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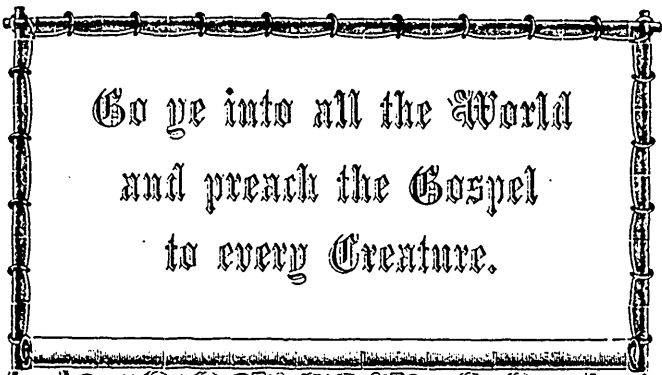
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THE  
CHILDREN'S  
RECORD



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

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## The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 30 cents. Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time, but must end with December.

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All communications to be addressed to

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

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD would like to go to many new places for the coming year.

During the past year there have been ten thousand copies printed monthly.

All its receipts, after paying cost, are given to Missions.

It has already paid the cost of getting itself into circulation and something besides into the Foreign Mission Fund.

All who subscribe now for the coming year will get it for the remainder of this year free.

Its aim is to interest the children in the Mission work of our church.

Will not some of the young people help in getting more subscribers?

Send it to some who do not take it and get them interested.

Parcels of sample copies will be sent free to any address.

Our young readers will find in this issue the letter from Mrs. Campbell that was promised them. I hope they will enjoy it.

I have something more to tell you of my dear letter which has come to hand and which you will get next time, which has a very sad and tender interest attaching to it. It was written by Mrs. Murray of Inlore, who has since been called away to her eternal home. One of the last letters she ever wrote was to the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

## LETTER FROM MRS. CAMPBELL.

RUTLAM, INDIA,  
August 5th, '87.

My Dear Children:—

What shall I write you about? Perhaps a new school which I have just started, and in which I am much interested, will be interesting to you too. It is only about a month old, and from the beginning of it we have had almost constant rain. The little girls, here do not wear waterproofs and carry umbrellas, and thus sometimes they come with their cotton clothes quite wet, as some of them did this morning. When I see this I only let them stay a short time and then send them home. It is not customary among the Hindoo women and girls of this place to carry umbrellas. The men and boys do, but you know in this land there are many such things allowed to men and boys that the women and girls can't have. Probably the reason of their not having an umbrella is that it was formerly considered as the token of authority and was only carried by people in high position, as Rajahs. Even now it is not allowed to be held up in the courtyards of palaces or temples.

But to go back to the school. We began with five girls; we have now twenty, with the prospect of more very soon. Most of them are what are called high caste girls, that is, daughters of Brahmins and Rajpoots and bunyas or merchants. They are between the ages of 7 and 11. The only one among them who is able to read well is a little married woman of eight years of age. I had a good laugh the other afternoon when I found out that a little boy also about eight years of age, who called here with the Pundit was the husband of this little woman. It seems they have both been learning together.

One of the attractions of our school is the sewing and knitting that we teach. Some of them are desirous of learning stocking knitting, which you will think rather funny when I tell you that they do not wear stockings themselves. How could they with all their toe-rings and anklets? For these toe-rings are not

mere plain rings but are generally ornamented with little balls or bells, something like clusters of small grapes, which give a tinkling sound as they walk along. But possibly the husbands, brothers or fathers whose toe-rings when they wear them are not so elaborate, may find the comfort of these stockings.

Besides the sewing we have reading, writing, and counting. We close with singing a hymn, religious instruction, and with prayer.

As soon as I can get some good wall maps I hope to teach them a little geography. Besides, there is arithmetic and grammar and other things they should learn something of at once.

Before closing I must tell you just a little of one of the wrong beliefs we find among the people here, resulting in strange customs. You know that many of the influential people here are Jains, who hold all animal life as sacred. They, and in fact all Hindoos, think that when we die instead of going to heaven or hell our souls take some other body, it may be human or some one of the lower animals, or even of a plant or tree. So you will see them feeding the ants with flour and sugar, religiously feeding cows, oxen, birds, etc., and allowing numbers of diseased dogs to remain about the streets of the city. How do they know but that these creatures may contain the soul of some near relative: father, mother, sister, or brother. Let us who know better be more earnest in teaching them the truth about this as well as about many other things.

Yours sincerely,  
MARY CAMPBELL.

#### WHY THEY LOVED HIM.

A most notable English officer who fell in Egypt was a young Lieutenant de Lisle, for whom the whole navy mourned, although he was not a man of great individual power, influence or wealth. The secret of this remarkable popularity has a special significance for boys.

"He was the most truthful and the

most friendly man in the service," says another officer.

"He was so direct and downright that his word had the force of an oath," says another.

When he was a midshipman of sixteen, a storm occurred during his watch, in which a mast was swept away. The captain came on deck in a fury.

"Why did you not send up a man to reef the sail?" he demanded of the boy.

"I should have lost my own life if I had gone to reef it," was the reply, "and I will not send one of the crew where I dare not go myself. A mast is not worth so much as a man's life."

The captain replied by a volley of oaths. The next day, however, he came to the little midshipman in the presence of the crew and said, "You were right, and I was wrong. A man's life is worth more than a mast."

Throughout his life he had as tender care for the meanest of his men as though he had been his brother.

He had indomitable courage in risking his own life, but he was a coward for others.

