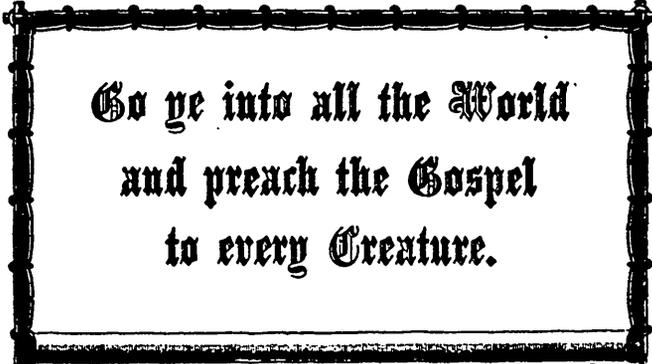


THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

VOL 5 DECEMBER. 1890. NO. 12

The Children's Record.

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

THE EDITOR'S "GOOD BYE."

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

For five years, month by month, we have talked together of many things and I trust not without profit. But our pleasant meetings must come to an end. This is the last time that I will have the pleasure of sending you the CHILDREN'S RECORD, the last time that in its old familiar dress it will greet you and get your pleasant smile of welcome.

But the CHILDREN'S RECORD will not cease to be. It is but taking a step forward, changing its style and going out into a more important place in the world just as you boys and girls will do as you get older. I have tried to care for it in its infancy and now the work passes to other hands. Next year in a bright new dress with pretty pictures and good and pleasant reading it will come to you from Montreal.

Let me tell you how all this came about. In the year 1885 the Sabbath School Committee in its Report asked the General Assembly of our Church "to take such steps as would secure the issuing to the Children of the Church of a Record or other monthly paper." The Assembly after talking the matter over decided that it would not then do so, but would in the meantime leave the young people to choose from the many papers already published.

A few months afterward the CHILDREN'S RECORD came to you and asked you to try it. It promised to give you letters from missionaries, and other things that would be for your profit and you gave it such a warm welcome that it has kept on coming to you ever since, and in larger numbers each year, until there are now nearly twelve thousand copies printed every month. Besides the reading which it promised it has been giving you some pictures, chiefly of life in heathen lands.

The Assembly this year was again asked to publish for the church an illustrated children's paper. They made inquiry about your RECORD and were told that if they wished it, it would be given to them. They agreed to take it and told the Committee that publishes the RECORD for the older people to appoint some one to take charge of your RECORD, and to be ready to send out the first number of the sixth volume at the beginning of the year. So when it comes to you next month you will know that it is no stranger but your own old friend in a new dress, and I trust you will give it a warm welcome.

As you know, all the money received for the CHILDREN'S RECORD after paying for its cost was to be given to Missions. Thus far, after getting itself established, it has paid four hundred dollars into the Foreign Mission Fund and I hope that when all the accounts are squared there will be some more, but I am not sure. The paper was yours and so the money was your gift.

And, now, dear young people—good-bye—which means "God be with you." You are getting older; those of you who were five years old when we first met are now ten. Those who were ten are now fifteen.

Childhood's years are passing o'er you,
Youthful days will soon be done,
Cares and sorrows lie before you,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.

O may He, who, meek and lowly,
Trode Himself this vale of woe;
Make you His and make you holy,
Guard and guide you while you go.

And if you follow Him, even sorrow will be made easy and care will be made light, for :

"Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."

That you may walk in these paths and help to lead others in the same good, glad way is the prayer of

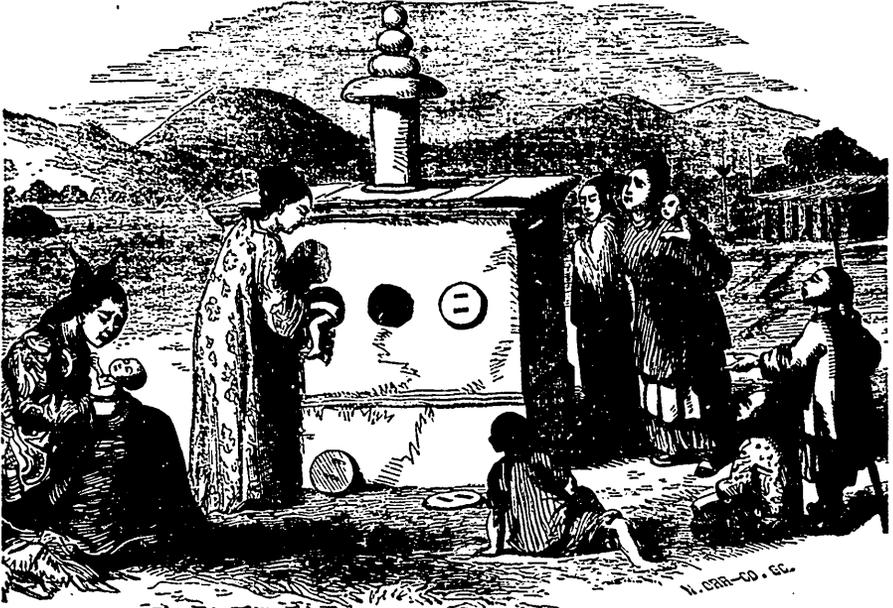
Your friend,
E. SCOTT.

