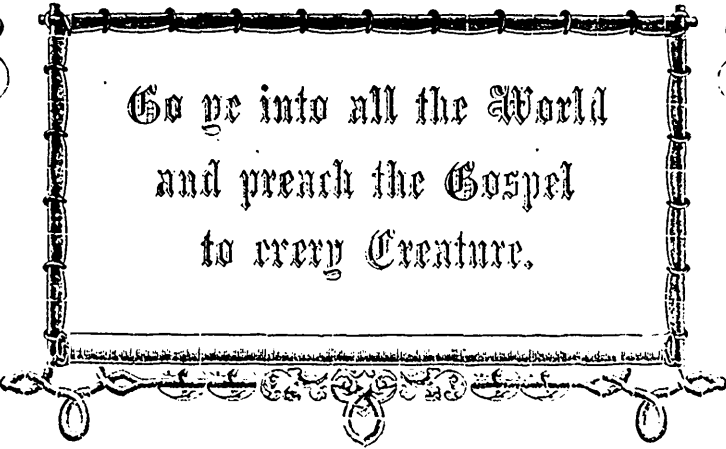




THE

CHILDREN'S
RECORD





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

VOL. 2.

FEB, 1887.

No. 2.



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 its own cost, are given to Missions. Amount already given, \$109.00.

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All communications to be addressed to

Rev. E. S. Orr, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

To Agents and Friends of the CHILDREN'S RECORD it is a pleasant duty to state that while there was a considerable deficit on the first year's operations, the subscription list has so increased that this deficit is paid, and a beginning is made, in accordance with advertisement, in adding its mite to the Funds of the Church. THE CHILDREN'S RECORD has sent \$100 to the F. M. Fund, \$50 to each Division, as a part of this year's profits. Heartly thanks are hereby given for the favor with which it has been received, and the many kind and encouraging words that have come from all quarters, East and West. More subscriptions will be gladly received. Sample parcels will be sent free on application.

THE "FIRST FRUITS" OF THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Dear Young People:—You know that all the money received for THE CHILDREN'S RECORD after paying expenses is given to Missions. As the paper is yours you will be glad to hear of its welfare. Last year there was not nearly enough received to pay for its cost, but this year the circulation has become so much larger that it has just paid its first hundred dollars into the Foreign Mission Fund, \$50 to the

Agent in Halifax and \$50 in Toronto. As the paper is yours the gift is yours, and the way in which you can make it much larger is to get more subscribers. What can that amount do? Follow it. It can support a teacher, or perhaps more than one, in the mission field. That teacher may be the means of leading a number of boys and girls from heathenism and sin to Christ. They will grow up Christian men and women and teach their children after them, and when they leave this world will go to a better one for ever. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

There is a letter in this RECORD from India, for the young people, by Miss Minnie Stockbridge. As the Misses Stockbridge have never been in Canada allow me to introduce them to you. They were born in England, but grew up in India, and are thus completely acquainted with Hindoo life and well fitted in that way, as well as in earnest, Christian zeal, for Mission work there. You will become better acquainted with them by and by through your RECORD. Their work is teaching the Hindoo children in the schools, and visiting and teaching in the zenanas, where the Hindoo women live.

ALFRED THE GREAT'S PARTING TALK WITH HIS SON.

Thou, my dear son, sit thee now beside me, and I will deliver thee true instructions. I feel that my hour is coming. I go to another world, and thou art left alone in the possession of all that I have thus far held. I pray thee, my dear child, to be a father to thy people. Be the children's father and the widow's friend. Comfort the poor, protect and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. And, my son, govern *thyself* by law. Then shall the Lord love thee, and God himself shall be thy reward. Call thou upon Him to advise thee in all thy need, and He shall help thee to compass all thy desires.—*Famous Rulers.*

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

[For the Children's Record.]

Dear Children :

I have been asked to write you a short account of missionary work among the native children of this place, and in doing so I pray that you may be so interested that you shall do your utmost for the welfare of the little ones of this land.

Remember they have not the privilege of being taught like the little girls of Canada, and it is only through missionary aid that the girls learn anything. In addition to my city work I have opened up a school in a small village called Pension Poora and to this work I will try and confine myself in this letter.

At first we had to teach in a small native hut, the roof of which was so low that when the Rev. Mr. Campbell paid us a visit he struck his head against it. We have, however, been able to raise subscriptions in India to erect a new school building which is indeed a great boon to us all. The children are delighted with it, the large windows and clean matting being such a contrast to their own little dark and dreary hovels. The more sensible mothers also are glad that their children have a place to go to instead of playing all day by the road side.

There are, however, some very ignorant and superstitious mothers with whom we have much trouble. For instance the Baniya caste think that if their little girls are taught to read and write it is a sure sign that their husbands will die early, and as they are not allowed to marry again, but condemned to a life of slavery it is a fearful thought to them. Poor little things; some of them are married when only six years old, and should their husbands die soon after, they are consigned to a life of drudgery much in the same way as we throw our useless odds and ends into the waste paper basket. I have four little girls in my school who are married, although they are under ten years of age. They will shortly leave for their own homes, and I trust that truths which have been impressed upon their minds will be

taken into many lonely homes where Jesus is not known.

