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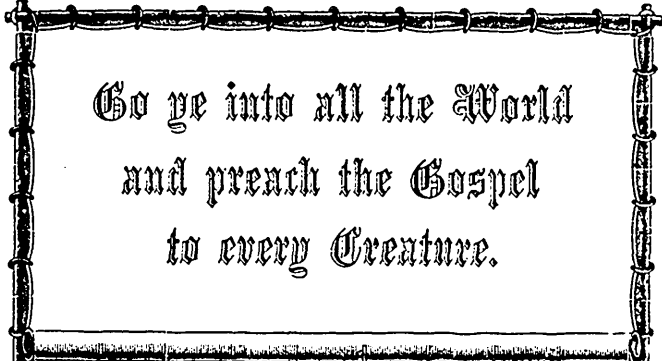
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THE  
**CHILDREN'S**  
— — — — —  
**RECORD**



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

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## The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 30 cents. Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time, but must end with December.

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All communications to be addressed to

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

The young people who take an interest in mission schools and their teachers will be sorry to learn that one of these teachers, Miss Minnie Archibald, who went to Trinidad last autumn and was teaching the little Indian children in the Couva school, died there, far away from home, a few weeks since, after three day's illness. But though far from earthly home, heaven was as near her there as here, and angels waiting to take her to a better home. Though young, her life has not been spent in vain. I hope the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD, will follow her example in loving service to their Saviour wherever they may be, and that whether they work for Him at home or abroad He may say of them "Well done, good and faithful servants."

A letter has been received for the CHILDREN'S RECORD, from Mrs. J. Fraser Campbell, one of our missionaries in India. It was a little too late for this issue but our young readers may expect it in the next.

A gentle breath may fan a feeble flame into a great fire, while a rude blast would blow it out. With flickering flames of piety and dying watch-fires all around us, let us remember this.—*Ecclij. Messenger.*

## LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

[For the Children's Record.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.,

Aug. 6th, 1887.

My Dear Children:—

On Sabbath last I heard Mr. Morton telling the children at Arouca a nice little story which I am now going to tell to you.

When we were about to build the Caroni school-house about five years ago one of our Christian young men, Geoffrey Subaran, was there to assist in preparing the foundation. It is built very near the bank of the Caroni river, and the spot was covered with a tall coarse grass that grows in marshy places. Near it was a small pool to which Geoffrey went to dip water. He heard a rustle in the grass which was about three feet high at that spot. He stopped and listened and heard a clear whistle which he at first thought to have come from a bird, but after watching a minute or two he saw it was a large snake. A dear little bird came hopping cheerfully toward the place where the snake lay hidden in the grass, looking around as it came for the companion whose voice it seemed to have heard. As soon as it came sufficiently near the snake darted out and swallowed it.

Each child who reads this story is like the dear little bird, and the strong and cunning snake is Satan. You must watch and pray, dear children, that you may escape his snares.

Another lesson, and the one Mr. Morton drew from it, is this: Life is uncertain, death awaits us, we know not how soon; whatever we feel to be the right thing for us to do we should do it at once. Children must not wait till they grow up before they begin to work for Jesus; they must not even wait till next year; they should begin to-day.

Our schools are doing pretty well; at Tacarigua where Miss Blackadder now is, at Arouca, and at Orange Grove, the attendance is very good.

A little girl at Orange Grove asked her mother for six cents to buy a Hindustani First Book. Her mother asked her if she

expected to be manager of the estate; if not, what did she want of a book?

I won a small victory lately that you might like to hear about. Kalicharan, a small boy about seven years old lives in Tunapuna, and had, during fully half of his short life time, successfully resisted all the coaxing and threatening of the missionary, the missionary's wife and daughter, and the several teachers and monitors who were each and all anxious to try their hand at civilizing him. His little short shirt and his bare legs were often seen disappearing round the first corner when any one from the Mission premises was seen or reported to be coming. He liked the taste of rum and enjoyed a good pull at the hookah, (pipe) but his mind was not at all to learn a, b, c. Two or three day's in school was enough to last him a month, and he was nearly always absent on Sabbath. I went in to see his parents one day, by no means a promising pair; rum and tobacco might be called the household gods. I put on a very severe expression of countenance and asked the mother how she could allow her only child to ruin himself with tobacco. "Look at his eyes," I said, "bleared like an old toper's; he is not naturally bright and soon he will be so stupid that he will never be able to learn anything." She said she could not help it; that if she did not give him tobacco he cursed her. "Then," I said, "you must punish him." "If I beat him," she replied "he beats me back again and the whole place is in an uproar.

The mother related this with a spice of pride, and there stood the young urchin looking as though he felt himself every inch a hero. I shall never know exactly how it happened, but the next minute the umbrella I held in my hand was coming into vigorous contact with the before mentioned bare legs. It needed only a short application to set the owner of the legs screaming lustily. I then told him that I would come in every time I passed the house, and that if I found he had been cursing his mother I would punish him. I went away and left him still crying

loudly, wondering to myself whether his mother would ever forgive me. Since that date Kalicharan has been a changed boy; he has been quite regular at school and on Sabbath; if his mind is not quite made up to come his mother gently assists him to find the road to the mission premises, and he brings a little cousin with him. Moreover he is the proud possessor of a pair of gingham trousers, blue and white; and whenever he spies me in the distance he comes rushing to meet me with a pleasant smile, saying as plainly as looks can say, "See! what a good boy am I!"

Yours very truly

SARAH E. MORTON.

