



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

The  
**HILDRENS  
RECORD.**



**CONTENTS**

Letter from Trinidad.....	13
Jack, the Indian Boy.....	13
Strange Story of a Bible.....	14
Letter from China.....	15
Suffering for Christ.....	17
Getting Girls to School in India.....	18
Letter from the New Hebrides.....	19
A School Examination in Africa.....	19
Beating His little Brothers.....	20
Don't be a Praying Machine.....	20
The Little Sweep's Prayer.....	20
Martyrs in England.....	21
A Service of Song.....	22
Miss Brown's Little Girls.....	23
Little Widows of India.....	
Sabbath School Lessons.....	



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

Sabbath School Lessons.

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

Feb. 12. B.C. 445.  
Lesson, Neh. 1 : 1-11. Golden Text, Ps. 30 : 10.  
Memory vs. 8, 9. Catechism Q. 9.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ezra 7 : 1-28. . . . . Ezra's Commission.  
T. Ezra 8 : 15-33. . . . . His Journey to Jerusalem.  
W. Ezra 9 : 1-15. . . . . Ezra's Prayer and Confession.  
Th. Neh. 1 : 1-11. . . . . Nehemiah's Prayer.  
F. Psalm 30 : 1-12. . . . . Lord, be Thou my Helper.  
S. Psalm 79 : 1-13. . . . . Mourning for Jerusalem.  
S. Psalm 80 : 1-19. . . . . Prayer for Deliverance.

There is a gap of 70 years between last lesson and this one. Thirteen years before this, Ezra, a Jewish Scribe living in Babylon, led up a band of Jews to Jerusalem, and effected some reforms. Now Nehemiah, a Jew of the tribe of Judah, an officer in the Persian court is moved to help the Jews in Jerusalem.

How long an interval between this lesson and the last? What do you know of the intermediate history? Who was Nehemiah? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Trouble taken to God*, vs. 1-4—Who came to Shushan? What did Nehemiah ask them? What was their reply? How long was this after the return of the captives? How was Nehemiah affected? What did he do?

II. *Sin Confessed*, vs. 5-7—How did Nehemiah begin his prayer? What was his first petition? Whose sins did he confess? How had they sinned? What had been the consequence of their sins? What is promised to those who confess their sins? 1 John 1 : 9.

III. *Promises Pleaded*, vs. 8-11—What did Nehemiah beseech God to remember? What had God threatened in case of transgression? How had He fulfilled this threat? What had He promised if they turned unto Him? What was Nehemiah's plea? What earnest supplication did he offer? In whose sight did he ask favor?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. When the church suffers we should be filled with sorrow.
2. God is our help in time of trouble.
3. In all our prayers we should confess our sins.
4. God's promises are our greatest encouragement in prayer.

REBUILDING THE WALL.

Feb. 19. B.C. 444.  
Lesson, Neh. 4 : 9-21. Golden Text, Neh. 4 : 9.  
Memory vs. 19-21. Catechism Q. 10.

HOME READINGS.

M. Neh. 2 : 1-50. . . . . Nehemiah's Mission.  
T. Neh. 3 : 1-3. . . . . The building of the Wall.  
W. Neh. 4 : 1-12. . . . . The Hostile Plot.  
Th. Neh. 4 : 13-21. . . . . The Successful Defence.  
F. Psalm 134 : 1-3. . . . . Escape from the Snare.  
S. Psalm 121 : 1-5. . . . . The Lord about His People.  
S. Psalm 145 : 1-9. . . . . A Psalm of Praise.

Nehemiah requested the king's permission to go to Jerusalem and rebuild the city. Artaxerxes consented, appointing him governor of Judah, and ordered the rulers of the provinces through which he passed to afford him assistance. Thus encouraged, Nehemiah went to Jerusalem and rebuilt the city walls.

For what purpose did Nehemiah go to Jerusalem? Describe the progress of the work? By whom was it opposed? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Praying and Watching*, vs. 9-12—What complaint did Judah make? What did their adversaries threaten? What did the country Jews urge their friends to do? How did Nehemiah meet these difficulties? v. 9.

II. *Trusting and Watching*, vs. 13-15—How did Nehemiah guard against the enemies? What did he say to encourage his friends? Who were on their side? For whom were they fighting? In whom were they to trust? What else were they to do? What did the enemies do when they found their plans were discovered?

III. *Watching and Waiting*, vs. 16-21—How did Nehemiah continue the work? What division did he make of his force? How did the builders work? What further provision did Nehemiah make against a surprise? Why had he the trumpeter by his side? What order did he give to those at work?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Our Christian life is a constant warfare.
2. Our spiritual enemies are many and active.
3. God furnishes our armor for the fight of faith.
4. He will fight with us and give us the victory.
5. We should therefore watch and pray, and work with unwavering trust in him.

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# Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

FEBRUARY.

NO. 2.

## LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

MARRIAGES FROM THE "GIRLS HOME."

Tunapuna, Trinidad, Dec. 8, 1892.

DEAR MRS. MCKEEN,

I got your fine bundle of papers. Before giving them away I shall search them for temperance poetry, suitable for children's recitations. I need many such for our Blue Ribbon meetings. I often have to set to work to write them when we have none on hand. I have just finished writing thirteen pieces for recitation, each being illustrated by a magic lantern slide.

This takes up a good deal of time, but it is very necessary work. Drunkenness is a great bar to missionary work everywhere.

Our work is going on very well. This closing year has brought us much fruit every way.

In my special department, training and keeping up women's meetings I can safely say we have never before succeeded so well.

We are having two girls married on the 10th from our "Girl's Home." A third was engaged, but it was broken off in the following manner: The father of the bridegroom drinks freely, and having been told that a sister of the girl, lately married, was very ill-treated by the heathen parents, he said to the girls father, "you see smoke now, but when my son gets your daughter you will see fire." Their father resented such a threat and recalled his consent to the marriage.

It is a work of great toil and responsibility, this training of girls, but the Lord has blessed us in it. I have valuable assistance in my daughter.

Yours truly, SARAH E. MORTON.