LITTLE GRACE-BRINGER.

One of the dreadful things in some parts of China is the killing of little girl babies. This makes even the mothers very cruel sometimes. They usually try to save their little girls, but not long ago I read of a Chinese mother who, when she was told she had a little daughter, rose from her bed, laid the child on the floor, put on her wooden shoes and trampled the

babies into such a cold, dark place to die? When the missionaries or Christian women hear of any children that are to be killed in this way they do all they can to save them. They send them to the foundling hospital or take care of them in some way.

Some years ago a poor little girl was born in Lilong, China, and her father and mother were heathen people, and when her father saw her he said he couldn't



THROWING AWAY THE GIRL BABIES.

poor little creature till it was dead, saying all the time, "Now, you good-for-nothing thing, will you dare to come back? Will you dare to be born again as a girl?"

At one time this was done so much that people built large stone vaults, like the one in the picture, where the children could be thrown away without any trouble. Isn't it dreadful to think of the mothers or other women throwing the

take care of girls, and she must be killed. It sometimes seems as if these fathers did not care any more about killing these children than we do about kittens when there are too many of them. This little girl, however, had a good Christian grandmother who had learned that it was wrong and cruel to do such things, and she made up her mind to save the child. So she carried her off one day and took her to a

missionary.

The missionary took her from the old woman and put her in a foundling hospital, where they could watch over her and care for her. They had her baptised, and because her grandmother wished it, they called her Kin-Kyan, or Grace-bringer. "Because," she said, "some day I want her to bring grace to her parents and lead them to the Saviour." In a few weeks rather a strange thing happened; the parents began to want their little girl back again. I should not wonder if a good many of these Chinese parents would like to have their children back again after a while, but they are usually dead or quite beyond their reach.

The missionaries were very glad to send little Grace-bringer back to their parents, but you may be sure they did not forget her. They went to see her quite often and talked to her parents about the true God. They carried her Bible pictures, and when she was old enough they taught her to read. Years went on, and the child grew to be a very good useful little girl, and the family felt they could never get along without Grace-bringer.

When she was about nine years old, Grace-bringer wanted to join the Church, and who do you think came to join with her? Her whole family—her father, mother, two grown up daughters and a sister-in-law.

"What has brought all this family to Christ?" asked the missionary.

"It is Kin Kyan," said her grandmother. "She has made good her name; she has brought grace to all her family."

The missionary went often to the house while they were preparing to join the church, and was much pleased to see that the father always held the little girl in his lap and seemed very fond of her. This seemed very wonderful when he remembered that only a few years before this very father had said she must be killed.

Yes indeed; little Grace-bringer's name is made good. Her parents, her brothers and sister can all rejoice with her in the same Saviour; and they can all look forward to the same beautiful home in heaven.

LETTER FROM REV. J. H. McVICAR

To the Nazareth St. Presbyterian Mission Sabbath School, Montreal.

LIN CH'ING, China July 25th, 1890

Dear Children:—The last time I wrote you was on the eve of the Chinese New Year, when the air was filled with the noise and fumes of exploding fire crackers; but now I write amidst another kind of distraction, that of excessive heat. As you will not read my words, however, till the beginning of autumn, you will hardly be able to imagine yourselves sweltering with us out here in Lin Ch'ing, for as you see, we are still waiting a favorable chance to get into Honan. The last time those members of our band who can speak the language went to Honan, the people did not show themselves very friendly, so we have to be very cautious how we proceed lest by being too eager to live amongst them now we may prevent our selves from gaining a settlement for ten or eleven years to come. I trust you are still bearing us all up in your prayers. Ask God, for the glory of His own name, to open the doors that now seem shut against us.

When you get this, it will be over a year since we said good-bye to you and to Montreal. I wonder what idea you have of the people we have been living amongst? I am just afraid these Chinese seem to you very far away and indistinct,—in fact, like the stars—and I would like very much to lend you my eyes for a little that you might perhaps see more vividly, not so much the grown up people of China, as the boys and girls, and realize more vividly their need of Jesus, the great Saviour.

For, of course, there are boys and girls in China just the same as at home. It would be a dreary lonely land if there were not. In all our walks about Lin Ching we do not see much on the streets or in the fields to brighten us up except the children; although they, poor little things, do not particularly like us just yet,

for they have been told frightful stories about our coming here.

They have been told, for instance, that we have come for no other purpose than to buy little Chinese boys and girls in order to cut out their eyes and hearts and send them back to Canada as medicine! What a lot of cruel little savages they would think you if they knew how you had helped to send such shocking people here!

