

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
  - Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
  - Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
  - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
  - Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
  - Showthrough/  
Transparence
  - Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
  - Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
  - Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
  - Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
  - Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



THE  
CHILDREN'S  
RECORD

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

Vol. 5. January, 1890 No. 1

**The Children's Record.**

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE  
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE  
Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

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

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for  
Missions. Paid to date, \$300.00.

All communications to be addressed to

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

The CHILDREN'S RECORD wishes its  
young readers, one and all,

A GOOD NEW YEAR.

Happy and bright may it be, free from  
sin and sorrow, filled with peace and good.

Last year you had some letters from  
the missionaries. There are others to fol-  
low, and this year we expect the mission-  
aries to tell us more about their work.

Through the kindness of Mr. Croil, of  
the *Presbyterian Record*, four of our mis-  
sionary, one from the New Hebrides and  
the three from Honan, are earnestly look-  
ing at you this month from the pages of  
the CHILDREN'S RECORD; wishing you a  
Happy New Year and asking you to help,  
by prayer, by giving, and some of you by  
going yourselves, to tell the glad story all  
the world around.

When they were only boys, the three  
young missionaries, whose faces greet you  
in this issue, gave themselves to the Sav-  
iour. They did not sow any wild oats.  
Good boys are the best material to make  
good men, if you want to be such begin  
early. Are there not some of the boys  
who read these lines who will be  
missionaries a few years hence.

Children, obey your parents in the  
Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father  
and thy mother, which is the first com-  
mandment with promise, that it may be  
well with thee, and thou mayest live long  
on the earth.

**RECITATION FOR LITTLE FOLK.**

"Little children, there are many  
Who have neither time nor skill,  
Gold, nor silver, yet may offer  
Gifts to Jesus, if they will.

"Do you ask me how, dear children!  
Surely it is nothing new;  
All may give Him costly presents:  
Shall I tell you of a few?

"Thoughts of Him in work or playtime,  
Little grains of incense rare,  
Cast upon a burning censor,  
Rise in perfumed clouds of prayer.

"There are sometimes little fancies,  
Little murmurs that will stir  
Even a loving heart; but crush them,  
And you give our Saviour myrrh.

"Flowers—why, I ne'er could finish  
Telling you what they can do;  
But I'll tell you how to plant them—  
In what garden plot they grow.

"Modest violets, meekest snowdrops,  
Holy lilies, white and pure,  
Clinging tendrils, herbs for healing,  
If they only would endure.

"And they will—such flowers fade not.  
They are not of mortal birth.  
And such garlands given to Jesus  
Fade not like the flowers of earth,

"Now I think, you all must see that  
They are emblems, and must trace  
In the rarest and the sweetest  
Deeds of love and gifts of grace.

"Now, dear children, can you tell me  
You have still no gifts to lay  
At the throne of our dear Saviour,  
Any hour or any day?

"Let us give Him now—forever—  
Our first gift, the purest, best—  
Give our hearts to Christ, and ask Him  
How to give Him all the rest.

| *Children's Work for Children.*



REV. H. A. ROBERTSON.

Here is a picture of one of our missionaries in the far off South Seas. Mr. Robertson was born in Pictou Co., N. S. When a young man he went as a sailor in the first mission vessel, *Dayspring*, on her voyage from New Glasgow to the South Seas. Here he was so impressed with the sad condition of the heathen, and their need of the Gospel, that he came home, studied for the ministry, and went back as a missionary. Arriving there he settled on the island of Erromanga, where John Williams, the missionary, had been killed, and where the two Gordon brothers, from Prince Edward Island, had been killed, one of them not long before Mr. Robertson went there.

Knowing the danger, but loving the heathen, he and his young wife, a Miss Dawson, from Pictou County, Nova Scotia settled there. Their lives were some-

times in danger, but God kept them safely, and now many of the people are happy Christians.

—A gentleman in Massachusetts, when recently offered a package of infidel publications, answered as follows: "If you have anything better than the 'Sermon on the Mount,' the parable of the 'Prodigal Son,' and that of the 'Good Samaritan,' or if you have any better code of morals than the 'Ten Commandments,' or anything more consoling and beautiful than the Twenty-third Psalm, or, on the whole, anything that will make this world more bright than the Bible, anything that will throw more light on the future, and reveal to me a Father more merciful and kind than the New Testament, please send it along."

## WHAT CAN CHILDREN DO ?

Christ was crucified for you,  
 What for him can children do ?  
 Though they grateful feel and seek  
 How to serve him, they are weak ;  
 For their talents are but small,  
 Though they give to Jesus all.

Yet, if but the heart be right,  
 'Tis accepted in his sight ;  
 And the efforts of the great,  
 And the gifts of dearest weight,  
 Jesus will not prize above  
 Tokens of an infant's love.