Sometime ago I found two little motherless girls. They were very dirty, and used such shocking bad language that I almost wondered whether anything could be done for them. Kindness and a few small presents, however, worked admirably. They are now able to read and are such different children. I have another little girl who suffered much persecution before she got permission to come to my school. Her parents were poor and used to go into the fields to work, and little Bundi taking advantage of their absence, ran over to school for two hours. I often wondered why she was so anxious to get home by twelve o'clock, not knowing that she was trying to learn against her parents wish. However, they found it out and with an unmerciful flogging, forbade her to continue. Nothing daunted Bundi was found in school next day, and as a punishment chains were brought and she was chained to her house like a felon. As soon as I heard of it I went to the parents and by constant coaxing and many months of patient waiting, Bundi was allowed to come to school and is now a bright little pupil.

I have many more interesting stories to tell you but must not do so now or your kind editor will think my letter too long. But I promise to write you again, when I will ask you to come with me into a Zenanas, and see the homes and mothers of these dear young girls. Now I would only add, Oh so lovingly, that I trust you will do all you can for the enlightenment of those little dark minds. Good-bye.

Yours affectionately,

MINNIE STOCKBRIDGE.

Mhow, Central India, }
Dec. 1, 1886. }

Here is a lesson from a boy that some older person might well heed: "Why did you not pocket some? Nobody was there to see you." "I was there, and I never intend to see myself do a mean thing."

FUNNY MISSIONARY WORK.

Who does it? Rev. Dr. McKay, our missionary in Formosa. What is it? Pulling teeth. If any of you young people have ever had a tooth pulled you will think that it is not a very good way to get the heathen to love the missionary and listen to his preaching. If a Doctor pulls a tooth for you perhaps it makes you afraid of him. But when people have a bad toothache there is no friend more welcome. There is no doctor among these poor people in Formosa, and they have to suffer great pain from toothache, sometimes for months. When Dr. McKay travels through the country they come in crowds to get bad teeth pulled. Then, having confidence in him as a helper and friend, they are the more ready to listen when he tells them of a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, the Great Physician who is able to heal the soul from the disease of sin.

Hear what he says about it in a recent letter. I went, says he, "to our new station at *Tho-a-hny*. There I extracted many teeth, preached in front of the chapel, and sung several hymns."

Again he says of another place which he visited. "Being engaged healing and speaking to them I scarcely got time to take food. One day fifteen called, each begging me to go first and see some one of his family."

He speaks as follows of another place, a village with about 500 people in it, which he visited: "Having been there many times during the past dozen years many knew me and came out to welcome us. Benches having been arranged in an open space, many sat down to have teeth extracted." Then as evening came on "a fire was made in an open space, of grass and brush. It gave good light, and there, standing on a bench, I preached to men, women, and children, who had rejected me with scornful indifference many times." This time we had a "grand meeting. Little children five years of age" as well as old people, stayed and listened and sang.

Thus you see that pulling teeth is doing real missionary work. It gives ease from

pain and it leads the people to look upon the missionary as a friend and makes them to listen better to his words.

Do you remember how the first great missionary, the Lord Jesus Christ, used to do when on earth, in healing sickness as well as forgiving sin. Pray that our missionaries as they carry the glad tidings to a sin sick world may be blessed in their work.

THE WORD WELCOMED IN EGYPT.

BY MISS M. L. WHATELY.

"Bring out the aged, that they may hear the Word of God before they die!" These words were uttered by some poor Egyptian peasants, who, with a group of dark-veiled women and ragged children, were crowding round a lady seated on a native mat on the ground near a large village a few hundred yards from the Nile. It was during the last week of the year 1885; a Bible was in the lady's hand, and she was reading from it, pausing to explain every now and then in a simple and intelligible manner, the hearers being mostly extremely ignorant, and all Mohammedans.

The peasants had been listening and asking questions for some time as Mrs. Shakkor read to them and spoke of the sinfulness of man's heart and our need of a Saviour, &c. Presently two or three of them rose and said one to another, "Let us bring out the aged, that they may hear the Word of God before they die!" Then they pushed through the crowd, and in a short time two very old men appeared, assisted by their sons or neighbors, and one of the feeblest of all was carried and placed where he could hear.

The village urchins, always very troublesome, even climbed the weak shoulders of the poor old man in their childish curiosity to gaze at the stranger, but he seemed to heed nothing except the reading, and leaned forward with a hand behind each ear, not to lose a word! Nor were the other old people less earnest to listen to the story of God's love for sinners through Him who is ever "mighty to save." Truly we may say Jesus of Nazareth was passing by on that day.

YAROO M NEESHAN.

For the Children's Record.

What an odd name, I hear you say. How is it pronounced? Is he a foreigner? I will answer these questions by telling you something about the man whose name sounds strange to you.

Yaroo M Neeshan is a missionary student from Persia now attending a theological college in New York. He has a wonderful history and if spared will do a great work for Jesus.

He was born on a mountain farm in Persia and when only eight years was hid three days with his parents in a cave. Robbers were plundering the country and killing the people and in this way God preserved little Yaroo.

After a time they removed to another part of Persia and still continued farming. There being no mission school near the farm, Yaroo was sent to another district near by, that he might receive some education. He learned very fast and showed so much talent that he attracted the attention of the Presbyterian missionaries in Persia.

