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THE
CHILDREN'S
RECORD

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

VOL. 4. FEB, 1889. No. 2.

The Children's Record.

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

LETTER FROM PRINCIPAL GRANT.

PORT DARWIN, NORTHERN TERRITORY
OF S. AUSTRALIA.

My Dear Young Friends:

I have written you already about the natives of Australia and told you a little of the work that is done for them by missionaries like Mr. Hagenauer and sensible Christian women like Mrs. Wilson. The more I see, and the more I hear about different races of men, the more proof do I get of the truth that all men are of one and the same race. There is no essential difference in brain or in heart, in structure or in feeling. Remember this, wherever you go, Do to others as you would they should do to you. In no other way will you get the best out of them. You will find the Golden Rule the wisest as well as the kindest to act by. Let me give you a few illustrations of the truth of this.

The extinct Tasmanians were considered very low in the scale of humanity. So they were. They had no clothing, no pottery, no agriculture, no boats though living on an island, no weapons even but clubs and spears thrown by the hand. The white men they first came in contact with were rude sealers and convicts who had escaped from prisons to the interior. It is no wonder that they came to look on all whites as their enemies, and that they in turn were regarded with hatred.

But what was the result when a little attention was paid to the last remnant of them, living on the island of Bass's Straits? Here is the testimony of a dis-

tinguished man of science, Alfred Russell Wallace.—“They showed” he says, “not only an attitude, but a positive love of learning. They became cleanly in their habits, and neat and orderly in their dwellings. The men became industrious; they made roads and worked in the fields, and they took great delight in games, such as cricket, dancing, swings and marbles. The women learnt to sew and made neat dresses for themselves and their families; and all this is said to have been done without compulsion or pressure, but of their own free will.”

So much for the natives South of Australia. Take now those to the North, who live on the Islands in the Strait called Torres after the Portuguese navigator who first discovered it. They were considered warlike, cruel and treacherous. Vessels were warned to be on their guard against them, and boats never landed without being armed. But missionaries have been at work among them for years, and so too have Pearl shell and Beech-de-mer traders, who as a rule deal fairly by them. What is the result? Here is what Captain J. Moresby of H. M. S. Basilisk, who spent some months in the Strait in 1873, writes, “Solitary white men live in security on the islands for months at a time, with quantities of trade and other articles of great value to the natives, often not protected by either a lock or key. No danger need now be apprehended from these islanders as long as their domestic rights are respected.”

When we hear of outrages committed by savages, we should always examine into the cause before pronouncing sentence. In most cases we shall find that there was a cause, and that it was an outrage on them or their friends committed by some white man.

I have spoken of Pearl shell traders. Who are these? Let me explain? There are coral rocks and reefs all over the great Pacific Ocean. Nowhere are they so remarkable as in the Coral Sea, which is that part of the Pacific which is to the East and North East of Australia. There extends not far from the mainland the

great Barrier Coral reef, a thousand miles in length from North to South. Beautiful shells are found on these reefs and islets. Fishers dive for the mother-of-pearl, bring them up in a net, cut out the fish that have constructed the hard shells to live in, and then sell the shells to be sent home to England, where all sorts of useful and ornamental articles are made out of them. Sometimes, a pearl is found in the shell, and the fisher who finds that is as happy as the man who finds a diamond in the diamond field, but most are valuable only for the mother of pearl or lustrous substance that constitutes the chief part as well as the inner coating of the shell. The fishermen are usually natives, either Malays, Australians, or Polynesians, though sometimes they are white men. But, when a white man works at the trade, he always goes down into the water in a great heavy metal suit, not only because he can get air to breathe in it, but because sharks abound in these waters. Now, the strange thing is that sharks will very seldom attack a black man. Consequently the black fishermen dive down to the rocks, quite naked, with a knife between their teeth, and a bag in one hand which they soon fill with shells, and then they come back with these to the surface and empty them into the boat. They have the knife to defend themselves, as a shark may be very hungry and then he will attack them; but the blacks are not at all afraid of the terrible monsters. Why the sharks treat blacks so differently from whites I do not know. But who would not be black, if he wished to have a swim in those waters?

And, what is *Beech-de-mer*? A great slug that is found on, and swining about the coral rocks. These are picked up, boiled, split open and smoked. They are then worth about \$700 a ton. The chief market for them is China, for the Chinese are very fond of the soup that is made from them, a soup, thick, viscous, jelly-like, considered very strengthening. We have on board the steamer *Chang-sha*, on which I am a passenger bound to Hong-Kong, a great many bags of the beech-de-mer all ready for the market.

But, I must not forget, that I have some more stories to tell you, proving that the lowest races understand the Golden Rule. They have hearts open to kindness and to justice. They return good for evil, and alas! like every man who has only natural feelings to guide him, they return evil for evil.

Here are two stories about "black fellows" belonging to the peninsula that ends in Cape York, the most Northern extremity of the island—Continent of Australia.

Not far from Cape York is Albany Passage, a beautiful strait, between Albany Island and the mainland, almost like a canal, for it is so straight in its general direction that it can be seen through from end to end. The country consists of low hills, wooded to their tops, chiefly by the eucalyptus or gum tree that is found everywhere in Australia, with small intervening glades and valleys, densely wooded, mangrove swamps on the coast and hush beyond these. The first point on the mainland that I noticed when I went on deck in the morning had no trees on it, but looked like a graveyard fairly well filled with upright red tomb-stones. What do you think these were? Why, nothing but great pinnacled ant-hills, of red clay and sand, averaging from three to eight feet in height.

