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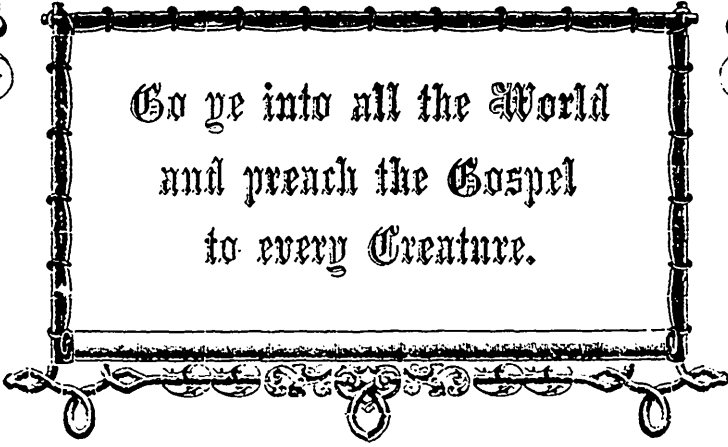
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THE
CHILDREN'S
— — — — —
RECORD



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

VOL. 3

JULY, 1888.

No. 7.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

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All communications to be addressed to

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

STILL A BOY.

On another page you will find a letter from Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston. I am sure you will all be glad that he is so much of a boy because it has made him write you this nice letter. Will you not all join in the prayer that he may come back well and strong from his trip around the world, and in the wish that till his locks are white his heart may be young, that he may be still a boy.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

This is the largest court of our Church. It meets once each year, in the month of June, to look over the work of the past year through all our Church and to lay plans for the work of next year.

It meets in different cities in different parts of the Church. Last year it met in Winnipeg. This year it meets in Halifax.

Some of the boys who read these lines will be and by be members of Assembly as ministers and elders in our Church and it is well to begin now to learn about it.

There are usually some of our missionaries home from foreign lands to tell the Assembly what is being done among the heathen, and in your next RECORD you may expect to hear something about the meeting of Assembly and of what the missionaries have to tell.

"TELL ME, IS THAT TRUE?"

The door-bell of the rectory was violently rung, one cold, bleak Saturday morning, and, on opening the door, a poor, thinly-clad woman asked to see the "minister." Her tone of pleading entreaty

induced the servant to usher her into the study, where she told her tale of woe.

Willie, her bright boy, had been brought home only a few hours ago, terribly scalded by the explosion of a boiler where he worked, and the poor little fellow begged so pitifully to see some one from the Sunday-school, which he had attended for two or three Sundays, that his mother at last consented.

The rector accompanied the poor woman to her home, which was in an alley in a remote part of the city.

On the floor, in one corner of the room, on a pallet, lay the form of little Willie, now suffering such terrible pain from his burns that he did not notice the entrance of any one. The clergyman knelt down and lifted the worn quilt from the face of the little sufferer, who moved, and, recognizing him, gave a long thankful sigh.

"My little friend, did you wish to see me?"

"Yes sir,"—and the pale face was illuminated by a bright smile. "My Sunday-school teacher told me last Sunday that Jesus came down to save sinners. O sir, tell me, is that true?"

The man of God was startled by the earnestness of the question, and, brushing away a tear, unfolded to him the simple story of the cross in all its wondrous beauty.

"But," said the little one, "do you think He came to save me, a poor little boy?"

"Yes, Willie, as much as if you were the only little boy on earth, Jesus left his bright home on high and came to earth to save you."

The little face was turned away, and a deep calm took the place of the agony. With a sigh of rest, the spirit of Willie soared away to the bosom of Jesus.

My dear little reader, have you any part or lot in the Saviour that Willie learned to love?

You, unlike him, have heard the wondrous story from Sunday to Sunday, and if you have not found the same peace, it is because you have not taken Jesus at his word. *Rays of Light.*

LETTER FROM PRINCIPAL GRANT.

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, May 4, '83.

My Dear Boys and Girls who read "The Children's Record."

I received a letter the other day from my old friend who edits the RECORD, asking me to write you in the course of my journeying round the world. Before leaving home, other people—representing papers of various kinds—had made similar requests, to all of whom I had said "No" with a light heart. But, it is hard for me to refuse anything, if it is for the young folks, because there is a great deal of the boy in me still, and "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

I rather think Mr. Scott expected me to write about heathen temples, idols, worship, and all that sort of thing; but I am not sure if I shall see any idols, and besides the worst idols are those that are not seen and the worst idolaters are found in Christian lands.

I am now on my way to South Africa, after spending two or three weeks in London, the greatest city in the world and the very heart of Christendom, and I saw there more heart-breaking sights than Dr. McKay sees in Formosa or Mr. Robertson in Erromanga. But I saw also things of beauty, things that make the heart glad, and it is of one of those things that I shall write you to-day,—just before we steam out of Plymouth harbor and away from dear old England.

What was it? A great big house only. It was not one of the historic buildings that every one comes to London to see; not Westminster Abbey, nor mighty St. Paul's, nor Whitehall, nor Somerset House; but a new five-storey brick building, near the West India Docks on the Thames in the East end of London. This is the Scandinavian Sailors' Temperance Home, and it is very beautiful to me for many reasons which will come out in the story I am going to tell you.

