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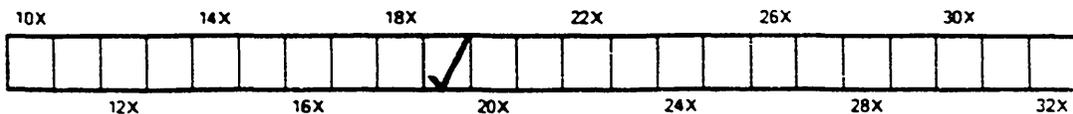
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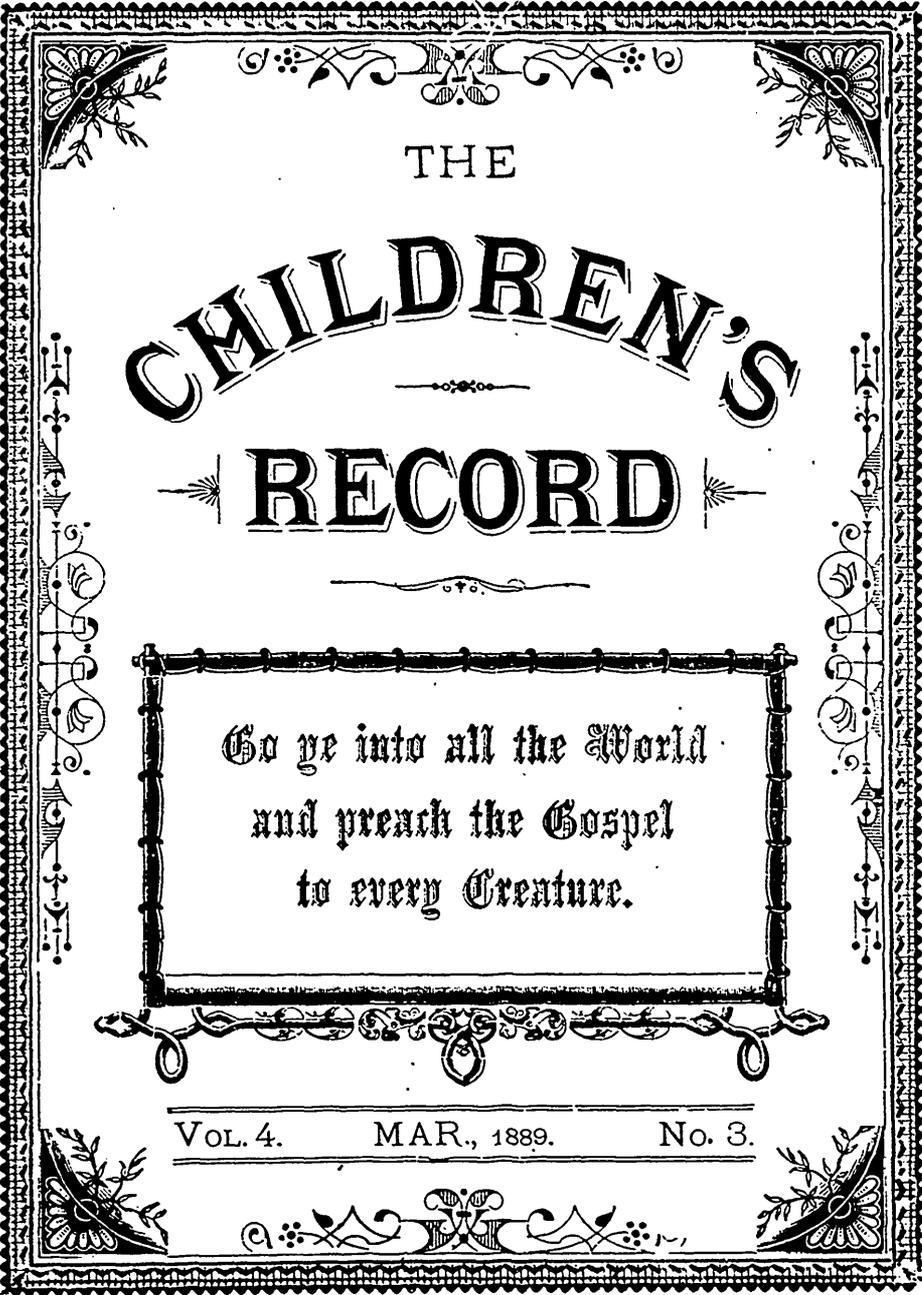
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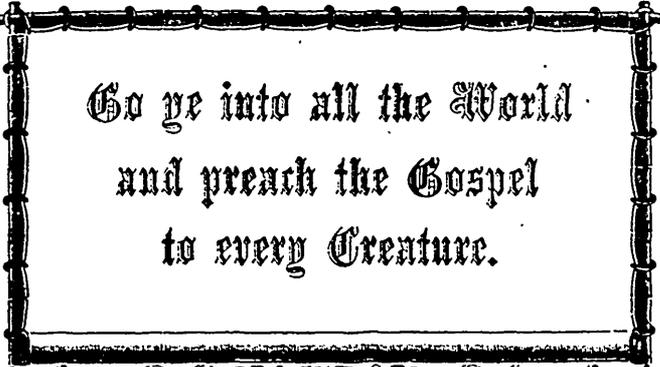
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THE
CHILDREN'S
— — — — —
RECORD



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

VOL. 4. MAR., 1889. No. 3.

The Children's Record.

▲ MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

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

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date, \$200.00.

All communications to be addressed to

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

Our young readers have in this issue the last of Principal Grant's interesting letters. I know that you will all unite in giving him our hearty thanks for his kindness, and thanks also to a kind Providence that has kept him in his journeys and brought him safely home.

You have heard of our missions in Demarara, and our missionary Rev. John Gibson who labored there. It is little more than four years since he went to that field, and a few weeks since he was cut down by death, leaving a widow and a little child to mourn their loss. So much had his work been blessed that more than five hundred children had been gathered into schools and were learning to read the Bible. As the missionaries get old or die, new ones are wanted to fill their places, and these must come from the boys of to-day. Who of you, boys, will give yourselves to Christ to be ministers in the Home or Foreign Field.

