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GO YE INTO  
PREACH THE GOSPEL  
ALL THE WORLD AND  
TO EVERY CREATURE

The  
**HILDRENS  
RECORD.**

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Go I AM WITH YOU ALRV

BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF  
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

**A steam vessel.** There is a steam vessel running between Australia and the New Hebrides this year, and our Church is paying this steamer a certain sum to carry letters, supplies, building material, &c., to all the missions in the group. This, for the present we may look upon as our mission steamer, our Day Spring, and any who wish to help in this work can send their money to the agent of the Church for that purpose

**Those Essays.** Are just beginning to come in. Three have been received, but there has scarcely been time for any as yet. Let there be a large number. If so, then there will be essays and prizes on such subjects as: Our New Hebrides Mission: our Trinidad Mission; our Formosa Mission; our India Mission; our Honan Mission; our Home Missions; our French work, &c. They will be a little longer than the one you have been asked for, to give you a little more room for describing the work.

**Mission Jubilee.** is nearly fifty years since our Church began Foreign Mission work, and next summer there will be a celebration of our mission jubilee. And what have we to show in fifty years? Perhaps not so much as we might have, but we have more than seventy men and women from Canada working as missionaries in Foreign lands, and many Christian people there as a result of their labors. Besides these we have ten missionaries and their wives, and some teachers, laboring among the Indians of the North-West and British Columbia, and among the Chinese in Victoria.

Some of you who read this will live to see another mission jubilee, fifty years hence. Then it will be "our century of missions." What shall it be? If mission work goes on as it has in the past fifty years, there will be few places where the Gospel will not be preached. How some of us would like to see that day! Do your part well, young people, and make that far off day a day of joy and triumph for those who live to see it.

**A Noble Girl.** Who is she? One of our own missionary children, the eldest daughter of our missionary, Mr. Mackenzie of Efate.

A few months ago you had a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, and you were told that Mrs. Mackenzie had died suddenly not long before, and that Mr. Mackenzie was left alone among the natives, two of his children being away in Australia at school, and the other, a young woman, being a professional nurse in the city of Sydney, Australia.

When this young woman heard of her mother's death, she gave up, for a time at least, her good profession, and all the benefits of life in Sydney, and went away to Efate to help her father, and she is there now bravely and lovingly working for Christ.

**A Shareholder.** A poor boy in England was going to a meeting of the Bible Society. The day was very stormy. When asked why he was so anxious to go, he said, "I have share in the concern." All he could give was a penny but he felt that he was a shareholder and he wanted to hear what was being done.

You are each one a shareholder in all the mission work of our Church just as really as are the ministers and elders, and older members of the Church.

We have a mission in the New Hebrides where six men and women from Canada are working with others from Scotland and Australia. We have twelve men and women from Canada laboring among the 80,000 Indians of Trinidad. We have nearly thirty men and women from Canada in Central India, nineteen in Honan, and four in Formosa. A few of these, worn out with the work, and care, and heat, are away from their different fields for a rest, but hope to recruit and go back again.

In the work of all these you have each a share. They are doing your work. You are a shareholder in it. When you read missionary letters, you are reading, not of the works of another which you are helping, but of your own work. In all your collecting and giving you are doing so for your own work.

**At** By that I mean the work our Church **Home.** is doing in our own country, in which you too have a share. In some places in the older Provinces there are scattered settlements where we help to send missionaries, but our greatest Home Mission Field is in the North-West. Here new settlers come in from other lands, and there are no churches, and the people are often not able to build them. You send missionaries to preach to these people and help them to build churches, and after a time they become able to support their own churches. We cannot allow these new comers and new settlements to be without the Gospel, for parts of our own land would in this way soon become heathen. If we send missionaries to them they become self-supporting congregations and help to send the Gospel to the heathen abroad. So you see that Home Missions pays, and that it is one of the most important works that we have to do, for it blesses the world both at Home and Abroad.

Some of these Home Missionaries are this year very poor. In many parts of the North-West the crops failed last summer, and in some places the people cannot give anything to their missionary. The little that he gets from the Home Mission Fund is all he has to live upon.

**The** Another part of our **French.** work is among the French Canadians. Did you ever think that nearly one third of the whole population of our Dominion is French, and that nearly all of these are Roman Catholics. Instead of confessing their sins to Christ alone, they are taught to confess to a priest. Instead of praying to God only they are taught to pray to saints. Their teachers do not like them to have the Bible, and part of our work is to distribute that Bible among them that they may there learn the way of life.

Pointe-aux-Trembles schools to which you sometimes send your gifts is doing a grand work in teaching the young French people of Christ, and when they go back to their homes in different places they become centres of good.

## FOR A MISSIONARY CONCERT.

ON THE NEW HEBRIDES.

An opening recitation given by a member of the "Helping Hand" Mission Band of St. Andrew's Church, Gananoque, at a missionary concert about the New Hebrides.

Dear friends, we're glad to see you  
And greet you one and all,  
We'll try our best to please you  
And profit too—withal.

We're banded here together,  
In a work of joy and love,  
We call ourselves the "Helping Hand,"  
And trust that we may prove

We're not unworthy of our name,  
But the little that we do,  
May truly help Christ's kingdom come,  
And bring His love to view.

To-night we speak of work for God  
In far off Southern isle,  
"Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."

And yet, though *vile*, and *dark*, and *gross*,  
The heathen there may be,  
We thank our Heavenly Father  
That His grace can set them free

In eighteen hundred forty-five,  
John Geddie and his wife  
Went forth: to tell these distant isles,  
The way of Truth and Life.

Altho' he knew before him lay  
Hardship and toil and pain,  
He also knew that loss for Christ,  
Is turned to endless gain.

And rich reward God gave his faith,  
For thousands once in sin,  
Are now rejoicing in God's love  
And truly worship Him.

But of that story now you'll hear,  
To interest all we'll try;  
We hope not one will weary grow,  
Before we say good-bye.

## CLOSING RECITATION.

And now our story's at an end,  
We trust that what you've heard,  
Will help each one more earnestly  
To spread God's Holy Word,

Until each nation, far and near,  
And every sunny isle,  
Shall sing the praise of Jesus,  
Washed from their sin and guile.