#### "A WORD FITLY SPOKEN."

One day, when two boys were playing together, they saw a poor sick dog lying under a tree. "I'll hit him!" said one of them, taking up a stone to throw at him. As he raised his arm a little girl put her hand upon it. "Tom," she said, "would you be so mean as to hit a dog who is too sick to bite you?" Tom prided himself on his bravery. He did not think what a cowardly act it was to do so mean an action as that. It is for brave boys to defend helpless creatures.

Many years after that the two friends, who had grown to be men, were talking together about their youthful sports and pleasures. "As I think my life over," said Tom, "there is one incident that I often recall. It had a great influence on me." "What was that?" asked his friend. "I wonder if it was what little Mary did?" "That is the very thing," said Tom. "She asked if I could be so mean as to throw a stone at a dog who was too sick to bite me. I have never been tempted to do a mean action but that has come to me. It is wonderful how much good those words did."

This story is true. I heard one of the two friends tell it, and I thought it might encourage some one to be as brave as little Mary was when she stopped the big boy from doing wrong.

## CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

BY TOYOBACHI GOTO, A JAPANESE STUDENT  
IN COLORADO COLLEGE.

Take forty of your little boxes and think them altogether to be the size of this country, then in one of them you have Japan. Yet in this one box you have one-half as many people as there are in these forty altogether.

Three hundred years ago no people sailed on the sea between that country and this, and they thought it impious to do so. The Japanese thought that the sea is filled with sticky liquid which wound round the vessels that tried to go out into this sea, and thus got lost. Before the missionaries came to that land the people never thought of foreign countries. How surprised they were when they first saw big and strange ships near their shore.

They had no steamships then, and thought that those foreign vessels were moved by spirits, for they could not make out how they could sail against the wind. All this astonishment and heat cooled off very soon, and now you see young men attempting to leave their country to study in foreign lands. There are schools and academies in that land, for some rather bold people who went early to foreign lands, saw the schools there, came back, and spoke of them to the people in Japan.

The private schools have the old way of instruction. They teach Confucius, Mencius, and many other Chinese books. Boys attend these schools as early as five o'clock in the morning. You see each one of them carry a square cloth, with some calico printing on it. These they use to carry the books in, to keep the dirt off. The floor of these schools is covered with thick mats, about four inches. The boys bend their knees and sit before their desks, between whose flat legs the folded knees are thrust in. These desks are only about a foot high.

The teacher is usually old, and he reads aloud to some four or five of the class, in a prolonged murmuring, who bend their heads low down on the books, afraid to look up lest the stare of *sensei*, or master

flashes on them. You should think it very tiresome to fold up the legs so long, but the boys are patient enough to endure it. Yes, some fellows are so cunning as to stretch out their legs across their neighbor's back to avoid the master's seeing them. Now the reading of the teacher is over, the boys bow low down in token of respect and thanks.

There is another thing the boys carry in their hands. Take a square as large as a boy's hat, sixteen years old, divide one-third of it [from the other part and you have a common Japanese lunch-box. These varnished boxes the boys get filled early in the morning. A mother watches a maid do it, and is careful to reject anything that the child does not like. The lunch is ready, the mother puts the *haka-ma* on her child, telling him not to soil it, and away the boy goes to his school.

In the country the streets are narrow and a horse-wagon in a street will leave no place for men to walk. There are vehicles drawn by men, in which people go about from one part of the city to another. It is really a large kind of painted box with very light wheels. It only costs an average of five cents for a mile travel in this cart. These cabmen stand in groups in almost every corner of the streets. Will it rain or storm, the boy calls to these fellows, skips in the cart and he is brought back to his home. These men know the names of streets so well. Remember the cart is called *jinrikisha*.

They have no knives and forks in this country. Nothing of this kind. They use chop-sticks—two round sticks managed with right-hand fingers, with which they pick up the pieces of meat and vegetables. They have no need of cutting the food; it is cut in small pieces before you see it brought up to the table. Just try if you can pick up some pieces with two sticks in one hand. The children are taught how to handle them. They don't eat on a big table, for they have small tables, a foot tall and a foot wide, one for each, on which the bowls and plates are set.

Many of the people thank their chop-

sticks instead of their God for letting them live. You would think it odd to bow to chopsticks. The children are taught to do so and it is impious to omit it. Surely you should not laugh at this folly. Suppose you once had a mother: she is now gone: would you not clasp your friend or brother and call him "dear" in place of your lost mother? The people in that land do not know God as you do, and call their chopsticks God and bow to them. They know well enough that the chopsticks cannot stand up and walk; but just as you call other persons dear when you have lost the real mother, so they call their chopsticks God because they have no real God.

There are many smart boys and girls in that land and I am sure you would like them if you lived with them. Don't you think it real nice to tell these children something about your God when they are ignorant of him, and are worshipping their chopsticks? The missionaries, you know, are doing so now in that land and they are heartily received. Would you like to help them if you can, and would you like to know something about them?

#### A BAD TEMPER CURED.

"I should like to tell you my case," said a tall, fine-looking, gentlemanly man, with a bright beaming countenance. I had been speaking at a meeting in a large provincial town on the mighty power of divine grace as all-sufficient to save and deliver from the habit of besetting sins. At the close of the meeting, this gentleman accosted me as above, and added: "I keep a school, and for years my temper was sadly tried by my boys. Being, as I trust I am, a converted man and a professing follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, I felt that by giving way to my temper I was dishonoring my Lord and Master. This was a sad grief to me. It was a bad example for my boys, and I knew it must mar my influence with them.

