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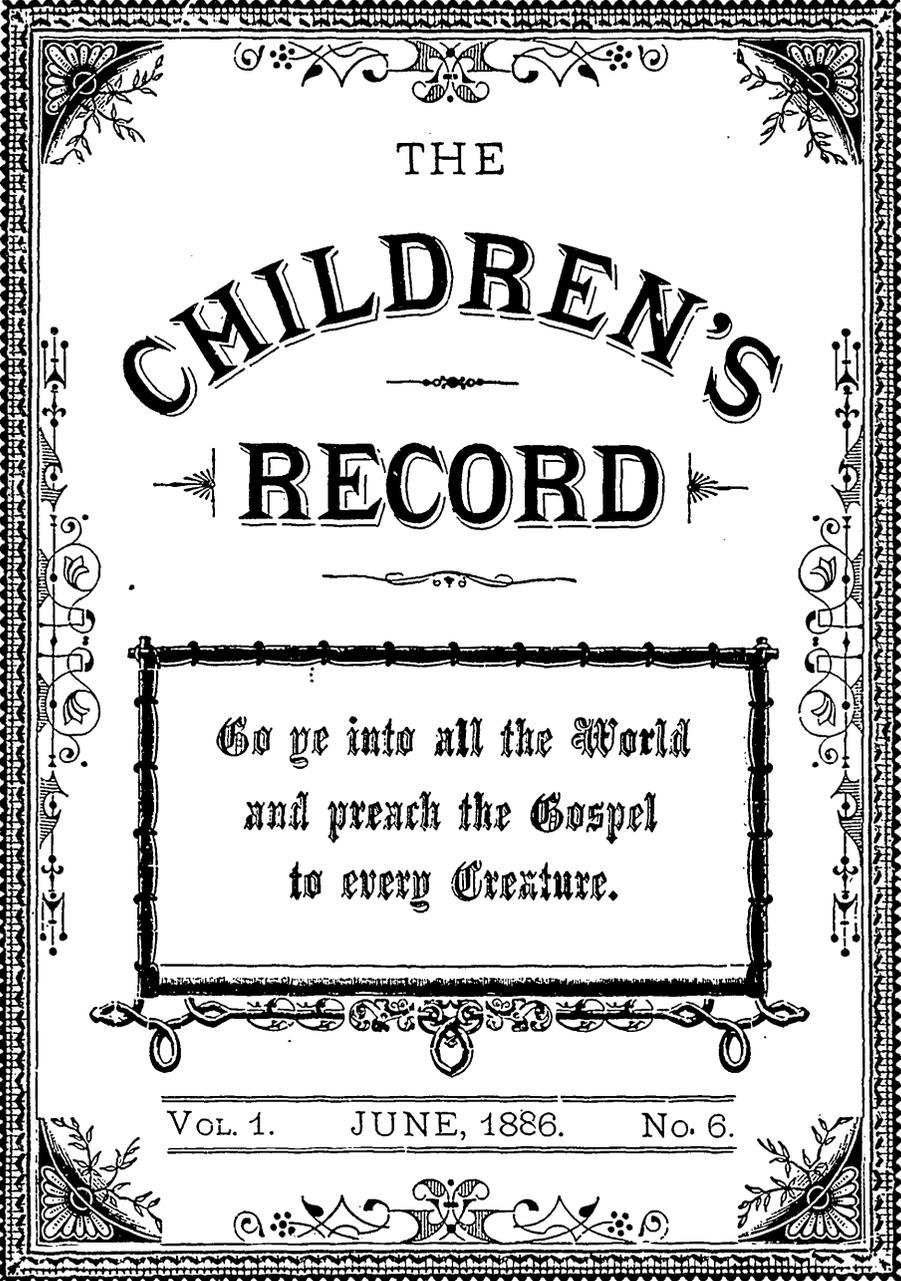
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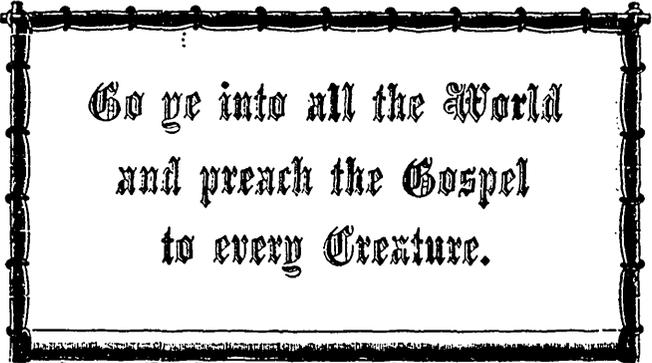
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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

Vol. 1. JUNE, 1886. No. 6.

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 OLD TREE.

'Thud ! thud !' went the ax, brought down
by John's strong arms ; and young Web-
ster stood watching.

"What are you cutting that tree down
for ?" he asked, at last.

"Dead !" said John, promptly ; "not
worth a red cent ! We've coaxed it and
pottered around it for weeks, and it did
not do a mite of good - kept getting more
dead-looking all the time ; and it made the
other tree look bad, and kept the sun from
it, and was a nuisance generally. So down
it comes !"

"What are you going to do with it ?"

"Chop it up for kindling-wood. It will
start the kitchen fire for ever so long. It
is good to burn, and that is about every-
thing it is good for."

"Yes," said Webster ; "I read about it."

"Read about it !" said John, much as-
tonished. "You don't say this old tree
has got into the papers, do you ?"

"It's in a book," said Webster, "Every
tree that bringeth forth not fruit is hewn
down and cast into the fire." That is ex-
actly what is said, and that's what you are
doing."

"That's true enough," said John ; and
he said not another word, but he thought
about it a good deal. Far away back in
his childhood, one day when he sat in a
chair that was too high for him, and swung
his feet, he studied over and over these
words in his Sunday-school lesson. He
knew just who said them, what came next

and how Jesus made the trees stand for
men, though he had not thought of it be-
fore in years.