Twelve or fifteen years ago, a young lady of noble family in Sweden became an earnest Christian and resolved to devote her life to work for the Lord. Her

name was Agnes Hedenstrom. Her friends thought she was very foolish. They would do nothing to help her, and put all possible hindrances in her way.

She, however, would not be discouraged. She sailed for England, intending to offer for the Zenana Mission. No door was open in that quarter and God showed her plainly that her life work was not to be there. After more than a year spent in London, during which time she kept herself by her needle, and I suppose some of you have an idea of what that means, she fell in with a lady who had known her in Sweden. This lady too was a Christian. She took Agnes to her home, and after a while made her acquainted with different "missions" or departments of Christian work, in London. It then became clear to her that the Scandinavian sailors—her own countrymen—needed, almost more than any other class, some one to deliver them from horrible sins and temptations, and enemies more cruel than Bengal tigers.

Do you know anything of the Norsemen, the people of the land of "the Fjords and Fjelds"? No finer people live on the face of the earth. Their ancestors are our ancestors. They took to the sea as ducks take to the water, in the old times, and to this day there is no other country in the world that has so many seamen in proportion to its population.

"The hardy Norseman's house of yore
Was on the rolling wave,
And there he gathered bright renown,
The bravest of the brave.
And we their children still retain
The old supremacy;
Where'er a vessel ploughs the main,
We rule the stormy sea."

Scandinavian Jack Tars sail to-day under almost every flag, and they come to London in thousands, fine-looking, simple-hearted young fellows, whose very trustfulness along with their ignorance of the English language makes them the easy prey of land-sharks. Whenever a ship or sailor is to be paid off, "Runners" are at hand, in the pay of "Seamen's Outfitters"

and Boarding Houses. These men are also the spies and agents for bad women, keepers of dancing saloons, rum-shops and similar places. There are porters too hanging about the dock gates, who offer to carry the sailor's trunk and show him to nice lodgings. In every case they take him to some low den, where he is soon made drunk, robbed, and polluted in body and soul.

Miss Hedenstrom resolved to do all in her power to save her own countrymen. She began by going almost every night to the gospel meetings held at the "Strangers Rest" in the once notorious Ratcliff Highway. Here, in the Scandinavian room, she would sing hymns in Swedish and tell the Gospel in simple words that came from the heart and therefore went to the heart.

Soon she came to see that something more was needed. Simply bringing them to the Rest was to get them for one hour in the day under the influence of God's Spirit, and to leave them for the other twenty-three hours under the influence of the devil and his very active agents. There ought to be a Sailors Home, conducted on Gospel and Temperance principles, she felt; and feeling this strongly, she persuaded some gentlemen to rent a house and then another beside it, which she undertook to manage. But there are expenses connected with the beginnings of work, and the debt on this new undertaking soon amounted to \$3000, and then the Committee of gentlemen were frightened. They decided to close the Home, sell the fittings, and give up the attempt.

God intended to save the Scandinavian sailors by a woman. Miss Hedenstrom asked the gentlemen how long they would give her to raise the money, and they agreed to delay their action for a week. They laughed good-humouredly when she said that she knew it was God's work and that she was going to Him for the money. "Don't you know that the age of miracles is past?" they asked her; and she answered that she only knew that God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. She prayed, and before the end of the week

the \$3000 had come in, and from that day she herself has been Committee, Matron and Head.

But, two little houses accommodating only 80 men were not enough. Besides, these might be taken away from her any day. She wished a large suitable House in the proper place, and that too she has now obtained. Lord Blantyre, and the Messrs. Denny, and D. Carnegie came to her help, a splendid site was obtained, and the building that is to me such a thing of beauty has been erected and recently opened. The total cost was about \$55,000, and it is almost all paid for, and is expected now to be self-supporting.

There are grand monuments in London, to Kings, Generals, Admirals, Statesmen; and Westminster Abbey is full of priceless memorials to England's great men, from the time of Edward the Confessor to the Jubilee year of Victoria. Who would not rather have such a monument as that which will keep Agnes Hedenstrom's memory green for ever?

The Home accommodates 300 officers and men at one time. Last year, some 1500 sailors left with her \$75,000 to take care of for them, and she remitted to their wives and families about \$25,000. Formerly, almost every dollar of that would have gone, as an old tar put it, "for dressing the wives and the daughters of the land-sharks in silk and velvet," and for poor Jack's own destruction, body and soul.

A half drunken sailor is apt to think that his own waist-coat pocket is the safest place for his gold and silver. He then fancies he is a very clever fellow, and he is only undeceived when the male or female shark has turned him out of some den, with his pockets inside out. Miss Hedenstrom has sometimes hard work when such a Jack stumbles or is brought into the Home. Should her own efforts be in vain, she calls a few of her "boys" to her aid, and soon enough Jack sails out of the office with only coppers in his pocket, to the great indignation of the "Eagles" hovering outside.

