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THE  
CHILDREN'S  
RECORD

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

Vol. 5.    May, 1890.    No. 5

### The Children's Record.

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

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

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

All receipts, after paying expenses are for Missions.

All communications to be addressed to

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

A beautiful chart, printed on heavy tinted paper, and containing the names of all our missionaries in all the different fields of the Church, is now before us. It is divided into different sections under the titles of New Hebrides, Trinidad, Formosa, Honan, India, and the Northwest. It will be sent to any part of the Dominion on application to Miss G. McCulloch, Truro. Price One Dollar per hundred, or one cent each in parcels of any size. Sabbath Schools and Mission Bands would do well to send for a parcel of the charts and have them committed to memory. It would make a good exercise for recitation and be very useful and helpful as well.

For the Children's Record.

MR. GOFORTH'S JOURNAL.

HSEIN, HSEIN, October 6, 1890

I told you of the Mandarin and his blind little girl, of whose eyesight the Dr. said, "There is no hope." The Mandarin's sons in company with an official came this forenoon, and sat and listened for upwards of half an hour, and looked through the Scriptures. Again, after dinner, one of the Mandarin's sons and the second official called upon us at the boat. They inquired into the meaning of the Sabbath, and this gave us an opportunity of turning up Scripture.

Crowds came all day. The doctor

treated *eighty* patients. Among these were several surgical operations to the amazement of the onlookers. And then came a call in the evening to see a man dangerously ill. We were a little surprised at the large brick houses the man owned. He was evidently of the wealthy class.

We realize much spiritual help in speaking to the people. We know the seed is being sown in some hearts, and that the Lord shall yet call many to glorify His Name. A venerable man of eighty years came and listened to many parts of the Bible, then turning to the people crowding around, he said, "These are good words." It is truly encouraging to find so many so ready to listen to stammering words.

*October 7.* Early this morning we visited the temples on a rocky height south of the city. These temples are the largest and best constructed we have yet seen. The great gods number *eighty*. The lesser ones are legion. The workmanship in some cases is truly fine. (Our young people will remember the idol maker's advertisement in the last issue of the CHILDREN'S RECORD.)

The great temple is certainly gorgeous. A cave is cut in the solid rock and peopled with gods, as is the case in every corner of this temple crowded hill. The Buddhist and Taoist temples are here. The latter is larger and finer. The priests are twenty in number.

Greater numbers came this forenoon than at any time yet. We were kept very busy, the doctor attending the bodily ills, I telling of the soul's Physician. The doctor performed a surgical operation which wonderfully surprised the people. His fame is spreading rapidly among the sick folk. He cannot attend to all who come. Two physicians would have more than enough to do these days.

The mandarin sent his cart to convey us to dinner. I have not space nor time to describe it. It seemed endless in its courses. Amusing to the Celestials, especially the awkward management of the chopsticks, but enjoyable, and we hope

profitable, to us all, as it afforded much time for conversation upon various subjects. The Mandarin was very pleasant; so were the others.

In the course of the meal he asked if we had brought passports. Having them in our pockets we showed them to him. He compared them with the notice which he had received of our coming, and laughingly remarked, "I see you are not myths but realities." He asked about our religion. We told him we had no temples nor temple gods now, but had churches where we met to worship the true God, and added, "as England had turned from idols to the living God so will China. Fifty years hence, you will not use these temples for the worship of false gods, but will serve the One whom God has appointed to save us.

Dinner over, the Mandarin showed us some more precious old relics. Then we wished to go back to our work, but the Mandarin had several cases to try in Court and wanted us to stay, and see how he managed this part of his service.

One case was a family quarrel. The Mandarin gave them some good advice and dismissed them. The same was done with some young men who had committed some petty offence, but the third was an old thief who had been caught the day before. The Mandarin is both lawyer and judge. After examination the old man was proved guilty and ordered to be beaten. Two hideously dressed fellows hold him on the ground, while two others strip part of his body and commence. One—two—three—up to fifty blows. Then the other gives the same number. The taps seem light, but repeated several hundred times upon the same spot the flesh becomes blackened and blood flows. The victim cried with pain. It was sickening to me.

The Mandarin asks our opinion of his method of conducting court. The cart is ready, and we go back to the inn, where many are awaiting our return. We work by candle light until all the sick are attended to.

October 8. Early this morning we visit-

ed the East Mount. It is the highest of the Hsui, Hsien hills. Its temples, if not so extensive as those in the South Mount, are more ancient and artistic, and we might say, as everlasting as the rock out of which they are carved. Far back in the centuries pilgrims came to this shrine of the gods. Even now, pilgrims come from far and near to fall before these gods, which have eyes but cannot see and mouths but cannot speak.

Terrace after terrace ascends the height. From one to the other we go up stairs cut in the steep face of the precipitous rock. One figure, that of a man reclining, carved in the rock, deserves mention. The figure is full size, and comes the nearest to a work of art of anything we have ever seen in China. Every part of the body is so perfectly formed that we cannot but admire it.

One of the temples was the myriad spirit temple, or a representation of their fabled paradise. The gods within run up into the thousands. One of the priests, the head of these temples, asked me if we had any gods like them. "No," I said, "formerly we had." "Oh," said he, "After Jesus came you ceased to worship this kind." "True," we answered, "and now we come to tell you all of Jesus, so that some of you will turn from these false gods to the true God."