"John," said Webster, "it wouldn't be
nice to be chopped down good for nothing,
would it ?"

"No more it wouldn't," said John. —
Pausy.

"COMING ! COMING !"

There was an old turnpike man on a
quiet, country road, whose habit it was to
shut his gate at night, and take his nap.
One dark, wet midnight, I knocked at his
door, calling : "Gate ! gate !"

"Coming," said the voice of the old man.

Then I knocked again, and once more
the voice replied : "Coming."

This went on for some time, until at
length I grew quite angry, and, jumping
off my horse, opened the door, and de-
manded why he cried "Coming" for
twenty minutes, but never came.

"Who's there ?" said the old man, in a
quiet, sleepy voice, rubbing his eyes.
"What d'ye want, sir ?" Then, awaken-
ing, "Bless yer, sir, and yer pardon ; I
was asleep. I get so used to hearing 'em
knock that I answer 'Coming' in my sleep,
and takes no more notice about it."

So it is with too many hearers of the
gospel, who hear by habit and answer God
by habit, and at length die with their souls
asleep. Awake, O sleeper ; for God "hath
appointed a day in the which he will judge
the world in righteousness by that man
whom he hath ordained ;" and then your
idle answers will all be brought to light.

A BOY'S FAITH.

Two boys were once talking about the
lesson about Elijah being taken to heaven
in a chariot of fire.

"Say, Charley, wouldn't you be afraid
to ride in such a chariot ?"

"Why no, George, I wouldn't be afraid
if I knew that the Lord was driving."

That is just the way David felt when he
said, "What time I am afraid I will trust
in thee."

ONE WHO LOVES LITTLE GIRLS.

A little Mohammedan girl said: I like your Jesus because He loves little girls; our Mohammed did not love little girls. As the heathen woman thought that the author of the New Testament must have been a woman, because it said so many kind things of those who were only mentioned with scorn in the heathen Shasters, so this little girl had seen enough to show her the difference between the religion of Mohammed and the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Consider what Christ has done for the children. Every Christmas bell that rings, every Christmas gift that gladdens, is but the manifestation of the spirit of peace on earth and good will to men, which the Lord Jesus brought into this world. What has heathenism to take the place of the Gospel of Christ? Hideous rites, horrible ceremonies, bloody and cruel observances, but little of peace, of joy or of blessing.

In India there are thousands on thousands of little child-widows, not more than ten or twelve years old, whose whole life is to be a scene of misery, suffering, privation and abuse which only ends in the grave. Thank God, the Gospel of Christ, who loves little girls, has gone into the dark corners of the earth, and wherever it goes it carries brightness and blessing on its wings. Let us pray that it may run and be glorified, and that many souls may be saved, and that all little girls may learn to know the Christ who loves them and who died to save them.—*N.Y.*

WHICH?

Yes, mother dear, I know; but then, you see, my good feelings last only half a jiffy."

So said my boy to me a few evenings ago, in answer to my appeal.

"I know it, Henry," said I; "but how long does it take to turn a train off onto the wrong line? Once started on the wrong track, no matter how smoothly and swiftly it may run, it is running to destruction. On the other hand, a moment

only, and the points-man will have put the locomotive on the right line, and the carriages will go on safely. So with the heart, it takes only a moment to pray sincerely. 'Lord, save me. It takes only a moment to say, 'Keep me from this sin, O Lord.' It takes only a moment to say from the heart. 'Lord, give Thy Holy Spirit; make me Thy child; do not leave me; let me not leave Thee.'"

"On the other hand, it takes but a moment to say, 'Pshaw! what's the use? I don't care.' It takes but a moment to drive the Spirit of God away, by simply diverting the mind, which may be done in many ways.

"And so the soul may be turned on to the right track or onto the wrong in a moment of time, and either run safely to the end of life, by God's grace, or run swiftly and surely to destruction."

Is my soul on the right or wrong track?

DEW DROPS.

Shining little dew drops,
Glistening everywhere,
On the trees and leaflets,
And the flowerets fair.

Joyful is your mission,
Sent by God above,
To refresh all nature,
With His beams of love.

Yes, our Father's blessings,
Like the dew drops fall,
On each little worker,
Who obeys His call.

Then bring joy and pleasure,
To the trusting heart,
Glistening in the sunshine,
Bidding care depart.

While the earnest reaper
Sows the early seed,
Bright dew drops from Heaven,
Cheer the flowery mead.

May His precious dew drops,
To us all be given,
As we journey onward,
To our Home in Heaven.

Old and Young.

CHILDREN IN GLORY.

BY REV. J. MCCARTER.

(For the Children's Record.)

On Monday the first of February last, three little playmates were busy with their sleds on the bank of the Miramichi in New Brunswick. They had great fun sliding down the sloping bank to the frozen river. As they did not return home at the usual time, search was made for them. At the edge of the river a hole was found, of which no one knew, and there in still shallow water, lay the two little sleds, and three little lifeless bodies. So suddenly had God's messenger called them away.

On the day of the funeral you could see the little brother and sister of eight and six years, in their little coffins side by side, and in the little dead hand of each you could read on a slip the message "God is Love." In a neighbouring house, the other a dear little boy of six, was lying, all three in calm beauty, fairer far than the flowers which covered the coffins.

Some of these dear children had shewn in their own simple way, that the Saviour had already drawn their young hearts to Himself. Each Saturday at the Bible Class the following conversation used to take place, between that little girl of six, and her teacher :

Teacher :—"Tell me whom does Jesus love?"

Little Girl :—"Jesus loves me."

Teacher :—"And who loves Jesus?"

Little Girl :—"I do."

Teacher :—"Have you a verse to say to-day?"

Little Girl :—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, of for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

So it went on, and no other verse was recited till the Master's call came. All three were laid together in the grave-yard, and the writer never saw at any funeral a larger gathering of friends, nor more tenderness of heart.