"The man," says Goethe, "who would have friends must show himself friendly."

"The world," says another great German, "comes to serve the true tongue and loving heart."

#### FOUR LIARS.

"There is no danger." That is one.

"Only this once." That is another.

"Everybody does so." That is the third.

"By-and-by." That is the fourth.

When tempted to give Sunday up for pleasure, or to labor, and "Only this once," or "Everybody does so," whispers at your elbow do not listen for a moment to the dangerous counsel.

All four are cheat and liars. They mean to deceive and cheat you out of heaven. "Behold," says God, "now is the accepted time and now is the day of Salvation." He has no promise for "By-and-by."

## TRINIDAD.

## LETTER FROM MISS ARCHIBALD.

I told you in the last Record of the death of Miss Archibald, one of our mission teachers in Trinidad. The following is a letter which she wrote to some young people in a school in Nova Scotia, the teacher of which was a friend of her own. The letter is dated Aug. 4th. She took ill Aug. 6th, and died Aug. 9th, so that this letter was one of the last, if not the last, she ever wrote.—ED.

CORVA, August 4, 1887.

*Dear Children.*—

I scarcely know how to address you, as I do not know whether you are little or big girls, but I suppose it does not matter. Miss Rutherford says you would like to know something about the boys and girls here, and has asked me to write to you, so I will begin by telling you something about my school.

Last month I had eighty names on the register, with an average of forty-five. They are of all sizes and ages, ranging from three to fourteen.

One strange feature in my school is, that of the eighty pupils, all are boys but nine. The Coolie fathers and mothers have a strong objection to having their girls educated. They think it unfits them for making obedient wives, and you know the one all important idea of the parents is to get their girls married before they are twelve. It is considered quite a disgrace if a girl is not married before she is that age.

One woman who seems to find it difficult to get a husband for her daughters, has been coming to Mr. Wright several times lately, and begging him to find one for her. Since I began teaching last January I have had one boy and two girls married out of my school. One of the girls was only five years old. The boy still attends school.

Just as in my school at home, some of the children are very bright and intelligent, while others are lazy and careless about learning. My most advanced class

read in the fourth book, can parse and analyze simple sentences, are working in fractions in arithmetic, study spelling and geography, and some of them are very nice writers. Then I have a class reading in the second book, another in the first. The others are all in the infant room.

Twice a day I bring them into my room and teach them a lesson from the black board, but the rest of the day they are taught by the assistant. I teach the little girls sewing Friday afternoons.

When they are clean, these little Coolie children are, many of them, really very pretty. They have beautiful large brown eyes, and complexion of various shades from a light clear brown, almost white, to a real black; jet black hair, rededer shiny and glossy by the very abundant use of cocoanut oil. The girls have beautiful heads of hair, generally very long and thick, but the boys keep their heads shaved close, with the exception of a tuft on the crown, which they allow to grow very long.

They wear very little clothing, the girls only a skirt and short-sleeved jute, and the boys often only a long strip of cloth tied in a peculiar way round their waists; but they are always quite pleased to get a shirt when we have them to give, only the demand is greater than the supply.

When the box from the Truro mission band came, we had quite an amusing time. One little chap, named Malahu, only four years old, and a wee bit of a boy for his years, had quite a cry when I put a little pair of trousers on him. He seemed to think it was a sort of punishment.

We have a very good Sunday-school now; last Sunday there were thirty children present, and as I teach them the S.S. lessons in day-school during the week, when they come on Sunday they are able to answer intelligently. In school we sing both Hindustani and English hymns. I think you would be amused if you could see them eating their dinner. None of them go home at noon but all bring their little can of rice and curry, with sometimes a bit of salt codfish or handful of heavy brown sugar on the top. Then they all

sit down on the ground and eat this with their fingers. They all, men women and children, eat in the same way.

And now, before closing, I will thank you in the name of the little boys and girls, for your promised assistance, and I trust when you are asking our Heavenly Father for blessings on yourselves and friends, you will not forget these poor little heathen that have not known a Saviour's love.

Yours very truly,  
MINNIE ARCHIBALD.

#### WILLIE'S PRAYER.

Willie was the chore boy on Mr. Gould's farm. He had no father or mother, and no one but good Mrs. Gould to be kind to him and teach him what he needed most of all to know.

Willie had a great many bits of work to do; he must run here and run there to wait upon the farmers; he must be regular with certain kinds of doing every day. In all this he was required to be faithful. That was right. If Mr. Gould had allowed the boy to be careless in his duties it would have been no kindness to him.

One of the happy times in Mrs. Gould's family was the Saturday night talk she had with the children. When the work of the week was all done, and the lessons and the chores were finished, she talked over the events of the week, and said any good words she thought were especially needed. Then they all knelt, and mother and children told the Lord Jesus anything that was in their hearts to say to Him.

One Saturday night Willie seemed quite unhappy. When his turn came to pray, he broke down into tears and sobs. This is what he said in his prayer:

"O Lord, I haven't been a good boy all this week. One day I was disobedient because I wished to go and play with the boys. Mr. Gould told me to fodder the oxen, and I was in such a hurry I didn't give them but half enough. And when he asked me if I had fed them. I said 'Yes, Sir,' and that was telling half a lie. O Lord, I am sorry I didn't be a good boy,

and mind Mr. Gould; and I am sorry I acted a lie when I went to play, just as if I'd done it all right. O Lord forgive me, and I will always feed the poor oxen enough; and I'll try to mind Mr. Gould and Mrs. Gould, too, and tell all the truth when they ask me."