At seventeen years of age he entered a missionary college, and during vacations passed through some heavy trials. On one of his tours he almost met with death. A party of ladies asked him to go with them into the Koordish mountains to help them relieve some people who were suffering. One night whilst camping in tents they were attacked by robbers, and Yaroo defended the ladies. He was badly bruised, however, and wounded, his face, hands, and clothing being covered with blood. But God cared for him and his life was saved. Afterward his studies were continued, and at length he graduated with much credit. The missionaries then advised him to seek a better education than his own country could give him, and steps were at once taken to send him to the United States. After reaching America he worked on a farm and studied the English language which he now speaks fluently. Next year he will return to Persia as a missionary. If spared he will

certainly be very useful for he can read the Bible in twenty different languages, and will be able to go through the whole of Asia except China, and preach to every people in their own language. D.

HOME DUTIES FIRST.

A girl of fourteen, who had lately been converted, asked God to show her what she could do for Him, and what was her special work. After praying for some time, the thought came to her mind that she could take her baby brother, only a few months old, and nurse him for the Lord. So she took charge of the child, and relieved her mother in the work and care of the little one. This was Godly and Christ-like. Home duties and fireside responsibilities have the first claim upon every child of God. We need not go abroad for work when God places work within our reach.

"The daily round, the common task," provides ample opportunities for serving God, doing whatsoever our hands find to do.

"Little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the Christian life."

GOD HEARD THAT.

A little boy, not yet six years old, who had been with his father and mother to the country, after returning home, in the evening, said to his mother:

"Mother, Willie B—swore."

He was asked, "And what did you say?"

He replied, "I said, God heard that?"

What a reproof in these words! Will not all the little boys and girls think of this when they are tempted to use ugly, vulgar words, or to swear? Remember, although your father and mother may not hear you, God hears it. Remember, what God says in the third Commandment: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

ST. LUCIA.

This is a new name in our Mission Field. If you look in your geographies you will find that it is not far from Trinidad. Who live there? There are some people there that have been brought from India to work on the Sugar Estates. These people agree to come for a number of years for a certain sum of money, then when they have served their time some of them go back to India and others come in their place. Some of them remain in the West Indies. What our missionaries are trying to do is to lead them to Christ. If they remain they help the missionaries. If they go back to India they do good there. There are more than 2000 children in our mission schools in Trinidad, and a school has been begun in St. Lucia, and already some of the people are Christians. The teacher was himself an idol worshipper not very long ago. Now he is a Christian. He learned of Jesus from our missionaries in Trinidad, and has gone to St. Lucia to teach others.

Mr. Morton, one of the missionaries in Trinidad, went to see the school in St. Lucia not long since, and he

TELLS A GOOD STORY

of his visit there. He says: "On the hill-side, we could see the one Coolie School house of St. Lucia. When we reached the foot of the hill we were delighted to hear "There is a happy Land" and to be greeted at the school house by over forty dark-eyed, bright faced children. I felt as if I had always known these children, and when I talked to them in their own language they looked as though they would soon know me. We spent three hours and a half in the school broken only by an hour for breakfast. After breakfast one boy whose shirt I had remarked as being very dirty came with a clean one. Mr. Cropper said to him "So you have got another shirt." "No," replied another boy "he has only one shirt, but he washed and dried it while you were at breakfast." Every boy and girl who had attended well received a new garment

from those sent us from Nova Scotia.— Three were too small for any of the garments but were promised suitable ones within a few days. In the meantime one at least of them had a hearty cry over the matter."

A WISE CONCLUSION.

One summer evening, after Harry and his little sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunder storm came up.

Their cribs stood side by side; and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices, about the thunder and lightning.

They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them.

They wondered whether they would be killed right off, and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal.

But tired nature could not hold out as long as the storm.

Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow, "Well, I'm going to trust in God."

Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying, "Well, I dess I will too."

And they both went to sleep, without more worry.—*Youth's Companion.*

TWO SIDES.

A man in a carriage was riding along,
His gayly dressed wife by his side;
In sabin and lace, she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich, and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would, if I could—
I would give all my wealth for the strength
and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

YONG AND HIS FATHER'S IDOL.

Yong used to attend a boys' school during the day, returning to his home every evening.

One afternoon the master dismissed the lads earlier than usual, and Yong, on getting home, found no one there. His father and mother were both out.

Yong laid down his book, and then glanced carelessly round the room. His eye fell on the household god, which, as in other Chinese houses, was placed on a high shelf in a corner of the room. At first he looked at it with awe, but as he kept looking at it he noticed that the expression on the face of the idol never altered, and a sudden impulse made him laugh and clap his hands. Still the idol looked as calm and immovable as ever.

Yong and the god were alone in the room. The young scholar thought he would like to know something more of the idol. He would touch the god, and see if that would displease him.

Yong could not reach the shelf, so he pulled a table under it, and putting a stool on the table, he mounted, and found himself in front of the idol. He carefully lifted it down and placed it on the table, that he might have a good look at it; but the god looked just the same, never moving a feature.

"I wonder if he would feel a little pain," said Yong. "I will knock his head." So he lifted the wooden idol and hit his head on the corner of the table with a smart blow. But still there was no change in the face of the god.

"Perhaps he would dislike being burned," thought Yong. In warm weather the Chinese generally have their fire for cooking outside their houses. The fire left by his mother was still burning, so Yong carried the idol out and laid it in the red-hot embers, and then he ran a little way off to see what would happen. He was somewhat afraid.