## STREET SCENES IN INDIA.

A great deal of hair-dressing goes on, all in the street ; many men have their heads shaved bare with the exception of a little tuft on the crown or a strip on either side above the ears : but the style of wearing the hair varies almost as much as the way of tying a turban or the shape of the Hindu cap. Here a man, extended on a bedstead of rope, faced backwards and forward on a wooden frame, is being rubbed with sandal-wood oil ; there a woman is adorning the space in front of her door by sticking little flowers into the earth ; here again are girls coming from the well, bearing on their heads polished brass lotas or earthenware chattels ; there are the bhoo-stics carrying the water in skins tucked under their arms, or in vessels piled one above the other in nets suspended from the long poles which they carry over their shoulder. Everywhere are little brown babies whose sole costume is a piece of string tied round their waists, and possibly bracelets or anklets. Now pass flocks of goats to the milking, or little humped bullocks drawing rough wooden carts or carrying burdens ; perhaps a line of camels fastened together with a total disregard to their comfort by means of a string tied to the tail of one and passed through the nostrils of his companion immediately following. Here comes a merchant borne in a palki, or a great man

reclining in a carriage driven by a gaily, but untidily, clad coachman, and preceded by mounted sowars carrying little flags on lances. Turning into the bazaars, the scene is even more animated. On either side of the narrow street are little open shops, like platforms, raised about a couple of feet above the ground, sheltered by projecting awnings of bamboo, thatch, or tiles. The side posts and lintels are sometimes, as at Muttra, curiously carved ; sometimes, as at Baroda, gaudily painted red, green and yellow. On the platform the master of the establishment often spreads his charpoy and bolster, such a bed as the healed paralytic would have carried away with him, and waits placidly for the bargaining customers. Even the pie, about a third of a farthing, is not minute enough for native transactions, and a pile of cowrie-shells by his side represents yet smaller change. *Sol.*

## CHINESE WATCHMEN.

A question often asked in China is, " Watchman, what of the night ? " not perhaps in so many words, but the Chinese have no clocks and watches, and, if they lie awake at night and wish to know the hour, they need only listen for the tap, tap, of the watchman, as he goes his rounds and beats the watches, to learn how far the night is advanced, and how near at hand is the day. Many a time have I myself listened for the watchman ; and as I counted the number of taps upon the piece of bamboo which he carries for that purpose, have said to myself, " The morning cometh."

The night is divided into five watches and, when the Chinese refer to any particular hour of the night, they invariably do so by speaking of such and such a *watch*, and it is an interesting fact that the watch at two o'clock is called the "cock-crowing." This enables one to understand what was probably the meaning of the Lord Jesus' words to Peter, " Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice."—*Chiod's Millions.*



You have already seen a picture of three of our missionaries in Honan, Revs. Jonathan Goforth, J. Fraser Smith, and D. Macgillivray.

In this paper you are looking into the faces of the other three.

REV. MURDOCK MCKENZIE was born in Ross-shire, Scotland, June 17th, 1858. When ten years old he heard an address on the Hindoos from a retired missionary, and ever after had a love for

missions. He learned the trade of a gardener, but reading the lives of missionaries, such as Brainerd and Livingstone, led him to give himself to the work. He came to Canada in 1883, studied for the ministry and has now gone to Honan, China. His support is paid by Mr. David Yuill, of Montreal.

REV. JOHN MACDOUGALL was born at Ormstown, Quebec, Sept. 14, 1859. For a time he worked on his fath-

er's farm, and when twenty-one years of age began to study for the ministry. He has gone to Honan, and is supported by Erskine Church, Montreal.

REV. J. H. MACVICAR, the youngest of all our Foreign Missionaries, was born in Montreal, in March, 1864. When a boy he took a deep interest in missions, and as he grew up offered himself for the Foreign Field. He too is now in Honan, and is supported by Crescent St. Church, Montreal.

All three of the faces in this group are Montreal students and Montreal's missionaries, so that Mr. Croil is not far astray when he calls them "The Montreal Boys."

#### SOME QUEER THINGS IN CHILI.

In travelling through Chili you find almost all the houses only one story high with very thick mud walls, to insure greater safety in earthquakes which are frequent, though not often severe. Instead of a pleasant house with a pretty front yard, you see only plain walls as you pass along the street, but through the open door is seen the garden inside. The house is built around the yard instead of having the yard around the house. Flowers are abundant, and callas and geraniums, of which we take such care at home, grow here without any care and are very little prized.