We hope to meet you here again.  
And if you come we'll try,  
To please you as we have to-night  
But now, we say, good-bye.

## LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

COUVA, Jan. 15th, 1894.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—

**I** SUPPOSE your Christmas treats are all over; ours are too; but I wish to tell you something about the treats we give our little boys and girls here in Trinidad.

The little boys and girls in my school do not wear shoes and stockings, so of course they can't hang up any stockings for Santa Claus to fill in the night. Then their fathers and mothers never think of giving them anything for their "Kismas," as they call it, so they do not hail the coming of Christmas like boys and girls do in Canada.

But while the children at home get no treats, the children who come to the mission schools do get a treat. I fancy I hear you say, why don't they all come to school then they would all get a treat.

Well, you know, through the long, hot, summer months called crop season, Christmas seems a long way off; the canes are so sweet, and, when they run away to the fields and follow the carts, they always manage to get a good supply of the sweetest of the canes. Then, the schoolhouse is so hot, and the lessons so hard. Why! they never even think of Christmas and only contrive how they can get away from the monitors and the "schoolmissus."

But you must not think all are like this, because some of our boys come every day without even been called. I was only telling you about the bad ones; and now I will tell you something about the good ones.

When the day comes round for the treat to be given, all the candies, nuts, books, cards, toys, etc., etc., are carried into the schoolhouse and placed upon the table.

How the eyes sparkle! And how prettily they say Salaam! No trouble now to keep order, for everyone now is on his or her best behaviour. We take out a book and call out

the names of all who have made over 400 attendances (an "attendance" means half a day.) How glad they are then, as they hear their names called out, that they came to school instead of running away. They get their sweets, etc., and each one gets a prize which has been sent out by some little boy or girl in Canada.

Next come those who have made 300 attendances. They get a little less of everything and so on until we come to those of whom I told you in the first part of my letter, for they do not run away on "Treat Day." Oh no! They don't even wait to be called, but come early and say their Salaams with as much grace as any of the others. But when they get one tiny bit of candy they do look disappointed.

Well perhaps they will do better next year and we must not be too hard upon them for they have not the kind fathers and mothers that you have, to teach them better. Not that their parents are unkind to them, but most of them take no interest in sending them to school or only send them to be taken care of while they are away working.

Now I have written you about our Christmas treats, will some one write to me and tell me about yours?


Your sincere friend,

LUCY FISHER

A holy life has a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and it is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.—*Hinton*.

"At a missionary meeting in Paris a poor blind woman put 27 francs into the plate. "You cannot afford so much," said one. "Yes, sir, I can," she answered. On being pressed to explain she said, "I am blind; and I said to my fellow straw-workers, "How much do you spend in the year for oil for your lamps when it is too dark to work nights?" They replied, "Twenty-seven francs." So," said the poor woman, "I found that I save so much in the year, because I am blind and do not need a lamp; and I give it to send light to the dark heathen lands."

## A REAL LOVE MATCH.

f a young couple who were of the eighteen that joined in the Communion for the first time on a recent Sabbath, Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, our missionary in Efate, New Hebrides, writes:

"This was a real love match, perhaps not a very common thing among natives. The girl had been with us for several years, and as my dear wife had trained her to do all kinds of house work, we took her with us to Sydney last year. Just before we left, two young men sent word to us by their respective friends, that they wanted Troufabun to become their wife. We replied that we could not say which would get her, but that on our return from Sydney we would find out from herself which of them she wished.


No sooner had we returned than both applications were renewed. Unfortunately however the young man for whom she expressed a preference belonged to another village, Pango, and some of her friends were much opposed to her leaving her own village. Several weeks passed and they would not yield. Her father being dead, she said to her uncle, of the one whom she wished to marry, 'I love him so much that I am getting sick over it, and you won't let me have him. If I die you will be the cause of my death.'

For some time there was considerable ill feeling between the young men of the two villages but at length all came right. We found that a young man of this village, not the one refused by Troufabun, wanted another of our girls belonging to Pango. This made matters square, and after some little parleying both young couples were married.

Troufabun and her husband I hope to send out in a few weeks to Malakula, a large island to the North of us, to assist a missionary in teaching the heathen there."

This little picture of life in the South Seas shows that there are few "love matches." It shows too that young people cannot always marry the ones they want to without the consent of their friends. And it shows their devotion to the cause of Christ, when they are ready to go off to a heathen island to teach others of Christ who has made them happy.

## A STORY FROM INDIA.

UR missionary in Indore, India, writes of a young married woman in a heathen family who had heard the Gospel and believed it. Her husband and the women of her caste tried very hard to change her ideas by means only too well known to them; and when all failed, one day the husband on coming home at noon threw her on the ground and cut off the hair from the lower half of the back of her head—the lowest, most degrading form of punishment known to a Hindoo in regard to a woman. By this act she becomes divorced, outcasted, and practically dead to all human relationships in this land. None dare speak with or help her in any way, and so usually those so dealt with jump into the nearest well as the only course open to them,

This girl, Rachi by name, though only 15 years old had too much spirit and knowledge for this and at once ran over to her mother and afterwards the "Industrial Home" which a kind native Christian woman takes charge of.

Next day finding that the purpose intended had not been secured and that not only had the man lost his wife but he had driven her into the arms of those he wanted to oppose, he and his people tried to get her to return to them. Had she agreed to this they would likely have put her to death in short order, perhaps by beating or starving, or in some other way, and this the young wife knew well and so refused to have anything to do with them.

Pray for the converts that they may have strength given to stand fast, for the persecutors that the Gospel may soon win them, and for the missionaries that in their trials God may be with them.

A young Brahmin recently told a missionary: "Many things which Christianity contains I find in Hinduism; but there is one thing which Christianity has and Hinduism has not." "What is that?" asked the missionary. "A Saviour." was the reply.

## A MISSIONARY PENNY.

## A TRUE STORY.

**N**INA was on her way home from Sunday School, her brows knitted in a frown, her head bent, and her eyes looking on the ground. Every now and again she would give a sigh and shake her head as though her thoughts were not pleasant. Strange as it may seem, Nina was thinking, and her little nine year old brain was all muddled. That afternoon a missionary from China had spoken to the children, and Nina, like all the rest, had been interested in his descriptions. She had laughed, too, at the quaint costumes, the funny shoes, and long pig-tails; but when the missionary began to speak of the cruelty to which the little baby girls were subject, her heart burned with indignation.