In a few minutes the blue smoke began to rise, and very soon the flame appeared. It was not long before that died out, and then Yong crept back to the fire to find

only a small heap of ashes. Yong now began to realize what he had done. What would his father say when he came home and found his household idol destroyed? Yong was afraid, and ran away into a wood near and hid himself.

From his hiding-place he saw his father and mother return home, just as it was getting dark. He was very unhappy. He had done wrong, and did not like to stay there. Besides, his father would be angry with him for staying out. So he summoned up courage to go into the house. He had just crept into a dark corner of the room as his father noticed the strange place in which the table was standing, and the stool which Yong had left on it. And then he looked at the shelf and saw the idol gone, which had been the protection in past days of his household.

Turning to his son, he exclaimed: "What is this? Where is my God? Do you know anything about it?"

Yong did not know what to do. He began to confess what he had done by saying: "I am very sorry, but he did not mind."

"Did not mind *what*?" cried his father, seizing Yong by the collar, and raising a stick over his head. The mother flung up her hands and shrieked with fright, and implored her husband not to beat Yong till he had told them what had happened. Yong was permitted to tell his story, and when the father heard how his son was gradually led on, he said: "If my god cannot save himself from insult, or from the flames, he cannot help me. I will no more worship idols."

Hundreds of Chinese are like Yong's father. They do not believe in their idols. They need a real helper. Our work in China is to tell the boys and girls, and their fathers and mothers, too, of Jesus Christ, who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto him.—*Messenger*.

AFRICANER.

There was once a wild and savage chief in South Africa whose name was Africaner. He was the terror of the whole country, and the English Government at "The

Cape" offered a large sum of money to any one who should kill him. But Africaner was taught by some missionaries to know and love the Lord, and then he became good and gentle. The great Robert Moffat, then a young missionary, wanted to visit Africaner, and preach to his people, but everybody said, "He will kill you." This did not frighten Moffat. He made his way to Africaner's kraal, who gave him a kind welcome, and they were soon the best of friends. One day Africaner saw Moffat looking long at him and asked the reason.

"I was trying," said Moffat, "to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country; and I could not think how a man with eyes like yours could smile at human woe." Africaner burst into tears.

After a time Moffat took Africaner with him on a journey to "The Cape." He thought the Governor would never believe what a changed man he had become, unless he could see it with his own eyes. So he dressed Africaner as his servant, and they traveled on safely among people who would have been very much frightened if they had known who this servant was. When they came into the Dutch settlements some of the farmers said they were very glad that Moffat had escaped from that terrible monster, Africaner! Others said how absurd it was to think that Africaner could be converted.

At one house, Moffat put out his hand to the owner, saying, "I am glad to see you again." The man asked wildly, "Who are you?" "Have you so soon forgotten me? I am Moffat," was the answer. "Moffat!" cried the farmer. "You must be his ghost! Don't come near me! Everybody says Moffat was murdered; and a man told me he had seen his bones." Moffat tried to quiet the farmer's fears, and at length he held out his trembling hand saying, "When did you rise from the dead?"

Mr. Moffat gave him cheerful answers and told him that Africaner was now a truly good man. "Well," said the farmer, "I can believe almost anything you say;

but *that* I cannot believe. There are seven wonders in the world; but that would be the eighth." By this time Africaner had seated himself at their feet, smiling to hear this talk. Finally, the farmer said earnestly: "If what you say about that man is true, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die; and when you come here on your way back to him, I will go with you to see him, as sure as the sun is over our heads, though he killed my own uncle." This startled Moffat, who had not heard of it, but knowing the farmer's kind heart he said, "This then is Africaner!"

The farmer started back, and looked at him as if he had dropped from the clouds. "Are you Africaner?" he asked. "I am," said Africaner, uncovering his head. The farmer seemed thunderstruck. When he had really assured himself that the terror of the country now stood before him, gentle and lamb-like, he raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "O God! what a miracle of thy power! What cannot thy grace accomplish!"—*Mission Dayspring*.

THE CHILDREN OF AFRICA.

They are very poor and very ignorant, and they often go about with hardly a rag of clothing; but they are affectionate, and often light-hearted, and when they can be separated from the heathen homes in which they live, they are very gentle and teachable. You have heard of the children in West Africa, how they are learning to read and write, and are doing good service in the households of the missionaries. One of the boys, Kapila, who labors all the day, spends his evenings in reading his Portuguese Testament, and in inquiring about the meaning of what he reads. Not long since, as he was practicing with his pencil, he wrote, "My heart rejoices now because I am trusting in Christ;" and it is said that when he showed his slate with this written upon it, his black face was all aglow with pleasure. There is nothing that will make human hearts so glad, whether it be black children in Africa or white children in America, as a full trust in Christ.

THE YEARS PASS ON.

When I'm a woman, you see what I'll do;
I'll be great and good, and noble and true;
I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor—
No one shall ever be turned from my door;
But I'm only a little girl now."
And so the years pass on.

"When I'm older I'll have more time
To think of heaven and things sublime;
My time now is full of studies and play,
But I really mean to begin some day;
I am only a little girl now."
And so the years pass on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maid said,
"I'll try to do right and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys
Of the world with all its dazzling toys;
But I'm only a young girl now."
And so the years pass on.