She always has a life-guard in the

Home, consisting of Tars of all countries and colors. Among them are yellow-haired Norsemen, dusky Italians, weather-beaten blue-eyed Britons, and colored men from the Tropics. They are big fellows, some of them old enough to be her father, but as she calls them all her boys they always call her mother. Here is an account of a visit that a gentleman made in 1886 to her first Home, or rather a bit from his report :—

"Just as I was leaving the smoking room, together with Miss H., in staggered two middle-aged men, both intoxicated. They tried to shunt off when they saw us, but Miss H. was too quick for them. In a moment she had hold of one by each hand, and to my great astonishment and to general amusement for the sailors in the room, both of them followed her like two sulky children. I had to open the various doors for her and the "Naughty Boys," for she did not dare to let their hands go. After some rolling about she managed to get her two delinquents into the office, and the door was locked. The scene was rather amusing, but it had also its sad dark sides. Since dinner-time, that same day, these two men, both married and with families depending upon them, had squandered away more than one-third of their total earnings for a whole year. The remainder of their money would have undoubtedly gone the same way if God had not sent Miss H. to the smoking room just as they entered to look for a chum of theirs who they wanted to give a treat.

They had now to empty their pockets, and amidst all sorts of curiosities as pieces of tobacco pipes, discharges, orange peel, &c., Miss H. sifted out something like 20 pieces of gold for each of them. Miss H. was evidently not satisfied with her searches. She had amongst the papers found the men's "Account of Wages," which showed that they had been paid off the same forenoon with about £33 a piece. Surely they could not have spent £12 or £13 in less than 6 hours! The men maintained however that so was the case, and Miss H. had just asked the porter to get them up-

stairs to bed, when I noticed that one of them tried to hide something under his waistcoat. I told Miss H. as they left the room staggering and grumbling. Off she went like a shot—and returned almost immediately with a dirty little pocket-book, in which she showed me a five pound note.

On some occasions, sailors like these two have even tried to save a pound or two for their dear "Whisky" by putting it into their boots, for they knew that she would have their pockets turned inside out. It is an easy matter to empty the pockets of a drunken "Jack Tar." No wonder therefore, that so many are going in for that special kind of business. Miss H. had previously got the addresses of their wives. Her next step was to make out cheques to these and off went nearly two-thirds of our drunken friends' money by the same evenings' mail. The men had not sent a penny to their wives for nearly a year, so I am sure, that the poor women rejoiced when they received the cheques. When the men get sober she tells them what she has done, and it is not seldom that they thank her with tears in their eyes.

While partaking in a "Anglo Scandinavian" tea, served in the office, I had the opportunity of seeing some more of the work carried on in the home. One big good-looking young fellow brought to Miss H. some fine china cups and curiosities. He had arrived together with 3 others from a long voyage only a few hours previously. The man was very glad to be back again for I understood that his ship had been a "Hard One." He thanked Miss H. most heartily for the letters and papers he and his shipmates had received in various ports. By the bye the sailors are bringing a queer lot of curiosities to their "Swedish Mamma" in London, for in addition to all sorts of dead ornamental things, there is a steady supply coming in of Monkeys, Dogs, Cats, White Rats, not to mention Parrots and Songsters. Why a young Christian sailor trading on the coast of Africa has even written that he will bring a young beautiful tiger-cat to

"Mamma." She would however rather be without such an individual, for as she said "Next time the goodhearted fellow might try to show his gratitude by bringing me a full size tiger, and I have more than enough to do with the tigers preying upon our 'Jack Tars.'"

How she gets through the work of her vast establishment is a mystery to those who do not know how much can be done by system and industry wedded to earnest purpose. She is Banker, Matron, Superintendent, Letter writer, Chaplain and all. She conducts a religious meeting every night in the Home or the Strangers Rest, besides the regular morning and evening prayers. "What do you say to the men," I asked? "I preach the Gospel," was the direct answer; "I am not ordained, you know, but God make me a priest." Priest or priestess, prophet or prophetess, He alone ordains for speech or act that prevails. So it was in Miriam's day and Deborah's. So is it now.

I have written this story, partly because I am interested in the Sailors' Home in Halifax, Nova Scotia, that Mr. Potter has had so much to do with, and the new building for which is to be opened this year. If you visit Halifax, my dear boys, go and see Mr. Potter. He is the Canadian Hedenstrom, and I was glad to tell "the Swedish Mother" that we had one. Good bye boys and girls.

Your Friend,
G. M. GRANT.

HIS REPORT.

Three boys who worked in a factory once attended a temperance meeting, where they were induced to sign the pledge; but it was not until the next day that any of the factory people heard of it. Of course they were teased and taunted without mercy, because they would not join with the other workmen in drinking, but still the boys remained true to their colors.

Now, the people in that part of the country were very fond of beer; almost everyone drank it in greater or less quantities, and as a result there were a host of

drunkards. Nearly everyone believed that his beer was as necessary as his bread, and this fact the other workmen tried to impress upon the three boys, actually telling them that they would die if they did not drink it.

Two of them were a little inclined to believe this story, and the third one seemed to be rather more independent than the others, and so he appointed himself a committee of one to investigate the matter and find how many people in that vicinity died from not drinking beer.

First he visited the poor-house and inquired of the keeper if any of the inmates ever died from the want of beer.

The man laughed, and told him that no beer was ever allowed in the building, and that none of them had ever died from not having it, that he knew of. Not yet satisfied, he next visited a large prison near by, and quietly entering, asked the officers how many of the prisoners usually die in the course of a year by not being allowed any beer.

"Not one," replied the officer, "but why do you ask that question?" The boy told his story, and when it was finished the officer took him all through the prison and explained that nearly everyone of the inmates came there through the use of liquor; but that they all managed to live without it when none was allowed them.

The visit proved a very interesting and profitable one to the committee of one, and when he returned to his two companions his report was so convincing that the three resolved to stick to their pledges in spite of everything.--A. C. Q. in My Paper.