## JACK, THE INDIAN BOY.

**M**ISS LESTER, who, last September, went from Perth, Ont., as a Missionary to the Indians at Alberni, British Columbia, and who, a few days since, was taken, after a short illness, from Alberni to Heaven, writes of her work among the Indian young people.

I started a sewing class for the Indian girls; they are making rapid progress.

Then I invited some of the older boys who attend the day school to meet with me in the house on the Sabbath afternoon to read the Bible. The first Sabbath there were fifteen of us, but the number has increased and now we have an attendance of twenty-six, including men and women as well as boys. We sing hymns, engage in prayer, and read together a portion of God's word. We are taking up the Gospel according to John.

Two weeks ago, at our meeting, after keeping them an hour and a half, I said that we would just sing one more hymn, and then close, for I was sure they were tired, they said, "not tired, not tired."

After closing the meeting they all sat still. I did not know what to say. At length I asked them if any of them wished to ask anything or to say anything. One young man said he did. "Well Jack what do you want to say." He hesitated. I told him not to be afraid. At last he got out the words, *I do love Jesus*. I do not think anything ever gave me more pleasure. I said "Let us all thank God that Jack is not ashamed to say publicly that he loves Jesus. We engaged in prayer. Jack was in tears.

I asked if any one else wished to say anything, when another young man said, "Look, look, look." I asked him if he wanted us to sing that hymn,

"LOOK TO JESUS WEARY ONE,"

He nodded his head; he cannot speak English except an odd word. We sang it heartily. We had a delightful afternoon.

I was sorry to see that so few could read, just the boys and girls, so I offered to teach the young man who told us that he loved Jesus, and two others, to read and write and count, if they would come sometimes in the evening. They come every night except Wednesday and Saturday and are getting along nicely.

There is need of clothing as well as knowledge. One little girl came to meeting on Sabbath, wading through the snow, which was a foot deep, without either boots or stockings on. Two old women came on Monday in the same plight. It would move a heart of stone to see them.

#### STRANGE STORY OF A BIBLE.



**A**N Indian Chief of the Huron tribe, living in the village of Lorette, in the Province of Quebec, who is a member of our church, working faithfully as a missionary among his own people, tells of his conversion by reading an old Bible that was given to his grandfather by an English king many years ago. Let him tell the story in his own words.

In 1651, Louis XIV., King of France, gave to our fathers the Seignory of Sillery, and made the Jesuits our guardians or tutors. In 1699 the Jesuits took possession of this Seignory under false prettexts. From that time until 1825, the Indians set up their claims to the Seignory as belonging to them without being able to obtain anything from the Government of Canada.

In 1825, my grandfather, Michel Tsioui, Chief of the Huron tribe, and three others, decided to go to England and in person present their claims to His Majesty, George IV. They were

deceived by some Englishmen who told them not to make known their request to the king, as that would make them appear as beggars.

They went to Windsor Castle, and after having paid their respects to the king, he said to them, "My children, you must indeed have very important business to have come so far." Our fathers, being unlearned, and told not to make known their claims to the king, because good Englishmen would come and restore to them their property, simply answered "We have come to see our Father."

Then the king had dinner for them, and after dinner they spoke with the king for about half an hour. Then he gave each of them a Bible and his portrait in a large frame with the name of each Indian, his own name and the date all marked on the frame. He also gave each of them the rank of captain and an officer's cloak embroidered with crimson.

When I was ten years old I remember reading the New Testament four times during one winter. It was the same which my grandfather had received from King George IV. I continued reading it for many years without understanding it or giving it much attention although I always found it very good.

In 1836 I went to work at Montreal and made friends of an employe on the "Star." When I came home in the fall, I wrote him respecting the Seignory, and asking him to say something in that paper. He did so twice.

When the cure found out what I was and doing he denounced me from the pulpit said that I was urging my people to take wood off the habitants' land. That was false; for I had always forbidden them to cut any wood there before our affair would be settled.

Then I began to study the Gospel to see if priests had a right to utter falsehoods in the church and soon discovered that our Lord never spoke wrongfully against any one. It was at this time that I learned many more things and went to talk with ministers and others whose explanations did me much good.

I hope and pray that God will enable me to hold fast the truth and persevere in its doctrine even until death.

STANISLAUS TSILOUI.

## LETTER FROM REV. DR. SMITH.

ONE OF OUR MEDICAL MISSIONARIES IN HONAN.

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—It is quite a long time since I wrote my last letter to you, but, I have not forgotten you.

Perhaps, you may think it strange, if I tell you, that even Foreign Missionaries, at times, find letter writing no easy task. Some boys and girls, as well as older people think that the missionary should always have some stirring news to tell.

I have nothing in that line to write about at present, and therefore will try to tell you something about the

## HSIN CHÊN DISPENSARY

and some of the patients we see there. The Dispensary is open every day from 10 a. m. to 12.30 noon, or as long as the people come.

The large room, which serves for a Street Chapel and waiting room, is 27 x 14 feet and has a door opening on the principal street of the town. There is a platform at one end of the room with chairs, on which the clerical missionary, together with the native helper, sit to receive the people, and to preach to all who are willing to sit on the benches, which which are arranged in rows in front of the platform. During the last few months an average of over thirty a day have sat and listened, for a time, to the preaching.

The room where all the sick people are seen adjoins the large room, and communicates with it by a door at the back corner farthest away from the platform. This little room is 8 x 13 feet, and contains a bench, two chairs, a small table, and two cupboards for medicines, etc.

We see all kinds of patients, men and women, old and young, rich men, traders, farmers and beggars. It is not unusual when the missionary is earnestly preaching, for a man to come in and walk right up to the platform and point to his eye; or perhaps he will uncover his bosom, or one of his limbs, and, without saying a word, thrust himself before

the speaker. This procedure turns the attention of the audience away and the preacher is forced to talk to the man and point him to the door leading to the dispensary.

At other times, the person afflicted will enter the room, and in a loud commanding voice demand to know where the person is who professes to cure diseases, as he has an important disease which must have immediate attention. A man of this stamp requires a number of words of explanation from the speaker in charge, and probable is requested to sit down and wait a little while until the patients within have been attended to.