This place is indeed the centre of heathen power for a wide region, but their idols must fall. We came here to conquer. Our Master gives us the fullest fearlessness in attacking this fortress of heathenism. We have as little doubt about the final overthrow of all this idolatry as we have that God reigns. We come down from these temple heights to the blinded and suffering people awaiting us, with burning desires to bring them healing and salvation.

The crowds to-day are greater than ever. The doctor prescribed for *forty-eight*, and examined upwards of fifty more whose diseases were beyond human skill. Each day it is becoming easier to speak in Chinese, and with each day the presence and

power of God is more visibly present. I spoke, in all, about five hours, and felt wearied by night-fall, but each morning have fresh vigor. Well might one be envious who is sent to tell the heathen of God's amazing love in Jesus.

*October 9.* This morning visited still another templed height. Here we saw a venerable looking old priest with long white beard, quite foreign in appearance. Many people followed us. One intelligent old man, who has been coming to hear us day after day, got chairs for us, and told the priests all about what we came for.-- His explanation showed that he had gained not a little of the truth.

Though the priests heard of our purpose in coming, they made no complaint. It is wonderful how little zeal exists among the priesthood for the gods. Some of the people ask, "Why don't you come and live among us? We have reason to hope that this our visit has made many friends in Hsui Hsien.

It was a little amusing, yet it shows how kindly the old man above spoken feels towards us. He volunteered to lead us down the rocky hill, to the inn by a short route, I happened to slip on the smooth rock, so the old man to keep me safe took me by the arm till we reached the foot of the hill.

We believe the Mandarin favors us from the many acts of respect which he has shown us. It has certainly moved the people toward us, and they are decidedly respectful when we pass through the streets.

During these five busy days, the doctor has treated *four hundred and fifty six* patients. Much of the seed of the kingdom has been sown, which will bring forth a harvest to glorify our Master.

This evening we start for Tao kov, about thirteen miles by river. We will go by moonlight, so as to be ready to start work there in the morning.

Your friend,  
JONATHAN GOFORTH.

## Fornosa.

### LETTER FROM REV. DR. MACKAY.

*Dear Mr. Scott:*—Last year in June our three children, Mary Helen, Bella Katy and Georgie William, got empty tea boxes with a hole in the top of each, and began to collect for the Mission. Many a copper cash was put in, for it takes 1000, 1100 and now 1200 to make a dollar. They were to be opened January 1st, '90; but I was away in the country, and did not return here till January 22nd, after dark. The next evening, students, etc., met for worship in the house we occupy.

After singing and prayer the boxes were put on the table, opened, and the contents turned out. Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Amimo, a Finn, (of the American Bible Society,) Mrs. McKay, and a dozen students began to count and string the cash, (each has a hole in the centre) whilst Mrs. Jamieson held the lamp and picked up those that fell on the floor. When through, we found the whole amount to be \$11.61.-- No one thought there was more than the half.

It is the same old story about *littles* -- Little drops make the mighty deep; little atoms the star-built universe; little children doing little by little can do wonders. All were surprised and jubilant over the result, and the children were at work again next day.

Ever yours sincerely,  
G. L. MACKAY.

## Trinidad.

### LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

*For the Children's Record:*

TENAPUNA, Trinidad, Mar. 10 '90.  
MY DEAR CHILDREN, I have not forgotten you though it is a long time since I have written anything for your Record. You know Mr. Morton and myself were in Canada last summer and returned to Trinidad on the 5th December. Since then we have been as busy as the bees that came to our garden to stay while we

were away. I had said to the missionary, 'how nice it would be to keep bees; they would find plenty of honey in the garden and would not be much trouble.' But Mr. Morton thought they would be a trouble and so we did not get any. While we were away a great swarm of them came and rested on the vine which shelters the side of our house like a curtain. They were coaxed into a rough box which was placed on a mango tree close by, and there they have been ever since working away undisturbed. There is now a great deal of honey in the box, but how to get it without killing or driving away the bees is a question. Ants and other insects know how, for whenever we peep in we see them stealing it as fast as they can.

We held a blue ribbon meeting in the Tunapuna church last week. We have nearly 180 names on our roll now. A number of our school boys gave us recitations, and Paul Biukhan, our good Catechist, made a speech in Hindustani. For the boys who wish to leave off smoking we have started a Band of Hope. Nearly every boy (Heathen boy, I mean) who is big enough, smokes. They think themselves big enough at nine and ten. Cigarettes at a cent a piece are the usual thing. Lately I offered the Tunapuna school boys a half shilling if they could name a good man who drinks a great deal. They looked eager but no one spoke. At last one said, "will a boy do?" I said "Yes I will give you the half shilling if you can name a good smart boy who drinks. But mind," I said, "—won't do. Look at his hair and look at his eyes." His head was like a coal-black mop and his eyes were bleared and appeared to be only half open. This poor boy is about eleven; his father gives him drink regularly. A voice then called out 'Max; I saw him drink in a rum-shop 'Max will not do'. I said 'because he left it off two years ago' This is a little mite of five—a christain boy, reading in the second primer. His mother is a christain but not his father. When he was two and three years old the

father used to give Max rum until we persuaded him not to.

Last Sabbath afternoon, after St. Joseph service, Mr. Morton had to go to Port Spain to preach in the evening. As I was returning alone I called at the hospital to see a sick woman, and then at a little thatched house where a school-boy was very ill. Here, in a back yard, were three hard-looking Creole men, throwing dice on the ground for a pile of cents. I said "well, well, could you not get anything better to do on the sabbath-day?" They looked ashamed; one snatched up the dice and another the cents; and they muttered something about "only amusing ourselves." "Only ruining yourselves," I said. And talked to them about the Sabbath day and about the dreadful effects of gambling. They admitted the truth of it, but said "we were only playing for a half bottle of rum," Oh, if strong drink were only out of the way what a blessing it would be! It is one of the greatest hindrances in Trinidad.