Soon after we passed a house beautifully situated on the slope of a hill, more verandah than house, like so many dwellings in these tropical countries. Asking who lived there, for that was the first white man's house I had seen since leaving Cooktown more than a hundred miles away, I was told that it was the settlement and pearl fishing station of Somerset, where Mr. Jardine, a Scotchman, lived. He had originally been established there by the Government of Queensland, to take charge of the Port, which was used as a port of call for vessels and mail steamers, till the Government found a better place on Thursday Island in Torres Strait. Well, "the black fellows" did not think that any one had the right to settle on their land, and they determined to steal on Mr. Jardine by night and murder him. They

would have succeeded too, but he had been kind to a girl, or black woman, and she told him of the plot. He was ready therefore, and when they came to attack him, shot the foremost and put the others to flight. Afterwards they understood that he was willing to befriend them, and now there is never any trouble between them.

Not very far to the South of Somerset is a small Conical island, with a few stunted trees on it, called Restoration Island. This was the first land made by poor Captain Bligh, after his perilous voyage across the Pacific ocean in the boat in which he was placed by the mutineers of the *Bounty*. You must have read of that story, and of the way in which the surviving mutineer—Adams—became a Christian, and founded the interesting settlement of Pictairn's Island. If you have not, read it as soon as you can get the book.

Between Restoration Island and Somerset is Kennedy River, named after an Australian explorer, who was murdered near it by the natives in 1848. I find the explanation of the murder in an interesting little volume, called "The Australian Explorers" by Rev. G. Grimm. Poor Kennedy set out from Sydney to discover a Northern port which might serve as an *entrepot* for the trade between Australia and India. It was arranged that a relief vessel should be waiting at Port Albany, Cape York, to receive him and his party. They had a terrible hard journey from Rockingham Bay, through swamps and lush filled with tropical creepers, the spines of which tore their clothes and flesh at every step they took. Blacks hovered round the party, and on one occasion a spear was thrown into the camp. Kennedy ordered his men to load and fire on the savages at once. They did so and four or five fell. The rest retreated, but do you wonder that they determined on revenge? Provisions became scarce with the explorers, and Kennedy therefore determined to leave eight men in a depot that he formed near Weymouth Bay, while he, with four men, including a black of tried fidelity named Jacky Jacky, pressed on to Port

Albany. After three weeks slow progress, he left three of his four men near Shelburne Bay, as one of them had been hurt by a gun accident, and he accompanied only by Jacky Jacky made a life and death push for Port Albany. He nearly succeeded. From a height, he caught a glimpse of the Port where succour was to be had. But the blacks were on his tracks, and by throwing spears frightened the horses. Jacky rushed into the scrub to rally them, and on coming back found his master speared and robbed. The brave explorer was able only to give a brief order about his papers and then he breathed his last in the arms of his faithful servant. Poor Jacky, more dead than alive, made his way to Port Albany. Those in charge of the ship had waited long beyond the arranged time, and were debating whether they should wait longer, when they saw an emaciated creature drag himself from the forest and make signs to them. This was Jacky Jacky. They took him on board and when they heard his story, they sailed for Shelburne Bay, but no trace of the unfortunate three, left there, could then be or has ever since been discovered. They pressed on to Weymouth Bay next, and of the eight men left there six were dead, of hunger, and "the two survivors were more like ghosts than human beings." So ended poor Kennedy's ill-starred expedition!

Never forget it, boys and girls. Rich and poor, master and servant, black, white, brown, yellow, red, all have the same instincts, feelings, sense of right. All have the same human heart. Never despise, never trample on it, never ignore its rights and your duty in things small or great.

We have sixty or seventy Chinese passengers in the steerage, returning from Australia to their Chinese homes. The Purser asked me to go down with him into their quarters to see what they were doing and how they were accommodated. "Will they have any objection to my going among them," I said? "I am glad you put it that way," he answered, "for a gentleman went down, on a former voyage, while they were at dinner. One of the

Chinamen looked up and said, "What you doing here?" He said, "I wanted to see what they give you for dinner." "And how you like if we go into saloon, when you at dinner and look at you?" was the prompt response. I will ask them, when we come to the door, if they object to us coming in." He did so, and we were received most courteously. Some were sitting or sleeping in their bunks, others were smoking opium, and one was reading a Chinese book. We went back in the evening, and found about thirty of them, crowded round a table, playing Fan-tan, and winning or losing their money at the game with a coolness that showed them to be confirmed gamblers. They play every night till the ship's lights are put out.

We have a wonderful variety of races on board. The crew are Africans, Arabs, Malays, and Manila men—partly pure and partly cross-breeds with Spanish or Portuguese blood in their veins. The Engineers are Scotch and the Carpenter a Japanese. The Officers are British, and the Stewards Chinamen. There are four grades of passengers, first saloon, second saloon, steerage, and Chinamen's steerage; and among them are to be found New Zealanders, Australians, English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian, Danish, Chinese, Polynesian, a man from Helena, and at least one from Ceylon. One of the Polynesians is from Erromanga, the island where our missionary Mr. Robertson is doing such good work among the people who murdered Williams and the Gordons.