But such a man wants his ailment seen to at once, and therefore turns a deaf ear to all such talk, and goes forward and thumps vigorously at the dispensary door, calling out at the same time. "I have a disease, let me in quick!" If admitted, he may find the doctor busily engaged, it may be at an operation, but that makes no difference, this man pushes forward and calls out his troubles, and with difficulty is persuaded to sit down and await his proper turn.

An occasional murmur is heard from him, and at last his turn comes and he is called to take the chair, which, for the sake of light, is placed near the open door. After all the noise and worry perhaps the man's ailment is unimportant, and a dose of castor oil makes him go away happy, or perhaps it is a case that has been allowed to run on for a length of time, and is now almost past help.

We ask him where he lives, and find out that his home is not more than five miles away, and that if he felt so inclined, he might have seen about his trouble several months before. Having received his medicine all his hurry is over, and if he happens to meet a friend as he passes out on the street, he will squat down and light his pipe and chat for half an hour in the most leisurely manner.

Another patient comes in almost out of breath and announces that he has come to ask about a disease. He is questioned closely, and describes a number of symptoms very minutely; and at length he is asked to put

out his tongue, and then, for the first time, he tells the doctor that it is not himself but a friend some fifteen miles away, and, as he was passing he thought he might as well get some medicine for his friend.

We make a rule not to give medicine unless we see the patient. This is considered very strange, for even the most stupid Chinaman from the minute description given can tell that there is too much 'fire' in the man's body, or that the water and air have got disturbed in some way, and a chorus of voices around tells the doctor the exact medicine a Chinese doctor would prescribe; and they go away thinking how terribly stupid the poor foreign doctor is, that he don't understand a "fire disease."

Another man comes along and wants to consult the Doctor about his "little child". This man is allowed to describe the symptoms from a Chinese stand point, and then the doctor asks how old the child is, and is told that he is exactly thirty four years of age. The Father however still speaks of him as his "little child".

Some patients scarcely enter the door, when they ask if the doctor treats diseases as the Chinese do by sticking with needles, because if he does they will not come as they are afraid of the needle. Being fully assured of the contrary, after a little persuasion they sit nervously down on the chair, and if by chance the doctor forgets himself, and takes up any instrument whatever, before he can turn round the patient is out at the door with a bound.

Again, others come and want to be stuck with needles, and are very much disappointed when the doctor tells them that he does not use that plan of treatment.

There is still another class of patients who come and they appear very anxious to be cured, but the doctor is informed that they are the "no eat medicine kind". That medicine in any form does not agree with them, and so they entreat the "great, wise, foreign, physician" to tell them of a plan by which they can be cured.

A great number of blind children come for

treatment, but nothing can be done for them. Their's is indeed a sad lot, for if they cannot do their share in providing for themselves they are ill-treated and neglected, and most likely after a while turned out to beg and in the end to starve, and when they die nobody mourns for them. As they know not of Him who came to give sight to the blind, they have no one to go to for comfort and help, and thus their trouble is all the harder to bear.

Dear young friends, when you thank your Heavenly Father for all your blessings do not forget to pray for these poor blind Chinese children, who know not the Saviour Jesus.

We have come to Honan to tell the people about this Saviour, but we can tell only a very few, while even in this one province many thousands, yes, more likely, millions, will die before the blessed news of the gospel will reach them. When next you pray for Honan pray for the work on the Street-Chapel and Dispensary at Hsin Chên.

Yours sincerely,

J. FRAZER SMITH.

Hsin Chên,

Nov. 18, 1892.

#### SOWING WILD OATS.

"Let the boys sow their wild oats?" No, no, no! A thousand times no! Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. There is plenty of good grain right at hand, and the crop will be none too good; at best not all soil brings forth "a hundred fold."

While we write, there lies, in a soldier's hospital, a man of brains; helpless, suffering, moneyless, praying for death to relieve him, and before us lies one of the most pitiful letters from him that we ever sat eyes on.

What's the matter? Nothing, only he sowed wild oats when he should have sowed good grain, and in after years, when he tried to handle the true seed, his shattered system left him no talent for harvesting.

Life is too short to be frittered away, and law, physical, mental, moral, is too unyielding to be trifled with.

They that seek me early, shall find me.]

## SUFFERING FOR CHRIST.

**T**HE picture tells its own story; a large arena, with seats rising tier above tier; husband and wife in loving, sad, embrace, clinging to each other, yet neither able to help the other; a savage hungry lioness prowling near, ready to devour; and, a cruel crowd looking on eager to see the horrible tragedy.

But, what does it mean? Why are they

there? Is it not a mere fancy scene? No, it is a true picture of what used to be done in old days.

One favorite public amusement of the people was to attend some scene of blood in the Amphitheatre just as we do a lecture or entertainment. All round the base of the immense structure were cages and dens in which lions were kept for the purpose, and a favorite sport was to put some prisoners of war into the arena and let a lion loose.

Not 'long after the days of Christ there were



several very fierce persecutions against the Christians all over the Roman Empire. They were put to death in many cruel ways; even children suffered because they would not deny Christ and sacrifice to the gods. Sometimes they were placed in the arena and mad bulls let loose at them; again they were clothed in

dogs; smeared with oil they were tied to stakes and set on fire to make light in Nero's gardens while he drove around in his chariot; and often their last hour came in the way shewn in the picture. But the God whom they served gave them strength to carry them through.



## GETTING GIRLS TO SCHOOL IN INDIA.

LETTER FROM MISS JAMIESON, OUR MISSIONARY IN NEEMUCH, CENTRAL INDIA.

**W**HEN I opened the first girls' school two and a half years ago now, the girls were afraid to remain in the room alone with me. The women were much the same.

It was months before I had any regular attendance. Numbers of both women and girls came in daily, and, after looking at the room and at me, and a multitude of questions which usually began with "Has your *shadi*—marriage—been made?" they went off again.

But the singing of *bhajars*, hymns, soon attracted some who wished to learn to sing them, and several girls were induced to begin to learn to read.

For a week or two I began to think myself established, but the Brahmins evidently feared the same thing, for, going from house to house, they forbade the women to learn *bhajans* or the girls to read? What followed? Not a girl came to read, and few women came to visit me for over three weeks, during which time I went every day and turned the school-room into my study!