SARAH E. MORTON.

### New Hebrides.

LETTER FROM J. W. MACKENZIE.

ERAKOR, EFATE,  
January 21st, 1890.

My Dear Children:

In Canada, who contribute towards the support of a vessel for the missionaries in the New Hebrides:

I take it for granted that you are interested in the work we are trying to do here for the Saviour. I feel sure you are, or you would not contribute towards the support of the *Dayspring*, as you have been doing. You will be somewhat surprised to hear that our

DEAR OLD DAYSPRING:

is not likely to pay us any more visits. — Our numbers have increased so of late years, that our good ship is no longer able to bring supplies enough for us all, so the

Dayspring Board, in Sydney, have made arrangements with a Steamship Company to bring us our supplies for a year. This Company have a line of steamers running between Sydney and Fiji, calling at Aneityum, the most southerly island of our group. Our stores are to be brought down to Aneityum by some of these large steamers, and conveyed thence to each station by an inter-island steamer. This steamer, the *Truganani*, paid us her first visit a few days ago, and she is to come once a month.

Now we need your sympathy and support, just the same as when we had the *Dayspring*, and whilst thanking you most sincerely for your kindly interest in the past, I trust we shall find that you will continue to stand by us, to cheer and strengthen us, as in the years that have gone. And are there not some of you, who are thus indirectly assisting in bringing the heathen to Christ, looking forward to the day when you shall give yourselves to the work. It is a blessed service in which to be engaged, and after being in it for nearly eighteen years, instead of growing wearied of it, I bless God to-day that He put it into my heart to engage in it.

And now, let me tell you something about our work. And perhaps

#### THE CHILDREN'S SCHOOL.

would interest you most. The bell has just been rung, so let us take a peep in. See how each one, large and small, bows his head as he takes his seat, in silent prayer. There comes Solomon, the assistant teacher, to open the school. He gives out the hymn, "My Jesus, I Love Thee," or "There is Life for a Sinner," and they all stand up and sing it most heartily. Then follows a prayer, and the roll is called. There are about seventy-six present. Yes, but I should explain that my training class is present too. While they are forming into class,

#### LET ME INTRODUCE YOU

to a few of these young men and boys.

See that is Sunri over there, a Fijian native - the first man of his village to

leave off heathenism, and one of the best natives we have. His wife is here too, and his two little boys. He is being trained as a teacher for Meli,

Look at those two boys together on the end of that seat. Their names are Sualo and Soppe. They are about seventeen years of age. They are the brightest boys we have. Soppe I always think of as belonging to Prince Street Church, Pictou, as he was supported two years by a contribution received from some young ladies of that church. They are two of our best English scholars. They assisted in translating the "Peep of Day," and are now working at Line upon Line.

Then, look at those three fine young men, Kalurogo, Matur and Kaltabu. - They have been attending the class for four or five years, and will, I trust, make efficient teachers. I hope to baptize two of them soon.

But the classes are waiting for teachers. There are five of them; No. 5, I take myself. It is composed of the larger children, the young men and their wives being trained for teachers. No. 4 is Solomon's class. Numbers 3, 2 and 1 are taken in turn by some members of my class, that they may get practical training in teaching. The small children read in the Peep of Day, and all the rest in the Efatese New Testament.

Reading lesson over we have a short recess. Then we form into two classes for writing. Those under the teacher write on slates from a copy line on the blackboard. I had the pleasure a few days ago of taking the captain of a British man-of-war into the school. He admired the neat copy line on the blackboard, written by the teacher. Those with me write composition or dictation, or translate sentences into English. But I must hurry on lest my letter should become too long.

On Tuesday we read English, and have arithmetic instead of writing. Wednesday is the day for Scripture history. Last Wednesday I took the youngest class for a few minutes. I was very much pleased with the intelligent answers the little fellows gave me. Then I said to them, "I

wish all of you who love Jesus to hold up your hands." No sooner were the words out of my lips than over a dozen little hands went up as high as their owners could raise them. I then asked one dear little fellow who had both his hands up, why he loved Jesus? and at once he replied, "Nalaken i nignumat" (Because He died for me.)

Thursday and Friday are very much a repetition of Monday and Tuesday, with the addition of Geography.

This year our natives

GAVE A CONTRIBUTION

to the Foreign Mission, and, I think, without exception all these children gave something. Those who had nothing to give went out on the reef searching for shells, or if too young to go themselves, got their mothers to go for them. The shells they brought to sell, and it was worth the 3d. or 6d. they received for them, to see how delighted the poor little things were, as they ran home to show it.

I would like to tell you before closing about Mrs. Mackenzie's class, children of some of the nearest settlers. When they first came we could scarcely understand their broken English, and so it was very tiresome work teaching them. Then they knew almost nothing. They could not tell who made them. Now, however, they can read and write nicely, and can answer Scripture questions very satisfactorily.—But my letter is getting too long, so I must close with very kind regards to you all. Yours sincerely,

J. W. MACKENZIE.

India.

LETTER FROM MRS. DR. BUCHANAN.

TO THE HEART AND HAND MISSION BAND,  
RIVERTON, N. S.

INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA,

December 6, 1889.