"Ah me!" sighed a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares and doubts and fears;
"I've kept putting off the time to be good,
Instead of beginning to do good as I should;
But I'm an old woman now."
And so the years pass on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright;
Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above;
And thus you'll be happy now,
And as the years pass on.
—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

HOME MISSIONS.

For the Children's Record.

You so often hear from India, Formosa, Trinidad, and the New Hebrides, that perhaps you are inclined to forget the work of the church at home. Souls are just as precious in Canada as in India, and the Presbyterian Church has her missionaries here as well as in foreign lands. Every summer our students are laboring as catechists in mission stations and vacant congregations and they do good work. Their hearts are often cheered in seeing men, women and children brought to the Saviour.

Last summer a student was laboring in one of the Home Mission fields in the Maritime Provinces, and while he was there three little boys sought and found Christ and now take part in the prayer meeting. There was also a Roman Catholic family living in the district. Their home was far from being a happy one. The mother was not esteemed in the community and the priest had cast her out of the church. She was visited by the catechist and after a time induced to come to church. Soon a change was witnessed. The mother lived a different life. Peace and happiness reigned in the home. The family altar was set up. The children came to the Sabbath School and the prayer meeting was attended. The whole family still continue to live this changed life.

Do not forget to help and pray for our home missionaries, for they are leading souls to Christ as well as our foreign missionaries. God is blessing their labors.
D.

LORD JESUS, WILL YOU LOVE ME
AND MAKE ME GOOD?

Annie was a pretty little girl in a mission school in Cuppadah, India. She was about six years old, bright and quick. When she had been in school but a short time, one of the older girls saw her praying in a corner by one of the verandas. She heard her say:

"Lord Jesus, will you take care of me? You have taken my father to heaven, and my mother has gone to her village; so who have I in this world to love me? Lord Jesus, will you love me and make me good?"

Just then some of the children in the school were laughing and making a noise which disturbed her, and she said:

"Lord Jesus, will you quiet those children? They make such a noise; and I have spoken to them till my mouth is sore; and I can't pray they make such a noise. Do make them quiet and good; for, if I cannot pray to you, who else have I in the world?"

THE NORTH WEST.

Some of you have friends there. Perhaps your father, brother, uncle, has gone to the North West, and it may be that some day you will go there yourself. Let me tell you of two great works that our church is doing there. One is

HOME MISSION WORK.

A great many people have gone there from other parts of Canada and from Britain to make farms. But there are no churches when they go there, and no schools, and sometimes the people live a great distance from each other. These people, some of them our own friends, need preaching, and are sometimes not able to build churches without help, and the work that our church is doing is sending Home Missionaries all through that wide country gathering the people into little congregations and preaching to them. Were it not for this many of the boys and girls that are growing up there would have no Sabbath Schools and would grow up knowing little of Jesus or of the way to be happy here and hereafter, for their parents would be likely to get very careless and neglect to teach them. There are hundreds of these Home Mission Stations in the North West.

Another great work to be done there is that of

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

What! Foreign Missions in our own country! Yes. There are others living in the North West, besides the white settlers. There are

THE INDIANS

by thousands, with souls that are precious, and living in the darkness of heathenism. They are in our own land and from us they must get the gospel. We have missionaries and teachers among them and some day you will get, in the CHILDREN'S RECORD, a letter telling how bright some of the Indian children are.

WRITING IT DOWN.

Uncle John would sometimes take a tiny note-book from his pocket and begin to write when the children were naughty

and called each other names. Afterward he would read aloud to them what he had written. They did not like to hear it, although they knew it was true, every word of it; "for somehow," as Bess declared, "it wouldn't have been so dreadful if it hadn't been written down."

By-and-by whenever uncle John began to write in the little book, they would run to him and say: "Please don't write it down; we'll not say any more naughty words."

The good man would smile as he put away the little book and spoke to them lovingly of "the Lamb's book of life," where every thought, and word, and deed is written down.

As time passes we forget that we have been so naughty; but it is all there against us, and when the book is opened we will find much written there that we would gladly erase.

Dear little friends, the pages of your life are lying clean and white before you. What shall be written there? Now is the time to begin a record of which you will never be ashamed. The last words uttered by John B. Gough were: "Young man, keep your record clean."—*Youth's Evangelist*.

MY HAND IN HIS.

A little boy who came before the pastor to be received into the Church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied, "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know He will lead me right." This is just the thing, my little ones, for us all to do, and if we did it, we should not so often stumble and fall. We are so apt to try to walk alone! But this we cannot do, in this dark world.

I called to see a dear friend lately, and she repeated to me a lovely poem in which these two lines occurred:

"I'd rather walk with Him in the dark
Than walk alone in the light."

And I assure you the former is far safer for us than the latter. He never lets us fall, if we hold His hand!—M.

CORAL BUILDERS.

Far down in the depths of the ocean
 Once a coral insect grew,
 Placed there by the hand Almighty,
 A wonderful work to do.
 'Twas a feeble and tiny creature,
 By the swift waves borne along,
 Till it found a changeless anchor
 On a rock both gray and strong.
 So it builded its tiny branches
 Still upward from day to day,
 Receiving its food from the ocean,
 And making the rock its stay;
 Working as God had intended,
 Though feeble and very small,
 Increasing in strength and beauty,
 Building a mighty wall.