I struggled against it. I made it a subject of earnest prayer. Night after night I confessed my sin and sought

strength to overcome it, but all in vain. I then wrote down and kept on my desk a memorandum of my transgressions, hoping that the constant sight of this reminder of my sins might serve as a check and cure, but still in vain. The outbursts of temper broke over all such barriers. Again and again I confessed and wept over my sad and sinful habit. I was injuring my own soul and dishonoring my Lord in the presence of the whole school. This state of things went on for weeks and months. I knew not what to do. All my efforts were fruitless; all my good resolutions were broken. I was at length so driven to utter self-despair as regarded this matter, that one night I fell upon my knees and cried unto the Lord and said, 'It is no use, Lord, I give it up; undertake for me.'

"It is now five years ago since this happened. The Lord *did* undertake for me; He did for me what I could not do for myself. Since that time I have never once been out of temper with my boys, nor have I once felt the inclination to be so. I thought you would like to have your words confirmed by this account of my experience."

Such was, in substance, the language of the speaker.—*The Helmet.*

#### CLEAR THROUGH.

A little boy, only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant Maggie as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one which was very white and nice on the outside, but when cut into pieces it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed, "Why Maggie that potato isn't a Christian."

"What do you mean?" asked Maggie.

"Don't you see it has a bad heart?" was Willie's reply.

It seems that this little boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that, however fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right, clear through.—*Christian Observer.*

## MOTHER'S PRAYER TALKS.

## HELPING TOGETHER.

*By Lucy Randolph Fleming, in Children's Work for Children.*

"I saw something a few evenings ago," said Mrs. Palmer as the children gathered about her, "which made me think what beautiful help even *little* mission bands can give toward spreading the gospel."

"What was it, mother?" asked Bessie.

"It was a little boy carrying two brightly-lighted lanterns to place beside the holes and rubbish made in the street where builders were at work. The light, you know, was to protect passers by on foot or in vehicles from danger. He was a small boy, but the light he hung out gave just as much help as if a man had placed it there. And I want you to remember that our text this month is just as much a word for your use and encouragement as for grown people: "Ye also *helping together* by prayer for us."

The children did not find this text very readily; but at last Ned announced that it was in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, first chapter and eleventh verse.

"Now, when I saw the boy with the lanterns," continued Mrs. Palmer, "I thought of the help he was giving by warning hundreds of people whom he would probably never see in this world. The missionaries and their work often seem a long way from us; yet we can be helpers together by our prayers. One of missionaries writes: 'It makes us so happy when we receive letters saying, "We pray for you constantly." Ask every Christian to pray for us and our people all the time.'

"That is the way the great apostle Paul felt. He was going from place to place preaching the word of the Lord, or in prison sending letters to teach and cheer the churches, and he says, 'Brethren, pray for us,' just as our missionaries do now."

"I should like to think I was 'helping together' with some dear missionary," said Alice humbly.

"You certainly may, my dear, when in Jesus' name you ask God for blessings on them and the lands to which they have gone.

"In Japan, our country for prayer just now, a great work has been done. Churches, schools and colleges are scattered over that beautiful country, which not many years ago had no knowledge of the gospel. But there are many yet in Japan who do not know or believe in Jesus, and our teachers still need our helping prayers and gifts.

"God has opened, too, the way for His truth in Korea, a land which by its customs shut itself so away from other lands that it was called the 'Hermit Nation.' There have been difficulties, and are still, in the way of the missionaries, but the light of Jesus' gospel is surely shining in dark places in Korea. In a town called Fusan, one who sells good books says, 'Many come to read who are too poor to buy, and the many feet have entirely worn away the mats in front of the store.' Must we not help with prayer for people so eager for God's word?

"A missionary tells us how bright and merry the Korean children are, 'making mud pies by the roadside, and watching the cart-wheels knock them over.' 'On feast days they wear platted wreaths of willow in honor of some dingy, dust-covered idol.' These children need the same Saviour that you do.

"If you will look in the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, third chapter and first verse, you will see why Paul asked the churches to pray for him, and why our missionaries to-day ask our prayers."

Alice read, "Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified, even as it is with you."

"That is why we must help together with prayer. We are not, perhaps, called to go to Japan or Korea; but we may yet be able by our prayers, by our willing work, to aid our missionaries, and through them even we may hold up the Light of the world—our Lord Jesus Christ—to some in those far-away lands."

## STORY OF THE MITES.

[Several tiny girls stand on the platform holding aloft their mite-boxes, and recite together.]

We belong to the "Foreign Mission Band."  
It's not so very 'old,  
So the good we've done in dollars and cents  
Can in very few words be told.

Two cents a week is a very small sum,  
But 'tis better than nothing at all,  
If given with a loving heart and a prayer  
For His blessing on great or small.

We've heard of the heathen in our own  
land,  
And the heathen far over the sea,  
And we want them to hear of our Saviour  
dear;  
So we'll helpsend them teachers, you see.

We try to earn pennies and give of our own,  
Though little it be that we give;  
If we give while we're little, we'll give  
when we're grown,  
So we're learning to love and to live.

And now, as this is our meeting to-day,  
Our little mite-boxes we bring,  
And empty their treasures, to send them  
away  
To the heathen, for Jesus our King.

## BATHING PLACES IN INDIA.

If I were writing of the many bathing places where some of the children of America have been spending the summer, growing browner and stronger every day, how many pleasant things I might tell!

