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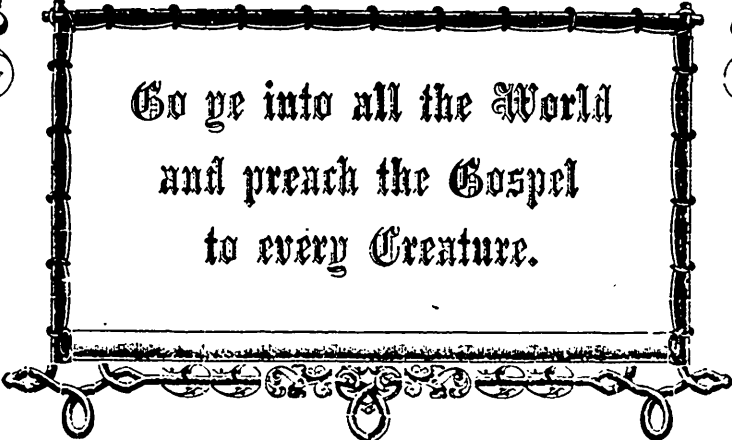
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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

VOL. 3. JUNE. 1888. No. 6.



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GANESH, THE HINDO LORD OF HOSTS.

The Hindu god Ganesh, or Ganpati, in some parts of India called Puliar, is always represented as having an elephant's head and a very fat body, and sometimes as having many hands. He sometimes has four, and sometimes eight, female attendants, some of whom have peacock feathers to drive off flies; others offer him various gifts, and all wish to serve him. The umbrella over his head is to shield him from the sun and rain.

Many stories are told of the way in which he came to have an elephant's head. One of them is as follows: One day his mother, Parvati, went into her private room, and placing her son Ganesh at the door, told him to allow no one to come in. Soon her husband, who has many names, such as Shiva, Mahadev, and Shankar, came and was about to enter her room. Ganesh told his father that his mother had forbidden anyone to enter. Because the boy opposed him, Shiva got angry and cut off his son's head. When Parvati came to know it, she was wild with grief. So to console her, Shiva said: "Do not cry; I will give him the head of the next living being that comes along." This happened to be an elephant. So the great god Shiva cut off the head of the elephant, put it on his son's body and restored him to life. Then he said to Parvati: "Now, what a fine son you have. The elephant is wisest of animals, and your son shall be the god of wisdom." Ever since then Ganesh has been worshipped as the god of wisdom. In every Hindu school there is an image

of this god, whom the school children worship daily. At the top of every copy which the school children write, are the words: "Shri Ganesh," that is, "The Blessed Ganesh."—*Little Missionary.*

CASTE IN INDIA.

In India there are four times as many people as in the United States. The Hindus form the larger portion. Among them the people are divided into what is called *castes*. Some are gardeners, others are tailors, others are shoemakers, and there are many different kinds. These different castes do not associate with each other any more than their business compels, and those who do one kind of work are unwilling to do any other kind. This being divided into castes is much in the way of their receiving the Gospel. Let us pray for them.

A LITTLE BOY'S RESPONSE TO THE HYMN "I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

BY NEWMAN HALL.

I want to live to be a man,
Both good and useful all I can,
To speak the truth, be just and brave,
My fellow men to cheer and save.

I want to live that I may show
My love to Jesus here below;
In *human* toils to take my share,
And thus for *angel's* work prepare.

I want to live that I may trace
His steps before I see His face;
And follow him in *earthly* strife
Before I share His *heavenly* life.

Lord! grant me this to live and serve,
And rever from Thy laws to swerve;
Then, after years of service free,
In ripe old age to go to Thee.

But should it be Thy loving Will
To call me early, Lord, fulfil
In fewer years Thy work of grace,
Each day prepared to see Thy face.

CHINA AND ITS OPIUM CURSE.

Opium is made, as perhaps you know, from the juice of a poppy, which is grown chiefly in India; the juice is hardened and made into cakes, and then sent to China. Opium is not generally eaten, but smoked in a pipe. The only people who eat it (except in small doses, when there is not time for smoking), are those who want to kill themselves in the easiest way, for it only takes a very little to send a man so fast asleep that he will never wake again; so people generally take it at night, when they go to bed, and by the morning, even if they are not quite dead, it is too late to do anything for them.

If a man or woman once begins to smoke opium, it is almost impossible for them ever to give it up. None of them, when they begin, mean to smoke very much, any more than English men and women mean to be drunkards, when they drink their first glass of beer or wine, but the habit gets hold of them so quickly, and every day they want a little more; and with opium, even more than with beer and wine, it is the case, that the more people take, the more they want.

HARD TO CURE.

Doctors and missionaries are getting to be less and less hopeful of curing those who have formed the habit of opium-smoking, and it is very difficult to know whether a man is cured or not. Sometimes men are sent out from a hospital, and everyone thinks they are cured, but in eight months' time, or sooner, they are brought back just as bad as ever. I believe none but Christians have ever been known really to give up opium, after they have once begun to smoke it. If a man uses it for a fortnight, the habit gains such power over him, that nothing less than the power of God can make it possible for him to give it up, for besides all the other harm it does, opium makes men so weak in body and mind that they cannot give it up.