He told them how in the poorer families as soon as a child was born, if it proved to be a girl, the father took it and threw it into the river, considering it only fit to die. He went on to say how the missionaries for a few pennies would buy these little ones from their parents, take them to their homes, educate them, and when old enough, send them to preach the gospel to their own people. He closed his address by presenting each child with a beautiful yellow bank, that looked so much like a real orange that you could hardly tell the difference. These were to put their stray pennies in; he expected to return to their village in about two months, and then the banks were to be broken and the money sent to China to buy babies.

This was why Nina looked so thoughtful and unhappy. She had taken one of the little banks because it had been given to her and it was pretty, but she was very poor and scarcely ever had more than one or two pennies at a time, and she didn't believe that in two months she would have even ten cents in her bank.

"Never mind," she said half aloud, "I'll give that much anyway, and if it won't buy a baby, it will get it some milk, and that will help."

She was still walking with her eyes fixed on the ground, when she saw something bright shining in the road. Thinking it might be something pretty, she stooped to pick it up.

"Why it's a penny," she exclaimed, "a spic and span new penny. I guess somebody dropped it. Perhaps God made them do it so I could find it, because he knew I wanted to help the babies."

She dropped it in her bank and ran home, so she could hear it jingle every step she took.

The next morning she went to her mother's room to help her dress the baby, she found

her in quite a dilemma, for baby had taken his pretty knit wash-rag and thrown it into the fire, where it had burnt in a moment.

"Dear me," exclaimed her mother, "that was the last knit wash-rag I had, and I don't like to use any other for the baby. I suppose I'll have to wait until father goes to town on Thursday before I can get another."

Somehow this speech set Nina thinking again. She went to her room, took her little bank off the mantel, and with a knife poked and poked till the bright new penny dropped out. Then putting on her hat, she ran to the only store in the village and bought a ball of white yarn, giving her penny in exchange. School had not yet begun, so Nina had plenty of time. She got her crochet needle and went down to the orchard, sat under an apple tree and began to knit. When the horn called her to dinner at twelve o'clock she ate as quickly as she could and left the table without taking any pie, a thing so unusual that mamma thought she must be ill, but her merry voice ringing down in the orchard soon convinced her to the contrary. About half-past four Nina came rushing breathlessly to the kitchen, waving a small white square.

"Mamma, mamma, here's a new wash-rag for baby. Won't you please buy it? I knit it myself to buy a Chinese baby so it's mother wouldn't drown it."

"Why, what do you mean, child?" asked her mother. Then Nina told her story, and when she had finished, mamma looked pleased and kissed her, and not only gave her five pennies to pay for it but ordered six more. Wasn't Nina happy? She hopped, and skipped, dropped each penny in her little bank, and then ran off to buy more yarn, but first she ran to her room, got on her knees and thanked God.

The next evening, the minister's wife called, mamma showed her the wash-rag and told the story, and Mrs. Ellis ordered three on the spot. She offered to pay ten cents apiece for them too, but mamma said no, that they could be bought in the stores for five cents, and Nina should not ask more.

After that, it seemed as if the whole village wanted washrags; every day orders kept coming in, and Nina was kept busy. The little bank was growing heavier and heavier, and, as the time drew near for the good missionary to return, her heart beat with delight; she was so happy she did not know how much was in the bank, but she felt sure that it must be at least a dollar.

At last the eventful Sunday arrived. Mamma dressed Nina in a pretty, clean gingham and sent her to church, carrying her precious bank. When the service was over the children were called up, one by one, and the mis-

missionary broke each little bank by a blow from a hammer, and counted the money. Some had very little, only ten or fifteen cents, others again had two or three dollars. At last it was Nina's turn. She gave in her bank with trembling hands, and stood anxiously and eagerly watching.

"Six dollars and thirty-five cents," cried the missionary.

The tears actually started in Nina's eyes. She couldn't believe it possible, but, yes, for the missionary was repeating it. Nina hardly knew how she found her way back to her seat, her heart was so full, and she just bowed her head and said, "Thank you, Jesus;" it was all she could do.

But the missionary had not finished yet, he was still speaking, and Nina listened, and then hid her face in mamma's cloak, for he was telling the story of the penny and the wash-rags. Nina did not quite understand what he meant when he said in conclusion: "What a little child can do, you ought to do."

It seemed funny that he should want everybody to make wash-rags. Then the collection was taken up, the money all counted, and after that the children's names were read with the amounts they had given. When Nina's was called the missionary said:

"Nina Harding has earned for the Saviour seven hundred and six dollars and thirty-five cents," for the story had been the means of the big collection.

"Mamma, he's made a mistake; I didn't earn all that, only the six dollars part."

But mamma kissed her and said it was alright, and because mamma said so Nina knew it must be so, but she didn't understand. Do you.—*Ram's Horn.*

#### A TRUE STORY.

There is a touching and true story told by one of our missionaries in India. In the track of a caravan the missionary found a poor man who had been cast off by his friends, and left to die by the roadside like any dog. There the poor man lay in the agony of death. The missionary came up, and spoke to him in his own tongue about his soul, asking him concerning his hope for heaven, and whereon that hope was built; and to the joy of the missionary, the poor outcast and dying man replied, that he had no hope in anything, but in the blood of Christ. "Where, enquired the missionary, "did you learn this truth?" And the poor man had just strength enough to hand to the missionary a single leaf of a New Testament which he had kept firmly in his grasp, and which contained this verse from the first chapter of John's first Epistle; "The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin."—*J. C. Ryle.*

#### MY HOUSE.

I have a house to build,  
In which my soul shall dwell  
Eternally and happily,  
If it is builded well.

It must be founded sure  
Upon the solid rock;  
If on the sand, it will not stand  
The tempest's slightest shock.

How shall I build my house?  
No human skill can guide;  
But I must look in God's own Book,  
And by His rule abide.

Christ is the solid rock  
On which my house I'll stand;  
Then build the wall up square and tall  
Held by truth's golden band.

It must be filled with light,  
Which outwardly shall glow,  
And to the lost and tempest-tossed  
The path of safety show.