LETTER FROM PRINCIPAL GRANT.

ILO-ILO, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS,
Oct. 20th, 1888.

My Dear Young Friends:—

Since writing to you last, I have seen a little of the Northern Territory of Australia and of the East India Islands that extend between it and China. I have seen also two Roman Catholic Missions, one with little fruit so far as outward results show, the other successful on a large scale. I will try and tell you a little about these two Missions in this letter.

Port Darwin is the terminus of the over-

land Telegraph of Australia. This line extends from the peopled part of Australia in the South, right across the Island Continent to the North. There a cable is laid, that extends by way of Java, Singapore, India, Aden, and the Mediterranean, to Britain, but the cost of sending news by it is half a guinea a word. Besides, between Australia and Java the line has to cross a volcanic belt and is often broken, probably by submarine volcanic upheavals; and therefore the people of Australia are anxious to have an alternative cable to Vancouver and across Canada to the mother country. I hope they will succeed, for Australia, Canada and Great Britain will then be bound together by a cord that will be an emblem of their moral and political unity, and cabling will be cheap.

While in Port Darwin, I saw a number of Australian blacks loafing about the town and living in great dirt and degradation. Inquiring whether any one was trying to do them good, I was told that the Jesuits had two Missions in the district, one near at hand and the other at a distance, but no one seemed to think that it was possible to elevate the poor creatures. I resolved to see for myself, so I drove out to the new Mission, which is at a place called Rapid Creek, about ten miles from Port Darwin, or Palmerston, as the town is called to distinguish it from the harbour. I found there two priests, Father McKillop and O'Brien. Their leader, Father Steele, is absent in Europe at present. I received a cordial and hospitable welcome, and the two missionaries showed and told me everything as frankly as Mr. Hagenaner at Ramahyuck. The mission was established nine years ago, and at first promised to be somewhat successful. A number of the blacks gathered round, and built little houses for themselves, though they like better to live in the open air, and sleep on a few leaves or branches on the ground, during the greater part of the year. A little church and school were also built, and the trees on part of the reserve were cut down and the ground cleared. Bananas, pine-apples and sweet potatoes were planted, as well as the

soursop, the custard apples and other fruit trees. Besides these, maize, rice and tapioca were cultivated, the priests working harder than navvies—as the man who drove the dog-cart out from Palmerston told me—and trying to set an example to the natives and to train them to industrious habits. But the poor creatures would only work now and then, and not at all unless they got pay in the shape of food and tobacco; and when they got that, they would not work any more, as long as it lasted.

How could men be so foolish as work when they were not hungry, was the question that could never be answered to their satisfaction? You see, it is very easy for them to get all the food they need and in that warm climate they see no necessity for clothes. They eat roots and wild fruits and berries. Sometimes they catch fish or spear a Kangaroo, or catch lizards, or, when they have guns, shoot wild geese or duck; and they never think of the morrow. The Kangaroo, I should tell you, belongs to the kind of animals called Marsupial. It leaps on its two hind legs instead of walking on all four, just as if it had not yet learned to walk as a quadruped; and between its hind legs where our cows have udders, it has a pouch or pocket into which its young ones leap when they wish to suckle, or when their mother wishes to carry them. The Kangaroo weighs from fifteen to fifty pounds, and its flesh is good to eat though very dry. The bandicoot is much better eating. It burrows in the ground, is something like a very large rat with fur like a bear, and its flesh is almost as nice as a chicken's. The soursop is a fruit that hangs on a tree, and is as big as a small pumpkin. The custard apple is smaller and sweeter. It does not much care for either, nor for bananas, plaintains, or pine apples. Our own common apples are I think far better. At any rate, you do not get tired of them so soon.

Well, the blacks at Rapid Creek soon had enough of working at the Mission Station. They could not understand what was preached to them, and thought that while this new religion might do for white fellows it would not do for them. Besides

they found that they could sell their work or their lulas, (a common name for their women), in Palmerston for more tobacco than they could get at the mission, or for different kinds of food or even strong drink. So, they thought it better to go back to their old lives in the woods, except when it suited them to wander into the town to beg or steal or do a little chopping or other chores there. Their chiefs in particular voted "religion no good," because it interfered with their old powers, and gave them none of the things that they cared most for. In a word, the idleness and inconstancy of the natives and the nearness to Palmerston, combined with the fact that the Government did nothing to confine them to their Reserves, proved disastrous to the Rapid Creek Station.

The missionaries therefore decided two or three years ago to begin another, at a much greater distance from the town, at a place called River Daly. Here I am told that they are doing some good; but the field is about as unpromising as I know. The Australian savage is almost incurable as a nomad, and he is so degraded that it is difficult to convey the simplest new idea to him, except it bears upon his appetites.

From Port Darwin, the steamer I was on bore away North, with a little to the West, across the Arafura Sea, the Banda Sea, the Celebes Sea and the Bulu or Mindoro Sea, past beautiful islands where the great nutmeg and clove and other spice gardens of the world have been cultivated by the Dutch Government for two or three hundred years. We sailed on

"From Island unto Island at the gateway of the day."

We saw what Tennyson happily describes as

"Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster;

Knots of Paradise."

The sea was often smooth as oil; at other times rippled only by light breezes, or broken into white-caps by tides and currents. Generally it was blue as sapphire or the blue darkened into indigo; but at sunrise and sunset it took on every con-

ceivable colour from the gorgeously painted clouds that extend in fantastic shapes and strips from the horizon upward. But in these fair scenes man is vile indeed. Here were the homes of the terrible Malay priests who have always been the terror of the Eastern Seas; and only within the last ten to thirty years have they been put down by English gunboats and the efforts of such men as, Rajah or Sir James Brooke of Sarawak in Borneo. Some day I may tell you the story of Rajah Brooke, whose nephew, the present ruler of Sarawak, was adopted as his son and successor by the Malay chiefs before Sir James finally left the island. It is a story that shows what a born ruler of men can do.