HOW TO CURE IT.

When a man really comes to Jesus and takes him as his own Saviour, then, be-

cause the power of Jesus is stronger than the power of habit, he is able to give up opium. There is no habit so strong that the power of God cannot conquer it; so if you are one of God's children, and you know of one bad habit, or two, or even three that you have, do not make up your mind that you must have them always, but go to God directly and tell Him all about them, one by one, and ask Him to conquer them altogether for you, and to be the Master of them and of you, and then just expect Him to do it, and I know He will.

• I must tell you a story about this that I heard a long while ago, if I can remember it, because it will explain one thing that I want to say about habits.

It is no use asking God to cure us of bad habits, if we do not really want to give them up.

SUCKING HIS THUMB.

There was a little tiny boy who had a habit of sucking his thumb. Of course you are too big to suck your thumb, so first think what your bad habit is, and put that in the story instead. The little boy's papa talked to him about it, and told him it was not at all a nice thing to do; I think he told him to ask God to cure him of it. Anyhow, when the little boy prayed that night before going to bed, he said, "Please, God, make me a good boy, and don't let me suck my thumb any more;" but very soon after, his prayer was changed, and this was the new one—"Please, God, don't make me a good boy, for I must suck my thumb." You see, it is no use for you to ask God to cure you of a fault, if all the while you are thinking that you must keep on doing it, either because you like it too much, or because you are not quite sure that God can or will cure it for you.

HOW OPIUM KILLS.

Years ago it was said that four hundred thousand people died every year in the Chinese empire from opium-smoking, that is, that out of every hundred who smoked opium, ninety were killed by it, most of them in less than twenty years after they had begun to smoke it. And it has not

got any better since, but much worse.

Smoking opium gives what the Chinese think is a very delightful feeling, like going to sleep and having beautiful dreams, so fairy-like and lovely that as soon as they wake they long to be asleep again. If they do not keep on taking it, this nice feeling soon goes, and they begin to be very faint and sick and thirsty, with a dreadful burning in the throat, and nothing will make them better except more opium. The longing for it is something so terrible that no one could even think what it is like who has not felt it; if the man does not get any more, he becomes dizzy and weak, his body aches all over, and before long he dies, unless he is a very strong man indeed.

HOW IT MAKES BEGGARS.

The richest men in China have become beggars through spending all their money in opium; and when they get to the end of their money, still they cannot stop, but sell their land, their houses, their furniture, their own clothes, their beds, the clothes of their wives and children, and even their wives and children themselves, to get more opium. It takes away every wish to be good themselves, or to do good to others, every wish for anything, except more and more opium.

Even the smokers themselves say that opium is bad and only bad, for the man who is a slave to opium, and has none, will do anything, however bad, to get some. A Chinese mandarin once said, "It is not he man that eats the opium, but the piun that eats the man."

You may imagine what a terrible thing it is to a Chinese wife or mother to find out that her husband or son has begun to smoke opium, and she knows too well what the end will be. A little while ago, the women in the villages around Canton wrote a petition, begging that the sale of opium in their villages might be stopped. This is part of what they said:—

"When in youth we went to the homes of our husbands, we did not suffer from old and hunger; but from the time our husbands and sons smoked opium, the

children that were dressed in green and red, in the twinkling of an eye came to rags; ornamented halls and grand houses all vanished in smoke; those who before took care of their families have now come to look like beggars. The beds have no covers, the dishes have no food left on them. Hungry, there is nothing for us to eat; cold, there are no clothes for us to wear; the fault is surely with opium."

HOW IT HURTS CHILDREN.

Even the children whose fathers have been opium smokers are not like other children, but are always pale and sickly.

Rich men often have special rooms in their houses, where they go to lie down on beds and smoke; the poor go to opium shops, which are always open, like our public houses. They are generally in low, dark streets, which would remind you, I expect, of the words of the Lord Jesus—"He that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light" (); they are very dirty places too, filled with bad air and lighted only by dim lamps, just enough to show the men lying on benches, which are either quite bare or covered with a straw mat. The men themselves have often hardly any clothes on. Some of them are quite young and healthy looking, as they have only just begun to smoke; others look like living skeletons, all they have in the world being a filthy rag to cover them.

MORE SMOKERS.

The number of opium-smokers gets larger every day; in some cities on the coast in China, fifty out of every hundred men smoke opium, though in other places there are not so many. In one city alone, with 400,000 people in it, there are 2,700 opium shops, that is one shop to 148 people, and out of the 148 only about thirty would be men, and the rest women and children. There are not many women in China who smoke opium, compared with the number of men who do, still I am sorry to say there are some. The Chinese used to be the most sober people in the world, and now they are fast becoming slaves to

opium, which is taken by rich and poor alike.