But if these poor frightened children dislike us, we do not dislike them; and as the months go by their fear of us is growing less, for they find that no little Chinese boys and girls are disappearing after all, and that the cellars in the missionaries' houses are not filled, as they have been taught to believe with eyes and hearts waiting to be shipped to Canada.

Now, it is very hard to get a peep at these Chinese in their own houses, so I cannot tell you much about their lives there. You know the saying that an Englishman's house is his castle; but it would be far truer to say that of the Chinese. Their houses are all walled in so that there are no windows on the street, and they are very slow at inviting foreigners to go in and visit them.

But if we do not often see into their homes, we do often see the children playing on the streets. In winter, they are dressed in bright clothes of green, blue, scarlet and purple, and they make the narrow streets quite lively with their romps; sometimes tossing pennies, or "cash," as they call them; sometimes spinning tops; sometimes playing shuttle-cock with their feet; sometimes flying kites; sometimes merely sucking sugar sticks and looking drowsily at us with their queer slit eyes.

And everything about them is so very different, too, from your life at home. Your "coppers" have no square holes in the middle—at least not when they come from the bank; and as for your tops—well, how you would all laugh at the wooden-pegged bamboo-tops of China!

One day we were sitting in our house

at study when a noise came from the court outside, not unlike a saw-mill whistle sounding the dinner hour at home. We asked our teacher what it meant, and he laughed, and said it was a "wind-pumpkin." That didn't make things much plainer; but when he went out and brought in a very little boy with a big bamboo top, and made him spin it on the floor, we saw through it all. The top had a slit in the side, which made the noise as soon as it began to spin.

The Chinese love noise. And not only their tops, but their kites show it. They are very clever at making and flying kites of the most wondrous shapes, like men and birds and serpents and dragons and all sorts of ugly things; and very often they fasten to their kites a kind of mouth organ on which the wind sounds loudly; and so, day and night during the kite season, we hear weird mysterious droning dropping from the sky.

Their candies, too, are made in queer shapes, like snakes and bugs and beetles which are fastened to the ends of little bamboo splits. It is strange, but just at this point in my writing a candy-seller has sent in some specimens, made, not of sugar, but of paste. They are fastened to bamboo splits, and shaped like little devils in green, red, and black clothes, with arms on pivots that swing to and fro whenever the spirits are shaken. My teacher tells me, with a knowing look, that they are not so good to eat as the snakes and bugs and beetles made of sugar which he showed me some time ago.

These little paste devils remind me that I told you in my first letter how the Chinese call all foreigners devils. They don't say it so often on the streets now as when we first came; they are getting more used to our appearance; but a rather amusing instance of calling us names occurred shortly after we came here.

A fine bright boy, with a bundle on his back, was following us along the road one evening; and I heard him calling after me in Chinese:

"Teacher! teacher!"

I turned to see what he wanted, and he at once shook his hands towards me in the Chinese salute, for as you all surely know, instead of shaking *your* hand in China they shake their own.

So I, of course, responded by shaking mine.

Mrs. McVicar was with me: and as we walked on the boy called out to her.

"T'ai-t'ai, t'ai-t'ai," ("Lady! Lady!")

She, too, turned; and the nice little fellow, as we thought him, shook his hands towards her, and went on talking in a still more pleasant voice.

When Mrs. MacVicar, in broken Chinese, told him she didn't know what he was saying, he laughed and went on talking,

"O," he said, "the lady doesn't understand our language yet, is that it?" And he shook his hands towards her with greater politeness than ever.

Well, we went on a little, and came to a point where two roads meet beyond a stone bridge, one going up a slight hill. When we had crossed the bridge and started along the level road we heard some boy or other behind us calling at the top of his voice in Chinese,

"Foreign devils! foreign devils! with a decided answer on the word devils.

On turning we saw it was our young friend who had been so exceedingly polite to us; and as he shouted, he was running like wild-fire up the hill, turning every little while to shout louder than ever.

"Foreign devils!" foreign devils!"

We really could not help laughing at the impudence of the little rascal! The Chinese are a wonderfully polite people; but a great deal of it is only skin deep. There is often sweetness on their lips, but not in their hearts; and this boy showed it about as well as anyone could; don't you think so? Sometimes we have felt like being provoked with these saucy Chinese boys; but we have tried to remember that we are really being "reviled" by them for Jesus' sake, since our one ob-

ject in coming here has been to tell them of Jesus.

And the girls,—am I going to close without saying anything of the girls? Well, if I were a Chinaman, I would very likely say nothing of them. (Girls don't count for anything in China. When a boy is born, great quantities of fire-crackers are set off at the door of the house to scare away evil spirits; but no powder is ever wasted over a girl; it doesn't seem to matter much if the devils do plague her; and often she is left lying for days on a heap of rags in a corner of the room to show how little care is going to be taken of her through life.

