



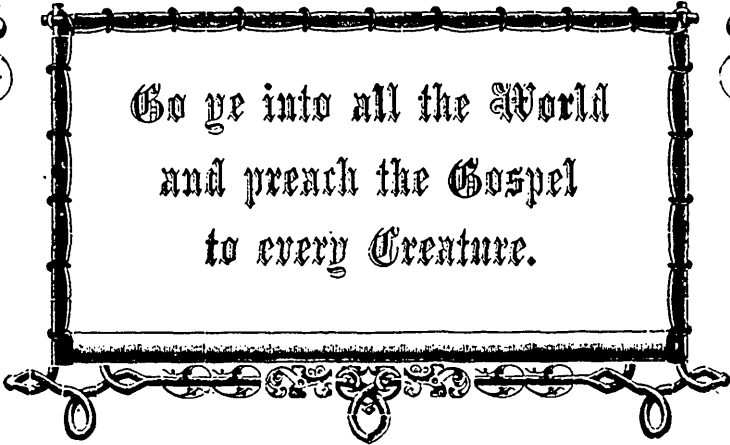
THE

CHILDREN'S

—

RECORD

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

Vol. 4. SEPT., 1889 No. 9.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

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All communications to be addressed to

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

A poor little naked girl baby lying half buried in a ditch in the soft mud, was the sight that met the eye of a kindly Christian Japanese woman as she was passing along the road one day. How came it there? It had been thrown there by its father to die as thousands of others have been thrown, because it was "only a girl." The woman who found it brought to a Christian lady begging her to take care of it. "Please do take little baby. Your God is the only God that teaches to be good to little children." How little do the girls in the Sabbath Schools of happy Canada know how girls are treated in some other lands, how much they owe to Him who is the "only God that teaches to be good to little children."

India.

LETTER FROM MRS. DR. BUCHANAN.

Mrs. Buchanan wrote the following letter to a little friend in Nova Scotia, who, thinking that the many young readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD would enjoy it, has kindly sent it to us for publication.—Ed.

INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA, Feb. 20, '89.
My Dear Bessie:—

I promised to write to you from this far away land. Did I not? * * * How much I would like to be able just to show you some of the little boys and girls of India and their homes. They play, laugh and cry just as little children at home do,

and are many of them very pretty. We see lots and lots on the streets without any clothes whatever, but with bracelets on their arms and rings on their ankles, and often in their noses too. Some of them have rings in their ears, not one, but perhaps eight or ten, all round the margin of their ears from top to bottom. In our mission schools they all sit on the floor along by the walls, and when any white woman goes in they instantly jump up, put each her right hand to her forehead and then take it down and say, Salaam Mem Sahib, or Miss Sahib if the visitor be an unmarried woman.

The white people here are called the "Sahib log," and the men are Sahibs, or if ministers, *Padri Sahibs*, the ladies *Mem Sahibs* and *Miss Sahibs*. The people who live in the finest houses, etc., and who are thought by the people here to get the largest salaries, are called "Bara Sahibs," that is big Sahibs, and the other *Choti Sahibs* or little Sahibs.

These people ask all sorts of questions. You know I cannot talk to them only a very few words, but there is one little boy here whom every person calls my boy. He is such a bright, pretty boy, and has become wonderfully fond of me. I try to talk to him and he generally manages to understand me. He goes to our mission school and so has heard and is hearing about Jesus. I am praying for him that he may soon know my Saviour, Bessie, my dear, will you not pray every day too for this poor little boy that he may be a little Christian and grow up to tell the story of the cross to many, many, of these poor people who never heard of the love of Christ.

I have a Sunday School class, boys and girls who speak English. I will tell you something about them sometime. May I not tell them about a little girl in Nova Scotia who loves her Saviour, and is praying to him for them.

Do you, my dear, ever read the Presbyterian Review? Mr. Wilson one of our missionaries here has a letter for the children in the *Review* of Jan. 17th. His

letter is about Ujain, one of the cities of India. If you see this paper my dear, I would like you to read the letter because Ujain may be my home and I would like you to know all about it.

We are living in Indore just now, in the house in which Mr. and Mrs. Murray lived and died. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Campbell are living in a house close by. Miss Rodger, Miss Oliver and Miss Beatey in another house some distance away, and Miss Scott and Miss Sinclair in a fourth house. These are all our missionaries in Indore. We have only two more in India. Mr. McElvie in Mhow fourteen miles from here. He is not married and only came two months before we did so is only learning the language, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in Neemuch 150 miles away. Now my dear you know the names of all our missionaries here and their stations. Don't forget any of us, but try and find out all you can about us all. Won't you?

Your loving friend,

MARY BUCHANAN.

A MORNING IN AN INDIAN BAZAAR.

Come with me this morning into the city, that you may have a glimpse of an Indian bazaar. I will lend you a covered umbrella and a sun-hat, and, if your eyes are sensitive, tinted glasses also, for the glare in this fierce heat is dazzling. We must drive, of course, and, as the carriage is at the door, let us go at once.

