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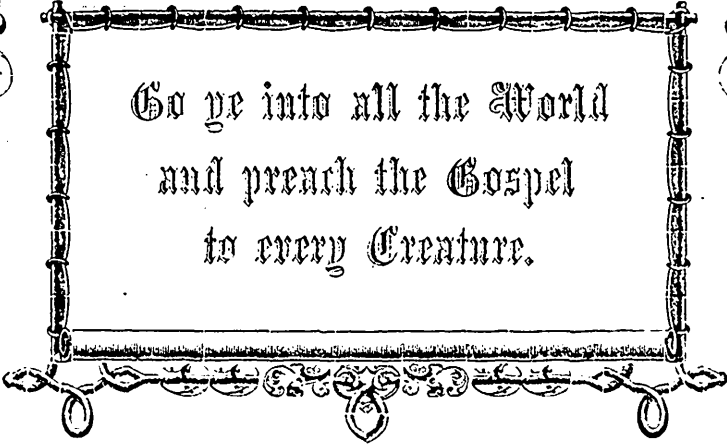
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THE
CHILDREN'S
RECORD



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

VOL. 2. MAY, 1887. No. 5.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Pr-sbyterian Church in Canada.

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

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A FAITHFUL BOY.

A missionary's wife in South Africa, writing from Butterworth, gives the following beautiful little story of the power of God's grace in a native boy:

"The work began among the grown people, but now the little children are coming to Jesus. I have had seventeen of these lambs of the flock added to my own class.

"We have a beautiful example of the stability of a child in this circuit. Some six miles hence there lives a little boy named Umaduna, about eleven years of age. He has been living with his grandparents, who are heathen, and smear themselves with red clay. He is the only Christian among them, yet he has been kept firm and faithful.

"Mr. Taylor called him, and said, 'How long have you been serving the Lord?'

"'Almost three years,' he replied.

"'And what do your friends say about it?'

"'They don't say anything; they only beat me.'

"'Now, would you rather die than give up Jesus?'

"'Yes.'

"'And what else do they do to you?'

"'They shut me up in a house and beat

me, and say they will kill me; and I say they may kill me if they like.'

"'Does Satan follow you?'

"'Yes.'

"'And what do you do?'

"'I pray to God to drive him from me.'

"'Ah!' said the interpreter, 'my faith is greatly strengthened by this testimony. Many grown persons have gone back to sin during the last three years, and here is this little boy among the heathen holding on his way.'

"'Perhaps God may have a great work for him to do yet among his fellow-countrymen,

THE BIBLE.

The following is a calculation of the number of books, verses, letters, etc., contained in the Old and New Testaments. It is to say the least a curiosity.

Old Testament.—Number of books, 39; chapters, 929; verses, 33,214; words, 592,439; letters, 2,728,100.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job xxix.

The middle verse would be 2 Chronicles xx., 17, if there were a verse more, and verse 18, if there were a verse less.

The word *and* occurs 35,543 times.

The word JEH(V)AH occurs 6,865 times

The shortest verse is 1 Chronicles i., 25.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th chapter of 2 Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah, are alike.

New Testament.—Number of books, 27; chapters, 260; verses, 7,050; words, 181,258; letters, 828,580.

The middle book is 2 Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is Romans xiii., if there were a chapter less, and xiv., if there were a chapter more.

The middle and shortest verse is John xi., 35.

Old and New Testament.—Number of books, 66; chapters, 1189; verses, 40,264; words, 773,697; letters, 3,556,680.

The middle chapter and shortest in the Bible, is the 117th Psalm.

The middle verse is Psalm cxviii., 8.

BEECHER'S LAST PUBLIC ACT.

[For the Children's Record.]

The newspapers have lately been writing a good deal about Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who died on the 3rd of March. I am not going to say anything about his life or death but simply want to tell you of his last public act and see if there is not a lesson in it for you and me.

On Sabbath, the 27th February, Mr. Beecher preached his last sermon. After the congregation had retired from Plymouth Church, the organist and one or two others remained to practise a hymn. Mr. Beecher also remained for a time and listened to the music. In a few moments two little ragged children were seen entering the church, and one of them stood gazing up at the organ. The preacher laid his hands on the boy's head, turned his face upward and kissed him, and then placing his arms around the two, left the church, and never entered it again. It seemed a small insignificant act in itself, but who can tell what an effect it had on these poor little wanderers, perhaps, without a mother.

What lesson is there here for you children. Fill up your lives with little deeds and acts of kindness: The world may not notice them but eternity will reveal what you have done in this way for your Master.

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 very little things
O Saviour may I be.

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee,
And always every day
There are some loving little words
Which I for Thee may say.

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 every where. A.B.

GLADNESS OF HEART.

"Well, darling, so you have given your heart to Jesus?" whispered a mother to her little girl.

"Yes, mamma," was the timid reply.

"And how did you do it?" questioned the mother, anxious there should be no mistake in this all-important action in her little daughter's life.

"I just stood still," replied the child, "and He took me."

She meant that she had no power to advance toward Christ; that she could only yield herself, and He must take her where she was and as she was.

There was a pause; and then the mother asked once more: "And how do you feel now?"

"Oh," exclaimed the little girl, looking brightly up, "I feel so glad, so very, very glad!"

A few words in the Psalm occurred to the mother: "Thou hast put gladness into my heart."