Are we not a mixed company? We get on very well together, though it is sometimes difficult to keep up a long conversation. But, sometimes I think that it is a good thing to be obliged to express your meaning in very few and very simple words. As Mrs. Wilson put it,—“There is too much talk when people meet who speak the same language; for when you are going away and try to remember what they have been talking about, you can remember nothing.” It is not a bad rule, “keep silent unless you are sure that you have something to say.”

Your friend, GEO. M. GRANT.

SOMETHING TO DO.

Hark, the voice of Jesus calling,
 "Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
 Who will bear the sheaves away?
 Loud and long the Master calleth,
 Rich reward He offers thee.
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 "Here am I, send me, send me!"

Let none hear you idly saying,
 There is nothing I can do,
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you:
 Take the task He gives you gladly;
 Let His work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 "Here am I, send me, send me."

"DON'T! DON'T!"

"Don't! don't!" a little voice seemed to say, clear and strong, in Harry's ear. The two cents lay on the window-seat; some one had forgotten them. Two cents' worth of candy came right up before Harry's eyes, and in a moment he had put out his hand to take the cents.

But that "Don't! don't! Who spoke? He turned and looked. No one was in the room. The door was open, but no one was in the entry.

"Nobody can see," he said to himself. "Thou God seest me," said the voice. "Nobody will know where they've gone," said Harry.

"Thou shalt not steal," the voice said again.

Harry was frightened at himself, and ran away as fast as he could. He was saved from a great sin and trouble. If he had taken those two pennies he would most likely have taken more another time, and not been so frightened about it either.

I knew a boy who stole a ten-cent piece once. He felt very badly about it. He was so ashamed that he did not know what to do. Not long after he had a chance to steal again. He did, and that time it was not half so hard. So he went on and on, and at sixteen years of age he was in prison.

THE MISSION CENTS.

[For the Children's Record.]

The following account is furnished the CHILDREN'S RECORD by Rev. R. D. Fraser, of St. Paul's Church, Bowmanville, Ont. Our readers will remember that, in the RECORD of last April, a letter from Mr. Fraser appeared mentioning the experiment that was being tried in his Sabbath School. We requested Mr. Fraser to write again telling us some of the ways the children were taking to earn money. He has now given us the story of the whole year's earnings.

Ed.

"Last January I got 100 new cents from the Bank and gave one to each scholar in the Sabbath school, with which to earn money for Missions, (Mr. Goforth's), the other half to be disposed of by vote of the scholars for some other missionary object. I subsequently gave the children some hints as to how money might be made, and spoke to them on the Parable of the Pound, Luke xix. 12-27.

Very quietly the scholars went to work, and little beyond a very gentle hum of industry was heard of the coins until the close of the year. The understanding was that the proceeds should be handed in at the time, accompanied by a written account of how the money was made. I promised that the children's names should not be revealed, so that the narratives were quite frank and full.

An envelope was supplied to each scholar the Sabbath previous to the Christmas entertainment, with full directions for the return of the money and the writing of the narrative printed on the back. The collecting and opening of the envelopes and the reading of the accounts of how the cent had been used, formed a large part of the programme of the meeting, and proved not by any means the least interesting part. Some returned the cent unimproved; by far the larger portion had profitably employed it, with the result of a total of \$52.50 from the eighty-two envelopes gathered in. The contents varied from the single cent to \$5.00.

There were many—some of them very little children—who reached \$1.50, and a few from \$1.50 to \$2.50. One and all appeared delighted to have had a share in earning so large a sum with so small a capital.

The methods employed were many and ingenious. In some cases the utmost diligence must have been used all through the year. Some little ones had invested their money in material for pop-corn, taffy, or candy, realizing by repeated manufacture and sale a good sum.

A boy had bought lettuce seed and sold the lettuce for 25c., and had then bought cabbage and cauliflower, selling the vegetables for \$1.00.

A little girl wrote, "Bought corn and popped it and sold at 5c.; bought more corn and sold it. Then I bought thread and hemmed handkerchiefs, then I bought some linen for 10c. and wiped dishes for mother, for which she paid me 1c. a day. I earned altogether \$1.50, which I hope you will please take and send to the missionaries from a little girl seven years old."

Another scholar laconically says, "By crocheting I earned \$1.00."

Another "bought a spool of thread, did crochet work, took money received for that and bought paper to make snowballs which I sold for 15c. per bunch of four; sold six bunches."

A very little girl, after several minor transactions, "bought a geranium and slipped it and sold the plants for 75c."

Another quiet young child made paper-roses, poppies, snowballs, parasols and hollyhocks, netting in all \$1.00. Another little girl added to paper flowers, paper owls, which brought a handsome sum.

Many of the girls did quite a traffic in paper flowers, especially as the Christmas season approached.

An ingenious boy, after making 82c. with paper flowers, etc., put his earnings at interest for six months, making them \$1.00 in all.

Several of the girls earned money by knitting, making lace, pincushions, etc.

A small boy bought some potatoes, "grew them," and having sold them and

lent the proceeds till the end of the year, and had in all 50c.

Another, of about the same age, after having made his cent grow into five, bought with this the sweet peas that had grown in the garden, shelled and packeted them, and sold for 10c. a packet; and "by buying cheap and selling at a fair price, realized \$1.50."

A larger boy bought flowers and made bouquets, then bought a quantity of old newspapers and sold them at the furniture factory at a good profit; then bought blacking and polished "the family boots at 1c. a pair," earning by this last industry \$1.82; and \$2.50 in all.