The long lines of men and women bearing baskets on their heads are on the way to market. The greater number, you see, are women; they carry heavy loads, but maintain an erect, and even a graceful, carriage, and are very picturesque in their costume. Look at that woman in scarlet attire. The one long piece of cloth which serves the purpose of skirt, jacket and covering for the head is deftly, and even artistically, arranged, leaving only the face exposed, and is kept in place without the aid of needle, pin, hook, string or batton. From the right arm, uplifted to

steady the basket of golden melons, the drapery falls away, revealing the brown arm covered halfway to the elbow with bracelets—not, indeed, of precious metal, but of shellac, gay in color and ornamented with beads. Her feet are bare, but upon her ankles there are bands and upon her toes rings that make a tinkling sound as she moves along. Some of the women are dressed in blue, some in yellow and some in soiled white garments; but the drapery of all is arranged in the same fashion.

There is a man carrying a large bundle upon his head, but he walks along apparently unconscious of his load, his hands hanging by his side, and so erect in carriage that his perfectly-poised bundle is in no danger of falling.

Here comes a fine carriage drawn by a pair of spirited horses. There are outriders in gorgeous livery, and, sitting in state, like a king on his throne, is a fair boy seven or eight years of age, richly dressed and covered with ornaments. That is the cherished son of some wealthy Hindu out for his morning airing.

Just behind the handsome carriage comes creaking along a rude cart with ponderous wooden wheels and drawn by bullocks with large humps between their shoulders. Over the framework which crowns the top a faded red cover is thrown. Under that dingy awning, seated on the bottom of the cart, is a company of women and girls on their way to the Ganges to bathe. They are as merry as children out for a holiday, and as the clumsy vehicle creaks past us we hear ripples of laughter low and musical.

Here comes dashing by us a curious conveyance drawn by a very small native pony. Every inch of space in the vehicle seems appropriated, and hanging over the front and dangling down the sides are a marvelous number of human limbs. You are surprised at the whiteness of the raiment and at the glossy blackness of the shoes. These men are writers in government offices, and they must appear in spotless apparel before their superiors.

But you would be astonished could you see the homes from which faultlessly attired native gentlemen come; many of them are mere mud hovels destitute of furniture, and your fine gentleman sits on the ground to partake of his food, which he conveys to his mouth with the fingers of his right hand. Yet there is some state connected with even so simple a repast, for the wife serves her husband, sitting or standing reverentially behind him, ready to obey his slightest command, and glad, poor soul! to appease her own hunger when her lord and master has satisfied his wants and retired from the scene.

Under that large umbrell made of bamboo splints, with the handle stuck in the ground, sits a shoemaker busily plying his trade, and here comes a customer—a traveller who is glad to have his worn sandals repaired while he rests by the roadside and refreshes himself with his hookah. There is a well opposite, and the traveller has his own brass vessel and a long strong cord with which to let down his cup into the cold depths below and bring up pure, sweet water with which to quench his thirst.

But look at that woman stepping away from the well, a large brass vessel filled with water poised upon her head. Rebekah at the well, so long ago, must have presented to Abraham's trusted servant just such a picture as this woman furnishes us with to day. On that broad platform of masonry around the well, where so many women are now waiting to fill their water-jars, travelers often sit to rest, as the Saviour, weary with his journey, sat by Sychar's well and conversed with the woman of Samaria.

Close beside the well is a temple. Look at those women pressing into it. One of the number leads by the hand a pretty little girl. The brass cup which the mother carries is filled with water from the Ganges, which she will pour over the idol, and the garland of fragrant white blossoms in the hand of the little maiden will be presented to the temple-divinity.

There is a poor leper by the wayside

begging. He holds up to view his maimed hands and utters piteous cries, but it will not be a kindness to bestow alms on him. For such afflicted ones there is an asylum outside the city where all their needs are supplied, where they are nursed in sickness, and where, also, they are instructed by those who have a care for their souls as well as for their bodies. Yet this man prefers to beg; he likes the freedom of such a life, and perhaps finds his calling profitable.

A blind man led by a small boy is following our carriage, and now a wretched looking woman with a puny baby in her arms rushes toward us. For the blind man as well as for the leper there is a refuge where his physical wants will be supplied, but this life is his choice; and the woman with that miserable infant is a professional beggar, and I question if she would esteem it a blessing could her afflicted child be made perfectly whole, since she gains a livelihood by the public exhibition of its deformities.

But here we are in the city. And what a tumult! All the roads leading to the market-place are thronged with people. Those women with large wicker baskets filled with water-jars upon their heads have come from villages where potters ply their trade. Those men bearing boxes upon their heads are starting out for a day's peddling; they will go from bungalow to bungalow, offering for sale a strange assortment of articles—writing-paper and hair-brushes, castor oil and ribbons, corn-flour and shoe-blacking. The postmen collecting mail-matter from the letter-boxes are all mounted on bicycles—a great saving of time and strength. There is no lack of policemen, but activity is not one of their distinguishing virtues. There gay livery, however, furnishes a cheerful bit of color—scarlet turban, blue blouse and orange-trousers.

Here is a wedding-procession. The bridegroom is but a child, yet he looks very grave sitting under his gilded canopy, as if he fully appreciated the dignity of his position. The wail that is borne to

our ears is from a funeral-train ; for here, as in other lands, joy and sorrow meet.