There are many children in heathen lands who have never felt this gladness, and we send them missionaries that they may learn where and how to find it.

A BETTER WAY THAN QUARRELLING.

Do you ever hear children speak in this way to each other:

"You did!" "I didn't!" "Yes, you did!" "No, I didn't!" "I'll tell mamma!"?

Now it is very disagreeable to have children speak so. You should be kind and affectionate, speaking pleasantly, not contradicting each other nor disputing.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," the Bible says. Now try this way the very next time that you feel like contradicting one of your little sisters or brothers. When you go so far as this, "I did!" "You didn't!" then stop short. Do not say one word more about the trouble, but just put your arms around brother's or sister's neck and say very pleasantly, "Don't let us quarrel about it."

Is not that the better way? I think it is.—Sel.

THE MISSION BAND.

Our Mission Band was formed one day,
 With purpose good and true:
 To teach the wise and helpful way
 To children and to you.

The wise and helpful way is one
 Which useful makes our lives;
 Which shows some loving-kindness done,
 And for some goodness strives.

Now if you think we are too small,
 To work in cause so high,
 Remember that the oak tree tall
 Did in the acorn lie.

Remember, too, the Saviour was
 The Christ-child first, then Man.
 He loves our work, and us, because
 We do the best we can.

The good we do lives evermore;
 For we are sowing seed
 Which God Himself is watching o'er,
 Whose care is all we need.

Our mission Band has done some good,
 We feel that we can say;
 And now to do still more, we would
 Ask all your prayers to-day.

We'll join in work our hearts and hands,
 Until at last the song
 Of Christ that's sung in Gospel lands
 Shall to the world belong.

—Sel.

A ROOSTER THAT SPOKE IN MEETING.

The Mexican children have little societies among themselves, just as you children are so fond of having. They meet together under the guidance of older ones, declaim, read poetry and talk about their plays and schools. Sometimes they try to sew and sell some little things of value, to get money for the orphanage. The older people help, too, and also have their meetings to help on the work.

At one of these meetings of which I am telling you, the people were very quietly

listening to the speaker, when suddenly "Cock-a-doodle-d-o-o-o!" rang out loudly in the room. My, what a shout there was! Even the old people had to smile, and the boys were really boisterous in their fun. What could it be? There was no rooster that any one could see; so after a few moments the meeting was quieted, and the boy who had been speaking began again. But in a moment there was another sharp crow, "Cock-a doodle-d-o-o-o!"

They began to search under benches, behind the doors, beneath tables and desks and chairs. But no rooster was to be seen. Yet it was a real genuine crow; no counterfeit, they well knew. And then, soon there was a flutter, a flapping of wings, and an old woman, with a basket under her shawl, who was sitting on one of the benches, was found trying to hide and smother the voice of the fat cock which had made the disturbance.

She was a poor woman who had no money to give to the orphanage, but she wanted to help on the schools to the best of her ability. She had walked a long distance that day, her basket under her arm, to attend the meeting, and she had brought the young cock which had "spoken out in meeting," hoping that some one would buy it and that she could give the money for its sale to the orphanage.

Perhaps the young rooster thought he, too, ought to have a say in the matter, and was loudly protesting against being taken away from his good old mistress. Though we cannot tell his motive, even if he had one, we do know and admire that of the old woman who tried "to do what she could."

And there is a sad story about this poor woman, too. She had a son nineteen years old, who was a good and kind boy. His name was Jose de los Angeles—"Joseph of the angels." Like many of the Spanish and Mexican boys, he possessed a talent for music, and after working hours sat in the door of his cottage and played upon the harp.

He was, moreover, one of the converts to our church in Mexico, and because he was a Protestant and read his Bible, he

was threatened by his Roman Catholic neighbors with death. He was firm, however, in his faith, and feared none of their threats. But one day shortly after, his dead body was found in the street, with thirty-five stabs in it.—*Conqueror's Herald.*

A FINE INSTANCE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

"I have nothing to regret," said a young man, as he stood looking down upon the still, white face of his dead mother. "No, I have nothing to regret, now that she is at rest," he repeated. "I feel that everything that could be done to make her comfortable was done, but my heart bleeds when I remember that in all the years to come her corner will be empty."

Ten years before Benton Gibbons had entered college, full of ambitious plans for the future. At the beginning of his junior year his father died, but his mother, anxious "that he should complete his education, insisted that he should keep up his studies, but before a twelvemonth had passed away the precious mother was laid aside by an incurable disease. The older children were all married and gone, so Benton cheerfully gave up his loved studies and came back to assist his young sister in caring for the helpless invalid.

Securing a subordinate position in a store in the village, the young man had spent the last seven years of his life in ministering to his mother. All his bright visions of a grand life had been set aside, that she might lack for nothing, and now at the end of these shattered years, he could look back and say he had nothing to regret. His own disappointed hopes counted for nothing. The best years of his life were not lost when they were devoted to mother. He had no regrets for the might-have-beens or the would-have-beens, if things had been different. No self-denial was a sacrifice when it was made for mother, and all his after years will be blessed by the knowledge that he did his duty, expecting no reward, but an approving conscience and a mother's benediction. The whole current of his life

was changed when he turned his back upon his college friends; but the aching void in his heart at sight of an empty corner was all that troubled him, when the dear mother was called up higher.

