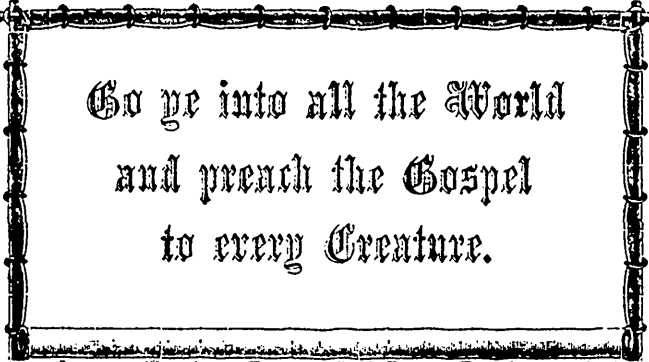






THE  
CHILDREN'S  
RECORD



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

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### The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE  
FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

What a wonderful story is that of mission work in Japan. Eighteen years ago if one professed to be a Christian he was liable to be taken and put to death. Now there are many Christian churches. Read carefully the interesting letter of Mr. McVicar on another page which tells of his first Sabbath in Japan. Another strange thing too is, that among the first contributions that were sent to aid the gospel in Japan was that from the Sandwich Islands, from a people who a few years ago were themselves savage cannibals.

Wonderful too is the good news that comes from China as told in Mr. Goforth's Journal, which I hope you will carefully read.

### A CHINESE CORNELIUS.

A missionary's wife in China, writing from *Che-man-pu*, tells a story which sounds somewhat like that tenth chapter in the Acts of the Apostles, telling of Cornelius.

"Her husband was making one of those visiting tours which missionaries so frequently undertake among the villages within convenient distance from home, when one morning a servant, who had been dispatched by his master before day-break, stood before him and begged him to come and preach in his lord's village.

Mr. Bergen went and found thirty men who had signed a pledge to study and pray over the Christian doctrine till they should be fit to enter the "Jesus Church." The rich man who had sent for Mr. Bergen, had provided a large room for the meeting, and there Mr. Bergen stayed for several days and preached to them from the Word of Life. They had already been instructed by a native Christian, and had made good progress in understanding the Scripture. The village-school teacher and all his pupils were also studying. May we not expect to hear from this village again? "The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."

### AN OLD DITTY EXPLAINED.

"You all know the old 'Sing a Song of Six-pence.' Have you ever read what it meant?"

The four-and twenty blackbirds represent twenty four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world; the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is "a dainty dish to set before the king."

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting his money, is the sun; while the goldpieces that slip through his fingers are golden sunshine. The queen who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden, at work before the king the sun--has risen, the day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird who so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose" is the hour of sunset. So we have the whole day in a pie."

"This may seem a funny thing to put into your record, but it may help you to look at all the good and beautiful things God has given us in nature and to prize them better than either "pies" or "gold."

## THE MEDICINE MAN.

Perhaps you did not think that the wild Indians who roam in forest or on prairie and live by fishing and hunting, had such a luxury as doctors. Yes they have and the name they give them is not unlike that which we give ours. We call our doctors "Medical men." They call theirs "Medicine men."

All the wild Indians have great faith in their "Medicine men." When these doctors give medicine it is often roots and herbs, and sometimes other curious mixtures. They do not however place their chief dependence upon their medicines but upon charms and magic.

When one gets sick and sends for the doctor, that gentleman comes dressed up in a funny sort of way. Sometimes he is dressed in the skin of a bear and wears a mask, and about his neck the queerest sort of necklace, made of strings upon which are strung the skins of bats and snakes, and the horns and hoofs and tails of all sorts of animals.

Then he dances around the patient, rattling his charms and jumping and growling like a bear. He thinks in this way to drive off the evil spirit :

How wretched these poor people are, to have to depend upon such help in time of sickness. Such things can do them no good and yet it is just a picture of their spiritual state. When sick with sin they have none to tell them of healing until the missionary comes to them and tells them of Jesus "the great Physician."



THE MEDICINE MAN.

And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people.

But when he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.

Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plentious, but the laborers are few ;

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

## The Hunan Mission.

### MR. GOFORTH'S JOURNAL.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD

CHANG-TE-FU, Sept. 30th

This morning Dr. McClure and I walked through main street to the Old Stone bridge at the North of the city. From the civility of the people we think that good has been done by so many of the upper classes of the people coming for treatment. To-day many officials are in the city to say prayers at the temple for a great man who died.

As we passed the gates we were pleasantly greeted by the silk robed gentry who had already come to see us. Before we came up I noticed in the company the young official named *Nik* who had told me that he always read the New Testament, but on seeing us he immediately passed inside. Perhaps

#### HE WAS ASHAMED

to be found doing honor to the false god. Returning from our walk we found many sick waiting for us. Soon an official cart comes and takes the Doctor off to see some rich sick people at one of Yamen families. He had not returned when another call came from another official's house but owing to the great number of sick people that were waiting we had to refuse.