The shops are open. Here are native tailors quite at home in the use of sewing-machines—imported, of course, from Europe. Here is a money-changer, his heaps of small coin and shells on a low table before him. Look at that cloth-merchant sitting cross-legged on the floor, his customer seated opposite him and the cloth he is displaying spread out between them. The merchant has about his neck a massive gold chain, though his raiment is scanty. The pretty little boy in gold-embroidered tunic and wearing so many and such costly ornaments is the merchant's son, and the father is evidently proud of his darling.

In this shop close at hand I have an errand. A servant has entered just before us ; he has returned a glass dish that has been sent to his master on inspection. The merchant, rising to serve us, finds it necessary to remove this article. "Why does he pour water over his hands?" Listen to his explanation :

"I am a Brahman, and by the rules of my caste am defiled by touching anything that has come in contact with a person of inferior caste."

"But you are an intelligent man, and know the real purity is not lost by such outward contact."

"I know—I know," our high-caste friend replies ; "but if I do not observe these ceremonies, I shall be put out of caste, and that would be a calamity indeed. But there is less bondage to caste than there was a few years ago, when I began my career as a merchant. My father was very angry then because my stock in trade included some articles regarded by the Brahmans as unclean, but I knew there was no help for it if I would compete successfully with other business-men. Now no one thinks or speaks of such things."

The shop just beyond this one is kept by a Moslem. That pleasant-faced young lad seated on a mat outside the door and swaying backward and forward, an open

book before him, is reading the Koran. I often see him here in the morning, his tongue moving just as glibly as at present. His father is engaged in his devotions, his face towards Mecca. You perhaps wonder why he does not choose a less public place for such a service. He is like the hypocrites of old : he prays to be seen of men ; and, though apparently so devout, he has a keen eye to business, and will not let his prayers interfere with his chance of securing a customer. We will not disturb him, however, but will make our purchases elsewhere. But no ! He sees we are about to retire, and beckons us to enter. Intent upon driving a shrewd bargain as we shall find, it will be difficult to realize that he has just risen from his knees.

I must call at a banking-house not far from this shop, but I will not detain you long. "Do I call this a banking house ? Yes, a long-established and very prosperous one. The men sitting cross-legged against the wall, with low desks before them and great books across their knees, are members of one family. The head of the establishment—without whose advice and approval no important venture is made—is an old man, the father of several sons all engaged with him in business, as are also some of his grandsons. They dwell together as one family though they number several generations. Sad to say, they are devout Hindus—at least, outwardly so. Yet how much real devotion or sincerity there may be in their worship it is not easy to tell.

Let us now turn our steps towards the market. A troublesome woman who sometimes brings fruit to the bungalow for sale has followed us.

"Buy my lichees," she says ; "they are very sweet."

"So you said when I purchased from you a few days ago, but they were so sour they could not be eaten."

Coming nearer, taking the basket from her head and placing it on the ground, she holds up before us a handful of lichees, saying in a very persuasive tone,

"If these be not sweet, may the son of my heart be taken away at a stroke!" Then after a pause she adds, "Buy; and if you find the fruit not fresh and sweet, you may give me a hundred blows with your shoe."

This last she thinks will assuredly impress us with the truth of her assertion; for to receive a castigation with a shoe is regarded as a great indignity. Yet we know the arts of her trade too well to rate very highly even such extravagant asseverations as this; so we are not persuaded to buy her lichees.

Now a man confronts us.

"My fruit is really excellent," he says, in a very earnest tone and manner.

While we stop to examine it another hawkier, equally anxious to serve us, presses up and says,

"My fruit is quite as good, and much cheaper."

Now a woman's shrill voice calls out, "Buy my fruit because I am old and poor;" and rising up from the midst of her baskets is an old woman who shows us her white locks.

"Will you not take pity upon my old age and feebleness?" she cries out.

Let us purchase our supplies from this woman, and then retreat from such a babel; for it is growing late, and the heat is becoming very oppressive. We will now close the sliding door of the carriage and drive home with as little delay as possible. We have had glimpses enough of the scenes in an Indian bazaar to give us a fair conception of what it is like.

Bits about India.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

"Early in life," relates a gentleman who has now spent many decades in the service of God and his fellow-man, "I learned from a very simple incident a wholesale lesson, and one which has since been of incalculable benefit to me.

"When I was between twelve and fourteen years old my father broke up a new field on his farm, and planted it with

potatoes, and when the plants were two or three inches high, he sent me to hoe it. The ground of that piece was hard to till, it was rough and sprinkled with stones. I hoed the first row, and then stopped to take a general look at the task before me. Grass as high as the potatoes was everywhere, and looking at the whole from any point, it appeared to be a solid mass. I had the work to do all alone, and as I stood staring at the broad reach of weedy soil, I felt a good mind not to try to do anything further than with it.

"Just that minute I happened to look down at the hill nearest my feet. The grass didn't seem just quite as thick there, and I said to myself, 'I can hoe this one well enough.'"

"When it was done, another thought came to help me: I shan't have to hoe but one hill at a time, at any rate.

"And so I went to the next, and next. But there I stopped again and looked over the field. That gave me another thought too. I could hoe every hill as I came to it; it was only looking away off to all the hills that made the whole seem impossible.