BOMBAY, INDIA.

[For the Children's Record.]

As you look at a map of the world, Bombay seems like a small speck or point. No city, however, in Canada, is equal to it in size. It is a fine city in many respects, and contains some beautiful buildings.

Let me tell you of a very strange building erected in Bombay several years ago. It is an hospital. We have hospitals in our towns and cities into which sick people are taken to be cared for. The hospital in Bombay, however, was not built for sick men and women but for disabled animals. If you were to visit it to-day you would find within its walls monkeys, peacocks, hedge hogs, deer, sheep, dogs, and cattle, in great numbers. What a strange place you say. What silly people to build a hospital for dumb brutes.

But when you know a little of the belief of these poor people you will not wonder so much at their erecting such a building. Many of them worship these animals. They make gods of them. When any of their friends die they think their souls pass into some animal, and that is why they show so much interest in them. They are kind to the dumb creatures, but how sad that they should worship them. Do they not need what you are hearing every day and what is found in our homes in Canada, the Bible, to tell them of the kind Father and the loving Saviour who can hear and answer their prayers.

Missionaries are now laboring among them and some fine schools have been opened in Bombay. Some of the children attending these schools are working for Jesus. Open air meetings are often held and the children sing nicely at these meetings. There are millions, however, still sitting in darkness with none to tell them of a Saviour's love.

WAITING FOR JESUS.

It came to pass when Jesus returned the people gladly received him, for they were all waiting for him.--Luke viii. 40.

Waiting for Jesus!

Longing to know
What we can do for him,
Where we can go,
Bearing some message
Of tender grace
To weary and sad ones,
Who see not his face.

Waiting for Jesus!

Spreading his fame,
Proclaiming the worth
Of his wondrous name;
His power to pardon,
And cleanse and save,
To rescue from death,
Redeem from the grave.

Waiting for Jesus!

His advent grand;
With no sin-offering,
King of the land;
To set up in splendor
His judgment throne,
And home to his Palace
To summon his own. S.M.

"TOLD A LIE WITH HIS FINGER."

A little boy, for a trick, pointed his finger to the wrong road when a man asked him which way the doctor went. As a result, the man missed the doctor, and his little boy died because the doctor came too late to take a fish-bone from his throat. At the funeral the minister said that the little boy was killed by a lie which another boy told with his finger.

I suppose that boy did not know the mischief he did. Of course, nobody thinks he meant to kill a little boy when he pointed the wrong way. He only wanted to have a little fun. But it was fun that cost somebody a great deal; and if he ever heard the result of it, he must have felt guilty of doing a mean and

wicked thing. We ought never trifle with the truth. -- *Children's Friend.*

WHY HE NEVER WAS LATE.

"How is it that you are never late at Sunday-school, Edwin?" I asked.

His Sunday-school began a quarter before nine in the morning, and I concluded that many of the children found it hard to be prompt, as they came straggling in all through the opening service; Edwin, never, he was always in time.

"How is it, Edwin?"

"O, I always plan to come," said Edwin. "I put the polish on my boots over night. I find my Bible and question-book and place them in a safe corner beforehand. I brush and put on my Sunday clothes before breakfast. So after breakfast and prayers I start in time to get there before the superintendent rings the school to order."

"And you don't lag by the way?"

"Never," said Edwin. "It is better to be five minutes too early than one minute too late."

Ah, boys, see how it helps one along to have a plan.

JUST NOW!

Happy and blessed, indeed, is that child who learns to remember its Creator in the days of its youth, who more worthy of our love and praise than that all-loving Father who watches over and cares for us and gives us all the good things that we enjoy. To keep Him in our thoughts, to serve Him in the fresh morning of our young lives, is to insure ourselves his rich favor and blessing. "I love them that love me," says the Lord, "and they that seek me early shall find me." What a precious promise, and how it should draw our hearts unto Him! Never did the poet sing more truly than when he sung

"'Twill save us from a thousand snares,

To mind religion young;

Grace will preserve our following years,

And make our virtues strong."

Let the opening day hear our prayer to Him, and the evening's close be vocal with His praise. -- *Rays of Light.*

FANNY SNOW, ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

WRITTEN FOR A BAND OF HAPPY WORKERS AND PUBLISHED IN THE "MISSION DAYSRING."

The monthly meeting of the Busy Bee Mission Circle met on Saturday afternoon at Mrs. Dean's. It was very pleasant out of doors that afternoon. Margy Holt thought so as she swung idly in the hammock. Faithful little May Ellis noticed the velvet grass and blue sky even before Fanny Snow said fretfully:

"I've a good mind not to go this afternoon; it's too pleasant to be cooped up in a missionary meeting." Perhaps all the little girls agreed with Fanny, but only May ventured to speak:

"It's only an hour, Fan—one little short hour."

Fanny said nothing, but she looked her disapproval of even one hour. The girls loitered in the pleasant grounds and upon the shaded piazza before entering Mrs. Dean's parlor. They were the first; not even Mrs. Dean was in sight, and with unusual gravity they laid aside their hats, and entered the room. Fanny appropriated the largest chair, settling herself back into the wide seat to rest her head against the pretty chair-scarf she had often admired.

"I don't care," she said, continuing the conversation. "I hate it! I believe the heathen are just as well off as we are. I shouldn't wonder if they have better times than we have. They don't have to learn arithmetic and history and French. I'd just like to change places with some little heathen girl in India."

