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THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

THE

CHILDREN'S
RECORD

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

VOL. 1. JANUARY, 1886. No. 1.

The Children's Record,

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR
THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address.

Single copies 30 cents.

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

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

All communications to be addressed to
Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

The three numbers already issued are reckoned as trial numbers. The regular issue for the first year will date from January.

For the many kindly words of encouragement we tender hearty thanks. From among them we select a few, beginning with the rising sun and following him Westward.

From Rev. Dr. Macgregor, Halifax, Agent of the Church, Eastern Section:

"I have received to-day THE CHILDREN'S RECORD. I am highly pleased with it and wish the effort success."

From Rev. Principal McKnight, D. D., Presbyterian College, Halifax:

"I am very much pleased with THE CHILDREN'S RECORD. The articles are interesting and instructive, without being childish. The get up, too, is excellent—good paper and print, monthly, for 15c. a year! I wish you a large circulation, as a means of widening and deepening the interest of our people in the Missionary cause."

From Rev. Dr. Burns, Halifax:

"THE CHILDREN'S RECORD is packed with good, useful Missionary reading for children. The original matter and the selections richly deserve a careful perusal. They are not fictions, but facts, of real practical value, and of more thrilling interest than attaches to the sensational literature of which our young folks are becoming too fond. It would be a great

blessing if they could be induced to read from beginning to end such a monthly as this. It would supply them with new thoughts and nobler aspirations, increase the amount of our Sunday School collections for Missions, and perhaps, by God's grace, induce some to devote themselves to the work."

From Rev. Principal McVicar, D. D., Presbyterian College, Montreal:

"No one who has the prosperity of our church work at heart can doubt the usefulness of your undertaking. Children as well as their seniors and parents should be kept fully informed as to our missionary and other operations. If you can accomplish this, as I trust you may in some good degree, and supply other useful and attractive reading for young and old you will confer lasting benefits on the cause of Christianity. I wish you abundant success."

From Rev. Dr. Moore, Ottawa:

"I like the get up of THE CHILDREN'S RECORD very much, and will at once recommend it to the notice of the Superintendent of our Sabbath School."

From Rev. Principal Grant, D. D., Queen's College, Kingston:

"I sympathize with your aim of bringing the children of the church into the closest possible relation with our Missionaries, and I think that THE CHILDREN'S RECORD, of which I have received the first copy, will be a means to that end. I trust that the enterprise may succeed far and wide."

From Rev. Dr. Cochrane, Brantford:

"THE CHILDREN'S RECORD promises to be a most useful and interesting medium for conveying Missionary intelligence to the younger members of our church. The contents of the first number are so varied, that teachers can find in it matter equally adapted to the younger as well as the older children in their classes, while in every Christian home, where it has once been introduced, it will be a welcome visitor. I trust that it may be largely circulated in our Sabbath Schools."

From Rev. Prof. McLaren, D. D., Knox College, Toronto:

"I have examined with much satisfaction the copies of THE CHILDREN'S RECORD which have come to hand. You have my best wishes for the success of your new enterprise. Your paper promises to fill a blank in the periodical literature of our Church, and to fill it well. The matter which it contains is varied, and is evidently selected with a wise adaptation to the wants of the young, and is alike fitted to interest and do good. Indeed, judging from my own experience, persons of more mature years, may be attracted to it and profited by its perusal. THE CHILDREN'S RECORD has begun well, and in your hands I am confident it will continue to prosper. I trust it will find a cordial welcome in the Sabbath Schools and among the young, both in the West and in the East. Wherever it is generally circulated it cannot fail to prove a blessing to the Church. I may add, that the remarkably low rate at which you supply your paper, should go far to secure for it the wide circulation which it deserves."

From Rev. James Robertson, D. D., Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba and The North West:

"Such a periodical will certainly fill a gap in our Church literature. I shall be pleased to do anything I can to advance its circulation."

Wishing the new venture every success, I remain, yours truly.

Three Young Martyrs.

When children read about martyrs burned at the stake they think that all such dreadful things took place long ago. But some have to suffer for Christ yet.

Not long since in Nyanza Mission in Africa, three lads suffered martyrdom.

"They were bound alive to a scaffolding, under which a fire was made and they were slowly roasted to death. Their persecutors taunted them, bidding them pray to Isa Masiya, Jesus Christ, and see if he would rescue them. The lads clung to their faith, singing their hymns in the fire. One of their tormentors was so impressed by their Christian fortitude that he has determined to learn to pray also."

Bishop Ryle and the Blind Child.

Bishop Ryle, of England, says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun or moon, or stars, grass or trees or birds, or any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her own father or mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the Bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway this day I speak of. No one she knew was with her, not a friend nor a relation to take care of her; yet, though totally blind, she was quite happy and content.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people there are in this car. I am quite blind and can see nothing." And she was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, "I am not frightened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

"But tell me," said the Bishop, "why are you so happy?"

"I love Jesus and He loves me; I sought Jesus and I found Him," was the reply.

The Bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible," he asked.

"My teacher used to read to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best?" asked the Bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the Gospels," she said; "but what I like best of all, is the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him the Bishop read to her, as the train dashed along, the twentieth, twenty-first, and twenty-second chapters of the book of Revelation.

New Hebrides.