"I won't look at it!" I said; and I pulled my hat over my eyes so I could see nothing but the spot where my hoe had to dig.

"In course of time, I had gone over the whole field, looking only at the hill in hand, and my work was done.

"I learned a lesson tugging away at those grass roots which I never forgot. It was to look right down at the one thing to be done now, and not hinder or discourage myself by looking off at the things I haven't come to. I've been working ever since that summer at the hill nearest my feet, and I have always found it the easiest way to get a hard task accomplished, as it is the true way to prepare a field for the harvest."

BLESSING THE ANIMALS.

Annie C. Beall, writing from San Louis Petosi, Mexico, to *Children's Work for Children*, tells an interesting story of some

of the superstitious ceremonies which she one day saw. I had a note from my husband saying that he sent a carriage for us to go to the church of Guadalupe or the Sanctuary, to see the animals blessed. So I made the children ready, and soon we were on the broad drive of the promenade which leads to the church.

There we saw people and people, principally of the poorer classes. Boys were leading dogs with bits of bright-colored paper sticking all over them and twisted into the tail; men were leading sheep and goats with paper, ribbon, an artificial flower, or a great patch of blue, red or yellow paint on the head or side. There were horses with wide bands of the national colors about the body, and bits of fancy paper on their heads; and there were birds in their cages without number. One small maiden carried a gayly-decorated cage in her hand, and on her head was perched a large green parrot. All this crowd was moving towards the church.

When we reached the circular walk around the fountain, just in front of the church entrance, we found it swarming with people. There were fruit-vendors, candy-sellers, and tables with smoking hot dishes of meat, onions, peppers and garlic. Boys balanced trays of nice-looking cakes on top of their heads or on the palm of the raised hand. We drove around to the side of the church, where the *curato* or priest's house is, and from the door of which the ceremony was to take place.

The crowd there was a fascinating picture, a mixture of all classes and conditions, ranged along the whole length of the church. Right down through the middle of the crowd was a perfect stream of women with bird-cages, decorated in every conceivable way, with all sorts of ornaments—flowers, feathers, paper, paint, bits of cloth, ribbon—in fact, anything and everything bright.

On the outskirts of the crowd were the horses, cows, oxen, donkeys, sheep, goats and pigs, each one decorated. Some comical little dogs were wound round and

round with fancy paper ropes, others were trimmed with any quantity of paper fringe; chickens and birds were painted on the wings, and roosters were gay with bright streamers on their tails and artificial flowers on their heads or necks.

There were cats and chickens of a bright purple, blue or green. One great black ram had his horns beautifully gilded; and some white dogs were painted one color on the head, another on the back, and still another on the tail.

You can fancy what a noise there was, each animal giving his own peculiar note to the general concert of sounds. I saw one funny grey donkey kick his neighbor over and over again. He seemed to do it just for the fun of it. Once a rather frisky horse concluded to have a change, and began to charge around generally, whereupon there was a grand stampede towards a place of safety.

About five o'clock the priest came out—an old man with two lighted candles and the bucket of holy water borne before him. All the hats in his immediate neighborhood were taken off as he mounted a bench near the door, and the ceremony began.

He took the water in a sort of a gourd-like dipper, mumbled a few words and sprinkled as many as he could reach. The people, laughing and joking, crowded up near him, some almost throwing others out. They climbed up on the bench and fairly ran over each other in their eagerness.

The blessing is supposed to keep the animals from sickness, disease and death, and by the immense number that flocked to the church to-day, I believe that most of the people believed in this foolish superstition.

How I did wish that you boys and girls could have seen the picture! I am sure you never have seen such fancy-looking dogs, cats, chickens and pigs, as we saw this afternoon; nor such very, very ragged people. One mite of a boy was leading a scraggy black dog by one hand, and hitch-

ing up his tattered trousers with the other, at every step.

But I must not make my letter longer. When we left it was after six, and not more than half the animals had yet been blessed.

Some other time I will tell you about the witches and the evil-eye, if you think it would be interesting.

A HEAVY HEARTED MOTHER.

The one of whom I am going to tell you lives in Mexico, and her story is given in a young people's paper called "*Children's Work for Children*."

"There she sits by the roadside to rest after tramping weary miles to sell a broom which she has made. Her baby is tied to her back. It maybe she hoped to sell the broom for enough money to pay for the christening of her child, but she finds she only has three reals, (36 cents), and the rich priest says, "No. I can not do it for less than four reals, (50 cents), and remember if your babe dies it will be forever lost."

Poor, sad mother! How wearily she turns to trudge the long miles back to her little grass hut, or it may be, to the little hole dug in the side of a hill, with not even a bed of straw to rest her weary limbs upon; only the hard, cold, and often during the rainy season, very damp earth for a sleeping-place. The poor home has not a chair, or table, or anything that we would think absolutely necessary to make a home.

The child sickens; do you wonder the poor mother is almost beside herself lest he should die before the sacred rite could be performed? For, you know she fully believes those dreadful words of the priest that her baby must be forever lost if it dies before the poor mother can bring money enough to pay for having it baptized.