The houses have wooden ceilings painted white. Stretched from corner to corner of the room, and crossing in the center, are two pieces of tape for flies to settle on. A traveller here once saw these tapes and wrote home that "all houses in Chili were braced with iron bars to hold them together because of the earthquakes!" All houses have not these conveniences, though nearly all need them, as flies are numerous and wire screens seem to be an unknown thing here.

Each house has to have from one to nine servants, according to its size, and each one has his or her own department, seldom doing anything outside of it. They all have plenty of leisure and are fond of

sitting in the front door with their elbows on their knees for hours together. No baking, nor washing and ironing is done in the houses, so you may understand how little the servants have to do compared with those at home. To be sure every well-regulated Chilean family has five meals a day and that ought to keep the servants busy.

As you pass along the streets you notice that the sidewalks are many of them paved with small cobble-stones, which tire your feet till you become accustomed to them. The street-car conductors are all women with sailor hats and white aprons. Except on some feast-day there is seldom seen a crowded car. In fact, a car often goes right on when some one wishes to get in, the conductor saying "no room," when by a little moving on the part of the passengers, two or three more might easily find seats. It is very comfortable not to be crushed, but rather trying to see two or more cars pass by when you are in a hurry and want to ride. There are seats on top of the car which the poorer people take, as they are cheaper. Any morning may be seen scores of women, each in a wrap called a "mantle" a black shawl-shaped piece of cashmere, nun's-veiling, or embroidered crape, which is worn over the head and gathered closely around the neck, almost covering the figure. The native Chileans seldom wear hats or bonnets, and in the summer generally go bare-headed. It is a rare thing to see gloves, or cuffs or collars on the women, though a great deal of French style is affected among the wealthier class.

One of the interesting sights in the cities is a man from one of the large farms near by. He comes along at a very rapid gait on horse-back, and as he flies by you notice an immense Panama hat, a bright-colored striped garment, called a *poucho*, (which is almost square, with a slit in the middle which allows him to put his head through), a pair of enormous spurs, and some wooden stirrups, large and heavily carved. To avoid hitting the spurs on the ground should he need to dismount for

anything, his boots have heels which make him look a little as if on stilts. When he ties his horse, he fastens the two fore-legs together with a leather strap.

Early in the morning cries may be heard in the streets, in a high sing-song tone, telling in very mixed Spanish, that very fine eggs, chickens, vegetables, meat—in fact almost everything needed for the table—may be bought “very cheap.” When you ask the price of any of these things the man is sure to say about double the amount they are worth, and if you pay him half he asks, he is satisfied and so are you. It takes a long time to buy things, for you have to argue for ten minutes sometimes before the bargain is concluded. Most of these sellers go on horse-back, carrying their wares in immense baskets fastened on either side of the horse. Some, however go on foot and carry flat baskets on their heads. Men who sell chickens carry them on a double string thrown over each shoulder, so they look as if they were a walking poultry yard. Milkmen come on horse-back also, and quite funny they look with a big can on each side of the horse, while they are perched up on top. Ox-carts with enormous wheels which make a sound like an earthquake, frequently pass. The oxen are yoked so that all the strain comes on their foreheads. (Who knows how they are yoked in this country Onions may be said to be the national article of diet, and at almost any hour one may smell the odor—strong! There is a dish eaten here which has a funny name. It is made of meat and onions and other vegetables placed on a platter and smoothed over, with fried or poached eggs on top. It is called “eggs on horse-back!”)

One thing that shocked me when I first saw it was to see the women smoke cigarettes. The practice is very common among the poor people, and you often see several seated in the doorway of some miserable hut puffing away, while their neglected, dirty little children, play in the mud in the gutter.—LOUISE W. B. BOOMER. SANTIAGO, In *Children's Work for Children.*

## THE MASTER'S CALL.

A RECITATION.

'Tis the theme of an oft-told story  
That I have to tell to you.  
Yet fresh as the dawn of each morning  
That comes with each day anew.  
From the glad, bright days of childhood  
In our Gospel land so fair,  
We have heard the “Good News” tidings,  
In sermon, and song and prayer.

And to us, who have heard it often,  
And learned of its love untold,  
More wondrous and deep is the beauty,  
As the days of our life unfold.  
But are we telling to others  
The story we've learned to love?  
Are we winning dear souls for the kingdom  
The beautiful kingdom above!

And can our song of redemption  
As grand and glorious be  
If to others we teach not the singing,  
Dear Lord, of this song to Thee?

Has there come to your heart no message  
That the Master hath need of you?  
Is there not in these fields some labor,  
That your hand or heart may do?  
Yes! to each of Christ's true disciples  
The command is lovingly given.  
Go, bear it to every creature,  
This wonderful gift of Heaven.