Why does not the Emperor make a law, you will say, that the people are not to buy it? So he has, but the law is never kept, because the mandarins, who have to punish those who break the laws, smoke opium themselves, and do nothing to others who use it, because they know they would get into trouble themselves if they did.

And yet the very men who take it are angry with themselves for doing it, and say they would give anything to be saved from it. They constantly come to the missionaries, begging them to give them some medicine which will take away the longing for opium, and the missionaries who speak the most strongly against opium are those who are most loved and respected by the Chinese.

A Chinaman once went to the English Hospital at Swatow, and asked to be cured of the habit of opium-smoking. He was a learned man, but a great smoker; he had got so used to having opium, that he almost died when he gave it up, so, as the only hope of saving his life, the doctor gave him back his opium pipe and let him smoke again; then he began to get better. As soon as he felt his strength coming back, he asked the doctor to try again, but the doctor said, "I have tried already, and you were almost dead; I cannot venture to try again." The poor man's answer was, "Teacher, whether I live or whether I die, I want you to try and cure me, I take all the risk." So the doctor tried again, and this time the man was cured, though he suffered terribly and was in great danger.

HOW MUCH IT COSTS.

More than ten million pounds are spent every year by the Chinese on opium. And who do you think gets all the money? This is the saddest part of the whole thing, that although the Chinese have asked again and again that opium may be kept out of their country because it is ruining them, large quantities are constantly forced upon them by England, because

the money paid for opium is paid to the British government in India, and rather than give it up, they have even gone to war twice with China, in 1840 and 1847, to make them take it, or rather to force the emperor to give permission to the Chinese merchants to buy opium of the English merchants in India, when the emperor and all his people want to have a law forbidding opium to be bought or sold in China, except in very small quantities for medicine.

WHEN ITS USE BEGAN.

It was in the year 1773 that opium was first taken to China in large quantities, and ever since then the Chinese have used it more and more. In 1776 a thousand chests were brought, in 1833 there were twenty thousand chests, costing more than three million pounds, that is, more than China got from England for tea. Opium merchants now settle in all parts of China. When a shop is first opened in a town or village, it never gets on well, because the people there have not learned to like opium, so the owner of the shop gives away little bits and persuades the people to buy it, and when once they try, they soon come back for more, and get it very cheap at first, till they have got so fond of it, that they are willing to buy it at any price, and so the evil habit spreads.

You will not wonder that the Chinese are puzzled to know how it is that the same country should send missionaries to teach them a pure, holy religion, and opium to destroy both their bodies and their souls.

HOW BRITAIN IS TO BLAME.

A Chinese ambassador said to an English gentleman a little while ago -- "You say that England is a more moral country than China; why then does England insist upon our taking her opium?" This question is constantly being asked of the missionaries. Men say to them, "You tell us that Jesus taught men to love others as well as themselves, and always to bear in mind the golden rule, 'Do to others what you would like them to do to you,' but every year you send opium to China, and

injure millions of your fellow-creatures: when men only think of what will profit themselves, and do not care how much harm they do to other people, how can they be said to love others as themselves? how can we believe and follow their religion?"

You will be glad to know that a great many people in England are trying very hard to get the Government to stop sending opium to China.—*Children of China.*

LITTLE KATU AND HER MOTHER.

The other day a little girl of five stopped in the middle of her reading lesson, and looking up in my face, began talking about her mother. I do not always check them when they do this, because I wish to know what the little minds are thinking about. "Mem," she said, "do you know my mother says that I may learn about everything else in school, but I must not learn about Jesus Christ: she says, 'Who is Jesus Christ, that I should learn about Him?'"

I looked into the little face and asked, "Katu, did your mother ever read with a teacher?" "Oh! no," she replied, "my mother does not even know her letters!" "Then, Katu, your mother does not know anything about Jesus Christ. If she only knew Him, she would not talk so about Him. Tell her I will come and teach her to read." Then I talked to the child of the love of Jesus for herself and her mother, too. She comes from a house where they will not even permit a lady to call upon them.

I have been turned away from the door when I have tried it. They are wealthy, and live in a large house; we hope that this little one and her cousin, who comes with her, may be the means of conveying some light within its walls, and may be, of opening its doors to us. They are both remarkably bright and interesting children, and very greatly petted at home. Will the children at home pray for these two little ones and ask that their home may be opened to us?—*H. Caddy, of Calcutta, in Missionary Link.*

WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK?

What says the clock when it strikes one?
"Watch," says the clock, "O, watch, little one."

What says the clock when it strikes two?
"Love God, little one, for God loves you."

Tell me softly what it whispers at three.
It is, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Then come, gentle lambs, and wander no more,
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four.

And oh, let your young hearts gladly re-
vive
When it echoes, so sweetly, "God bless you," at five.

And remember at six, at the fading of
day,
That "your life is a vapor that fadeth
away."

And what says the clock when it strikes
seven?
"Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of
heaven."

And what says the clock when it strikes
eight?
"Strive, strive to enter in at the beautiful
gate."