The poor woman gathers some wild *tunas* (fruit of the cactus), and accompanied by the father with his bundle of charcoal, they trudge the weary road again to the city to find the priest, but before the

journey ends the baby dies. Oh! how those dreadful words of the priest ring in their ears. "*forever lost! forever lost!*"

How sad the darkness of these poor mothers. On another page you will read what the gospel has done for little girls. Here we see what it does for mothers, making them glad as they hear the voice of Jesus say, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

Some of our young readers may be familiar with the following lines by Dr. Norman McLeod but they will be new to many. Commit them to memory. They will make a good recitation for school or mission band.

"Courage brother do not stumble
Though thy path be dark as night
There's a star to guide the humble
'Trust in God and do the right.'

Though the road be long and dreary
And the goal be out of sight
Foot it bravely, strong or weary
'Trust in God and do the right.'

Fly all forms of guilty passion
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Heed no custom, school or fashion,
'Trust in God and do the right.'

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight
Cease from man and look above thee
'Trust in God and do the right.'

Simple rule and surest guiding
Inward peace and outward light
Star upon our path abiding,
'Trust in God and do the right.'"

Anticipated sorrows are harder to bear than real ones, because Christ does not promise to support us under them.

MISSION STARS.

A RECITATION FOR A CLASS OF LITTLE GIRLS IN A MISSION BAND.

M stands for Maidens

Happy, bright and gay,
Working for our Master
In our simple way.
And we're growing older
As the moments fly ;
If we do the small things now,
We'll do greater by and by.

I stands for India,

Where the Hindus live, you know,
And some are drestful wicked men,
My mamma told me so.
But folks have gone to teach them
The Bible good and true,
And p'rhaps they'll learn to be good men ;
I think they will, don't you ?

S stands for a Saviour

Who left His throne on high,
And to this cruel earth came down
To suffer and to die.
He left with us a message
To proclaim through all creation :
"Go ye into all the world,
Preach my word to ev'ry nation "

This S. stands for Servants,

For servants of a King,
The King most grand, most glorious ;
His praises we will sing.
And we'll spread abroad his goodness
To nations near and far,
That all may know and love the King
Whose servants true we are.

I stands for Idols :

They're made of wood and stone,
In heathen lands men worship them,
And make for them a throne ;
And give them many offerings
Of gold and jewels bright.
We know that this is very wrong :
The heathen think it right.

O stands for Offerings :

You have heard the name before.
We have heard it many times
And expect to hear it more.
And we're saving up our pennies
As offerings to bring,
Toward helping missionaries
To teach about our King.

N stands for needy ;

All o'er the world they live ;
There's so much money wanted
If you really wish to give.
There are lots of schools much needed
And many teachers, too,
And all they lack is dollars.
Say, can't you give a few ?

S stands for Something.

May be great or may be small,
And pennies make the dollars,
And so we count them all.
Now when you're asked for money,
If dollars you haven't any,
Please don't say "No, I cannot give,"
But just pass out your penny.

T stands for Talents ;

We all have some, you know ;
Perhaps not all are brilliant,
We know it can't be so.
With what we have, if great or small,
We'll work and do our best :
Yes, let us work with all our might,
And trust God for the rest.

A stands for Angels

In raiment snowy white,
With crowns of matchless glory,
So beautiful and bright.
Songs they raise of joy and gladness,
Round the throne above the sky ;
We on earth catch up the music,
"Glory be to God on high."

R stands for the Ransomed,

With the blood of Jesus bought,
We live with him in glory,
In the Bible we are taught.
Some day we'll stand among them,
If we work for Him below ;
He bought us with His precious blood,
And has called us His, we know.

You have heard three other S's,
And the last of all I bring.

Want to know what my S stands for ?
Well, I'll let it stand for sing.
We've recited all our verses,
And we've made a banner gay,
And now we'll sing for you a song,
To finish up the day.

—Selected.

MRS. LIVINGSTONE'S GRAVE.

Our young readers have heard of the great African Missionaries Moffatt and Livingstone. Mrs. Livingstone was the daughter of Mrs. Moffatt, and accompanied her husband in many of his toilsome missionary journeys in Africa. Away in this lonely land she died and was buried. Professor Drummond tells the following interesting story of a visit to her grave.

We were to spend the night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingstone died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low, ruined hut, a hundred yards from the river's bank, with a broad verandah shading its crumbling walls. A grass-grown path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long, dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and remains of native fires betraying its latest occupants. Turning to the right, we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun setting over the far-off Morumballa Mountains, filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening, twenty years ago, when in this same bedroom, at the same hour, Livingstone knelt over his dying wife, and witnessed the great sunset of his life. Under a huge baobab tree—a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance stands Mrs. Livingstone's grave. The picture in Livingstone's book represents the place as well kept, and surrounded with neatly-planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass, and trodden by the beasts of the forest: and as I looked at the forsaken mound, and contrasted it with her husband's tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which brought her to a spot like this, might be not less worthy of immortality."

His dust rests among the great ones of earth in England's noblest burying place.

her's in a lonely, forsaken spot in the wilds of Africa, but it matters little where the dust is laid. They are together in that better life, glad with the gladness of the Saviour's presence, and of a life spent in seeking to carry the gospel to the heathen. May each one of our young readers do what they can in this same great work by helping to send the missionaries, and praying for them and then too they will have the gladness of having "done what they could."