Do something! The Master will tell you  
How you may serve Him the best;  
But haste, with the loving message  
Of life and comfort and rest.  
Bring free loving gifts to the altar  
The best your treasures afford:  
They are His, lent for your using  
Not left you to waste or to hoard.

And dear loving mothers, your treasures  
Which in gladness your arms now unfold  
Should He choose you as Hannahs to serve  
Him

Could you these treasures withhold?  
Teach the little ones early to serve Him,  
To help in this mission of love,  
That their nites may be added with blessing  
The blessing of Heaven above.

*Home Mission Monthly.*



### THE IDOL-MAKER'S ADVERTISE- MENT.

One reason why it seems so strange for people to worship idols is because people make them themselves. What should you think of having a store where all sorts of gods are sold, as well as toys or groceries? Here is a translation of a god-maker's advertisement in China. See how strangely it sounds :

To my Celestial friends and countrymen,  
I am Truly Achen Tea Chínchen.  
Descendant of Comp B 3 Rache Chínchen.  
In the art of god-making he was never ashamed  
A sculptor and carver so wondrously famed,  
That his skill and his power are everywhere  
named.

Skilled in studies both deep and severe  
The idols he made for man's worship appear  
On every hand  
In all the land.  
By just the right touches of chisel and knife  
He kept our national religion in life;  
Was honored by emperors and kings of the  
East.  
By rajahs and people from great men to least.  
He worthily lived; but alas! he has fled  
To reap his reward with the happlified dead.

Now humbly I offer my services free,  
Like him well-skilled in the god-making line;  
That I be not found in the human form rude,  
I have traveled from hence: at some vast ex-  
pense;  
I've studied and copied a number immense  
Of choice human figures in best attitude;  
Since trained by art masters Nollekens and  
Bakon,  
Never by prions can I be forsaken.

As fitting an artist of sacred profession,  
I have casts of best idols now in my possession,  
From twelve feet in height, and faultless in  
shape,  
Down to the smallest and loveliest ape.  
Among these, to foster religion's deep awe,  
Are monsters more dreadful than any you saw;  
These wonderful bargains bring crowds to my  
gate,  
Drawn hither to profit by terms moderate.

Listen, friends, who wish to buy:  
Seven hundred dollars for an orang-outang  
three feet high;  
For eight hundred dollars a fighting one buy,  
Lifter, too, a sphinx for hundreds four,  
The people see it, and, bowing down, adore,  
Six hundred fifty dollars for a bull with hump  
and horns,  
Court palace, or temple, alike he adorns.  
I charge for big buffalo only eight hundred!  
For ass braying the same, now be my words  
pondered.

Choice idols are mine; the creatures seem  
living;  
And I ask such a trifle, that selling is giving.

Crumbling wood shall ne'er disgrace  
Any idol that I make;  
Granite, brass, and copper idols  
Only orders for I take.

Pilgrim's tears can never tarnish  
These strong gods, or sun or rain;  
Gilded with the best of varnish,  
Ages on them leave no stain.

Very choice these smaller idols,  
Just the things for laborer's home;  
Also pocket ones for travelers  
Who in pilgrimages roam.

Size and weight decide the prices;  
I am selling under cost;  
Being kind and conscientious,  
Much good money I have lost.

Yet my business rule is simple,—  
Ready money, never trust;  
Whoso buys of me an idol  
Pay for it he quickly must.

I will promptly attend to orders post-paid,  
Enclosed with description of gods to be made,  
Provided one half the price is sent on,  
And the rest is secured by a house in Canton.  
*Sc'l.*

### LITTLE ALICE.

Little Alice was one of my Sabbath-school scholars, a fair haired, blue eyed little girl, whose beautiful face and sweet ways made her a favorite with all. Me thinks I can now see the soft, tender look of her mild eyes fixed so earnestly upon me as I endeavoured to impress upon her opening mind the Gospel plan of salvation. One day I said to her :

"Alice what will you do when you die and are called upon to stand before the judgment seat of God, to answer for all the sins done here upon earth!"

Her face glowed with emotion as she answered :

"Christ died for sinners. I will hide behind Him. He will not look at me. He will look at Christ."

Beautiful thought, to hide behind Christ, to lose ourselves in Him, and casting aside our own impure works, to rest solely and entirely upon what Christ has done for us.

## THE TRULY BRAVE.

Who is the truly brave ?

The boy with self control,  
Who curbs his temper and his tongue,  
And though he may be big and strong,  
Would scorn to do the slightest wrong  
To any living soul.

Who is the truly brave ?

The boy who can forgive,  
And look as though he had not heard  
The mocking jest, the angry word ;  
Who, though his spirit may be stirred,  
Yet tries in peace to live.

Who is the truly brave ?