* * * * *

And the work went on in beauty:
 For, based on the rock, there grew
 An island with sure foundation,
 And lovely to the view;
 For the waves brought sand, and frag-
 ments
 Of rock, and roots of trees,
 And seeds from far distant countries
 Were brought on each passing breeze
 By an insect that men might mock,
 Till the work begun in the ocean
 Towered high o'er the blue sea's level,
 Anchored fast on the granite rock.

* * * * *

So to-day we have "Coral Builders;"
 Little children with hearts of love
 Who build on the rock Christ Jesus
 In the ocean of God's love,
 In the Saviour's name they are building
 A structure fair and grand,
 Where immortal souls may follow
 Their Lord to the heavenly land.

--*Mission Dayspring.*

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"My boy," said a father to his only son,
 "you are in bad company. The lads with
 whom you go indulge in bad habits. They
 drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit
 theatres. They are not safe company for
 you. I beg you to quit their society."
 "You needn't be afraid of me, father,"

replied the boy, laughing, "I guess I
 know a thing or two. I know how far to
 go, and when to stop." The lad left his
 father's house, twirling his cane in his
 fingers, and laughing at the "old man's
 notions."

A few years later, and that lad, grown
 to manhood, stood at the bar of a court,
 before a jury which had just brought in a
 verdict of guilty against him for crime.
 Before he was sentenced he addressed the
 Court, and said among other things: "My
 downward course began in disobedience to
 my parents. I thought I knew as much
 of the world as my father did, and I
 spurned his advice: but as soon as I turned
 my back on my home, temptations came
 upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hur-
 ried to to ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are
 beginning to be wiser than your parents.

DO YOUR LOVE.

Love is something to be done, as well as
 told. There is one way of spelling it with
 four letters; there is another way of spel-
 ling it with kind words and helpful acts,
 self-denial and sympathy. You need not
 say to baby brother every morning, "I
 love you, baby dear," if you are not will-
 ing to lay your book aside and take baby
 up from the floor for a play-spell when he
 frets. Mamma is not sure that you love
 her by your telling her so, if you are not
 willing to run for a pail of water or a
 basket of chips, even though it spoil a
 game of marbles.

A GENTLE REPROOF.

A man was swearing angrily at the corner
 of the street when a little girl came along.
 She stopped a moment, looked up at him,
 and said, "Please, sir, don't call God
 names, because He is my Father, and it
 hurts me to hear you."

It was now the man's turn to stop and
 look, and pretty soon he said, "Thank
 you miss. My mother taught me that He
 is my Father too. I will not swear again.
 --never!" and he walked quickly away
 with his head down.

PRAYER-MEETING HILL.

More than twenty years ago, at the close of a wearisome day, three people met together at the top of a hill just outside of a city in India. Two of them were missionaries, and one was a converted Hindu. For a long time they had been trying to tell the heathen around them about Jesus and the gospel way of salvation; but the worship of idols and wicked way of living went on as badly as ever.

As they sat there looking down upon the city, with its beautiful white temples and graceful pagodas, a strong desire came into their hearts that God would send them help. It seemed discouraging for only three people to try and teach thousands upon thousands, and they prayed long and earnestly for men and money from America.

One, two, three -- twelve long years passed away, and still nobody came. Little children were born and died without knowing anything of the Saviour, and fathers and mothers grew old in sin.

By and by came a famine; then it looked dark indeed. The missionaries and just a very few native Christians were busy day and night feeding the poor starving people, many of whom were left in the streets to die. The natives flocked in crowds to their temples with offerings to their gods; and it was pitiful to hear them beg these deaf idols to send them food. Many a dear little child was killed in the hope that this would pacify the angry god.

At the end of several months the blessed rain came and hope revived in the hearts of the people. Now they began to realize that it was the tender loving hands of Christians that brought them help and not their images of wood and stone. This made them inquire about the "Jesus religion," as they called it. Surely it must be better than their own if it made people so kind and unselfish.

They came to the little mission house, first a few, and then in great numbers, till the room could not hold them. They met in the open air, and still the crowd increased. They clamored for Bibles and

tracts just as eagerly as a few weeks before they had cried for bread.

"What does it mean?" asked the Christian workers of each other.

Ah! the prayers on that hill so many years before are being answered now. Supplies came from America, but not half enough.

"Are you really in earnest?" asked the preacher one day of a crowd of natives. "Are you ready to prove that you are willing to follow Christ?"

"Yes, yes!" cried a dozen voices. "Let the teacher show us what to do and we will obey."

"No," he replied, "that would test your love for me and not for the Saviour."

Upon this they started off on a run for one of their temples. Reaching the door they rushed in, dragged out the idols and broke them in pieces or burned them in the fire; then they began to tear down the temple itself.

Wasn't this a sure sign that they had really given up their old religion, and turned from idols to serve the living God?

If instead of destroying all these beautiful temples they could be turned into churches where the gospel is preached, how different everything would be?

Isn't there a place in your neighborhood that you can make a prayer-meeting hill?