A Chinese proverb says, "when a daughter is born she sleeps on the ground. She is incapable of evil or good." I suppose that means she has nothing like the soul a boy has.

A few yards from where I sit writing there lives a boy of whom we see a great deal; and I almost wish I could put him in the envelope with this that he might be set upon the school room platform where you might all have a good look at him with his funny clothes and funnier little pigtail just beginning to grow, like horns on each side of his head. But no, that would be cruel. You would likely look at him so closely that the poor little fellow would become terribly frightened and not have the heart ever to shout "foreign devils" at you. His father is very proud of this boy, as every Chinese father is of his son.

But in the same house, there is a little girl, and the father says without any shame that he does not care for her at all.—she is "only a girl" and "can't bring any money" to him. Many a time when we first came we used to hear the poor little thing crying in great distress without receiving any notice from its parents; and we have all along tried to make them kind to her, but they think us almost crazy to make such a fuss over a girl.

Only a girl! O you girls of Nazareth St. Sunday School! O you girls of Canada! you don't know how much you have

to be thankful for, that the great good God has given you Canada to live in instead of China or India or Africa.

I wonder now how you would like to be that little girl in Peking, I have just heard about, whom the missionaries saved last year from the hatred of her father! She was seven years old, but because she was a girl he grudged the money to buy her food. So what do you think he did? He took her while she was asleep and actually tried to bury her. He was hindered, however; and afterwards he tried to sell her to some wicked people so that he could get money to gamble with, and it was only with difficulty that the missionaries managed to get her out of their clutches.

A girl's life in China is indeed dark and dismal; and a woman's is darker. About the only thing she is taught to be proud of is the smallness of her feet, after they have been crushed and squeezed and bound with a great deal of pain, to make them fit shoes not much bigger than a doll's. "Three-inch golden lilies," they proudly call their feet; but they are not much use for walking with. The grown girls and women we meet upon the streets toddle about in a most ridiculous fashion, as if they were always walking on their heels.

But I expect I have already made this letter long enough, and if I write more I shall only weary you. I hope, however, these little things I have mentioned will help to make the boys and girls of China more real to you. Pray for them. Don't merely dream about them. Don't merely think of them as you would of the people in a story book. But try to think how real they are, with real faces and bodies, slightly different from yours, perhaps, but all the same, as God's Word tells us, "of one flesh."

And don't forget they have souls, yes, even the poor despised girls,—souls, starved and shrivelled, because, unlike yours, never fed on the Bread of Life. They themselves do not realize how starved they are, and they therefore make

no effort to save their lives. Won't you help to save them—to save their lives, here and hereafter.

Here; for heaven begins on earth. Hereafter, for, O what a blaze of light there is going to be in the streets of the New Jerusalem and how the golden pavements will glitter there as the great multitude passes along which is being gathered from all nations and kindreds and people and tongues. How different those streets will be from the narrow dirty lanes of Liu Ch'ing, for there, far more grandly than here, "the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls, playing in the streets there."

God in His mercy grant that all the boys and girls who hear these lines, read may here meet all the boys and girls whom they have been seeing with their missionaries' eyes playing on the streets of this distant Chinese city.

It is the sincere prayer of your sincere friend,

J. H. MACVICAR.

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

Many young persons are ever thinking over some new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun", more joy.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in heaven, by trusting in Jesus, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."

THE ALABASTER BOX.

In compliance with the superintendent's request, Miss Mason agreed to teach a Sunday school class of seven girls between the ages of eight and ten. As they were bright and interesting, she soon learned to love them and rejoiced to watch their improvement.

Among other things she very soon discovered that they were encouraging a habit which they called forgetfulness, but the true name of which, in her opinion, was thoughtlessness. Almost every Sunday there were two or three lesson leaves left at home. The collections, too, were often forgotten. One Sunday, when the girls were to bring the lesson story written in their own language, only two of the seven had remembered to write it. Miss Mason once gave them a question, the answer of which they were requested to find during the coming week; but only one of the little girls remembered to search for it, and her memory was too short to retain the answer until the following Sunday.

After trying in vain to impress them with the importance of being more thoughtful, their teacher decided to try homœopathy—like cures like. It was her custom to give each scholar a lesson picture-card every Sunday, but there came a Sunday when she did not furnish them.

"Why, Miss Mason," exclaimed Grace, "you said you had them for every Sunday in the year!"

"So I have," said Miss Mason; "but this is such a forgetful class that I thought I would try forgetting too." What rosy cheeks there were in that class! and for once each little girl was at a loss for words. But Ethel was the first to recover and looking up with a mischievous expression in her brown eyes she said,

"But we don't try to forget."

"I presume not," answered Miss Mason, "but do you try to remember?" The eyes drooped, the question remained unanswered.

For the next two or three weeks those little girls had wonderful memories, but they soon began to fail again; and strange though it may seem, their teacher's memory also appeared to shorten, for the little girl that forgot was sure to receive no card. One Sunday when Ethel's card was not given her she could not refrain from saying, "I am so sorry, for I want the whole set to keep."