That was the right kind of a way for Willie to pray. It confesses his sin just as he knew it and felt it; and it asked God's pardon just as he felt the need of being pardoned.

Mrs. Gould was very glad to have Willie sorry for his sin. She talked kindly with the little orphan, and comforted him with the great promise which he could read in the word of God:

"If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

There was a right way to pray, and there was a wrong way also. God desires exact truthfulness in his children, both when they speak to each other and when they speak to Him. He is better pleased with an humble prayer in broken words, out of one's heart, than with any fine words that do not say what the heart thinks and feels and is. It was God's Spirit who put it into Willie's heart to be sorry for the wrong he did, and then moved him to confess it and ask forgiveness.—*Sel.*

#### NEVER SORRY.

Not long ago the writer asked a class of small boys in Sunday-school what was their idea of heaven. It was curious to note how their replies were influenced by their circumstances in life. A ragged little urchin who had been born and brought up in a squalid city street, said it was "all grass and green trees"; one from the richer quarter of Boston said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses each side. A sweet-voiced Episcopal choir-boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in heaven. The last member of the class—a quiet, thoughtful boy, though one of the smallest in the class—answered "A place where—where—you're never sorry.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

## A BRAVE LITTLE SLAVE BOY.

In the country of Bailundu, West Central Africa, there lives a slave boy about twelve years old. He had heard from our missionaries the story of our Saviour's love, but no one knew that he had himself begun to love the Lord. He came to the mission prayer-meeting one Sunday last spring, and surprised everybody by himself praying aloud. Not long after this there was a "beer party" in the village where his master lived. It was a sort of heathen feast, in honor of a man who had died some months before. A great part of the fun was in drinking beer made out of corn meal, and on which they got very drunk. The old chief Chikulu was this little slave's owner. He saw that the child did not drink and told him he must do it. He refused, and they tried to force it down his throat. Still he would not swallow it, so his master had him tied up and beaten. Then he threatened to sell him to a very cruel man, who is a terrible master.

But the old men of the village, who are the advisers of the chief, rose up and came to the rescue of the poor little fellow, and said he should not be sold to that bad man. As soon as he was untied the boy came to the missionaries. The lady who heard his story could not help crying, and she asked him:

"Did they make you afraid?"

"No!" he said, "there was no fear in my heart. Jesus gave me strength. They may tie and beat or sell my body, but they cannot tie or kill or sell my soul."

## WHY HE WOULD NOT DRINK.

Now nobody had told this little African Christian that he must not drink beer. No earthly friend had shown him that "a drunkard cannot inherit the kingdom of God." But the Lord Jesus had taught him what was right and pure. He has promised those who obey him: "I will lead thee, I will teach thee, I will guide thee, with mine eye upon thee." And so He did teach His little child now. He has taught all the Christian boys at Bailundu

the same thing. They said to the missionaries:

"When we first accepted Christ's words we thought to drink only the sweet beer, but when we drank the sweet we found we wanted the bitter, and when we drank *just a little* we found we were not satisfied, but wanted more; so we concluded the only way was to let it alone entirely."

## ANOTHER LESSON LEARNED.

The Africans do not love work. Delay is natural to them. All they want is a hut, a few pots, a waist cloth, corn and beans to eat, and beer to drink. So when a man has earned a little cloth, which is their money, he sits down. What does he want more? Why *should* he work? When the missionaries were building their houses they were often hindered in this way. The natives would stop short, ask for their pay, and go off. The boys have grown up with these habits.

But now a new light has come to them. Those who have been in the mission school have learned to be diligent and faithful. Mr. Stover has to hold back some of them, lest they work too hard! One of them, Esuvi, was the laziest boy in the place, but he is very much changed. One day, when he was very busy, Mr. Stover said to him, "Esuvi, what have you done with your laziness?" He laughed and hung his head, as he answered, "I *was* a lazy boy, but I am trying to do better now." In their studies, too, the boys have become very earnest, they have a great object in view. "We want to learn fast, *fast!*" say they, "so that we may be able to carry the bible to our people." Some of them already go out every Sunday to the villages near by, to tell the truths they have learned about God and His love to us in sending the Lord Jesus to be our Saviour. Fourteen of these dear young learners were baptized and formed into a church last May. They are the first church in Bailundu; perhaps the first church anywhere made up only of such young members. The day that they first received the holy supper was very happy though so solemn and still that you could have heard a pin drop in the house.—*Mission Lay Spring.*

## A TRUE AND SAD STORY.

Charles G.—was the only son of a widowed mother. He was a frank, generous, unselfish boy, and a great comfort to her. Everybody who knew him said he was a promising boy, and his mother was very proud of him. When he finished school a situation with a good, reliable man was found for him, and for a time he was faithful in the discharge of every duty. But by-and-by he seemed to be growing away from his mother. She noticed that he did not give her his confidence as in the former days. He hurried off after he finished his supper, and neglected his business, and he did not come home until late. Anywhere else seemed to be pleasanter to him than his home. His mother did all she could to make the home attractive, and talked kindly with him about his neglect of her. But, as she once said, "It seemed as if the boy was way off somewhere, he didn't act like himself." One day he was missing. There was no trace of him for months. A boy with whom he had formed a strong intimacy, and one of which his mother did not approve, was missing at the same time. For months that mother prayed and watched and waited, listening every hour for the footstep of her much-loved boy. She could not sleep or eat, so great was her anxiety. At length a telegram came to her, and as she read it she fell to the floor. The shock was so terrible to her. This is what it said: "Your son is very ill, come at once." The name signed to it she had never heard, and the telegram was dated from a small town in Texas. It was a long journey, and she had but little means, but kind friends helped her, and the midnight train bore her off alone with her anxiety and sorrow to the far-off State. O how fervently she prayed that her boy might be spared to her, that if he must be taken from her, he might live till she got there, and be able to recognize her, and give her some assurance of his repentance. Her prayer was granted. "God was very merciful," she said. "My boy knew me, and I heard from his own lips his bitter repentance for what he had done, and his