THE SLAVE GIRL'S PRAYER.

Once a slave girl in Africa made her escape. Her cruel master, however, soon discovered that she had run away, and, calling together his neighbours, as cruel as himself, set out in search of her. Each one of them was armed with a heavy whip, used by the slave-dealers when in charge of slaves whom they have stolen from their homes and families to sell. These whips are indeed terrible things to

look at, and it makes one's heart ache to think that they could ever have been used to inflict punishment on a human being.

These men set out, but for a time they could not find a single trace of her. Natives of Africa, like the famed Indian scouts of the prairies, are very quick in tracking any one they wish to catch. The displacement of a twig, the leaf that has been moved by the hurrying footstep, are quite enough to put the hunters on the track of the hunted. They were baffled, but not for long.

The girl in her eagerness to escape had forgotten to use caution, and in hurrying by a small stream she disturbed some water-fowl, and they rose in the air, flapping their wings and screaming in the most excited way.

Her pursuers saw this, and shouted in triumph. Nearer and nearer they came. At length the girl heard them. What was she to do? To go on was to be caught; to turn back would be to run into the very arms of her enemies. In an agony of despair she fell on her knees and prayed.

While she prayed, the footsteps were hurrying nearer and nearer; now she could hear their voices, now she could hear their hard breathing, as they came on under the fierce sun. Suddenly there was a loud shriek, then retreating footsteps, then the silence of the grave. The girl looked up. She could see nothing. What had happened? Standing up she looked around, and there, not ten yards away from her, was the cause of her would-be captor's retreat. A huge hippopotamus stood right in the way!

While she was praying, it must have come up from the stream, and thus made itself a barrier between the girl and her foes. The men, coming upon it so suddenly, were terrified, and turned and fled. The girl hurried on once more, and soon gained a place of safety. "Truly the Lord preserveth all them that love him." — *Good Words.*

CONVERSION OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

A missionary among the Indians tells of

a poor little Indian girl who attended the mission school. She saw a picture of the crucifixion and wished to know what it meant. The teacher told her in very simple words the story of the Cross. As she went on with the history, tears streamed down the face of the little girl, who did not speak for awhile. Then her first words were, "Me never want to do bad any more." Her heart was so touched with the love of the Saviour who died for our sins that she resolved never to grieve Him, but desired to please Him perfectly. From this resolution she never wavered, but became her teachers' right-hand girl, always ready to do her bidding, and she exercised a powerful influence for good at the mission. She afterwards married; and is now foremost in the work of improvement among the Indian women. When they become real Christians they begin to take pleasure in making their homes neat and pretty, and they hang texts and mottoes and pictures on the walls. They try to make home the dearest spot on earth to their husbands and children.

MR. "TEN MINUTES."

This touching story is told of the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horse back outside the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said: "We had better return. If we don't hasten we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the prince, "let us stay here ten minutes and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed, a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the Prince lost his life. His mother, when informed of the facts, in her anguish said: "That was his great mistake from his babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to arise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his two little hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes more. On this account, I sometimes called him—Mr. Ten Minutes."

LINES REPEATED BY A LITTLE
GIRL IN A MISSIONARY MEET-
ING OF PRINCE ST. CHURCH
SABBATH SCHOOL, PICTOU,
APRIL 15TH, 1888.

As our young people read over these lines and see the familiar names of missionaries there are four things that they will please do.

(1.) Thank God that so many successful missionaries came from one congregation.

(2.) Pray that many more congregations may send forth their five laborers to heathen lands.

(3.) Some of them give themselves to God for this good work.

(4.) One and all try to serve Christ faithfully whether at home or among the heathen.

How many little girls and boys,
With souls like yours and mine.
Have never heard our Saviour's name,
Or known his love divine!

We cannot go to teach them yet,
We're rather small, you see;
But some when bigger grown, may say:
"Lord, here am I, send me."

Five honored ones from Prince Street
Church
To mission fields have gone:
Two "fight the good fight" still on earth,
Three wear the victor's crown.

John Geddie was the very first
Of all the cohort brave,
That Britain's Colonies have sent,
The heathen world to save.

"He found no Christian there," when first
He saw Ancitenu's coast;
"He left no heathen," when he went
To join the heavenly host.

To Tanna's dark and savage isle,
With courage rare and high,
Went Mary Johnston Matheson,
For Christ to "do and die."

Benighted souls in Trinidad
Will ever bless the Lord,
For sending Kenneth Grant to them
With His most precious word.

The dusky children of the East,
By Tissie Copeland led,
Are brought to Christ, by whose kind hand
Their hungry souls are fed.

Dear Charlotte Wilson, last of all,
'Neath India's burning sun
Went forth to work; but quickly fell,
Her task but well begun.

Ere tears for her have ceased to flow,
Her husband Jesus takes.
What does it mean? We do not know.
But "God makes no mistakes."

How brief their life on earth! Their hearts
Were filled with heavenly fire
And love for souls: God saw and said,
"Son, daughter, come up higher."

Would we be willing, just like these,
For Christ to live and die
In heathen lands? God grant we may;
If not now, by-and-by.

But meanwhile let us do our best,
May God use little hands,
And little cents and little prayers,
To bless dark heathen lands.