And louder, still louder, it calls you at
nine,
"My son, give me that heart of thine."

And such be your voices responsive at ten,
"Hosanna in the highest, hosanna, amen!"

And loud let your voices ring at eleven,
"Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of
heaven."

When the deep strokes at midnight the
watchword shall ring,
"Lo, these are my jewels, these, these,
saith the King."—*Sel.*

A BRAHMAN WORSHIPPING THE SUN.

The highest caste among the Hindus is the Brahman. The Queen's son could not be more proud of his birth than is the poorest Brahman. The most important ceremony of his life is the putting on the sacred thread. He is then said to be twice born. It is like putting on a crown, in that it brings him all the honors of his caste. Formerly, all lower castes when meeting the lordly Brahman would give him the sign of religious reverence, but this custom is passing away. This is owing to the fact that the Brahmans were once more confined to religious duties and temple worship. Now they are quite ready for clerkships and government employment, and business generally. Also, government schools and the railway tend to jostle together high and low.

Strict Brahmans say that two hours in the morning and two hours at evening are needed to perform worship as it should be.

On rising in the morning this Brahman must go to the nearest stream or tank. He must throw water eight times over his head. He then dips three times in the water, repeating three prayers, and worships the rising sun. During this worship he touches various parts of his body with his wet hand. If he should sneeze, as is not uncommon on a chilly morning, he touches his right ear as a token of being restored. Fire, water, sun, moon, and air are always in the right ear of a Brahman. He then closes his eyes and repeats many prayers in adoration of the sun. He then offers water to the sun. Again throwing water over himself eight times, he stands facing the east, repeating prayers. Brahmans who shorten the evening worship are generally careful to secure the morning duties. In some cases a household has its priest, and the members are called together to hear him repeat sentences, or names of gods, and to see him go through various ceremonies. He has many little brass cups and spoons, and when I have seen these attempts at worship I have often been troubled because I

could not realize that this was idol worship. It seemed like children playing at cooking, only the performer was a gray-haired man or one in the prime of life, and it seemed as if he ought to know better.

Were you in India you would see in the early morning these Brahmans going and coming to and from the tank or river. They always wash their own clothes, or, rather, they used to do so. A mushu cloth of three yards fastened about the waist, and another, worn as a mantle or as a turban, were the usual dress. So you would see the Brahman coming from the water with the cloth about the waist quite wet, and the other just wrung out on his shoulder or in his hand. He would also be carrying a little, bright, shining, brass vessel full of water, which would be carefully kept for drinking water for the day. Now, however, through the influence of more refined ideas of dress, many wear jackets and such attire as requires starch and ironing, and the old-time customs pass away. But how can all this meaningless flourishing of water called morning devotions be charged for pure and true worship from the heart to a holy God? You do not need that I tell you. — *The Mission Dayspring*.

NO DIFFERENCE.

A little black girl, eight years old, was setting the table, when a boy in the room said to her, "Mollie, do you pray?"

The suddenness of the question confused her a little, but she answered, "Yes, every night."

"Do you think God hears you?" the boy asked.

She answered promptly, "I know He does."

"But do you think," said he, trying to puzzle her, "that He hears your prayers as readily as those of white children?"

For full three minutes the child kept on with her work; then she slowly said, "Master George, I pray into God's ears, and not His eyes. My voice is just like any other little girl's and, if I say what I ought to say, God does not stop to look at my skin."

THE GOSPEL IN FIJI.

The *Missionary News* tells a story like this:

"The people of Fiji had at one time cooked and eaten thirty people; and it was said that at the next meal they were determined to have some Christians. Just then, the king went to the mission-house; something had happened to make him cross before he went, and when he found the missionary was not there, he was very angry. The missionary's wife offered him some tea and something to eat. He drank the tea, but flung back the food angrily. At that moment a chief came in, and crawled submissively toward the king.

"The king cried out, 'Split his head with an axe!' Just then the missionary came in, and the man was saved; but the king declared he would kill the next Christian natives he should meet. Two who were near by said to each other, 'Heaven is near,' and then they went behind a bush near by to pray for themselves and for the king and for their persecutors; but they were not killed. The followers of the king said, 'If you missionaries would go away, these people would be in the ovens. We came to kill them, but we cannot lift a hand. The Christian's God is too strong for us.'"

Now there is a church on every one of the Fiji Islands, there are schools everywhere, and in a great many houses the first thing you hear in the morning and the last at night is the sound of prayer and the singing of hymns. People can go from island to island in perfect safety, and the days when men and women and even little children were eaten are passed away.

This is what missionary work has done for the South Sea Islands.

THE RANSOM.

Christ did not send,

But gave himself to save;
The ransom-price he did not lend,

But gave;

Christ died—the shepherd for the sheep;
We only fall asleep.

A BIBLICAL ALPHABET.