"Why, Fan—y Snow!" exclaimed May in astonishment. "You are a wicked girl to talk so; you ought to have heard that poor widow from India who talked at the missionary meeting last week. Mother heard her, and told me what dreadful times she had before she became a Christian. Why, little girls there are married before they are twelve years old!"

"I'm sure that isn't so dreadful," answered Fanny serenely. "I shouldn't

mind being married, and I'm just twelve, you know.

Kate and Sally laughed, but May, more shocked than before, looked very sober as she replied:

"You don't know what you are saying, Fanny; how would you like to be married to Tom Jones, and leave all your sisters, and never go home any more?"

"I wouldn't marry Tom Jones," replied Fan, with energy.

"You'd have to if your father said so; or may be somebody a deal worse; and then if he died, you could never go anywhere, *never*—nor see any body, nor have any good times; only just work and work in the kitchen all your life."

"I wouldn't do it," said Fanny. "I'd run away and marry somebody else; and I shouldn't have to study and practice, and go to missionary meetings when I didn't want to."

"They'd kill you," said Kate.

"Yes," added Sally, "burn you, may be, with your husband."

"I don't care," returned Fan, still pouting, "I believe they have better times than we have here, and I don't mean to work for them any more. I'd rather be a heathen than a Busy Bee."

Mrs. Dean, who had been writing in an adjoining room, heard the conversation, but she said nothing as she came by and by among the children to distribute the work. The secretary or Mrs. Dean usually read something interesting at these meetings—perhaps for instruction or entertainment, or perhaps to prevent too much buzzing and humming among the bees. To-day the secretary read a description of scenes at Pasmalia upon a heathen feast-day. Fanny listened in spite of her determination not to do so. "I wish," the missionary wrote, "that some of our home friends, who fail to understand what the word 'millions' really means, could have stood on our veranda and seen the crowds go surging by to the feast. Long before daylight we were awakened by a confused sound of voices and vehicles passing on the road, and when we arose and looked for the

reason, we saw crowds, men, women, and children, the rich and poor, the strong and the weak, the healthy and the feeble, all going to bow down to wood and stone. All day long did this procession move on, the 'millions of India' with not one among them to tell of a Saviour's love."

"Wouldn't it be nice to live there?" Fanny whispered. "It is much more beautiful than America, you see."

May made no reply, and Fanny could not help hearing what Mrs. Dean was reading about the Madura district. It was a description of a village near which a missionary had located his camp.

"Our next extract seems peculiarly appropriate to-day," said Mrs. Dean, looking at Fanny with a smile; and when she began a description of the trials and sufferings of a child-widow, Fanny knew that she had been heard.

"She is a hateful old thing to listen," she whispered to May.

May looked at her so reprovingly that she really felt ashamed, and gave respectful attention to the sad account of the little widow, only ten years old, who ran away from her husband's relatives, to beg the kind ladies of the school to take her from her unhappy life.

"It made our hearts ache," wrote one, "to refuse the dear child, but our house is already crowded. Oh, that the Lord would put it into the hearts of the people of America to send more money for this work, that we might take all who want to come. The stories of these child-wives and widows are too dreadful to bear repetition. The cruelties of starvation, beating, and hard work are not all that make up the sum of their misery."

May squeezed Fan's hand.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Fan, impatiently.

But Fanny *did* believe it, and her conscience already reproved her for her foolish, ungrateful words. She thought it all over after she went to bed. "Of course I didn't mean it," she said, in excusing herself "the girls must have known I didn't;" and she asked God to forgive her ingratitude. We all know that a troubled

conscience is not a pleasant companion by day or by night, and Fanny's active little monitor proved to be particularly troublesome, even after she fell asleep. About midnight a fire broke out in an adjoining avenue, and the clattering of the fire companies through the street mingled with Fanny's troubled dreams without awakening her.

"They are going to the feast," she thought, as the noise half aroused her, and she seemed to see the crowds the missionary had described. The bells, the shouting, the tramping of hurrying feet all seemed a part of the scene, and with it came the recollection of the description of the beautiful palms and flowering shrubs of that far-away land. Nor was it strange that a little child-widow should become a prominent figure in the scene. Fanny saw her lying under a shrub, half-hidden by blooming branches, concealed from the crowd that sought her. In her dreams she flew to her side.

"Come to the mission-school," she said; "quick! they are looking for you."

The child looked at Fanny with mournful eyes, but did not move.

"Quick!" repeated Fanny. "They are coming this way!"

"There is no room at the school; they will not take me," she moaned.

"They will; they must," urged Fanny, trying to raise her to her feet. The rags slipped from the thin shoulders, and Fanny saw bruises and wounds upon the tender back.

"Won't they send us more kind ladies?" asked the poor child. "Ask them to save us." She sank back fainting, and Fanny heard the tramping and loud shouts of the approaching crowd. In her distress she awoke to find her mother bending over her. The light from the fire shone full into her room. Was it a funeral pile? Was the poor child to be burned?

"Save her, mother, save her," she cried, clasping her arms about her mother's neck.

"My dear child," her mother said, "you have been dreaming; the fire will do us no harm."

Fanny was now wide awake, and there

in the full light of the fire she told her mother all, ending with the dream that began with the noise in the street.