Who'll join "the Happy Workers," band?
Help "Little Helpers" too!
Who'll work and pray for Jesus cause?
Won't you, and you, and you!

SLAKE WORSHIP.

A missionary in Central Africa tells that once, when out for a walk, he came to a town where he saw a man carrying a sheep upon his shoulders, and marching round and round the town, followed by several people in a procession. Upon his asking what they were doing, they replied, "we are going to offer a sacrifice to the snakes, and after we have carried the sheep several times round the town, we shall kill and eat it. Then no snakes will come into the town or hurt the people."

KO-THAH-BYU, THE KAREN APOSTLE.

In the year 1827 the Karen of Burma were a poor, despised, and scattered people, without a written language, often enslaved and cruelly abused by the Burmans. They were children of the forest, the mountain, and the jungle, hiding at times from their oppressors. Those who dared to live in the cities were seized as slaves for even a trifling debt. They were held together by race traditions and by a religion distinct from any other about them, having no idols nor any Buddhist beliefs. They said that their ancestors came from the north-west "across the running river of sand;" and they claimed to have had religious books which had been lost by their forefathers. They retained traditions of the creation, the fall of man, and the flood, which correspond most wonderfully to the Old Testament history. They handed down from father to son the assurance that there was a God and that he would yet save them. "Hence," wrote the Karen San-qua-la, after he became a Christian teacher - "hence, in their deep affliction, they prayed: 'If God will save us, let him save speedily. We can endure these sufferings no longer. Alas! where is God?'"

The Karen elders also taught their children many excellent moral precepts. So remarkable in their likeness to the divine commandments given to the Jews, that some have thought the Karen race must have descended from the lost tribes of Israel. San-qua-la says: "we were instructed never to forget God; to pray to him every day and every night. A prophet also told us that white foreigners would come, who were our younger brethren, and that they were righteous and had the words of God, and that with them happiness would arrive."

To this wretched and waiting people came at length the promised deliverance. They heard rumors that the white foreigners were coming and prayed diligently for their arrival. It was in April, 1827, that Mr. Judson, of the American Baptist Mis-

sion, notes among hopeful enquirers a Karen, Ko-Thah-byu by name, a man of very ordinary abilities, exceedingly ignorant, passionate, and immoral. He accepted the truth of Christ, but it was a year before he gave such evidence of a change that the little Burman church ventured to receive him. At his baptism in 1828 he was forty years old, had recently married, and had studied enough to read the Burman Bible. Three Karen visitors in Tavoy witnessed his baptism, and they urged him to go back with them and teach their people. He consented, and from that day he ceased not to travel up and down the land, preaching Jesus. The Karens listened eagerly. Was not this the God who could deliver? Ko-Thah-byu often returned to Tavoy, bringing companies of natives for further instruction. One day he found a very interesting young Karen in the niche of a Buddhist temple, where he had been fasting two days. He had heard of Buddha's rules from the Burmans, and thought he would try this austerity in hope of future reward. He listened to the Christian teaching, took a Christian book, and returned to his forest to impart the knowledge he had gained to others. Soon he was back in Tavoy, where Ko-Thah-byu spent nearly a whole night in telling him the way of God more perfectly.

Ko-Thah-byu was now always devising new and judicious plans of doing good. His wife was with him on one long tour, and when he had preached awhile in a certain place he said to his host: "Brother, it is very pleasant staying with thee, but my wife wishes to go to Tshiekku." So he took his wife to tell the good news in Tshiekku, while he went over the mountains to another village. December 16, 1830, he returned to Tavoy with nearly forty in his train, who had all come to receive baptism. In the rainy season, when it was impossible to travel, this diligent Christian would teach school. But preaching was his ruling passion. He was once out in a boat with a missionary when they were in great danger of drowning. He cried out in distress, but not merely

in fear for himself, or in grief at parting from his family. "Teacher," he said, "we shall all be drowned, and I shall never more preach the Word of God to the Karens!"

The Karens repaid his toil. The missionary, Mr. Mason, visited the eastern Karen settlements where Ko-Thah-byu laboured most, and he wrote thence: "I date no longer from a heathen land. I am seated in the midst of a Christian village, surrounded by a people that love as Christians, converse as Christians, act like Christians, and look like Christians. I see no dwellings but those inhabited by Christian families."

In 1833 Ko-Thah-byu began to travel through northern Burma. Fifty Karens soon sought further instruction from the missionaries at Rangoon, saying that their neighbours were coming soon. And they did come in throngs. Sometimes for months together nothing would be heard of Ko-Thah-byu, until companies of Karens converted by his labours would arrive for baptism, or a missionary would be sent for to visit new churches in the wilderness gathered under his preaching. One such visit, in 1836, is recorded, when 167 persons were found in one place, all of whom were received into the church, "sustaining as good an examination as an equal number of converts in America would do." One hundred more stood ready for baptism.

Ko-Thah-byu was in love with this gospel work. In other matters he was inefficient: in this he was all alive and scene-nerved with more than mortal energy. He would not pass a person on the road without a few words about the great things of God, and if the person consented, would sit down by the wayside and preach to him by the hour. He knew little else save the way of eternal life, but this he knew perfectly and preached powerfully.