- A was a traitor hung by the hair—
 B was a folly built high in the air—
 C was a mountain o'erlooking the sea—
 D was a nurse buried under a tree—
 E was a first-born, bad from his youth—
 F was a ruler who trembled at truth—
 G was a messenger sent with good words—
 H was a mother who loaned to the Lord—
 I was a name received of the Lord—
 J was a shepherd in Arabian land—
 K was a place near the desert of sand—
 L was a pauper begging his bread—
 M was an idol, an object of dread—
 N was an architect years ago—
 O was a rampart to keep out the foe—
 P was an isle whence a saint looked above—
 Q was a Christian sainted in love—
 R was obscure yet a mother of Kings—
 S was a Da'ite, who did wonderful things—
 T was a city that had a stronghold—
 U was a country productive of gold—
 V was a queen whom a King set aside—
 Z was a place where a man wished to hide.

[Look up the Bible references that tell of these things and write them in the blank space between each.—*Sell*]

A WONDERFUL PENNY.

Fifty years ago a child gave a penny to the missionary box. A little tract, costing just one penny, was bought with it, and some one gave it to a young man, the son of a Burman chief. He travelled two hundred and fifty miles to learn to read it. The Christian teachers taught him, and God gave him a new heart. He went home and preached to others, and fifteen hundred heathen were converted and baptized.—*Spirit of Missions*.

THE PEOPLE OF KOREA.

If my young friends will take the trouble to look in the eastern part of the map of Asia they will there see China holding on to a piece of land with her left hand to keep it from falling into the sea. Have you found it? Well, that is Korca. If China should let go it would fall into the waters of the Yellow Sea and thus become an island instead of a peninsula. You see it is not a very large country, only about as large as the State of Minnesota, but it is quite full of people, having about one-sixth as many as we have in the United States.

This country was formerly called Chosen, which means "fresh morning" or Land of the "Morning Calm" because it is so far east. It is also called the Hermit Nation, because like an oyster it has kept its doors so tightly shut that no foreigners could get in, and if by accident any persons were cast upon its shores they were never allowed to leave the country.

Many years ago some Dutch sailors were shipwrecked and kept there eight years, and were so homesick that they were always watching for an opportunity to get away. So one day finding a boat they entered it and escaped. They found their way to Japan and from there they were sent home. What strange things they had to tell of the people, their customs and manners!

One thing seems very strange to us. They do not allow the women to go out in the daytime, but some time in the evening they ring a bell when all the men and boys have to hurry home as fast as they can until not one is seen on the streets, and then the women and girls go out to walk.

I have not time to tell more of their strange ways and habits, but you must read for yourselves. I want to tell you, however, that it is no longer a hermit land, for a few years ago they opened their doors and now they will allow us to visit them the same as other nations.

You will be glad to know that the present king, Bo Kei Ju, desires to be friendly

with other nations and has aided the missionaries in their work. You will also be glad to know that some of the Koreans have already become Christians and are calling to us to come and help them win their land for Christ. Within the last two years several missionaries have heard this call and have gone to this far-away land to declare to them the "good tidings" of great joy which you remember the angel said should be unto all people.

Dear children, will you not pray for the king and His people and the dear missionaries who have gone to carry the means of healing for their bodies at the same time they tell them the old, old story of Jesus and his love?—*R. D. J. In Little Missionary.*

A POOR LITTLE MAMMA!

We have many pupils in Zenanas who were once in the Allahabad school. One of the latest to take up the cares and responsibilities of Zenana life is "Kiron," a girl of thirteen. She came to school until her marriage a few months ago, and now one of our ladies teaches her in her new home. Her husband was a widower, with a boy fourteen years old and a girl of ten or twelve years, both learning with us, but not allowed to come to our school. The girl is very disorderly, her clothes always awry and her hair standing out like a brush.

Kiron is, in appearance, the reverse. I never saw her with soiled clothes or uncombed hair. Last week when the lady went to teach the two, Karon came first, looking neat as ever, and soon the little daughter followed, in her usual state, Kiron looked up from her book and said, in a distressed tone, "Do look at that child; twice I have brushed her hair and arranged her dress, but it does no good!"

The teacher could scarce repress a smile at the serious words and expression of face, but at heart she felt very sad that thus early, care and anxiety had come to one she had so lately known only as full of the careless joyousness of child-life.—*Missionary Link.*

THE ALASKAN GIRL.

[For the Children's Record.]

Perhaps you know but little of this cold country of Alaska. Twenty-one years ago the United States government paid Russia \$7,250,000 for the territory. Soon afterward missionaries went from the Presbyterian Church in the United States to teach the Indian people there. They have been very successful. Indian children are attending school and many of them are now serving the Saviour whom you love.

Four years ago a church was organized at a place called Sitka, where there is an Industrial Training School. There are now over 200 names on the communion roll of that church.

On the first Sabbath of last November a communion service was held. Thirty-nine were received into the church. There was one little Indian girl present that day and I cannot tell you how happy she was. Her heart beat with joy, her face beamed with delight. Why was she so happy? She loved Jesus and was glad to see so many give up old heathen customs and give themselves to the Lord's service.

