



THE
CHILDREN'S
RECORD

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

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The Children's Record.

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India.

LETTER FROM DR. BUCHANAN.

A MOST INTERESTING STORY FOR THE
YOUNG PEOPLE FROM OUR MIS-
SION IN INDIA.

INDORE, June 28, 1889

Dear Mr. Scott,

Your request for a conversational letter makes me feel like telling you about what is going on here.

During Mr. Campbell's absence at the hills we have had semi-charge at Indore, and have had good reason to thank God for his grace bestowed upon us. The duties were not heavy, as some of the workers speak English, while I do not yet speak Hindu well enough to be kept preaching the word. The good work goes on slowly but surely. One of the best tokens of which is the enmity of the powers of darkness, arising to the surface from time to time. You have heard of the bitter opposition to the

BAPTISM OF THE BLIND WOMAN.

who has been cared for by Dr's. Beatty and Oliver, and won to the Saviour.

Again the evil one has been gnashing his teeth. This time it is upon one of the workers, a catechist,

CHIRAG MASIH;

formerly his name was Chirag Ali, "that is 'light of Mahomet.'" Now his name means what he is, Light of Christ.

One Wednesday morning the christians were all astir, Chirag Masih has been accused by a number of people of taking money from a girl at the station at three o'clock in the morning. Our catechist had been in the habit of going to the station during the day to speak of Christ to the many travellers, and who are generally at the station an hour before the train comes in.

As he is a convert from Mohammedanism, that section of people were especially angry. The constables forbade his preaching at the station, he was threatened, but still he preached. One of the policemen, as he laid the charge before him with a kind of fiendish exultation, exclaimed "Now I've got you." Had bail not been given he would have been thrown into prison to await his trial on Saturday.

That evening I called the christians together at our bungalow, and had read to them a number of passages relating to the command to rejoice in persecution for so we are made partakers with Christ. We continued in thanksgiving and prayer.

Friday night we met again and took up the subject. "Testimony before rulers" emphasising the truths that we were not to plan what to say but trust the Holy Spirit to give the word, and that we were all to be ready to speak for Jesus if there were an opportunity. I felt we were going to have a good time.

On Saturday, to my surprise, it was to me God gave the opportunity to testify. The magistrate and some others who speak English were sitting in the magistrate's office, when an Englishman, whose hatred to christianity was so great that he stayed all day in the court without food, and whose life is said to be anything but moral, began to speak against christianity. The words of our Lord came to my mind, "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world and men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." So by the grace of God I spoke for about half an hour to them there of sin, of righteousness, and judg-

ment to come. The Lord shut the mouth of the adversary.

The trial went on slowly that afternoon and was postponed till the following Wednesday.

On Sunday we prayed to God. On Monday night and then again on Tuesday evening we met to pray. We asked that the conspirators might be confounded and I went to the court the next day as sure the Lord had heard our prayers and would glorify Himself as if the trial had been over.

Before breaking up we sang a soul stirring hymn. "Jai Prabhu Ishu, Jai Adhiraja," "Victory through the Lord Jesus, victory through the great king." None of us knew *just how* the victory would be given. It was sufficient to know it would be given.

On the following day the christians moved out to the court in a body. Again the case was taken up. The enemies of Christ had been busy: they had multiplied their witnesses. But "He who was with us was more than they that were with them." Notwithstanding the fact, that the crowd seemed to be against us, the clerk on several occasions correcting the witnesses and the magistrate asking leading questions, God so signally confounded these malicious designs that the witnesses flatly contradicted each other; and the council for the crown so brought out the wrong side of the case that the Bramhin magistrate stopped the trial in a rage, and in his speech referred to the council for the crown under the not too flattering title of, "That stupid fellow," who had ruined the whole case.

Chirag Masih was honorably acquitted, and the christians marched up the street singing their favorite hymn, "Yishu Masih Mero prana bachaiya," that is, Jesus Christ is the Saviour of my soul.

In the evening we again assembled for thanksgiving feeling more confident than ever in ultimate victory in India for the "Battle is the Lord's and He is upon our side.

Yours for Christ and India,

J. BUCHANAN.

WHAT YOUNG PEOPLE CAN DO.

OXFORD, July, 1889.

Editor Children's Record.

We have in our church a "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour." The topic two week ago was "Missions" and the field, Africa. So we set to work and filled up an easy programme, consisting of readings, recitations, and questions and answers, throwing light on the "Dark Continent." The pieces were short and nearly all present contributed something. The meeting was pleasant, interesting and instructive. All were so well pleased that we decided to have a monthly missionary meeting; going to a new field each night and taking up a missionary collection.