What fun it was to play in the sand, or wade on the beach, or plunge into the surf! and what merry times some of them have had on the beautiful lakes among the mountains!

But I am to tell you now of the bathing places in India—sacred places where the people bathe, not for fun, but as a part of their worship.

The most sacred of all is the river Ganges. It is more than two thousand miles long; the pilgrims come from all parts of India to bathe in its waters and

to pray to it; for it is believed to be a goddess.

They ask it to take away their sin and to save them from harm. They put this sacred river in the place of Jesus.

Besides this most sacred river, there are lesser streams and many sacred tanks, like this one at Tinivelly, built at very great expense, with granite steps leading down to the water. Here people go in the early morning, while the stars are still shining, to bathe and pray, and worship the rising sun; and they believe that the waters say: "We purify the sinner who bathes when the sun is scarcely risen, although he be a Chandala, or the killer of a Brahmin."

Sometimes a missionary meets them coming up from the water, and he tells them, "The blood of Jesus Christ only can cleanse from all sin;" and many thousands in Tinivelly have heard this blessed truth and believe it.

I have read of a little Brahmin boy of seven years of age, who was sent by his father to learn to read and write, and understand the holy books of India.

When fourteen years old he wished very much to see God. The greatest god he knew was Vishnu. He told his father his wish, and was taught by him a prayer, which he was to repeat eight hundred thousand times, and then Vishnu would appear.

Shesh repeated the prayer every day for three months; but the god did not come. He tried again, slept only three hours in the night, and that on the bare ground, and took little food but once a day, till he became ill. Still Vishnu did not come.

The boy then found another teacher, who promised to teach him the holiest prayer in the world if he would give him money. He gave the money, because he wanted so much to see God, and then poor Shesh sat twelve days up to his chest in water, repeating that prayer one hundred and sixty-five times, which took full seven hours every day.

He was beaten by his father for having spent his money; but again he determined to serve the gods, and started on a pilgrimage.



After visiting many sacred places and bathing in the sacred pools he was still unhappy. He had not found God.

On his way from Juggernaut to Calcutta he met a traveler, whom he told what he had been doing, and how he wanted to see God. "This man knew the true God, and I wish that all his pilgrimages, washings, offerings, and prayers were vain.

He told him of Jesus, of his death for the sins of men; and the Brahmin's heart began to burn within him as he heard of the love of Christ. He went to a missionary, who gave him a Testament, which he read, and the great wish of his heart was obtained.

Shesh went on no more pilgrimages. He had tried to see Vishnu, but Vishnu had not come to him. Jesus came into his heart, and he was at rest.

#### HONEST AND TRUE.

"Money! Two quarters and two ten cents and a five cents—That makes—let me see—fifty, seventy—yes, seventy-five cents.

"Dear me! I never had so much money in my life before.

"I know who dropped the bag. It was my Sunday-school teacher, for I was looking out the window and saw her, and I ran out and picked it up before anybody saw.

"She's got plenty of money, I know, so she don't want it half so badly as I do. I wonder what I'd better buy with it?

"I want to buy some ribbon to wear. All the girls but me have ribbons. Or, I could buy a new hood with this. Or what a lot of candy and nuts it would buy!

"Am I sure this money is mine? Of course I am. Didn't I find it? Miss Gale doesn't know.

"But, dear! What was it that she said last Sunday about one who always knows?

"God knows. He sees us all the time. And God says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'

"But I didn't steal it: I only picked it up.

"But I am sure Miss Gale would say it was stealing to keep what is not my own.

And how could I ever bear to look into her eyes again when she tells us about the Saviour who loves us and wants us to be good and true and honest, so that he can take us to his beautiful home? Nobody will be poor or sorrowful there.

"How could I say my prayers to him if I was so wicked!

"I guess I'll go and take it to Miss Gale."  
—*Christian Observer.*

#### WORK IN THE ZENANA.

Do you see those dusky faces  
Gazing dumbly to the West—  
Those dark eyes, so long despairing,  
Now aglow with hope's unrest?

They are looking, waiting, longing  
For deliverance and light;  
Shall we not make haste to help them,  
Our poor sisters of the night?

Long despised and wronged and slighted,  
Oh that, washed in Jesus' blood,  
Every soul might be a pillar  
In the temple of our God!

Is it time to build the temple,  
Time to shape those living stones,  
Time to turn to songs of praises  
Butter tears and hopeless groans?

It is time; the Master Builder  
Bids us work with heart and hand,  
Till his name and glorious gospel  
Shall be known through every land.

It is time; then let us labor  
That his Spirit be not grieved;  
Let us give to others freely  
What we freely have received. —*Sel.*

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

Give to all the darkened earth  
Tidings of a Heavenly birth,  
Till the youth in every land  
Learn the Saviour's sweet command.

## THE CHILDREN OF CHINA.

China is the largest heathen country in the world. It has half as many people who have never heard the gospel, as have all the rest of the countries of the world put together. As our church will probably soon be sending some missionaries to this great mission field it will be well for our young people to know all they can about it, and I hope you will read carefully, the following from a little book called *The Children of China*. You will get something more from it some other time.—Ed.

“The Celestial Empire is one of the nicknames which people of other countries have given to China because the Chinese think their country is such a wonderful one, so much greater and better than any other country in the world (celestial, you know, means heavenly). The Chinese themselves call China “The Middle Kingdom,” or “The Centre of the World.” They call their emperor “The Celestial Emperor,” or the “Son of Heaven;” and themselves the Celestials, because they consider themselves far the nicest and cleverest people in the world. All who are not Chinese they call barbarians.