The wealthiest man, perhaps, in the city, came in a most stylish cart. Father and son both sought medical treatment. To-day has brought many of the official class. The number of opium users is appalling. Every one, both old and young, of the official class, whom we have asked

"DO YOU USE OPIUM?"

has answered "yes." Of the old there is now little hope, but one's heart goes out in pity for many of these fine young men. They feel that they are caught in the snare of this curse yet they have not power to free themselves from it. Several of the upper class men have become quite friendly and appear right at home

with us. They have told me of how they

#### DREADED THE FUTURE YEARS

because with this vice chaining them their prospects were blasted. Two of this class, stout young men, under thirty, spoke of how they feared to become the physical wrecks like some of the older men, and asked me to persuade the Doctor to give them something to

#### CURE THEM OF THE HABIT.

To all this we reply "if we had a hospital where we could have you come and stay, and constantly attend you, the Doctor would undertake your case, but to give you medicine and leave you where you can get opium when the craving comes is useless." We further say we will return again next spring, then if you want us to stay in your city, we will build a hospital and undertake your care. Several of them have said they would like this. The speaking is nearly all falling to me. Several times to-day I have talked till tired and then called the Chinese helper to take my place but in a little while they would again call on me to speak and explain the Bible.

Speaking to a company of them to-day I told how God at first called the Jews and gave them his word that they might know his will; then how Christ came and sent his followers to all nations. I told them that at that time our English forefathers were idol worshippers as the Chinese now are, but hearing God's message they believed and turned from idols to worship the true God. At this point a man of perhaps 45 years, who had been closely listening, said to me, will you tell us again when it was that Christ sent the Gospel to your ancestors? I repeated the time. Again he asked "Did they at that time believe it?" Yes. "And have they had no idols since?" No. Then

WHY WERE THEY SO LONG IN SEND-

ING THE WORD TO US.

What could I say? I said, "true they were very slow about sending the message to you

The whole number of patients treated to-day was *ninety-nine*.

Oct. 1st. 1889.

Yesterday and to-day the women have come out in large numbers. All classes were represented. It is not usual for the better class of Chinese women to come out in such crowds as come these days, but in their desire for healing they break loose from custom. Some came in the family and official cart, others came in company with the elder ladies, while one came borne by a husband and son. Here we meet our suffering sisters of China, many of them truly noble looking women, but alas they are in darkness.

But the sight which moves us most of all is

## THE LITTLE SUFFERERS.

One can scarcely keep back tears while looking at their suffering. As I see these little ones I think what a contrast there is between the tenderly cared for little ones in the Toronto "Sick Children's Hospital", and the awful filth and neglect which these little ones of China suffer.

The Doctor treated 120 patients to-day. We hear that splendid reports of us are abroad everywhere. Coming to this Mohammedan inn was of God's leading

A military official from a neighboring city was staying at the inn. He at once called on us and has been very friendly. He says he will be pleased to have us go to his city 30 miles away. He did much in making us known to the upper class. The five days spent at *Chang te fu* have been full of blessing to us. Pray that here a large opening for Christ's Kingdom may be made.

Oct. 2.

We left *Chang te fu* early this morning, and walked to our boat, a distance of eight miles. I spoke for a time in each of four villages by the way. In one the store-keeper had bought two books from us a few days before. He told us that he had read them and now wanted others. He bought Mark, Luke, and John's gospels, and the Acts.

Oct. 3.

Again in the main stream. While walking along the bank with a Chinaman of the district we came to an exposed place where a

## TEMPLE TO THE RIVER GOD

had been built. The water is gradually eating up under the foundations. The man said that they were afraid the bank would break away so they had set up the river god to stop it.

We showed him how foolish it was to think of a mud god protecting the river banks, and told him of the only true God.

Oct. 4.

We came to another exposed part of the bank. The Mandarin had built a strong stone facing several hundred feet long and has added to it a temple to the river gods. We asked to see inside the temple. Then to the priests and people who were there we told that God forbids them to have false gods and now calls upon them to forsake them and trust in the true God for salvation. The priests had no word of defence for their gods. I then sold some books and departed.

We reached *Hsui Hsien* in the evening and secured an inn where we will dispense medicines and preach to the people.

## GREAT CROWDS CAME TO SEE US.

Oct. 5.

All forenoon the Doctor is kept busy. We have no lack of hearers. About three o'clock a company of silk robed gentry came to see us. Three of them were the Mandarin's sons. One was the second official of the place. They said the Mandarin wanted us to call on him and see his little daughter. We consented. His official cart came for us and we were soon in the Yamen Court where passing through lines of servants and officials of greater or less note, we passed through a great many rooms until we reached the reception hall. After sitting here for a time we are led through other rooms until we come to the Mandarin's private parlor.

The Mandarin, a fat good-natured looking man, politely received us and talked

about our country. He asked to see our books. I shewed him the Bible in Chinese and asked him to read the creation, the commandments, and the command to preach the gospel to every creature. Then

#### THE LITTLE MAID OF TEN SUMMERS.

was led in. Her eyes have been ulcerated for several years so that the sight is just gone. She is a loved child. The mother came as far as the door anxious to hear what the Doctor would say. But as soon as he saw the eyes he said, "There is no hope." The Mandarin repeated it. No hope. The little maid's mother looked sadly on, but kept silence. The sweet little girl was led away. The fate of China's blind is very sad.