"Mother," she said, earnestly, "I did not think the little girls suffered so much. I mean to do all I can to help them; but I can do so little; they will suffer and die before help comes."

"It is little, my child, but every little helps. Do all you can, and do it cheerfully, remembering that it is not for Mrs. Dean that you do the sewing and patch-work, but for His little ones."

"Oh, yes; I see now what that means, inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

JOE'S MISSION MONEY.

BY CARLE LIEMER.

"Say, Hal!" shouted one little fellow to another as they came out of Sunday-school. "do you suspect them heathen children they told about ever heard of Moses in the bulrushes?"

"No, course not, Joe! They haven't any Bibles. Can you earn some money for next Sunday's mission? I can, for mamma pays me for going errands."

"I don't know," said Joe, doubtfully, as he dragged from his pocket a little purse containing two marbles and a brass ring. "I could send them my book about Moses, though, and maybe I can earn something," he added thoughtfully.

The little fellow went home racking his brain over ways to make money, but the days went by with nothing done until Friday came, when a brilliant idea struck him as he was looking over some painted pictures. He begged some tissue paper from his mamma, and shut himself up in his room all the afternoon.

Saturday he appeared on the front steps with a box nearly as long as himself. There was a hole in one end to look through, and blue tissue paper was pasted over the top. Crumpled green paper covered the bottom inside, and a wide archway composed of grape vines and hanging fruit began the view. Beyond this men were crushing grapes for wine, and beyond

this again was a tavern, several drunken men, and two children shivering in their rags. Above the last scene, hung in printed letters, was: "*Wuss then Hethen.*"

The effect was very good with the light coming through the blue paper, and Joe was very proud of his work. The first man that passed he hailed:

"Say, mister! Don't you want to see what Gray Apes can do?"

"Yes," replied the man.

"Look through the hole, then; but you have to pay a cent first."

The penny was handed over and the man looked. "Where are the apes," he asked.

"Gra-apes mean grapes," laughed Joe; "and my box shows they can do more harm than fifty apes."

"That's so," said the man, sadly, as he moved off.

Then pennies began to come in, to Joe's great satisfaction, and the next day he marched to Sunday-school with thirty cents in his little purse for the missions, which he felt convinced would be enough to tell the heathen children about Moses in the bulrushes. — *Gospel in all Lands.*

MAMMA TO PHILIP.

Once a careless little boy
Lost his ball at play,
And because the ball was gone,
Threw his bat away.

Yes, he did a foolish thing—
You and I agree—
But I know another boy
Not more wise than he.

He is old, this other boy—
Old and wise as you—
Yet, because he lost his kite,
He lost his temper, too.

In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl; and on the stone were chiseled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'"
Was it not a beautiful epitaph?

A MISSIONARY POTATO.

It was not a very large church, and it was not nicely furnished—no carpet on the floor, no frescoing on the walls; just a plain, square, bare frame building away out in Southern Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sabbath of their lives.

On this particular Sabbath they stood together over by the square box stove, waiting for Sabbath-school to commence and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up for them. However, the were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give. Not a cent had the Holt boys to give.

"Pennies are as scarce at our house as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth as he spoke. James looked doleful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around on the old church. What should he spy lying in one corner under a seat but a potato.

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought things here for the poor folks. I say, Steevie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as to anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato. "That's an idea!" he said eagerly. "Let's do it."

James expected to see a roguish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said, "I'm in earnest."

"Honor bright!" asked James.

"Yes, honor bright."

"How? Split it in two and each put half on the plate?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing, "we can't get it ready to give to-day, I guess. But suppose we carry it home and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause? There'll be another chance; this isn't the only col-

lection the church will ever take up, and we can sell the potatoes to somebody."

Full of this new plan, they went into the class looking less sober than before; and though their faces were rather red when the box was passed to them and they had to shake their heads, they thought of the potato and looked at each other and laughed.

Somebody must have whispered to the earth and the dew and the sunshine about that potato. You never saw anything grow like it! "Beats all," said Farmer Holt, who was let into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I would make my fortune."

When harvesting came, would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound, splendid potatoes in that hill? Another thing: while the boys were picking them up they talked over the grand mass-meeting for missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday—an all-day meeting. The little church had had a taste of the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting, to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully; they wrote out in their best hand this sentence forty-one times:

"This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to missions.

(Signed) JAMES AND STEPHEN HOLT."

Each shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted on its plump side.

Did not these potatoes go off, though? By three o'clock Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentleman from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine if you can, the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I am sure I cannot describe it to you, but

I can assure you of one thing—they each have a missionary garden, and it thrives.
—*The Pansy.*

“A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.”