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A young man, away from home, slept in the same room with another young man, a stranger. Before retiring for the night, he knelt down, as was his wont, and silently prayed. His companion had long resisted the grace of Grace; but this noble example aroused him, and was the means of his awakening. In old age he testified, after a life of rare usefulness, "Nearly half a century has rolled away, with all its multitudinous events, since then; but that little chamber, that humble couch, that silent, praying youth, are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten amid the splendors of heaven and through the ages of eternity."

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Feb. 6.—Gen. 13: 1-13. Memory vs. 8-11.

Lot's Choice.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MAT. 6: 33. CATECHISM. Q. 8.

Introductory.

Why did Abraham leave Canaan? Where did he go? What happened in Egypt? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the memory Verses. The Catechism.

I. The Blessing of Prosperity. vs. 1-5.

Why did Abram leave Egypt?
Where did he go?
Whom did he take with him?
In what was he rich?
To what place did he journey?
How did he show his love to God?
Who was Lot? What riches had he?
Who gave the blessing of prosperity?
Who gives all blessings?
What return does He ask?

II. The Generosity of Abram. vs. 6-9.

Between whom was there strife?
What caused the quarrel?
Who then dwelled in the land?
What did Abram say to Lot?
What reason did he give?
What does Solomon say of the beginning of strife? Prov. 17: 14.
What did Abram propose?
What does our Lord say of peacemakers? Matt. 5: 9.

III. The Worldliness of Lot. vs. 10-13.

How did Lot receive this proposal?
What did he choose?
What advantage had that country?
Where did Lot dwell?
Where did Abram dwell?
Why was Lot's choice a bad one?
What choice does God offer you?
Have you chosen that better part?

What Have I Learned.

1. That we should be willing sometimes to yield our rights for the sake of peace.
2. That we should not go into bad company for the sake of making money.
3. That choosing this world instead of religion may bring worldly loss.

4. That we should be careful in our choice of a home.

Feb. 13.—Gen. 15: 5-18. Memory vs. 5-7.

God's Covenant with Abram.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GEN. 15: 1. CATECHISM. Q. 9.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
What events followed?
What is the title of this lesson?
Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Promise. vs. 5-7.

What did God speak to Abram?
What did he say?
What cause of fear had Abram?
What to discourage his faith?
Who was at this time his heir?
What did God now promise him?
In whom was it fulfilled?
How did God further encourage his faith?
How did Abram receive these promises?
How was his faith rewarded?

II. The Vision. vs. 8-16.

What did Adam inquire?
Describe the preparations for the sacrifice.
Why did he divide the animals?
How did Abram protect the sacrifice?
What took place as the sun was going down?

What four things were revealed to Abram?
How were they fulfilled?
When were Abram's descendants to return to Canaan?
What reason was given for this delay?
Who were the Amorites?

III. The Covenant. vs. 17, 18.

What took place at sunset?
Of what were these two things tokens?
What did this show?
Give the exact words of the covenant?
What were the boundaries of the promised land?
Under whom was it promised? 1 Kings 4: 21.
Have you made a covenant with God?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That God is a shield to all who trust in him.
2. That He is their portion and their reward.
3. That he never forgets his promises.
4. That, as Abram's faith was counted to him for righteousness, we shall be accepted if we believe in Christ.

Feb. 20.—Gen. 18: 23-33. Memory vs. 23-25.

Abraham Pleading for Sodom.

GOLDEN TEXT.—HAB. 3: 2. CATECHISM. Q. 10.

Introductory.

- What was the subject of the last lesson?
 What did God promise Abraham?
 How was the covenant ratified?
 What purpose did the Lord make known to Abraham?
 Why was he about to destroy Sodom?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Abraham's Intercession. vs. 23-25.

- How did Abraham approach God?
 What did he do?
 What spirit did his prayer show?
 What did he say to God?
 How did he enforce his intercession?
 How do the righteous sometimes suffer with the wicked?
 How was Abraham like Christ? Heb. 7: 25.
 How doth Christ execute the office of a priest?
 Do you trust to His sacrifice for your pardon?

II. The Lord's Answer. vs. 26.

- What was the Lord's answer?
 Does the Lord ever spare some for the sake of others?
 What did Jesus say of his disciples? Matt. 5: 13.

What evil days did he promise should be shortened for the elects' sake? Matt. 24: 22.

III. Abraham's Importunity. vs. 27-33.

- How did Abraham continue his prayer?
 What number did he name?

What was the answer to this prayer?

What did he then ask?

What was the Lord's reply?

How many times did Abraham pray for Sodom?

What was his last prayer?

What did God say? What did this show?

What were the characteristics of Abraham's prayer?

What did our Saviour say in Luke 18: 1?

What is said of the prayer of the righteous? James 5: 16.

Do you pray?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That it is a great blessing to have pious parents and friends to pray for us.
2. That God answers prayer.
3. That God spares the wicked for the sake of the righteous.
4. That we must pray, not for ourselves only, but for others also.
5. That we must be humble, earnest and importunate in prayer.
6. That it is a very great privilege to have Christ as our Intercessor.

Feb. 27.—Gen. 19: 15-26. Memory vs. 15, 16.

Destruction of Sodom.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GEN. 19: 17. CATECHISM. Q. 11.

Introductory.

- Who went to Sodom while Abraham was pleading for the city?
 By whom were they received?
 What did the men of the city do?
 How were they punished?
 What did the angels say to Lot?
 What did Lot do?
 How were his words received?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Lot's Lingerings. vs. 15, 16.