hope that the Lord had forgiven him." The poor mother was so thankful for even those few words, and they kept cheering her on the long journey home when she was taking her child's body to the family burial-place in his native town. What brought all this about, do you ask? Dime novel reading. After her son's death the mother found the most sensational dime novels in the garret with the name of her boy's friend on the cover. "Ranch Life in Texas" was full of unreal adventures, schemes for making money any way but by honest work; and "Seeing Life" had fascinated her boy in such a way as to lead to the sad results which that poor mother must bear to her grave.—*Sel.*

## A QUAKER ON GOOD MANNERS.

Recently a Quaker was travelling in a railroad carriage. After a time, observing certain movements on the part of a fellow-voyager, he accosted him as follows: "Sir, thee seems well dressed, and I dare say thee considers thyself well bred and would not demean thyself to any ungentlemanlike action, wouldst thee?" The person addressed promptly replied with considerable spirit, "Certainly not, not if I know it." The Quaker continued, "And suppose thee invited me to thy house, thee would not think of offering me thy glass to drink out of after thee had drank out of it thyself, wouldst thee?" The interrogated replied, "Abominable. No. Such an offer would be most insulting." The Quaker continued, "Still less would thee think of offering me thy knife and fork to eat with, after putting them into thy mouth wouldst thee?" The interrogated answered, "To do that would be to outrage on all decency, and would show such a wretch was out of the pale of civilized society." "Then, with these impressions upon thee, why shouldst thee wish me to take into my mouth and nostrils the smoke from that cigar which thou art preparing to smoke, after sending the smoke out of thy own mouth?"—*League Journal.*



## VILLAGE SCHOOLS IN SOUTH INDIA.

REV. J. E. TRACY OF THE MADURA MISSION.

A thatched building with mud walls on three sides and a sanded floor—about twenty noisy, dirty, black children, not very bright about them but their eyes, nothing clean about them whatever—constitute the average school. In a little niche in the wall opposite the open side of the room, or else on a little raised platform of mud, sits the little mud Ganesha, or god of wisdom, who is supposed—and rightly enough, too, if one judge by results—to enlighten the minds of the pupils.

The boys all bow to him with folded hands of prayer as they enter school in the morning; his name is the first which they write up on the sanded floor, and his name is at the top of each page of palm leaf which they study with monotonous droning sound.

A little writing, ability to read the old (palm leaf) books of doubtful morality, which constitute their heroic songs; or to make out the title-deeds of their future inheritance; and a smattering of very peculiar arithmetic, constitute the course of study to which they aspire. The writing to be done with an iron point, or stylus, which they are to use by holding it perpendicularly in the right hand, and guiding it by a niche cut in the thumb nail of the left hand. The narrow strip of palm leaf is held in the left hand and cleverly moved along in the hand by the movement of the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, as the scratching with the pen may require. A page, when written, is smeared with cowdung, or charcoal, or turpetic (yellow), as may happen to be most convenient, till the scratched lines show distinctly. A round hole is cut in the left hand end of the leaf to put a string through, and the whole thing is done.

Their heroic songs consist mostly of the clever (?) performances of Ganesha or Vishnu or Siva, as the case may be, in stealing or lying, or doing some dirty, lowlived trick which a decent party would be ashamed of.

Their tables of arithmetic consist of mul-

tiplication tables in tens—"ten times one are ten, ten times two are twenty," etc., with the units used successively in place of the one, till they get to the second set of tens, and begin over again—"ten times eleven are a hundred and ten, ten times twelve are a hundred and twenty," etc, till the third set of tens is reached, when they begin again—"ten times twenty-one are two hundred and ten," and so on. The same thing all over again in fractions—"ten times one tenth is one, ten times two tenths is two," etc., etc. When they want to multiply they do the units separately and add the results; e. g., "how much is eight times 4 1-2" would be, "eight times four is thirty-two, and eight times one half is four—thirty-two and four more is thirty-six." It seems a very stupid way, but they get to do it very cleverly, and can do in their heads what no ordinary American boy would think possible.

They come to school in the morning before six, stay to about eight, when they have a recess of about two hours to run home for their food; they come again and stay till about one, with another recess of varying length according to the teacher's convenience; and then stay till about dark.

They pay fees according to their ability; some more, some less, but all have to bring the master fire-wood on Mondays, cucy stuffs on Wednesdays, and tamarind, or else dried fish, on Fridays, besides some entrance fee of rice, plantains, or coconuts, when they first enter the school.

The discipline of the school is mainly one of bullying and fear. If a boy fails in his arithmetic the teacher names some boy to punch the head of the offender, and every other boy in the class is privileged to follow suit and get in at least one good rap, which very likely he has been waiting for a chance to do as a quit for some private grudge.

What do they learn of gentleness, or love, or obedience, or loyalty? Nothing. The average boy hates school, and the average parent lets him go, or not go, about as he likes. The teacher must make his living out of the boys, and so has to hunt them up or send some big rascal to do it

for him. That they should learn anything is little concern of his. He hates the boys and the boys usually hate him.