Dear Sisters.—When I bade you farewell I hoped very shortly to write you, as a band, but the time has flown and no letter has been written.

I hoped to write on the water but was unable, however, Dr. Buchanan kindly wrote then for me. I have written to and heard from individual members of the Band frequently, and so am fairly posted as to your doings. I have heard again and again and always with thankfulness to God that we are never forgotten in your prayers. Were it not that we know many, many at home are praying for us I fear we would sometimes almost despair—but that remembrance upholds us and not only the remembrance for we feel often that we are being blessed in direct answer to the prayers ascending at home and gladness and renewed hope come.

I often think of little Freddie Mackay's question when I was telling him of the people in India.

"AIN'T YOU AFRAID THEY WILL MAKE YOU FORGET GOD?"

I did not fear it then but had I known as much as I now do I would not have answered him as I did "No Freddie." We need to fear, and well for us if our fear drives us from ourselves closer to God, for only there are we safe.

Oh! Girls you little know what it is to live in the midst of heathenism, surrounded by those who know not God. How we often long for christian friends and home.

Yet there is

ANOTHER SIDE TO THE PICTURE and I can say from my very heart that the joy and gladness that I have felt, experienced when it has been our privilege to tell "The Story of the Cross," has far more than made up for all the sadness. That the thought of what my Saviour has done for me and the glad message we have to make known to these poor people fills us with joy unspeakable.

THIS MORNING

my Bible lesson was the first chapter of Romans, and I was much impressed by the 14th verse. "I am debtor both to the Greeks and the Barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise." Truly we are debtors to all and under obligations be-



cause of what our Saviour has done for us, to make him known in every way in our power. My heart aches for these poor people. Oh, would that I could shout so that you would never forget it.

Oh, girls, send the gospel to India. Send us more Missionaries. Plead incessantly at the Throne of Grace. Wrestle with God in prayer for us, for our poor people. for a Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit on our Mission here. Pray that we may be men and women filled with the Holy Ghost. Men and women with but one aim before us, that, the Glory of God; and for ourselves, oh, pray that we may soon know the language so as to speak freely."

Oh, how intensely I long to be able to point these poor people to Jesus, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. I hoped to know much more of the language before this than I do but have been ill and unable to study the greater part of the time since coming to India. However, I am quite well now, and I am hoping to make rapid progress.

One of the saddest things I have seen in India has been

#### HEATHEN FUNERALS.

We see many of them. The body is carried on a sort of a stretcher, by four men, and by it walks a man with a light and a vessel of oil to set it on fire. Behind are the mourners walking, wailing and beating their breasts. Frequently we hear them repeating over and over, "Rahm Rahm is able" Rahm is a heathen god. Oh did they but know that only Jesus is able.

Now dear sisters our prayer is that God may richly bless your Band—that each of its members may realize what a great privilege it is to make known that name which is above every name—the name of Jesus that you all may know in your experience that what God has promised he is able to perform—and not by unbelief be kept from entering into the joy and peace which are our birthright as christians.

With love to every sister of the Heart and Hand.

MARY BUCHANAN.

#### THINGS ABOUT INDIA.

1. There are more people in India than in all North America.

2. Dates, pomegranates, oranges, pine-apples, and many other fruits grow in India, and elephants, rhinoceroes, porcupines, monkeys, and many other animals live there.

3. Many women and girls in India are shut up in their homes, and never go out except in very close carriages called palanquins.

4. Most of the people in India have dark skins and black hair and eyes.

5. Women and girls wear long cloths, called sarrees, wound about their bodies. They wear nose-rings, ear-rings, bangles on their arms, and anklets around their ankles. Men and boys wear long loose robes and turbans.

6. People in India are divided into different classes called castes, and those of one caste will not touch those of another caste if they can help it.

7. Little girls are despised in India. Many of them are killed as soon as they are born.

8. Millions of people in India worship the God Buddha. He has thousands of temples there, and thousands of priests to take care of them.

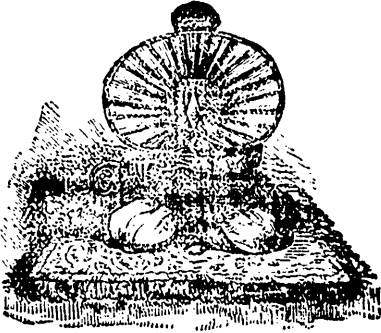
9. The first missionaries who ever went from America went to India.

10. The names of the first missionaries were Mr. and Mrs. Nott, Mr. Hall, and Mr. Mrs. Newell. Mrs. Newell died before they were allowed to land in India. Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Mr. Rice, who left America at the same time went to Burmah.—*Mission Dayspring.*

#### BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

There is a very precious relic which is worshiped by millions of people in India. What do you think it is? It is Buddha's tooth! A large building, shaped like a bell, was built near a temple to hold this wonderful thing, and when it was put in its place there was said to be a terrible

earthquake, which was very frightful to all who saw it.



The tooth looks more as if it belonged to an elephant than a man. It looks like nothing more than a very yellow piece of ivory; but when on great occasions the priests exhibit it to the people, carefully placed on golden lotus leaves, thousands throng to see it, making the most adoring gestures, and filling the air with their shouts. Wouldn't you like to help teach these people how foolish such things are.