The Mandarin took us to his summer house on the top of the city wall. Through a field glass we had a fine view of the temple crowned hills within the city walls and of the country to the South and West. Tea and sweet meats were served, and he wanted us to stay for supper. We said we could not stay. Can you come and dine to-morrow evening then, he asked. We told him that to-morrow was the Sabbath. Then can you come on Monday evening? To this we agreed.

How we spent the Sabbath in healing and preaching, and how we went to see the Mandarin on Monday I will tell you next time.

#### OUR FIRST SABBATH IN A HEATHEN LAND.

BY REV. J. H. MCVICAR OUR MISSIONARY IN HONAN.

CHINA, November 19th, 1889.

MY DEAR DR. MACKAY, We have at welcome last set foot on the soil of beloved China. We reached Yokohama, Japan, Oct. 23rd. Out of the nineteen days we had been afloat on the Pacific, we had only four that could be described as calm, and on only two of these were steamer chairs placed on deck, owing to rain. Was it any wonder after so many drenchings from cloud and sea, that the sparkling sunlight of Japan should captivate our

senses during our two weeks of delay in Yokohama? I hope you will pardon me while I recall the experiences of our

#### FIRST SABBATH ON HEATHEN SOIL.

It was in Yokohama, and our special pleadings that morning for grace to spend the day aright received an answer so marked as to fill us with amazement. We had expected the street spectacles and activities on the way to church to distract our thoughts and deprived us of that serene of holy calm which is associated with the day at home; but it transpired that Sunday is a sort of national holiday in Japan, not for religious observance but for rest and recreation; and it was not therefore wholly due to imagination that the streets should seem quieter to us that morning than we had found them through the week. Indeed we closed the day with a profound consciousness that it had been good for us to be there good to have missed our intended steamer for China, if only for the sake of enjoying such warm Christian fellowship in so sunny a realm!

It was a unique experience, as well as no small privilege, to begin the day's public worship in an edifice originally built with money sent for the purpose by

#### CONVERTS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS!

Eighteen years ago, did any Japanese subject profess to be a follower of Christ, he was thrust behind prison bars to await sentence of death. Only eighteen years; and, - it will read like a romance, - that morning we occupied pews in the midst of a congregation of native men and women who so completely filled the large edifice (and it was only an ordinary occasion) that seats had to be placed in the aisles to accommodate them. It was a strange sight; and yet strangely *for* *their* too; for those who surrounded us were "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God;" and if we could not make out the language of their devotions, we could at least understand and heartily join in their English "Amen," as well as follow them in spirit when they sang tran-

sations of our own favorite hymns set to the same familiar tunes. The amused curiosity with which we had noticed the innumerable wooden soles left in the porch by the natives who had preceded us into the sanctuary, instantly vanished when the service began and we observed the intent earnestness of the worshipers, who by their devoutness made us feel like taking off our own shoes, so holy seemed the ground whereon we stood.

The congregation, rising to its shoeless feet, read responsively a passage from the scriptures, and there issued from all parts of the building such a volume of sound as betokened pretty universal ability to read; which in Japan, believe me, signifies far more than it would in Canada! In China, as you are aware, it is the lower orders that are more easily influenced by the Gospel; but in Japan, exactly the reverse: there the educated classes are being wonderfully reached, but little access has been gained to the confidence of the coolie.

When the first hymn was started, a polite Japanese deacon handed us a hymn-book opened at the place; and though the characters were hieroglyphics in our eyes, we received incalculable benefit from the tune, which readily lent itself to words in our mother tongue. "what a Friend we have in Jesus." Ay, *what* a friend! so graciously to meet us in that foreign clime and draw us into closer spiritual friendship with those whom heretofore, perhaps, we had but remotely thought of as our brothers and sisters united in Himself.

It did seem so homelike, too, while the native pastor was reading the lesson for the day, to hear a

#### JAPANESE BABY CRYING

in a remote corner of the church. Japanese children do not often scream or cry, even at play upon the streets, so that this incident is not unworthy of note. It recalled to my mind the remark of a London waif newly come to Montreal, who had been watching some people on the street, and on being informed that they were French, expressed incredulity, "well any-

how," she said, "if they're French, they don't *laugh* in French, for I was a listenin' to them!" And she was right. Common expressions of joy and grief are much the same everywhere and in my heart I blessed that crying urchin of Japan for sending my thoughts eight thousand miles away to the Mission House on Nazareth Street. Even though it was Japanese, it didn't *cry* in Japanese—not a bit of it! It was the very same infantile disturbance that we grew so accustomed to in our Sabbath evening services in Griffintown.

The native Pastor proved to be a man of extraordinary eloquence. We could see from merely watching him. His text was, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil," and we were afterwards told by a European missionary who had been able to understand him, as well as listen, that the treatment was characterized by a choice spirituality. No wonder the church was thronged and seats needed in the aisles. We were also told afterwards that the congregation is imbued with a very strong missionary spirit and has branched out in all directions through the city and the land. This is but one of the many hopeful signs in the missionary outlook in Japan.