Letter from Mrs. McKenzie.

The children who like to hear about the little folks in Mission schools in the New Hebrides, will be glad to read the letter given below from Mrs. J. W. McKenzie, one of our missionaries there.

ERAKOR, EFATE, JUNE 29th, '85.

My Dear Miss McCulloch:—

I now write to acknowledge receipt of box so kindly forwarded by the Juvenile Society in Truro. The articles were all perfectly good, even the candy was quite hard. There was a box came to us from Stellarton by Mr. Robertson containing a number of ready made garments. Some of these, added to three sent from Truro, made sufficient for the whole school. Each girl received a dress, and each boy a shirt or suit.

Both Mr. McK. and I thought it would be better to give the little ones their entertainment now than to keep the articles until next Christmas. So last Thursday we had the pleasure of seeing the little ones spend a happy day. As it was not Christmas we dispensed with the goose. I suppose you are aware that Christmas goose here is a hog.

On Wednesday, with the help of some of the teachers, we arranged and ticketed all the articles. We wished to follow out the original idea, viz.: giving each child two articles. So, after garments were laid aside for all, we prepared a plate and spoon or pannikin for each. Then prizes were to be given; these consisted of tin basins, print, etc.

On Thursday morning the children met to make their food. The boys prepared the wood and scraped the coconuts, the girls pared and scraped the yams. As soon as the food was placed in the ovens they assembled on the grass near our house and partook freely of a large boiler of rice which had been cooked by one of the young men. They then went to the point to have some fun. When the tree was decorated and we were ready for them they were arranged in seven classes and marched up. At the head of each was a

teacher carrying a flagstaff. The flags were colored handkerchiefs sewed together. Mr. McK. addressed them at some length, after which we had some singing and prayer.

The presents were first distributed, then the prizes explained and handed to the successful parties, lastly came the candy. A little bag was handed to each child. The happy looks on their faces told that they were greatly pleased.

A number of them appeared in their new clothes on Sabbath. I saw smiles among the boys, owing, I fancied, to their new suits, it is such an unusual thing for the boys to wear trousers. Hitherto we have been thankful to provide each with a shirt.

I have a sewing class every week with the little girls; some of them are mere tots, so small. I insist on them doing their work slowly and carefully and when they do so it is wonderfully neat. Some of the older ones worked button-holes in their dresses and did them very nicely.

So far it has been a kind of Dorcas Society. We have made garments for the orphan children. I of course supply the material. The teachers wives assisted with the cutting, but now I am teaching the older girls to do it. Several of them are between eleven and twelve years of age, none older.

I should tell you that we have a number of adults attending the children's school. They are heathen who came from an inland village in February. There are about twenty of them. We felt they would make more progress in the children's school than elsewhere. A number of heathen have come in from other parts of our field and settled in other villages. So far each person has been supplied with a garment by us or some of the Christian natives. But now my dear young friends I must close. Thanking you again for your continued interest in the Lord's cause here, and trusting that you will meet with very great success in all your efforts to serve him, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

AMANDA MCKENZIE.

Ko-a-Bak.

Ko-A-Bak was a young Chinaman who was brought to America by Rev. Dr. Dean. On the passage he had charge of the missionary's little daughter and became very fond of her. On their arrival the little girl was taken to her relations, and when the time of parting came, the poor man was full of sorrow. He shed many tears, and for many days could find nothing to interest him, even in the wonders of a strange land.

He had a yellow skin, and glossy, black hair hanging down his back in two long heavy braids tied with black ribbons, and reaching-nearly to his feet. He was quite small and looked like a boy, although he was twenty-two years old. He wore a small round cap with a sort of knob on the top, and light, loose garments, of Chinese cut and style, and always carried a fan in his hand.

One day this Chinaman, with the missionary, visited a school of little children, and Dr. Dean told the children if they wished to ask his Chinese friend any questions they could, and he would act as interpreter. So one of the children said,—

“Have you any brothers and sisters?”

Ko-A-Bak replied, “Yes, I have several.”

“Are they Christians?” was the next question.

“They are not.”

“Have they Bibles?”

“They have not.”

Then one of the little boys stepped forward and presented Ko-A-Bak with a silver dollar. He smiled, looked at the money, and then at the child, and then at Dr. Dean, and finally shook his head, and gave the money back.

Dr. Dean asked him why he did so, and he said, “Because it is not right to take money from little children.”

Dr. Dean then explained that though the money was given by the children, it was with the consent and desire of their teachers and friends. Then he took the money and said, “I thank you very much. I will buy Testaments with it for my brothers and sisters, and if there is any

left it shall go to buy one for some other poor Chinaman.”

This warm-hearted Chinaman stayed in this country a little over a year, in which time he made many friends and formed many attachments; so that although he longed to see his own people again, and tell them of all he had seen and learned here, yet the parting was very painful.

There were services on board the vessel when they sailed, during which he buried his face in his hands, and when he raised his head his eyes were swollen with weeping. As he held his friends by the hand, amid tears and sobs, he said, in his broken English, “Meriky good, China good;” then clasping his hands and turning his eyes upward he added, “Home! Heaven!” by which they understood that he was thinking of the heavenly home where they would meet to part no more.—*Little Helpers.*

Voices Calling.