The boy whose daily walk  
Is always honest, pure and bright ;  
Who cannot lie, who will not fight,  
But stands up boldly for the right,  
And shuns unholy talk.

Who is the truly brave ?

The boy who fears to sin ?  
Who knows no other sort of fear,  
But strives to keep his conscience clear,  
Nor heed his comrade's taunt or jeer  
If he has peace within.

Who is the truly brave ?

The boy who dares to pray.  
And humbly kneeling, seeks the face  
Of God, and asks supplies of grace  
To help him run the Christian race,  
And walk in wisdom's way.

## "THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT."

One day Robert's uncle gave him some money.

"Now," said he, "I'll have some candy. I have been wanting some a long time."

"Is that the best way you can use your money?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes! I want the candy very much." And off he ran in great haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his money; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the candy store; then

he stood there awhile, with his hand on the door and his eyes on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step and run home without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor with a bright glow on his cheek and a brighter glance in his eye, as he exclaimed:

"Mother, the heathen have beat! the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by 'the heathen have beat'?"

"Why, mother, as I was going along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your money to help send us good missionaries; we want Bibles and tracts. Help, little boy, won't you?' And I kept saying 'Oh! I want the candy, I do want the candy.' But at last the heathen beat; and I am going to put my money into the missionary box. It shall go to the heathen."—*Mission Dayspring.*

## THE BLIND BASKET GIRL.

A poor, blind girl once brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for a missionary society. He, surprised that she should offer him so large a sum, said, "You, a poor, blind girl! you cannot afford to give so much as this."

"I am indeed, sir, as you say, a blind girl, but not so poor, perhaps, as you may suppose me to be, and I can prove to you that I can better afford to give those thirty shillings than those girls who have eyes."

The clergyman was, of course deeply interested, and said, "I shall be glad to know how you make it out?"

"Sir, I am a basket-maker, and being blind, I can make them as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure that during last winter, when it was so dark, it must have cost those girls that have eyes more than thirty shillings to buy candles, and so I can well afford to give that sum for the missionaries, and I hope you will take it all."

## A MISSIONARY HYMN.

Christ for the world we sing  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With loving zeal ;  
 The poor, and them that mourn,  
 The faint and overborne,  
 Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,  
 Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world we sing !  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With fervent prayer.  
 The wayward and the lost,  
 By restless passions tossed,  
 Redeemed, at countless cost,  
 From dark despair.

Christ for the world we sing :  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With one accord :  
 With us the work to share,  
 With us reproach to dare,  
 With us the cross to bear,  
 For Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world we sing !  
 The world to Christ we bring,  
 With joyful song :  
 The new-born souls, whose days  
 Redeemed from error's ways,  
 Inspired with hope and praise,  
 To Christ belong.  
*Children's Work for Children.*

## WORSHIP OF THE CHINESE GODS.

The Chinese think there are a great many gods, some male and others female. It is hard to say which they regard as their supreme god, or whether they have any such. They commonly worship *Tien*, which seems to mean the same with them that heaven does with us. They also worship the sun and the earth. They also worship Tienhow, the queen of heaven. She is also called Kwam Zin, and is the patron goddess of sailors. Loeng Wang, or the Dragon King, is the god of rivers. They have also the god of learning, and god of riches, and a very great many others.

Besides these gods there are the spirits of their ancestors, and a great many other spirits that they worship. There are, for instance, the spirits of the mountains, and the spirits of the hills, and the spirits of the valleys, and the spirits of rivers and brooks, and the spirits of trees, and the spirits of rocks, and the spirits of roads and bridges, and nobody knows how many others.

The principle way in which they worship these gods and spirits is by burning incense before them, offering them pieces of gilt or silvered paper, and making sacrifices either of animals or of some other kind of food and drink.

The incense which they burn is commonly sandal-wood, which gives a very pleasant odor when burnt.—*W. M. Lowrie.*

## RUBBING ASHES.

One of the ceremonies of the Hindu religion is the rubbing of ashes on the forehead. These ashes are from the sacred wood burned on the sacred fire which is kept in the houses of the people, and it is thought to be a very religious act to rub these ashes on the person. In some parts of India men may be seen whose whole bodies are covered with these ashes. This is the only clothing they have. But most of the people simply rub them on the forehead. A refusal to apply the ashes is like a refusal among us to kneel or to stand in prayer a sign that the person cares nothing about the religious act.