There are many districts in our scattered congregations where the minister, for want of time, cannot organize missionary societies or conduct missionary meetings. Now would it not be well for some one or more persons, in such places, who may be interested to get up a meeting of this kind. The young people will be glad to furnish plenty of instructive entertainment; if only one plans for them. They are always so willing to do what they can. In fact I never found it difficult to accomplish any undertaking which was not too hard for children and young people. One can find abundance of choice pieces in the CHILDREN'S RECORD, alone, bearing on any of our mission fields, for one meeting. I hope that our plan may prove helpful elsewhere.

A FRIEND OF MISSIONS.

THE CHILDREN OF INDIA.

For the Children's Record.

Dear Young Friends.

Many of you are specially interested in India just now, because you have heard Mr. Wilkie, our missionary who is now in Canada. Others of you have read his addresses telling of the Lord's work in that land.

Oh how many dark hearts there are in India. Just think of it, there are

FORTY-FOUR MILLIONS

of children, of an age to attend school and only a small number receiving any instruction, growing up in all the darkness and sin of heathenism, superstition, and idolatry.

You ask what can we do to help them? Three things you can do. You can think about them, pray for them, and deny yourselves to put offerings in the box or plate on Sabbath to send them the gospel.

Your Friend,

D.

FAITHFUL.

Two boys were at work rigging a small sail boat. It lay in an inlet on the New Jersey coast, and had been hired from them for the season by a stranger from New York.

"Come along, Bob?" said one of the boys. "It's all right now. We'll be too late to see the ball match, if we don't start at once."

Bob had taken down some of the old ropes, and had rigged the boat with new ones. The halyards he had not yet examined.

"They're all right," urged his companion, trying them,—"strong enough to last for years.

"No; I'll put in new halyards. I promised to make a thorough job of it."

"Then you'll miss the game. I'm off!"

Tom ran across the field; Bob hesitated as he looked after him. It was a sharp disappointment to miss the game. The old halyards were worn, but they were still stout.

"They'll stand this summer well enough," muttered Bob.

Then, with a quick, decisive movement he cut them and proceeded to put in new ropes. "I'll make the job thorough," he said.

That very evening the New York gentleman took a party of his friends out for a sail, among them several persons whose

lives were especially valuable to the community, and whose death would have been a calamity. When they were a mile from the land a fierce squall struck the boat. They steered toward the shore. The boat was carrying too much sail for such a wind.

If your gaff gives away we are gone!" said a physician in the party, in a low voice.

"It all depends on the halyards. They are new. But there's a terrific strain on them."

Every eye in the boat was upon the short, knotted ropes. They creaked ominously; but they bore the strain, and in a short time the boat was driven up on the beach. Bob's stout bits of new rope had saved the lives of all on board.

Many years ago a poor German emigrant woman sat with her children in the waiting-room of an Eastern station. A lady passing to a train, struck by her look of misery, stopped a moment to speak with her. The story was soon told. Her husband had been buried at sea. She was going to Iowa, and "it was hard to enter a strange world alone with her babies."

The stranger had but one instant. She pressed a little money into the poor creature's hand. "Alone?" she said; "why Jesus is with you! He never will leave you alone."

Ten years afterward the woman said—"That word gave me courage for all my life. When I was a child, I knew Christ and loved Him. I had forgotten Him. That chance word brought me back to Him. It kept me strong and happy through all my troubles.

Bob's faithfulness in doing a "thorough job," and the good lady's kindness to a wayfarer, would have been comparative-little to their credit could they have foreseen the momentous consequences of their actions. Who would not be particular about a rope if he knew beyond a question that human lives would hang upon it within twenty-four hours? The truly

faithful souls are those who do their duty, as those two did, no matter how remote and uncertain in its results.—*Youth's Companion*.

A TRUE STORY.

Many touching incidents are told us of the Johnstown disaster. Perhaps none are more so than the following:—

On Randall's Island, New York, is situated a House of Refuge. In this home boys and girls are placed who have been guilty of some petty crime.

There are some 60 boys and about 150 girls in this institution, chiefly under 14 years of age.

One of the teachers having given an account of the Johnstown disaster in her school-room, several of her scholars were very much impressed. Two of her boys afterward went to the superintendent and handed him \$9 and \$13 respectively, for the sufferers. The superintendent finding that more of the boys were interested at once drew up a subscription paper. No one was asked to sign it and those who did were only permitted to subscribe one dollar. They were also to earn it for themselves.

Within a little more than one day \$258.22 was raised, and the girls contributed in addition \$16.64

Let the spirit of compassion that animated these boys and girls move you with sympathy for those who are perishing for the bread of life.

FORGOT HIS BROOM.

Some years ago there was a crossing-sweeper in Dublin, with his broom, at the corner; and, in all probability, his highest thoughts were to keep the crossing clean and look for the pence.

One day a lawyer put his hand upon his shoulder, and said to him:—

"My good fellow, do you know that you are heir to a fortune of ten thousand pounds a year?"