But the God in whom I trusted heard my many prayers and gradually the girls began to gather in again; and I may say the few women who came to me during those trying weeks are among my warmest friends still.

About a year ago now I took the girls to the river bank, just outside the city, for a picnic. A pleasant and profitable morning was spent, but alas, it was to end in anything but a pleasant way. The Christian teacher sent to her house, which is in the city, for drinking water for her little girl. The woman was seen by the friends of the girls, as she passed through the city on her return.

At once the cry went round like wild fire, that the girls were to be made drink that water in order to break their caste. Mothers, grandmothers, and brothers flew to where we were assembled, shouting and jabbering as only natives can, and carried off the girls.

It was impossible to get a hearing at the time, but in the evening I sent one of the native Christians to explain matters to the offended parents. She succeeded so well that the whole circumstance proved rather an advertisement for the school than a hindrance.

At another time several girls ceased attending school, and the reason assigned was their parents would not allow their girls to go where they heard the name of Christ so often.

Again, when I sent the different classes to separate rooms to be taught, this was objected to as giving more opportunity of making the girls Christians.

The first calisthenics song I taught, resulted in several vacant places next day, with the excuse that the girls could not go to school to learn *matching*—dancing—an amusement which no respectable woman indulges in here.

The last event of this kind took place only a short time ago, the effects of which are still somewhat felt. I asked the heathen woman who is employed in the school, to have her two little ones taken care of instead of doing so herself while at work. When I refused to pay a servant for her she left, and went most diligently from house to house, telling the friends of the girls most absurd stories of ways I intended to force their girls to be Christians.

I will now turn to the bright side of the picture.

I cannot count my pupils by hundreds, but there is much cause for thankfulness. The girls seem anxious to learn and fond of attending school, so that the days of our severest trials are at an end.

I have at present two Bible-women employed to do nothing but *zenana* work, for, in January last, when the house of the Subah was opened to me, it at once became the popular thing to "call Miss Sahib." And now, in a number of the houses, neither reading nor fancy work is taught, nothing but gospel truths, and our visits are welcome. In the second *zenana* which opened its doors to me I met objections to Christian teaching

after the reading lessons were over, but as I refused to return unless they desired to listen I have since had no further trouble.

There are several villages within easy reach of us where there has not yet been any work done among the women. Our anxiety is not that doors may be opened, but that we may be able to enter those now open on every side.—*Leaflet.*

#### LETTER FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

HOW THE ERROMANGAN CONVERTS HELP.

**R**EV. H. A. ROBERTSON tells how the poor Erromangans, who not many years ago were heathen, give of their small means for the gospel. He says:—They have paid for printing and binding 1,000 copies of the Acts of the Apostles, three editions of our catechism at different times, of 1,000 each, 1000 copies of a hymnal, and 1,000 copies of Matthew and Mark.

They contributed for the mission cottage at Port Narevin, in cash, £25 sterling; they have gathered and carried all the thatch and have done nearly all the work of thatching mission house and mission buildings at Dillon's Bay and Port Narevin, and have made all the lime required for every building for 20 years without payment.

They have done all the mission boating to every district of Erromanga where there is a boat landing, a very heavy and oft times dangerous work, and have gone with me to every district in the island, carrying books, and my food and blanket, when I have been visiting the tribes, time and again without number, all without a shilling of payment.

They cut a bridle path 20 miles long, through the bush between the east and west stations, and have kept it open now for seven years without payment.

They have contributed £20 sterling to the support of the Dayspring. They gave at one time £25 to the Foreign Mission Committee of our church; a thank offering of £10 to the B. and F. Bible Society, and another gift to missions of nearly £10. They sent one year, our whole annual shipment of over 2,000lbs. of arrowroot to the church for missions. They

paid out of the proceeds of arrowroot, for lumber, felt, and corrugated iron, etc., required, when we removed the thatch and put a new and substantial roof on the mission house at Dillon's Bay. They provided lumber for an excellent school house, costing complete £90. They have put up, and kept in repair, all the district school houses and churches all over the island, without any payment or any help from outside.

Then they have in many cases given themselves to the work. They have gone year after year, as teachers or servants, to missionaries in almost every station in the group. At present there are eleven so employed, and in November one of my best young teachers goes to Malekula.

Besides this it would be impossible for me, to state the ten thousand little ways in which they have aided in the work year after year, without payment. I think that our poor Erromangan natives have, fairly judged, done nobly.

#### A SCHOOL EXAMINATION IN AFRICA.

FROM A MISSIONARY LETTER.

**Y**ESTERDAY Joseph, one of our teachers, brought his scholars to be examined.

The children came about five miles, twenty-three of them; there are forty-three names on the roll but some could not walk so far. Naked little heathens, but lively and interesting. We told the teacher to go on with his school work as usual; we wanted to see how he taught. As usual they were brought under a tree, the chart being suspended from the trunk. He and they seemed to be filled with the idea of making a good impression.

All rose and sung "Come to Jesus," in Zulu, then all heads went down into the grass while they repeated the Lord's Prayer; next they recited the catechism of Bible questions and then lessons on the chart and in their books began. They shouted out their letters with great dignity, drawing their dirty blankets closer by way of accompaniment; it was serious business with them.

## WHOSE CENT WAS IT?

A son of one of the chiefs of Burdwan was converted by a tract. He went two hundred and fifty miles; a missionary's wife taught him to read. In forty-eight hours he could read the tract through. He took a basketful of tracts, and with much difficulty preached the Gospel at his own home. He was a man of influence; the people flocked to hear him; and in one year one thousand five hundred natives were baptized in Arracan as members of the Church. All this through one little tract! That tract cost one cent. Whose cent was it? Perhaps it was the mite of some little girl; perhaps the well-earned offering of some little boy. Yet what a blessing it has been!—*Sowers and Reapers.*

## "BEATING HIS LITTLE BROTHERS."

One day a little boy who lived in the house of a heathen said to him, "There is but one God, who made earth, and sky, and everything. It is he who gives us the rain and the sunshine, and he knows what we do and what we leave undone. He hears us when we pray, and he will punish us if we do wrong. He can save us or he can destroy us. But these images are only lumps of baked clay. They can't see or hear; how can they do any good, or save you from any trouble? You ought to talk to God's messenger about that." He meant the missionary.