All this is very different in mission schools, of course, but the heathen schools far out number the Christian ones. Do what you can to replace the bad by the good to make good schools outnumber the bad.

### COUNTING THE PEAS.

The priests of the Greek Catholic Church in Turkey are often very ignorant men. Some of them do not even know how to read and write; yet they tell the people what they ought to do, and are obeyed as if they were the most learned men in the world. I read a story about one of them the other day which was like this:

Once there was a priest that did not know how to count. This was a great trial to him, as there were so many fasts and feasts in the church it was necessary to count all the time or get into trouble. There was a fast sometimes nearly sixty days long.

One year this fast commenced, and the priest had made mistakes about it so many times, that he went to the bishop and asked him to teach him some way to count the days to the Easter feast. The bishop told him it would be forty days, and gave him forty dried peas, telling him to put them in his pocket and throw out one every day, and when they were all gone he might know it was time to proclaim the feast.

This was just the plan for the poor priest, and he went on faithfully throwing away one pea every day. This went on very well till one day he went to a neighbouring village, where the good woman of the house offered to wash his soiled robe. After he was asleep, she washed it clean, but she was very sorry to find that she had wet and spoiled the peas in his pocket.

"Poor priest!" she said to herself. "I have spoiled all the peas he had for lunch on his journey! I will give him some more."

So she went to her earthen jar and took

a big double handful of peas, put them in the priests pocket, and said nothing about it.

The priest went on his way and threw out a pea every morning for weeks and weeks. At length some of his followers heard that the feast had begun in another village and told the priest.

"Oh no, that can't be so," he answered; "my pocket is half full yet."

Others came and said, "Are you going to keep us fasting all the year?"

Look into my pocket," he said. "Are you wiser than the bishop?"

At last some one went and told the bishop the priest was keeping the fast twenty days too long. Then the story came out and the poor woman told how she had filled up the priest's pocket; and the bishop saw that there was no use to try to teach the man to count.—*Sel.*

### JESUS MY SHEPHERD.

BY G. W. ARMSTRONG, LONDON, ONT.

[For the Children's Record.]

Jesus my shepherd is,  
He guards his tender lamb,  
He keeps me with His powerful hand;  
He is the great I AM.

I know His gentle voice;  
And when from Him I stray,  
In accents mild He calls to me,  
And I His call obey.

I place my hand in His,  
And trust His guardian care;  
And He protects from every ill,  
And points out every snare.

Jesus, how good Thou art,  
My true and faithful friend;  
Thou hast been near me every day,  
Be with me to the end.

And when life's day is o'er,  
And I am called to die,  
Receive me in Thy fold above,  
Thy glorious home on high.

### ROBERT MOFFAT AND THE BECHUANAS.

Many of the young people know something about the work of Robert Moffat in South Africa, how for more than half a century he labored there for the heathen and how he won many of them for Christ. Let me give you two or three stories, taken from *Children's Work for Children*, of his experience among these poor people:—Ed

As he stood by the side of a poor, dying Bechuana, he heard these words:

"My hope is fixed on Jesus Christ who died for my sins, and lives to intercede. I shall soon be at rest; my wish is that you, my children, hold fast your faith in Jesus. Trust in Him, love Him, and faint not in persevering prayer. Strive to live together in peace; avoid disputes. Love each other; comfort each other; assist and take care of each other in the Lord."

#### MORE THAN THE BLADES OF GRASS.

Finding one of the Matabele women weeping, Mr. Moffat gently inquired if her little child was ill again.

"Ah, no, no! I weep for my poor mother." Then, holding out the Gospel of Luke Mr. Moffat had translated, she broke into bitter weeping: "My mother will never see this word; she will never hear this good news. Oh, must my mother and my friends die without seeing the light that has shone on me?"

One very old woman, so aged as to be an oracle among her race, had manifested, from the first, the most intense hatred of the teacher of her people, preventing all those under her authority from attending the services at Kuruman station. A little child, in her care, wandered into the abhorred chapel, and thither the ancient crone was obliged to seek it. Some words spoken by Mr. Moffat roused her fury, and she fled from the spot. To the amazement of all, the following Sunday she was seen entering the chapel. A few days later she sought Mr. Moffat, almost insane with terror and despair.

"My sins! oh my sins!" she cried, tears streaming down her wrinkled cheeks. Grasping his hand in hers she exclaimed

"to live I cannot! to die I cannot!"

With great sympathy and tenderness Mr. Moffat directed her to the Lamb of God and the fountain open for sin; but she fiercely interrupted him:

"Do you know the number of my sins? Look to yonder grassy plain, and count the blades of grass, or drops of dew; they are nothing to the number of my sins!"

For weeks this anguish continued and deepened as she saw herself a poor, lost sinner; and then—who can describe the peace, the rapture, as she trusted at last the promise, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out;" and "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin." She who had blasphemed and persecuted all those under her authority was now seated at the feet of her beloved Saviour and King, clothed in His righteousness, and saved, by His grace, forever and ever.

#### THE DOG THAT ATE THE TESTAMENT.

As Mr. Moffat was leaving the mission station one morning, a Bechuana hastened toward him, his face betokening sadness and perplexity. Instantly attentive—when was that kind heart otherwise!—Mr. Moffat held out his hand.

"You are in trouble," said he. "Tell me your trouble."

"You remember my good dog that guarded the sheep? He was so bold and fierce in driving off the wild beasts that came to devour. Now he is spoiled. I may say I have lost him!"

"What has happened?"

"He has torn my New Testament to pieces and eaten most of its leaves."