"Do you mean it?" he said.

"I do," he said. "I have just received the information. I am sure that you are the man."

The man was convinced. He left his crossing, he walked away, he forgot his broom, and he made haste to seek his inheritance. Like the woman of Samaria, who "left her water-pot" by Jacob's well, and hastened to the city to proclaim the presence of the Messiah whom she had seen, so the poor man, filled with strange thoughts of wealth and plenty, forsook his labors and forgot his broom.

But are there not many who talk of their title to a heavenly and eternal heritage, who hold fast the broom, and cling to all the cares and trifles and follies of this wretched world? O man of earth, look up! God has provided some better thing for mortals than worldly gain or worldly good. Drop your muck-rake, forget your broom, and seek an eternal heritage, a never-fading crown.

ABOUT TALE BEARING.

It is much easier to start an evil report than to stop it. Even after a rumor has been proven false, the harm it has done cannot always be undone. Before repeating a bit of gossip, it would be well for us to ask ourselves three questions: First, "Is it true?" Second, "Is it kind?" Third, "Is it necessary?" This practice would be sure to save us from many bitter memories and regrets.

The pious Philip of Neri was once visited by a lady, who accused herself of slander. He bade her go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went.

The woman did as she was directed and returned, anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said Philip, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my child," replied Philip, "so is it with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions. Call them back now, if you can. Go, sin no more."

SILENT WITNESSES.

BY MINNIE E. KENNY.

"Come on, Ted. You can finish that after you come back. Your father will be away all day, so what difference will it make whether you do it now or after a while?"

Ted shook his curly head with a sigh. "I've got to finish this, Dick. Father said I mustn't do anything else until I planted these peas. Can't you wait for me. I have more than three-quarters of them planted now, and there'll be lots of time for fishing afterward."

"There'll be lots of time to plant peas afterward, too," Dick retorted. "No, I can't wait for you, so come along now, and nobody will ever be the wiser. We will come home early enough for you to get through with them before you father comes."

Ted hesitated, but as Dick made a movement as if he would start without him, his resolution grew weak, and putting the basket of peas away in a safe hiding place, he ran up to the house, got his fishing tackle and some lunch from the cook, and in a few minutes rejoined Dick, who was waiting for him under a shady tree.

A pleasanter day for a fishing excursion could hardly have been chosen. It was cool and breezy, the fish seemed to delight in being angled for, and the boys soon had a long string of finny beauties. At lunch time Ted found that Jane, had added a generous handful of cookies to the sandwiches he had asked for, and to the keen boyish appetites the simple fare was like a feast.

What was the matter, then, with Ted? He shook himself impatiently now and then, trying to banish the uncomfortable feeling that overclouded all the sunshine

of the day, but it would not be put aside. The remembrance of neglected duty marred his pleasure sadly. He was glad at last the afternoon shadows began to fall and Dick said it was time to return. When they drew near the house Ted's heart sank as he saw his father's carriage standing before the door.

"Oh, dear! Father's come home and I know he'll ask me about the peas the very first thing," he exclaimed.

"That's bad," said Dick. "I'll tell you what to do, Ted. There are only a few left, you know. Just throw them behind that pile of logs and no one will ever know but that you planted them all before you went fishing. You can go home through the field, and then they will be all out of the way before anyone has time to ask you anything about them, or when you planted them."

Ted's orders to finish his work before he did anything else had been so explicit that he had not the courage to face his father with a confession of his disobedience, and so for the second time that day he followed bad advice, comforting himself with Dick's assurance that no one would ever know anything about it.

"Well, Ted, did you get your peas all planted before you went fishing?" his father asked at the supper table; and nobody noticed how crimson Ted's cheeks flushed as he answered, "Yes, sir."

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

Poor Ted was beginning to realize the truth of this couplet. His disobedience has been followed by deception, and to hide that he had told an untruth. For two or three days his conscience troubled him, but he had refused to listen to its admonitions, and at last the subject passed from his mind.

A month later his father asked, "Ted, my boy, did you plant all those peas?"

"Yes, father."

"Come here, Ted, and explain this."

Ah, poor Ted knew only too well where the pea vines came from that were twining their graceful green tendrils over the

logs. They were silent witnesses to the lie he had told, and his father did not need any word from Ted's lips to confirm their mute tale of his deception.

Ted felt that he fully deserved the punishment that his father saw fit to inflict, and when he is tempted to cover a fault by deception, he remembers the day when his wrong-doing was disclosed by those silent witnesses.—*Christian Intelligence*.

BE EXACT.

There is, perhaps, no one thing more difficult for us to do than to tell the exact truth. Imagination forms so large a part of the mind, that it almost unconsciously colors the incidents we would relate, and makes them seem essentially different from the reality, even when we mean to be truthful.