Half an hour after the native service, we attended an English service in the same edifice. Altogether our first sabbath in a heathen land had been a most remarkable one. Like some of old, we were "amazed" and said, "We have seen strange things to-day."

#### COMMENCING SCHOOL-LIFE IN CHINA.

When the Chinese boy is six or seven years of age he is sent to school. The father who is very particular in his choice of a school-master, having finally made up his mind, arrangements are entered into, the master is invited to dinner, and then it only remains for the fortune-teller to consult the boy's *pal-tsz* and fix upon a lucky day for his first attendance. In



any case this must not take place on the anniversary of either the death or the burial of the philosopher Confucius or of the god of letters. The boy receives a new or book name, and with his father enters the school. Here he first bows and burns incense before the tablet of Confucius (one of such tablets always being present in every school). Next he salutes his teacher and presents a money offering, after which he takes his seat at a separate little desk assigned to him. About twenty to forty boys occupy the same room.

#### JUST A LITTLE.

"Only just a little, a very, very little!" said the brook to the bank.

And the bank was silent, and the brook wore its sides till the earth melted away and the sods floated down the same stream.

"Just a little more, a very little more!" said the brook again.

And the waters pressed against the roots of the willows that grew beyond the bank, and laid them bare.

"Just a little more," said the brook again.

And the widening stream advanced with fresh force till, one by one the willows fell, and were borne away in the torrent.

"Alas!" cried the meadow, as the waters closed in on it, "if I had not neglected the first attack on my bank, my fence would never have been destroyed; but now my protection is gone, and I am rightly served in being turned from a fruitful field into a watery waste."

It is always so with the beginning of evil. Yielded to "just a little," by-and-by it claims the whole.

#### BE LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

Children, you are household sunbeams; don't forget it, and when mother is tired and weary, or father comes home from his work feeling depressed, speak cheerfully to them and do what you can to help

them. Very often you can help them most by not doing something, for what you would do may only make more work for them. Therefore, think before you speak or act, and say to yourself, "Will this help mamma?" or, "Will this please papa?" There is something inside you that will always answer and tell you how to act. It won't take a minute, either, to decide when you do this, and you will be repaid for waiting by the earnestness of the smile or the sincerity of the kiss that will greet you. One thing remember always—the effect of what you do lingers after you are gone. Long after you have forgotten the smile or cheerful word which you gave your father, or mother, or the little act which you did to make them happy, it is remembered by them, and after you are asleep they will talk about it and thank God for their little household sunbeam.—*Scl.*

#### A GOOD NAME.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men knew the worth of good principles that cannot be removed.

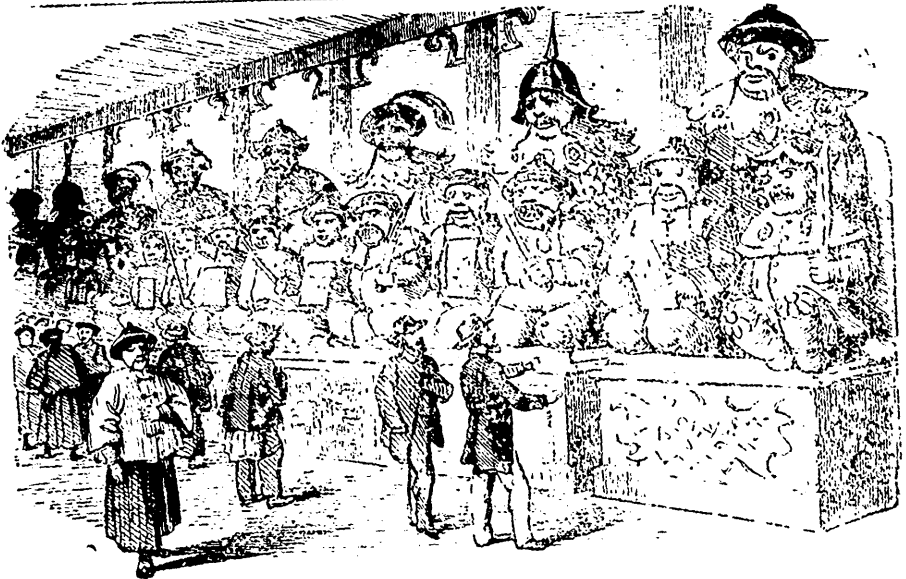
A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank because he refused to write for him on Sunday.

When afterwards asked to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work on the Sabbath."

A gentleman who employed many persons in his large establishment, said: "When I see one of my young men riding for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday; I knew such an one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ any one who occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

Boys, honour the Lord's Day and all the teachings of the Bible, and you will not fail to find favour with God, and with man also.



THE IDOL MAKER'S SHOP.

A few months ago you read the following rhyme which is a translation of a god maker's advertisement in China. Here you have it again with the picture of a god maker's shop.

To my Celestial friends and countrymen,  
I am truly Achen Tea Chinchon,  
Descendant of Comp Doi Rache Chinchon.  
In the art of god-making he was never ashamed  
A sculptor and carver so wonderously famed.  
That his skill and his power are every-where  
named.