- How did the angels hasten Lot's departure?
 Why did he linger?
 What did they say to him?
 How had the Lord been merciful to him?

II. Lot's Flight. vs. 17-22.

What was Lot urged to do when out of the city?

Where did he ask permission to go?

What did he say of this city?

What was the angel's reply?

What did he urge Lot to do?

What reason did he give for this?

III. Lot's Loss. vs. 23-26.

At what time did Lot enter Zoar?

What did the Lord then do?

What became of the cities?

Of their inhabitants?

What were their sins? Ezek. 16: 49, 50.

What became of Lot's wife?

Why was she thus destroyed?

How came Lot to be living in Sodom?

What loss did his foolish choice of Sodom bring upon him?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God hates sin and will certainly punish it.

2. That to linger in sin is dangerous.

3. That our only hope is in fleeing to the Saviour.

4. That those who look back with desire for sinful pleasures will perish.

5. That God is very merciful to the weaknesses of his people.—*Westminster Teacher.*

CURIOUS CUSTOMS AMONG THE CHINESE.

When boys fall sick there are two very curious customs. Sometimes the little fellow is made a priest, and dressed in priest's clothes, His parents think the gods will not make him die when he is dedicated to their service. But they may not want him to be a priest, as he would have to change his name and leave his family. After a time they take him to a temple, and get the priest to burn incense to the idols and chant prayers. When he has finished he takes a besom and chases the boy out of the temple, who comes home and puts on ordinary clothes. Others try to cheat the gods. They put a silver wire round the boy's neck, and leave off mentioning his name, calling him a pig

or dog. They imagine the god, who is looking for a boy, will not search their house for one when he hears them speaking only to a dog. All the children have old coins and charms tied to their clothes to keep off the evil eye and drive away wicked spirits.—*Church of Scotland Mission Record.*

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

I was walking along a narrow, dirty street in a large town about thirty years ago, when I saw crowd of boys and girls laughing and jeering at an old man who was feebly tottering along, leaning on a thick stick for support. I had just made my way through the crowd when a poor, thin, ill-looking boy stepped from it, and going up to the old man took a piece of paper off his back, on which was written: "Who'll bid for the saint?" He had no sooner done this than a rough lad caught him by the arm, saying, "Hallo, sneak, you'll get something for that!" When their leader uttered these words several other lads came up and joined in tormenting the poor boy.

I then went up and made them let him alone, while I took his hand and commended his conduct in taking the paper off the old man's back.

"Sir, do you know what made me do it?" he asked.

"No, what was it?" I asked carelessly.

"Well, sir, that old man, they call him 'Saint Willie'; he comes to our house every week to read and talk to mother. One day he came, and said to me, after telling me all about Jesus, 'If ever you're a-going to do anything that ain't right, say to yourself, What would Jesus do? (and He'd always go right) then you do it,' and that's what made me do it," he cried triumphantly.

If every reader of this little story would ask themselves whenever they are in difficulty as to what they should do, or are tempted to do anything wrong, "What would Jesus do?" they would find it would be a great help to them in their daily life.—*C. P.*

CHRIST FOR ME.

For me He left His home on high;
 For me to earth He came to die;
 For me He in a manger lay;
 For me to Egypt fled away;
 For me He dwelt with fishermen;
 For me He slept in cave and glen;
 For me abuse He meekly bore;
 For me a crown of thorns He wore;
 For me He braved Gethsemane;
 For me He hung upon a tree;
 For me His final feast was made;
 For me by Judas was betrayed;
 For me by Peter was denied;
 For me by Pilate crucified;
 For me His precious blood was shed;
 For me He slept among the dead;
 For me He rose with might at last;
 For me above the skies He passed;
 For me He came at God's command;
 For me He sits at His right hand;
 For me He now prepares a home;
 For me He shall in glory come.

THE SEA CAPTAIN'S STORY.

I had a little vessel on the coast. She had four men besides myself. I had my wife and two children on board. The night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch that night. The seamen prevailed on him to take "one glass," to help him perform his duties; but, being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck. I took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. After hours of suffering, the waves swept my little one from my embrace; then, after more hours of suffering, the waves swept the little one from my wife's arms, and our two dears were lost to us for ever. After more battling with the storm and waves, behold, she was cold in death. I made my way to the shore, and here I am my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions, lost for "one glass" of rum! Oh, beware of the intoxicating cup! S.L.

SONG FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Jesus said of little children,
 Let them all now come to me.
 On the cruel cross he suffered,
 Shed His blood to set them free.

Hear His gentle voice now saying,
 I will take your sins away;
 Come to Me with all your sorrows;
 I will hear you when you pray.

Far away in heathen countries,
 Bowing down to wood and stone,
 Little children know not Jesus,
 That He saves, and He alone.

But He died for those poor children
 When He died for you and me.
 Let us send the gospel to them.
 That they, too, His own may be.

DOING ERRANDS FOR CHRIST.

"Mamma," said a little five year old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should have liked so much to have done something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you are, have done for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated for a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face and said: "Why, mother, I could have run on all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them, instead, and do an errand for the Saviour, for when upon earth he said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me.'

So remember, my dear children, whenever you do any kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on earth and you were doing it for him. *The Illustrator.*