Hark! the voices loudly calling,

Wafted hither o'er the sea,
And in tones entreating, tender,

Even now they summon thee.

Calling ever, ever calling,

Hark! the message is to thee!

Heathen mothers bowing blindly,

Unto gods of wood and stone,
By their cries and tears they call thee

Now to make the Saviour known.

Little children, sad and sinning,

Bid them seek to be forgiven!

Tell them of the blessed Saviour,

Say he waits for them in Heaven.

Before the children in every Sabbath school, stand the children in heathen lands, stretching out eager hands and saying,
“Will you not give to us the word!”

See heathen nations lending

Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending

In gratitude above:

While sinners, now confessing,

The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,

A nation in a day.

Are you Safe?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing, as they played,—

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o’ershaded
Sweetly my soul shall rest.”

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones’ talk, unobserved by them.

“Sister, how do you know you are safe?” said Nellie, the younger of the two.

“Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands—tight!” promptly replied sister.

“Ah! that’s not safe,” said the other child. “Suppose Satan came along, and cut your two hands off!”

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out,—

“Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding *me* with his two hands, and Satan can’t cut his off; so I am safe!”—*Day-spring.*

Swords and Guns.

Last spring there was a rebellion among the Indians and half breeds of the North West, and it cost our country nearly five millions of dollars, besides many precious lives, to put it down. The soldiers used guns. I want to tell you an easier way of overcoming these Indians, that is, to attack them with swords instead of guns. If we attack them with guns some of them will be killed, but the others will be ready to fight again. If we conquer them with swords they will not want to fight. But what kind of a sword must we use. “The sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God.” A minister who was in the North West during the rebellion says that if Christian teachers had been among these Indians for the last ten years there would have been no rebellion. It is always cheaper and better to use that sword than guns.

Happy is the man *that* fineth wisdom, and the man *that* geteth understanding.

“Can’t we do something?”

A missionary in Africa had established a school for coloured children, which gave him much joy, for they loved the Saviour. One day he told them that there were still a great many idolaters in the world, who did not know the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there were societies in England, Germany, and France which sent missionaries to these poor pagans. The little coloured children then said, “And cannot we do something else?”

“Reflect upon it,” replied the missionary; “and come and tell me.”

One morning, however, they came to the school full of joy, and said to the missionary, “We wish to form a little juvenile missionary society.”

“That is very well,” said the master; “but what will you give for missions?”

The eldest answered, “Each of us will oblige himself to collect as much money as he can without begging. As for those boys of us who are largest and strongest, we will go into the woods to find bark; and carry it to the tanner, who has promised us a florin for each load.”

Another interrupted him and said, “And as for the rest of us, we will gather gum, and sell it for four shillings a pound.”

“And we,” exclaimed the smallest children, “will carry ashes and sell them to the soap-maker.”

Then the girls said, “We will collect locks of wool, and sell them.” Others said, “We will get hens, and sell the eggs and the chickens.”

The children did not rest satisfied with making promises. They executed their plan, without neglecting school; and at the end of a year they held a meeting, under the direction of a missionary, and carefully paid over to him all they had raised. And how much do you think they put into his hands? More than *ten pounds!*—*Children’s Friend.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

The Cross Box.

It was a rainy day, and all the children had to stay in the house. Ned had planned to go fishing, and Johnny wanted to set up a wind-mill he had made. Susie wanted to gather her flower-seeds, and Pet was anxious to hunt for her white kitten in the barns.

So all were disappointed, and before night had become cross, and peevish, and snappish. Mamma called them all to her and talked very gravely.

They were quiet for a while after it. In half an hour Ned brought a small box and showed his mother. He had cut a little hole in the top just large enough to let a cent through, and under it were the words cross-box.

"Look, mamma," he said, "s'posing whenever any of us speak cross we made ourselves pay a cent for a fine? Susie and Johnny and Pet are so cross it would be a good thing. We'll try who can keep out of the box the longest."

Mamma laughed and said it might be a very good plan if they all agreed to it; but if they did agree they must do as they promised.

"I'll agree," said Susie; "I'm not going to be cross any more."

"And I," said Johnny.

"And I," added Pet.

"What shall we do with all the money?" asked Susie.

"We'll buy a magic lantern," replied Ned.

"No, we'll buy a whole lot of candy," said Johnny.

"No," added Susie, "we'll send it for a bed in the Children's Hospital."

"I tell you," said Ned, angrily, "if you don't do as I want to I'll pitch the box out of the window."

"Where's your penny, Ned?" asked mamma.

Ned looked very foolish, but brought the first penny and dropped it into the box.

Mamma thought the box really did some good. The children learned to watch against getting angry, and little lips would be shut tight to keep the ugly words from

coming through.

When school began they were so busy that the box was forgotten. Weeks later mamma was putting a closet in order one Saturday.

"Here's the cross-box!" she said.

"I'm going to see how much money there is," cried Ned. "Seventeen cents. That's enough to buy lemons and nuts and play peanuts stand. Let's do it."

"Oh!" said Susie, "there goes poor little lame Jimmy. I think it would be nice to give it to him."

"I say"—whispered Pet.

"I won't!" whined Johnny.

"I"—. No one knows what Ned was going to say in a very crabbed voice, for just then he clapped one hand on his mouth and with the other held up a warning finger.