For instance, in testifying in court, it is a notorious fact that no two witnesses ever give their testimony exactly alike, when describing the same scene, and conscientiously anxious to give it just as it happened.

This, I think, is largely due to the fact that when young we do not learn to observe accurately; the three year old baby sees something he cannot understand; and gives his own ideas of the incident, when, instead of correcting him, and teaching him exactly what has happened, we laugh at his cunning use of words and odd ways of seeing things, and let it go.

So, little by little, the habit of inaccuracy is formed, until we hardly attempt to give an exact relation of anything, thinking if we get within certain limits of truthfulness that we are doing very well.

A man, celebrated for his accuracy, said that he owed this quality to the following circumstance: he had a sister who was blind, and the love between them was so sincere and perfect that he tried his best to be eyes for her. So one evening as the family gathered round the fire, he recalled every pretty scene or interesting incident of the day, for her bene-

fit, and his feelings of tender pity for her infirmity made him feel that he must present these pictures with absolute fidelity, that she might see them with her mind's eye, as he had with his bodily organ.

So he taught himself accuracy, until his description of any event was looked upon as almost photographic in its sincerity, and this quality made him both successful and famous in his business relations.

It is a quality we all might cultivate to great advantage. Most important is it to train our eyes to see, our ears to hear, and our tongue to tell the exact and simple truth.—*Sol*.

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"O Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it. When I draw it through the boards awhile, it's most hot enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two years more than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing; "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No, what?" asked both boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarreling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked, the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on:

"There is an old proverb which says, 'The longer the saw of contention is drawn the hotter it grows.'"

"I tell you what, Frank," said Eddie, "when we find ourselves getting angry, let's run out and use the saw Kriss Kringle brought me and then we won't find them for the saw of contention.—*Young Reaper*.

A MORNING WALK IN KOREA.

Some of the boys are very bright, and are learning English very fast. I would

like you to step in and see them, but I should want you to give us due notice before you did, so that we could have them looking clean. Korean boys are not unlike boys elsewhere, they will be boys and play, and when they are all dressed in white it does not take very long for them to get dirty.

Would you like to come to the Orphanage before the boys are up? and, walking along the little passage, open the doors of the small 8x8 rooms very quietly and see the little dark heads poking out from under the warm quilts and blankets that have come from kind friends in the States. We look in for a moment and then give a gentle cough. In a moment one or two will be sitting up, and with a bright, cheery "good morning," (in English) will wake the others. Thus we go from room to room, telling them to get up. Hastily putting on their clothes they are soon flocking about us, each one anxious to hear a direct response to his "good morning." Each thinks he ought to say "good morning" as many times as there are visitors, so it takes some time to get through the ceremony.

Getting a moment's breathing space we remind them that face-washing and hair-combing are in order. They go off to attend this duty, but still we hear one and another belated comer saying "good morning."

While this is going on we walk past the school, climb up the little hill at the back, look over this large city and cannot but think of the numbers that know not God nor Christ, and the numbers of homeless children too, and wish that our funds would permit us to take in many more.

In a little while the hum of voices from a building in the corner tells us that the face-washing and hair-combing are finished, and that the hour for morning study has come. We go down the hill and looking into the room see the crowd of little boys that we saw in their bed-rooms, each one sitting on a little mat and after true Korean style, swaying his body from side

to side, while singing at the top of his voice his Chinese lesson.

It is a comical sight, and after making the acquaintance of the teacher, an old white-bearded, stern-looking man in a large broad-brimmed black hat and flowing robes, we sit down to watch the boys. This is the native school-room, and we have to double our feet under us and sit down *a la Turk* or *a la Korean*.

In about half an hour the drums beats, every book is quickly closed and the boys stand up and pass out to the dining room. There we find several long tables with a lot of bowls of rice and smaller basins of things that we do not fancy, but which the boys gaze upon with longing eyes.

Leaving them to enjoy their repast, we will cross the street to get our breakfast, as we do not care to try Korean food, and then we return to hear the classes in English, who have recitations for two hours. I must leave you to hear them recite to Mr. Gilmore in geography and arithmetic while I get on my horse and go down to the hospital school. After one hour at this, they have their Korean and Chinese studies, which take up all the rest of the day.

Thus I have tried to take you for a little Kugiung or sight-seeing, and have tried to lead you to see what the school here is like.—H. G. Underwood in *Children's Work for Children*.

SHE NEVER HAD A PAIR.

Among many interesting incidents connected with the closing of the saloons in Kittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following.

A woman came into his store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl," she answered.

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I do not know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"

"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons; but now that they are closed he doesn't drink any more, and this morning he said to me:—'Mother, I want you to go to town to-day, and get Sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life.' I thought, sir, if I told you how old she was you would know just what size to give me."