But how came it that such a man, dull to a proverb on other subjects, should show such surprising power and force of illustration the moment he touched his favourite theme? One of his assistants answered the question thus: "Ko-Thah-byu

was an ignorant and stupid man, *but God was with him.*" He knew that he was nothing and could be nothing, and this drove him to prayer. When not preaching he read the Bible and prayed. This he did aloud, though in a low tone, and was known to spend whole days in this way. After evening worship he would keep on until nine, ten, or eleven o'clock, and he seldom spent a whole night in sleep, praying as many as three times. Here was the secret of his power.

After twelve years of incessant labor this humble and faithful apostle finished his course with joy, on the ninth of September, 1840. No anxieties troubled him. To all questions he answered: "Teacher, God will preserve me." No monument marks his grave, but in 1878, fifty years after his baptism, the "Ko-Thah-byu Memorial Hall" was dedicated in the city of Bassein as a Christian training school for the Karens. The hall accommodates three hundred pupils, and the Karens themselves built it at a cost of over \$23,000. At that time the number of Karen Christians in Baptist churches was twenty thousand. This number has largely increased since then, and the good work still goes on and prospers. All glory be to God. *Missionary Herald.*

THE KITCHEN GOD OF CHINA.

The gods of China are legion. There are the great images in the large temples and the odd fragments of idols in shrines; the local deities, of which every village, field and mountain has its own, the invisible controllers of the thunder, the rain, the harvest, and the elements; the spirits of all the dead, and especially of one's ancestors; and besides these, every strange object, and the sight of every inexplicable phenomenon is worshipped.

Oddly shaped stones, queerly gnarled roots, fantastic bits of wood, warts brought on the tide, are all gods: but whatever else may be absent from a pagan household, Su Meng Kong is not. He is the god of the kitchen, and none would dare set up loosekeep in, without him. He has been

a god for hundreds of years. In some families he has no image set up, and the incense sticks burned in worshipping him are stuck in the crevices of the range chimney. Many put his image in the main room of the house. His birthday is the fourteenth of the seventh month, and on that day every family worships him, each in its own house.

On the twenty-fourth day of the last month of the year, when the gods are supposed to go off for a ten day's holiday, a paper horse and other travelling equipments are burned for his use during his journey to make his annual report to the superior gods. A lamp is kept constantly burning during the first days of the new year, to indicate that the family are waiting to welcome him whenever he returns. When children have been away from home, after greeting their parents, they worship Su Meng Kong. If the house-mother rears fat pigs, she credits her success to his good will, and makes suitable thank-offerings to him. - *A. M. Fiddle, in Missionary Link.*

CHILDREN OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Dr. Livingstone tells us that the children of South Africa have merry times, especially in the cool of the evening. In one of their games a little girl is carried on the shoulders of two others. She sits with outstretched arms, as they walk about with her, and all the rest clap their hands, and stopping before the door of each hut sing pretty airs, some beating time, and others making a curious humming sound between the songs.

The girls also skip rope and play at housekeeping and cooking, in imitation of the work of their mothers. The boys play war with small shields and bows and arrows, or build little cattle pens for the cattle, which they form of clay. Livingstone's looking-glass was ever a source of entertainment to them. They often borrowed it, and the remarks they made were very entertaining to Livingstone as he was apparently engaged in reading and not hearing them. "Is that me?" "What a

big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as punkin leaves." "I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones." All this while laughing heartily at their own jokes.

While they seem thus conscious of their own defects, they have no great admiration for the beauty of white people, though one woman remarked, "they are not so ugly after all, if they only had toes!" She evidently thought that the shoe was the foot itself, and was only convinced of her mistake when she saw the covering removed. - *Little Missionary.*

PLEASANT JACK.

Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant. Such are as welcome wherever they go, as flowers in May, and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant too. Their pleasantness is contagious.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast-rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in *rosy and smiling.*

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, pollywog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered

around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterward, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper. I am sure of that."

And I thought, Why isn't a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest, or truthful, or industrious, or generous?—*Christian at Work.*

LETTER FROM A BURMESE BOY.

A Burmese Christian boy writes from Burma:

"More than three thousand years ago Gaudama, whom the Burmese people worship as God, was born in India. He lived eighty years. Before his death he told his disciples to make idols in remembrance of him. The idols are made of gold, silver, alabaster, and bricks. Offerings are placed before them from morning till noon. People bow down before these idols and offer their prayers. In July and August is the time of the year when the Burmese are very religious. During this season, on full-moon and new-moon-days, which they observe as their Sabbath days, large numbers of people may be seen making their way to the various monasteries and idol houses, carrying offerings. They make a vow that they will fast half the day and keep all other thoughts away from their hearts, and spend the time in counting the beads, at the same time repeating in their minds, 'Death, misery, vanity,' to remind themselves of their helpless condition. A person who bows down before a priest or an idol is called a Buddhist, and the shaven head and the yellow robe are the only signs of the priestly order. I have gone

through all the forms of worship as described above, but the grace of God has now led me to see them very sinful. With five fellow-students I was baptized by the pastor in Maulmain on the fifth of this month. Will you, my friends, remember me in your prayers, that I may be a true follower of the Lord! Pray also that the Burman people may learn of the gentle Saviour who came down to die for us."

"GOOD AT REVIEW."

The following incident occurred during the Revolutionary War, when the strictest order was enjoined, and each army was ever on the watch lest the enemy should get an advantage.