The steamer now, instead of going on to Hong-Kong as it usually does, turned into the port of Ilo-ilo on the island of Panay, one of the Phillipine group, to get a cargo of brown cane-grown sugar. This island has a population of nearly a million natives, who are Bisajans, a kind of Malays, and who have been Christianized by Spanish priests. I have seen something of them, at work and play, in their cathedral and in one of their village churches. What Alfred Russell Wallace says of them is perfectly true, so far as I have seen.— “They are a good natured, cheerful, contented and hospitable people; and though when first visited by the Portuguese and Spaniards, they were inferior in civilization to the Malays and Javanese, they may now be considered as equal if not superior to them. Of all Asiatic people they are perhaps those who have made the most advance under European rule. Their education has been attended to, and a large proportion of them can read and write.” They are under the middle size, have broad noses with hardly any depression between the eyes, straight black hair that the women allow to hang down their backs instead of making it up in teapot fashion like the Chinese, and olive-coloured complexion. Very few of them are good looking, though the expression is generally amiable; and their fitness for hard and steady work may be judged from the fact

that they get only half the wages that Chinese are paid. They are to all appearance very religious, especially if we are to take their attendance at church as a sign. On a week evening I went into vespers at the Cathedral of Havo, four miles from Ilo-ilo, and found it filled with an attentive congregation numbering between one and two thousand. They like the music of the service, and the dresses of the priests, the processions, and everything that appeals to the senses. But in these ways, the great ideas of the Christian religion have undoubtedly penetrated to their minds.

Yesterday, some of us went to a picnic at a little distance from this and we saw the natives in a country village. Very kind they were; and they seemed to me to have a contented, simple, patriarchal life, without any thought of the great world or any desire for change. Some of them guided us to a pretty glade, and placed dried bamboo mats for us to sit on, under a wide spreading mango tree. On one side was a grove of lofty cocoa-nut trees up the tall clean stems of which they climbed easily by making a notch for their feet here and there with the hatchets they carried to cut off the fruit. They flung down the great nuts and we cut off the tops of two or three and found them filled with delicious sweet milk which in a month or two will turn into white solid food. On the other side, towered up from dense underbush tall feathery bamboos, and intermingled with these a betel-nut palm and a fan palm. In front was a beautiful mango, and beyond it a tumbling stream, in one of the pools of which they wished us to bathe, offering us cocoa nut bowls or hollowed out bamboo gourds to pour the water over our heads and shoulders. Before we had eaten our breakfast, the village band consisting of four good-looking young men appeared with violin, bass-viol, flute and banjo; and they played a number of tunes and then led us back to the village and into the principal house. I went off to see the church and have a talk with the two priests. They too received me most hospitably, and as I could

not understand Spanish, we made shift on both sides with a little Latin, and they told me about their people and their work, and showed me the church and did everything in their power for me.

In this part of the world there is a strange blending of races going on. I have been in houses where one Chinaman had an Irish and another an American wife; in a shop where the husband was a Cingalese and the wife English, living very happily together. On our steamer, the officers are English and Irish and the Engineers Scotch; the Stewards Chinese, and the crew Arabs, Africans, Malays and Manilla men. The passengers are Australians, New Zealanders, British, Canadian, Polynesian, with cross breeds of various kinds. They are of all religions, Christians, Mahomedan, Confucianist, Buddhist, Pagan; but I find that all understand goodness, truth, mercy and politeness. Remember that, my dear boys and girls, wherever you go,

your affectionate friend,
G. M. GRANT.

BOUGHT WITH HIS BLOOD.

Some Africans are very blood-thirsty and cruel. A chief one day ordered a slave to be killed for a very small offence. An Englishman who overheard the order at once went to the chief and offered him many costly things if only he would spare the poor man's life. But the chief turned to him and said, "I don't want ivory, or slaves, or gold; I can go against yonder tribe and capture their stores and their villages. I want no favors from the white man. All I want is blood." Then he ordered one of his men to pull his bow-string and discharge an arrow at the heart of the poor slave. The Englishman instinctively threw himself in front and held up his arm, and the next moment the arrow was quivering in the white man's flesh. The black men were astonished. Then, as the Englishman pulled the arrow from his arm, he said to the chief: "Here is blood; I give my blood for this poor slave, and I claim his life." The chief had

never seen such love before, and he was completely overcome by it. He gave the slave to the white man saying, "Yes, white man, you have bought with your blood, and he shall be yours." In a moment the poor slave threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and with tears flowing down his face, exclaimed, "Oh, white man, you have bought me with your blood; I will be your slave forever." The Englishman could never make him take his freedom. Wherever he went the rescued man was beside him, and no drudgery was too hard, no task too hopeless for the grateful slave to do for his deliverer. If the heart of a poor heathen can thus be won by a wound on a stranger's arm, shall not we, who are "redeemed by the previous blood of Christ," give our whole lives also to His service?—*Friend of Missions.*

TO HELP THE OTHER FELLOWS.

Last evening I attended a temperance meeting for the first time in my life. We were talking over the subject at home before starting for the meeting, when a member of the family said to me:

"M., why don't you sign the pledge?"

"Why?" said I, somewhat indignant that any one should think for a moment that I needed such a safeguard. "Why should I sign the pledge? You know I have no taste for liquor of any kind, not even wine. If I have any feeling in regard to it, it is one of dislike."

No more was said, and off we went to the church. We were a little late, and the exercises had already begun. The very first speaker uttered words that came straight home to me. He said he had signed the pledge and put on the blue ribbon, not because he felt he needed any such restraint for himself, but he did it to "help the other fellows." And that is just where the most good can be done. If every man of standing and integrity in the community signed the pledge, put on the blue ribbon, and was careful to display it before all eyes, what a wonderful help it would be in this grand cause, a cause

that appeals directly to the heart of every right thinking man. I have decided for my part to sign the pledge, and do all in my power to induce others to do likewise. —*Cor. Standard.*

UJJAIN.