A girl after having made and sold various articles to the value of 75c., "invested the 75c. in a real, live hen, and one dozen pure white little baby hens. Then a ter paying for feed for my live stock, I sold the lot, realizing \$2.16."

A young girl, who made in all \$2.50, in addition to other methods, bought thread and hemmed handkerchiefs for one cent each.

One of the older boys began with a single sheet of paper, out of which a lamp was made, which sold for 5c. This bought some hollyhock, which he cut with a jig saw into a fancy wheelbarrow, selling it for 50c. more fretwork was made and disposed of, and \$1.50 was received for a "combined revolving and sliding ash sifter," which he invented and constructed, and the materials for which were purchased with a portion of the profits previously made. His envelope contained \$5 00. Several little ones laid up small sums earned by running errands and handed them in. One picked watercresses and sold them. There are many other interesting things in the narratives, but I have already trespassed heavily upon your space. I add but one extract more. It is from an ingenious "Autobiography of a Talent." "I fell into the hands of a little girl who took me home and changed me into some velvet pin-cushions which she sold for 60c. Five cents of this amount she gave her mother for green baize, white flannel and yellow silk, with which she

made pen-wipers. These she sold for 20 cents. With five cents she bought paper and wire, and made paper flowers, which she sold for 30c. So I, who last January was a shining cent, now appear as \$1.00, and am about to be divided, half of me to go to my friend, Mr. Goforth, in China, and the other half to some other mission field. So ends my career in Canada."

My only apology for troubling you at such length with seemingly petty details is that the account given may afford hints to young people elsewhere. I shall be more than gratified if the experiment, which has worked so well with us, shall prove even more successful in other places. It can be productive only of good to have the children's hands busy in earning money for our Master's cause. Their willingness to work and save is a lesson to us all."

BRAZILIAN DIAMONDS.

Ella Kuhl in *Children's Work for Children* tells the following story:

Joaozinho (little John), lived among the hills of beautiful Minas Geraes, the gold and diamond province of Brazil. He had never heard the whistle of an engine, nor seen a steamer, or even a city. His suit was not a tailor-made; his costume consisted of one long cotton garment, reaching nearly to his feet. He had heard that Senhor Caitanho, a native pastor, had gone to the village beyond to teach the people of God. For a long time the child had wanted to know more of the dear Father in heaven, and how to pray to Him. When he asked his father to teach him, he told him to pray to the saints; his mother only mumbled prayers on beads. Joaozinho wanted to talk to God, who made the beautiful hills and the blue mountains far away. How he longed to go to the village, but it was too far. He could read, and he thought if he only had one of the minister's books, perhaps he could learn to pray to God.

A bright idea came into our little hero's mind. He could wait by the road until Senhor Caitanho returned. It was a long,

weary wait, and he grew very hungry and tired. He feared, too, that his pennies would not buy the books, and perhaps his courage would fail when he saw the man who had traveled so far, and had seen cars, steamers, and even the great city of Rio de Janeiro.

At last he saw a rider coming over a distant hill. That surely must be the minister. Oh, how fast the little boy's heart beat! Would he stop and talk to a little boy? When he saw the good, kind face, he was sure that he would. Our little friend made his most polite bow, and said, "Are you the man who sells prayers? I want to learn to pray?" Why did the good pastor wipe his eyes? It was not dusty. He seemed very hoarse, too. He got down from his horse, and sat a long time with the little boy by the roadside, and taught him to pray. The child forgot all about being hungry and tired, so eagerly did he listen to every word of his kind teacher. When Senor Caitanho opened his saddle-bags and gave him a New Testament, and afterward two little books, for the pennies, Joaozinho's heart overflowed with joy. Oh, how those bright eyes sparkled!

Dear children, there are many Joaozinhos among the hills and valleys of Brazil, who are stretching forth their hands to us and saying, "We want to learn to pray." Who will go and gather these bright Brazilian gems, and polish them for the Redeemer's crown?

ELLA KUHLE.

THREE KINGS.

In the beautiful mountains of Persia, there lived many long ages ago, a fair little boy whose name was Cyrus. The people who lived in these mountains were a simple-minded, ignorant race, whose possessions consisted mainly of flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. The companions of Cyrus were the shepherd lads who tended the flocks as they wandered over the hill-side for pasture.

The little boy was supposed to be the son of the herdsman with whom he lived,

yet there were rumors of his being of higher birth. There was an air of nobility about him; a certain stamp which often even in childhood, belongs to those who are born to be leaders of men. He must have been a very charming little boy and greatly beloved, for the story has come down to us that when he was ten years of age, his young playmates called him their king. He was only a shepherd lad, living among unlettered people. There could have been nothing that looked like royalty about him; no splendid palace for his home; no rich dress or jewels on his person; no attendant train of courtiers to do him homage. All was humble, poor and lowly. And yet, although he knew it not—he was a king!

Two hundred years before he was born, the prophet Isaiah foretold his coming, and God's purpose concerning him—that His servant Cyrus should deliver the Jews from a captivity in Babylon, and that he should rebuild the ruined temple in Jerusalem. This little boy who played on the mountains of Iran, and lived with the shepherds, was Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, the greatest monarch who ever lived in the East, except Alexander the Great.

His grandfather, Astyages, was king of Media. About the time Cyrus was born, he dreamed that the son of his daughter Mandane would conquer As'a. He was a believer in dreams, and, lest the dream should come true, his wicked heart devised a cruel scheme, and he gave the baby Cyrus to a herdsman and told him to kill him. The kind shepherd contrived a way to save the baby's life. Of course it was all God's plan, and when the young Cyrus grew to manhood, having become aware of his royal birth, he gathered an army among the mountaineers around him, and seized the kingdom from his grandfather.