God help me as I build,  
For Him to do it all;  
Then winds may blow and rains o'erflow  
"My building shall not fall.

A city on a hill  
My little house shall be,  
As a clear light in sin's dark night  
Which all around may see.

#### LEARN TO BE SELF RELIANT.

People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for something to cling to or lean upon. Once down they are utterly helpless, and can never find their feet again without assistance. Such silken fellows no more resemble self-made men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones, and deriving determination from defeat, than bushes resemble oaks. It is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from energetic action, by assisting them over obstacles which they ought to be able to surmount alone. Did a man ever learn to swim well who placed his whole confidence in a cork jacket? The assistance may be of advantage for a few lessons, but he who would learn to take care of himself must cast aside all such supports.



## MR. AND MRS. GOFORTH.

**Y**OU have had pictures of some of the missionaries in all the other fields, and now you have our pioneer missionaries' to Honan.

Rev. Jonathan Goforth and his wife have been in that field for six years. Mr. Goforth was born and brought up near Thamesville, Ont., and studied for the ministry in Knox College, Toronto. When a student he worked faithfully in Home Mission fields, but in his

heart he longed to tell of Christ to the millions in heathenism. The students and graduates of Knox College agreed to support him and he was appointed by the Foreign Mission Committee, to Honan, one of the eighteen great provinces of China, with a population of some eighteen millions, or more than three times the population of Canada, with none to tell them of Christ.

Mrs. Goforth, whose maiden name was Miss Bell Smith, lived first in Montreal and



REV. JONATHAN GOFORTH.

then in Toronto, and, like her husband is a most devoted missionary, and is doing a grand work among the women at their station of Chu Wang in Honan.

Mr. Goforth spent a short time in visiting the churches before going out, but when news came of the overflow of the great Yellow River, and want and suffering of the millions in Honan, he hurried off with what money he could collect, hoping to be able to relieve

their want in some measure, and thus not only do good but make the people feel that he was their friend, and thus prepare them to receive the Gospel.

'Twere a long story to tell of the long voyage, the long journey inland among people who hated the foreigners, the preaching tours, and the attempts to get a place where they could settle, the lies told about them and the riots stirred up by some who

hated them, and the danger in which they and the other missionaries sometimes were.

In a letter in your November RECORD, Mrs. Goforth tells of the stories that are told about them, that they are there for the purpose of stealing Chinese children, and taking out their eyes and hearts, and putting their blood into a vessel for medicine; and how they cannot have a Sabbath School, for the children are afraid to come and the parents are afraid to let them come.

But some of the people are finding out that the missionaries are their best friends and a

few of them have embraced the Gospel, so that the darkest days of the mission seem to be in the past, and the prospects for the future growing brighter. Give them and their fellow workers in Honan a large place in your prayers, and when you want to give to missions remember our own mission fields.

Though it is but six years since our mission in Honan was begun, we have now as missionaries there, nine men and the wives of all but one or two of them, and two unmarried women one of them a physician.



MRS. GOFORTH.

The way the missionaries do their work in Honan is to have two or three centres where they live. Here the physicians heal and heal those who come, and speak to them of Christ. Then as the crowd wait their turn to get in to see the doctor, another missionary preaches to them. In this way they often have all day meetings with an audience constantly changing, and all the multitudes that come for care to the foreign doctors, thus hear of the Great Physician who can heal the disease of sin.

Then sometimes a missionary, or two of them together, go on a journey of some weeks, preaching and selling books in city after city many miles away. Then when they hear of a

great fair in some town or city they go there, and taking their stand in some public place, they preach and sell books for three or four days while the fair lasts.

One of the missionaries writes to the *Presbyterian Record* of how they spend the night in a hotel, in these journeys; in a dingy room, with the door broken down, the paper, which serves for glass, torn from the window, a dirty table, a greasy lamp, a rickety chair, with sounds and smells of all kinds to disturb. Read it in the *March Record*. Sometimes they do not even get this, and have to spend the night in their barrow or travelling cart.

### NELL'S MISSIONARY LESSON. A SAN FRANCISCO STORY.

**N**ELL PARSONS was a merry good-natured girl at heart, if a little thoughtless at times, and the only fault her "set" found with her was her great fondness for her own opinion. If the girls wanted to have a picnic, and met after school to decide upon a suitable place, Nell was sure to have her mind set on some spot other than that favored by the majority, and *laughingly* gave her reasons, but so *determinedly*, that the girls, rather than lose her pleasant company, always gave in, and a merry time was sure to be the result.

This time, however, the girls felt they could not indulge their leader's will, for a matter of far greater importance was at stake. These same happy young girls were all members of a mission band, and had voted to raise an unusually large sum of money that they might have a generous sum to give to the building of the Mission Home.

No, they were not all members, for Nell Parsons, sad to say, brought her foolish perverseness even into such matters, and had taken a violent prejudice to the work the girls were doing for Christ. Not that Nellie was opposed to all religious work, for she would have been shocked indeed to see any one else behaving in such a foolish and wrong manner.

"Just let Nell alone awhile, girls, counseled Miss Baker, their band leader and Sunday-school teacher; "I believe the best way is to go quietly on in your work and shame her with the results. She is a dear girl at heart, but has never taken the pains to learn anything of mission work, and has only a narrow, ignorant view of it. Wait a little, and I think we will interest her in spite of herself, and you will then have as strong an ally as you once had a foe."

So they waited and worked harder than ever, and while they worked on in their sweet young strength to do the Master's will, Nell only laughed and said it was "a waste of time to spend their energies for yellow-faced Chinese girls with 'pig-tails' down their backs."

One foggy morning, a bright faced lady and a band of happy girls were picking their way carefully down the slippery walk on Sacramento street, where the Presbyterian Chinese Mission stands, when they heard shrieks behind them, and huddling up to their teacher, the girls saw a little Chinese maiden taken from a hack at the top of the hill by two big policemen, and carried towards the mission, while her screams and frantic efforts to escape made a scene of confusion long remembered by those who witnessed it.

Miss Baker, with her frightened girls,

waited until the officers had deposited their struggling burden inside the doors of the Home, when she ventured to ask admission. As soon as they entered, they saw the poor child screaming with terror and refusing to listen to the soothing words of the sweet faced young interpreter.