The following interesting letter is by one of our missionaries in the *Presbyterian Review*. Some of you may have read it but no doubt many of you would like to see it in your own RECORD. One special reason for giving it is that the last letter, Mrs. Murray our missionary there, wrote for the CHILDREN'S RECORD, just before her death, was a description of the work she and Mr. Murray had just begun in this old city. Ed.

A MISSIONARY LETTER TO THE "REVIEW" CHILDREN.

My Dear Children:—Let me tell you something about Ujjain, one of the stations of our Central Indian Mission. The late Mr. Murray chose this city as the centre of his labors for Christ. But God called him to heaven a few months after he began his work. The care of this station has fallen on me, in addition to that of my own station, Neemuch. But I hope soon to be relieved by the coming of another missionary to take Mr. Murray's place. Ujjain is

A VERY OLD CITY,

as anyone would judge looking at the great numbers of houses lying in ruins everywhere. It is said to be one of the oldest cities in India, and the Hindus think it a very holy place. Many people come here from all parts of India to try to wash away their sins by bathing in the muddy waters of a little river that flows past the city.

There are many temples, big and little, built along the banks, from which broad stone stairways lead to the water's edge. Here every morning hundreds, and during the big *melas*, or festivals, thousands, of people come to bathe and worship their idols. I have gone in front of the idol

temples, and sitting down on the steps among the people, told them of the blood of Jesus which cleanses from all sin. They like usually to hear about Jesus and the way of salvation, but they do not wish to become Christians. They say, "Jesus may save you, but our gods can save us." And so they go on washing their bodies and praying to their horrid idols.

THE CITY DESCRIBED.

As we go into the city we see that it has all around it a stone wall in which are narrow holes all along the top, through which the soldiers of the city used to point their guns and try to kill their enemies who came to attack and plunder the place. We enter the city by a gateway with great folding doors covered with huge spikes. And now what do we see? Not wide streets, and paved walks, and pretty houses and gardens. In Bombay and Poona and some other large cities where many Europeans live, such things may be seen, but not in Ujjain, Indore, Rutlam or Neemuch or other native cities. We see narrow, crooked lanes, without sidewalks, in which men, horses, cows, donkeys, dogs, etc., jostle along together. The houses are poor, old and rickety. Many look as if the first good breeze would send them tumbling down like a toy house. Many have so fallen and have never been repaired, and are now only great heaps of bricks and earth. Mortar is not generally used in building; the bricks are laid in soft mud, and so the houses soon crumble and fall. In all parts of the city whole squares are found covered with mounds and heaps of rubbish, the remains of former dwelling houses. Old as the present Ujjain is, there is

AN OLDER UJJAIN

just outside the walls of the present city. But nothing is now to be seen except great mounds of earth where once there were busy streets and many shops and houses. People often dig into these mounds to see what they can find; sometimes they get coins and jewels, and vessels used in eating and drinking, and children's toys, etc.

It is thought by some that the city was shaken down by an earthquake, but more probably it was destroyed by a great rising, during the rains, of the river which flows past it. Some people think that possibly a like fate may befall the present city, as the river bed is not much below the level of the city. The people build much stronger and better houses for their idols than they do for themselves. These are usually built of stone and mortar; some of them were left standing when the city was destroyed hundreds of years ago. They are still standing but are mostly now underground. The people now think they were built there by the *gods* themselves, and tell many curious and silly stories about them. Ujjain is also

A VERY DIRTY CITY

as you may imagine, when I tell you that in the narrow streets where there are no drains of any kind, oxen, cows, dogs, geese, wander about all day, and all kinds of filth from the houses are thrown out to be trampled down. You will not wonder when I tell you that there is much disease and sickness here. About three years ago during a great *mela*, about 1,200 people died in a few weeks. It is said enough of wood could not be had to burn the bodies, for you know the Hindus burn their dead instead of burying, as we do. This year an effort is being made to improve and clean the streets, and we hope there may be less sickness. This is just the place for a missionary who is also a doctor. We hope that one will soon be sent who can heal the bodies of the people as well as teach the way of salvation. We have already a dispensary opened, in which a Christian native doctor gives medicine to nearly fifty people daily. But a Christian European doctor is much needed. But the hearts of the people are

MORE FOUL THAN THEIR STREETS.

Men and women may be seen going about naked, and many think them very holy for doing so. The most shameful things are done in the name of religion. But what else can you expect. They do not

know the true and holy God, but are worshippers of idols and false gods. What Paul says about idolaters in the first chapter of Romans is true to the letter of most of the people here. You have no idea how foolish and wicked people become who, forsaking the true God, worship idols. I am sure it would make you sad to see men and women,—many of them learned and well-dressed—wearing precious ornaments of gold and silver, bowing before ugly stone images and calling them their god. In an old and very large temple there is kept

AN IMAGE OF GOLD.

It is believed to be the image of a god who is very cruel and delights in killing and destroying. This image is very carefully attended to—clothed in the cold weather, fanned in the hot weather, regularly fed, put to sleep at night, and waked in the morning, and occasionally taken out for an airing. It has many Brahmins to wait upon it. I was told that about 200 live in the open shedlike enclosure that nearly surrounds the tank of dirty, slimy water in front of the temple; here all day long almost naked Brahmins wash and bathe and chant their prayers. No European is allowed to enter the temple or even to go near the water lest he should pollute it. Two or three times in the year the image is put in a *polki* and carried on the shoulders of four men through the city, attended by a band of soldiers who form its guard of honor. The idol's regiment is fed and clothed at government expense, and has nothing to do but ride out in procession with the idol two or three times a year. But besides gods of mud, and stone, and silver, and gold, there are many

OTHER THINGS WORSHIPPED.