But before I go any further, I must tell you what I shall mean by China when I speak of it in this book. Sometimes, when people talk of China, they mean the whole of the Chinese Empire—that is, all the countries that are under the Emperor of China: Mongolia, Manchuria, Thibet, Corea, and China Proper; but sometimes they mean only China Proper, and that is what China will mean in this book.

You are sure to find something in your geographies about the Grand Canal; I expect you do not know that it takes forty days for a ship to go down it. If you have ever walked by the side of an English Canal, you have seen the locks which are opened to let the barges go through, and are shut again behind them. But in China, instead of this, they have machines by which they can draw the ships over the clay slopes that take the place of locks, and put them down again on the other side, how-

ever large and heavy they may be.

There are some very large rivers in China, as you will see in the map; one of these, the Hoang-Ho, or yellow River, three thousand miles long, is often called China's Sorrow, because, whenever the mouth of it gets stopped up with sand, which often happens, it overflows higher up and does a great deal of mischief, leaving whole villages half buried in mud. Owing to these sand-banks, the river is said to have changed its course nine times in 2,500 years.

As there are so many rivers and canals, most of the travelling is done in vessels called junks, which are very clumsy and sometimes not at all strong. In some parts the farmers have little canals running to their own houses. Where there are many canals the only roads are foot-paths running along the canal banks.

Chinese boats are sometimes rowed with one oar instead of two; the oar has a very broad blade, and turns on a pivot placed in the stern; the upper end of the oar is fastened to the bottom of the boat by a rope. There is one kind of boat that is built in one district only, that of Shao-hing, in the province of Cheh-Kiang, and all the boatmen who use it come from there; it is worked by the foot, and can only carry one passenger and a little luggage.

There is a tree that grows in China which you ought to know about because it is so very useful. This is the bamboo. The Chinese think a great deal of it, and you will not wonder when I tell you what they do with it. The young, green shoots are used as vegetables; the slender stems make curtain rods, umbrella handles, tobacco pipes, and fishing rods; the leaves are used for thatching boats and houses, because water does not soak through them; the branches can be very easily split into thin strips, which are used for basket-work, and the larger stems make posts and beams for building houses. From the bamboo the Chinese also make furniture, water-jars, measures, buckets, mats, fans, paper, pens, hats, waterproofs, and many other things. There are sixty different kinds of bamboo to be found in China.

China Proper, as the geography will tell you, is divided into eighteen provinces; each province has about ten divisions, called Fu, while in each Fu there are about ten smaller divisions, called Hien, about the size of English counties, and the Hien again contains cities and towns.

You will see in the map two large islands, Formosa and Hainan; Formosa belongs to the province of Fu-Kien, Hainan to Kwangtung.

You will also have seen that there are some very high mountains, which shut China in from other countries; this is one reason why the Chinese are so unlike other people, and why they are so little different now from what they were hundreds and thousands of years ago. There is a great deal of coal and iron in the mountains, but the Chinese do not understand how to work them, and always leave a mine as soon as the water comes in.

The climate of China, as you will suppose, is very different in different parts. In the north it is terribly cold, and in the south just as terribly hot; and there are all shades of heat and cold between these, so almost every sort of fruit and vegetable can be grown in one part or another of the country. In the summer it is hot all over China, while in the south it is mild even at Christmas. Several years ago there was a snow-storm at Canton, and the people, who had never seen such a thing before, could not think what was happening: they called the snow falling cotton, and tried to keep it.

The winds called Moonsoons have a great deal to do with the climate of China. In winter the Monsoon comes from the north, in summer from the south, making the air hotter in the summer and colder in the winter than it would be if there were no Moonsoons. All around Pekin, the capital of China, the rivers and canals are closed during the winter by the ice, and ships cannot get along even on the sea. In the summer, in the same part, it is so hot that sweet potatoes, peaches, and grapes grow out of doors. At the time when the wind leaves off coming from the north, and begins to come from the south, when the

two Moonsoons seem to be quarrelling, there is a great deal of rain.

Some parts of China are very unhealthy for English people, either because they are too hot or too cold, or too damp, or change suddenly from very great cold to very great heat, which is trying to people who have always lived in England, where, compared with some parts of China, there is little difference between summer and winter. So that missionaries go to China, as well as to India, not knowing how soon they may have to come home ill, because the climate does not agree with them; and for the same reason they have to send their children home to England, or else a great many of them would die.

Being a missionary, you see, means being ready to give up a great deal for the sake of doing God's work. But then God never takes anything away from us, nor asks us to give up anything to Him, without giving us something better instead, and He takes care of what we give Him too. I am sure all the missionaries would say this is true.

#### HOW AN AFRICAN GETS A WIFE.

Here is the way in which an African, a young man connected with our mission class at Bailundu, sought to get a wife. He is one of the promising young people that Mrs. Stover has written about in the *Missionary Herald*. You know that the Africans marry while they are quite young. Mrs. Stover says of him: "One day one of my school-boys, who is quite a young man, was absent, and the next day I took him to task for it. He replied, 'No, *ondona* [mistress], I did not run away from school; I was out searching for a wife.' I said, 'Are you going to marry?' 'Yes, I am old enough,' he answered. Then he told me where her village is, how tall she is, etc. Not having any idea of her age they always tell the height of a person. I asked for her name. He tried to think for a moment, and then turning to his companion said, 'What is her name? It forgets me a little.'"