LITTLE GALE OF CHINA.

BY MISS FIELDE, OF SWATOW.

When little Gale was born nobody was pleased. Girls are sometimes endured, but never welcomed, in Chinese families. As there were already three boys and no girls in the family, she was allowed to live. She had her head shaven, except two little tufts of hair over the bumps of "sublimity;" a short sack was put on her, and she was laid in a basket that swung by a rope from a beam in the roof, and thence she looked about her world. It was a very small one. The house had three rooms—a bed-room at each end, a middle room used for all domestic purposes. From her basket Gale could watch the pigs and fowls running about, and could see the busy people in the six-foot-wide street by the door. As soon as she was strong enough, with her hair braided in one strand down her back like a boy's, with a pair of short trousers on, and with a cold boiled sweet potato for luncheon, she went with other girls to gather dry grass and sticks to cook the family food. These excursions were very pleasant.

She had so much work to do that her feet were neglected, and got so large that they began to be a disgrace to her. She knew the pain would be dreadful, but it was more dreadful to hear her neighbors say as she passed, "There are two boats going by." So she had them bound, and had to endure the pain until it ceased.

She helped her mother to spin and

weave the cotton cloth for the family garments, and to cook the sweet potatoes and rice for the family meals. When her father and brothers had eaten, then she and her mother ate what was left. On certain days she worshipped the little gilded images that were on the shelf for gods; and sometimes she went with her female relations to burn incense and gilt paper before the gods of the village temple. So she came to her fifteenth year.

Meanwhile Lim, a tradesman of Swatow, had a younger brother, We, getting near twenty—a suitable age to marry. The parents being dead, Lim was the head of the house. We had front teeth like tusks, and was stupid as well as ugly. He helped Lim in the shop. Lim's wife wanted a servant, so she persuaded her husband to send a go-between to find a wife for We.

The go-between bargained for Gale, and she was betrothed to We. The betrothal money, equal to five pounds twelve shillings, wrapped in red silk, was carried from Lim to Gale's parents; and on a day pronounced lucky, Gale was taken in a closed sedan chair, with a red shawl covering her head and face, to the house of her unknown bridegroom's brother. There she worshipped the household gods, and was led to her room, where her veil was removed and she saw for the first time the man who was her husband. She saw his tusks and his stupidity, and then and there began to hate him. The next day she stood among several old female friends, and all who chose of both sexes came to see her and passed comments on her, flattering, curious, or malicious, as their dispositions led them.

Then her life of servitude began. Lim's wife having got the power, she used it mercilessly. She was arrogant and contemptuous towards Gale and made her wretched. We, too, grew more and more hateful and hated.

Her next neighbor was her aunt, one year older than she was. Three years before she had been betrothed and brought home by the parents of a young man who

had been absent five years. For three years she had served the old couple, awaiting the return of the bridegroom. For two years nothing has been heard from him. The father was sick and foolish, and the mother took care of the cows for the support of the family, leaving her son's betrothed wife to take care of the sick man and the house. Gale and this girl were often seen talking together; then they were met very early in the morning in gala dress, on the road to their native village, and when asked where they were going they said, "For a pleasure trip home." Shortly after their shoes were found on the brink of a pool in a rice field, and their lifeless bodies were taken from its bottom.—*The Gospel in all lands.*

LEGEND OF THE TWO SACKS.

There was an ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of travelling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for? Well, I will tell you.

In the one behind he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were hid from view, and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got here, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other, "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked number one.

"Why, my good deeds," answered number two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and

take them out and air them. See, here is the half-dollar I put in the plate on Sunday, and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl, and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy, and the penny I gave to the organ-grinder, and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing sweeper at my door, and—"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said number two, "there is nothing I care to look at in there! That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said number one.

Number two frowned. He had never thought of that, although he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, every one else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when happily a third traveller, also carrying two sacks, as they were, overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sack?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger, "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed number one.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger, "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty, and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger, "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So, you see, I have no weight to drag me down backward." — *Guardian Angel*.

THE BRIDLE.

"Don't go without a bridle, boys," was my grandfather's favorite bit of advice.

Do you suppose we were all teamsters or horse jockeys? No such thing. If he heard one cursing and swearing, or given to much vain and foolish talk, "That man has lost his bridle," he would say.

Without a bridle, the tongue, though a little member, boasteth great things. It is "an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." Put a bridle on, and it is one of the best servants the body and soul have. "I will keep my mouth with a bridle," said King David; and who can do better than follow his example?

When my grandfather saw a man drinking and carousing, or a boy spending all his money for cakes or candy, "Poor fellow!" he would say, "he's left off his bridle." The appetite needs a reining. Let it loose, and it will run you to gluttony, drunkenness, and all sorts of disorder. Be sure to keep a bridle on your appetite don't let it be master. And don't neglect to have one on your passions. They go mad if they get unmanageable, driving you down a blind and headlong course to ruin. Keep the check-rein tight; don't let it slip; hold it steady. Never go without your bridle.

