman at the depot, and is lending her a hand."

So it proved. This young girl was beautiful, talented and accomplished. Yet she was not ashamed to be seen carrying the burden and acting as a guide for the aged and poor. Many ladies of far less position and culture would have been horrified at the very suggestion.

In conversing afterward we found that this little act was but an index finger pointing to her whole life. She not only enjoyed helping people who needed help, but made it the rule of her life. Every day she asked God to give her an opportunity to lift some burden. And her burden-bearing was done in such a modest way that the burden-bearer never seemed prominent.—*Epworth Herald*.

The Presbyterian Missions in Egypt have 8,000 children in their Sabbath schools. Of these 1,500 are Mohammedans. This Mission is one of the most successful of our times.



**RULES FOR THE TONGUE.**

"If your lips would keep from slips,  
Five things observe with care,  
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,  
And how and when and where;  
If you your ears would save from jeers,  
These things keep meekly hid,  
Myself and I and mine, and why  
And how I do, or did."

**ARMOR PLATE.**

In these days it is more important that a nation have armor-plated boys than warships. A boy needs to be ironclad on:

- His lips—against the first taste.
- His ears—against impure words.
- His hands—that they handle not.
- His forehead—against an impure kiss.
- His heart—against irreverence and doubt.
- His stomach—against rich, enervating food.
- His feet—against keeping dangerous company.
- His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures.
- His pocket—against covetousness of blood money.
- His tongue—against liberal or cowardly sentiments.

**A LIGHTHOUSE LESSON.**

A friend told us that he was visiting a lighthouse lately, and said to the keeper: "are you not afraid to live here? It is a dreadful place to be constantly in."

"No," replied the man, "I am not afraid; we never think of ourselves here."

"Never think of yourselves! How is that?"

"We know that we are perfectly safe, and only think of having our lamps brightly burning, and keeping the reflectors clear, so that those in danger may be saved."

This is what Christians ought to do. They are safe in a house built on a Rock which cannot be moved by the wildest storm; and, in a spirit of holy unselfishness, they should let their light gleam across the dark waters of sin, that they who are imperiled may be guided into the harbors of eternal safety.—  
*The Quiver.*

**HE WOULD NOT DRINK.**

A ship called at one of the South Sea Islands where the missionaries had been laboring, and some of the natives went out to it. The Captain invited one of them to "take a drink." The native refused. The Captain was angry and insisted, but when the man still refused he threatened to throw him overboard. "You can if you like," said the native; "salt water outside won't hurt me, but your fire water inside would, and I won't take it." The Captain did not insist further, nor did he throw him overboard.

**SHE WAS SORRY, TOO LATE.**

The Queen of Sweden once visited the city of Heidelberg, in Germany, for medical treatment, says a writer in the *Youth's Companion*. While there she went each Sunday to a modest little church, occupying a back seat in order to escape notice.

One day a scholarly-looking man, plainly dressed, came into the church and took a seat near the pulpit. A few minutes later a haughty German lady swept up to the pew, and seeing a stranger in it, ordered him by an imperious gesture to leave it.

The stranger quickly obeyed, and going into one of the seats reserved for the poor, joined devoutly in the services. After they were over the lady's friends gathered around her and demanded whether she knew who it was that she had treated so rudely.

"No; some pushing stranger," she replied.

"It was King Oscar of Sweden," was the answer. "He is here visiting the Queen."

Her mortification may be imagined.

Moral, always be courteous and kindly to everybody.

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