## THE GOD BUDDHA.

Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, died in the year 504, B. C. He assumed the title of Buddha and proclaimed his doctrines throughout India.

A summary of these doctrines is as follows: "Men's lots in this life are conditioned and regulated by the actions of a previous existence; no evil deed remains without punishment, and no good deed without reward. From this fate which dominates the individual within the circle of transmigration, he can only escape by directing his will towards the one thought of liberation from this circle by remaining true to this aim, and striving with steadfast zeal after meritorious action only. Whereby, finally, having cast aside all passions, which are regarded as the strongest fetters in this prison house of existence, he attains the desired goal of complete emancipation from rebirth."

Buddha was the son of a king, and from his earliest childhood, was surrounded with everything to make his life a happy one. His character was such that he was beloved by all. He grew up to manhood, and was married to a beautiful princess without any knowledge of pain or death, for it had been his father's especial command, that everything within the palace should be beautiful and bright, and that "no mention should be made of death or age, sorrow or pain or sickness." He did not wish his son's life to be saddened by a knowledge of the sorrows of others. There came a time, however, when the prince determined to see the rest of his kingdom. He would no longer remain shut up in his palace and its surroundings. Finding that he was determined, his father ordered that the town should be decked as for a feast day, and that everything sad or sorrowful should be kept out of sight as the prince drove through the town.

All tried to do the king's bidding, but suddenly a wretched beggar staggered along the road. Such a sight the prince had never seen, and he asked if there were others in the world as miserable. Upon being told that all men in course of time

became old and feeble, he was filled with sadness and returned to his home saying, "What have I to do with pleasure!"

Again, and again he drove out, each time driven home by some sight of woe.

He searched the sacred books of the Hindus, to see if the gods could give any help, but finding none, he determined to leave home and everything dear to him, and seek the world over until he should find the great secret which should bring comfort to the sorrowing. He led a life of fasting and prayer for six years in a lonely village, and one day while he was sitting, deeply thinking, beneath the shade of a tree, it seemed to him that his doubts vanished. He had found the way of salvation for which he had so long been seeking. It was at this time, that he received the name of Buddha the "Enlightened."

He could not rest until he had told others, and went about all India, teaching his doctrines. The people flocked to hear him. Buddha never stopped preaching until death came to him, while he, an old man was resting under a tree.

This is only an outline of the story of Buddha. You will find it a very interesting one. Buddha's religion is a much better one in many respects than the former Hindoo religion, yet after all it is a sad religion, without hope.

Will you not help with your prayers and your means, to send the glad news of salvation through Jesus Christ, to those millions of hopeless souls.—*Sci.*

ENGLISH AS THE JAPANESE  
SMALL BOYS HEAR IT.

Some of us are inclined to think that we have the most beautiful language in the world, but the Japanese do not agree with us. Sometimes when our missionaries are walking along the street a little urchin shouts, "*Ijin no pa pa, neko no pa pa.*" Now this is not very hard to bear if the missionaries do not understand it better than we do; but when they know that the small boys are telling them that "the foreigners' talk is all the same as a cat's" it is a little irritating.

## THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GIVE.

There's a funny tale of a stingy man,  
Who was none too good, though he  
might have been worse;

Who went to his church on a Sunday night,  
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-  
plate,

The church was but dim with the  
candle's light;

The stingy man fumble all thro' his purse,  
And chose a coin by touch, and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas be  
So like unto pennies in shape and size.  
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;  
"The poor must not gifts of pennies  
despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring,  
And back in his seat leaned the stingy  
man.

"The world is so full of the poor," he  
thought,  
"I can't help them all—I give what I  
can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,  
To see the gold guinea fall into his plate!  
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was  
wrung,  
Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said: "in the Lord's  
account  
That guinea of gold is set down to me;  
They lend to him who give to the poor;  
It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton  
cries out;  
"The Lord is no cheater—he kens thae  
well;

He knew it was only by accident  
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell.

"He keeps an account, no doubt, for the  
pair;  
But in that account he'll set down to thee  
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,

Than the one bare penny ye meant to  
give."

There's a comfort, too, in this little tale—

A serious side as well as a joke—

A comfort for all the generous poor  
In the comical words the sexton spoke—

A comfort to think that the good Lord  
knows

How generous we really desire to be,  
And will give us credit in his account  
For all the pennies we long to "give."  
—*The Gospel in all Lands.*

## "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

One day a lady came home from  
shopping. Her little boy did not run to  
meet her and throw his arms around her  
neck, as he was in the habit of doing to  
show how glad he was to have her come  
home again. Instead of this, he seemed  
to be afraid to look his mother in the face,  
and kept out of her way as much as he  
could all day. His mother thought it very  
strange, and wondered what was the mat-  
ter.

At the close of the day she found out  
the reason. When she was about to un-  
dress him to go to bed he said, "Mother,  
can God see through the crack in the closet-  
door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when, it is all dark  
there?"

"Yes," she said; "he can see us at all  
times and in all places."

"Then God saw me," said the little  
fellow, "and I may as well tell you all  
about it. When you were gone out I got  
into the closet and ate up the cake. I am  
sorry, very sorry. Please forgive me;"  
and he laid his head on his mother's  
shoulder and cried bitterly.