A story has just come to us from one of the villages in the Madura Mission of a lad about fourteen years of age, named Ammapatty, who was brave enough to refuse to rub the ashes on his forehead when his conscience told him he should no longer worship the Hindu god. Here is the story as sent to us :

" Ammapatty was the son of well-to-do parents, and became interested in what he learned of the Christian religion, bought a New Testament and read it daily. Then he bought the whole Bible,

making a little frame to hold it upon while he read. His parents, noticing that he refused to rub the sacred ashes on his forehead, became alarmed. He then told them boldly that all the idols were false gods and he would not worship them nor rub the sacred ashes. They ordered him to do so, but he refused. Taking him to a temple they tried to compel him, but he, addressing the idol, called out :

"You stone god, go to destruction! I will never worship you. Jesus is the true God and him only will I worship." They beat him and sent him away. Being the heir to some property they did not dare to use any very violent measures, and when they again tried to compel him to rub the ashes he declared to them, "If I die I will not." Forbidden to go to the Christian school he went off to the catechist's house to read his Bible. At last the parents, at the urgent request of the teacher, have allowed him to return to the school. He is zealous and talks of Christ every day to his relatives and schoolmates. A few months ago this boy was in the dense darkness of heathenism."

How many lads in this land would have been as brave in leaving all to follow Christ?—*Mission Dayspring.*

### THE GIRLS AND WOMEN OF KOREA.

All girls, except those of the coolie class, are taken at the age of six or eight years and sacredly secluded in the apartments of the women. Here they receive all the education that will ever be given them."

No man must ever behold a girl's face, except possibly her nearest relatives. Should some one get a glimpse of her face and it should become known, good-bye to all hopes of marriage; and this means a life of servitude and misery.

Should she be sought in marriage by some one, all arrangements are conducted

by the parents. At marriage her eyes are glued together and are not unfastened until three days after the ceremony. She must not speak to her husband for a year after marriage.

She never appears on the streets in the day-time; once or twice each year she may go, at night, in a tightly-closed chair, to visit her parents, but otherwise she never leaves her apartments. The poorer class of women enjoy a little more freedom, but they never appear on the streets without a robe reaching from the top of the head to near to the feet. This they draw across the face, just leaving room for their eyes to peep out.

### A SPELLING BEE.

"I'm going to have a spelling-bee to-night," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy that can beat spell man."

"Best spell man, Uncle John? Why, there's only one way!" they cried.

"There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I'll leave you to think of it a while;" and he buttoned up his coat and went away.

"What does he mean," asked Bob.

"I think it's a joke," said Harry thoughtfully, "and when Uncle John asks me I'm going to say, Why, m-a-n, of course."

"It's a conundrum, I know," said Jo, and he leaned his head on his hand and settled down to think.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys, for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after-supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came too, with a shiny skate-runner peeping out of his great coat pocket.

Uncle John did not delay; he sat down and looked straight into Harry's eyes.

"Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"

"Yes, n-o," said Harry flushing. "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling man," he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John had turned to Bob.

"Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bobbie stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day, and we made up our minds that when the girls came we'd clear them off. But Jo, he—"

"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"

"Why," said Jo. "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so too, and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket; the next minute the skates were on Jo's knee.

"The spelling-match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize."

Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

"Boys," he answered gravely, "we've been spelling man, not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it boys, and see."—*Rosa Graham.*

#### A NATIVE SCHOOL IN INDIA.

The school is frequently under a tree or a thatched shed where the ground is covered with sand, in which the young students can work their examples. Here they sit cross-legged nearly all day.

The exercises begin by singing to the God of wisdom. They learn the lessons "by heart." They hold their hands on their hearts while they repeat the multiplication table, the alphabet, and certain sacred hymns. At the end of each of these they raise their hands to the forehead and make a low bow.

If the Hindu school-boy has been naughty he is sometimes beaten in the palm of his hand, and sometimes he is made to stand up and sit down a certain number of times, holding his own ears with his hands.

IF ! IF !

If every boy and every girl  
Arising with the sun,  
Should plan this day to do alone  
The good deeds to be done:

Should scatter smiles and kindly words;  
Strong, helpful hand should lend,  
And to each other's wants and cries  
Attentive ears should bend :

If every man and, woman, too,  
Should join their workers small--  
(O what a cloud of happiness  
Upon our earth would fall !

How many homes would sunny be,  
Which now are filled with care !  
And joyous, smiling faces, too,  
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun  
Would shine more clear and bright,  
And every little twinkling star  
Would shed a softer light.

But we, indeed, must watch to see  
If other folks are true,  
And thus neglect so much that God  
Intends for us to do.—*Golden Days.*

#### A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

A certain old man used to say to his grand-daughter, when she was out of temper, or naughty in any way: Mary, Mary, take care—there's a mouse in the pantry! She would often cease crying at this, and stand wondering to herself what he meant, and then run to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap: but she never saw one. One day she said: "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean: I haven't a pantry, and there are no mice in mother's because I have looked so often." He smiled and said: "Come, and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry: the little sins are the mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and that makes you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful. To keep them out you must set a trap—the trap of watchfulness."