But there was something that gave her greater happiness. For a long time she had been pleading with God and laboring faithfully to bring her parents and brothers to Jesus. Her prayers were answered. Father, mother, and five brothers all sat with her at the Lord's table for the first time.

THE DOG THAT ATE A BIBLE LEAF.

The Bible is a power. "Through my long missionary life," writes Mr. Moffat, "I have proved the softening effect of the Bible on the most savage people, as well as on the hardest hearts. A little while after the gospel had been carried among the Bechuanas in Africa, and had made several converts, I met, one day, an old man of the station, who was still a heathen. He seemed very much distressed.

"What is it, my friend?" I asked. "Have you lost some of your family?"

"Oh, no!" he answered; "no one is dead."

"What is the matter, then? You look very sad."

"The man hung down his head; then he said hesitatingly:

"My son has just told me that my dog has eaten a page of the Bible."

"Is that all?" I said. "Don't be troubled. Perhaps I can give you another page just like it."

"Oh!" said the old man. "It is about my poor dog; he will never be good for anything again. He will not bite any one nor follow the game; he will become quiet and gentle, like all the people who read your book. Haven't I seen the hearts of bravest warriors changed into the hearts of women? It will be the same with my dog."

DO YOU BELIEVE IT?

Not very long ago a Hindu lady had, with a group of other listeners, been drinking in, from a missionary, the explanation of the way "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," when she suddenly exclaimed—

"Do you believe it, Mem Sahib, do you believe it?"

"Yes, Mohini, of course I believe it. It is God's own message to us all. I am reading it to you from His word."

"Ah, I know, but Mem Sahib, do you believe He gave His Son to die for us miserable Hindu women as well as for you English ladies—do you believe that and do your people at home believe it?"

"Mohini, yes; we all believe it—it is God's glad tidings to us all, to you and to us alike—yes, we all believe it."

"Then why, oh, why did you not come sooner, and bring more with you, to tell all of us this good news?" sobbed poor Mohini. — *Hindu Women.*

LETTER FROM A BURMESE BOY.

The *Gospel in all Lands* gives a letter from a boy in Burma, who was once a heathen but has learned of Jesus from the missionaries, and is now a Christian. You would like to see the letter. Here it is.

More than three thousand years ago Gaudama, whom the Burmese people worship as God, was born in India. He lived eighty years. Before his death he told his disciples to make idols in remembrance of him. The idols are made of gold, silver, alabaster, and bricks. Offerings are placed before them from morning till noon. People bow down before these idols and offer their prayers.

In July and August is the time of the year when the Burmese are very religious. During this season, on full-moon and new-moon days, which they observe as their Sabbath days, large numbers of people may be seen making their way to the various monasteries and idol houses, carrying offerings. They make a vow that they will fast half the day and keep all other thoughts away from their hearts, and spend the time in counting the beads, at the same time repeating in their minds, Death, misery, vanity, to remind themselves of their hopeless condition. A person who bows down before a priest or an idol is called a Buddhist, and the shaven head and yellow robe are the only signs of the priestly order.

I have gone through all the forms of worship as described above, but the grace of God has now led me to see them very sinful. With five fellow-students I was baptized by the pastor in Maulmain on the fifth of this month. Will you, my friends, remember me in your prayers, that I may be a true follower of the Lord? Pray also that the Burman people may learn of the gentle Saviour who came-down to die for us."

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

She was a little girl until she was fifteen years old, and then she helped her mother in her household duties. She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the

fullest extent. She never said to her mother "I can't—I don't want to," for obedience was to her a cherished virtue.

She arose in the morning when called, and we do not suppose she had her hair done up in curling papers and crimping pins or banged over her forehead. She did not grow into a young lady and talk about her beau before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime novels, nor was she fancying a hero in every boy she met.

The old-fashioned girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang nor used by-words. She did not laugh at old people nor make fun of cripples. She had respect for her elders, and was not above listening to words of council from those older than herself. She did not know as much as her mother, nor did she think that her judgment was as good as that of her grandmother.

She did not go to parties by the time she was ten years old and stay till after midnight, dancing with chance young men who happened to be present. She went to bed in season, and doubtless she said her prayers and slept the sleep of innocence, rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness. And now, if there is an old-fashioned girl in the world to-day, may heaven bless and keep and raise up others like her.—*Bishop Cresswell*.

THE BEST WAY.

If I make a face at Billy,
He will make a face at me,
That makes two ugly faces,
And a quarrel, don't you see?
And then I double up my fist
And hit him, and he'll pay
Me back by giving me a kick,
Unless I run away.

But if I smile at Billy,
'Tis sure to make him laugh;
You'd say if you could see him,
'Twas jollier by half
Than kicks and ugly faces.
I tell you all the while,
It's pleasanter for any boy
(Or girl) to laugh and smile.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

Two young boys, sons of a minister, living in Cincinnati, O., went, not long ago, with their father to visit the Soldiers' Home in Dayton. After a while the minister left his sons in charge of an officer who was to show them the sights. Presently the soldier began :

"Now the old man has" —

"We do not know any old man," interrupted the elder of the boys.