The heathen paid no heed to him, but soon afterward went on a journey. While he was gone the little boy took a stick and broke all the images except the largest, into the hands of which he put the stick. When the man returned, he was furious to see what had happened, and exclaimed,

"Who has done this?"

"Perhaps," said the little boy, "the big idol has been beating his little brothers with a stick."

"Nonsense!" said the man. "Don't talk such stuff as that! Do you think I am a fool! You know as well as I do that the thing cannot raise its hand. It was you, you little rascal! It was you! And to pay you for your labor of wickedness, I'll beat you to death with the same stick!"

"But," said the boy gently, "how can you trust to a God so weak that a child's hand can destroy him? Do you suppose that, if he can't take care of himself or his companions, he can take care of you and the world, let alone making you?"

The heathen stopped to think, for it was a new idea. Then he broke his great idol, and went and knelt down to pray to the true God, and called him "My Father!"

## DON'T BE A PRAYING-MACHINE.

A missionary from Japan told us the other day about the praying-machine; it is a great circular, tower-like structure, with many prayers attached to its machinery, so that when a man takes the crank, and walks slowly round, pushing the heavy machine before him, he gets the credit for all these prayers, "Absurd!" you say. "How can grown men be so silly?"

Take care: when you drop on your knees before going to bed and say a hasty prayer without putting your heart into it—when you rattle off "Our Father" with the rest of the school, while your mind is on something else, when you stand with the great congregation bowing your head with an appearance of devotion, while you do not follow the praying voice to God's throne along the track of a single earnest petition—you are just turning the praying machine; you are doing exactly what the dark-skinned, crooked-eyed Jap does, with this difference, this vast difference, that he really thinks he is pleasing his gods, and you know that you are offering an insult to the Lord God Almighty.

## THE LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

A teacher in a Sunday-school one day spoke to his class about the importance of prayer. When he had finished he asked a little boy of ten years of age, who led a very uncomfortable life in the service of a sweep, whether he ever prayed.

"O, yes, sir."

"And when do you do it? You go out very early in the morning, do you not?"

"Yes, sir, and we are only half awake when we leave the house. I try to think about God, but cannot say that I pray then."

"When, then?"

"You see, sir, our master orders us to mount the chimney quickly, but does not forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top. Then I sit on the top of the chimney and pray."

"And what do you say?"

"Ah, sir, very little! I know no grand words with which to speak to God. Most frequently I only repeat two verses that I have learned at school."

"What are they?"

The little fellow repeated with fervor, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer."

I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.

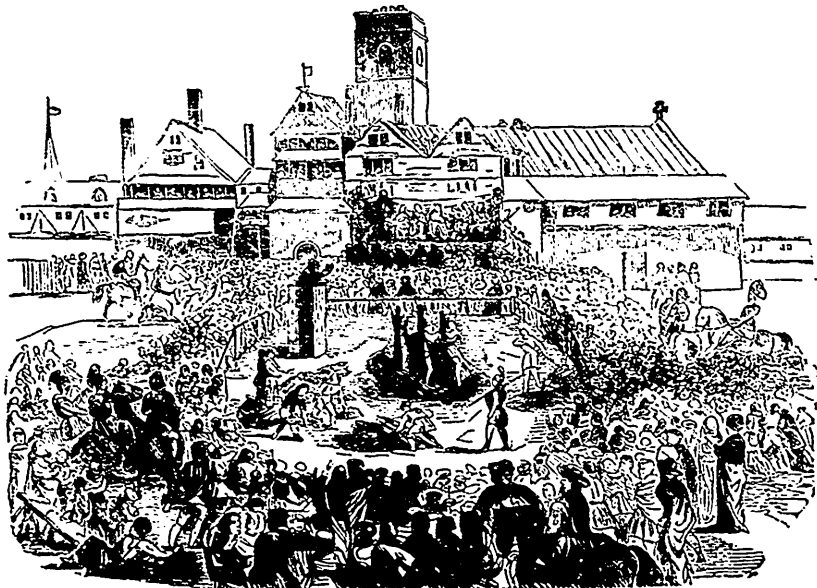
## MARTYRS IN ENGLAND.

**T**HE other picture showed how Christians were martyred in heathen Rome, near eighteen centuries ago this one shows how they suffered in England only three hundred years since, from papal Rome. Many a faithful servant of Christ was there burned at the stake because he dared to worship God after his own conscience, and refused to believe that the sacramental bread was the real body of Christ, and

bishops and priests and rulers looked on with fiendish joy. How unlike to the Spirit of Christ.

Some of you have read the story of Rev. John Rogers, one of the martyrs who was there burned, while his wife and ten little children, the youngest an infant beheld the sad sight.

We should prize our freedom to worship God, and carefully guard it, and do what we can to teach those who are in darkness and errors of Rome.



## SMITHFIELD MARKET THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO,

When Henry Martyn, lying fever-stricken in Persia, was asked the question: "How is the missionary spirit in the churches at home to be called forth and intensified?" he replied: "Live more with Christ, catch more of His spirit; for the spirit of Christ is the spirit of missions, and the nearer we get to him the more intensely missionary we become."

In Western Africa, Bishop Taylor saw a little girl stabbed to the heart by a medicine man by the side of her suffering mother, because it was believed she had bewitched her mother into a fit of sickness.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

## A SERVICE OF SONG.



ONLY the other day I met a man whose face and words sent my mind traveling back over the space of years to a little mountain hotel in Tennessee.

There had been an accident to the engine, and consequently my Cousin Agnes and I, who were journeying across the State, were delayed, like other unfortunates, in a village dreary and desolate.

The hotel partook of the character of the place. In the ill-smelling "parlor," to which my cousin and I betook ourselves, was a piano sadly out of tune. The only companion we had in that dismal place was an old lady, evidently a boarder there.

The wrinkled face which smiled from the depths of the large frilled cap was pleasant and refined, presenting, to my mind, the one relieving feature of the scene.