That was the bridle my grandfather meant—the bridle of self-government. Parents try to restrain and check their children, and you can generally tell by their behavior what children have such wise and faithful parents. But parents cannot do everything. And some children have no parents to care for them. Every boy must have his own bridle, and every girl must have hers'. They must learn to check and govern themselves. Self-government is the most difficult and most important government in the world. It becomes easier every day, if you practice it with steady and resolute will. It is the foundation of excellence. It is the cutting and pruning which makes the noble and vigorous tree of character.

The Sabbath School Lesson.

Sept. 1.—1 Sam. 17: 3-51. Memory vs. 45, 46.

David and Goliath.

GOLDEN TEXT.—ROM. 8:31. CATECHISM. Q. 36

Introductory.

Who challenged the army of Israel?
 Who offered to meet Goliath?
 Who sent for David?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. David's Confidence. vs. 32-37.

What did David say to Saul?
 What did Saul reply?
 To what events did David appeal as
 proof of his ability to meet Goliath?
 What did Saul then say to him?

II. David's Armor. vs. 38-47.

How did Saul arm David?
 Why did David put off Saul's armor?
 What were David's weapons?
 What did Goliath say as he met David?
 What was David's reply?
 What are weapons of our warfare? Eph.
 6: 14-17.

In what respect are they like David's?

III. David's Victory. 48-51.

Describe the battle.
 Whose sword did David use?
 What became of the Philistines after
 the death of their champion?
 Who gave David the victory?
 What giants have we to meet?
 Through whom may we have victory?

What Have I Learned?

1. That faith in God will give us courage and strength in danger.
2. That with God's help even a boy may perform hard duties.
3. That there are many giants with whom we all have to fight.

4. That with faith in Christ we will gain the victory over them all.

Sept. 8.—1 Sam. 20: 1-13. Memory vs. 3, 4.

David and Jonathan.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Rom. 12:21. Catechism, Q. 37

Introductory

What was the subject of the last lesson.
 What warning did Jonathan soon after
 give David?

How long was David an exile?
 What disposition did Saul continue to
 show toward him?

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

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Sparing an Enemy. vs. 4-7.

What was Saul told about David?
 What did he do?
 Where were David and his men concealed?

How did Saul come into David's power?
 How could David see Saul, and yet
 Saul not see David?

What did David's men say to him?
 What did David do?
 Why was he sorry for doing it?

What reason did he give for sparing
 Saul?
 How did he prevent the men from killing
 Saul?

Why was his course wise as well as
 right?

II. Appealing to an Enemy. vs. 8-15.

What did David then do?
 How did he show his respect for the
 king?

What appeal did he make to him?
 What proof of his loyalty did he give?
 To whom did he commit his cause?

What had he determined not to do?
 What ancient proverb did he quote?
 How did this proverb apply?
 What final appeal did he make?

III. Conquering an Enemy. vs. 16:17.

What effect had David's appeal upon Saul?

How did he show his softened feeling?

What confession did he make?

How did our Saviour command us to treat our enemies? Matt. 5: 43-45.

What counsel does Paul give on the same subject? Rom. 12: 17-21.

How does such treatment heap coals of fire upon their heads?

What Have I Learned.

1. That we are never to seek success or safety by wrong-doing.

2. That we are to treat our enemies with kindness and forbearance.

3. That we should seek to overcome evil with good.

4. That we are so to live that we can commit ourselves to God and find our defence in him.

5. That it is the glory of a man to pass over a transgression. Prov. 19: 11.

Sept. 22. — 1 Sam. 31: 1-13. Memory vs. 4-6.

Death of Saul and His Son.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ps. 31: 16. Catechism, Q. 39.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson? Give an outline of the intermediate history:

What enemy came against Israel? ch. 28: 1.

How did the sight of the Philistine host affect Saul? 28: 5.

To whom did he go for help?

Why was his petition not answered?

To whom did he then go? 28: 7, 8.

What did he ascertain?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text! Lesson Plan! Time! Place!

Recite the memory verses. The catechism.

I. The King Slain. vs. 7-19.

Where did the two armies meet?

What was the issue of the battle?

Which of Saul's sons were slain?

What did Saul ask his armor-bearer to do?

Why was the request refused?

What did Saul then do?

Who followed his example?

What is forbidden in the sixth commandment?

What makes Saul's death so sad.

II. The King Dishonored. vs. 7-10.

What did the Philistines do the day after the battle?

How did they treat the body of Saul?

What did they do with his head and armor?

How did they show their joy?

How did they dishonor the bodies of and his sons?

III. The King Honored. vs. 11-13.

Who rescued the bodies from this dishonor?

How?

How did they honor them?

What service had Saul rendered the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead?

What Have I Learned.

1. That God will certainly punish the disobedient.

2. That the strong become weak when God forsakes them.

3. That he who forsakes God will certainly be lost.

4. That the innocent sometimes suffer with the guilty.

5. That generous, noble deeds are not forgotten.

Sept. 29. — 1 Sam. 1: 31. — Golden Text, Ps. 133: 19.

Review.

What did Samuel say when the Lord called him?

What did the Lord foretell to Samuel?

What did Eli say when he heard the Lord's message?

What news was brought to Eli?

How did the news affect him?

What memorial of his victory over the Philistines did Samuel set up?

What did the elders demand from Samuel?

What did the Lord tell Samuel to do?

Whom did the Lord set over the Israelites as their king?