Just at this time, as Isaiah had prophesied, the king who reigned in the splendid city of Babylon, had conquered Judea, and the Jews had been for seventy years captives in that city. Cyrus was a great general as well as a great king, and having recovered his own kingdom, he determined

to gain possession of the country which joined it by seizing its capital, which was Babylon. This he accomplished and so released the captive Jews.

God does all things, and His promises are sure. It came to pass that Cyrus sent these Jewish captives back to their homes with money in their hands to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem, just as Isaiah had prophesied long before. God founded the Persian empire and raised up Cyrus to accomplish His purpose; and Cyrus knew God, and that He had given him the kingdoms which he united into one. Even amidst the surrounding idolatry, and the heathen worship of the sun and moon and stars, there were in that distant age, many in Persia who knew that there was one God, the Maker of all things. There came a time when this knowledge of God bore fruit, after many generations of men had passed away.

A little babe lay in a manger in Bethlehem; a poor and lowly place where cattle were stalled, and where it sometimes happened that travellers, overcrowding the adjoining inn, found refuge in the stable. No kingly palace was this, no attendant armies, no crowd of courtiers, no splendor of state; only a little babe lying in a manger in a stable. And yet He was a King, more glorious than any monarch who ever sat upon a throne; for He was our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ! From Persia, the empire of Cyrus, came the first worshippers to do homage to this newborn King. "Behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East, and are come to worship Him.'" They laid their gifts before Him then. "gold and frankincense and myrrh." Persia, in her wise men, first bowed before the King to whom was given "dominion, and glory, and a kingdom that all people and nations and languages should serve Him;" a sceptre that should rule the universe; a kingdom without end. Does God still link Persia with the history of His people, the coming of Christ, and the establishment of His everlasting king-

dom?

In the royal palace in Tcheran, the capital of Persia, a few months since, a little child of three years lay sick and nigh unto death. Grieving hearts and tearful eyes hung over him, watching the young life as it ebbed away. Many a follower of the false prophet in that city offered prayers to the "one God and Mohammed his prophet," that the child's life might be spared. All grew dark and hopeless; the skill of physicians was powerless, and the little boy was given over to die. The prophet, whose worship they added so long ago to that of the God of their first king, Cyrus, gave back no answer to their prayers, that the precious life in which so many hopes were centred, might be given back to his parents and his country. This sick child was the eldest son of the Shah of Persia, and the heir to the throne. At last, just in the darkest hour, the king said, "Send to the Christian mission for one of their physicians; perhaps something may yet be done." The doctor, thus hastily summoned, came at once to the palace, and ministered to the sick child. God blessed the means he used, and the little crown prince was restored to health. Nothing could exceed the joyful gratitude of the parents, as their devotion to him who was the means of their child's restoration. Dr. Holmes was made court physician, and the entire direction of the little prince's life has been given to his superintendence.

In God's great plan, what may this mean for Persia? A Christian physician has gained the ear and the heart of its sovereign; the child who is heir to the throne has been committed to his care. Oh, the opportunities a wise and faithful physician may have to implant truth in his young heart and tender mind! How gently he can lead him to Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and thus train a Christian monarch for the empire. God does nothing without a purpose, and what a wonderful chain of events is here! Cyrus, the king of Persia, appointed from his birth to deliver Israel from captivity; the Persian wise men sent by revelation

from God to cast their gifts at the feet of the King and Saviour of the world ; and now a little Persian prince placed by this same directing Providence under the care of a Christian teacher to learn of Christ ! Among all the lands of darkness where missionaries of Christ have gone to carry His blessed gospel, will Persia first come out of the gloom, led by a Christian prince, to carry the foremost banner in the onward march to the victories which are to establish the kingdom of Him to whom was given "dominion and glory, and a kingdom that all people and languages should serve Him," even the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ ? So let us pray.

M. B. G., in *Children's Work*.

THE GODDESS OF MERCY.

BY MRS. CELIA F. PECK, OF PANG CHUANG, CHINA, IN THE "MISSION DAYSRING."

I wonder if any of the children who are trying to help in sending the "Good News" to this heathen land will care to hear the story of a goddess, who is worshipped by the Chinese ; to whom large beautiful temples are built in many of the cities, and in whose honor incense is burnt daily by thousands of people ?

First I will tell how I came to hear the story. The children's nurse is an old woman, who once was lady's maid to a wealthy and aged lady, who was zealously devoted to good works, though not good works as we understand them. She did not give her time to visiting the poor, nor was she active in a Christian Temperance Society, nor as directress of an Orphan Asylum, but she spent her time in burning incense, making offerings, and praying to the gods, and sometimes, when she was too tired to make the prostrations herself, she would have this woman do it for her. One day I questioned old Changma, as to who it was this old lady worshiped, and she told me this story of the goddess :

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived an emperor who had three daughters; the two older ones were ordinary girls,

and, like other Chinese girls, were early married ; but the third had resolved that she would give her life to working righteousness, and declined to be hampered by a husband. In vain did her father point out the advantages of matrimony ; she still adhered to her purpose, declaring she feared not even death itself. Her father, finding persuasion and argument unavailing, resorted to severer measures, confining her in an apartment, where she suffered from cold and hunger. A servant woman took the news of her sufferings to the palace, and the mother, greatly distressed, went to the emperor, to remonstrate with him. "She is so young, she knows not the difference between right and wrong." So the emperor consented that her mother should go and talk with the little girl, and show her the error of her way.