"I also am sorry," replied Miss Mason, "but I am far more sorry for my little girls to cultivate a wrong habit which will cling to them through life. Doubtless you think that while you are children you need not be particular about these things, but I assure you that is a mistaken idea. You are now forming characters for the future, and the habits you acquire will always be yours to either joy or sorrow. There will be no time during your life when you will find it so easy to overcome careless habits and to form good ones as at this early age, and I am sure that you want to grow up to be useful Christian women. Now my dear girls," and Miss Mason's voice was soft and loving, "while the beautiful lesson of to-day is fresh in your minds, suppose you each furnish an alabaster box for Jesus: resolve, out of love to him, to do your utmost to conquer this bad habit."

"Do you mean that he would be as pleased with our efforts to overcome this habit as he was with Mary's costly box?" asked Daisy, in great surprise.

"Yes, dear, I mean just that; for it is not the price of the gift, but the amount of love that prompts it, which makes it acceptable to Jesus."

"Then we will try," said Daisy, softly, and each little head nodded assent. And they are trying earnestly and successfully; but this is what Ethel recently whispered in her teacher's ear: "I am so glad you told us about the alabaster box, for I find the naughty habit so strong that I am quite sure I could never conquer it if Jesus didn't help me."

H. M. G.

SAVING THE BABY.

The captain and mate of an English ship, waiting for a cargo in a Chinese port, took a small boat one day, and went on shore to see what they could find in the beautiful land of flowers which looked so charmingly from the Harbor. The Chinese are very fond of flowers, and cover their hills with many kinds of bright-colored azaleas, poppies, pinks, honeysuckles, roses, and other lovely flowers.

The captain climbed the steep bank from the beach, and there he saw the

One of them looked around and saw the strangers coming, and they all stopped in their dreadful work.

The captain soon reached them and drove them away with his sword; then he took the poor little thing and gave her to her nurse, who was standing near, wringing her hands and crying to see the baby in the horrible sand-pit screaming with fright, with no one to help her.

The father and mother were standing a little off with a sacrifice of cooked meats and other offerings to be placed on the grave, and afterward to be taken home and eaten



SAVING THE BABY.

strange group in the picture. Three Chinamen with spades were hastily shovelling the sand and stones on the beach, in which they had made a place to bury a little child alive.

When the captain and mate saw what they were doing and heard the cries of the child, they shouted to them to stop, waving their hats to make them see them.

by the men who had buried their child.

The captain found out that the parents were poor people and did not want to take care of their little daughter; and as their government allows them to kill their girls by burying them alive or by drowning, unless they would rather sell them for slaves, these ignorant parents had chosen to kill their child in this way.

The mother did think enough of her little daughter to want her to have a good time in the other world ; so, according to Chinese custom she had brought clothing and money to be burned on her grave, so that she could have them when she had gone. The Chinese believe that money, or anything they choose to make in their bamboo paper and burn on the graves of their friends, will be sent to them in smoke, and turn into the things they represent in the spirit world. They make little houses, paper horses, sedan-chairs filled with paper clothing, kites, lanterns, fans, and everything they think will be needed for celestial happiness and comfort.

Only think, dear children, of the strange customs of these people, and what a sad fate a little girl may have in China. They do not know about Him who loves little children, and who died to save them. They never heard

“That sweet story of old

When Jesus was here among men ;
How he called little children as lambs to fold ;”

or the other song you sing in Sabbath-school—

“Around the throne of God in heaven.”

Will you not remember these poor Chinese children, and give some of your money to buy Bibles for them and help send missionary ladies to teach them about Jesus ?

A SPELLING-BEE.

BY ROSE GRAHAM.

“I'm going to have a spelling-bee to-night,” said Uncle John, “and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy that can best spell—‘man.’”

The children turned and stared into each other's eyes.

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

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

“What does he mean ?” asked Bob.

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

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

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

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

“Been a good boy to-day, Hal ?”

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

But Uncle John had turned to Bob.

“Had a good day, my boy ?”

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

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

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

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

“The spelling match is over” said Uncle “and Joe has won the prize.”

Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him.

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

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

In the gray of New Year's morning
 Children, waking early, rise,
 Step about the room on tiptoe,
 Rubbing open sleepy eyes.
 They would be the first with wishes,
 Good and kind, for the New Year,
 Waking up the sleeping household
 With their words of happy cheer.

Do they know, these loving children,
 That they have so much to do.
 In the making of these wishes
 For the New Year all come true?
 'Twill be easy to make happy
 Those about us, if we heed
 All our words and acts, and think of
 Not our own, but others' need.

Remembering that being good
 Ourselves, throughout each day,
 Is doing good in just the best,
 Most true and happy way,
 We'll ask the Lord to help us walk
 This New Year near His side,
 To take our hands in His, and be
 Our Guard, our Strength, our Guide.