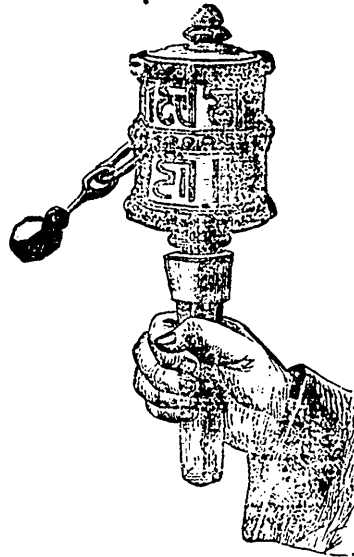
#### HEATHEN PRAYERS.

A great many persons who feel the need of prayer do not like to take the trouble or the time to pray. They want some blessing, but they do not want to kneel down humbly and ask for it. Some of the heathen have invented a way by which they hope to get the benefit of prayers without much effort on their own part. They have machines that do the praying for them. Jesus Christ taught his disciples that men are not heard for their much speaking; yet millions of persons do not believe this. They fancy that the oftener a prayer can be repeated the more effect it will have; and they suppose moreover, that it is not necessary in praying to think about the petition offered. All that is needful, as they imagine, is that the request be presented to the god as many times as possible. So they make these praying machines, having a hollow

space inside of a drum, which is so fixed as to revolve like a wheel. In this space they crowd as many printed or written prayers as possible, and then set the drum whirling. Every turn is a prayer, and of course they count up very rapidly.

The picture on this page represents the hand-machine. It can be carried where ever the owner goes, and he can keep it whirling while he is riding, or talking, or trading in the market. The Llamas, or priests, of Thibet, as well as the people when they pass their temples stretch out their hands and set these cylinders spinning. In some parts of Thibet the wheels are arranged with a crank so as to be turned by water-power; and in this way the praying goes on day and night, while the people are working or sleeping.

A missionary in the interior of China, who had seen some of these praying machines in use in Thibet, sendsto *China's Millions* an account of two prayer-meetings he had attended. The first one was among the heathen, and he describes it thus:



HAND PRAYING MACHINE.

"There were about one thousand supplicants, and the desire of each one was very plainly expressed, and yet there was not a sound to be heard. Let me tell you how that was. Nearly a day's journey from Hanchung Fu, in Shen-si, is a pretty gorge, that is, a cutting between the hills, with a river flowing at the bottom. A good stone roadway is made along the side of the hills on one side of the river, and it was on this path overlooking the river that I found the dumb prayer-meeting. On the farther side of the river is a crumbling old idol in a niche on the side of the hill, who is called the 'white stone earth' god. He is believed to have the ability to bestow very great favours, but unfortunately he lives in a very out-of-the-way place: however, his petitioners have devised this method: they have each engraved their desires on a stone tablet, and erected these tablets on the side of the hill facing the idol. They took like a lot of small grave-stones all

heaped together.

I counted about a thousand, and carefully looked over them to see what the persons who placed them there were praying for. The prayers were very much alike, such as 'Bless my father!' 'Preserve both my father and mother!' 'Protect the spirits of my departed parents!' 'Help me to get rich!' 'Take care of me in all my journeyings!' 'Protect our country,' etc. But oh, what a dull prayer-meeting; and such a useless, wicked one, too!

"I could not help thinking of a little Christian Chinese prayer-meeting I had only

a few days before been present at in Hanchung Fu, where a few men and women were met in Jesus' name, and where there was real prayer offered to a real and powerful God. 'O, Jesus, wash my heart, and take away all sin,' prayed one; 'O God, stop the opium trade, and send men to tell about Jesus,' asked another; 'Since Thou hast saved us, help us to love one another and to do all that Thou has told us to do,' prayed a third; and so on."—*Mission Dayspring*.

## A LETTER TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

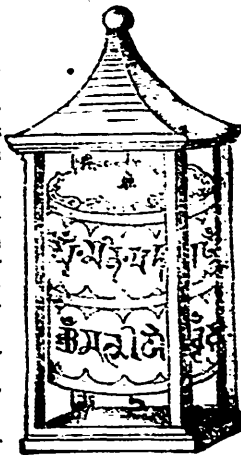
DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

We wish to have a little talk with you about our French Canadian Boys and Girls.

Christmas has come and gone: poor old Santa Claus has made his dangerous descent from the chimney and left in your stockings most wonderful things, things which you have long been wanting, and which now you prize, and your love for the dear old man is stronger than ever. Will you listen quietly while we tell you about some boys and girls we know, who are quite as fond of stories as you, but to whom Santa Claus never brings a story book!

In this great city of Montreal, there are many little boys and girls, with round black heads and pretty dark eyes, who would not understand you were you to say "Merry Xmas" to them. They would shrug their little shoulders in their own peculiar fashion, and would say "Je ne comprends pas" or "comprends pas" more likely. (I do not understand you). They are bright little creatures, so happy and full of fun, chattering away so fast in their own language, French, that did you hear them, you could only stare and say, "Well, I don't understand you."

Still they are like you in many ways. — they have merry romping games, they sing and jump and skip, play marbles, and are fond of toys. Santa Claus may carry to many sweeties and toys, but he



TEMPLE MACHINE

seldom carries those pretty story books of which you are so fond. One thing he never thinks of carrying—can you guess what it is? You cannot? Must I tell you that did you search the stockings of all these little Roman Catholic folk, you could not find one Bible or Testament. Few could read it, and those who could, would not be allowed. Just think of it, little ones,—never to hear the pretty story of Joseph in his bright coat of many colours, or of brave young Daniel in the dark den of lions, or of good gentle Queen Esther who saved the Jews. Many of them know *something* of the sweet, sweet story of the little Babe in the manger, and the long quiet ride over the mountains by night, but they do not see in that Babe our only Saviour, nor know that Jesus is their nearest and truest friend. Jesus is far away from them, and only to be approached through his mother, Mary! Ah, dear little ones, what would it be if you were to lose your Jesus who loves you so well; to obtain pardon from Him only through penance; to lose his companionship, sympathy and help from your work and from your play. Think what would it be, then remember that in our Canada there are thousands thus without Him.