Monkeys, cows, snakes, and all kinds of animals are also worshipped as gods. What would you think of a learned man joining his hands as if in prayer and bowing low before a cow? But this is done all over India every day.

There are many people here who think that if you kill a fly, or a worm, or a dog,

you are as bad as if you killed a man. A few days ago a poor man in Ujjain was taken to the police office and fined two rupees for beating a mad dog that was about to bite him. If he had beaten a man probably no notice would have been taken of it.

There are many poisonous snakes in India whose bite is certain death. The people fear them very much, and worship and pray to them as gods, and try to please them by pouring milk into their holes for them to drink.

One day last week a woman in the city was bitten by a cobra and died in a few moments; but what do you think was done with the snake? It was carefully secured in a basket and taken out into the country where it was set at liberty.

Do you not pity these poor people who live in such folly and sin? How much they need to know of Jesus the Saviour and God the Heavenly Father? It is only because we have the Bible and know Jesus the Lord, that we are not as bad as they are. Won't you pray for them and help to send them the Gospel? Surely some of you will give yourselves for Christ's work and come out here to preach Jesus to the people of India.

Ujjain. Yours sincerely,
W. A. WILSON.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

[For the Children's Record.]

I am not sure how old she was when I first saw her three years ago, but I think she was nearly eight. I thought her such a handsome little girl, with her dark brown eyes, fair thick curly hair, and fresh bright coloring. She was large for her age and a very healthy looking little girl. You would scarcely believe it, if you were told, that she might die any time, but so it was.

Some months before she had passed out of the second part of first book into the second but had not been at school since. And how she longed to get back to study! It was, I believe, her greatest trial that she could not go to school, and she used

often to fret over it during her severe illness.

Though living with her I did not really know her until nearly a year after I had gone there when she, to her great delight, went back to school. I saw more into her mind in those four months of school than in the other two years of daily intercourse.

A very important part of her happiness was her great love for a little brother Roy. How she delighted in his first words, and how she loved his name for her, "Nonie." At noon, and four, Nora was full of his funny tricks, new words and comical looks. Her greatest pleasure when unable to go to school was playing school with him and hearing his way of saying what she tried to teach him.

Nobody must touch Roy whether good or bad, and how she resented his being teased by another little brother. In connection with this teasing was one of the best signs of her growth in grace.

It was one morning, I think, after she had started school when I was sitting in the warm hall where I usually studied my Bible lesson, in the cool days, that she came to me with her testament open and said, quietly pointing to a verse, "I think that is a beautiful verse, don't you?" It was the the verse containing "*Lore one another.*" Before this she often got angry and "*spatted*" when Roy was teased or she was otherwise crossed by her fun loving little brother. I do not think I ever heard her quarreling after that. If I did it was very rarely. It struck me as wonderful the way that verse moulded her little life.

She was naturally reserved so that one could not follow all the way by which the loving Saviour of little children led her.

Her interested attention during the Bible lesson at school was marked, as also her understanding of divine things. I have seen many grown people who could not give the answers she could. She was evidently taught of God. During her months and even years of absence from school she had been in His school and taught by His Holy Spirit.

During those four months at school she

was what I call "a perfect scholar." I rarely saw her talk and yet at four the marks she gave in were usually among the lowest. She was not allowed to study at home but her lessons were always prepared, for not a minute was wasted.

Lest you should think, little readers, that this was a perfect life and not a really human little life that, by being told, can be used by the Master to help you to follow Him, I shall stop here a moment to assure you that this dear little girl had faults just as you have, but that Christ was able to change her as He is to change you if you come to Him. And how He loves to magnify His law above all His name in changing our foul natures to the image of His lovely one.

During the fall of those school months there were week-night services held in the church when those who desired to become Christians were asked to take front seats that they might be personally dealt with, and that they might be helped to solve difficulties. I had for some time believed little Nora a Christian but she went forward with the rest. I never asked her and never knew whether it was that she wished openly to acknowledge her desire to be Christ's, that she had difficulties or what. However it marked her out from the rest of the children and she found out what it was to suffer for Christ. I do not think any of the children meant to hurt her feelings but they did, all but one little girl who never teased her in any way. It was often but a merry laugh from one who really loved her, but it cut her, and often I have seen her quietly leave the playground and take her seat. She did not speak of it and it was some time before I knew more than I saw.

Are you beginning to wonder where the missionary part came in? She became very much interested in missions, and her bright interested face was a real inspiration to one speaking of them. One day she said to me, "I think I should like to be a missionary." When I answered, "Would you, Nora?" I knew that she would never be what she meant by a missionary, though she was one in reality.

In the school was another little girl named Nelly, one of the brightest little blue-eyed, mischief-loving girls you ever saw, always ready for fun. When Nora was sick nobody could cheer her like Nelly with her long stories of school-fun and frolic. But she had not yet given her heart to Nora's Saviour and this led to Nora's writing her letters urging her to do so and trying to show her the way. I have often found those letters on the road and in the school-room where they had been dropped after being read. Wouldn't you call that missionary work?

Do you know what it means girls and boys "to hunger and thirst after righteousness?" One day after her school term had ceased, on going to my room I noticed her going into her room and found on my table a little note from Nora asking me if I would talk to her of God some Sunday afternoons and saying she would be in her room to receive my answer. Don't you think she was hungry when she wrote that little letter? I love to think that she is "being filled" now for she is with the God she longed after, and there, in that beautiful country, is neither hunger, thirst nor sickness.

Dear little Nora! I wonder how many of the boys and girls who read of her will meet her in that beautiful Home "I am the Way" said her Saviour.—S. R.

HOW TO CURE A BAD TEMPER.

"Well, if I have a bad temper, how can I help it? A little thing puts me out, and then I am sure to be very angry." Such were the words of a little boy named Fred Smith. And as he spoke then a frown rested on his face.

A lady who was on a visit to Fred's father's heard these words. The few days she had been in the family had brought to her notice 'he bad conduct of the little boy. As she had been much grieved about it, she felt it was her duty to speak to him on the subject.