If thou wilt withdraw thyself from  
speaking vainly and from gadding idly, as  
also from hearkening after novelties and  
rumors, thou shalt find leisure enough and  
suitable for meditation on good things.—  
*Thomas A. Kempis.*

## The Sabbath School Lessons.

Oct. 2.—Matt. 8: 15-13. Memory vs. 8-10.

### The Centurion's Faith.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 MATT. 8: 10. CATECHISM. Q. 40-41.

#### Introductory.

Whither did Jesus go after the Sermon on the Mount?

Where was Capernaum?

What do you know about this city?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. The Prayer of Faith. vs. 5-7.

Where did Jesus now go?

Who came to him?

What was a centurion?

What was his request?

How did the centurion's prayer show his faith in Jesus?

What did Jesus say in answer to the centurion's prayer?

#### II. The Humility of Faith. vs. 8-9.

What was the centurion's reply?

What spirit did this show?

Why did he think himself so unworthy?

Whom does Jesus invite to come to him? Matt. 11: 28.

What did the centurion ask of Jesus?

What did this show?

What is faith in Jesus Christ?

What further did the centurion say?

Meaning of this?

How does God regard humility? Ps. 10: 17; Isa. 57: 15.

#### III. The Blessing of Faith. vs. 10-13.

What effect had the centurion's words on Jesus?

What did he say to them that followed him?

Why would he expect most faith in Israel?

What further did Jesus say?

Meaning of these words?

Why would the children of the kingdom be cast out?

What did Jesus then say to the centurion?

What took place at the centurion's house?

How could Jesus heal the servant at a distance?

Why is it done unto us according to our faith?

#### What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus is ever ready to go where need calls him.

2. That true faith goes hand in hand with humility.

3. That Jesus will hear the prayer of faith.

4. That he makes our faith the measure of his blessings.

5. That great faith may be found in unlikely places.

Oct. 9.—Matt. 8: 18-27. Mem. vs. 24-27.

### The Tempest Stilled.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 8: 26. CATECHISM. Q. 42.

#### Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?

What was the centurion's prayer?

How did he show his faith?

His humility?

How was his faith rewarded?

What was Jesus doing between the last lesson and this?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. Power over Men. vs. 18-22.

After what event did Jesus give the command of v. 18? (See Matt. 13: 58.)

What was his object?

What offer did a certain scribe make?

How did Jesus reply?

What did he teach by this reply?

What request did another disciple make?

How did Jesus answer this request?

Meaning of this answer?

How do these examples show Jesus' power over man?

What is the extent of this power? Phil. 2: 9-11.

#### II. Power over Nature. vs. 23-27.

Where did Jesus go?

Who followed him?

What took place on the sea?

Where was Jesus?

How did the disciples awake him?  
 What did their words show?  
 What did Jesus say to them?  
 How did he show his power over nature?  
 What effect was produced on the witnesses?  
 How doth Christ execute the office of a King?

What is our duty to him as a King?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That it is our first duty to follow Christ
2. That nothing should keep us from following him.
3. That we can safely trust him in every time of trouble.
4. That we ought not to be afraid in storms, since Jesus our Saviour is Lord of storms.
5. That we may dare to go where Jesus leads us.

**Oct. 16.—Matt. 9: 1-8. Memory vs. 4-7.**

**Power to Forgive Sins.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 9: 6. CATECHISM. Q. 43.

**Introductory.**

What was the subject of the last lesson?  
 How did Jesus show his power over men?  
 How his power over nature?  
 What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. Power to Forgive.** vs. 1-3.

What was brought to Jesus?  
 What was the matter with this man?  
 What did Jesus see?  
 How was their faith shown?  
 What is faith in Jesus?  
 What did Jesus say to the man?  
 What did the scribes think of this?  
 Who has power to forgive sins? Ex. 34: 6, 7; Isa. 43: 25; Dan. 9: 9.  
 In what were the scribes wrong?

**II. Power to Heal.** vs. 4-9.

How did Jesus know the thoughts of the scribes?  
 What did he ask them?  
 What reason did he give for his further action?  
 What command did he give the sick man?  
 What did the man do?

What did this miracle prove?  
 What effect had it on the people?  
 What did they do? What did they say?  
 Which was the greater blessing, forgiveness or healing?  
 How may we secure the greater blessing?  
 What is justification?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That we may bring our friends to Jesus to be healed and saved.
2. That sin is worse for the soul than palsy for the body.
3. That Jesus can just as easily heal a sick soul as a sick body.
4. That his power to heal is a proof of his power to forgive.
5. That he will honor and reward the faith of those who trust in his mercy and power.

**Oct. 23.—Matt. 9: 18-31: Memory vs. 23-26**

**Three Miracles.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 9: 29. CATECHISM. Q. 44.

**Introductory.**

Where did Jesus go after the stilling of the tempest?  
 What miracle did he perform there?  
 What occurred after his return to Capernaum? Matt. 9: 10-17.  
 What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. The Dead Child Restored.** vs. 18, 23-26.

Who came to Jesus?  
 What is here meant by a ruler?  
 What was his request?  
 What did Jesus do?  
 What word was brought to the ruler on the way?  
 What did Jesus say to him?  
 What was he to believe?  
 Whom did Jesus take with him?  
 Whom did he find at the ruler's house?  
 How do Eastern people mourn for their dead?  
 What did Jesus say to the mourners?  
 What did he mean by this?  
 How did they treat his words?  
 What did he do?

**II. The Poor Woman Cured.** vs. 19-22.

What occurred on the way to the ruler's house?

What did the woman say to herself?

What was the effect of her touch?