These little boys and girls grow up to men and women, and still cannot write their own names, or read their A, B, C. And why is this? Largely because many little Protestants, and big Protestants too, are so selfish that they will not spare a little portion of their money to build schools where they may be taught to read, and where they may learn to love the Bible stories.

You know there are two large schools built down on the shores of the St. Lawrence about ten miles from Montreal, at Pointe aux Trembles where about 140 boys and girls stay the winter through, studying hard all the time. These schools were built about forty years ago, and you can think how old and worn-out they are. When built they were too large, but now they are too small. Many more would come to our schools if we had room for

them, but we have not, nor can we until we enlarge the girl's building.

A year ago the boy's building was enlarged and improved, and over ninety boys are now in this school, while there is only room for 45 girls in the girl's building. Over fifty more wished to enter, but our only reply to them was, "we have no room for you," so they had once more to turn back to their dark ignorance and pitiful penance, and may never again have the chance to come. If they never again hear of our Jesus, are not we to blame? Is it not terribly sad that we keep the gospel from them? They want to learn to read and write: to know more of the Bible and Jesus:—to know God's truth, and they cannot. And the years roll on, and they pass away without knowing Jesus as He is. If you could only see the pupils when they enter the schools, I am sure your little hearts would be sad. Big and little ones come, some only quite young, others 25 years of age, and many of the older ones can neither read nor write. They are also unaccustomed to rule and find everything so strange, they are often very homesick, but how earnest they are at their work, and, after the homesickness passes, how happy! Their day is a very busy one as the girls do all the housework; but they have recreation hours, and then how the old horse rings with their clear sweet voices, as their happiness bubbles over in their merry laughing tunes, or glides more quietly on in the sweet French hymns which they soon learn to love.

I cannot tell you how sweet it is to hear them sing in their own language that hymn which we all love so well. "One is kind above all others." Shall I give it to you as they sing it:—

Jesus est mon ami suprême.

Où quel amour!

Mieux qu'un tendre frère il nous aime.

Où quel amour!

Ô! famille, amis, ton passé,

Sont il demeuré et dans ta grâce,

De nous, jamais il ne se lasse.

Où quel amour!

You recognize one word in this, do you not? The sweet name which is above

every name, and which tells of Him who has brought Xmas with all its joy and brightness. You know how He loved little children and said "suffer little children to come unto me." Can we not obey this command by opening the doors of our schools to the French Canadians that they may learn of Him?

I would I could tell you more about the work. How they come to us to-day, ignorant and bad; how many of them are strong Roman Catholics and intend to remain so, only reading the Bible in classes because they must. How unhelpful some seem; how God's Spirit works amongst them and they become His; then go out each with his Bible into their old homes, and there read the beautiful stories they have heard at the schools, thus becoming little missionaries and bringing many others to Christ.

Of one little Marie I must tell you. She came to us, oh! so towsy and untidy, so stupid and dull, that our hearts sank within us as we looked at her, and we wondered if she could ever be taught the use of buttons and strings; for greater things we dare not hope. She pored long and earnestly over her book, but day after day passed and she was mistress of no new idea as far as we could see—ah! yes, only as far as we could see. The end of the term came, and to some of us she was still towsy, stupid Marie, and with hopeless hearts we saw her leave us with her Bible. To others good might have been done, but to Marie, none, or next to none. Two years after in the "Witness" appeared a letter from some people not far from Montreal, telling that they had read the Bible, had learned the truth, and were leaving forever the Roman Catholic Church. About a dozen names were attached, and foremost amongst them was that of our Marie, poor towsy, stupid Marie. Ah, what God must have thought of our thoughts of her. He had chosen her to do His work. She had gone home with her Bible, and had told the sweet story she had heard, and the seed took root, grew up and bare much fruit.

Now little ones, what can you do to help on this great work? First, you can pray, and God will hear and answer. Pray for three things: 1st. That God's Spirit will move in the hearts of these young Roman Catholics and bring them to the schools. 2nd. That His Spirit will move our hearts and provide room for them. 3rd. That the same Spirit may come down on the schools and take possession of the hearts and wills of all in them. What we all need is God's Spirit, that still small voice that gives us thoughts of God and desires to help Him.

Think often of the French Canadian boys and girls, and pray often and earnestly for them. Remember always that "prayer is the power that moves the hand that moves the universe," then do what He tells you to do, and I am sure that in "wishing you a Happy New Year," I am only "wishing you to have what our Father wishes to give you.

Your friend,

HELEN CAMERON PARKER.

Montreal.

#### A MINUTE'S ANGER.

Not long ago, in a city not far from New York, two boys, neighbors, who were good friends, were playing. In the course of the game a dispute arose between the boys, and both became angry; one struck the other and finally one kicked the other, who fell unconscious in the street, was taken home, and now for four weeks has suffered most cruelly. The doctors say that if he lives he will never be well, and will always suffer and need the constant care of a physician. If the boys had been the greatest enemies they would not, could not, have desired a worse fate for each other than this. But instead of enemies, they were friends and loving companions. Now everything is changed. One will never be able to walk, or to take part in active games; the other will never forget the sufferings he has caused.