"Look out," he half whispered, "or there'll be four more cents in the cross-box for Jimmy.—*Sel.*

A Bear Bargain.

"It is a jolly knife!" said Ted, admiringly.

"There are three blades besides the corkscrew," said Tom; "it could not have cost less than half a dollar."

"What made him give it you?" said Ted. "I wish he had taken it into his head to give it me."

"Why, I'll tell you," said Tom, laughing. "He's so green, you know. I gave him my red alley for it, and the medal I picked up in the road: and I told him the medal was silver and the alley was real marble, and worth a lot of money, and he thinks he's got a great bargain."

"O," said Ted, "that alters the case. I would not have it at that price if you gave me a hundred pounds as well."

"Why not," said Tom, "if he's such a soft as to believe everything you tell him?"

"He's welcome to sell his knife how he likes," said Ted, turning on his heel, "but I would not sell my character for all the knives in the world."—*Boys' and Girls' Com.*

I was going to.

Children are very fond of saying, "I was going to." The boy lets the rat catch his chickens. He was going to fill up the hole with glass and to set traps for the rats; but he did not do it in time and the chickens were eaten. He consoles himself for the loss, and excuses his carelessness by saying, "I was going to attend to that."

A boy wets his feet and sits without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in; and he was going to do it, but did not.

A girl tears her dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but forgot it.

And so we might go on giving instance after instance, such as happen in every home with almost every man and woman and boy and girl. "Procrastination is" not only "the thief of time," but the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I-was-going-to" lives in your house just give him warning to leave. He is a loungeur and a nuisance. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The boy or girl who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-going-to" out of your house and keep him out. Always do things which you were going to do.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

Home Missionaries.

What is a missionary? We commonly speak of him as one who carries the good news to the heathen and makes them good and glad. The little readers of THE CHILDREN'S RECORD should be little missionaries at home, making their little brothers and sisters good by setting them a good example, and making their fathers and mothers glad by obedience, kindness and love. By thus following Jesus and being little "Home" missionaries, you will become better fitted for being big missionaries by and by.

Only a Little Child.

"And a little child shall lead them."—Isa. 6; 6.

Only a little Sunday school girl,
You ask me what I can do?
I'll tell you just what the Bible says,
It's nothing at all that is new;
But the Lord has written it down in his
Book,
And he only writes what is true.

He says that the hand of a little child,
So helpless to earn its own bread,
May lead, yes! may lead to the foot of the
Cross,
To Jesus, who suffered and bled;
May lead the poor wanderer out of his sin,
Away from his sorrow and dread.

May lead him to comfort, may lead him to
rest,

To the peace that is lasting and sweet;
That the world cannot give, that the world
cannot take,
To the Lord, who will make all com-
plete.

Have we not a mission that angels might
wish,
Who dwell in the far blue above,
To bring such glad tidings to poor sinning
ones,
Whom on earth our dear Saviour did
love?—*Sel.*

China's Need.

Two of our missionaries are laboring in Formosa, an island near China, so that you have some interest in that great empire. Let me try to give you an idea of its need. First, let me tell you how many missionaries there are laboring in China. There are 410 ordained missionaries from Europe and America; over 300 of them have wives who are working with them, while there are 134 unmarried female missionaries. Yet with all these there is but little more than one man and woman to every million of people, which would be at the rate of half a dozen men and women to all the Dominion of Canada. Another way in which you may see the need is in the well known saying: "A million a month in China dying with us! God."

Two Hindu Boys.

There were two Hindu boys who grew up in a heathen village in India. Their names were Pedia Tumby (older brother) and Tumbyah (younger brother). They went to day school in their village and learned to read in their own language. But that was not enough. They were ambitious, so they were sent twenty miles from home to a famous English school. At this school there was a Christian teacher, and he used to read the Bible to these heathen boys every morning and spent a little time explaining to them about Christ and his coming to the world to save sinners.

Tumbyah was a very bright boy. He soon saw how foolish were the heathen ceremonies. He first gave up rubbing ashes, then he stopped going to heathen temples. At last he was baptized and became a Christian. Pedia Tumby went home a heathen, as he came. The Christian brother became a teacher in the High School, and at last was made a professor in a College in India.

The heathen brother for a time stayed on his farm and went out every day to the rice fields as an overseer to the coolies. He often talked about the Christian religion, but he could not humble himself, give up his caste, and become a Christian. At last he began to go about India on pilgrimages to celebrated heathen shrines. He finally neglected all business and became a sort of devotee.

The Brahmin priests, hoping to enrich themselves with his money, told him he must go to the holy city, Benares, and if he died there his soul would be purified from sin. Pedia Tumby bade good-by to his comfortable home and set out on his long and dangerous journey. When he arrived at Benares a great festival was in progress. Thousands of people from all parts of India had flocked to this holy city of the Hindus.

Day after day Pedia Tumby attended the sacred ceremonies, but still at the end of the festivities he was alive. He determined to return no more to his native land, but climbing to a lofty window in a

building opposite the temple, he flung himself upon the pavement below, and was taken up dead.

The Brahmins took his dead body and burned it upon a funeral pile and afterward collected a little jar full of the ashes and sprinkled them upon the Ganges. His family were left without a protector, and Tumbyah cares for the widow and children. Oh, if this Hindu when a boy had only learned Christ while learning English, what a useful man he might have been to his countrymen!