When the child heard her mother's voice she fell on her knees, weeping, but still refused to yield to her mother's entreaties, that she would relinquish her cherished wish, return to the joys of the palace, marry, and be happy. Then her sisters expostulated with her : "You are so little, only seven years old, how can we let you go away from home, to wander off all alone, even for so laudable a purpose as working righteousness ?" But nothing moved her. She still said, "I fear nothing, not even death itself, but I must go to the Pau Mountain and work out my own merit."

When the emperor was told the unfavorable result of these attempts to win her to a more reasonable frame of mind, he was so angry that he gnashed his teeth, and ordered his daughter taken from her place of imprisonment and carried to that part of the palace where the most menial occupations were performed, and there, early and late, she was made to cook, to draw water, and to grind flour, tasks too severe for one so young, until her sufferings were well-nigh intolerable. At last her father came to her with this proposition : "I will give you seven bushels of grain, and if you grind it all into flour in a day and a night, I will consent. You

may then be free to go the mountain and give yourself to works of righteousness." The poor little girl knew this was an impossible task, but as she sat by the mill-stones, discouraged, looking at the great baskets of grain, suddenly the spirits "both great and small came to her help, and as swift as the wind," ground it all up! The next day, when the emperor came, you may be sure he was greatly astonished. Indeed, he was well frightened, for he knew she could not have done it without supernatural help. Still, he commanded her to return to the palace, that he might inflict other punishments, but the little girl refused to go, reminding him of his promise. Having fulfilled, apparently, the condition, she asked to be set free. The emperor, quite in despair, at last resolved to burn her. But while the preparations were being made, a god, disguising himself, came and led her away, made her mount a tiger, and away she rode to the top of the mountain. There, in loneliness she wrought out her righteousness, but so zealous and earnest was she, that she was all unconscious of the flight of time, and before she realized it, ten years had passed and her merit was perfected! "Heaven and earth knew of it, angels and men knew of it." "Let summer and winter quickly proclaim her name, and let all the ages hear!"

A LETTER WITH A STORY IN IT.

[For the Children's Record.]

My Dear Children :

Little readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD, I want to write you a letter, a little letter that you can perhaps read yourselves. Did you ever hear of the missionary Dr. Duff who died a few years ago? I have been reading about him lately, and there was one little story about one of his school-boys I thought you might like to hear.

Umesh Chunder was going to the missionary's school when he was fourteen. For two years he kept on, but then he left. Do you guess why? Umesh was a heathen boy. His father was a rich man

and a heathen too. Their home was a heathen home. Those at home began to be afraid that Umesh might become a Christian. That was why they took him from school. When you know the sort of school Dr. Duff's was, you will not wonder they were afraid. Every class had a Bible lesson first of all, and such a Bible lesson. The pure Word of God, read and explained by one who loved it with all his heart, with earnest, simple prayers to the God of heaven and earth to be Himself the teacher. And God Himself did teach.

Day after day as Umesh listened he could not help seeing that the God of the Bible was light, and his own wicked heathen gods were black darkness. His watchful friends began to see that he did not think so much of their wicked idols as he once did, and fearing he might indeed become a Christian, they took him from school. They gave him bad books to read, books that made fun of Christ and all He did. But the bad books only made him to see clearer and clearer that the Bible was true and that those who made sport of it, did so because they loved to be wicked themselves.

He knew now that he should leave his home and friends and cast in his lot with the missionary. He knew that if he did this he would be hated by father and mother, and all who had ever loved him, that he would lose all his money, and become utterly poor and despised, but he loved Jesus Christ, and these things could not make him wish to stay.

But do you know, children, he did stay for two more years. What was keeping him? I will tell you. He had a dear little child wife of ten years, and he did want to have her become a Christian too, so that they might leave home together and go together to be Christians. So for two years they studied the Bible together. They could not do it in the day-time; but at night, when all around were asleep, they would sit by the hour and read and pray, and talk. Then Umesh brought home a new book. You couldn't guess what it was! A Bengalee copy of the Pilgrim's Progress. They had not gone far

with that, but were just reading about Christian running from the city of Destruction when the little wife said to her husband, "Is not this just like us? Are we not staying in the city of Destruction? Should not we do just like Christian—arise, forsake all, and flee for our lives?" They were both ready now.

On the very next idol feast, when even the Hindoo married women are allowed to visit their friends, the true-hearted little wife got into her close box called a peclankun and was carried out of the house. Those she left behind thought she had just gone for a visit and would be back in the evening, but she knew better. Umesh Chunder guided the bearers of the peclankun to the missionary's house, and once in there, they were safe.

It was Sabbath afternoon at the close of a prayer-meeting, in which the Christian converts had been together asking blessing from God. Dr. Duff had entered into his closet and shut his door behind him, and had been thinking and praying before God, wondering in what way He would stretch out His hand and help them in their trouble. Suddenly Umesh and his little wife and another young convert appeared before him. "The Lord be praised" he said, "His mercy endureth forever. He hath visited and helped His servants." Do you wonder that he was glad? That dear missionary was more hungry to lead these poor heathen to Christ than ever you were for bread.