LETTER FROM MISS ARCHIBALD.

PRINCESTOWN, Trinidad,
 Sept. 27, 1890.

My Dear Children.—I know you are all very fond of picnics. So I will write you something about a picnic we had in Princetown some time ago which was probably different from any you may have attended in the summer season which is just over.

Our school closed for the summer vacation on the last day of July, and Friday August 1st, was the day chosen for our picnic.

On Thursday I told the children to come to school the next day and we would go and play all day instead of study. Strange to say "like children at home" they seemed to be quite pleased with the idea. And the next morning there was no necessity for sending our monitors to

the estates for the children but early in the morning there were crowds of them round the school house. Some of them must have left their homes by six o'clock in the morning.

Judging from their appearance the estate children did not spend much extra time dressing for the occasion. If they had a hat they put it on, if not they tied a handkerchief around their heads or came without anything.

About nine o'clock we set off for Leithian's estate over a mile from home, the older children walked but the little ones who were unable to walk so far were sent in carts, huggies, etc.

The Savanna to which we went was a beautiful place, the ground was covered with grass and the large trees which stood here and there made an excellent shelter.

The day was delightful, the sun shone brightly all day which of course made it very hot especially when you went from under the shelter of the trees.

The larger boys soon started a game of base-ball which seemed to be enjoyed immensely. Mr. Macrae had a swing put up for them which was appreciated as it was something new. We had about 45 or 50 small boys and girls of 4, 5, and 6 years. It was more difficult to amuse them but they played games among themselves.

They seemed much pleased when we opened the luncheon baskets. If some of our home children had been here they would have been shocked at the rudeness of the children in each one wishing to be helped first. But when we remember that many of the estate children do not often get such things as cakes, buns, candies, etc., and they were probably hungry, having left home very early in the morning, perhaps, without waiting for their breakfast, we must forgive their seeming rudeness. Finally they were put in order and each one helped.

A few minutes later when I took up a bag of candies, they tried again to see who could get closest to me, but I told them when I saw them all standing in

line I would help them but not before. With the help of two of our Catechists about 200 of them were stood in line and the candies were liberally distributed.

Including the young men, our teachers chiefly, we had more than 200 at our picnic, the children of our Princetown school and Sunday school.

At five o'clock we all started for home, after a pleasant day for the children and a tiresome one for those of us who had charge of them.

Some two years ago when Mrs. Clarke, (Miss Semple) was in Princetown, and before the death of Mrs. Macrae, they had a Sabbath school picnic in the same place. And the older children and young people spoke of the pleasant time they had at their former picnic, and of what was done to make the day pleasant by their teacher and Mrs. Macrae, one whom has returned to Canada, and the other has gone home to that brighter, fairer, and better, home above.

Yours very sincerely,
ADELLA J. ARCHIBALD.

LETTER FROM AN INDIAN GIRL.

TO THE PRINCIPAL OF THE LADIES COLLEGE, HALIFAX, N. S.

Tunapuna, Trinidad, Aug. 31, '89.

Dear Miss Leach :—I received your kind letter that you sent for me, and am writing you these few lines. You will think I had forgotten you so long I had not written to you. I had seen the articles that you had sent for Alice they were nicely done and we are all pleased to see them.

The girls are getting on nicely with their lessons, and they are trying to behave very nice to Madam, and Miss Morton is teaching us how to wash our clothes without wasting plenty of soap and blue. She makes us take the clothes into a tub and rub it with our hands well and put all the white ones to bleach. At first we found it hard to do but now we do it without she looking at us.

She is teaching us to do everything that will profit us later days. It is very nice

to learn all that is good for us. We all trying to do what is write to please Madam in all that we do. Sometimes we find our lessons hard the only thing that we find is the hardest is the grammar and sums, but little by little we may not find it hard when we understand it.

We are very Thankful to God for sending us such kind peoples from so far country to come and teach us and we must put our minds and learn. I send my best love to the ladies hoping that they are praying for us that we may become good children,

I remains,
Truly yours,
VICTORIA BASTIEN.

CHRISTIAN CONDUCT.

Oftentimes a young Christian may be puzzled about how he should act as a Christian. I have this much to say—one who is very anxious to do God's will and is prayerful and reads his Bible daily is not often troubled by this question. We must take it for granted that everybody who is a Christian wants to do the will of Christ.

The New Testament furnishes general rules for Christian conduct. The whole law is, love to God and love to man. This comprehends everything. We give some rules founded on the Scriptures :

1. Do nothing if you doubt its being right, "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."
2. If there is something you want to do which would do you no harm, but might lead a weaker brother into wrong, dare not do it. "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."
3. Do not place yourself in a false position. "Abstain from all appearance of evil."
4. Do nothing in thought, word or deed, on which you can not ask God's blessing. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."—*Sunday School Baptist.*

The Sabbath School Lessons.**December 7. Luke 24: 13-27.****The Walk to Emmaus.****Memory Vs. 25-27.**

Golden Text.—Luke 24: 30.