A beautiful story of the way in which a child led one person to Christ in far-off Corea, where there is still very little gospel light, is told by Mrs. Feudge in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*. It was before Corea was open to missionaries that the lad referred to, planted, what, so far as is known, was the first seed of gospel truth in that pagan land. Here is the story:

“A little boy named Ah Fung had been taught at one of the mission schools at Ningpa to read the Bible, and to go to Jesus in prayer whenever he was in need of help. His father, who was a converted Chinese, took Ah-Fung, when he was about nine years old, with him on one of his trading expeditions to the Corean capital. In a riot that occurred on the street, the little boy got separated from his father, and by some mishap was stolen, and concealed by the thief till his father left the city. Then the rogue pretended that the little lad was his orphan cousin, and sold him to the governor of the fort, who in turn presented him to his wife, to wait on her and attend her as a page when she went out in her sedan. Ah-Fung was at first very unhappy, and wept and prayed day and night; but he trusted in God, and felt sure that all would be right in the end. The poor, unloved wife of this rich officer felt very sorry for the forlorn child, and tried to comfort him as well as she knew how. She had never been happy in her married life; but after a while, God gave her a baby girl; and the young mother grew very fond of it, seeming to smile less sadly, and sometimes to be almost happy. Ah-Fung was always with them; and, as he soon learned to speak the Corean language, he often attempted to tell his gentle young mistress of the Saviour he loved and trusted in. But the baby was yet too young to learn the precious name of Jesus,

and the heart of the fond, girlish mother grew too full of joy in her darling to leave room for any other love. So she did not care to listen to Ah-Fung's story of Jesus and his salvation; but only smiled sweetly, and said, ‘Oh, yes, it is very nice, I dare say; and you can tell the baby by and by when she is older; but I am too happy now to listen or think about your Jesus.’

“As the months wore on the lovely flower was borne away by the ‘reaper Death.’ Then, in her great loneliness and sorrow, the mother recalled the words of her little page, ‘about Jesus and his love;’ and she asked Ah-Fung to tell her the story again. Day after day did this Christian child talk to his beautiful young mistress of the tender, compassionate Saviour, who loves little children, and makes them always happy in his own bright home, far away; while the sorrowing mother seemed never to weary of listening to the oft-told tale. ‘Did he love my baby?’ she asked one day with tearful voice; ‘and if he loved her, why did he let her die?’ ‘I am sure he *did* love her,’ said Ah-Fung; ‘and he is taking care of her in his beautiful home till you go up there too. The good missionary's little babe died, and she told me that Jesus had many, *many* little children up there, and that he is taking care of them all till their parents come too, when he will give them all back to their fathers and mothers.’

“Thus did the little captive boy preach Jesus to the sorrowing mother, whose heart was made tender by bereavement, and drawn upward by the little one Jesus had borne away to heaven; and so, she, too, learned to walk in the blessed path that leads to happiness, to glory, and to God.—*Mission Dayspring.*”

We are little children,
Just starting out to find,
What we ought to live for,
To make us good and kind;
Live for one another,
Live for all mankind,
Live for God and Heaven,
Then, true happiness you'll find.

PREACHING IN CHINA.

Our missionaries in China can seldom preach as ministers in this country do. The Chinese are very curious about foreigners, and when one is talking they begin to ask him questions. Sometimes they want to feel his hands or his clothes. He cannot go on with his sermon in the midst of these interruptions without stopping to reply. Some of their questions would seem to be very impertinent, but the people do not mean to be impertinent. Here is what a missionary in China reports of the questions that were put to him while he was trying to tell the people of the gospel:

“What is your honorable name?”

“What is your exalted mansion?”

“How many sons have you?”

“What is your venerable age?”

“What is your honorable country?”

“How much foreign money did your coat cost?”

“And your boots?”

What should you think of preaching when such questions were flying about all the time? But some of these questions have to be answered before a bit of the gospel truth can be got into the heads or hearts of these people. However, in many places the Chinese have learned better than this, and there are as orderly church services as we have in this country. May they soon have them all over the Empire!—*Mission Dayspring*.

BINDING GIRLS' FEET.

In China, if parents want to make a “lady” of a little girl, when she is five or six years old they begin to bind up her feet in order to make them very small.

They turn the heel under, and also the toes, excepting the great toe, and then they bind the foot very tight, so that it cannot grow. This is very painful, as it slowly breaks the foot in the very centre. When the bandages are loosened in order to bathe the foot the pain is so great that the little girls cry, and even scream and faint away, with the great suffering. It is

very sad to pass houses where these poor children live and to hear their cries of pain. But it is such a great honor to have a tiny foot that little girls beg to have their feet bound. Rich Chinese men do not want wives with big feet; the smaller the girl's foot the more highly is she prized as a wife. When they walk at all on their tiny feet—some of them only two inches long—they lean on the arm of a servant and waddle along in a most comical fashion, for they are really walking on the great toe alone.

Sometimes the little girls die from the suffering caused by binding their feet. Sometimes dreadful diseases set in where the skin of the foot has been torn, and often both feet have to be removed, and then the poor girl is ruined for life, for who wants a wife without feet?

When the Chinese become converted they give up this cruel practice and allow their little girls to run and play and use their own natural feet without the cruel bandages. Think of the suffering and pain we can prevent by helping to send to these poor idol-worshippers the Bible, where Christ tells how He loves little children, and how He healed the sick and made the sad to be happy again.—*Bell Spurr Lockett*.

THE LAME BUTTERFLY.

Here is a pretty little incident in the life of the great and good man, Rev. Chas. Kingsley. He loved animals of all kinds. One Sunday morning, in passing from the altar to the pulpit, he disappeared; and we discovered that he was searching for something on the ground, which when found, was taken to the vestry. Subsequently, it came out that he was assisting a lame butterfly, which was in great danger of being trodden on. There was nothing incongruous, nothing of the nature of an effort to him, in turning from the gravest thoughts and duties to the simplest acts of kindness, and observation of everything around him.