And when the Lord took these little ones away, did He love them less than He loves my little readers who are well, No!

He came as a man comes into his garden to pluck a flower, and took just the flowers that pleased Him. No doubt these three are with Jesus in His bright and happy home.

And yet it is the goodness of God to give us longer life. How easily could such a chance happen to any? Who has not been once and again at the very edge of what could have taken life away in a moment, but God turned it otherwise. And still every morning in His love, He drops down on us another day, one at a time, fresh and bright.

Do you, my little reader, claim this God as your Father? Do you love Him as your Father? Do your thoughts go out to where He dwells as to your home? Have you allowed Jesus to find you and fold you to His breast? Are you trying with His help to follow Him? And your parents and brothers and sisters and playmates, let me ask you to be as loving and kind to them as you can, while you have them, for you know not how long you will be together, nor how soon the tie will be cut, and you see them no more in this world.

And what about the parents of these children? The Lord can wipe away their tears. Perhaps He is showing them the picture which one mother describes in these lines that follow :

I had a dream—I heard them sing

The little children dear,
Grouped on the everlasting hills
In yonder sunny sphere.

The bloom was on their cherub cheeks,
And clouds of golden hair
Were shading every beauteous brow,
As they stood singing there.

I saw the white-robed angels' hands
Pause on the glowing string,
I heard them hush their mighty strains
To let the children sing.

Oh! wild sweet anthem—while it rose—
No breeze nor leaflet stirred;
Only the ripple of lifes wave
In sympathy was heard.

There was a little child I knew
 Among that blessed throng,
 My very heart was thrilled with joy
 To hear *her* voice in song.

I knew her by her polished brow,
 So wondrous calm and fair,
 I knew her by her eyes of blue
 With gold besprinkled hair.

I knew her by the rose bud white
 Her hands in death had pressed,
 Now bursting into fragrant flower
 Upon her gentle breast.

And all her song was love to Him
 Who, once a spotless child,
 Left the sweet summers of the skies
 For earth's cold winter wild.

Who walked the world with weary feet,
 And pain and hunger bore;
 And died a shameful death that she
 Might live for evermore.

Oh! child of mine to glory gone,
 Through whirling tempest drear,
 Like song of bird in noisy street
 Thy thrilling voice I hear.

And, when the deafening storms of earth
 Are stilled—may I and mine
 In the sweet calm of Heaven unite,
 Our songs of praise with thine.

THE GOLDEN RULE EXEMPLIFIED.

In the *Heathen Woman's Friend* we find the following story told by an English missionary lady about a class of small children she was teaching: "The youngest of them had by hard study contrived to keep his place at the head so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed the word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next him, whose face expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, "No, menot go; menot make Ah Fun's heart solly (sorry)." That little act meant much self-denial, yet was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously from several lips came the quick remark, "He do all the same as Jesus' Golden Rule."

THE BRAHMIN YOUTH.

In one of the sacred cities in India there was a good missionary preaching Christ to the heathen. Amongst the people who heard the preaching was a young Brahmin. He came to the missionary and asked him to baptize him, as he wished to be a Christian. When the missionary asked him about himself, he said, "I am an orphan, and have often heard you preach in the city, and I wish to be a Christian. My gods are deceivers, but Christ, I know, is the Saviour of men, and died for them."

The missionary said, "You are but a young boy, and must consider what you will have to suffer if you become a Christian."

The boy replied, "Sahib, your warning comes too late; I have already cut my Brahminical string and lock of hair, have eaten with Christians, and so destroyed my caste."

The next day his friends came to look for him. They were allowed to see him, but not to take him away by force.

When they had left he threw himself at the missionary's feet, and begged him to protect him. A few days after, an order from the police was received at the missionary station to send the boy home; they were obliged to obey the order, but they sent a teacher with him. As soon as they had got out of the missionary grounds, about forty men fell upon them, and tried to carry the boy off; but they were not allowed to do this, for it was discovered that the police had not really sent an order. The next day his grandmother and aunt came to him, for females have great power in being able to persuade their male relatives to do anything. They wept bitterly, threw themselves at his feet, and knocked their heads on the ground. Next came the grandfather, nearly a hundred years old, and he was a great enemy of Christ, and was very proud and violent. He argued with his grandson, flattered him, scolded him, and cursed him, and at length flew into a great passion, and said, "You good-for-nothing

young fellow, I thought you would one day burn my poor old bones, instead of which you play me the trick of becoming a Christian." The boy replied, "Do not be angry; become a Christian, too, dear grandfather, and we can live together."

As the boy was a member of a family of rank, all means were taken to entice him away from the missionary station, but they did not succeed. There was his grandfather at his feet, his female relatives weeping, and the old man cursing and flattering by turns; yet this boy, strong in strength which Christ supplies, said again and again, "You cannot persuade me: I cannot remain a Hindoo; I wish to become a Christian, for Christ died for me."

Well, when the relations found that they could not make any impression upon the boy with all their entreaties, they brought him before the English magistrate, who was obliged by law to order him to be given up to his friends, as he was under fourteen years of age. The missionaries then came and begged the judge to let the boy stay with them, because he wished to do so: but the judge said that he must be given up to his friends, and so he was. But two days afterward the grandparents came to the missionaries, and told them that their grandson had run away from them, and they both wept. The missionaries talked to them, and told them how wicked it was to pray to idols, and what a good thing it was to be a Christian, and they ought to let their grandson do as he pleased, and at last the grandparents consented to allow the boy to remain with the missionaries, and he grew up a most devoted and earnest Christian, preaching Christ, by lip and life, far and near.

So you see how God delivered this child out of the hands of those who would have made him worship idols.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

YE WILL NOT.