What will the touch of faith do for the repenting sinner?

What did Jesus say to her?

How had her faith made her whole?

**III. The Blind Eyes Opened.** v. 27-31.

Who now followed Jesus?

What was their cry?

What did they mean by *Thou Son of David*?

How long did they continue this cry?

What did Jesus then say to them?

What was their reply?

What did Jesus then do?

What effect followed?

What charge did Jesus give them?

Did they obey this charge?

What was specially foretold of the Messiah? Isa. 42: 7.

How may our blind eyes be opened?

**What Have I Learned.**

1. That Jesus has power over disease and death.

2. That he has a tender sympathy for the suffering and the sorrowing.

3. That we have soul diseases which no human power can cure.

4. That Jesus can heal them all if we come to him.

**Oct. 30.—Matt. 9: 35-10: 8. Memory vs. 36-38.**

**The Harvest and the Laborers.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 10: 8. CATECHISM. Q. 45.

**Introductory.**

What was the subject of the last lesson?

Give an account of the first miracle?

Of the second? The third?

What fourth miracle did Jesus then work?

What place did Jesus then visit?

What occurred there?

What did Jesus then do?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. Christ's Compassion.** n. vs. 35-38.

Where did Jesus go?

What did he do? How did the sight of the multitude affect Jesus?

How were they as sheep having no shepherd?

What did he say to his disciples?

For what did he direct them to pray?

**II. The Disciples Called.** vs. 1-4.

Whom did Jesus call to him?

When did he choose these apostles?

What were their names?

How were they fitted for their work?

What power did he give them?

Had the disciples this power before?

Why was it now given them?

**III. The Disciples Sent Forth.** vs. 5-8.

What command did Jesus give them?

Why were they forbidden to go to the Gentiles or Samaritans?

To whom were they sent?

What were they to preach?

What were they to do besides preaching?

Why were they to work these miracles?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That Christ calls and sends forth his ministers to preach the gospel of his salvation.

2. That he sends them especially to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel"—those nearest to the preachers.

3. That he also commands them to go "into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

4. That it is our duty to do all we can to send the gospel to those who have it not.

**THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.**

Just to leave in His dear hand

Little things;

All we cannot understand,

All that stings;

Just to let Him take the care,

Sorely pressing;

Finding all we let Him bear

Changed to blessing;

This is all! and yet the way,

Marked by Him who loves thee best—

Secret of a happy day,

Secret of His promised rest!



## HOW MONGOLIANS PRAY.

Rev. James Gilmour, an English missionary who has labored much among the Mongols, gives in *The Children's Record* an account of the way in which these people pray. It is a strange and sad story of ignorance and superstition:

"Almost nine out of every ten Mongols you meet will have rosaries in their hands, and be rapidly repeating prayers, keeping count of them by passing the beads through their fingers.

## THEY DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THEIR PRAYERS.

One of the prayers most commonly used consists of six syllables. Ask one man what these six syllables mean, and he will tell you one thing; ask another, and he will have another version of the meaning; ask a third, and he will most likely give an answer which all will agree in—namely, that it does not matter what they mean; the efficacy depends, not on the meaning, but on the repetition of the prayer. Acting on this belief, the Mongols rattle away at their prayers, hoping thereby to make merit which will, among other things, cancel their sins.

## THE HAND PRAYING WHEEL.

But mouth repetition is a slow process, and to expedite matters a praying wheel has been invented, into which are put a large number of printed prayers; the wheel is turned round, and by this simple act all the prayers contained in the machine are supposed to be repeated.

## THE FAMILY PRAYING WHEEL.

In some tents there is a stand on which is placed a large wheel, bearing about the same relation to the hand wheel as a family Bible bears to a pocket Bible. A thong is fixed to a crank; the inmates take their turn in pulling it; but the aged grandmother, as having most leisure, usually spends most time over it; and the grandchildren keep a sharp look-out, and raise an outcry when, from inadvertance, a wrongly timed pull sends the cylinder turning backwards, and, according to the

Mongol idea, makes sin in place of merit.

## THE ROASTING JACK PRAYING WHEEL.

In one house I saw a wheel placed over the fire, and driven by the upward current of hot air, after the manner of a roasting-jack!

## THE CLOCKWORK PRAYING WHEEL.

Sitting in a tent once, I heard behind me a curious clicking noise, and looking round, found a praying wheel going by machinery. The master of the house, being a mechanical genius, had bought an old clock in a Chinese town, taken out and rearranged the spring and wheels, and made them drive a cylinder filled with prayers. When he got up in the morning he simply took the key, wound up the clockwork, and then the thing made prayers for the whole establishment.

## THE PRAYING FLAG.

He that is too poor to buy a hand wheel gets a prayer flag—a piece of common Chinese cotton cloth printed over with Tibetan characters—fastens it to a pole and sets it up near his tent, believing that every time it flutters in the wind all the prayers on it are repeated.

The whole thing would be laughable were it not too serious a matter by far for laughter. *The deluded worshippers really believe that this charm repeating and wheel turning and flag fluttering makes merit which cancels sin.* They live in this belief, and they die with this lie in their right hand. This idea, too, is the cause of much sin."

## WHAT BECOMES OF OUR SINS.

"I cannot understand," said a little boy, "what becomes of our sins when God takes them away."

"When you do a sum, Willie, and take a sponge and wipe your slate, what becomes of the figures?"

"Oh I see now," he said, "they are all gone."

And so God says he will blot out our transgressions, and will not remember our sins.