Skilled in studies both deep and severe  
The idols he made for man's worship appear  
On every hand  
In all the land.  
By just the right touches of chisel and knife  
He kept our national religion in life;  
Was honored by emperors and kings of the  
East,  
By rajahs and people from great men to least.  
Ho worthy lived; but alas! he has died

To reap his reward with the happyed dead,  
Now humbly I offer my services free,  
Like him well-skilled in the god-making line;  
That I be not found in the human form rude,

I have travelled from hence at some vast expense;  
I've studied and copied a number immense  
Of choice human figures in best attitude;  
Since trained by art-masters Nollekens and  
Bakon,  
Never by patrons can I be forsaken.

As fitting an artist of sacred profession,  
I have casts of twelve idols now in my possession  
From twelve feet in height, and faultless in  
shane.  
Down to the smallest and loveliest, ape,  
Among these to foster religion's deep awe,  
Are monsters more dreadful than any you saw;  
These wonderful bargains bring crowds to my  
gate,  
Drawn hither to profit by terms moderate.

Listen, friends, who wish to buy:  
Seven hundred dollars for an orang-outang  
three feet high;  
For eight hundred dollars a fighting one buy.  
I offer, too, a sphinx for hundreds four,  
The people see it, and bowing down, adore.  
Six hundred fifty dollars for a bull with hump  
and horns,  
Court palace, or temple, alike he adorns.  
I charge for big buffalo only eight hundred!  
For ass braying, the same, now be my words  
pondered.

Choice idols are mine; the creatures seem  
living;  
And I ask such a trifle, that selling is giving.

Crumbling wood shall ne'er disgrace  
Any idol that I make;  
Granite, brass, and copper idols  
Only orders for I take.

Pilgrim's tears can never tarnish  
These strong gods, or sun or rain;  
Gilded with the best of varnish,  
Aves on them leave no stain.

Very choice, these smaller idols,  
Just the things for laborer's home;  
Also pocket ones for travellers  
Who on pilgrimages roam.

Size and weight decide the prices;  
I am selling under cost;  
Being kind and conscientious,  
Much good money I have lost.

Yet my business rule is simple.  
Ready money, never trust;  
Who so buys of my idol  
May for it be quickly must.

I will promptly attend to orders post-paid.  
Enclosed with description of gods to be made,  
Provided one lend the price is sent on,  
And the rest is secured by a house in Canton.  
*St.*

#### RAISING MONEY FOR MISSIONS.

In a village not far from New York was a Girls' Missionary Society. The members heard that their missionary in Africa and his family needed clothing. After they had debated for some time how they should raise the money a brother of one of the girls gave them his plan. He said:

"My Plan is to have an entertainment and sale and devote the proceeds to purchasing suitable clothing for those very destitute missionaries. We'd have it in the Town Hall. On one side we could hang a motto, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains,' over the refreshment tables, and some of you girls, with powdered hair and in cotton-battling, diamond-dusted suits, could serve ices. Then on the other side a green-lettered sign, 'To India's Cord Sea-land,' could be suspended, and under it the rest of you, in bangles, spangles, and what-not, could sell fancy articles. And upon every elm-tree along the village street I would place this poster.

Tony unrolled the yellow scroll, headed with

*Come One and All and Bring the Children. Benefit of the Girls' Missionary Society.*

TONY BROWN, JR., MANAGER.

"O Tony, is that just the thing?" asked sister Lou.

"The thing? Of course it is. Nothing like it to draw the money from tightly closed purses. I don't believe in this bean-guessing and quilt-voting business. That's Lottery. But a simple fair!"

"I do not approve of fairs," announced Jennie Blair; "That is, to raise money for church purposes."

"Don't you?" inquired Tony, somewhat crestfallen. "Very well, we'll have some other plan. I'm agreeable to anything except those 'china' solicitations. Those are an infliction. Can you suggest something else?"

"We might collect some money," said Jennie.

"We might! So we will!" rejoined Tony. "We'll borrow Farmer Trask's light wagon. I'll do the asking, but you must all go with me to keep up my spirits."

For a week Farmer Trask's light wagon rode over hill and through valley on its canvassing route. Sometimes success followed it. Oftener discouragement.

"We've saved the toughest place for the last," declared Tony as he alighted at a forbidding stone gateway. Behind it lived the stingiest man in the county. Once a year he listened to the Rev. Anthony Brown's sermon from the free sittings in the rear of the church. He was reputed to be very wealthy, but no glimpse of his money was seen when the contribution-box was passed. The girls sat for a long, long time in the wagon.

"What can that boy be doing?" sighed Lou, impatiently flecking the leaves from the lilac-hedge with the long whip. Old Dobbin turned his head around as if to inquire what was the delay.

At last Tony was seen coming down the shaded driveway.

"Guess how much he gave me," he laughed.

"Two cents and his blessing," cried sister Lou.

"Twenty dollars! I thought I wouldn't get a penny, but just as I was leaving he handed me these bills. He said they were a reward for helping him home over the icy streets one day last winter."