One night near the British camp, not far from the river Hudson, a Highland soldier was caught creeping stealthily back to his quarters from out the woods. He was taken before the commanding officer, and charged with holding communication with the enemy. The case of Major Andre was then recent, and no Briton was disposed to be merciful toward a suspected friend of the American.

The poor Highlander pleaded that he had only gone into the woods to pray by himself. This was his only defense.

The commanding officer was himself a Scotchman and Presbyterian, but he felt no tenderness for the culprit.

"Have you been in the habit, sir, of spending hours in private prayer?" he asked sternly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then down on your knees and pray now!" thundered the officer; "you never before had such need of it."

Expecting, perhaps, immediate death, the soldier knelt and poured out his soul in a prayer that for aptness and simple, expressive eloquence could have been inspired only by the piety of a Christian.

"You may go," said the officer, when he had done. "I believe your story. If you had not been often at drill, you couldn't have got on so well at review."

The poor soldier had saved his life by proving himself to have practised habitual communication with God.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

July 1.—Ex. 24: 1-12. Memory vs. 7, 8.

God's Covenant with Israel.

GOLDEN TEXT.—HEB. 8: 10. CATECHISM, Q. 53.
Introductory.

How were the ten commandments given from Mount Sinai?

With what was God's presence accompanied?

How did it affect the people?

What did they ask Moses to do?

What followed this request?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Terms of the Covenant. vs. 1-7.

What did the Lord say to Moses?

Whom did these persons represent?

What was Moses alone to do?

What do you understand by this?

What did Moses then do?

How did the people answer?

II. The Blood of the Covenant. vs. 4-8.

What preparation did Moses then make?

What did the altar represent?

What the twelve pillars?

What sacrifices were then offered?

What was done with the blood?

What followed the sprinkling of the blood upon the altar?

What promise did the people make?

What did Moses say as he sprinkled the blood on the people?

What was signified by this sprinkling of the blood?

To what did it bind the Lord? (Golden Text.)

To what did it bind the people?

III. The God of the Covenant. vs. 9-12.

What did Moses and the representatives of the people then do?

What did they see?

How is the manifestation of God's glory described?

What do you understand by this?

What similar manifestations are recorded in the Bible?

How does God now reveal his glory to his people?

What did God now say to Moses?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we ought to be very reverent when we come into God's presence.

2. That we ought to be very careful to do everything that God tells us to do.

3. That we should read in God's book to know what he wants us to do.

4. That we should depend on the blood of Christ to cleanse us from sin.

5. That we should take God to be our God, and should be his faithful children.

July 8.—Ex. 32: 15-26. Memory vs. 19-21.

The Golden Calf.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 JOHN 5: 21. CATECHISM, Q. 54.
Introductory.

Why did Moses go into the mountain?

How long did he stay there?

What took place in his absence?

How did Moses hear of it?

What did Moses then do?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Tables Broken. vs. 15-19.

What did Moses bring with him from the mountain?

Who had joined Moses on the way?

What did they hear?

What did they see as they approached the camp?

How did the sight affect Moses?

What did he do?

What did this act signify?

II. The Calf Destroyed. vs. 20-24.

What did Moses do with the calf?

Why did he thus destroy it?

Why did he make the children of Israel to drink of it?

What excuse did Aaron give for his conduct?

What does this excuse show?

III. The Faithful Summoned. vs. 25, 26.

What was the condition of the people

What call did Moses give ?

Who obeyed the call ?

What did Moses command them to do ?
vs. 27.

How many were slain ! v. 28.

What does this severe punishment show ?

What made the idolatry the more sinful ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That we should keep every idol out of our hearts and love and serve God only.

2. That we should never listen to the clamor of the wicked.

3. That we should stand up for the right though all the world rise against us.

4. That God will certainly punish those who disobey him.

5. That we should prove ourselves on the Lord's side by doing what he commands.

July 15.—Ex. 33: 12-23. Memory vs. 12-14.

God's Presence Promised.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 28: 20. CATECHISM. Q. 85. Introductory.

With what punishments did the Lord threaten the people for their idolatry ? ch. 32: 10.

What answer did Moses make ? ch. 32: 11.

What reason did he urge ? ch. 32: 12.

How long did he intercede for the people ? Deut. 9: 18.

Whom did the Lord promise to send with them ? v. 2.

Who had been with them hitherto ? ch. 14: 24.

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Divine Presence. vs. 12-17.

What command had the Lord given Moses ?

What further favor did Moses desire ?

What plea did he make ?

How was his request answered ?

What did he consider the best of all blessings ?

With what final argument did he enforce his plea for God's presence ?

What express promise did the Lord then make ?

II. The Divine Glory. vs. 18-23.

What final request did Moses offer ?

How far was this request granted ?

Why was it not fully granted ?

How did the Lord proclaim his name to Moses ? Ex. 34: 5.

What did he declare that name to be ? Ex. 34: 6.

How does he now reveal himself ? 2 Cor. 4: 6; Eph. 1: 6, 7.

What Have I Learned ?

1. That sin separates from God.

2. That the intercession of the righteous prevails with him.

3. That he restores his favor to the penitent.

4. That his presence is the greatest blessing.

5. That he reveals himself to those who reverently seek to know him.

July 22.—Ex. 35: 20-29. Memory vs. 21, 22.

Free Gifts for the Tabernacle.

GOLDEN TEXT.—2 COR. 9: 7. CATECHISM. Q. 86. Introductory.