What did Samuel say to the Israelites after Saul became their king?

What sentence was pronounced upon Saul?

Upon what errand did the Lord send Samuel?

What took place after David was anointed king?

What did Goliath say when David went out to meet him?

What did David reply?

What did Jonathan promise David when he sought his council about Saul's plot against his life?

With what words did David and Jonathan conclude their parting covenant?

What did David reply when his men urged him to kill Saul in the cave of Engedi?

Who made war upon the Israelites?

What was the end of the battle?

How did Saul die?

How were the bodies of Saul and his sons rescued from the Philistines?

What is the Golden Text of this lesson?

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, and Catechism questions.

SPENDING AND SAVING.

I once knew two brothers who went through college on exactly the same allowance. It was not an extravagant allowance, neither was it scanty, but "twas enough, 'twould serve" if they were reasonably prudent. It was paid to each lad quarterly, and they were allowed to spend it just as they thought best. The elder lad was well dressed, had sufficient books, his board bill was promptly settled, and he always had a surplus for amusements and incidentals. The other was apt to look rather shabby, and he always had hard work to make both ends meet. For

about a week after quarter-day he lived in affluence; at the end of that time he would thrust his two fists into his empty pockets, and inquire in blank despair, "Where does the money go to?"

"I've paid my paper bill and laundry bill," he remarked on one occasion. "I've had a pair of shoes mended; I've bought three neckties--I had to have them, and 'pon my word I've only got one dollar and sixty cents to last until next quarter-day."

Don was a very bright and charming fellow, and a great favorite with his class, and when his cheque was cashed and the bills stowed away in his pocket his first words were "Come, fellows," and he would crack his first ten dollar note in a treat. After that the bills would fly away right and left, some in perhaps a beautifully bound book, or good engraving, or they would go in any amount of boyish trinkets, such as Russia leather card cases, silver-match safes, elegant pen-knives, or the like. His father said nothing, for he had observed that in this case talking did no good, and he felt that experience must now be the teacher, and so it came to pass that Don was stranded in the middle of the term, and left, as he expressed it, "gasping high and dry on the bank." He wrote to his father asking if he might draw part of his next quarter's allowance in advance, but his father said, "No, What his brother Robert had found to be sufficient he must make do."

He went to Rob, and Rob lent him ten dollars, which helped him for a moment, and then Don went to his room, and for the first time he examined his accounts and faced the situation. He was in debt, and deeply in debt for the size of his income. His whole coming quarter's allowance would not cover his liabilities. He recalled more than one warning of his father's on the subject of indebtedness, and he began to realize that he had behaved in a very dishonorable manner, for he knew that his father gave him all the money that he could afford. He sat staring at the opposite wall where hung a pretty little etching which was his last ex-

travagance, and wondered what he should do. His father clearly would not help him, and could not in justice if he would. And Don was quite at the end of his rope. But Don had some good stuff in him. When he had been made to stop and think, he thought to some purpose. All at once he started as if he had been stung and springing up, he began to walk rapidly up and down the room with his brows knit. "I'll do it," he said, and crushing on his hat he ran downstairs and out of doors with an air of great resolution.

The fact was that the proprietor of the steam laundry which he patronized had asked him a few days before if he knew of any student who would like to keep his books for him. The hours of work were from seven to nine in the evening, and the compensation was fair, and Don put his pride in his pocket, applied for the situation, and got it. Great was the astonishment of his mates at this singular move of his, but he persevered, and earned the money, and with it he succeeded in paying his debts, and by the end of the term he could look his father in the eyes without any shame or trouble, for he stood fair and square with all the world.

But there are many other things in this world besides money, which can be saved or spent. Many a lad needs to think of how he spends his.

This same Don—who I may as well admit is one of my "best boys," in spite of his faults—sometimes remarks that "punctuality is the thief of time!"

Nevertheless Master Don is finding out that if he ever makes a mark in this world he cannot indulge in a wasteful extravagance of time any more than he can of money, and I am glad to see that he is settling down to his working life quietly, patiently and perseveringly.

These things will bear thinking about, and the boy who spends not only his money but his time prudently, is really the very best and bravest lad of all.—*Christian at Work.*

WHAT LITTLE THINGS WILL DO.

A crumb will feed a little bird,
A thought prevent an angry word,
A seed bring forth full many a flower,
A drop of rain foretell a shower.

A little cloud the sun will hide,
A dwarf may prove a giant's guide,
A narrow plank a safe bridge form,
A smile some cheerless spirit warm.

A step begins the journey long,
A weak head oft outwits the strong,
A gull defies the angry sea,
A word will set a captive free.

A hornet goads the mighty beast
A cry of "fire" breaks up a feast,
A glass shows wonders in the skies,
A little child confounds the wise.

A straw the wild wind's course reveals,
A kind act oft an old grudge heals,
A beacon light saves many a life,
A slight will often kindle strife.

A puff of smoke betrays the flame,
A pen stroke e'en will blight a name,
A little hand may thus bestow,
A message shall bring joy or woe.

A widow's mite a great gift proved,
A mother's prayer has heaven moved,
"Then let us not," the poet sings,
"Despise the gospel of small things."

—*The Lamp.*

MINUTES.

We are but minutes—little things!
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell
Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.