I read once a pathetic story of a lady of one of our Northern cities who possessed rare refinement and great wealth, but had

lost her health. In this sad condition she was advised by her learned physician to visit one of the tropical islands in search of that which was of more value to her than all earthly possessions. After she had lived there for some time she wrote back to her friends, saying, "This is a most lovely place; the climate is perfect, friends are very attentive to me, and the finest food and tropical fruits are furnished at my command; but if I only had an appetite!"

She had the offer of all that heart could wish, but lacked an appetite, and died in a month! If she could only have relished her food she would have lived. And how many there are all about us who are dying spiritually because they have no appetite for heavenly food! The water of life is free, but they do not make free to drink it, for the reason that they do not care for it. For other things they thirst—for wealth, pleasure, fame—but not for eternal life. They "would not," and so they died.

A RESPECTFUL BOY.

A paper gives the following instance of a lad's politeness. Such thoughtfulness for others, by young people, is a most winning trait of character.

An old man entered a railroad car and was looking for a seat, when a boy ten or twelve years of age rose up and said "Take my seat, sir."

The offer was accepted, and the infirm old man sat down.

"Why did you give me your seat?" he inquired of the boy.

"Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy!" was the reply.

A hundred years ago there would have been little need to record as remarkable a similar incident. Among things that are good or hopeful in a rising generation, there is one great change for the worse, manifest to everybody—a declining reverence toward age and toward God. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord."

THE STORY OF ABDOOL.

BY MISS BLACKADDER, A TEACHER IN THE
TRINIDAD MISSION.

PRINCESTOWN, Trinidad Sep. 9, 1885,

Let me tell you of the life and death of a dear Mohammedan boy called Abdool. He was educated at the Princetown school, a branch of the Canadian Mission to the Hindus in the Island of Trinidad.

This branch of the Mission was started some years ago, by Mr. and Mrs. Morton. A young Canadian student, Mr. J. McDonald, was placed in charge of the school, in the Mission now called Princetown. After some time Mr. McDonald returned to Canada, and in 1876, Miss Blackadder took charge of the school.

The teaching given in the school being largely from the Scriptures, the children became well taught in Bible knowledge, they also learned many hymns, such as "There is a happy land," "Around the throne of God," "Jesus loves me," and many others that are sung and loved by all children.

Very often after the school was over, "in the cool of the day" some of the children would come in to see the teacher, then the little band would go out into the garden of the Manse, and sing their sweet hymns. Often a few Indian people hearing the singing would come in and listen, and the teacher would tell them too of Jesus.

The little gatherings were very pretty and attractive in appearance, the boys dressed in their pretty white copra, jaunty little caps of red or white cloth upon their black heads, silver bangles upon arms, and legs, often upon fingers, and even rings on their toes or "foot finger" as they often say. The girls dressed in native costume, gay and bright in colour, veils over their heads, but yet allowing the beautiful eyes, and merry faces to be seen all made up a pretty picture, pleasant to remember.

But even in our bright beautiful land, and busy happy school, sorrow and sadness often comes. Among the most promising

of the pupils were two children, a boy and a girl, the former called Abdool, the latter called Nasiban, their parents being Mohammedans, formerly labourers upon Lothian's Estate, but for some years past they were well to do shopkeepers in Princetown.

The boy was fair, quiet, gentle in tone and manner, but very thoughtful and intelligent, the girl pretty and playful as a lamb. The children at this time were six and five years of age. The two small people learned to read very soon, and always took great delight in learning hymns, Bible verses, and short prayers. Dear little Nasiban was soon taken from us, one afternoon she was playing with a little kid, she put her foot on a nail in a piece of board, carelessly left on the path by someone, and sad to relate, the wound caused lock-jaw, and in a very few days the cruel disease proved fatal.

It was very painful to witness the distress and sorrow of the poor father and mother, as they watched over the little-tortured form of their only daughter, but the dear child did not suffer long. In mercy, death came, and smoothed away traces of suffering. We were only too thankful to fold the still hands upon the quiet bosom, and to think that the dear child was forever safe from sin, sorrow, and suffering, that she was "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

The parents yet had Abdool left, and he was, if possible, dearer to them than ever. Abdool continued to attend the Mission school, and made good progress in his studies, passed the various examinations with credit to himself, and satisfaction to his teachers. At last his parents fearing that he would become a Christian if he continued longer at school, removed him from the Mission school, and sent him to a Government school, where there was no Bible teaching.

Abdool very sadly obeyed the commands of his parents; though removed from the day school, he was as regular as ever in his Sunday class, and at the church. He longed to confess Christ, but his parents would not for a moment listen to his plead-

ing, and more than once, Abdool was punished for his desire to be a Christian. The young boy loved Jesus, and served God more faithfully than many who are christians, and have not the hard trials that he had to endure in his daily life. In January 1885 Rev. J. McLeod who succeeded Rev. J. Morton in the Princetown Congregation, engaged Abdool to assist in the Second Department of the Princetown school. Our young friend was a very tender and gentle teacher to the children under his care, he would go out early in the morning, and call them from the "highways" to enter the school. On several occasions, he was called a "Christian dog" and other hard names.

Abdool bore all this unkindness with great firmness and patience, saying "Oh! that is nothing, people drove nails in my Masters hands, but they only call me bad names. The little ones loved the kind young teacher, and we had great hopes of Abdools' future usefulness, but our Heavenly Father had other, and better plans for His Hindi child.

Mr. McLeod, owing to the delicate state of his health had to resign his charge, as the minister of the Princetown church or rather field, as the parish is very large, and thickly peopled. When the children heard that Mr. McLeod would soon leave them, they felt very sorry, so they made up a nice collection, asked Miss Blackadder to select some things for Mr. McLeod, Mrs. McLeod, and Norman and Harold, their children.

As it is more blessed to give than to receive, and as real gratitude is rather a rare plant, even in this fertile tropical land, the teacher gladly did what she was asked to do. The children cleaned the room and grounds, prepared some recitations, songs, and essays, a suitable address was prepared, and a number of friends were asked to come in and witness the presentation. Abdool was very active in this good work, he assisted in the collection, carried around the invitations, and learned some beautiful lines to recite, that now seem almost to refer to his own life.