The missionary explained that the little girl was a slave just rescued from the greatest cruelty in her Chinatown home, if such it could be called, and rolling up her queer loose sleeves, she showed the great blue marks and bruises on the child's little arms, and pointed to a cruel welt across her cheek, all inflicted by the heartless owners.

All this time Nell Parsons, who was of the party, had shown quite an eager interest in the scene, but she suddenly asked, rather defiantly, "Miss Baker, why does the girl make such a fuss about being brought here if she knows she isn't to be badly treated any more? I don't believe in helping people who don't want to be helped!"

"My dear girl," replied the kind missionary, "the child has seen nothing but the harsh side of life, and of course thinks she is still to be ill-used, but a steady treatment of love and kindness will soon soften her, and she will show as smiling a face as the other little ones. You know we must not look for an immediate reward in this work for Christ. The thought of saving 'one of the least of these' is return enough."

Miss Baker, who was watching Nell's face, observed there the signs of a struggle, for Nell furtively dashed away a tear, as if indignant at herself, and then tried to look perfectly indifferent as they all descended to the school-room to see a class of happy girls, studying in true American fashion, while Miss Baker's young friends whispered to her to "see that little girl in front, she was as pretty as a white girl!" And near her was a new comer—a little one with unkempt hair and stolid face, her dull expression contrasting sharply with the bright face of the one whose intelligence had been awakened and her life brightened by a longer residence in the Home.

No, Nell Parsons said not a word on the way home, but her teacher was sure that the good seed was at work in her heart, and let her go with only a kind clasp of the hand.

At the next meeting of Miss Baker's mission band, who should appear, with a bright red spot burning on either cheek, but Nell Parsons! and she took a seat in front of Miss Baker too, in full view of all the band.

As soon as the meeting was opened, Nell rose, and although she looked at the floor at first and trembled a little, she spoke out bravely, "Miss Baker, and girls; you know

that I was opposed to giving any of our money to the Home because I thought it money wasted, but I see I've made a mistake, and Chinese girls have feelings as well as white ones. I think it's the very grandest work a girl can do, to help other girls to have a happy life, and if you'll take me for a member, I'll give you fifty cents a month out of my pin-money, and get some new members from my class in school."

And Nell was elected by a unanimous vote.—*Children's Work for Children.*

### MY NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

"Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee."  
—Ps. cxliii. 10 (Septuagint Version.)

Dear Master, for this coming year  
Just one request I bring;  
I do not pray for happiness  
Or any earthly thing;  
I do not ask to understand  
The way Thou leadest me;  
But this I ask, "Teach me to do  
The thing that pleaseth Thee."

A quiet lot in life is mine,  
Made up of little things;  
Teach me to do as unto Thee  
The duties each day brings,  
Faithful in that which is the least,  
Dear Master, I would be,  
Thus making all my daily work  
"The thing that pleaseth Thee."

I want to please Thee through this year  
In every word I say;  
Dear Master, take these lips of mine,  
And keep them day by day  
From foolish talking, angry words,  
And evil speaking free;  
Teach me, that I may ever speak  
"The thing that pleaseth Thee."

Not only what to do and say  
Would I be daily taught  
I ask Thee so to cleanse my heart  
And purify each thought  
That every thought and every wish  
May pure and holy be;  
I want in every thing to do  
"The thing that pleaseth Thee."

I want to know Thy guiding voice,  
To walk with Thee each day,  
Dear Master, make me swift to hear  
And ready to obey;  
And thus the year I now begin  
A happy year will be,  
If I am seeking just to do  
"The thing that pleaseth Thee."—*Scl.*

### "OUT AND OUT."

Be "out and out" for Jesus,  
If His yourself you call;  
No "half and half" disciple,  
If you are one at all.

Let "all for Jesus" stamp you  
As being His alone.  
Remember He has bought you,  
And "ye are not your own."

His blood the price of purchase,  
And not mere gold of earth;  
Your all He fully paid for,  
Give Him His money's worth.

Keep nothing back from Jesus,  
He kept nought back from you,  
Himself He gave to save you,  
Yourself is now His due.

Make full, complete surrender,  
Give Him your very best;  
Be wholly consecrated,  
And you'll be wholly blest.

Oh, trust Him for your body,  
As well as for your soul;  
And know the double blessing—  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."  
—*Juv. Miss. Herald.*

### SECRET OF TRUE BEAUTY.

Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-president of Wellesley College, said in an address before the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions:

"I am so sorry for the girls and women who have no great, absorbing interest outside of themselves. In studying faces at social gatherings, one can hardly fail to be impressed with the different expressions upon the countenances of those who are accustomed to assemble purely for pleasure, and those whose lives are dominated by any noble purpose.

Girls naturally desire to be beautiful. But if the beauty is to be lasting, if at forty and sixty they wish to have that certain something in their personal presence which makes many women of that age so attractive, they must live outside of themselves. Self-culture, sought for its own sake, will never make a girl winsome. Her graces, her accomplishments, her talents of every sort, must subserve some higher good to be really possessions. This is why an interest in foreign missions has such an ennobling effect upon a young person's character. It carries thought and affection to the farthest limit.

Therefore, girls, with all your getting, get an enthusiasm for this branch of Christian work for your own sakes also."—*Helping Hand.*

## GRANDFATHER'S INVENTORY.

## A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

"**R**UN away, Dick! I'm taking an inventory. I can't be bothered now." When Grandfather Morris used a certain tone, people were apt to obey him, but this time his small namesake only came nearer.

"What is an 'inventory,' grandpa?" asked the boy.

"Every year, before the first of January, I go over my books, the record of the store, my bank stock, rents and all. I have the capital and profit on one side, and the expense and loss on the other. Then I balance my accounts, and know just how much I am worth," answered the old gentleman.

"Oh, I believe I'll do that too," said his small grandson, who tried to imitate his grandfather in every possible way.

"Very well," said Mr. Morris. "Here's a little book. What can you enter on the credit page?"

"I have four dollars in the bank, and my pony, and dog," answered Dick. "Yes, and grandma, and little sister, and papa, and mamma. You'll put in big letters."

"Very good," said the old gentleman, much pleased. "Anything more?"

"Yes; I'll write down my eyes and ears and my legs anyway."