"Now that the old gentleman"—said the soldier.

"We do not know any old gentleman," once more interrupted the boy; "he is our father."

A little while afterward the soldier began to swear. The younger brother looked up into his face, and said:

"Please don't use such words."

"Why not?"

"Because we do not like to hear them; we are church folks."

"Oh!" said the soldier, as he gave a whistle.

But he did not swear any more, and he guided those boys around the grounds as respectfully and attentively as if they had been the sons of Queen Victoria.—*Scl.*

TWO ENDS.

When a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of the ladder against the window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop and said very quietly:—"look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember; that is, *every ladder has two ends.*" I never have forgotten it, though many years have gone. Do we not carry things besides ladders that have two ends! When I see a young man getting "fast" habits, I think he sees only one end of the ladder, the one pointing towards pleasure, and that he does not know the other is wounding his parent's heart. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.—*Pacific Christian Advocate.*

WHAT SMOKING DOES FOR BOYS.

A medical man, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon the general health.

He took for his purpose thirty-eight, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less taste for strong drink. In twelve there were frequent bleedings of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days.

The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were soon restored.—*British Medical Monthly.*

HOW TO READ.

When a boy I began to read very earnestly, but, at the foot of every page I read, I stopped and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page.

At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed. But I compelled myself to comply with the plan, until now, after I have read a book through once, I can almost recite it from the beginning to the end.

It is a very simple habit to form early in life, and is valuable as a means of making our reading serve the best purpose.—*Ma-caulay.*

PRECEPT—PROMISE—PRAYER.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise. Prov. 6: 6.

The soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat. Prov. 13: 4.

Let none that wait on thee be ashamed; let them be ashamed which transgress without cause. Psa. 25: 3.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

June 3.—Matt. 27: 33-50. Memory vs. 33-37.

Jesus Crucified.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PHIL. 2: 8. CATECHISM, Q. 50.

Introductory.

On what charge did the council condemn Jesus to death?

Why did they bring him before Pilate?

What efforts did Pilate make to release him?

What did Pilate finally do?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Crucified on Calvary. vs. 33-38.

Where was Jesus taken for execution?

What was given him to drink?

Why did he refuse it?

What did they then do to him?

How was crucifixion performed?

What was done with his garments?

What prophecy was fulfilled?

What was set over his head?

Who were crucified with him?

How were they placed?

II. Mocked and Reviled. vs. 39-44.

Who mocked and reviled Jesus?

How did they that passed by revile him?

How did the chief priests mock him?

Could Jesus have come down?

Why did he not?

How did the thieves treat him?

What did one of them do?

How did the soldiers mock him?

How did he bear all this reviling? 1 Pet.

2: 23.

III. Darkness and Death. vs. 45-50.

What took place at the sixth hour?

How long did this darkness last?

What took place at the ninth hour?

From what is this cry a quotation?

What is its meaning?

How was it misunderstood by those who stood by?

What was done?

What then took place?

What was this cry? John 19: 30.

What were the last words of Jesus? Luke 23: 46.

What Have I Learned?

1. That Christ was numbered with the transgressors that we might be numbered with the righteous.

2. That he was mocked and reviled by men that we might be honored and blessed by God.

3. That he was forsaken by the Father that we might be received to his favor.

4. That he died, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

5. That we should give our hearts to Him who gave his life for us.

June 10.—Matt. 28: 1-15. Memory vs. 5-7.

Jesus Risen.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 COR. 15: 20. CATECHISM, Q. 51.

Introductory.

By whom was Jesus buried?

How was the sepulchre guarded?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Angel's Announcement. vs. 1-7.

Who came to the sepulchre?

When?

Why did they come?

What had taken place?

How did the angel appear?

How did his appearance affect the keepers?

What did he say to the women?

Had Jesus foretold his resurrection? Matt. 16: 21; 20: 19.

Why did the angel invite them into the sepulchre?

To whom did he send them?

With what message?

II. The Women's Witness. vs. 8-10.

What did the women do?

Who met them?

What did Jesus say to them?
 How did they worship him?
 What did he tell them to do?
 Where did he direct his disciples to meet him?

III. Evidence from Enemies. vs. 11-15.

What did the guard of the sepulchre do?
 Who now assembled?
 What did they bribe the soldiers to do?
 What promise of protection did they give?

What was the result of this?
 Show the absurdity of this report.
 What evidence does it give as to the resurrection?

Why is Christ's resurrection so important a fact.

What Have I Learned?

1. That God sends his angels to minister to the friends of Jesus.
2. That we have a risen and a living Saviour.
3. That because Christ lives we shall live also.
4. That we should be glad to tell others of this living Saviour.
5. That Christ's resurrection is the pledge and pattern of his people's resurrection.

June 17.—Matt. 28: 16-20. Memory vs. 18-20.

The Great Commission.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PS. 68: 11. CATECHISM. Q. 22.