In the midst of all this innocent happiness the death angel was standing waiting for one of our number, though we knew it not. On Tuesday Abdool had a slight attack of fever, not violent or dangerous. Wednesday and Thursday passed away without any alarm. Friday came, but Abdool was not able to take his place with us. We still hoped the fever would pass away, and that our dear boy would be seen with us again, so hard is it to give up those we love, but God had ordered it otherwise.

Sunday morning Dr. Hammond requested the teacher to go over to Abdool and remain with him through the day. She went, gave the medicine, and succeeded in keeping the house free from noisy visitors. All went on well till ten o'clock, when the teacher and Joseph Anajee left the house. The Indian people have an idea that evil spirits get into people, and cause sickness and death, and they think that if the spirit can be shaken or driven out of the person, he will get well.

After Mr. Anajee and the teacher went home, some Mohammedan priests came in and proceeded to drive away the evil spirits from the sick boy. They read the Koran, made him sit up, and even stand, and really hastened the boys' death. Early on Monday morning the poor lad passed quietly away, to be with the Saviour he so longed to see.

The poor mothers' distress was made greater by the thought that Abdool did not understand the Koran, and that during his illness, even when reason had fled, he repeated hymns, prayers, and used to compose little sermons. He never wished to get better, his constant desire was to go to Heaven, and see Jesus.

All the cunning arguments of the Mohammedan priests could shake Abdools' faith, neither could his parents anger dim the hope in Christ that our dear boy held so firmly. The faith, even unto death, of this young Hindu has been the means of strengthening our faith, and has incited us to more earnest work for the souls of our young people.

Mrs. McLeod, who was beside him as he went down into the dark valley, said the cries of the disconsolate mother rung in her ears for days, Oh, Abdool! Abdool! my son, my son! But the voice that so often had been music to her ears, was silent now, and as yet she cannot say with the bereaved King of Israel, I shall go to him, but he cannot return to me.

The body was robed in white cotton, and carried to its last resting place. A deep grave was dug, then the body, without a coffin was lowered into the earth, some boards were placed over it, then the grave was filled, and it was left alone in the quiet rest of its long home. No Christian service was held over the dead, but no doubt angels were there to welcome Abdool to his new home, in the city of the Great King.

The death of this boy has made a deep and we hope a lasting impression upon our young people, some of whom have already taken their stand on the Lord's side; they have joined the church below, and we hope their names will be found written in the Lambs' book of life.

The following lines had been learned by Abdool a week or two before his illness, to recite at our little gathering:

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth the best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks; nor the palesweet cowslips
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep,
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep;

Light as the down of the thistle
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful Summers'
The Summers' of long ago.
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the Autumn eves,
I made for my little brother,
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded,
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree tops bright,
He fell in his saintlike beauty
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

These pages have been written that you may see how the Mission work is going on. We hope that the young people who read this story will give themselves to Jesus, and will do what they can to send the gospel to those who are perishing.

Yours sincerely,

ANNIE L. M. BLACKADDER.

LITTLE GRACE-BRINGER.

One of the dreadful things in some parts of China is the killing of little girl babies. This makes even the mothers very cruel sometimes. They usually try to save their little girls, but not long ago I read of a Chinese mother who, when told that she had a little daughter, rose from her bed, laid the child on the floor, put on her wooden shoes and trampled the poor little creature till it was dead, saying all the time, "Now, you good-for-nothing thing, will you dare to come back? Will you dare to be born again as a girl?"

At one time this was done so much that people built large stone vaults, where the children could be thrown without any trouble. Isn't it dreadful to think of the mothers or other women throwing the babies into such a cold, dark place to die?

When the missionaries or Christian women hear of any children that are to be killed in this way they do all they can to save them. They send them to the foundling hospital or take care of them in some way.

Some years ago a poor little girl was born in Lilong, China, and her father and mother were heathen people, and when her father saw her he said he couldn't take care of girls, and she must be killed. It sometimes seems as if these fathers did not care any more about killing these children than we do about kittens when there are too many of them. This little girl, however, had a good Christian grandmother who had learned that it was wicked and cruel to do such things, and she made up her mind to save the child. So she carried her off one day and took her to a missionary.

The missionary took her from the old woman and put her in a foundling hospital, where they could watch over her and care for her. They had her baptized, and, because her grandmother wished it, they called her Kin-Kyan, or Grace-bringer. "Because" she said, "some day I want her to bring grace to her parents and lead them to the Saviour." In a few weeks a rather strange thing happened: the parents began to want their little girl back again. I should not wonder if a good many of these Chinese parents would like to have their children back again after a while, but they are usually dead or quite beyond their reach.

The missionaries were very glad to send little Grace-bringer back to her parents, but you may be sure they did not forget her. They went to see her quite often and talked with her parents about the true God. They carried her bible pictures, and when she was old enough they taught her to read. Years went on, and the child grew to be a very good useful little girl, and the family felt they could never get along without Grace-bringer.

When she was about nine years old, Grace-bringer wanted to join the church, and who do you think came to join with her? Her whole family her father,

mother, two grown-up brothers and a sister-in-law.

"What has brought all this family to Christ?" asked the missionary.

"It is Kin-Kyan," said her grandmother. "She has made good her name; she has brought grace to all her family."

The missionary went often to the house while they were preparing to join the church, and was much pleased to see that the father always held the little girl in his lap and seemed very fond of her. This seemed very wonderful when he remembered that only a few years before, this very father had said she must be killed.

Yes, indeed; little Grace-bringer's name is made good. Her parents, her brothers and sister can all rejoice with her in the same Saviour; and they can all look forward to the same beautiful home in heaven.