A minute's anger caused this.

**The Sabbath School Lessons.**

May 4.—Luke 8 : 41-42, 49-56.

Memory 51-56.

**The Ruler's Daughter.**

GOLDEN TEXT. LUKE 8:59. Catechism Q. 73, 74

**Introductory.**

Who invited Jesus to a feast ?

What took place there ?

(Give the title of this lesson ? Golden

Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Memory verses ? Catechism ?

**I. The Father's Errand. vs. 41-42.**

Who came to Jesus ?

What office did he hold ?

What was his request ?

Why did he make this request ?

What did Jesus do ?

What miracle had Jesus wrought at Capernaum a few weeks before ? (Luke 7 : 1-10.)

Who besought him to work that miracle ?

**II. The Child's Death. vs. 49, 50.**

What occurred on the way to the ruler's house ? vs. 43-48.

What word was brought to the ruler.

What did Jesus say to him ?

What was he to believe ?

What is faith in Jesus Christ ?

**III. The Lord's Power. vs. 51-56.**

Whom did Jesus allow to enter the house with him ?

What did they all do ?

What did Jesus say to them ?

What did he mean by this saying ?

How did those who heard him receive it ?

What did Jesus then do ?

What was the effect ?

What charge did Jesus give them ?

Why ?

Did they obey this charge ?

How doth Christ execute the office of a king ?

**What Have I Learned ?**

1. That Jesus is divine— God as well as man.

2. That He has power over disease and death.

3. That He can raise those who are dead in trespasses and sins to a new and spiritual life.

4. That His ear is open to the cry of every one who needs His help.

5. That He will put forth His saving power for every suppliant who comes to Him in faith.

May 11. Luke 9:10-17. Memory vs. 16, 17

**Feeding The Army.**

GOLDEN TEXT. John 6:35. Catechism Q. 75.

**Introductory.**

Upon what mission did Jesus send the twelve ?

What occurred soon after ?

What did Jesus then do ?

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses.

The Catechism.

**I. The Hungry People. vs. 10, 11.**

When did the apostles return to Jesus ?

What report did they bring ?

What did Jesus then do ?

Why did he so retire ? Mark 6 : 31.

What did the people do ?

How did Jesus feel when he saw the people ? Mark 6 : 34.

How did he show his compassion ?

**II. The Powerless Disciples. vs. 12, 13.**

What did the twelve ask Jesus to do ?

Why did they wish the multitude sent away ?

What did Jesus say to them ?

What was their reply ?

**III. The Mighty Lord. vs. 14, 17.**

What did Jesus command ?

How many men were there ?

What did Jesus then do ?

What is meant when it is said he blessed them ?

By whose hands did he pass the food to the people ?

How much was left ?

What did Jesus say of himself ? John 6 : 35.

What should be our prayer ? John 6:34

#### What Have I Learned ?

1. That Jesus has a tender, watchful care for those who follow him ?

2. That he can provide for all the wants of his people.

3. That he suits his blessings to the needs of his people.

4. That he is the Bread of life which alone will satisfy the hunger of the soul.

5. That we should seek for this Bread of life for our souls more earnestly than for daily food for our bodies. John 6 : 27.

May 18. Luke 9:28-36. Memory vs. 33-35

#### The Transfiguration.

Golden Text.— Luke 9:31. Catechism Q. 75, 77.

#### Introductory.

How long an interval between the last lesson and this ?

What were some of the events of that interval ?

Give the title of this lesson ? Golden text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ? Memory verses ? Catechism ?

#### I. The Transfigured Lord. vs. 28, 29.

Whom did Jesus take with him ?

What do you know about these disciples ?

Of what other events were they the only witnesses ?

What took place on the Mount ?

What was Jesus doing ?

#### II. The Heavenly Visitants. vs. 31.

Who appeared and talked with Jesus ?

What is meant by their appearing in glory ?

Of what did they speak ?

#### III. The Amazed Disciples. vs. 32-34.

What is said of the three disciples ?

Meaning of they saw his glory ?

What did Peter propose ?

Why did he make this proposal ?

What took place while he spoke ?

What effect had this on the disciples ?

#### IV. The Divine Witness vs. 35, 36.

What came out of the cloud ?

What was said ?

Whose voice was this ?

Who is the Redeemer of God's elect ?

How can you hear Christ ?

After the voice, who was there ?

What charge did Jesus give the disciples ? Matt. 17 : 9.

#### What Have I Learned ?

1. That the law and the prophets testify of Jesus and are fulfilled in him.

2. That Jesus has in himself all the glory and majesty of God.

3. That while he was on earth his glory was veiled, but it now shines in all its lustre in heaven.

4. That all his friends shall finally see him as he is, and be like him.

5. That we should hear, obey and trust him as our Teacher, King and Saviour.

May 27.—Luke 10:1-13. Memory vs. 8-11.

#### The Mission of The Seventy.

Golden Text.— Luke 10:11. Catechism Q. 78.

#### Introductory.

How long an interval between this lesson and the last ?

What are some of the events of this interval ?

Give the title of this lesson ? Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ? Memory verses ? Catechism ?

#### II. The Disciples instructed. vs. 1-4.

Whom did the Lord now send forth ?

Whither did he send them ?

Why were they sent two and two ?

What charge did he give them ?

What did he mean by harvest and the laborers ?