Outside it rained. This did not appear to interfere in the least with the comfort of the loafers who smoked under the "parlor" windows. Agnes, for want of occupation, sat down to the piano, which was very hoarse and occasionally sneezed inwardly. I cannot say that "Chopin's waltzes" sounded very natural, but "Old Hundred," which my cousin tried by way of contrast, appeared to give the old lady an idea. She had been watching the player with admiring eyes, and now she came over to the instrument and spoke.

"I was thinking, my dear," she said hesitatingly, "that if you could sing a little mite, just some old hymn or something, it would seem real good. Who knows but it might help some of them poor boys out there? They're most likely away from their homes and mothers, and it ain't probable they hear much good music—the Lord's music, you know."

Agnes looked at me inquiringly.

"It seems to me," I replied in a low tone, "rather an odd idea. I can't say that I should like your singing in such a place as this."

My cousin looked very thoughtful. "But, Ralph," if this is one of the little opportunities for service, such as we were speaking of last night, would it not be the right thing to do?"

"My dear cousin," I replied, "I do not see any probability of our doing helpful work by singing in this place, but do as you think best. No doubt the old lady would enjoy it."

"Won't you sing with us?" asked Agnes, turning and speaking to her, with the deference she would have shown to a queen. "My cousin and I will be glad to sing a little."

"Dear child," said the old lady, "I have no voice for music now. It was used up long ago. I'd love to listen to you, though."

I have never heard my cousin sing as she did that afternoon. The crowd at the windows laid aside their pipes and looked and listened. We sang together many familiar hymns of invitation and Christian thought, and Agnes sang alone the one beginning:

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,

Calling for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching,

Watching for you and me.

Then came the refrain:

Come home! Come home!

Ye who are weary, come!

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,

Calling, O sinner, come home!

I confess I looked with surprise on the interest manifested among the group at the window. As the last sweet strain died away I noticed one young man, with a face better than most of those there, rub his rough hand quickly across his eyes. Almost immediately afterward the clerk of the hotel brought us the welcome news that the engine had been repaired, and that our train would start at once. The old lady followed us to the door with tears of pleasure in her eyes.

"You have done me good!" she exclaimed.

"And you have done us good!" Agnes replied quickly.

I said in the beginning that I recently met a man whose face and words sent my thoughts back to that time and place. He was an evangelist and a remarkable singer. He had just been singing with wonderful power, this very hymn.

"I well remember," he said, turning to us who were standing near him, "the first time I heard that hymn. It was in a miserable little hotel in Tennessee, where I had been squandering my substance—a real prodigal son. There came one afternoon into the building a little company of people who had been delayed in that forlorn place by a railway accident, and one or two of them began singing around the piano. The lady's voice I shall never forget. She sang one of my mother's old hymns, and then this one. 'Come home.' Wherever I went, the next few days, I seemed to hear that voice saying, 'Come home!' And the end of it was, I came."

"Not the end, sir," I said, reaching out my hand.

"How often we drop our little pebbles of service into the stream, and know not where the widening circles reach!"

Then I told him of the singers of that afternoon, and the only earthly one whom he had to thank—that dear old lady with the crown of snowy hair.

*Congregationalist.*

## MISS BROWN'S LITTLE GIRLS.

**T**HE world looked pretty dark that morning to one small woman as she passed down the street dressed in brown, and worn in mind and body. The brown dress of cheap material, the brown hat rather heavy for summer wear, and the brown ribbon so evidently "done over," were all in keeping. The face was faded with care and worn with toil; nothing could any longer keep the roses in the pinched cheeks.

Only a plain little woman in brown, such as one meets any day on the streets of our crowded cities with scarcely a passing glance, and yet what human face cannot boast some attraction to a kindly human heart, if only it be not degraded by crime or self-imposed ignorance: and Miss Brown was not of these, for if you had paused to speak to her she would have looked up with clear, bright eyes, and a smile that was sweet and winning, though it vanished into lines of patience, and left behind an impression of hopeless submission to inevitable drudgery.

"Life does seem hardly worth living," she was saying to herself that summer day, "when its sole aim is to keep soul and body together. Food to eat and clothes to wear, and for that I must toil and strive and plan. What was I born for, I wonder, and why need I live any longer?"

"Miss Brown, mamma wants to see you," chirped a sweet child voice, its owner running down to the gate to stop her. "She says, 'Won't you come in a moment?'"

It was one of the houses where Miss Brown sewed for a living, spring and fall. So she went in as requested, and made an engagement for the next day. This relieved her anxiety for the bread and meat of several weeks to come, though it meant hard work and tired evenings, with sometimes aching back and head.

Once Miss Brown had had a home with father, mother, and sisters. Even when they were all gone she was still mistress of the little farm, and though alone, had managed very well with the old trusted servants, born and raised on the place; but somehow, being only a woman, it had all slipped through her fingers into the hands of the lawyers and a distant relative. Then she had come to the city to try to make a living, and the hard struggle of mere existence had left small leisure for anything besides. Her religion went with all the rest. Not once had she entered a city church. If her conscience had aught to say about it, she answered its upbraidings with the well-worn excuse of "nothing to wear," and easily persuaded herself that this and her dread of going into a strange church fully justified her.

"I wish you would go with me just this once," said Mrs. Sedden, when Wednesday night came.

The same invitation had often been given before, for Mrs. Sedden was not too proud and selfish to show sympathy and Christian interest in those in her employ. She was so unusually urgent this time that Miss Brown could not very well refuse; so she went.

"Man proposes, God disposes." Mrs. Sedden was filled with uneasy regret when she found a stranger in the pulpit, still more when it proved to be a missionary talk.

She had so hoped for a simple earnest appeal to lead this poor soul to Christ. She did not know it was God's own message for the lonely, loveless heart.

"Why go? why send your money to heathen lands? do you ask? Ah, I carry in my pocket a little piece of paper which answers the question so well that whenever I look at it I wish I were a thousand men, every one ready to go."

He held up in sight of all a diagram giving the proportion of heathen and nominal Christians in the world.

"So many millions in the blackness of paganism, and only one tiny white spot—one million as yet rescued from its gloom.