AN OLD COIN AND A BIBLE.

A little more than two years ago, a lad came to my house from a bigoted village upon Lebanon, and asked for a Bible. He had no money to pay for it, but offered a silver coin which he had found in ploughing. I gave him a large reference Bible for the coin, and paid for it from money given by a little boy in Pennsylvania for the purchase of Bibles and Testaments. I sent the coin to the boy who contributed the money. Some time after, the lad called again and said his relations were trying to take the Bible from him to destroy it. But he said, with a beaming face, that he had prepared a chest with lock and key for the Bible, and held up the key to show that his Bible was safe. I have since been to the United States, and immediately on my return I was told that two young men had been examined and were to be received to the church the next Sabbath. Imagine my joy to find that one of the young men was the lad who had given the old coin for the Bible. During the intervening months the pages of the sacred book had been read, the prayers of the boy in Pennsylvania had been answered, and a soul had been born again. *The Foreign Missionary.*

LETTER FROM THE NORTH WEST.

BY REV. A. E. HAIRD.

(For the Children's Record.)

EDMONTON, April 26, 1886.

Dear Children:

Allow me to tell you something about the Indian boys and girls who go to the new school on an Indian reserve near Edmonton.

When the school was opened at the New Year, there were only two of the children that had ever been at school before. One of these had gone to school for a while in Edmonton with white boys, and the other had attended an Indian school at Whitefish lake. Except those two all the children were in the A. B. C. class, and even these two were not very far advanced. They were able to read only in the first book.

We got a number of alphabet cards from the printing office here, as there was not time to send to Winnipeg for pretty cards, and it was sometimes amusing to see grown up young men and women trying to pronounce the letters along with little tots, of six and seven years old. What makes it so difficult for them to pronounce the letters, is that English is a new language to them. They know just as little about sentences spoken to them in English as they do about the alphabet, and so when they come to that sentence in the first book that sounds so familiar to us, "It is an ox" they have no idea of what it means until it is explained to them, and all these little words have to be explained over and over again, because it is very easy to forget the words of a foreign language. But it is better to teach out of English books, rather than out of Cree books, because it is much easier to get suitable books in English, than in Cree, and because we are even more anxious to teach them English than to teach them to read and write.

But since I have mentioned writing, I must tell you that most of these Indian boys and girls although they try hard to learn to read, find it much easier to learn to write, and although they have been going to school for so short a time, some of them can already write a very neat copy,

and I hope that as they learn more of English, and of the pure and noble ways of the Christian religion, which it is the object of this school to teach them, that they will become useful in their turn to spread a knowledge of these things among their neighbors who are still heathens.

If one of the boys who reads this letter were to spend the day in our Indian school he would think it very different from the school to which he is used. He would hear the teacher speaking sometimes in English and sometimes in Cree, when the children did not understand the English: he would see him send some untidy boys or girls back to wash and make themselves neat before they begin their school work: he would perhaps see the teacher take the smallest boy in the school up on his knee and try to get him to pronounce his letters more correctly, and he might find out afterwards that the little fellow's name was Mich-e-as "the Ugly." At noon he would see the teacher open a big box and each boy and each girl would receive a pilot biscuit, (about as big as four or five soda biscuits--just as dry and a good deal harder)—These biscuits—the soldiers who were here last summer used to call them hard tack—are given by the government to the Indian children for lunch, and they seem to like them.

One of the chief amusements of the Indian boys out of school hours, is hunting with bows and arrows. Rabbits are very numerous in this country, and the last time I visited our Indian school, I saw three boys out on a rabbit hunt. Two of them had bows and arrows, but the third who was a lame boy and walked with a crutch had none, because he could not shoot since he had only one hand, for the other being needed to hold the crutch. They came to a little clump of poplars and willows such as rabbits like to hide in and the two boys who were armed went silent and crouching one on each side of the clump, so as to be prepared for any rabbits they might see, while the lame boy came behind shouting and beating upon the trees and bushes with his stick, so as to frighten the rabbits forward and make

them run out of their hiding place at the other end, near where the other boys were. They had already killed two rabbits which as a mark of honor they had given to the lame boy to carry, and he showed them to me with much pride.

These boys and girls have been made comfortable during the past winter, by clothing that had been partly worn by some of the boys and girls who read this letter, although in some cases I know that the clothing sent for the use of those Indians had once been worn by children who are no longer on earth, but have gone to the better land. The clothing that was sent was a very great help to the school for without it some of the children would not have been able to attend at all during the cold weather of the winter.

ANDREW B. BAIRD.

HOW MUCH SORRY ARE YOU ?

One day a poor child was walking through a thoroughfare in London with a basket of oranges for sale on her arm, when she tripped on the curbstone, and fell, and all her oranges were scattered over the pavement and road.

Some of the oranges were run over by the passing carts and crushed ; others were stolen by the idle boys at the corner ; and the rest were covered with mud, and looked quite spoilt.

The poor child was in such distress at the destruction of her little store that she burst into tears.

Then all the crowd gathered round her and began to pity her.

" I am so sorry ! " said one.

" Poor child " cried another.

" What a sad case ! " exclaimed a third.

" I am so sorry ! " said a fourth.

" How sorry are you ? " exclaimed a kind-looking lady who was standing next the last speaker.

" How sorry ? " repeated the man addressed. " Why, you can't measure sorrow ! "

" Oh, yes, you can, " answered the lady. " I too am sorry for this poor little girl. I am a shilling sorry for her. " And with

that she drew a shilling from her purse, and gave it to the still weeping child.

" And I am sorry one penny, " said a little school boy, producing the coin he had just been going to invest in a pastry tart or jam roll.

" And I am sorry threepence, " said a servant maid, as she took a small silver coin out of her almost empty purse.

Little Ruth and Hugh read the above story one day, after which they were both silent for a while. Then Ruth darted out of the room, and in a minute returned with her favorite necklace in her hand.