Ninety-three dollars was the sum total of their begging. The minister made it up to a hundred from his quarterly stipend.

The Girl's Missionary Society spent the next day in the neighboring town purchasing suitable articles for the barrel.

Tired but happy, with their arms full of bundles, they were entering the train bound for home.

"Forgotten something!" cried Tony. "Be back in a minute."

Anxiously the girls waited, for Tony was in charge of their tickets.

The warning gong sounded. No Tony

The second gong sounded. On the steps bounded Tony as the train began to crawl out of the station.

"There, I've got it!" he panted, holding a box of "Huyler's best" in his arms. "I know I just long for candy sometimes, and I thought the missionary's wife might, especially as she's a girl. Don't look so horrified, Miss Jennie. I didn't expend our missionary fund upon this sweetness. I bought it instead of a new tennis cap."

Their missionary barrel was duly packed and started.

Several months later a letter of thanks was received from the African missionary. "And as for that delicious box of confectionery with the card of Tony Brown, Jr., on top," so he wrote, "well, my wife just wept when she opened it."

"Wh-ew," whistled Tony, winking suspiciously fast. "Women always cry. But, girls, aren't you glad your society for once submitted to Tony Brown, Jr., Manager?"—*Wellspring*.

### FIVE KINDS OF PENNIES.

A boy who had a pocket full of coppers dropped one into the missionary-box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen or the missionary. His was a *tin* penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put in a penny, and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was a *brass* penny. Not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself: "I suppose I must, because all others do." This was an *iron* penny. It was the gift of a cold, selfish heart.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny in the box he shed a tear, and his heart said: "Poor heathens! I'm sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a *silver* penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his with a throbbing heart, saying to himself: "For thy sake, O loving Jesus, I give this, hoping that it may be the means of some good to those who have never heard of thee." This was a *golden* penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.

### FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE.

A young man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold. The noose had been adjusted around his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said "If you have anything to say, speak now; as you have but five minutes more to live." What awful words for young man to hear, in full health and vigor?

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears, and said, with sobbing, "I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk—the first time. I found my little brother gathering straw-

berries. I got angry with him, without cause, and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it till I awoke the next day and found myself guarded. Whiskey had done it! It has ruined me! I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, never, never, touch anything that can intoxicate!"

Think what one indulgence in drink may do.

This youth was not a habitual drunkard. Shun the deadly cup which steals away your senses before you are aware of it; for you cannot know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence.

#### TEN YEARS OLD.

To be ten years old has always seemed to me a very serious thing ever since the day when I became so. It was a Sabbath day, my tenth birthday. I think that I had about as good a mother as any boy ever had—very loving, very wise, and very faithful. She did not worry me with too many talks and lectures, though she kept her kind watchful eye on me always, and she had a firm as well as gentle hand. When she did sit down to have a regular talk with me she was apt to say things worth remembering—things which I could not forget. On that Sabbath day, my tenth birthday she said, "My son, if you live as much longer as you have lived now—ten years you will be a man, as tall and large as you are ever going to be. Then you will not be taken care of and guided by your father and me. You must learn how to govern and guide yourself before that time."

She made me see that it was a great thing to get ready to be a man, and to do a man's part, and bear a man's responsibilities in this world. She made me feel that it would make a great difference to others, what kind of a man I should be. She had not waited till then to teach me

the lesson which King David taught to Solomon: "My son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. . . . if thou seek Him He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him He will cast thee off forever." She was always teaching me that—she and my father—even more by their honest, golly, kind, lives than by their wise and faithful kind words. But I remember no one day in which that good lesson sank deeper into my heart than on that Sabbath day which was my tenth birthday.

When the next ten years had gone and my twentieth birthday had come, sure enough, I had gone through college and was teaching a school, in which were some scholars as old as I was. I remembered that talk with my mother, and wrote to her about it on that day. Ten more years and I was a father and a pastor. And so the end of each ten years has found me with serious responsibilities, in which at all times it has helped me to recollect what my mother taught me when I sat on her lap, and how she advised me when I was taller than she. I do not remember ever being sorry for having done as I thought my mother would wish. This was so quite as much after she had gone from this world as when I could write letters to her and get letters from her.

A good many little readers of these pages are about ten years old, I suspect. Some have had their tenth birthday, and some will have it soon. Do not wait for that particular day to come before you seek the Lord. "If thou seek him now, he will be found of thee." But still I cannot help thinking it is a very serious thing to be ten years old; and there is only one way to make it a happy and safe thing to be more than ten years old. Has not what I have been saying make it pretty plain what that way is? Think it over, my little Presbyterians, and talk it over with you mothers on any Sabbath day, whether it is your birthday or not.—*Ed.*

### The Sabbath School Lessons.

**April 2.—Luke 6:27-39. Memory vs. 35-37**

#### Christ's Law of Love.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Luke 6: 31. Catechism Q. 63

#### Introductory.

Whom did Jesus choose as his twelve apostles ?

What followed the choice of the apostles ?

Where have we a full record of the Sermon on the Mount ?

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses.

The Catechism.

#### I. Love Your Enemies. vs. 27-30.

How are we to feel and act toward our enemies ?