His face was full of the earnestness of absolute sincerity and thorough consecration. Some who listened may have found nothing extraordinary in him or in what he said, but Miss Brown, who had gone without any expectation of being interested, was not only lifted out of her indifference, but carried along by his enthusiasm, and a little seed was dropped into her heart. At first it was only a question: "Is there anything I can do to help to increase that little white square of human souls?" The seedling was near being blown away immediately by a counter-question of doubt and unbelief: "Why think of it when I can scarcely manage to keep soul and body together?"

Nevertheless it had sunk too deep already to be lightly deposited of, and all the way home it was stirring within her like some living thing taking root. As she moved about her empty silent room queer little Chinese, Hindu and African faces peered at her from the blank walls, pleading to be loved and helped.

Forgetful of the day's work and weariness, Miss Brown sat out a long thoughtful hour before her meagre fire. An unwonted brightness shown out through her face at last, and diffused itself through every movement as she roused herself to prepare for bed, murmuring, "It will be something to live for, anyhow;" and then for the first time for a long while she was not too tired to say her prayers, just one simple petition sent up with childlike faith:—

"Father, I am no better than a heathen

myself, but help me to do something for those who are worse off than I, who know not of the Saviour whom I have forgotten."

Mrs. Sedden was surprised a few days after when Miss Brown picked up a missionary magazine and asked if she might carry it home to read; but the quiet face gave no encouragement to questioning, so the little woman carried her secret away with her and talked it all out to herself, as she ran rapidly through the magazine with eyes that sought some particular item.

"Twenty-four dollars to support a little Chinese girl at school!" she exclaimed in exultant tones; "about fifty cents a week—surely I could save that much."

Then pencil and paper went to work to count up the absolute necessities, and see where the fifty cents could come from.

The result was evidently satisfactory, for the next move was to take from the bottom of her trunk a pretty little plush box, one of her few relics of former days. "This shall be my bank," she said, trying the key in the lock.

A year passes, and you might have seen Miss Brown hurrying home one Saturday night with a spring in her step and a light in her eye you had never seen before. Would you know the secret of it?

She carries in her pocket the last instalment of her twenty-four dollars. The letter is written, has been for weeks all but the date, and directed to the Secretary of Foreign Missions, asking permission to assume the support of a little girl in a China mission school, and Monday morning on her way to work she will get the money order and send it off.

To think of her being able to do it! Nor has she missed the half-collars so very much.

"Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly." Miss Brown's Bible readings had not been very regular or systematic, for she was too hurried in the morning, and too tired and sleepy at night. She had no idea from what part of the Bible the words came, but she knew she was one of the people it meant, and when she sat down to supper it almost seemed as if there were a little olive-skinned girl opposite her, somebody to love, and that really belonged to her.

Time creeps on, adding month to month, year to year. Miss Brown still goes her round making the pretty clothes for other people, whose money buys her bread and meat and simple wardrobe. But the part she earns does something besides, that sweetens all the toil and takes the bitterness out of her hard life. Instead of the all-aloneness that once marked her so pathetically, there is always now a brisk, cheery way about her, and a quiet, happy smile on her face as if something pleasant awaited her at home. Would you know what it is? Let us follow her this

Christmas eve as she wends her way homeward, her smile deepening at every step. It is not because Mrs. Sedden had invited her to take Christmas dinner with them, though she fully appreciates her kindness, nor has she any suspicion of a daintily laden basket awaiting her in that little third-story room. Under her arm she carries an odd-looking bundle which may have something to do with it.

When bonnet and wrappings are put away, a small fire kindled in the stove, and the coffee made, she sits down with the bundle in her hand and three or four pictures rescued from the children's clippings at Mrs. Sedden's. She looks at them one by one with real fondness, and then proceeds to open her bundle. It contained a bunch of oat straw and a skein of bright worsted.

"I actually did go and buy myself a Christmas gift, but it was not very extravagant, was it?" she said if speaking to the picture of a Chinese girl, which she singled from the rest as her oldest pet; and carefully smoothing out the dog's-eared corners and rubbing regretfully at the finger-printed edges, she proceeded to frame it with the oat straw, leaving the heads for ornament and tying at the corners with the worsted, talking all the while to "dear little Ahlan," as if this common print from a tea advertisement had been her real photograph.

Next came a small, dark-faced daughter of India, looking at her with large, languid eyes. "My little Hindu," Miss Brown murmured, as she decorated her in similar manner, "how I would like to kiss those very lips."

Last, but not least, was a little Mexican girl. It is true these pictures were but scraps picked from trash gatherings, but to Miss Brown they represented three real little girls, to whom her earnings secured the privileges of a mission school. So when she had hung them up on the wall in a pretty group, it was not only that the gay flecks of brightness standing out from the dingy surface gave the weary eyes something to rest upon, but each individual face was as a living presence to the heart-hungry woman, and her one-plate supper became a feast of love with her precious little girls.—*The New York Observer*.

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# THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

## READING THE LAW.

Feb. 26. B. C. 444.  
Lesson, Neh. 8 : 1-12. Golden Text, Ps. 119, 8.  
Memory vs. 5, 6. Catechism Q. 11.

### HOME READINGS,

M. Neh. 5 : 1-19.....Grievances Redressed.  
T. Neh. 6 : 1-19.....The Wall Finished.  
W. Neh. 8 : 1-12.....Reading the Law.  
Th. Deut. 6 : 1-12.....Bible Study Commanded.  
F. John 5 : 36-47.....Bible Study Enjoined.  
S. Acts 17 : 1-14.....Bible Study Commanded.  
S. Psalm 119 : 97-112.....The Law Loved.

*Opening Words*—While the work of building the walls was in progress, Nehemiah redressed various grievances of the people and lightened their burdens (Neh. 5 : 1-19). By his caution and courage he evaded the plots of his enemies (Neh. 6 : 1-16), and thwarted the treachery of the nobles (Neh. 6 : 17-19). After the wall was finished he appointed rulers over Jerusalem, made provision for its defence, and collected contributions for the temple work.