"Yes, they are to your credit," said Mr. Morris, eyeing his small grandson with satisfaction.

"But grandpa, don't we have to invest the credit side?"

"Yes, sir. Mine brings me seven per cent. and more. Your bank money draws interest, and your other belongings pay you in comfort. Now run away, my boy."

"One thing more, grandpa," said the little fellow, laying his head against the old gentleman's shoulder. "What are you going to do with your money?"

Mr. Morris looked at the boy sharply from under his heavy eyebrows, but the questioner was evidently innocent of any personal designs.

"Well, my boy, I'll tell you. After making my family comfortable, I'm going to leave the rest to charity—that is, for poor people, or to a school, or to a church."

"O grandpa, I'm so glad! Then you won't mind helping Steve Bartlow, even if you are not dead. That's why I came. Mary said you wasn't to be disturbed, but I told her I had particular business that couldn't wait. He's in trouble. You see he's in college, but even the Preps and the Primes in our room make fun of him and call him 'Old Patchy.' The patches on his pants are awful plain. His coat is too short to hide them, you know.

Well, some of the boys thought they would play a trick on him, so they went to his room and took his stove down and put it on the shed roof. Then they found they had had all their hard work for nothing, for he hadn't had a fire this winter, and it's been awful cold. We all went to chapel, even us Primes, and I heard Dr. Williams tell about it. Steve was at work. He said some good man ought to put up a building for poor boys, so they could have warm, comfortable homes and plenty to eat without its costing too much. So I thought I'd ask you to do it right away, 'cause Steve is so good to us little fellows."

"You seem to think grandpa is made of money," said the old gentleman, much amused.

"O grandpa, do take some of the money you're going to leave when you're dead," begged Dick. "I'm afraid Steve and lots of nice boys will freeze waiting for you to die. Why, he only has mush he makes on a little oil stove, and molasses is what he eats on it. If you'd build a home for boys you could see all about it yourself, and you'd have more folks to love you. Grandpa, could you look down from heaven and see whether folks used your dead money as you wanted?"

"I'll see about it, my son. Now run away: I must get this work done before day after to-morrow."

Dick turned away much disappointed, not quite sure what his grandfather was going to see about. He had hoped Steve could have a better home at once. He did not know how hard it was for his grandfather to part with his dollars. The good old gentleman was waiting for the cold hand of death to loosen his grasp, and then he hoped to bless mankind with what he no longer needed.

"Dead money," muttered the old man.

"Pretty good, after all. A man's money seems to die, or stop growth, with him. Why not make folks love me when I can feel it? And boys may freeze waiting for me to die! I hope they will wait for some years."

Then he turned to his ledger, but in the row of dollars and cents he seemed to see other entries—"A long life;" "A good wife;"

"Good children;" "Bright loving grandchildren;" "Eyesight and hearing;" the hope of a life beyond.

"If I reckon like Dick, I have a good deal to give account for. This little college does need help," he thought.

The old gentleman sat thinking it over some time, then he said aloud:

"I believe it is a foolish plan to leave your good deeds for other people to do. They don't always carry out one's wishes. I believe my boy, I'll take your advice."

To think was to come to a decision, and that meant action with Grandfather Morris.

Opposite the College building was a large frame house for sale. The last day of the year this became the property of Mr. Morris, and I must confess he made a close bargain. The deed was made to the college trustees in Richard's name. This the boy found under his plate New Year's morning, and when his grandfather explained, he was almost wild with delight.

"I have sent for Steve to come to dinner," Mr. Morris said. "To-morrow we will furnish what rooms are needed, and find some good woman to take charge of the new home."

"Steve's mother is a widow, and a very worthy woman, I hear," said Richard's mother.

"That might do. I want to make this a good, comfortable home for young men who are deserving. Yet we will find some way so the boys can help themselves," said grandpa.

That was the beginning of the "Morris endowment," which made a fine institution, in time, out of a struggling little college. The old man lived to know that many blessed his name, and that his money was well invested.

"Richard," he said just before his death. "If I had not given my money while it was live money, charity would not have gotten much, for that bank failure nearly ruined me, I can't leave my children and grandchildren the wealth I expected."

"You have a blessed memory, grandpa," said the young man. "The New Year's gift you gave me ten years ago has done more good than if you had left me a fortune."

"God blessed that gift and opened other hearts. Do good while you have a chance, my boy," said the old gentleman.—*Zion's Herald.*

### TWO STRINGS.

An honest peasant surprised an infidel one day, who was jeering at him for believing the Bible, by the reply, "We country people like two strings to our bow."

"What do you mean?" inquired the infidel.

"Only this," rejoined the poor man:

"That believing the Bible, and acting up to it, is like having two strings to one's bow; for if it is not true, I shall be a better man for living according to it, and so it will be for my good in this life—that is one string to my bow. And, if it should be true, it will be better for me in the next life—that is another string, and a pretty strong one it is."—*Ec.*

Remember now thy Creator

In the days of thy youth,

When the evil days come not

Nor the years draw nigh wherein thou shalt  
I have no pleasure in them. [say—

### BABIES IN PASTURES GREEN.

A traveller in China says: "I saw about twenty Chinese infants tethered to stakes on a patch of greensward, like so many goats or pet lambs. The length of each baby's tether was about ten feet, and the bamboo stakes were set far enough apart so that the babies wouldn't get all tangled up. Each baby had a sort of girdle round its waist, and the end of the tether string was tied to the back of this. Some of the little Celestials were crawling about on all fours; others were taking their first lessons in the feat of standing upright, by steadying themselves against the stake they were tied to.

What queer little Chinese mortals they all looked, to be sure, picketed out on the grass land like a lot of young calves whose mothers were away for the day! In this respect they did, indeed, resemble young calves; for I could see their mothers at work in a rice-field a few hundred yards away. All the babies seemed quietly contented with their treatment. I stood and looked for several minutes at their unique position; but although they regarded me with wide-eyed curiosity, I never heard a whimper from any of them."—*Messenger.*

### A FATAL EXPERIMENT.

In a revival meeting, in a town in Minnesota, a number of earnest Christians became deeply interested in the salvation of a certain young lady who sat in the choir. They determined to pray for her that God would save her. It reached her ears and she rebelled in her heart. She said within herself, "I will go away, and see how much good their prayers will do."