Of what great sin were the Israelites guilty ?

How were they punished ?

Who interceded for them ?

With what success ?

Where did Moses then go ?

How long was he in the mount ?

What did he do on his return ?

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism ?

I. The People's Gifts. vs. 20-24.

Who came with gifts for the tabernacle and its service ?

What gifts of gold did they bring ?

What other gifts ?

For what were these things used ?

What impelled the people to make these gifts ?

II. The Women's Work. vs. 25, 26.

What work did the women do ?

Why were they willing to work ?

How were they stirred up to this work ?

For what was their work used ?

What work for Christ can women now do ?

What is said in Prov. 31 : 19 of the virtuous woman ?

What examples of women's work do we find in Luke 8 : 2, 3; Acts 9 : 36; Phil. 4 : 3 ?

What woman's gift did Christ commend ?

III. The Rulers' Offerings. vs. 27-29.

Who are meant by the rulers ?

What did they offer ?

What was the *ephod* ?

The *breastplate* ?

What other offerings did the rulers bring ? v. 28.

In what spirit were all these offerings—of the men, of the women and of the rulers—made ?

What willing offering has been made for us ? 2 Cor. 8 : 9.

What should be our first offering to the Lord ? 2 Cor. 8 : 5.

What Have I Learned ?

1. That God wants both our gifts and our work.

2. That we should give willingly to God according to our means.

3. That we should work cheerfully in his service.

4. That all we have is from God and we should use it for his glory.

5. That, first having given ourselves to the Lord, we should ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ?"

July 29.—Ex. 40 : 1-16. Memory vs. 1-3.

The Tabernacle.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Rev. 21 : 3. **CATECHISM.** Q. 57.

Introductory.

Who commanded the tabernacle to be built ?

How did the people give for this purpose ?

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Tabernacle Set Up. vs. 1-8.

What command did the Lord give Moses ?

What were the two rooms of the tabernacle ?

What was in the most holy place ?

What did the ark contain ?

Who alone could go into the most holy place ? Heb. 9 : 7.

How often ?

What three things were in the holy place ?

Who could enter it ?

What was rent at our Lord's crucifixion ?

How may we now come boldly to the mercy-seat ? Heb. 10 : 19.

What surrounded the tabernacle ?

What stood in this court ?

II. The Tabernacle Anointed. vs. 9-11.

What was Moses commanded to anoint ?

How was this done ?

What did this anointing mean ?

What took place when the tabernacle was set apart for God's worship ? Ex. 40 : 34.

III. The Priests Consecrated. vs. 12-16.

Who were chosen as priests ?

Who is our High Priest ? Heb. 3 : 1.

How doth Christ execute the office of a priest ?

What is said of him in Heb. 2 : 17, 18 ?

Who are now the priests of God ? 1 Pet. 2 : 9; Rev. 1 : 6.

What Have I Learned ?

1. That God's house is holy and we should enter it with reverence.

2. That God requires purity of heart in his worship.

3. That Christ is our High Priest; he sacrificed himself for us, and now intercedes for us.

4. That heaven is the true holy of holies; Christ has entered it for us, and we can enter it only through him.

Westminster Question Book.

A BEAUTIFUL FAMILY.

We were struck lately by the orderly behavior of a large family of children, particularly at the table. We spoke of it to their father, and he pointed to a paper pinned to the wall, on which were written some excellent rules. We begged a copy for the benefit of our readers. Here it is:—

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Don't make a practice of shouting, jumping, or running in the house.
3. Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly to where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to everybody, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do or not to do a thing, by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not of those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table or in the sitting-room with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last and best confidence be your mother. — *British Jac. alb.*

THE BOY WITH A CIGARETTE.

"The boy who buys cigarettes is sure to injure himself. Such smoking, even in so-called moderation, will do three things for him.

1. It will run his pulse up to one hundred or more a minute.
2. It will reduce his weight below the healthy standard.
3. It will reduce his strength and gen-

eral vitality, as will appear in his pale complexion and his diminished appetite.

If this is true of boys smoking under the least injurious conditions, how much truer is it in the more frequent case where bad tobacco and excessive smoking combine in their attack upon the delicate tissues of the growing lad.

Cigarette smoking is one of the worst of habits, physically, that a boy can form. It injures the heart and the digestion, and it tends to check the growth. It gives a lad false and silly notions, and it does not bring him into good company. — *Dr. Coan.*

SAVED BY KINDNESS.

A southern lady of large fortune would never see a human being suffer without attempting relief. Riding in the country one day, she saw a young man drunk. His face was covered with flies, and the hot sun beat upon him. She stopped her carriage, and looked at the prostrate form before her. The young man was well dressed, and evidently accustomed to good society. She dipped her handkerchief in a stream near by, wiped his face, covered it with her handkerchief, and drove back to town.

A week afterward, a stranger called and wanted to speak with her.

"I am ashamed to say," he said, "I am the young man you cared for.

"Your name was on the handkerchief you put over my face.

"I thank you for your kindness.

"I have signed a pledge, with my hand on my mother's Bible, God being my helper, that I will never taste another drop."

That vow he never broke, and he became one of the most eminent men of the nation. — *Sci.*

Ah, how sweet it is for me
Jesus' little lamb to be!
In His bosom safe He folds me,
With His strong arm He upholds me;
If He leads me every day,
Never shall I go astray.