There was another Hindu boy who became a Christian while studying in the English High School. His name was Valan. After he was baptized his mother would not cook for him, and his friends had to provide him with food. After a time Valan studied medicine and went to the south of Ceylon to be a doctor in a hospital. God prospered him, and after a few years, when he returned, a rich and honored man, his heathen friends forgot how cruelly they had treated him and tried to gain his notice. God honors those who honor him.—*The Little Missionary.*

The Reason.

Two little girls sat down one day
Beside the garden wall to play,
And full, as children are, of chat,
They talked of this and then of that;
And I, who chanced to pass that way,
Heard Rosabel to Lucy say
"Do you mind what your mother says?"
And Lucy, nodding, answered "Yes."
"I don't," responded Rosabel,
"That is, not always. She can't tell
If I don't mind when out of sight."
Said Lucy "That's not doing right."
"But why," asked Rosie, "do you do
Just what your mother wants you to?"
Lucy looked down a little while
In silent thought, then with a smile
Looked up again, and answered she
"Why, I love her, and she loves me!"

—*Golden Days.*

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

The City and People of Bombay.

BY MRS. ROUSE, OF CALCUTTA.

It contains a good many fine broad streets, handsome houses and large shops, built by English people; but there are also many very narrow, crooked lanes, full of high houses, crowded by natives of various races.

Perhaps if you went there, what would surprise you most at first would be the many different kinds of people you saw, and the many different languages spoken by them. Most of these people have dark skins, but some are much darker than others, and the dresses worn by them are different, but one thing is true of nearly all whom you would see—they are heathens, and worship idols.

Most of the inhabitants are Hindus, who have more idols than you could count. Their idols are of every shape and form, some made of gold and silver, others only of clay and wood: but yet these poor, deluded people actually bow down and worship them, and give their money as an offering to them. Every morning they repeat their forms of prayer, either at the side of the river, or in a temple, or to the images in their own houses, and then many of them put various marks upon their forehead and chests. Some have white, some red, some yellow marks, and whoever looks at them knows at once whom they worship. There is no need to ask whether they are Hindus; we see they are, and that they are not ashamed to have it known.

It is very sad to know that a false religion has such power over the natives of India, but surely we may learn a lesson for ourselves from it. If we loved the Lord Jesus, we should never be ashamed for our companions to know it, and though it is not the custom to put any outward mark on the forehead, don't you think we ought to try to be so much like him in our spirit and behaviour that other people should be able to know it? Even while you are young, you may learn to be like him, if you love him and read his word and pray to him.

Beside the Hindus, there are some other

people called *Parsees*, descended from the Persians. They are a clever and sensible people, prosperous in business and generous, and anxious to have their children taught, and yet, strange to say, they keep to their old superstitions. They worship the sun and fire, praying with their faces toward the east, and in their temples they have a sacred fire which is never allowed to go out.

Then there are others called Mohammedans, who follow a false prophet, who lived many years ago, and founded a new form of religion. They reject all idols and worship only one true God; but they will not receive the New Testament, nor the Saviour whom God has sent to us. They are very particular about repeating their prayers, but these are only vain repetitions of words, without the heart being in them; and they will get up in the midst of a prayer to quarrel or attend to business, and then go back to finish it, not knowing that the Lord will not receive the worship of the *lips* while men's thoughts are busy with other things.

The Tamil Boy's Gift for Missions.

A missionary in India writes about a little Tamil boy in Ceylon as follows:

Some years ago the native Christians of Jaffna, Ceylon, formed themselves into a missionary society for the purpose of sending teachers and preachers to the people of seven small islands lying West of us.

A few Sabbaths ago in Paudit, the native preacher was urging his people to give towards this society. Some of the congregation looked indifferent, thinking perhaps they had enough to do to support their own schools and church; but one little boy, sitting close by his mother, was listening very attentively, and when he heard that there were many little children on these islands who had no schools, no kind teachers, no books, as he had—that, worst of all, they had no Sabbath schools, no Bibles, and never had heard of the Saviour whom he loved—he looked up quickly in his mother's face and whispered, "Oh, my money-box! You said I might

do whatever I pleased with it. 'Oh, mother! give it! give it!'

The mother was astonished that her little boy had understood all the preacher had said. She now began to listen more carefully herself; and every now and then, as if to emphasize the speaker's words, she felt a soft little pinch on her arm, and heard an eager voice close beside her whisper, "Give it, give it, mother." And, along with the words of the sermon, some other words, spoken long ago, kept coming to her mind: "If these should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out." "Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

The little boy had his request, for the next Sabbath, when the bag came around, he dropped into it two little fists quite full of cents, half-cents, quarter-cents, and eighth-cents, for we have such small coins here, where so many people are poor and money is scarce.

But, when the bag came to his mother, great was the child's surprise to see her quietly slip off the two gold bracelets from her arms and drop them both into the bag. They had come down to her from her mother and grandmother, and were part of her marriage portion, and worth \$35 or \$40. But the words of her only child had rung in her ears all the week, and she said to herself, "I also will give to God and his cause something precious."

Motherhood in Japan.