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small.”

The Sabbath School Lessons.

May 1.—EX. 1: 6-14. Memory vs. 12-14.

Israel in Egypt.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PS. 105: 24. CATECHISM. Q. 19.

Introductory.

What is the meaning of the word *Exodus*?

Of what is the book of Exodus an account?

By whom was it written?

What other books did Moses write?

Why did Jacob and his family go to Egypt?

When did Jacob die?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Rapid Increase. vs. 6-7.

How many of the children of Israel went into Egypt?

How long did Joseph live after his father's death?

How did the Israelites increase in numbers?

What promise did this fulfill?

II. The King's Fear. vs. 8-10.

What change took place in Egypt?

What did this new king fear?

How did he reason?

What did he determine to do?

In what respect was he unwise?

III. The Bitter Bondage. vs. 11-14.

Who were placed over the Israelites?

What cities did they build?

What was the result?

Who watched over them? (Golden Text.)

What were they required to do?

What bondage is more bitter than this? John 8: 34.

How may we be freed from it? John 8: 36; Gal. 5: 1.

What Have I Learned?

1. That men often forget their benefactors.

2. That God may suffer trouble to come to his people, but does not forget or forsake them in it.

3. That wicked men cannot hinder his plans.

4. That no bondage is so bitter as that of sin, from which Christ alone can free us.

May 8.—EX. 2: 1-10. Mem. vs. 7-10.

The Child Moses.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PS. 121: 5. CATECHISM. Q. 20.

Introductory.

How had Pharaoh afflicted the Israelites?

What was his object?

What cruel command did he make?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Child Hidden. vs. 1-3.

Who was born at this time?

To what tribe did his parents belong?

What were their names?

What kind of a child was he?

What did the mother first do with him?

Where did she afterward hide him?

What did she prepare for him?

How did she make it water-tight?

What river is meant?

What do you know of this river?

II. The Child and the Princess. vs. 4-6.

Who watched the child?

Who besides Miriam?

Who came to the river?

For what purpose?

How did the Egyptians regard the Nile?

What did the Princess do when she saw the ark?

What occurred when the ark was opened?

III. The Child's Training. vs. 7-10.

Who spoke to the princess?

What did she offer to do?

How was she answered?

Whom did she call?

To whose care was the child given?

With what command?

How do you suppose the mother obeyed the request?

What became of the child when he grew up?

What name was given to him?

Whose son did he become?

How was he educated? Acts 7: 22.

What Have I Learned ?

1. That God loves and cares for little children.
2. That even a little girl can be very useful.
3. That a good mother is a child's best teacher.
4. That men cannot kill one whom God wishes to live.

May 15.—Gen. 3: 1-12. Memory vs. 2-5.

The Call of Moses.

GOLDEN TEXT.—EX. 4: 12. CATECHISM. Q. 21.

Introductory.

- Why did Moses flee from Egypt ?
 Where did he go ?
 How long did he live in Midian ?
 What was the condition of the Israelites all this time ?
 What is the title of this lesson ?
 Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Divine Appearance. vs. 1-6.

- What did Moses do in Midian ?
 Where did he lead his flock ?
 Where is Horeb ?
 Why is it called *the mount of God* ?
 Who appeared to Moses ?
 In what manner ?
 What did God tell him to do ?
 Why was the place *holy ground* ?
 How did God declare himself ?
 What did Moses then do ?

II. The Divine Love. vs. 7-8.

- What had the Lord seen ?
 What was he about to do ?
 What nations are here mentioned ?
 What country did they inhabit ?
 How is this land described ?
 To whom had the Lord promised it ?
 What does all this show ?
 How has God shown his love to us ? Job 4: 16; Rom. 5: 8.

III. The Divine Call. vs. 9-12.

- How did God regard the cry of the Israelites ?
 What divine call was given to Moses ?
 How did Moses shrink from this call ?
 How did God assure him of his help ?

- What was the sign ?
 What mountain is meant ?
 When was this fulfilled ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That we should be reverent when we come into God's special presence.
2. That God sees us, feels for us and will help us in our trouble.
3. That he will care for his people and deliver them from their enemies.
4. That his presence with us will enable us to do what he commands.

May 22.—Ex. 12: 1-14. Mem. vs. 13-14.

The Passover.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 COR. 5: 7. CATECHISM Q. 22.

Introductory.

- To what work was Moses called ?
 Who was with him in his work ?
 What demand did they make of Pharaoh ?
 How did Pharaoh reply ?
 What were the first nine plagues sent upon the Israelites ?
 What was threatened as the tenth ?
 What is the title of this lesson ? Golden Text ?

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

I. The Paschal Lamb. vs. 1-5.

- With what month were the Israelites to begin the year ?
 Why was this month chosen ? Deut. 16: 1
 When was the passover to be observed ?
 What was the principal thing in it ?
 What kind of a Lamb was to be chosen ?
 Whom did it represent ? 1 Pet. 1: 19.

II. The Paschal Meal. vs. 6-11.

- When was the Lamb to be slain ?
 What was to be done with the blood ?
 Why was it thus sprinkled ?
 What did the sprinkling signify ?
 How was the Lamb to be cooked ?
 How was it to be eaten ?
 Why with haste and with staff in hand ?
 Why with unleavened bread and bitter herbs ?