Accordingly she took the train for Chicago the next day. In a few weeks word came to her father that she was ill. So he took the first train and brought his daughter home. Quick consumption was preying on her, and it was evident that her days on earth were few.

Her friends gathered around her, anxious to know whether she was prepared to go or not. She refused to say anything to them, only that there was no hope for her. Near the end she said:

"I learned that you were intending to pray for me, so I resolved to go to Chicago and see how much good your praying would do. The very moment I stepped aboard the train, the Spirit left me, never to return. I know that I am lost, lost, lost!"

Nothing could be done for her, and she died in that condition. It is a fearful thing to trifle with the Spirit of God.—*ScL.*

## International S. S. Lessons.

18th March.

### A BLESSING TO ALL NATIONS.

A MISSIONARY LESSON.

Les. Gen. 18 : 17-21. Col. Text, Gen. 18 : 18.  
Mem. vs. 17-19. Catechism, Q. 94.

Most of your Sabbath School lessons follow in course some part of the Old or New Testament. This quarter you have been studying from the first book in the Bible, the beginning of man's history.

It is usual, once in each quarter, to turn aside from the course of history and take some special subject, either a Missionary lesson or a Temperance lesson. The Sabbath School Committee of the General Assembly of our own church has chosen for to-day this Missionary lesson. They have taken it from one of the lessons you have already had, the visit of the Angels to Abraham in connection with the destruction of Sodom.

The theme of the lesson is that Abraham was to become a blessing to all nations. The meaning of that was that from Abraham's descendants should come so far as his human nature was concerned, the Christ, in whom all nations were to be blessed.

How are the nations made blessed through Him? Look at heathen nations where there is no knowledge of Christ. The people are cruel. The poor are oppressed. The women are made slaves. The little children are sometimes very cruelly treated. There is no safety or happiness.

Then see those lands when they hear of Christ and serve Him. What a change Christ's coming made in New Hebrides. Instead of murder and cruelty, killing and eating each other, there is on many islands, peace, safety and happiness. Take any heathen land and compare it with that same land when it became Christian, and you will see how that land has been blessed.

But better still they have learned something that will not only make them happy here but happy to all eternity. Without Christ they have no hope after this short life is done. With him they have the blessing of "Life for evermore."

Now comes the great point of the lesson for us. The way in which these heathen people are to know of Christ is by our telling them.

Christ commanded this. He said "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Tell them of me and how I can save and bless them.

Some can go and others can give money to feed and clothe those who go and thus all do their part. The cents and dimes and dol-

lars we give to missions are ways of telling the nations of Him whose coming will bless them.

Now to sum up the lesson there are three points to remember:

1. All nations who know and follow Christ are made blessed and happy in this life.
2. They are made blessed and happy forever.
3. Nothing but Christ can make men good and happy either in this life or the life to come.
4. Christ has commanded us to tell all nations about Him.
5. What are you doing to help in this work?

March 25.

### REVIEW—A LONG BRIDGE.

Golden Text, Matt. 22:32.

This Review of the Quarter's lessons is like a great bridge, about 2222 years long, spanning a stream of time about 2222 years broad, that flows between Eden and Jacob's ladder at Bethel. (These four "twos" will help you to remember the time more easily).

The ten lessons which you have had on outstanding points of history may represent ten piers on which the bridge rests, and the spans between the piers are the spaces of time and history between the lessons. These spans are very uneven in length, some short, so we very long. Your work to-day in review is to tell something of the bridge, the piers and the spans between.

Starting at the first end of the bridge, we have the first lesson, the first Adam, and his surroundings; all the wonders of the new creation.

Travelling along the first, short span, we cannot tell how long it is, noting what we see by the way in the beauty of Eden, the holiness and happiness of its inmates, we come to a pier, your second lesson, the first great startling event after the creation of the race, viz., their sin and fall. You have that dark shadow, Adam's sin and the bright light over against it, God's grace and mercy. There are many things to make us linger around this lesson. Tell what you see in it.

Passing along a span a hundred and thirty years long, we see the first two boys of the human race grown up. And we come to the next pier, the third lesson, where another startling event meets us. Sin has developed, hate and passion are seen, leading to murder, the first murder in the world, and that of a brother by a brother's hand.

We now traverse another span, a long, long one, of more than fifteen hundred years. As we journey along it we see men getting worse and worse; until at length God sees there is no hope of their doing better, and he calls out the one good man Noah, and his family,

to be the founders of a new race, tells him to build an ark to save himself and family, for the sinful race is to be destroyed by a flood, and the world left for a better race, to come from his children.

We reach the fourth lesson, and we hear God making His covenant, or agreement with Noah. We hear the ring of hammers. We see the ark building. We hear Noah warning them year after year to repent, but all in vain. They laugh him to scorn. The flood comes. Noah and his family are safe, and too late they see their terrible mistake. Young people, do not despise warnings until it be too late.

We pass along another span, four hundred and twenty-seven years long. We see as we pass that sin again is showing itself, and getting worse with passing time. And as we come to another pier, your fifth lesson, we find God taking another method of having a people for Himself. He does not save one family and destroy all the others, but leaving the others to themselves, he calls one good man, Abram, to come away from them into another land, and there, away from old associations, his chosen family are to live as God's people.

Another short span of some twenty years, we cross, and we reach another pier, your sixth lesson, and we hear God making a covenant with this chosen man, promising him that in him and in one who shall be his descendant, the whole world shall be blessed.

A very short span, not a year long, brings us to the seventh lesson, where some of the sinful race, living in the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, in the Jordan Valley, get so bad that in mercy to the world they are destroyed. And in this lesson we have that wondrous prayer of Abraham, when he intercedes for the sake of the righteous ones there.

Another span of twenty-six years, and we reach the next pier, your eighth lesson, and we stop and see that touching story of the offering of Isaac. God will not permit Isaac to be harmed, but he wants to test Abraham to see if he is willing to give up to Him his dearest. It is sore for the father, but he knows that God can raise him again. Tell what you see in that beautiful lesson of Abraham's faith, Isaac's obedience, and God's deliverance.