O! it is pitiful that the children of this republic must be robbed of shoes and bread that a few idlers may be supported! The man who gives his influence in favor of the saloons gives his sanction to this cruel robbery.—*Methodist Recorder.*

CATECHISM ON ITALY.

Q. Where is the kingdom of Italy?

A. In Southern Europe.

Q. How many people has it now?

A. About 30,000,000.

Q. What great men brought the previously disunited States of the peninsula into the present kingdom?

A. Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, of Sardinia, and Napoleon III., of France.

Q. When was the process completed?

A. In 1870, when Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, making it his capital.

Q. Who is now king?

A. Humbert I., son of Victor, who has reigned eleven years.

Q. What are the principal cities?

A. Rome, Naples, Milan, Turin, Palermo, Genoa, Florence, Venice, Bologna.

Q. What is the state of the government?

A. It is liberal and progressive, but heavily loaded with debt—through large expenditures for military purposes and public improvements.

Q. What is the condition of the people?

A. They are mostly tillers of the soil.

very illiterate, and generally poor.

Q. What is the prevailing religion?

A. Roman Catholic, though great numbers have become infidel.

Q. What is Roman Catholicism?

A. A corrupt form of Christianity.

Q. Why are so many of the people infidel?

A. Because, when they lose faith through observing the evil lives of the priests in Roman Catholicism, which they have been taught is the only true religion, they naturally lose faith in all religion.

Q. Who is the head of the Roman Catholic Church?

A. The Pope of Rome, Leo XIII., who still hopes to win back temporal dominion to the papacy.

Q. How many Protestants are there in Italy?

A. At the last census, eight years ago, 62,000 so declared themselves, but the number has considerably increased since.

Q. Among what Churches are they chiefly divided?

A. The Waldenses, the Free Italian Church, the English and American Methodists, the English and American Baptists.

Q. Which is the most numerous body?

A. The Waldenses, who have about 16,000 members.

NELLIE'S GIFT.

Did you ever want anything awful bad and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when the package came from my auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mitts. Jack said they were just "splen-dor-if-ic," and Jack's my brother, and he knows. I had wanted them for ever so long, but I didn't say much about it, 'cause when you live in a cuddled-up house, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money all flies away before it gets around to what little girls want.

I don't know how auntie found it out unless Santa Claus told her, and it wasn't

near Christmas time, either. They were such pretty brown mitts. Tilly Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that. Little hands will get brown when they weed the garden beds and so many things. I looked at them 'most a hundred time in two days. I guess, and then it came Sunday. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church, just so. Jack said I held my paws like a scared rabbit, but I didn't even see a rabbit with mitts on.

It isn't right to think too much about what you wear when you go to Sunday-School, and by and by I didn't, for we had such a good Sunday-School I forgot every thing else. A missionary man told all the folks about some poor little children a-way off; how the fire had burned down their school house, and they hadn't any nice houses, or clothes, or any thing, but they were trying so hard to get along and to learn; and he said what was given to those little ones was just the same as giving to Jesus. Think of that! Just the same as giving to the dear Christ Child! I just supposed every body would give. Why some of the folks are worth as much as ten dollars, or a hundred, and yet the basket stayed most empty.

I did wish I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible. I'd read it that very morning, how she had given her two mitts, every living mitt she had; it said so. So I slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad, if my throat did choke all up. But pretty soon, when the basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out. "Has any little girl lost her gloves?" Nobody said any thing, and he asked again: "Did any little girl drop her gloves in the basket by mistake?" It was awful still in that room and I thought he was looking right at me, so I had to say something. "It wasn't a mistake." I told him: "I wanted to help and hadn't any money, but I knew how that woman in the Bible gave her two mitts, and so—Then those folks just

shouted, they did! and I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor.

I knew I had made some dreadful blunder, but I couldn't see what, for if *mitts* don't spell mitts what does it spell? 'Course I cried, but my teacher put her arm right around me and whispered, "Never mind, little Nellie!" and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling: "Dear friends, this little girl has given her greatest treasure; have we older ones done as much?" Some way the money just *poured* into that basket after that, and the missionary looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mitts back to me, and my teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give. But O, how full that basket was! And when the gentleman counted it his eyes grew all wet, and he said softly (though I didn't know what he meant), "A little child shall lead them."

— Selected.

CATECHISM ON JAPAN.

QUESTION. Where is the empire of Japan?

ANSWER. East of the central part of the Continent of Asia.

Q. How large is it?

A. About as large as New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, or somewhat larger than Great Britain and Ireland.

Q. How many islands compose it?

A. Nearly 4,000, but most of the people live on the four largest.

Q. What is the population?

A. About 38,000,000.

Q. When was Japan open to intercourse with modern nations?

A. In 1854, through a treaty with the United States, procured by Commodore Perry.

Q. What is the nature of the government?

A. It has been an absolute monarchy;

but a very liberal constitution, modeled after the best in Europe, giving very considerable control into the hands of the people, will go into effect next year.