One evening they were in the library. Soon she began to talk to him about his

folly and sin of allowing his angry temper to overcome him. "Try to cure it, Fred," said she, "for it must make you unhappy in your mind, as it makes you unlovely in the eyes of your friends. Consider, too, how wicked it is in the sight of God. If you would see how such conduct appears, and what it leads to, read the story of Cain in Genesis iv. 3-15, and then turn to Matthew v. 21-24, and hear what our Lord says of anger."

"I will try to cure my bad temper—that I am resolved," said Fred; but he made the resolve in his own strength. The next day showed him how weak he was in himself, for on only a slight affront he flew into a passion with his cousin Charles who got before him in class; he scolded his sister Mary, who had by accident broken the tail off his kite, and burst into a fit of anger when he stumbled over the yard dog as it lay basking in the sunshine.

A few weeks after the day the lady had left, he sat down and wrote her a letter, in which he said:

"To day is my birthday, and I mean to turn over a new leaf, as father calls it. I have quite made up my mind to attend to what you told me. I will never more be angry. I will always fight against my naughty temper. It makes me unhappy, and my parents are unhappy too. And you say that it offends the Holy God."

Now this was quite right, but then Fred had forgotten to pray. He had again resolved in his own strength to fight against his temper. He had not asked to be forgiven his past sins, nor sought help from God to overcome his evil passions.

The kind lady to whom he wrote sent a reply, in which were these words:

"I am glad you have made up your mind boldly to resist all bad temper. This is as it should be; but we can do nothing without the help of the Holy Spirit, nor can we hope to be pardoned except we believe in our Lord Jesus Christ. The Apostle Paul felt that he could do all things if Christ gave him strength; and we know what he overcame and what he

did through the grace of his Saviour. Do not forget, then, to seek of God for that help you need. If you seek it, you shall find it."

Fred did indeed pray, and God heard his prayer. From that time he began to "watch and pray." He then fought with success, and became known among all his friends as "Little Fred, the kind-tempered boy."

So let us watch against whatever may lead us into evil or awaken bad tempers within us. Let us watch against the first risings of passion in our hearts, and watch unto prayer. Whilst we pray that we enter not into temptation, we must "avoid it, pass not by it and turn away." Proverbs iv. 15. And if we are at any time ever astray, let us truly repent of our sins, and ask for more grace for the time to come, while we look in faith to Jesus, that, for His sake, we may be forgiven.

"When for some little insult given,
My angry passion's rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

"When upon the cross He bled,
With all His enemies in view,
Father, forgive them, 'twas, He said;
They know not what they do."

—*Scl.*

KEEP THE GATE SHUT.

A farmer was one day at work in his fields when he saw a party of horsemen riding about his farm. He had one field that he was specially anxious that they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he despatched one of his boys to the field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened.

The boy went as he was bidden, but was scarcely at his post before the huntsmen came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received,

and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain; one after another came forward as spokesmen, but with all the same result: the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while one of noble presence advanced and said, in commanding tones: "My boy, you do not know me. I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed, and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut and not allow any one to pass, but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat and said: "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French, but the world."

And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do: I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

Every boy is a gatekeeper, and his Master's command is, "Be thou faithful unto death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke or chew tobacco? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter.

When evil companions would counsel you to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements. And when the bold blasphemer would instil doubts of the great truths of revelation, then keep the door of your heart locked and barred against his infamous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool that hath "said in his heart, There is no God."—*Band of Hope Review*

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home or at your school,
Do your best with right good will:
It is the golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow:
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow light to-morrow.

BEING HELPFUL.

BY A BOY'S MOTHER.

With all the world wide open with treasures to gain on every side, the enthusiasm of the boy fills all his days and hours with plans for pleasure and profit. He is usually in a hurry for something. He cannot stop in his great haste to think of little things. His plans are foremost and uppermost, and must be executed whether the rest of the world stands still or goes on: which spirit if rightly managed, is well enough. There is so much to learn and do that minutes are indeed precious things, and "things" outside of us won't wait, whether "things" mean time or our various contrivances.

But, boys, does it ever occur to you that it can be just possible that mother or sister have plans that they would like to carry out and that your dreadful hurry to be waited upon just the instant you desire to be may possibly disarrange some of their matters? If they are willing to set their affairs and plans aside for you so often, would it not be fair in a while for you to do little helpful things for them? Little baby brother is begging to be a-

mused, perhaps. Couldn't you leave your play or your work and spend fifteen minutes of your precious time in helping mother in this way? Or possible the wood-box or coal-hod is empty, and even if it is not your particular work to attend to such matters, you can once in a while do some little thing, such as refilling them, or fetch and carry a pail of water.

If every little boy, or big boy either to that matter, would resolve to do some little thing each day to be helpful in the home, how very soon the home will brighten up under his efforts. Little works of kindness and helpfulness are never lost. They do a twofold good, one to the giver, and one to the taker. But all things which are done, with good feeling are not equally productive of pleasure, because there are right and wrong ways of doing things, but nothing ought to be done without some good feeling to prompt the action.—*Christian at Work.*

FOR SISTERS.

Some years ago, as I sat on the piazza of a summer hotel. I noticed, among the crowd, a party of young people; two or three pretty girls, and as many bright young men, all "waiting for the mail."

"O dear!" said the prettiest of the girls, impatiently, "Why don't they hurry? Are you expecting a letter, Mr. Allison?" and she turned to a tall youth standing near.

He smiled.

"I'll get one surely," he said. "It's my day. Just this particular letter always comes. Nell is awfully good; she's my sister, you know; and no fellow ever had a better one."

The pretty girl laughed, saying, as he received his letter, "Harry would think he was blessed if I wrote once a year."

Gradually the others drifted away; but Frank Allison kept his place, scanning eagerly the closely written sheets, now and again laughing quietly. Finally he slipped the letter into his pocket, and, rising, saw me.