The young Japanese wife is often not very happy, but she tries to be contented with the scanty rays of heat sunshine that brighten her home, and, at length, motherhood comes to her as a solace. But even that joy is not of long duration. Her little one dies; and the ancient Shinto faith, devoutly believed by her far-off ancestors and transmitted to later generations, casts no light upon its future destiny. Buddhism, taught her by her parents, sheds a light, it is true, over the baby's grave; but its sombre revealings are worse than darkness.

It tells her that the dead child has

groped its weary way out into a strange region, darkened by a dreary mountain, and threaded by a gloomy river, on whose banks a horrible old crone waits to seize the souls of little children and send them, whither think you? To a stony purgatory where tired baby hands must toil, day after day, building great stone-heaps with little fingers only meant for toys and tender caresses.

One of the most pathetic poems I ever read in the Japanese language, voices the grief of a parent—of a mother I think—who laments that her little daughter must wander alone and unguided over the dark mountain which rises in the spirit world:—

"How then shall my daughter,

My winsome, wee child,

Find her way through the shadows,

So lonely and wild?"

Who will answer? Surely some one must send, some one must go to tell these mothers that the "Good Shepherd's" arms are strong, and that no evil hand can pluck the lost lamb from their clasp, as he bears it through the bridgeless river and over the dark mountains, straight to the "upper fold."—*Ill. Miss. News.*

What we ought to be.

Jesus, when a little child,
Taught us what we ought to be.

Holy, harmless, undefiled,

Was the Saviour's infancy:

All the Father's glory shone

In the person of his Son.

As in age and strength he grew,

Heavenly wisdom filled his breast,

Crowds attentive round him drew,

Wondering at their infant guest;

Gazed upon his lovely face,

Saw him full of truth and grace.

Father, guide our steps aright

In the way that Jesus trod:

May it be our great delight

To obey thy will, O God!

Then to us shall soon be given

Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

—*Sel.*

Trinidad.

Letter from Annie Mewa.

Annie is a little girl in one of our Mission Schools in Trinidad. A few years ago she knew nothing about Jesus. Your Missionaries told her of the way of life and now you have letters from her in your CHILDREN'S RECORD.

PRINCESTOWN, TRINIDAD,
Sept. 22, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND, -

I hope you will accept these few lines. Three of us went to Palmyra village yesterday afternoon with one of the elders of our church, Mr. C. C. Soodeen, to keep Sunday school there, we had about twenty children that came to hear him. He gave me all the little ones to teach them something good. I told them about Abraham and his son Isaac. I made them say the Ten Commandments, the Creed, and the Catechism, and a hymn

"Gentle Jesus meek and mild
Look upon a little child."

And then we sung some more hymns, then we closed.

In Princetown we have got a new church: the large back window is painted a great many different colours, and the rest are plain. Our minister, Mr. Macleod, is sick. He sometimes brings up blood. The doctor says that he is not very strong. He and his wife and children are gone to the woods called Piparo for a little change. They will remain a month.

In our school there are about one hundred and above pupils. It is very difficult to get them to come to school. Sometimes they will run under their beds and hide, some in the cane field, some will hide in barrels, some on the tree top. Miss Blackadder, our teacher, sometimes gets very discouraged with them. Miss Blackadder is keeping very well this year.

I am an orphan girl. My father died some years ago. He was found dead on the railway line. My mother and my brothers and some other friends went and buried him. Not very long after he died, the Rev. J. Morton heard of it. He came

down to our house and put us three little fatherless and motherless girls into his carriage and brought us to Princetown to Miss Blackadder. She has been very kind to us, just as a mother would be to her children. I am still with her. I have got two brothers. One is married, he has one of my youngest sisters with him, and the other sister is sick in Tunapuna hospital. Mr. Morton is living in Tunapuna now, and all his family. I am lame and cannot walk about very much. Miss Blackadder is going to send for a crutch for me from England, I am sure she is very kind. I am trying to study very hard, that I may be able to teach a little school myself, if God spares my life. I cannot think of anything else just now to tell you.

I remain

Yours with respect,
ANNIE MEWA.

Letter from Miss Blackadder.

A TEACHER FROM NOVA SCOTIA, IN ONE OF
THE MISSION SCHOOLS IN TRINIDAD.

We have lost one of our best and brightest boys, Abdul, a Mohammedan boy, aged 15 or 16 years. He has attended our school for some years and wanted to join the church, but his parents would not listen to his pleadings for a moment. A year ago his parents, fearing Christian influence, removed him from school. The boy reluctantly obeyed, but attended the Church services and Sabbath School.

Some months ago Mr. McLeod took Abdul as a monitor in the Primary department of our school. Abdul was kind and loving to the tiny ones in that class.

It was a part of his duties to go out and get them in from the highways. Often the heathen people would laugh at him, sometimes they would abuse the young teacher. He would often be called a "Christian dog." He bore all with patience, saying, "they did worse than that to Jesus."

The children hearing that Mr. and Mrs. McLeod would soon leave us, wishing to make some little effort to show them that their labors had been valued, made a good

collection and bought a number of useful articles for their minister and his wife. Abdul took an active part, carried the invitations, learned some beautiful lines to recite, that now seem almost prophetic. The day came, happy children filled the school room, made sweet and pretty by beautiful flowers and pretty pictures. But poor Abdul was not among the children. He was laid upon a bed of sickness and suffering that was to be unto death. The fever took him on Tuesday. No danger was apprehended till Saturday. On Monday he died. Mrs. McLeod, who was with him when he died, says that calmly and quietly the life went.