**The Sabbath School Treasures.**

**THE FORERUNNER ANNOUNCED.**

January 5. Luke 1: 5-17.

MEMORY VS. 13-16. CATECHISM, Q. 54.

GOLDEN TEXT.— *Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me.*— Mal. 3: 1.

**This Gospel.**

Who wrote it?  
What do we call men of Luke's profession? Col. 4: 14.

With whom was he a fellow-worker? Philemon 24.

What shows him to have been a true friend? 2 Tim. 4: 11; 1: 15.

What endearing title does Paul give him in Col. 4: 14?

What other part of the New Testament did he write? Acts 1: 1; Luke 1: 3.

With what aim did he write this Gospel? Luke 1: 4.

What view of Jesus does he specially give? Luke 4: 18; Acts 20: 38.

**This Lesson.**

In what city did the events of this lesson take place?

Where is this city?

In what great building did they take place?

Is it now standing?

Who was then king of Judea?

Where was Judea.

In what year "Before Christ" did these events occur?

How many years ago?

What was the occupation of Zacharias?

Who was his wife?

What good record of both of them is given?

What great visitor came to Zacharias?

At what was Zacharias then engaged?

What were the people doing?

What was promised to Zacharias?

What was to be the character of the promised child?

What his work?

By what name is he best known to us?

Name all the persons of this lesson in the order of their importance.

What lesson may we here learn on godly living? What on fear? What on prayer?

State any other important lesson you see in these verses

**THE SONG OF MARY.**

January 12. Luke 1: 46-55.

MEMORY VS. 49-51. CATECHISM, Q. 55.

GOLDEN TEXT.— *My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.*— Luke 1: 46, 47.

**About Mary.**

Of whom was Mary the mother?

Of what other Marys does the New Testament tell? Luke 10: 38-42; John 19: 25; Acts 12: 12; Rom. 16: 16.

At what place did the mother of Jesus make her home? Luke 2: 4, 5; Matt. 2: 13, 23; John 2: 12.

Describe six appearances of Mary after Jesus was born. Luke 2: 27, 41; John 2: 1; Matt. 12: 46; John 19: 25; Acts 1: 14.

How did her neighbors speak of her? Matt. 13: 55; Mark 6: 3; John 6: 42.

What two remarkable answers did Jesus give his mother? Luke 2: 49; John 2: 4.

What remarkable reply did he make to a message from her? Matt. 12: 47-39.

What loving provision did he make for her? John 19: 26, 27.

What one direction did she give about Jesus? John 2: 5.

What kinship was between the mother of John and the mother of Jesus? Luke 1: 36.

What is the last recorded act of Mary? Acts 1: 14.

Why is not more said of Mary in the Bible?

How should we regard Mary?

**About Mary's Song.**

- Who is praised in this hymn?  
 What event had made Mary so full of joy?  
 What did her "soul" do?  
 What her "spirit"?  
 Who was God's "handmaiden"?  
 What three reasons for her joy does Mary name?  
 What does she say of God's mercy?  
 What of His arm? What of the proud?  
 Of the mighty! Of the lowly? Of the hungry?  
 Of the rich! Of his servant Israel? Of the fathers?  
 How were all these ends accomplished by the coming of Jesus?  
 Why should his coming make us happy?  
 Why should we sing praises?

**THE SONG OF ZACHARIAS.**

January 18. Luke 1 : 67-80.

MEMORY VS. 76-79. CATECHISM. Q. 56.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—*Thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways.*—Luke 1 : 76.

**About John and his Parents.**

- What was the title of the first lesson of this quarter?  
 Who was that forerunner?  
 Of whom was he the forerunner?  
 By whom was he announced? To whom?  
 In what place?  
 What were the names of John's parents?  
 What was their character?  
 What was his father's calling?  
 Tell what occurred at the naming of the baby. Luke 1 : 59-63.  
 Why did his parents insist on naming him John? v. 13.  
 By what fuller name is John known?  
 Of what other Johns does the Bible speak? Matt. 4 : 21 ; 10 : 2 ; Acts 4 : 6 ; 12 : 12, 25.  
 Which of these wrote the Gospel of John?

- Which wrote another of the Gospels?  
 What two miracles were done upon John's father? Luke 1 : 19, 20, 63, 64.  
 What effect had these miracles upon the people? vs. 65, 66.