What are we to do when wronged or injured ?

How did our Saviour show this spirit ?

#### II. Love as Christians. vs. 31-35.

What rule is here given for common life ?

What is the sum of the ten commandments ?

What different rule is here reprov'd ? vs. 32-34.

What does our Lord command ?

By what promise is the command enforced ?

#### III.—Love as God Loves. vs. 36-38.

What duty is therefore insisted on ?

What example is given to us ?

What instance of God's love is given in verse 35 ?

What rule of conduct is next laid down ? v. 35. vs. 35

What is promised to those who obey it ?

What is commanded and what promised in verse 37 ?

#### What Have I Learned ?

1. That we should love our enemies and seek their good.

2. That we must forgive others if we would have God forgive us.

3. That we must do to others as we would have them do to us.

4. That we must not judge harshly or uncharitably of others.

5. That we may expect to be judged by the rule that we apply to others.

**April 13.—Luke 7:11-18. Memory vs. 14-16**

#### The Widow of Nain.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Luke 7: 16. Catechism Q. 67, 63

#### Introductory.

Where did Jesus go when he had delivered the Sermon on the Mount ?

What miracle did he there work ?

Give the title of this lesson ! Golden Text ! Lesson Plan ! Time ! Place !

Memory verses ! Catechism !

#### I. The Compassion of Christ. vs. 11-13.

Where did Jesus go from Capernaum ?

Who went with him ?

What did our Lord meet at the gate ?

What is said of the mother ?

How did the widow's affliction affect Jesus ?

What did he say to her ?

#### II. The Power of Christ. vs. 14-17.

What did Jesus then do ?

What word of power did he speak ?

What was the effect ?

To whom did he deliver the young man alive ?

How did this miracle affect those who witnessed it ?

What did they say ?

How far did the report spread ?

How did Christ execute the office of a king ?

What benefits do believers receive from Christ at the resurrection ?

#### What Have I Learned ?

1. That we should feel for those in sorrow and weep with those who weep.

2. That Jesus has a tender sympathy for the afflicted.

3. That he is able and willing to help us in every trouble.

4. That he is the Resurrection and the Life, and he will finally raise all the dead to life.

**April 20.—Luke 7:36-50. Memory vs. 47-2**  
**Forgiveness and Love.**

GOLDEN—TEXT. 1 John 4: 19. Catechism Q. 69  
**Introductory.**

What message did John the Baptist send to Jesus?

What did Jesus reply?

What testimony did Jesus give to John?

Give the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

**I. The Penitent Woman. vs. 36-38.**

Who invited Jesus to his house?

Who were the Pharisees?

Who came to Jesus?

Who did Jesus come to call? Luke 5: 32.

How did this woman show her penitence?

What is repentance unto life?

**II. The Self-Righteous Pharisee. vs. 39-43**

What did the Pharisee think when he saw this?

How did Jesus know his thoughts? What parable did he relate?

How were these debtors alike?

How does this describe the case of all sinners?

What did the creditor do?

What did Jesus ask?

What was Simon's answer?

**III. The Forgiving Saviour. vs. 44-50.**

What did Jesus reply to this?

How did the woman show her great love?

What did her love prove?

Why should we love Jesus?

What did Jesus say to the woman?

What did those who were present think?

Who only can forgive sins? Isa. 43: 95.

What did Jesus' forgiving sins imply?

What did Jesus then say to the woman?

What is faith in Jesus Christ?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That we should deal kindly with those who have done wrong.

2. That we owe God far more than we can pay.

3. That he is willing to forgive us all.

4. That we should love him with all our heart for his forgiving love.

**April 27. Luke 8:4-15. Memory vs. 12-13.**

**The Parable of the Sower.**

GOLDEN TEXT.— Luke 8: 18. Catechism Q. 70-72.

**Introductory.**

What is a parable?

Why did our Lord teach by parables?

Give the title of this lesson? Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

**I. The Parable Spoken. vs. 4-8.**

Who came to Jesus?

How did he teach them?

What did the sower do?

What took place as he sowed?

What happened to the way-side seed?

What happened to that on the rock?

That among thorns?

What is said of that which fell on good ground?

**II. The Parable Explained. vs. 9-15.**

What did the disciples ask Jesus?

What did he reply?

Who is the sower?

What is meant by the seed?

Who are those by the wayside?

How is the word taken from them?

Who are they on the rock?

What prevents them from bearing fruit?

Who are represented by that which fell among thorns?

Why may we not love the world and Christ too? Luke 16: 13.

Whose case is represented by that on good ground?

How is the word to be read and heard that it may become effectual to salvation?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That it is a great privilege to hear the gospel.

2. That we must take heed how we hear.

3. That we should prepare our heart to receive the word by casting out everything that is contrary to it.

4. That we should not let the world creep into our heart and destroy the good Christ placed there.

5. That we should seek in turn to become sowers of the seed, to teach others the truth.—*Westminster Question Book.*

### PRAYING IN HALF A ROOM.

In a large and respectable school, two boys—from different towns, and strangers to each other—were compelled by circumstances to occupy it together. It was the beginning of the term, and the two students spent the first day in arranging their room and getting acquainted. When night came, the younger of the two boys asked the other if he did not think it would be a good idea to close the day with a short reading from the Bible and a prayer. The request was modestly made, without cant of any kind. The other boy, however, bluntly refused to listen to the proposal.