What was to be done with the remnants ?

III. The Paschal Deliverance. vs. 12-14.

- What was this feast to be called ?
 What would happen while they were eating the passover ?

Whom would the Lord smite?
 Whom would he *pass over*?
 How would they be saved?
 How may the blood of Christ save or deliver us?

What was the day to be to the Hebrews?
 A memorial of what?
 How long were they to keep it?
 What ordinance do we keep in its place?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Christ is the Lamb of God slain for us.
2. That we may be saved by his blood.
3. That those who reject Christ will perish.
4. That if we love the Lord Jesus we should say so to the world by coming to the Lord's Supper.

May 29.—EX. 14: 19-31. Memory vs. 19-21.

The Red Sea.

GOLDEN TEXT.—ISA. 43: 2. CATECHISM, Q. 23.

Introductory.

What took place while the Israelites were eating the passover?

What did Pharaoh request of Moses?
 How did he afterward change his mind?
 To what place did he pursue them?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text?

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

I. The Path through the Sea. vs. 19-22.

Who went before the Israelites?

In what form did he appear?

Where did the cloud remove?

What was it to the Egyptians?

What to the Israelites?

What command did the Lord give the Israelites?

Through what was the way opened for them?

How were the waters divided?

What did the Israelites do?

What did this show? Heb. 11: 29.

What did God do for them?

II. The Destruction of the Egyptians. vs. 23-28

What did the Egyptians attempt?

How were they troubled?

What did they find out when it was too late?

What did they then try to do?

What did the Lord say to Moses?

What then took place?

What became of the Egyptians?

Why was this a righteous punishment?

Ex. 1: 20; Matt. 7: 2.

III. The Deliverance of Israel. vs. 29-31.

What did the Israelites do?

By whom were they delivered?

What did they see?

How did this miracle affect them?

What Have I Learned.

1. That God helps his people in their time of need.
2. That he guides, protects and saves those who obey him.
3. That he will punish those who oppose and resist his will.
4. That we may safely follow where he leads us.
5. That every sinner brings about his own ruin.

—Selected from *Westminster Teacher*.

DEFINITIONS OF BIBLE TERMS.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was eight dollars.

A talent of silver was five hundred and thirty-eight dollars and thirty cents.

A talent of gold was thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An epha, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firken was about eight and seven-eighths gallon.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.

THE GLAD THINGS.

The child of a heathen mother
Lay dying at close of day;
And the wail of a hopeless sorrow
Was borne on the winds away.

No gleam of a glad hereafter,—
Of a meeting ne'er to part.—
As the little life ebbed slowly,
Brought peace to the aching heart.

But a horror of endless darkness,
As the fatal hour drew nigh,
Rolled down on the stricken mother
From the black and pitiless sky.

To her god, with hands uplifted,
And breaking heart, she prayed;
But his ear was deaf to her crying;
His lips no word essayed.

And when on the solemn jungle
Sank down the shadow of night,
The finger of Death, outstretching,
Quenched the lingering spark of life.

'Twas only one of the millions
That teem on the Indian plain;
'Twas only a heathen baby,
Set free from a life of pain!

Ah, yes! but not to the mother,
Who watched him where he lay;
For ah, 'twas her heart's one treasure
Death's hand had snatched away.

And loud and long, through the darkness,
Rang out her hopeless cry,
Till the ruddy flush of the morning
Spread over the eastern sky.

Then, then as she lay in anguish
Beside her treasured dead,
In accents gentle and winning,
A sweet voice tenderly said:

“Arise, O daughter of sorrow;
Lift up thine eyes; for lo!
Though thy babe can return to thee never,
Unto him thou mayest go!”

And the heathen mother, rising
From her hopeless grief, found rest;
For the news of a risen Jesus
Gave peace to her troubled breast.

A LITTLE MOHAMMEDAN GIRL.

BY REV. C. W. DE SOUZA.

There was a little Mohammedan girl in India named Manan. Her parents never told her about Jesus. She never went to any Sunday-school, never heard about David, or Moses, or Daniel, and how God blessed His people because they trusted in Him, and yet you will find how good she was as you read further about her. She was eleven years of age, with a bright intelligent face, and about a month ago, began attending our mission school for girls, in the city. She seemed fond of coming and of learning her lessons.

One day she grew sick and stayed away from school. No one thought that Manan was never going to attend school again, but three day after she became sick, poor Manan died. She was a little Mohammedan girl, but before dying she sang a few strains of the hymn you all know so well, “When He Cometh.” She didn't know English, so she sang it in her own language beginning with “Rabb farmata.” After singing, she folded her hands across her breast and said, “Give my Salaams to Miss Sahib (the Superintendent of the School) and tell her to keep my work (a woollen comforter which she was knitting) carefully till I go to school again.” Shortly after the spirit of the little girl fled to God.

Think of a little Mohammedan girl singing “When He Cometh” on her death-bed!

Jesus must have heard those words as he stood beside the dying girl, and if you children who have heard so much about Him and yet don't love Him and try to please Him, had been there, I think you would have heard the Blessed Saviour saying, “Children learn a lesson from this little Mohammedan girl. She with all her disadvantages and slender opportunities has thought of Me, and yet how many of you, with My Gospel made known to you, telling how I died to save you and purchase eternal life for you, seldom think of thanking Me.”