Then there was a storm. The heathen friends were exceedingly angry and determined to get them back. Dr. Duff had to lock the gates lest they might take them by force. The father came and pleaded, the brothers came and pleaded, the wealthy head of their house came and pleaded, but Umesh would not go back, "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Dear children, is not the missionary work beautiful work? What are you doing to help it on? Do not wait till you grow big before you begin to be real missionary workers. Go to the gracious

Saviour Himself, and tell Him you want to help to bring the poor heathen to Him, and ask Him what he has for you to do. If you really want to be His, He will hear you and He will take you, and He will shew you what you can do for Him. For do you know He is wanting workers just now. He is wanting lots of workers. *He will be glad to take you and wash you white and clean, and teach you, and strengthen you, and make you His own little workers.* And He is so good a Master. You can trust Him so. Try Him dear children. He is near, near to every one of you.

Yours affectionately.

A. R.

WHAT MARY GAVE.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to her three year old brother, who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the cook, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen it very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend to the door, and look after the kitchen fire while she was away. But this is not all Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young pleasant face; she wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She paid patient attention to a long story by grandmother, though she had heard, it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it was ended, made the old lady happy by a good night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.—C. P.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Feb. 3.—Mark 4: 10-20. Memory vs. 20.

The Parable of the Sower.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK 4 : 23. CATECHISM, Q. 7.

Introductory.

Who came to Jesus by the seaside?
 How did he teach them?
 What is a parable?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the parable and memory verses.
 The Catechism.

I. The Parable not Understood. vs. 10-13.

Who asked Jesus to explain the parable?
 How should we try to find out what we
 do not understand?
 What did Jesus say to his disciples?
 How was the truth declared to those
 without?
 How do you explain this?
 What twofold question did Jesus ask
 his disciples?

II. The Parable Explained. vs. 14-20.

Who is the *sower*?
 What is meant by the *seed*?
 Who are the wayside hearers?
 How is the good seed taken from them?
 Who are the stony-ground hearers?
 What prevents them from bearing fruit?
 Who are the thorny-ground hearers?
 Why may we not love the world and
 Christ too? Luke 16 : 13.
 Who are the good-ground hearers?
 What is meant by bearing fruit?
 How is the word to be read and heard
 that it may become effectual to salvation?

What Have I Learned?

1. That it is a great privilege to hear the gospel?
2. That we must take heed how we hear?
3. That we should prepare our hearts to receive the word by casting out everything that is contrary to it.
4. That we should seek in turn to be-

come sowers of the seed, to teach others the truth.

Feb. 10.—Mark, 5 : 1-20. Memory vs. 18, 20.

The Fierce Demoniac.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK, 5 : 19. CATECHISM, Q. 8.

Introductory.

What did Jesus and his disciples do on the evening of the day that he taught by the seaside?
 What took place on the way?
 How was the storm stilled?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Work of Demons. v. 1-5.

Who met Jesus as he came out of the ship?
 Where did this man live?
 How did the demons torment him?
 What is said about his condition?
 Why were the people afraid of him?
 What work is done by demons now?

II. The Demons Cast Out. vs. 6-14.

What did this man do when he saw Jesus?
 What was his cry to Jesus?
 Was it the man himself or the evil spirit who spoke these words?
 What command had Jesus given the unclean spirit?
 What request did the demons make?
 Why did Jesus permit them to enter the swine?
 What became of the swine?
 Of the keepers?
 What did Jesus come to destroy? 1 John 3 : 8.

III. The Demoniac Saved. vs. 15-20.

What did the people do when they heard of this miracle?
 In what condition did they find the demoniac?
 What effect did this sight have upon them?

Who explained all that had happened ?
 Why did they beg Jesus to depart ?
 What did Jesus do ?
 When do men now say to Jesus, "Depart from us" ?
 Who wanted to go with Jesus ?
 What did Jesus command him to do instead ?
 How did he obey ?
 What effect had his report ?
 Who can save us from the power of Satan ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That demons have great power over men for evil.
2. That they will do all the mischief they can.
3. That Jesus only can save us from our bad habits and strengthen us to resist temptation.
4. That it is a dangerous thing to send Christ from us : he may never return.

Feb. 17.—Mark 5 : 25-34. Memory vs. 33, 34.

The Timid Woman's Touch.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK 5 : 36. CATECHISM Q. 9.

Introductory.

Where did Jesus go after healing the demoniac ?

Where was Capernaum ?

What took place on his return to Capernaum ?

What did the ruler of the synagogue beseech Jesus to do ?

How did Jesus show his willingness to give the help sought ?

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. A Sad Sufferer. vs. 25-26.

What sad sufferer was in the crowd that followed Jesus ?

How long had she been sick ?

To whom had she gone for relief ?

With what success ?

II. A Trembling Faith. vs. 27-28.

What did the woman do when she heard of Jesus ?

What did she say to herself ?

What did her thought and hope show ?

What is faith in Jesus Christ ?

III. A Double Cure. vs. 29-34.

What happened as soon as the woman touched Jesus ?

What did Jesus perceive ?

What did he ask of those about him ?

What answer did the disciples give ?

What did the woman then do ?

With what feelings ?

What did Jesus say to her ?

How had her faith made her whole ?

What double cure did Jesus work for her ?