Introductory.

When did our Lord rise from the dead?
 To whom did he first appear?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Appearance in Galilee. vs. 16, 17.

Where did the disciples go to meet Jesus?

When did he appoint this meeting?
 How many probably saw him there?
 What did they do when they saw him?

II. The Disciples Sent Forth. vs. 18-20.

What did Jesus declare concerning himself?

Meaning of this? Eph. 1: 20-23; Phil. 2: 9-11.

What commission did he give?

What is baptism?

Whom were the apostles to teach?

What were they to teach?

What encouraging promise did Jesus give them?

Who are included in this commission and promise?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Christ should receive the homage and adoration of all men.
2. That he has authority over the universe.
3. That his gospel is to be preached to all.
4. That we must each of us do all we can to help in sending the gospel to all the world.
5. That he will be with all who preach or teach his truth.

June 21.—Matt. 22: 1-23: 20.

Review Exercise.

GOLDEN TEXT.—2 COR. 9: 15.

To what did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven?

How did those who were invited treat the invitation?

What did the king then command his servants to do?

What charge did Jesus bring against the Pharisees?

What words of lamentation did he utter?

What duty did Jesus urge upon his disciples?

Whom did he pronounce blessed?

What will the kingdom of heaven be like when Christ comes?

What took place when the bridegroom came?

What did his lord say to the faithful servant?

What welcome will the King give the righteous in the day of judgment?

What sentence will he pronounce upon the wicked?

At the Lord's Supper what did Jesus say to his disciples when he gave them the bread?

What did he say when he gave them the cup?

What did Jesus say to his disciples in Gethsemane?

What prayer did he offer?

What did Peter do when charged the third time with being a disciple of Jesus?

When he thought of his great sin, what did he do?

What inscription was placed over Jesus on the cross?

Who were crucified with him?

What did the angel say to the woman at the sepulchre?

What good news did he tell them?

What great commission did the risen Saviour give his apostles?

What encouraging assurance did he give them?

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

Westminster Question Book.

LET HIM HAVE MY PILLOW.

A little boy was reading to his mother in the New Testament, and when he came to the words, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," his eyes filled with tears, and at last he sobbed aloud.

His mother inquired what was the matter, when, as well as his sobs would let him, he said: "I am sure, mamma, if I had been there, I would have given him my pillow!"

I MEAN TO BE SOMEBODY.

"What is the use of being in the world unless you are somebody?" said a boy to his companion. "Sure enough, and I mean to be," answered the companion: "I began this very day. I mean to be somebody." The boy who first spoke looked the other in the face and exclaimed, "Began to-day! How? What do you mean to be?" "A Christian boy, and so

grow up to be a Christian man," was the reply; "I believe that is the greatest somebody for us to be." The testimony of that boy was true. There is no higher manhood or womanhood than Christian manhood or womanhood. And it is possible for everyone to attain to that greatness. There are many things in this world which people may desire and not obtain, but, no one who truly desires and earnestly seeks this greatness is ever disappointed.—*Rev. Wm. Duncan.*

HOW BOYS CAN MAKE MONEY.

Russell Sage's advice is (1) by getting a position; (2) keeping his mouth shut; (3) observing; (4) being faithful; (5) making his employer think he would be lost in a fog without him; (6) and to be polite. That is a good way to begin after he gets there. If he lives up to these rules he will not want a friend at court for any length of time—in fact not at all.

Jay Gould's policy: "Keep out of bad company and go to work with a will. The boy who does that is bound to get on in the world."

Cyrus W. Field's scheme is: "Punctuality, honesty, and brevity are the watch-words of life."

FORGETTING.

Boys, to forget may not be a crime, but it often leads to results almost like crime. If you have ever forgotten any important order, do not think it a trifling thing because no tragedy follows your forgetfulness. Your fault is the same when the danger is averted as when it is not. You may be saved when others suffer; but the fault of forgetfulness is not great only as it affects the one who forgets, but as it makes everything depending on that one uncertain and insecure.

Little givers do your part
With a glad and willing heart,
For the angel voices say,
"Little givers! give to-day,"

"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 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 good and great man, who is now in Heaven. Now, you see what you have to give to 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 never to let them do anything naughty, and will teach them to do everything good 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 not 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 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."—*Little Missionary*.

MORNING PRAYER VERSES.

I.

Father, keep me through this day;
Watch me in my work and play;
And teach my little lips to pray,
For Jesus' sake.

Guide my footsteps hold me fast;
Through this day, as through the past;
And make my soul all Thine at last,
For Jesus' sake.

II.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
My soul in safety while I've slept;
O, guide me, Lord, throughout this day
In all I think, or do, or say
For Jesus' sake. Amen.

III.

Now the morning light is here;
Thou hast kept me, Saviour dear;
Let me love Thee all this day,
While I study, while I play.

When asleep upon my bed,
Angels watched around my head;
Jesus heard my evening prayer;
Love and thanks, Lord, for Thy care.

—Sel.