Catechism Q. 105.

Introductory.

When and where was Jesus buried?

How long was he in the grave?

What have you learned about his resurrection?

Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. The Unrecognised Companion vs. 13-16.

Where were the Disciples going?

Of what were they talking? Mal. 3:16.

What things had happened?

What other traveller joined them?

Why did they not recognize him?

Why did he not make himself known?

II. The Bewildered Disciples, vs. 17-24.

What did Jesus ask them?

What was their answer?

Who had they hoped that Jesus was?

Why had they now lost hope about him?

What strange report had bewildered them?

What had still further perplexed them?

III. The Scriptures Opened, vs. 25-27.

What did Jesus say to them?

What question did he ask?

Why ought the Christ to suffer these things?

What did Jesus then do?

What things concerning him do you find in the Old Testament Scriptures?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus will come to walk and talk with those who love him and talk of him.

2. That we may fail to recognize him when he is nearest to us.

3. That we may freely tell him all our cares and perplexities.

4. That there is precious truths in the

Scriptures which he can only open to us.

5. That he opens these truths to us by study, meditation, obedience, the light of the Holy Spirit.

December 14. Luke 24: 28-43.**Jesus Made Known.****Memory vs. 36, 40.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—Luke 24: 31.

Catechism Q. 106.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson!

Give an outline of it.

Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. Made Known at Emmaus, vs. 28-32

To what village did the two disciples and Jesus draw nigh?

What did Jesus do?

How did they cause him to stop with them?

How may we have Jesus abide with us? John 14:23.

What took place at the table?

How was Jesus made known to them?

What became of him?

What did they say to each other?

II. Made Known to Simon, vs. 33, 35.

What did the two disciples hasten to do?

What did they find?

What joyful announcement did the apostles make?

Where else is this appearance to Simon mentioned?

What did the two disciples tell?

How was Jesus made known to them?

III. Made Known to The Disciples, vs. 36, 43.

What took place as they were speaking?

What did Jesus say to them?

What was the effect upon them?

What did they take him to be?

What did he say to them?

How did he offer to convince them?

What did he then do?

What effect did all this have upon them?
 What did he call for?
 What did they give him?
 What did he do with it?
 What proof would this furnish them?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That Christ will not abide with us unless we make him welcome.
2. That if we would have him with us we must pray for his presence.
3. That if we earnestly pray for his presence he will ever abide in our hearts and homes and churches.
4. That Jesus still lives to give peace to all who seek it.

December 21. Luke 24: 45-53.

Jesus' Parting Words.

Memory vs. 45-48

GOLDEN TEXT.—John 11 : 3.

Catechism.—Q. 107.

Introductory.

What was the subject of this lesson?
 Title of this lesson? Golden Text?
 Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. The Disciples Instructed. vs. 41, 48.

What did Jesus say to his disciples?
 When had he spoken to them of these things? Mark 10 : 33; Luke 18 : 23.

How had the events fulfilled his predictions?

What did he then do?

What are some of the prophecies concerning Christ?

What should he preached in his name?

To whom is the gospel to be preached?

Of what is every Christian a witness?

II. The Spirit Promised. vs. 19.

What promise is here given?

Why was it needed?

How was it fulfilled? Act : 2 : 1-4.

What followed the gift of this power?
 Acts 2 : 41.

III. The Ascension. vs. 50, 53.

Whither did Jesus lead his disciples?

What did he do?

Describe his ascension. Acts 1 : 9.

How long was this after the resurrection?

What cause had they for praising God?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That the Old Testament testifies of Christ and is fulfilled in him.
2. That it is only in his name that our sins can be forgiven.
3. That he has commanded his gospel to be preached to all nations.
4. That we must send it to those who have it not.
5. That we should love Christ, give ourselves to him, rejoice in him and wait for the fulfilment of his promises.

December 28

Luke 20 24.

Golden Text.—Rev. 5 : 13.

Home Readings.

- M. Luke 20..... Lesson I.
 T. Luke 21..... Intermediate History.
 W. Luke 22: 1-23..... Lesson II.
 Th. Luke 22: 24-47..... Lesson III., IV., V.
 F. Luke 23: 1-25..... Lesson VI., VII.
 S. Luke 23: 26-56..... Lesson VII.
 S. Luke 24..... Lessons IX., X., XI., XII.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

Singing.

How did Jesus represent the privileges of the Jewish people?

What doom did he pronounce upon them for their rejection of him?

At the Lord's Supper what did Jesus say to his disciples when he gave them the bread?

What did He say when he gave them the cup?

What was the prayer of Jesus in Gethsemane?

Who guided those who took Jesus?

What followed the betrayal?

On what charge was Jesus condemned to death?

Why did the council lead Jesus to Pilate?

What did Pilate say after he had examined Jesus ?

To whom did Pilate send him ?

What did Herod do with Jesus ?