"Good morning, Miss Williams," he said cordially; for he always had a pleas-

ant word for us older people.

"Good news?" I questioned, smiling.

"My sister's letters always brings good news," he answered. "She writes such jolly letters."

And, unfolding this one, he read me scraps of it—bright nothings, with here and there a little sentence full of sisterly love and earnestness. There was a steady light in his eyes as, half apologizing for "boring" me, he looked up and said quietly, "Miss Williams, if I ever make anything of a man, it will be sister Nell's doing."

And, as I looked at him, I felt strongly what a mighty power "sister Nell" held in her hands—just a woman's hands, like yours, dear girls, and perhaps no stronger or better; but it made me wonder how many girls stop to consider how they are using their influence over these boys, growing so fast toward manhood, unworthy or noble, as the sisters choose.

There is but one way, dear girls; begin at once, while they are still the little boys of the home circle, ready to come to "sister" with everything. Let them feel that you love them. These great, honest boy-hearts are both tender and loyal, and if you stand by these lads now, while they are still neither boys nor men, while they are awkward and heedless, they will remember it when they become the courteous, polished gentlemen you desire to see them. Do not snub them; nothing hurts a loving boy-soul more than a snub, and nothing more effectually closes the boy-heart than thoughtless ridicule.

Have patience, girls—that gentle patience whose perfect work will surely win the smiles of the Master who grants to all who do the Father's will that we should be His "sisters;" and for the sake of the great Elder Brother who dignified with his divine touch these earthly relationships, shall we not be more tender, more patient, more loving with these sensitive, great-hearted lads who call us "sister," and remember the wise man who said, "Shall the woman who guards not a brother be lightly trusted with husband or son?"—*Congregationalist.*

The Sabbath School Lessons.

March 3.—Mark 8: 27-9: 1. Memory vs. 36-38.

Jesus the Messiah.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK 8: 34. CATECHISM. Q. 11.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
What events occurred between the last lesson and this?

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Messiah Confessed. vs. 27-30.

Where did Jesus go?
What did he ask his disciples?
What was their reply?
What did Jesus then ask?
Who answered for the disciples?
What was Peter's answer?
Meaning of the *Christ*?
Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?
Why did Jesus charge them to tell no man?

II. The Messiah's Sufferings. vs. 31-33.

What did Jesus now tell his disciples?
Why did he make this announcement?
Why were these sufferings necessary?
What did Peter say to him?
What was Jesus' reply?
Why did he thus rebuke Peter?

III. The Messiah's Followers. vs. 34-9: 1.

What must Christ's followers do?
What gain is there in giving up all for Christ?
What awful loss may come from a great worldly gain?
How may our souls be lost?
How may they be saved?
What shame will they suffer who are ashamed of Christ?
What prophecy did Jesus make?
How was this prediction fulfilled?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we should always be ready boldly to confess Christ.

2. That we must be willing to deny ourselves and to give all things, even life itself, for his sake.

3. That we can gain the crown only by bearing the cross.

4. That the soul is of more value than all the world.

March 10.—Mark, 9: 33-42. Memory vs. 36. 37.

The Childlike Spirit.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK, 10: 15. CATECHISM, Q. 12.

Introductory.

What occurred six days after the last lesson?

What miracle did Jesus perform when he came down from the mountain?

What did Jesus then do?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Spirit of Humility. vs. 33-37.

What question did Jesus ask?
Why did the disciples not answer?
How did Jesus know of the dispute?
What made them think so much about being first?

What did Jesus say to the twelve?

What object-lesson did he give his disciples?

How may we show kindness to Jesus?

Who did he say was greatest in his kingdom? Matt. 18: 3, 4.

What does the Golden Text teach on this subject?

In what respects must we be *as a little child*.

II. The Spirit of Tolerance. vs. 38-40.

What had the disciples seen?

What did they do?

Why did they forbid them?

What spirit did this show?

How is the same spirit shown now?

What did Jesus say to them?

What reason did he give?

What spirit did this command show?

How should we feel and act toward Christians who do not agree with us or work with us?

III. The Spirit of Love. vs. 41, 42.

What did Jesus say about services to his disciples?

How may we show our love to Jesus?

What should be our spirit and conduct toward all Christ's followers?

For whose sake?

What should we carefully avoid?

Why is it so terrible to cause one to sin?

What Have I Learned?

1. That before honor is humility.
2. That it is true greatness to forget self and serve others.
3. That we should never hinder or oppose work done for Christ because it is not done in our way.
4. That we may show kindness and love to his followers.
5. That we should be careful not to hinder or discourage any one in the Christian life.

March 17.—Mark 10:13-22 Memory vs. 21, 22.

Christ's Love to the Young.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK 10 : 14. CATECHISM Q 13.

Introductory.

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Jesus and the Children. vs. 13-16.

Who were brought to Jesus?

For what purpose?

How may children now be brought to Jesus?

What did the disciples do?

What did Jesus say to them?

To whom is baptism to be administered?

How must the kingdom of heaven be received?

How did Jesus show his love to children?

Why should children love him?

How can they come to him?

What is promised to those who seek Jesus early? Prov. 8 : 17.

II. Jesus and the Young Ruler. vs. 17-22.

Who came to Jesus?

How did he show his earnestness?

What did he ask?

How did Jesus answer him?

What did the young man say?

How did Jesus feel toward him?

What did he tell him to do?

What did this command test?

How did the young man feel?

Why was he sad?

What did he do?

What did this show?

What different choice did Moses make? Heb. 11 : 24-26. Paul? Phil. 3 : 7, 8.

What must we be willing to do for Christ's sake?

What Have I Learned?

1. That parents should bring their children to Jesus for his blessing.
2. That children should love the Saviour who has shown so much love to them.
3. That we cannot be saved by our morality or good works?
4. That if we have not faith in Christ we lack the one thing needful.
5. That we must be willing to give up all for Christ.

March 24.—Mark 10:46-52. Memory vs. 51, 52.