"You shall have another Testament immediately."

"Thank you, sir; but what shall I do with my dog? He was such a fighter! But the New Testament is full of love and gentleness, and my dog has eaten so many of its leaves that I know the fight is taken out of him."

Very real was the poor Bechuana's distress. Mr. Moffat explained, bringing back old lessons to his memory, and he departed comforted.

## YOUNG MARILOLE.

Then Mr. Moffat hastened to the sick-bed of young Marilole, who was to have accompanied one of the missionaries to King Moselekatse. From the hut proceeded singing. Entering, Mr. Moffat found him lying as he had left him an hour before. As he knelt beside the bed, Marilole was singing the last verse of one of Mr. Moffat's hymns, embodying some of the striking thoughts of the eighty-fourth Psalm. He was still, apparently, unconscious of those around him. Mr. Moffat laid his hand gently on his pulse; it was performing its last beats. While tenderly, prayerfully gazing on him, the spirit of Marilole departed to the heavenly Zion of which he had just been singing.

## A JAPANESE BOY AT SCHOOL.

BY H. G. UNGERWOOD.

Hideosabe finishes his breakfast and then it is schooltime. He makes himself ready by putting on his wooden shoes, which are held in place by means of a leather strap across the instep. He wears a long loose coat of dark-blue silk—another evidence of wealth—and underneath this a pair of very wide linen trousers. His head is not shaven, but the long hair is twisted into a top-knot on the crown. This shows that he is a Mikado-Brengerer."

If it were a winter morning he would be protected by a heavy felt cap coming down over his ears and neck, but as it is summer, he wears no head covering, which certainly seems a sensible custom. Around his waist is tied a thick belt or sash, in which are thrust two swords, one long, the other short. In his hand he carries a slate and copy-book wrapped in a square of silk, while his brushes and sticks of India ink—which supply the place of pens and ink—are tied by a common bit of twine to his belt.

With a good-by word to the little sisters—he does not kiss them; kisses are an unheard-of luxury in Japan!—he runs out of the door, his wooden clogs making a great noise on the stones of the street. Before he has gone far many friends, whose feet

also turn schoolward, join him. Oddly enough—some of these are men, of twice his age, who have only now the chance to learn, and think it no shame to go to school. The school-house is strangely unlike an American institution. It is a long, low, bamboo building, with glass windows and rows of rough wooden benches. It has two doors, for, according to Japanese etiquette, pupils and teachers must never enter at the same door.

Outside the regular schoolhouse is a building almost as large, into which all the pupils disappear. Let us follow them and see what is there.

Two or three servants stand inside this door, and as Hideosabe enters, he takes off his clogs, hands them to one of the servants, who hangs them up by the straps, and gives their young owner a check having a printed number on it. He then takes off his long sword, and another attendant takes it and hangs it on a rack on the wall, giving a second check for it. These checks the young student deposits in a pocket under his blouse, and, with the short sword still in his belt, betakes himself to the school.

In this room are numerous fire-pots ranged along the wall, and looking like little charcoal stoves such as our plumbers carry about with them. These are the places where both students and native teachers light their little pipes. Even in the midst of Hideosabe's first recitation, which is a spelling-class, half the students and the master smoke.

But now the school is called to order by three or four taps of a metal hammer on a large bell without a tongue in it. What a strange country this is, where the cats have no tails, the bells no tongues, and the people pay respect to your house by taking off their shoes instead of their hats?

The school is a large one, consisting of several hundred pupils and a half-dozen masters, and their idea of order is not a very strict one, as they talk constantly in low, buzzing tones, smoke whenever they like, and occasionally take little naps on the floor, if the weather is hot.

Hideosabe studies spelling, reading,

writing, arithmetic and geography; while some of the older men add to this history, higher arithmetic and even chemistry.

School hours are from nine until three - not unlike our own - the only recess being a short one for "tiffin," or lunch, which consists principally of cold boiled rice. This is followed by a half-hour's practice with the fencing-master, in which all the pupils take part, and a general fencing-match ensues. They use bamboo sticks for foils, and are so earnest in this lesson that it is no unusual thing for somebody to be slightly hurt. But the Japanese young men are not afraid of a few scratches, and at the worst it is hardly as bad as a "cane-rush" at an American college.

Three o'clock sounds, and, at a tap on the tongueless bell, school is dismissed. The students all put away their work, wrap up their slates and books in squares of silk and calico, bow to their teachers until their faces touch the floor, and then go out into the sword-room to don again the long swords. When the clogs are added, they emerge into the street with disordered top-knots and more or less ink-besmeared faces. —*Christian Union.*

#### "FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE."

A young man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold! The noose had been adjusted around his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch and said: "If you have anything to say, speak now, as you have but five minutes more to live." What awful words for a young man to hear, in full health and vigor!

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears, and said with sobbing: "I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk the first time. I found my little brother gathering strawberries. I got angry with him, without cause, and killed him with a blow of a rake. I knew

nothing about it until I awoke the next day and found myself guarded. They told me, when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with his blood and brains. Whiskey had done it. It has ruined me. I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, never, never, touch anything that can intoxicate!" —*Sel.*

#### NO! NEVER.

Take a drink? No, not I!

Reason taught me better  
Than to bind my very soul  
With a galling fetter.

Water, sweet, and cool and free,  
Has no cruel chains for me.

Take a drink? No, not I!

I have seen too many  
Taking drinks like that of yours,  
Stripped of every penny.

Water, sweet, and cool and clear,  
Costs me nothing all the year.

Take a drink? No, never!