What did the Jews say when Pilate would have released him ?

What did Pilate do ?

What superscription was placed over Jesus on the cross ?

What events occurred during the crucifixion ?

What were the last words of Jesus ?

Singing.—“In the Cross of Christ I glory.”

What did the angels say to the women at the sepulchre ?

To whom did the risen Saviour first appear ?

What instructions did he give to two disciples on the way to Emmaus ?

Did these disciples know who was talking with them ?

What took place as he sat at meat with them ?

What charge did he give to the apostles ?

What occurred forty days after the resurrection ?

What did the disciples then do ?

Singing.—“Golden harps are sounding.”

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review and Catechism questions.

Singing.—“Hark from Mansions of glory the song.”

—*Westminster Question Book.*

HOW LORD MACAULAY READ.

When a boy I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page I read, I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I read on that page.

At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed. But I compelled myself to comply with the plan, until now, after I have read a book through once, I can almost recite it from the beginning to the end.

It is a very simple habit to form early in life, and is valuable as a means of making our reading serve the best purpose.

GOLDEN KEYS.

A bunch of golden keys is mine

To make each day with gladness shine.

“Good-morning,” that’s the golden key

That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes “Good-night” I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table “If you please”

I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,

I’ll use a little “Thank you” key.

“Excuse me ; beg you pardon,” too,

When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I’ve given,

With “Forgive Me” I shall be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I’ll bind ;

This is its motto : “Be ye kind.”

I’ll often use a golden key,

And then a child polite I’ll be.

BE TRUE.

A teacher said the other day, “Henry Stover is the only boy in school I can trust when my back is turned.”

Wasn’t that a good word for Henry ?

A mother said one, “I can leave any letter I write open on my desk, and if I am called away, no matter how long, I am certain Nellie will never try to read a word of it.”

These things couldn’t be said of every boy and girl. These children are honest. They do right, not only when others are looking at them, but always remembering that God’s eye is upon them. They do right because it is right.

This is what we should all and always do—live as in God’s presence, and do what will please him.

TAKING A DARE.

First, there was a night on Chesapeake Bay, leaving Baltimore at eight o'clock one of the fine big bay steamers. The little men, Oscar and Phil Rae, enjoyed the new experience greatly, and voted it "a jolly sight better" than getting on the cars and going out to Pikesville every summer.

They were allowed to sit an unheard-of length of time to watch the moonlight putting silver night-caps on the waves and the long streak of light following the ship; then they tumbled into one berth, and slept so soundly that when papa called them at daylight in the morning they could hardly believe they had been to sleep at all. But all night long the engine had been thumping like a great iron heart in the centre of the ship; all night the wheels had been turning in obedience to its throbs, and now here they were at Old Point Comfort, and everybody seemed in as great a rush to get off as if the ship were on fire.

"Now boys," said their father, after they had breakfasted on fish and soft crabs and were prancing up and down the sand "at twelve o'clock I will take you into the surf to bathe; don't go an inch into the water until then."

"No, sir, we will not father," answered the two boys.

Mr. Rae felt satisfied that they would obey, and went into the hotel. But who can warn a boy off from all the dangers he can get himself into? Away out from the glass room stretched an unfinished pier, where the little fishing-smacks were tied and where in the afternoon crab catching was in fashion.

Of course Oscar and Phil were at the end of the pier in two minutes; there they found a small sunburnt boy lying on his stomach watching a little boat, riding on the water.

Our boys climb like sailors or like cats—they had learned that at Pikesville—and in another minute they had clambered down the end of the pier, and were frolicking in the boat to the wide-eyed surprise of the boy above.

"I say Ossie," cried Phil as the other flopped down at the end of the boat, "I dare you to stay there and let me rock you."

"I never take a dare," said Oscar resolutely.

So Phil stretched his short legs as far apart as they would stretch across the boat, and began to sway backward and forward, singing, "Rock-a-by baby your cradle is green."

Oscar would not show any scare, but suddenly the boat lurched like an angry creature, and in an instant it was almost full of water. Fortunately, it sank slowly enough for the boys to reach the end held by the rope; but they could not have clung there long. The small sunburnt boy quickly gave the alarm, and Oscar and Phil were dipped up, all wet and scared.

"But, mamma, I can't take a dare," whispered Oscar.

"Then you are a very cowardly little boy," said mamma gravely. "A brave man is not afraid of anything but doing wrong."

"But a brave man runs into danger," said Phil triumphantly.

"Only to do his duty, my little boy;" and then mamma told Oscar and Phil about the Lord on the pinnacle of the temple, and how he would not tempt God by a foolish risk of life.

I think Oscar and Phil take a different view of "dares" now.—*E. P. A., in Occident.*

THE ALPHABET IN ONE VERSE.

The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains every letter of the alphabet, and is the only one thus distinguished:—

"And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatever Ezra the priest, the Scribe of the law of the God of heaven shall require of you, is to be done speedily."