"Then you will have no objection if I pray by myself, I suppose?" said the younger. "It has been my custom, and I wish to keep it up."

"I don't want any praying in this room, and I won't have it!" retorted his companion.

The younger boy rose slowly, walking to the middle of the room, and standing upon a seam in the carpet which divided the room nearly equally, said quietly:

"Half of this room is mine. You may choose which you will have. I will take the other, and I will pray in that half or have another room. But pray I will, whether you consent or refuse."

The older boy was instantly conquered. To this day he admires the sturdy independence which claimed as a right what had boorishly denied as a privilege.

### WHAT TOBACCO AND STRONG DRINK DID.

It is thirty-eight years ago since I became a clerk in a large store in Philadelphia, and among the young men of the day was one that was pointed out to me as the one I was to imitate if I intended to succeed. He had a large income from his position in the store; he commanded a salary of \$900 a year for singing in a famous Episcopal church, and besides, he was wonderfully popular in all kinds of company, because he could sing, and because he was a gentleman. His business required a great deal of nerve force, and singing in the evenings and on the Sabbath, and being in society constantly, his nerve force was diminished. He soon began to smoke excessively. When asked why he did it, he said he had a "gone feeling" all the time when he didn't smoke. About eleven o'clock in the morning he began to go out and drink a single glass of brandy; he drank it alone, simply for stimulus. To wind up his sad career, that young man died at thirty-six, a drunkard, and for four years before he died, he spent his evenings singing in lager beer saloons, to be paid by drinks and by gifts. He broke his mother's heart, who adhered to him, as a mother will, when everybody else despised him. He never meant to be a drunkard, but he made himself one by trying to be everything else and also a successful salesman.—Rev. Dr. J. M. Bulkley.

### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

A Christian merchant, who from being a very poor boy has risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend to what, under God, he attributed his success in life. "To prompt and steady obedience to my parents," was his reply. "In the midst of many bad examples from youth of my own age I was always enabled to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believe that a blessing has, in consequence, rested upon me and all my efforts."



SENDING THE GOSPEL TO THE  
CHINESE.

BY MRS IDA C. FORD.

Children, stop and listen to me.  
I've a story to relate  
Of a little Chinese maiden  
Who has passed the "pearly gate,"  
And has gained her home in heaven,  
Where the happy angels dwell ;  
And has seen the blessed Saviour  
Whom she loved on earth so well.  
Let me tell you how it happened  
That this little heathen child  
Came to know there is a heaven,  
And a Saviour meek and mild ;  
How she learned that Jesus loved her  
In her ignorance and gloom,  
And came to earth that she might share  
With him his heavenly home.

In a village 'mid the mountains  
Of a favored Christian land,  
See a group of dear young people  
Gathered in a mission band.  
As they talk about the tidings  
Coming from over the wave ;  
Of the work that's been accomplished,  
And Christ's Mighty power to save ;  
Of the millions yet in darkness,  
And the victories to be won,  
Of the help that must be given,  
Lest their duty be undone, --  
Rises one among their number,  
Fair and bright, and young in years,  
With her face aglow with fervor,  
And her eyes suffused with tears,  
Saying : " I will go and help them :  
I'll obey Christ's last command,  
And will do the work he bids me.  
Will you help me, Mission Band ?"  
Then a solemn silence folds them  
In its influence deep and still,  
As they feel that God has called her  
To fulfill his holy will ;  
And their thoughts are lifted heavenward

To the throne of grace in prayer,  
As this dear one is commended  
To the Father's loving care.

Eager hearts responded quickly,  
Willing hands their offerings made ;  
Even little children coming  
Sweetly, glad'y, to her aid,  
Saying : " Let us send them Bibles,  
From our banks our pennies take ;  
We will give them to our sister,  
*Every one* for Jesus' sake."  
So, 'mid earnest prayers and blessings,  
Left she home and kindred all ;  
Left them willingly and gladly  
To obey the Master's call.

Once again the picture changes :  
And 'neath China's sunny skies  
We behold our sweet young sister  
With the love light in her eyes,  
And that "peace that passeth knowledge"  
Shining in her face so fair ;  
And we *know* that God is blessing  
All her faithful labor there.  
Little dusky forms around her,  
Little faces dark and wild.  
Listen as she gently tells them  
Of the Saviour, once a child, --  
Tells them all the wondrous story  
Of his birth, his life, his love,  
And the home of endless glory  
He's prepared for them above.  
And the little hearts, made ready  
To receive the story old,  
One by one are safely gathered  
In the gentle Shepherd's fold.

Thus it was, it happened, children,  
That this little heathen child  
Came to know of God in Heaven,  
And the Saviour meek and mild ;  
Thus she found her "mansion" ready  
In the fair and happy land,  
Through the faithful earnest efforts  
Of one little mission band.

—King's Messenger