How did he send them forth?  
 What direction did he give them about their journey?

**III. The Blessing of Receiving Them.**  
vs. 5-9.

What direction did he give them about their abode?

Why were they to tarry in the same house?

What further direction did he give about their fare?

Their service? Their preaching?

**III. The Woe on Rejecters.** vs. 10-16.

What were they to do if rejected?

What were they nevertheless to preach to such rejecters?

What did Jesus say respecting them?

Upon what cities did Jesus pronounce woes?

What other cities had they surpassed in guilt?

What had been the end of Tyre and Sidon?

What did he say of Capernaum?

What general authority did Jesus give to the seventy in their preaching?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That the Lord sends forth laborers into the harvest in answer to prayer.

2. That he will care for those who go forth at his command to work in his harvest?

3. That those who receive the gospel will be greatly blessed.

4. That those who reject it will be severely punished.

A little boy who had been taught to love the missionary cause and to think of the poor little heathen children, one day showed in a new way that he was thinking of them. He looked at the sun one evening, as it shone quite brightly just before it had hid behind the hills. He had been told that the sun rises in China about the time it sets here. He began in a low and thoughtful tone. "Farewell, sun! Farewell sun! Good bye! Give my love to the little boys in China."

**"MY DOG KNOWS IT."**

During the great revival in this vicinity last winter there were many little boys who indulged a hope in Christ. Among the number was one boy of perhaps nine years of age, who arose in an experience meeting and said,

"Everything on our place knows I have religion. My dog knows it, for I used to kick him, and when he saw me coming he would slink under the table. Now Dash comes up to me and lays his head upon my arm, looking up into my face as though he wished to say, 'I know you are a changed boy, Johnnie.' I find that the cat knows that I am different, for she will eat her milk with me standing close by; and she is growing fat now."

"Our horses always used to jump and back away as far as they could from me, because I used to tickle their noses with straws or give them a slap as I passed them. But now they reach out their heads to me, and neigh for me to come nearer, and lay their heads upon my shoulder. Yes, the horses know I have religion."

We have thought much about what dear little Johnnie said, and we think it was good logic. If one is truly a child of God he will not wish to annoy anything which God has created.

Dear children, if any of you delight in teasing the dog or cat, you have not the spirit of Christ. Seek Johnnie's religion, and seek it until your dog, cat, and horses all know it. You may be assured your parent will know it too; and best of all, your father above. *Select.*

We are little children,

Just starting out to find,

What we ought to live for,

To make us good and kind;

Live for one another,

Live for God and Heaven,

Then, true happiness you'll find.



## A STORY FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

In the early days of our mission work on Tanna, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston from Nova Scotia, and Mr. and Mrs. Paton from Scotland were settled on Tanna, among a very cruel and savage people. Now there is a christian church and a worshipping people there, but then it was very different.

Mr. Paton in giving an account of his life tells the following thrilling story of what happened one night in Tanna :

"The first of January, 1861, was a New Year's Day ever to be remembered. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Abraham, (a native teacher from Anceityum) and I, had spent nearly the whole time in a kind of solemn yet happy festival. Anew, in a holy covenant before God, we gave our lives and our all to the Lord Jesus for the conversion of the heathen in the New Hebrides.

After evening family worship, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston left my room to go to their own house, only some ten feet distant; but he returned to inform me that there were two men at the window having black painted faces and armed with huge clubs.

Going out to them I asked what they wanted.

"Medicine for a sick boy". With difficulty I persuaded them to come in and get it. At once it flashed upon me, from their agitation, and their disguise of paint, that they had come to murder us. Mr. Johnston had again come into the house with us.

Keeping my eye upon them I prepared the medicine and offered it. They refused to receive it and each man grasped his killing stone. I faced them firmly and said,

"You see that Mr. Johnston is leaving and you two must leave the room to-night. To-morrow you can bring the boy or come for the medicine."

Seizing their clubs, as if for action, they seemed unwilling to go out, but I walked

forward and made as if to push them out, when both turned and began to leave.

Mr. Johnston had gone in front of them and was safely out. But he bent down to lift a little kitten that had escaped at the open door; and at that moment one of the savages aimed a blow with his huge club, in avoiding which Mr. Johnston fell with a scream to the ground. Both men sprung towards him but our faithful dogs fiercely leaped to their feet and saved his life. Rushing out I saw Mr. Johnston trying to raise himself and heard him cry,--

"Take care, these men have tried to kill me, and they will kill you."

Facing them I sternly asked,--

"What is it that you want? He does not understand your language. What do you want? Speak with me

Both men then raised their clubs and made to strike me, but quick as lightning our dogs sprang at their faces and bit their blows. One dog was badly bruised and the ground received the other blow that would have launched me into Eternity.

Seeing how matters stood I now hounded both dogs furiously upon them and the two savages fled, I shouted after them

"Remember, Jehovah God sees you and will punish you for trying to murder his servants."

In their flight a large number of men who had come eight or ten miles to assist in the murder and plunder, came slipping here and there from the bush and joined them fleeing too. Verily "The wicked flee when no man pursueth".

I was now used to such scenes in Tanna, and retired to rest and slept soundly; but my dear fellow laborer, as I afterwards learned could not sleep. His pallor and excitement continued for several days; and after that, though he was naturally lively and cheerful, I never saw him smile again."

Three weeks afterward Mr. Johnston died, and not long after Mr. Paton had to flee for his life and the mission in Tanna was broken up. Some time after it was taken up again, and it is now in a sense a christian island.