**About the Song.**

- What is the title of to-day's lesson?  
 Who was Zacharias?  
 On what occasion did he sing this song? vs. 63, 64.  
 What power filled him at the time?  
 In which verses does he praise God?  
 In which does he address the babe?  
 What reasons for praising God does Zacharias give?  
 To whom had God made the promises he was now fulfilling? vs. 70, 72, 73.  
 To whom else will God fulfil his promises?  
 What work is here foretold for John?  
 In what acts of his life did John fulfil his prophecies?  
 How can we have a share in the work Jesus began?  
 State the facts about John's early life v. 80.  
 In which of these should we imitate him?  
 To whom else would we then be like? 1 Sam. 2 : 26 ; Luke 2 : 40, 52.  
 Why should we sing the song of Zacharias?  
 What one theme is the grandest of all songs? Luke 2 : 13, 14 ; Rev. 5 : 9, 10 ; 15 : 3.  
 Who can join in this praise?  
 How long shall it be given?

**JOY OVER THE CHILD JESUS.**

January 26. Luke 2 : 8-20.

MEMORY VS. 10-14. CATECHISM, Q. 57.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.* Luke 2 ; 14.

**The Lesson Title.**

What was the title of the second lesson of this quarter ?

What cause had Mary to sing that song ?

What is to-day's lesson title ?

Who in this lesson has joy over the child Jesus ?

Who else may have joy because of Jesus ?

**The Place.**

What two names are given in this lesson to one city ?

Why had it these two names ? 1 Sam. 17 : 12.

Where is the city located ? Read Micah 5 : 2.

How did wise men at the time of Jesus' birth understand this text ? Matt. 2 : 3-6.

What country is meant in verse 8 ?

What famous lad was once a shepherd in that country ? 1 Sam. 16 : 11 ; 17 : 15.

What greater Shepherd was born there ? John 10 : 14 ; 1 Pet. 2 : 25.

How many years ago ?

**Joyous Angels.**

What is one great work of angels ? Heb. 1 : 13, 14.

What work of an angel was described in Lesson I. ? Read verse 9.

What joyous message did the angel bring ? vs. 10-12. Why should we be happy because of this message ?

Who joined this angel ?

What were they doing ?

What were they saying ?

How does the birth of Jesus bring glory to God ? How, peace on earth ? How good will toward men ?

Why did the birth of Jesus make angels glad ?

Why should it make us glad ?

**Joyous People.**

What persons are mentioned in the verses of this lesson ?

Who of these were happy because Jesus was born ?

What was the first feeling of the shepherds ? v. 9.

What was their final feeling ? v. 10.

What had made this great change ?

What can change our fears to joy ? vs. 17, 18.

How should we show our joy in Christ ?

What two things did Jesus' mother do ? vs. 19, 51.

What should we do with what we learn of Jesus.

—*The Scholar's Lesson Guide.*

**A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.**

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the material influences which formed their aims and habits of their future life.

Bayard the flower of the French knight-hood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother, when he left home to become the page of some great nobleman. She said to him with all the tenderness of a loving heart :

"My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind and charitable to all. Beware of flatterers, and never be one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred and lying, as unworthy of a Christian; and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans."

When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when in his own great thirst he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life. Don't forget mother, she is a boy's—and a girl's—best friend.

Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous.



## BOYS WHO ARE IN DEMAND.

The boys that are wanted are good boys,

Good from top of their heads to their soles :

Clean in speech, clean in thought,

Clean and pure in their bodies and souls.

The boys that are wanted are brave boys,

Speaking truth, doing right without fear.

Their mothers and sisters can trust them;

The timid feel safe when they're near.

The boys that are wanted are faithful,

All alone where no human eye sees

Their employers, never need watch them;

They are careful the Master to please.

The boys that are wanted are truthful,

You just may believe what they say,

To lie they count mean and unmanly,

They'll deceive, nor in work nor in play.

The boys that are clever and funny

Folks may laugh at and flatter and pet ;

But only the strong, true and honest,

Do wise business men try to get.

The smart boys, the sly boys, the idle,

The boys that do tricks underhand,

Are not wanted, but brave boys and faithful

And true for such there's constant de-

mand.

## FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far, and were very hungry, thirsty and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

When twilight came on a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening

her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks and she replied :

" I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy which I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place "

On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of a Dutch New Testament, which she had received from a missionary some years before : " This," said she, " is the fountain whence I drink ; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn."

I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may imagine my joy while we mingled prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the heavenly Father.—*Moffat*

## WELCOME TO THE CHRIST CHILD.

If every little child could see

Our Saviour's shining face,

I think that each one eagerly

Would run to His embrace.

Though black the hand, red, brown or white.

All hearts are just the same ;

Each one is precious in His sight,

Each one He calls by name.

And those who hear, in every land,

With loyal hearts and true,

Will grasp some little Brother's hand,

And lead him onward too,—

*Little Helpers.*