Q. Who is the emperor ?

A. His name is Mutsu Hito, but he is called the Mikado : he is 37 years old and is the 123d reigning prince of his line.

Q. What are the leading traits of the Japanese ?

A. Politeness, intelligence, enterprise, industry, and technical skill.

Q. What is their religion ?

A. The great mass of people are Buddhists; but Shintoism, the ancient religion of the land, in which the powers of nature and deified heroes are worshipped, still has much influence : and very many of the educated classes have become infidels.

A. What signs are there that Buddhism is declining ?

A. The Buddhist shrines and temples which in 1740 numbered 400,000, in 1880 numbered only 70,000, and the Buddhist priests no longer have government favor or the control of the grave-yards.

Q. What signs are there that Christianity is gaining ?

A. It has obtained within the past few years entire freedom, not only for worship but for propagation, where before it was strictly prohibited : it is in favor with the highest officers of government as a promoter of national advancement, and its Sabbath has been established by laws as the day of rest.

Q. What is the prospect of the early triumph of Christianity in this land ?

A. Very bright, if the Christian Churches do their duty.

Q. How long is it since Protestant missionaries entered Japan ?

A. Just thirty years.

Q. How long since they began to have liberty to work ?

A. Scarcely twenty years.

Q. What churches were first in the field ?

A. The protestant Episcopal, the Presbyterian, and the Reformed, all from America, entered in 1859.

Q. When was the first Protestant Church organized in Japan ?

A. In 1872, at Yokohama, with 11 members.

Q. How many societies and churches are now at work ?

A. Twenty-four.

Q. With what forces ?

A. There are 443 missionaries, with 142 native ministers, and 257 unordained preachers and helpers.

Q. With what results ?

A. There are 249 organized churches, one third of which are wholly self-supporting, and the membership in the churches is 25,514. *Little Missionary.*

PLAYING WITH LIONS.

A strange story, that reminds one of Daniel in the lions den, comes from South Africa and is told by an English officer, Colonel Stabb in the *Illustrated London News*. From the *Mission Dayspring* we copy it for the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD. We cannot give assurance of its truth, but let us not forget that He who saved Daniel is the same now as of old and is able to deliver those who trust Him. Colonel Stabb says that while hunting at one time he came upon a camp of the Dutch settlers in South Africa, known as Boers, and encamped with them. One night the daughter of one of the Boers, a little girl but nine years old, was missing, and search was instantly made but without success. In that land of wild animals nothing was expected save that she would be seized and devoured by lions or some ferocious beast. No hope was entertained that she would be found alive, or any trace of her, unless it might be her garments. But Colonel Stabb tells the following story of what actually happened in the morning :

"Before the sun was an hour high, the little one was found fast asleep in the centre of a clump of giant mimosee, quite near the river. For the affecting incidents of the moment none of you would care. The interest of the find to me lay in the sand; right through and round the mimosee clump was marked everywhere with the tracks of lions, and their footmarks were plainly visible everywhere between that point and the river. How had the child escaped being devoured? When awakened by her father she expressed neither surprise nor any special pleasure as one saved from death, but was simply glad to see him, and that he had brought a horse so that she could ride back to camp. "Were you not afraid, Katrina? Were you not afraid to be alone here in such a place, away from mother and me last night?" "No, pa; the big dogs played with me and were very good, and one of them lay here and kept me warm," said the innocent, unprompted child, indicating the spot where truly was the mark of some vast, recumbent form beside that left by herself, which hardly indented the sand. Now, there were no dog's tracks about; there were no dogs in that part of the country, nor kindly animals of any sort. The child had slept with and been protected by lions."

THE SECRET OF SERVICE.

Professor Drummond has told of a Scotch girl with whom he was acquainted who on one occasion had been transformed by some secret power within into the loveliest character - the loveliest saint-hood - that could well be seen upon earth. After spending some time in loving service, she was asked the secret of the power and of the change in her life.

She took from her breast a tiny golden locket, and, handing it to those who asked her the question, said, "Do not open it until I am gone; but when I am gone you will find in that locket the secret of all that I have known or done for Christ."

With reverent hands, when she had

passed away, they opened the little locket. There was no portrait there; there was nothing in the way of relic or charm; but there shone out the letters, "Whom having not seen, we love." That was the secret! As we love Christ, in the happy consciousness, borne witness to by the seal of his Spirit, that He loves us, shall we find it possible to love one another. Then, come what may, let all the powers of hell rage against us, we are one in life with Christ, we will stand our ground; for "we shall be more than conquerors through Him who loved us."

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

From the sunny morning
To the starry night,
Every look and motion
Meets our Father's sight.