By God's blessing, never  
Will I touch, or taste, or smell,  
Henceforth and forever!

Water, sweet, and clear and cool,  
Makes no man a slave or fool.

—*The Montana Advocate.*

#### LEAVES THAT FOR OTHERS.

Human nature is a wonderful thing, and seems to be much the same in all countries and under all conditions. Hu Po Mi, the presiding elder of the Hinghwa District, Foochow Conference, China, in reporting his work speaks of one man, a class-leader, who is a good exhorter, and witnesses faithfully for Christ, "but as for contributing money for church purposes, he usually leaves that for others to do." How familiar this sounds to the ears of the pastors! Such men are met by every minister. They are a study and a puzzle.—*Pittsburg Advocate.*

**The Sabbath School Lessons.**

Nov. 6.—Matt. 10: 32-42. Memory vs. 37-39.

**Confessing Christ.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 MATT. 10: 32. CATECHISM. Q. 47.

**Introductory.**

What was the subject of the last lesson?  
To whom did Jesus send his twelve apostles?

What command did he give them?

What instructions for the present mission? Matt. 10: 5-15.

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. The Duty of Confession.** vs. 32, 33.

What is meant by confessing Christ before men?

Why is this our duty?

What will Christ do for those who confess him?

What is meant by denying Christ before men?

How will Christ treat those who thus deny him?

**II. The Cost of Confession.** vs. 34-39.

What did Christ say of his coming?

What did he mean by this?

What did he forewarn his disciples would be the cost of confessing him?

What opposition would they receive?

Whom must we love most of all?

What is meant by taking up our cross? By following Christ?

How may a person find his life, and yet lose it?

What did Jesus say in John 12: 25?

**III. The Reward of Confession.** vs. 40-42.

How will those who confess Christ act toward his followers?

How does Christ regard kindness shown to his disciples?

How do those who receive them receive him?

What is meant by receiving a prophet in the name of a prophet?

By receiving a prophet's reward?

What gracious reward will those receive who confess Christ?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That we must love Christ supremely—more than any earthly friend or relation.

2. That it is our duty openly to profess our love to him, whatever sacrifice or trial it may bring upon us.

3. That all losses and trials endured for the love of Christ will receive a full reward.

4. That Jesus will not overlook the smallest kindness shown to any of his friends.

Nov. 13.—Matt. 11: 2-15; Memory vs. 2-6.

**Christ's Witness to John.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN. 5: 35. CATECHISM. Q. 48.

**Introductory.**

Where was John at this time?

Why was he cast into prison? Mark 1: 17.

What had he heard of Jesus?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism?

**I. Christ's Answer to John.** vs. 2-6.

Whom did John send to Jesus?

With what message?

Meaning of *he that should come*?

What answer did Jesus give?

What did the miracles prove?

The preaching to the poor? Isa. 61: 1.

How did these things answer John's questions?

Meaning of *offended in me*?

**II. Christ's Testimony to John.** vs. 7-14.

What did Jesus say to the people?

How was John unlike a reed?

What kind of clothing did he wear?

Mark 1: 14.

Why was he more than a prophet?

Who was he?

What prophet had thus prophesied of him?

Who are more favored than he?

How is the least in the kingdom of God greater than John?

Meaning of verse 12?

Whom did Jesus declare John to be?

With what counsel does the lesson close?

**What Have I Learned ?**

That our doubts and trials should send us to Christ for instruction and comfort.

2. That we should not become impatient when we do not at once receive expected blessings.

3. That Christ's words and works prove him to be a divine Saviour.

4. That we can have no greater honor than to be disciples of Christ.

Nov. 20.—Matt. 11 : 20-30. Memory vs. 27-30.

**Judgment and Mercy.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 11 : 28. CATECHISM. Q. 49. **Introductory.**

What was the subject of the last lesson?

What was John's message to Jesus ?

How did Jesus answer it ?

How did Jesus testify to John ?

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. The Guilt of Rejection.** vs. 20-24.

What is the meaning of *upbraid* ?

What cities did Jesus upbraid ?

Why ?

With what cities did he compare them ?

What woes did he pronounce upon Capernaum ?

What great privileges had this city enjoyed ?

What land would find the day of judgment more tolerable ?

Why is our guilt greater than theirs if we believe not ?

**II. The Blessing of Childlike Faith.** vs. 25-26.

For what did Jesus offer thanks ?

What things had God hidden ?

From whom ?

To whom had he revealed them ?

How can we know the son ?

How the Father ?

How does Christ reveal the Father ? John 14 : 9.

**III. The Invitation to the Weary.** vs. 27-30.

What is Christ's gracious invitation ?

To whom is it given ?

What is his promise ?

Of whom are we to learn ?

What does he command ?

What kind of rest does he promise ?

How is his yoke *easy* and his burden *light* ?

**What Have I Learned ?**

1. That the greater our privileges are, the greater our guilt will be if we dispise them.

2. That God reveals his gospel to the poor, the lowly and the simple.

3. That sin is a burden; coming to Christ takes it off.

4. That his invitation is to all, the oldest as well as the youngest.

5. That we must accept the invitation if we would find rest to our souls.

Nov. 27.—Matt. 12 : 1-14. Memory vs. 10-13.

**Jésus and the Sabbath.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 12 : 12. CATECHISM. Q. 50. **Introductory.**

Which is the fourth commandment ?

Which day of the seven hath God appointed to be the weekly Sabbath ?

Why was the day changed after the resurrection of Christ ?

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. Works of Necessity.** vs. 1-5.

What did the disciples do on the Sabbath ?