We are nearing the end of the bridge. We journey along a span of sixty-six years. We see the two sons of Isaac, Jacob and Esau, growing to manhood, we come to the next pier, the ninth lesson. There we see Esau, careless of his birthright, and selling it for a morsel of pottage, and Isaac taking advantage of him by securing it for himself.

One span more of twenty-five years we pass. We see Esau roaming the field, Jacob

quietly at home attending to work. Isaac, a blind old man, wants some food and asks Esau to get it. Jacob and his mother deceive Isaac and get Esau's blessing, using bad means to attain the end God had promised, and the lesson shows us Jacob fleeing from his home from the anger of his brother, and the vows and visions of the night at Bethel, and God's promise to him of future blessing.

Through all this long bridge of years God is carrying on his plan of having a people for himself. That plan will in time be realized. Will you be one of them? Are you one of them now?

### 1st April.

#### JACOB'S PREVAILING PRAYER.

Les. Gen. 32: 9-12, 24-30. Gol. Text, Gen. 32: 26 Mem. vs. Catechism, Q. 95.

Last Sabbath we reviewed all the lessons of the previous quarter, travelling the long bridge of about 2222 years, from Eden to Jacob's vision at Bethel, when he was on his way to Haran. To-day our lesson is about his coming back to his own land, either twenty or forty years afterward, we cannot tell which.

When Jacob was leaving home he met with God and had a vision of the ladder and the Angels. The story of that meeting was the last regular lesson. Now when he is coming back he meets again with God at Peniel, and that meeting is the subject of this lesson.

Study the story of the intervening years. See him alone on foot reaching the home of his mother's brother, his uncle Laban where he gets a warm welcome, and where the presence of the beautiful Rachel makes his years of labor light. See him after years of toil in the service of an uncle who was a hard master, getting ready at the call of God to return to his own land.

His stay was profitable to Laban. The latter would not readily let him go, and Jacob knew this and stole away unknown to his uncle.

There was a great contrast between his going to Haran and his leaving. He went poor and alone. He is coming back to Canaan rich in family and property. He is coming back with God's favor, but he is not happy. As he leaves he dreads pursuit from Laban. But God turns Laban's mind to favor and they two make a covenant of peace together.

Then so soon as this dread is past, another that has been hanging over him all these years whenever he thought of a return to his own land comes up before him, and that is dread of Esau, for he remembers how badly he had served his rough but generous-hearted brother many years ago.



In this lesson he is making preparation to meet Esau, not by armed resistance, for he cannot do that, but by generous presents and then by earnest prayer. The lesson is the story of that wondrous prayer.

It was a turning point in Jacob's life. He had been more or less tricky. To be worthy of the name he hears and the place he was to fill as the head of a great people, God's people, he must be changed, and that long night of struggle with God in prayer, left him a changed man, a better man.

And then as God gave him favor in the eyes of Laban who had pursued him, so now God gave him favor in the sight of Esau. The latter, though Jacob was at his mercy, generously forgave his brother, yea, even offered to help him, and when that was not needed, he went his way.

The story of the prayer has some lessons for us. We should not say our prayers and go away from them feeling that our duty is done. We should ask God for what we want with the earnestness and persistence that Jacob did. God delights to have us ask in that way.

Then in that strange way in which God crippled him, and made him lame ever after, he had a constant reminder of that strange night, and this would always keep him humble and dependent upon God.

Another lesson we learn is that though God will forgive sin when we ask Him, yet that sin may make our lives very sad. He took advantage of his brother and deceived his father. His having to run away from home for fear of his brother and his dread when he was coming back was a sore punishment for the former, and in the way his own sons deceived him about Joseph he suffered for the latter.

#### 5th April.

#### DISCORD IN JACOB'S FAMILY.

Les. Gen. 37: 1-17

Col. Text, Gen. 45: 24.

Mem. vs. 3, 4.

Catechism Q. 96.

About eleven years have passed away since Jacob came back from Haran. He is now about 109 years old. His father Isaac, who was old and blind half a century before, when Jacob deceived him with the kid skin on his wrists, is still living, an old man of 168 years.

When Jacob first came back he lived for some years at Shechem, in the middle of Palestine. Look it up in the map. He dug a deep well, which is still there, 3500 years old. His sons got into trouble with some of the natives, and Jacob started southward, some sixty miles, to Hebron, where he had lived when a boy, and where his father still lived.

On the way, Rachel died, and a place called Rachel's tomb is still shown, near Bethlehem.

At the time of this lesson they were living in Hebron. The ten brothers were shepherds

and herded their flocks. Joseph, a boy of 17 years, was his father's favorite, and was no doubt, great company to his old blind grandfather Isaac. Little Benjamin was still the prattler of the family, only two or three years old.

Some of the elder brothers were not good men, but they tried to keep their evil deeds hidden from their father. Joseph however who was sometimes with them, and knew of their conduct, told his father about it, and they hated him for it.

Jacob showed his partiality for Joseph too plainly for Joseph's good. He gave him a fine coat, and Joseph was very proud of it, but it only made his brothers dislike him the more, and they could not speak in the usual greeting, "Salaam," "Peace" to you.

Then Joseph had two remarkable dreams, and the people of those days believed much in dreams. He dreamed that he and his brothers were binding sheaves in the field, and the sheaves of the brothers bowed down to his sheaf. Again he dreamed that the sun and moon and eleven stars bowed down to him.

These dreams had in them much of truth, as after years showed. Joseph should have kept them to himself, but he was no doubt somewhat proud of the honor his father had shown him in giving him the coat, and he very foolishly told the dreams to his brothers, which made them hate him yet the more.

There is one thing in Joseph's conduct at this time that some of the boys may think rather mean, and that was in telling his father about his brothers. There are times when it is wrong and mean to be a tell-tale, and I hope the young readers of the RECORD will be above such meanness. There are times when it is right to tell of wrong doing. No one has any right to cover up wrong doing on the part of others. If he does so he is a sharer in their guilt. For their own sake, that they may be stopped in it, and for the sake of others, he should not hide it.

Those who do wrong will be very much displeased at one who tells upon them, but if one does right he can never expect to have the favor of those who love wrong. Above all things seek to win the favor of God.

The only way to escape having our evil deeds reported is not to do them. Above all remember that whether men know them or not God knows them without anybody telling Him. We cannot hide them from Him. Thou God seeest me.

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