" Hugh " she said, " you know we have been saying we are sorry for the poor heathen. I am my necklace sorry. How much sorry are you ? "

THE BLESSING OF SONG.

" What a friend we have in Jesus, " —

Sang a little child, one day ;

And a weary woman listened

To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,

And her heart was sad with care ;

Sweetly rang out baby's treble—

" All our sins and griefs to bear. "

She was pointing out the Saviour,

Who could carry every woe ;

And the one who sadly listened

Needed that dear Helper so !

Sin and grief were heavy burdens

For a fainting soul to bear ;

But the baby, singing, bade her

" Take it to the Lord in prayer. "

With a simple, trusting spirit,

Weak and worn, she turned to God,

Asking Christ to take her burden,

As he was the sinners' Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,

He could take her sin and care,

And he blessed the weary woman

When she came to him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,

Little knew she had a part

In God's wondrous work of bringing

Peace unto a troubled heart.

Christian Observer.

SIX SHORT RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

I.—Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers. Heb. xi. 6.

II.—Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. John v. 39.

III.—Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, What am I doing for Him? Matt. v. 13-16.

IV.—If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. iii. 17. If you cannot do this, it is wrong. Rom. xiv. 23.

V.—Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may. Cor. x. 12. You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow Him. John x. 27.

VI.—Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself, Can what I feel be true if God's Word is true? and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar. Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10.

THE STORY OF RAJ KISHORE ROY.

BY REV. B. H. BADLEY, A. M.

It is a great pleasure to comply with the Editor's request and write a letter for the Sunday school children at home—God bless them one and all!

I think I must tell you about the boys in my Centennial school—no, there are 375 of them and it would make a volume instead of the one column I am to fill, so I shall pass by the 374 and tell you about No. 375, the last boy who has joined us.

His name when a heathen was Raj Kishore Roy, but when he was baptized the other day he was named after his patron, a warm hearted Methodist who lives in Ohio, and who gave us \$500 to endow the "Bishop Wiley Memorial Scholarship" in our school; his name is—hold! I am not to tell it; God knows, and will abundantly reward his liberal hearted servant.

Raj Kishore is a boy of 17, belonging to the Brahman caste, the highest caste in India. He has just written a letter to his patron from which I take a few sentences:

"You must have heard already that I am a new-comer to the fold of Christ. I will now give you a short account of myself, letting you also know how I came to be converted. I am the son of a small land-owner (*zamindar*) in the district of Ghazipur. From my childhood I was sent by my parents to prosecute my studies at Mission school in the city of Azingarh. From the time since I began to read English I was also taught the Holy Bible in school.

"At last when I read about the love of Christ my heart was turned. I expressed my desire to some of my Christian friends, who advised me to go to Mr. Badley, who would help me in this matter. God doeth what He pleaseth for those who love Him; and He tries to free all from sin and bring to His fold. So when my relatives sent me to Lucknow for medicine (I was ill at the time) I expressed my heartfelt desire to one of my friends who had been in Azingarh and is now in this boarding-school. He took me with him to Mr. B., who baptized me. Thank God, Satan has now no power over me. I wish you to pray to God for me that He may help me in all my doings: I hope when I grow older that I shall devote my life to the work of God."

Raj Kishore's home is about 200 miles from Lucknow, but it did not take many days for the news of his baptism to reach his home, and about a week later one of his uncles came to the school, evidently bent upon taking away the new convert. He had a long talk with him and tried in various ways to accomplish his purpose,

but was disappointed: the boy refused to go and said plainly that he was happy and contented in his new home: the uncle came to me and seemed almost heart broken to think that they had lost their boy; he even hinted that I might expect to be persecuted in the courts; there is little danger of this however as the boy is of age—at least in India.

A week later another uncle came to see the new convert, and like the other used every effort to cause Raj Kishore to give up Christianity and go back to his relatives. "Come," said he, "it is true you have done shamefully in thus forsaking the faith of your ancestors and joining the Christians, but if you will come back we can some way mend up matters and secure your reception into caste again." But the boy was firm and steadily refused to go; and his relatives will now probably give him up.

The boys and girls in America can hardly realize how the relatives of such converts are affected by hearing of the baptism of one of their number; the news is carried to the distant home; the men talk it over as they meet at dusk to smoke and chat; the women whisper it to each other as if some terrible thing had happened; and the village children talk of it in their play; it is safe to say that not a single person in Raj Kishore's village is ignorant of the fact that he has become a Christian.

By and by we hope to see this brave boy a preacher; what a privilege it would be to go with him to his native village, to hear him tell the story of his conversion and urge his relatives and friends to accept the Saviour. Who can tell the good he may be able thus to do?

This is a fair illustration of the happy influences which are constantly being exerted by our Mission Schools in all parts of India, and gives us great encouragement in our work. We go on from day to day teaching the blessed Bible in our schools, sowing the seed, not knowing when or how it will spring up, nor the quantity of fruit—thirty, sixty or a hundred fold.—*The Little Missionary.*—

DEATH OF REV. J. W. McLEOD.

One of our missionaries has gone to his reward. Mr. McLeod has been in Trinidad for five years and this summer he would have come home for a time to rest. But God had a better rest for his servant, and called him away to a better country. He died at Tunapuna, Trinidad, on the first day of April.

What do you think his last words were? They were these,—“I want my wife to bring up my children in the fear of the Lord.” His last wishes were that his little boys should grown up good men.

The parents of many of you my young readers, have just that wish for you. They long to see you grow up in the fear of the Lord. Why? Because they know that it is the only way to have a real happy life here, and to be prepared for a happier life when this one is ended. Thus only can you do what you were made for, “Glorify God and enjoy Him for ever.”

THE POINTE AUX TREMBLES SCHOOL.