From our earliest breathing
To our latest year,
Every sound we utter
Meets our Father's ear.

Though our earthly journey
Wheresoe'er we go,
Every thought and feeling
Doth our Father know.

Let us, then, be careful,
That our looks shall be
Brave and kind and cheerful,
For our Lord to see.

Let us guard each accent
With a holy fear,
Fit our every saying
For our Lord to hear.

Let no thought within us,
Hidden or confessed,
Ever bring a sorrow
To our dear Lord's breast.

Help us, O our Father!
Hear our earnest plea;
Teach Thy little children
How to live for Thee!

Our Sabbath School Lesson.

October 6 - 2 Sam. 5: 1-12. Memory vs. 1-3.

The Tribes United Under David.

GOLDEN TEXT. - Ps. 133: 1. **CATECHISM.** Q. 40, 41

Introductory.

Of which tribe did David become king at the death of Saul?

Who was made king of the other tribes? Where and how long did Ishbosheth reign?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Anointing of the King. vs. 1-5.

Who now came to David?

What did they propose?

What three reasons did they give for this proposal?

What did David do?

To what office was he anointed?

How old was David?

How long was he king over Judah alone?

How long over all the tribes?

II. The Capture of Jerusalem. vs. 6-8.

What did David now do?

Who were the Jebusites?

What taunting boast did they make?

What honor did he promise the captain? Who should take the fortress? 1 Chron. 16-6.

Who gained this honor?

III. The Growth of the Kingdom. vs. 9-11.

What did the fort at once become?

How did David strengthen his defences?

What followed the taking of Jerusalem?

Who became David's ally?

What did Hiram do?

What did David perceive?

What proof had he of this?

Why had the Lord thus established him.

What Have I Learned?

1. That all God's purposes will be accomplished.

2. That we should wait in patience and faith the working out of God's will.

3. That we should prosper if God be with us.

4. That we should see God's hand in all our good.

5. That God rules over all for his people's sake.

Oct. 13. - 2 Sam. 6: 1-12. Memory vs. 11, 12.

The Ark Brought to Zion.

GOLDEN TEXT. - Ps. 87: 2. **Catechism,** Q. 42.

Introductory.

How old was David when he became king of all Israel?

What city did he make his capital?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The catechism.

I. The Ark Brought Back. vs. 1-5.

With how many men did David go for the ark?

Where did they find it?

How long had it been there?

How did they carry it?

How ought they to have carried it?

How did they show their joy?

II. The Ark Causing Death vs. 6-9.

What happened to the ark on the way?

Why did Uzzah touch the ark?

How did the Lord regard this act?

How did he punish Uzzah?

What was his sin? Num. 4: 15.

How did David feel?

What name did he give the place?

What did he say?

II. The Ark Causing Blessing. vs. 10-12.

What did David now do with the ark?
 Who was Obad-edom?
 How long was the ark in his house?
 What good did it bring to that home?
 What was told David?
 Where did he then take the ark?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we should do just as God tells us to do, especially in religious matters.
2. That we should worship God with gladness.
3. That we should treat sacred things with reverence.
4. That we should seek to have Jesus in our hearts and homes.

Oct. 20. 2 Sam. 7: 1-29. Memory vs. 28, 29.

David's Thanksgiving Prayer.

GOLDEN TEXT 1 Thes. 5: 18. **Catechism**, Q. 43.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
 Where did David place the ark? ch. 6: 17.
 What did he propose to build?
 What did the Lord say to this proposal?
 Who should build the temple?
 What did the Lord promise respecting the kingdom?
 What is the title of this lesson?
Golden Text? **Lesson Plan?** **Time?**
Place?
 Recite the memory verses. **The Catechism.**

I. Personal Thanksgiving. vs. 18-21.

Into whose presence did David come?
 To what expression of humility did God's great promises move him?
 To what goodness of God toward him did he first refer?
 What does he declare has moved God to do so much for him?
 Why has God done great things for us?
 1 John 4: 10.

II. Thanksgiving for the Nation. vs. 22-24.

What does David say of God's goodness?
 What had God done for Israel?
 How did he redeem them from Egypt?
 How had he confirmed them to himself?
 How long had he promised to count them his people?

III. Prayer for Future Blessings. vs. 25-29.

For what did David first pray?
 For what did he next pray?
 What encouraged him to offer this prayer?
 What is prayer?
 Where has God promised to hear our prayers?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we should have lowly thoughts of ourselves.
2. That we should acknowledge the Lord as the Giver of every blessing.
3. That we should have faith in God's promises.
4. That we should expect greater blessings in the future.
5. That his goodness in the past and his promises for the future should fill our hearts with gratitude and our mouths with praise.

Oct. 27. Psalm 32: 1-11. Memory vs. 1, 2.