Blind Bartimeus.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK 10 : 48. CATECHISM. Q. 14.

Introductory.

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?

Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Blind Man's Prayer. vs. 46-48.

Who followed Jesus out of Jericho?

Who was sitting by the wayside?

What was the blind man's prayer?

What did he do when they tried to silence him?

What do we need more than the blind man needed sight?

How should we seek . . ?

11. The Healer's Answer. vs. 49-52.

What did Jesus do when he heard the blind man's prayer?

What words of comfort were spoken to Blind Bartimeus?

What did he do?

What did Jesus say to him?

What was the blind man's prayer?

How did Jesus answer his prayer?

How did his faith make him whole?

How did he show his gratitude?

How may the spiritually blind receive their sight?

What is faith in Jesus Christ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That Jesus only can give sight to those who are spiritually blind.

2. That we should seek his help while he is near.

3. That we should cast away everything that hinders us from going to him.

4. That he is always ready to answer prayer.

5. That those whom he has saved should follow and glorify him?

March 31.—Mark, 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN, 3 : 17.

Review Exercise.

What was John's testimony to Jesus?

How did the Father testify to Jesus at his baptism?

What did Jesus do on the Sabbath day in Capernaum?

What effect had his teaching?

What did Jesus do on leaving Capernaum?

What did the leper say to Jesus?

How did Jesus answer him?

What did Jesus say to one sick of the palsy?

How did he prove his power on earth to forgive sins?

How did Jesus close the parable of the sower?

Who met Jesus in the country of the Gadarenes?

What did Jesus say to him?

In what condition did the people find the man?

What did Jesus say to the woman who had been healed by touching his garment?

What did the people of Nazareth say about Jesus?

What did the apostles do when Jesus sent them out?

What question did Jesus ask his disciples?

What was Peter's answer?

What question of profit did Jesus ask?

What did Jesus say of kindness shown to his disciples?

How did Jesus show his love for little children?

What did the rich young ruler ask Jesus?

What did Jesus command him to do?

What did the young man do?

What was the blind man's prayer?

How was his prayer answered?

Westminster Question Book.

A CHEAP SOUL.

Some years since I was sitting in a large dry goods store in Chicago waiting for a friend. It was scorching a little outside, and the clerks were not very busy. Not far from me stood a cash-boy with his back against a pile of prints, and his elbows carelessly resting on the same. I noted his handsome face, set with dark hair and eyes so expressive, his cheeks bespeaking perfect health. A lady at an opposite counter, while paying a bill, let fall some fractional currency, such as was then in circulation, that fluttered and fell to the floor, and was picked up by the gentlemanly clerk in attendance, except one, a twenty-five cent piece, which noiselessly skimmed along the floor, and fell near the cash-boy I have alluded to. Without changing his position, he set one foot upon the money, and seemed unconscious of everything except the skylight, and stood gazing up into the open space while search was made for the money.

I watched him stain his soul with a sickening thought in my mind: "What will

be the end?" I went swiftly to him, and whispered in his ear "Boy, will you sell your soul for a paltry twenty-five cents? Don't you know perfectly well that the money is under your foot? Restore it, and never, never do such a thing again!"

The boy turned deadly pale, stooped and picked up the money "Lady," he gasped, "don't tell on me, I pray—I beg!—and I will never do so any more. Think of my mother!"

I presume he thought I knew him. I did not then, but afterwards found out who he was; and from the fact that he stayed with his employers several years, and was trusted with a high position, I think the offence was never repeated. God had used me to save him from sin.

Boys, the first theft is the longest step you take towards prison; the first glass of liquor takes you nearer a drunkard's grave than all you swallow after: often the first oath clinches the habit of profanity. A stained soul is hard to purify. There are virtues you can lose; but once lost, they are forever gone.

BOYS AND TOBACCO.

The utter folly of a boy learning to smoke cigarettes, or tobacco in any form, is only equalled by the reckless sinfulness of the boy who teaches another, younger than he, to smoke. This vice does more harm to the boys in one day than they can recover from in a year. Little boys scarcely into pants, and others who are old enough to know better, are seen walking the streets at one end of a cigarette, ruining the image of God in which He has created them, and destroying the will-power that was given them for the very purpose of resisting the onward and stealthy advance of the habit-fiend. Their ambition is to be "manly," but the devil never invented a more specious sophistry than the idea that it can be manly to smoke all the manhood out and all the vice and degradation in. When men can be God-like by being devilish, then boys can show manliness by destroying their capacity for true manhood. Sometimes when I see

boys learning to smoke I think they must be so absolutely devoid of sense that it becomes the duty of those who have more sense to stop them by force. Statistics show that five years ago the average at which users of tobacco learned the habit was about twenty years. To-day the average is from five to twelve years. Boys, little boys, are ruining their constitutions by the exercise of their faculty of imitation. As these boys will one day have the control of the Government, it will not be long, if things go on from bad to worse, before we have a "Great and Glorious Republic" made up of idiots! It is time to call a halt. It is time that the legislators of the State of New York should begin to do something else besides drawing their salaries and keeping on the lookout to secure the favor of this "vote" and that "vote," including the cigarette-maker's vote. If any man have a business among the youth of the land that tends to undermine the future of the country, that business must be sacrificed for the good of the whole people. What we New Yorkers want at our capital is a few men with the backbone of the Ohio legislators who have enacted a law which provides that:

"Whoever sells, gives or furnishes to any minor under fifteen years of age, cigarette, cigar, or tobacco, shall be fined not less than five dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars or imprisoned not more than thirty days, or both.—*Sec.*

Sunday Labor has been greatly increasing during the last few years. In the city of New York alone there are fully 100,000 men and women who work every Sunday at their trades or vocations. A religious organization there is trying to prevent the growth of this encroachment upon the day of rest, and it has already begun its work with the cigarmakers.

Forty years ago there were but twenty native converts in all China, and now there are 32,000 connected with various branches of the evangelical church.