Some of you know all about this school, and some of you do not. It is about nine miles east of Montreal, and is for young French Canadians. Many of the young people who attend it are Roman Catholics, but there they learn of Jesus, and many of them become teachers and go out to tell their Catholic friends and neighbors what a dear Saviour they have found. This is one way in which the gospel is slowly spreading among the French Catholics of the Province of Quebec.

Last winter ninety-five boys and girls and young men and women, attended the school. Seventeen of these go out this summer to teach, some of them in Mission schools, others to go about the country selling good books.

Fifteen of those attending the school last winter, professed their faith in Christ for the first time, and joined the Christian church, while about fifty of those present were professing Christians. The young people attending the school are from different parts of Quebec.

The days work is as follows : Rise at half-past five o'clock in the morning, Private study in the class room from 6 to 7. Breakfast at 7. House and outdoor work from 7.30 to 8.45. Family worship at 8.45. School from 9 till 12. Dinner at 12, and recreation till 1.30. Classes till 4. Recreation from 4 till 5. Classes from 5 to 6. Tea at 6. Recreations to 7. Studying privately in class-rooms till 9. Family worship at 9. All in bed and lights out at 9.30.

The school is partly supported by Sabbath Schools. Each school giving fifty dollars every year has a pupil set apart for it, and reports of that pupil's progress are sent from time to time to the school that gives the support.

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

An earnest and godly minister relates the following incident, and gives us the lesson that it teaches :

During a voyage to India I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast and I was a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" made me spring to my feet.

I heard a traumping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man.

"What can I do?" I asked myself, and instantly unhooked my lamp. I held it near the top of my cabin, and close to my bull's eye window, that its light might shine on the sea and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry, "It's all right; he's safe," upon which I put my lamp in its place.

The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life; it was only by timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

Christian workers, never despond or think there is nothing for you to do, even in dark and weary days. "Looking unto

Jesus," lift up your light; let it "so shine" "that men may see it," and in the bright resurrection morning what joy to hear the "Well done!" and to know that you have, unawares, "saved some soul from death!"—*My Paper.*

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

Has he come to you, and to you, and to you, dear little one? If he has, how glad you must be! For the Holy Child could not enter your heart without making it light and clean and sweet, could he? If he has not come, why is it? Be sure he wants to come and live in your little heart! Open the door, this very hour, and let him in! Remember, it is your enemy, Satan, that wants you to keep him out, and do not listen to him any longer. Will you not say to him now:

Jesus, thou art great and high,
Just a little child am I;
But I come at thy dear call,
Give to thee my little all.

NAUGHTY WORDS.

"I don't want to hear naughty words," said a little boy.

"It's no matter," said another boy; "what Joe Smith says goes in at one ear and out at the other."

"No," rejoined the other little boy, "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in they stick; so I mean to do my best to keep them out."

That is right; "keep them out," for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.—*Selected.*

YET TO COME.

A young girl of fifteen, a bright, laughter-loving girl, was suddenly cast upon a bed of suffering. Completely paralyzed on one side, and nearly blind, she heard the family doctor say to her friends, who surrounded her: "She has seen her best days—poor child!"

"Oh, no, doctor," she exclaimed, "my best days are yet to come, when I see the King in his beauty!"

LITTLE WORKERS.

Little children can be workers
 In the vineyard of the Lord ;
 If they do their labour gladly,
 They will find a rich reward.
 They can gather from the by-ways
 Children wandering in sin,
 Telling them the gates of heaven
 Wait to welcome wanderers in.
 They can tell the poor and needy
 Of the sins the Saviour bore,
 That they might be heirs of heaven,
 Poor and needy nevermore.
 They can scatter smiles of sunshine
 In the pathways where they tread,
 And the world will be the better
 For the kind words they have said.
 Little workers for the Master,
 Great will be your last reward,
 When you enter in rejoicing
 To the kingdom of the Lord.

I AM NOT MY OWN.

"I wish I had some money to give to God," said Susy ; " but I haven't any."

"God does not expect you to give him what you have not," said her papa, " but you have other things besides money. When we get home I will read something to you, which will make you see plainly what you may give to God."

So after dinner they went to the library, and Susy's papa took down a large book and made Susy read aloud : " I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to God ; so that I am in no respect my own. I have no right to this body, or any of its members ; no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears. I have given myself clean away."

"These are the words of a great and good man, who is now in heaven. Now you see what you have to give God, my darling Susy."

Susy looked at her hands, and at her feet, and was silent. At last she said in a low voice, half to herself :

"I don't believe God wants them."

Her papa heard her. "He does want

them, and he is looking at you now to see whether you will give them to him, or keep them for yourself. If you give them to him, you will be careful not to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do every good thing they can. If you keep them for yourself, they will be likely to do wrong and to get into mischief."

"Have you given yours to him, papa?"

"Yes, indeed, long ago."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes, very glad."

Susy was still silent ; she did not quite understand what it all meant.

"If you give your tongue to God," said her papa, "you will never allow it to speak unkind, angry words, or tell tales, or speak an untruth, or anything that would grieve God's Holy Spirit."

"I think I'll give him my tongue," said Susy.

"And if you give God your hands, you will watch them, and keep them from touching things that do not belong to them. You will not let them be idle, but will keep them busy about something."

"Well, then, I'll give him my hands."

"And if you give him your feet, you never will let them carry you where you ought not to go ; and if you give him your eyes, you will never, never, never let them look at anything you know he would not like to look at, if he were by your side."

Then they knelt down together, and Susy's papa prayed to God to bless all they had been saying and to accept all Susy had now promised to give him, and to keep her from ever forgetting her promise, but to make it her rule in all she said, and all she did, all she saw, and all she heard, to remember—"I am not my own."—*Sunlight.*

THE CHILD'S SAVIOUR.

Dear and blessed Saviour,
 Hold our little hands ;
 Lead us in thy footsteps,
 Heeding thy commands ;
 So shall we in gladness
 Spend our earthly days,
 Till thy voice shall call us
 Home to prayer and praise.