Of what did the Pharises complain ?

What did the Jewish law allow in such cases ?

What did the Pharises think wrong in this matter ?

How did Jesus answer them ?

What is said about the shewbread in Lev. 24 : 9 ?

What made it right for David to eat the shewbread ?

How did David's example justify the disciples ?

Who is meant by *the Son of man* ?

How is Jesus *Lord of the Sabbath day* ?

**II. Works of Mercy.** vs. 9-14.

Where did Jesus go ?

Who was in the synagogue ?

What did the Pharises ask Jesus ?

Why did they thus ask?  
What did Jesus then say to them in  
reply?

What did he say to the man?

What did the man do?

In what did this miracle consist?

What does the fourth commandment  
require? What forbid?

How is the Sabbath to be sanctified?

How should we seek to do good on the  
Sabbath?

#### What Have I Learned?

1. That the Sabbath is intended to be a  
joy and a blessing.

2. That we need its rest for both body  
and mind.

3. That we should love its sacred ser-  
vices and spend the day in doing and re-  
ceiving good.

4. That works of necessity and deeds of  
mercy are lawful on the Sabbath.

#### O GERM! O FOUNT! O WORD OF LOVE!

FROM AN OLD SCRAP BOOK.

A traveller, through a dusty road  
Strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time,  
To breathe its early vows;  
And age was pleased, in heat of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing  
evermore.

A little spring had lost its way,  
Amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
Where weary men might turn;  
He walled it in, and hung with care,  
A ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the well,  
By summer never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,  
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;  
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true.  
It shone upon a genial mind,  
And lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
A monitory flame.  
The thought was small, its issue great,  
A watch fire on the hill;  
It sheds its radiance far adown,  
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd,  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love,  
Unstudied, from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown—  
A transitory breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust;  
It saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last.

#### THE GOLDEN RULE.

Two young lads, a few years back, went  
to a country on the other side of the globe.  
From the one came home to his parents  
hardly ever a letter. Mail after mail  
came in, but the letter the old people  
looked for never came. He forgot them,  
or he forgot to care for them, or he did not  
take pains to think of them. The other  
lad never missed a mail. Week by week  
arrived a letter, an interesting letter, from  
him, in which he told them all his state.  
That letter was a weekly joy in the family  
into which it came. You could see a  
smile going over the face of the mother as  
she took it up and said, "It is from Jack."  
Ay, Jack had got the Golden Rule by heart.  
He had said to himself, "If I were at  
home and had a mother's or father's love  
for my boy, I should wish him to write to  
me." And just that was the difference  
between the two lads I have introduced to  
you. The one obeyed, the other disregarded  
the Golden Rule.—*Band of Hope  
Review.*



## THE CHINESE FAMINE.

In 1887 a terrible famine began in China, which lasted several years; it was caused by want of rain, and it was made much worse by the difficulty of getting food to the places where the people were starving. The roads in many parts of China are very bad indeed, and at this time the rivers were so low that the ships could not get up them. The famine was worse in the north; in some parts bread was seventeen times dearer than it generally is, so of course the poor people could not buy it.

There were terrible sights to be seen in China then, whole villages and towns full of dead and dying people. Poor, famished, old women might be found in the fields, digging out the seeds that had been planted a few weeks before and eating them. There were long rows of little children to be seen in the streets, put up for sale, because their parents could give them nothing to eat. For three years there was hardly any pain, and the famine got worse and worse; whole families killed themselves, because they thought it was better to die quickly all at once, than one at a time so slowly as people die when they have nothing to eat.

The cities were full of starving people, who came in from the country in the hope of finding something to eat. Some people ate cakes made of stone ground to dust, mixed with husks, and then baked; and the living even took to eating those who died, they were so hungry; and if there were any not quite dead, but too weak to help themselves, then they were killed and eaten by the stronger ones; sometimes mothers even boiled their own little boys and girls and ate them.

Then there was a disease called the famine fever and not only the Chinese, but some of the missionaries who had gone to do what they could to help the starving people, caught it and died.

Even when the rain came, things were no better at first, for then there was no seed left to sow; the bullocks and horses had all been killed and eaten, so there were

none to plough with, and even the men were too weak to do any work. Women and children were sold a cartload at a time. In one house a missionary found a little boy, the only one left alive of a large family. His father and mother and brothers and sisters had all died of hunger; he himself went out every day to gather the seeds of the wild flowers and weeds, and this was his only food.

The missionaries worked very hard all this terrible time. A great many people in England collected money and sent it out to them, that they might buy food from other places, and feed the starving men, women, and children. Some English ladies went to China too, and opened orphanages where the little children could come and live. They spent all their time in feeding the hungry people, and telling them about God and our Jesus, and thus many people heard of the true God and believed in Him who would never have known of Him if it had not been for the famine; so God can bring good out of even such a dreadful evil as that.

The present condition of China is not a very happy one. It has become almost a common thing for the people to rebel. The officers sometimes make people pay too much and sometimes bribe them. To get a little money, the emperor allows men to buy office in the government, so that the rich have a better chance than the poor really, though according to law all have an equal chance of becoming great.

As people from other countries come more and more into China, the Chinese find out that they are mistaken in many of the things they believe; and as Chinamen go into other countries, live there for some years, and then come home again, having learnt much from other nations, they see how far behindhand their own countrymen are. As they get to be less satisfied with themselves and their country, they become more ready to learn of others, and so the way gets more and more open for the missionaries to teach them of the true God and of His Son Jesus Christ.

—*Children of China.*