The poor mother, now childless by the death of this her last son, cried in her agony: "Oh Abdool, my son, my son." Not yet can the desolate mother say with the sorrowful King David, "I will go to him." The dead body was rolled in cotton cloth, carried to the grave, put into the grave without a coffin, and left to its lonely rest.

The death of this boy has made a deep, and we hope lasting, impression upon our young people. The Mohammedan Priests came, read the Koran, tried all they could to shake his faith, but in vain. The dear boy died with a firm belief in Christ, that neither parental displeasure or priestly influence could move, that could not be troubled or shaken in the last and trying danger of death. We who have known the boy so long feel sure that he is now safe from all evils, free from all trials, and in the presence of the Saviour in whom he trusted for Eternal life.

Extract of Letter from Miss Sample.

A TEACHER, FROM CANADA, IN ONE OF YOUR MISSION SCHOOLS IN TRINIDAD. TO THE HALIFAX W. F. M. S.

I must hasten to bring this letter to a close, and I will do so by giving you an account of a Sabbath's work just past.

Up at 7 o'clock—(very late for me, for I felt rather tired). At 8.30 I took my picture book and bayhan and set out into the village. The first place I called at was the house of one of my little boys who

was sick with fever. He was asleep so I did not disturb him, but gave the mother some instructions as to what she was to do for the boy, and then was about to take my leave, but she urged me to sit down, which I did. I took out my books. She seated herself on the ground at my feet and called her children around her, and asked two or three boys who were playing at the door. The singing of a bayhan brought in three women, and by this time we had quite an audience. They seemed touched with the story of Joseph, and said: "Ah, his brothers too bad." Then I told how God made it all turn out for good.

From here I went further up into the village, hardly knowing whither I went, but before I left I asked God to direct my course, and it was to the house of a Mohammedan. I was passing his house when he came out and called me in. A box was immediately brought on which I was invited to sit. I took out my picture book and was again surrounded by eager listeners. When I had talked to them for a while the man went into the house and soon returned with some money which he offered me. "What is this for?" I said. "Oh, for you!" "No," said I, "I won't take your money now." Said he, "What did you come here for this morning?" "I came because I am interested in you and I like to see you." "Well, we are glad to see you, and that is why I want you to take this money," and he insisted, but I refused, I told him I might take something else sometime, but not the money. His wife then said she would send me some eggs. The Coolies are very kind. Before leaving we sang two or three hymns, this man's little girl helping me. She sang very sweetly. Her parents were astonished when they heard her but were the less pleased.

We then went to the house of an old blind woman. After reading to her and singing a few hymns we came home in the hot, mid-day sun; the thermometer must have been as high as 92.

At 2 o'clock I again went out to gather the children for Sabbath School. My

Sabbath School! What shall I say about it? It has almost out-grown my management. I have very little help and have an attendance of about 80. To-day I had 92. It is cheering indeed to see so many of these poor heathen children gathered together to receive Christian instruction. We humbly pray that the Spirit may apply the word to many young hearts. Ours is a mission to children. A great work truly, and one from which much may be expected. A sowing of precious seed in the spring-time from which much fruit may, we trust, be gathered. I feel the responsibility, but I am assured that the blessing of God goes with his work. With this assurance I go forward and look forward with hope and confidence to the future.

Before I close I would ask the Ladies of your Society, when making up your boxes for the Mission field, to remember that there are many destitute little children in Tacarigua. As yet, we have not received anything for this school. We are all very grateful to you all for your interest and prayers. We are a small band of workers, but it strengthens us to know we are remembered in the great congregation. With best wishes for the prosperity of your society, and kindly greetings to all, I remain, my dear Miss Campbell,

Yours very sincerely,

A. A. SEMPLE.

En Jesus' Place.

The following beautiful story though told to grown up people at a Missionary meeting in the United States is a very nice one for children:— "There is a beautiful story told about a little child in an orphanage in Germany.

"They were having supper in the dining hall, and the teacher gave thanks as usual, saying, 'Come, Lord Jesus, and be our guest to-night, and bless the mercies which Thou hast provided.' One little boy looked up and said, 'Teacher, you always ask the Lord Jesus to come, but He never comes. Will He ever come?' 'Oh, yes: if you will only hold on in faith, he will be sure

to come.' 'Very well,' said the little boy; 'I will set a chair for Him beside me here to-night, to be ready when he comes.' And so the meal proceeded.

"By and by there came a rap at the door, and there was ushered in a poor, half-frozen apprentice. He was taken to the fire and his hands warmed. Then he was asked to partake of the meal, and where should he go but to the chair which the little boy had provided. And as he sat down there the little boy looked up with a light in his eye, and said, 'Teacher, I see it now. The Lord Jesus was not able to come himself, and He sent this poor man in His place. Isn't that it?' Ay, that is just it.

And so the Lord Jesus isn't able, according to His plans for this world, to come personally yet among us, but He has sent people—Chinese, Indians and heathens—to make appeal in His behalf to us; and who among us will set a chair for Him? 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Nobility of Character.