What will the touch of faith do for the repenting sinner ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That Jesus has a tender sympathy for the suffering and the sorrowing.
2. That he will never rebuke nor re-pulse those who seek his help.
3. That great faith is pleasing to him and finds great reward.
4. That secret faith must be openly declared : we must be ready to tell what Jesus has done for us.
5. That Jesus can and will heal all the sickness of our souls if we come to him.

Feb. 24.—Mark 6 : 1-13. Memory vs. 10-12.

The Teacher and the Twelve.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK 6 : 12. CATECHISM, Q. 10.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson ?
 What miracles did Jesus work immediately after ?

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Rejected at Home. vs. 1-3.

Where did Jesus go ?

Meaning of *his own country* ?

How long had he lived there ?

What did he do on the Sabbath day?
 What was the effect of his preaching?
 What did the people say?
 What is meant by *they were offended at*

him?

Why did they thus reject him?

II. Hindered by Unbelief. vs. 4-6.

What did Jesus say to them?
 What was the effect of their unbelief?
 How did Jesus regard it?

What will our unbelief hinder Jesus in doing for us?

III. Sending out the Twelve. vs. 7-13.

When did Jesus choose the twelve?
 What were their names?
 How did he now send them forth?
 What power did he give them?
 What instructions?
 Why were they to make so little preparation?

What were they to do if they were not received?

What did this act mean?

What if we do not hear and obey the gospel?

What did the apostles do?

What is repentance unto life?

What did the miracles wrought by them show?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus offers to us the good things of his grace and love.
2. That unbelief hinders us in receiving the blessings he is willing to bestow.
3. That he sends his ministers and teachers to point out to us the way of life.
4. That those who receive the gospel will be greatly blessed.
5. That those who reject it will be severely punished.

Westminster Question Book.

CURIOUS CHINESE NOTIONS.

Both savage and semi-barbarous people have always exhibited a great repugnance to any surgical operation, however necessary, which involves amputation. The *North China Herald*, in commenting upon

this circumstance, points out that the Chinese have always shown this repugnance not on account of fear or pain, for they are patient under all kinds of physical suffering, but because they look upon it as a duty to keep the body intact. If they submit to the amputation of a limb, they invariably ask for the severed member, and keep it in a box, to be buried in due time with the owner. Sometimes they will actually eat it, thinking it only right that that which has been taken from the body should be returned to it. On the same principle, an extracted tooth will be carefully preserved, or ground to powder and swallowed in water. Another curious phase of the same idea is seen in the belief that a sick parent can be cured by broth made from flesh cut from a living child, and it is looked upon as a sign of filial piety for the child to submit himself to an operation for that purpose. The child is supposed to be of the vital essence of the parent, and if a portion of this essence is returned to the fountain-head, the parent will be greatly strengthened. The peace-loving nature of the Chinese is said to be largely due to this respect for the human body.—*Chamber's Journal.*

A LESSON.

A bar of iron worth \$5, worked into horse shoes, is worth \$10.50; made into needles, it is worth \$355; made into pen-knife blades, it is worth \$3,285; made into balance springs for watches, it is worth about \$250,000.

What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to reach all that! But, hammered and beaten and pounded and rolled and polished, how was its value increased? It might well have quivered and complained under the hard knocks it got; but were they not all necessary to draw out its fine qualities and fit it for higher offices? And so, children, all the drilling and training to which you are subjected in youth, and which often seems so hard to you, serve to bring out your noble and finer qualities, and fit you for more responsible posts and greater usefulness in the world.—*Sel.*

ONLY A GRAIN OF SAND.

A man who for years carried an old and cherished watch about him, one day called on its maker and told him it was no longer useful, for it would no longer keep time correctly.

"Let me examine it," said the maker, and taking a powerful glass, he looked carefully and steadily into the works, till he spied one grain of sand.

"I have it," he said; "I can get over your difficulty."

About this moment, by some powerful but unseen power, the little grain suspecting what was coming, cried out;

"Let me alone; I am but a little thing and take up so little room, I can not possibly injure the watch. Twenty or thirty of us might do harm; but I can not, so let me alone."

The watch maker replied: "You must come out, for you spoil my works, and all the more because so small, and but few people can see you."

Thus it is in the home. One cross feeling, one hasty word, one angry look, may mar and hinder the running of the perfect machinery. We may go alone, and with God set again the time-piece, but if we do not trust in his keeping power, how soon the old enemy is on hand to thrust in again the little grain which will impair the works and hinder the wheels, and present a false face to all who are around! Let us, then, look to our Saviour as one who is able to "keep us from falling," and trust him as the God who will deliver from the temptation, and keep the home-watch running perfectly.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

The following incident, related of a little heathen Bengalese girl, shows what children in these far off countries sometimes suffer for the sake of their religion.

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had caused it, would give no answer, but looked ready to burst out in crying.

But another child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many days, asked her why she so neglected her devotions, to which she replied: "Father, I have not neglected my devotions; I have prayed every day to Jesus. I do not pray to idols, because I do not believe in them."

This so enraged the father that he seized her by the neck, took her before the idol, and, having first bowed reverently before it himself, forcibly bent the child's head several times, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said that she did not much mind, adding: "I can not believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."

MELANCHOLY.

Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two and twenty receipts against melancholy; one was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another to keep a box of plums on the mantelpiece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.—*Sydney Smith.*

THE MASTER ALWAYS IN.

"Johnnie," said a man winking slyly to a clerk of his acquaintance in a dry goods store, "you must give me an extra measure; your master is not in."

Johnnie looked up in the man's face very seriously and said: "My Master is always in."