With what authority did Nehemiah go to Jerusalem? What grievances did he redress? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Law Read*, vs. 1-6—Where were the people gathered? What did they ask Ezra to do? Before whom did Ezra bring the law? How long did Ezra read before them? Who were with him on the platform? What did the people do when he opened the book? How did Ezra begin the service? How did the people respond? What were their further acts of worship? What rule hath God given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him?

II. *The Words Explained*, vs. 7, 8—Who assisted Ezra? What did these assistants do? How was this work of instruction conducted? How is the word of God made effectual to salvation?

III. *The People Instructed*, vs. 9-12—How did the words of the law affect the people? How did Nehemiah and Ezra comfort them? What did Ezra say to them? Meaning of the *joy of the Lord is your strength*? What did the people then do?

1. The word of God should be given to all the people.
2. Children as well as men and women should be instructed in the Bible.
3. We should be very attentive to the public reading of the Bible.
4. We should read it with prayer.
5. We should try to understand every word of it and lay it up in our hearts.

## KEEPING THE SABBATH.

Mar. 5. B. C. 427.  
Lesson, Neh. 13 : 15-22. Golden Text, Ex. 20, 8.  
Memory vs. 17, 18. Catechism, Q. 12.

### HOME READINGS.

M. Exod. 31 : 12-18.....The law of the Sabbath.  
T. Neh. 13 : 15-22..... Keeping the Sabbath.  
W. Isa. 56 : 1-12.....The Rewards of the Sabbath.  
Th. Isa. 58 : 1-14.....The Joy of the Sabbath.  
F. Jer. 17 : 19-27.....The Desecration of the Sab'th.  
S. Matt. 12 : 1-4.....Jesus and the Sabbath.  
S. Heb. 4 : 1-11.....The Heavenly Sabbath.

Having restored the national institutions in Jerusalem during his 12 years' rule, Nehemiah returned to the Persian court. By degrees the old abuses crept in. After an absence of some years, Nehemiah returned and renewed the work of reform.

*Introductory*—How long did Nehemiah remain in Jerusalem? Where did he then go? What did he find on his return? What did he do? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Sabbath Profaned*, vs. 16, 16—What did Nehemiah see some in Judah doing? How did others profane the Sabbath? How did the Jews partake of this sin! Which is the fourth commandment? What is required in the fourth commandment?

II. *The People Reproved*, vs. 17, 18—Whom did Nehemiah reprove? What did he say to the nobles of Judah? Of what did he remind them? What would be the effect if they continued in this sin? Is Sabbath observance binding on us? How is the Sabbath to be sanctified?

III. *The Law Enforced*, vs. 19-22—What did Nehemiah do to enforce the law of the Sabbath? What was the consequence of this? What did Nehemiah threaten to do then? What effect had this threat? Whom did he command to keep the gates on the Sabbath? With what prayer of Nehemiah does the lesson close? What is forbidden in the fourth commandment?

### PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Wicked men try to break down the Sabbath.
2. There should be enforced laws as well as public protests against Sabbath breaking.
3. The law of the land is binding on the stranger who sojourns in it.
4. The laws of the country must be kept in spite of all from without who would break them down.



## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

### WANTED.

Wanted ! young feet to follow  
Where Jesus leads the way  
Into the fields where harvest  
Is rip'ning day by day :  
Now while the breath of morning  
Scents all the dewy air ;  
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,  
Oh, follow Jesus there !

Wanted ! young hands to labour :  
The fields are broad and wide,  
And the harvest waits the reaper  
Around on ev'ry side ;  
None are too poor or lowly,  
None are to weak or small,  
For in His service holy  
The Master needs them all.

Wanted ! young ears to listen,  
Wanted ! young eyes to see,  
Wanted ! young hearts to answer  
With thro' of sympathy.  
When, or the wild waves' sighing,  
The strange, sad tale is borne  
Of lands in darkness lying,  
Forsaken and forlorn. *Selected.*

### LITTLE WIDOWS OF INDIA.

Among the many sad things connected with the lives of women in India, nothing is more pitiable than the state of the poor little widows. A child wife, only six or seven years old, is regarded by all her husband's family as the cause, more or less direct, of his death.

She is treated, at best, with dislike, and often with great harshness and severity. Therefore, the death of a young wife before her husband is a cause of great rejoicing among her friends that she has thus escaped widowhood.

They are convinced that the gods have favoured her, and that she has been advanced a degree in the great series of births and deaths through which every Hindu passes on his way to final perfection. The prayer of every little girl before marriage, and of every little girl and woman after marriage, is that she may never become a widow.

The preservation of a husband's health is a matter of the greatest importance, and on a certain day of the year a special religious ceremony is observed, with this end in view. It is emphatically the "Women's Day," and occurs about the middle of January, when the sun is believed to turn northward.

Offerings are made at the temples, money is given to the priests, pilgrimages are undertaken, fastings undergone, and vows performed for the preservation of a husband's

health and life. When he is ill the wife removes her jewels, puts on coarse clothing and devotes herself to prayer and austerities. If he dies, her woe begins.—*Youth's Companion.*

### HOW HE FOUND GOD.

More than a hundred years have passed since a young lad in England, who belonged to a pious family, but was himself far from God, was to find God by a strange means. He had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his pious mother and others, he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian.

In the good providence of God, however, it happened to his mother and himself to be on a visit to Ireland, and on the Lord's day they went to a place where a good man was to preach. This good man was that day very earnest in his sermon; he put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels? Every time the preacher repeated the question, the young man said in his own heart "No, I will not yield, I will not yield." His heart was hardened against God. And at the close of the sermon, it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. But when the sermon was finished, the minister gave out a hymn. It begins

"Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sang the hymn with their whole heart. And what the sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. It was the voice of God calling him through the hundreds of voices that day praising God. His pride, his hardness of heart, everything that stood in his way to God, gave way. And that very day the son who was in the far land found God, and gave himself to be a loyal soldier for God for evermore. And he lived to be himself an honored preacher of the Gospel, and the writer of a hymn that has opened a way to God in thousands of hearts. He was Augustus Toplady, the author of the great hymn

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

—From *Children's Sermons.*

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland a minister asked the poor children before him, "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor little Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said: "Please, your reverence, it's to be clean inside." How true!