As an illustration of the ruling spirit of considerateness in a noble character, we may cite the anecdote of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, of whom it is related that when mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on board the "Foudroyant," and to ease his pain, a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he experienced considerable relief.

He asked what it was. "It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply. "Whose blanket is it?" said he, half lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is." "It is Duncan Roy's of the 42d, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night." Even to ease his dying agony, the General would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.—*Sel.*

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.

My Boy, do you Smoke ?

The United States Navy annually takes into its service a large number of apprentice boys who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the government since the war to educate the "blue jacket" upon the principle that the more intelligent a mar is the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston, one of the Marine Corps who is in charge of the Washington Navy Yard barracks, is the authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease.

His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is: "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is "No, sir," but the tell-tale discoloration of the teeth at once shows the truth. The surgeons say that cigarette-smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of this defect comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed. This is a remarkable statement, coming as it does from so high an authority, and based upon the results of actual examinations going on day after day and month after month.

Jesus Shining in

A visitor went one cold day last spring to see a poor young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within. Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it. I thought, as I saw how she was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity it was her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said: "not a ray comes in at these windows. That I call a misfortune. Sunshine is every thing; I love the sun."

"O," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks." I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes every thing bright to me." I could not doubt her. She looked happier than any one I had seen for many a day. Yes! Jesus shining in at the window can make any spot beautiful and any home happy.—*Am. Mess.*

Getting the Worst.

A boy came to the door of a lady's house and asked if she did not want some berries, for he had been all day gathering them.

"Yes," said the lady, "I will take them." So she took the basket and stepped into the house, the boy remaining outside, whistling to some canary birds hanging in their cage on the porch.

"Why don't you come in and see that I measure your berries right?" said the lady; "how do you know but I may cheat you?" "I am not afraid," said the boy, "for you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it!" said the lady; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why, ma'am," said the boy, "I should only lose my berries, and you would make yourself a thief. Don't you think that would be getting the worst of it?"

The boy was right. He who steals or does anything wrong or mean just to gain a few pennies or a few dollars leads himself down with a sin which is worse than all the gain. Let this be borne in mind: The one who does a wrong to another always gets the worst of it.—*Can. Pres.*

The eye that mocketh at *his* father, and despiseth to obey *his* mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments; For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

A Plea for the Children.

We plead for the little children,
Who have opened their baby eyes
In the far-off lands of darkness
Where the shadow of death yet lies.

But not to be nurtured for heaven,
Not to be taught in the way,
Not to be watched o'er and guided
Lest their tiny feet should stray.

Ah, no ! It is idol-worship
Their stammering lips are taught ;
To cruel false gods only
Are their gifts and offerings brought.

And what can *we* children offer,
Who dwell in this Christian land ?
Is there no work for the Master
In reach of each little hand !

Oh, surely a hundred tapers,
Which even small fingers can clasp,
May lighten as much of the darkness
As a lamp in a stronger grasp.

And then as the line grows longer,
So many tapers, though small,
May kindle a brighter shining
Than a lamp would, after all.

Small hands may gather rich treasures,
And e'en infant lips can pray ;
Employ then the little fingers,
Let the children learn the way.

So the lights shall be quicker kindled,
And darkness the sooner shall flee ;
Many " little ones " learn of the Saviour
Both here and " far over the sea."
— *Mission Dayspring.*

Our Indians.

Where do they live ! In the North
West. Why are they called ours ? One
reason is that they live in our country.
But that brings with it another reason
why they are called ours. Being our
fellow-countrymen they are ours especially
to lead in the way of life, ours to tell of
Christ. Their country is ours. God has
intrusted them to our care.

Dying Without Hope.

Children ! Hear the clock. Tick—
tick, tick—tick. How fast the clock ticks,
day and night ; summer and winter, year
after year.

There is another ticking just as rapid,
going on year after year, never stopping.
Drop—drop, drop—drop. What is thus
for ever dropping as fast as the clock ticks ?
The heathen are dropping as quickly as
that out of life into the grave and into
eternity ; without God and without the
hope of a better life in Heaven. The
population of the world is about 1,500,000,-
000. Of these about 1,000,000,000 are
heathen, and from among them about
100,000 die every day or about one every
second, and they die without knowing of
Jesus, die without hope. And, just as
fast, the little baby heathen are coming
into the world and grow up in darkness
and sin with none to tell them of a Savior's
love. In the Mission fields in the New
Hebrides and India and China and Trini-
dad and the North West, and among the
Catholics of Quebec, where our mission-
aries have gone, many little children are
being taught the way of life. Your cents
and dimes carry the gospel to them and
thus you can all be little missionaries. I
think that some of the little readers of
THE CHILDREN'S RECORD will not only
send the gospel, but some of them will be
missionaries themselves and carry the
gospel when they grow up. Which of
you will it be !

Isles Waiting for His Law.

In the New Hebrides where three of
your missionaries with their wives are
laboring, there are many large islands
without the gospel, and in them about
seventy thousand heathen who know not
of Christ. Time after time as the Day-
spring touches at these islands the people
ask for missionaries, but in vain. The
harvest is plenteous but the laborers are
few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the
harvest, that He send forth laborers into
His harvest.