Sin, Forgiveness and Peace.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Rom. 5: 1. **Catechism**, Q. 44.

Introductory.

Who was the author of this psalm?
 On what occasion was it written?
 What is the title of this lesson?
Golden Text? **Lesson Plan?** **Time?**
Place?
 Recite the memory verses. **The Catechism.**

I. The Blessing of Forgiveness. vs. 1-2.

Whom does the Psalmist pronounce *blessed*.

What is meant by *whose sin is covered*?
By *imputeth not iniquity*?
What is repentance unto life?
What is justification?

II. The Way of Forgiveness. vs. 3-6.

What was David's experience while he kept silence or concealed his sin?

Explain verse 3 and 4.
How did David obtain relief?
What is said in Prov. 28:13.

What encouragement may every penitent take from David's experience?

When may God be found?

III. The Safety of the Forgiven. vs. 7-11.

How does David express his safety in God's forgiveness?

What does he offer to do for others?
What counsel does he give?
What is said of the wicked?

What is promised to those who trust in the Lord?

What is the closing exhortation?

What Have Learned?

1. That the unforgiven sinner is in a state of wretchedness.

2. That the forgiveness of sin brings peace and blessedness.

3. That if we would be forgiven we must confess and forsake our sins.

4. That we should seek a pardoning God while he may be found. Soon it will be too late.

5. That the blessing of forgiveness should make us earnest to bring others to the Saviour.

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

Come, children, and listen; I'll tell you in rhyme

A story of something which happened one time:

There was war in the land, and each brave heart beat high,

And many went forth for their country to die;

But words fail to tell of the fear and dismay

Which swept the small village of W—— one day

When the enemy's army marched into the street,

And their own valiant soldiers were forced to retreat;

Such hiding, surrendering and trembling with fear?

When what in the midst of it all should appear

But Grandmother Gregory, feeble and old
Coming out from her cottage, courageous and bold;

She faced the intruders who marched through the land,

Shaking at them the poker she held in her hand.

"How foolish?" her friends cried, provoked, it is true;

"Why, grandmother, what did you think you could do?"

"I wanted to show them which side I was on."

Now, children, I've told this queer story to you

To remind you of something the weakest can do—

There is always a fight 'twixt the right and the wrong,

And the heat of the battle is borne by the strong.

But, no matter how small, or unfit for the field,

Or how feeble or graceless, the weapon you wield,

O, fail not, until the last enemy's gone,
To stand up and show them which side you are on.

ACROSTIC — MISSION WORKERS.

The *Little Missionary* contains the following concert exercise. It is intended for fourteen infant scholars. A card about six inches square is hung in front of each child, each card containing a letter, and

after each has recited one line commencing with the appropriate letter. the words Mission Workers are seen.

Many lands are now in darkness as sombre as the grave,
Who never heard of Jesus, and his mighty power to save.

India's sons and daughters soon will learn to sing
Of Jesus and his love, and own him as their King.

Songs of joy for sins forgiven
Rise from souls with hope of heaven.

Salvation, O the joyful sound proclaim!
Knowledge that inspires to praise the Saviour's name.

Islands of the seas have learned the "old, old story;"
Engaging hearts and voices in giving God the glory.

O'er all the world the message grand shall ring;
Rejoicing— all lands God's praise shall sing.

Now may we never, never weary grow.
Sending the means to make the Fountain flow.

IN CONCERT.

Salvation, peace, good-will to every clime.
God hasten on the glorious time;
When Jesus over ALL shall reign,
And sever sin's enslaving chain.

LITTLE THINGS.

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

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share;

And little bits of work for thee
I may do everywhere.

And so I ask thee, give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with thee
And ever do thy will,
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

DOING NO HARM.

The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle, and no one knew what had become of him, but they knew that he was not in the ranks. As soon as opportunity offered, his officer went in search of him, and to his surprise found that the man during the battle had been amusing himself in a flower garden. When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot! What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who can give no better answer than, "Lord I am doing no harm."

I am a prohibitionist. I am such because I see the homes and hearts of our country menaced by the most tyrannical foe that ever threatened the liberty and perpetuity of a nation. As a minister of the Gospel of peace, I am constrained to stand aloof from mere partisan politics; but when an impudent moral wrong, not content with slaying thousands of souls yearly, demands, and has largely obtained, the sanction of law to its iniquities, the testimony of Christian ministers is certainly called for by both speech and ballot. I hold it to be the most awful thing conceivable for the government to countenance the drink traffic, by licensing it, thus becoming a partner in the business of 'dealing wet damnation around the land.' And if the State thus assumes the role of Tetzels, peddling out indulgences to the public prisons, it is time for Luther to leave his cloister and his prohibition theses on wardrobe door.—*Rev. Dr. Gordon, Boston.*