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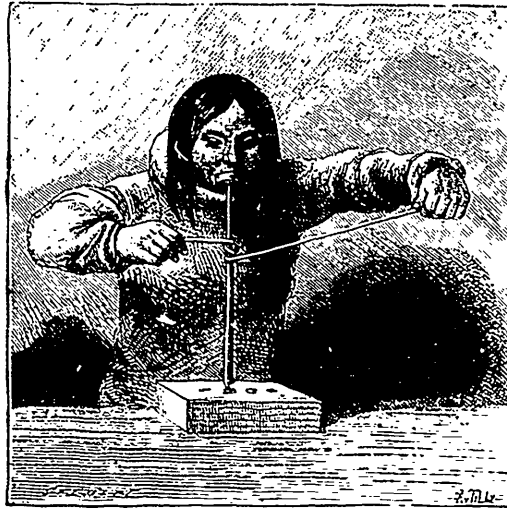
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# Children's Record

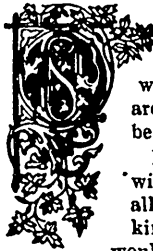
Presbyterian Church in Canada.



A Savage Making a Fire.

## FUNNY CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

BY DR. MALCOLM, ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES.



EAR boys and girls.

Would you like to know what some of the Chinese children are called, and how they happen to be called by such funny names?

In our town of Hsin Chen, and within a few miles around, almost all the children are called some kind of "Cow," e.g., "Ling Niu" would mean The Leader Cow, "Kon Niu," Follow Cow, and so on.

Parents are always more anxious to have boys than girls. We know of one family of five girls, and when the first girl was born, they said:—We would rather have a son, so we'll call this one "Hwan Niu" (Change Cow.)

When the second girl was born, however, she was so pretty that they could not refrain from calling her "Kwei Niu" (Pearl Cow;) but when the third girl was added to the family, they said "Girls galore," and called her "Yu Niu" (Many Cows.)

Still another, a fourth daughter came, and they said:—The house is filled up with girls, so they called her "Chu Niu" (Full Cow.)

When, however, the fifth and last daughter arrived, they were angry, and said:—We have had enough, and so they named her "Kou Niu" (Enough Cows.)

One day a missionary asked a little boy here, what his name was. He answered: I am Fat Cow, what cow are you?

A general belief is, that when a child dies, it is because an evil spirit, or devil, takes a fancy to it and carries it off. At home even, there is a belief that the good die young. There is a similar erroneous belief here, that these spirits prefer good children, and do not care so much for dirty or ugly children, or any that have lost a limb. They are fondest of a pretty boy, and especially one that his parents love very much. From these strange beliefs, have arisen stranger customs.

For example:—There is a young man that often comes into our compound, who has no little toe on one foot, and he is called "Yao Niu" (Bite Cow,) for a reason that I know you will think very strange. He is the fourth son, but as all his elder brothers died before he was born, his

mother, as soon as he came into the world, bit off his little toe, and threw it away, believing that by so doing she would avert an early death, and that he would grow up to be a man, and although he is now twenty years old, he is still called "Bite Cow."

This is not the only case of this kind, for it is quite common here, and when we see a man in the hospital without his little toe, we may be pretty sure that his mother bit it off when he was a baby so that the evil spirits would not take him.

The sad reason why the little girls are spared this mutilation is because it is a matter of little moment whether they grow up or not.

The evil spirits are also supposed to know that little girls are not of much account. Sometimes a pet son is given a girl's name, and made to wear one ear-ring, to make the devils think he is only a little girl.

In the winter time, some children are clad in tiger skin from head to foot. Many others wear caps made to represent tigers' heads, while almost all wear cloth shoes with fierce tiger faces worked on them. All this to deceive the evil spirits into thinking that they are ferocious tigers.

Parents may love their children very much, and yet for that very reason give them horrid names, to make the evil spirits believe they do not care for them: e.g. A handsome lad may be called "Jeng Niu" (Rejoiced Cow), or "Nao Niu" (Bad Cow), Ch'ou Niu (meaning a very dirty cow), or even "Fen Niu," meaning (Dung Cow.) The strange part is however, that although a boy may be called "Dirty Cow" it might not be good for your health to tell him he is a dirty boy, unless you happen to be bigger than he is.

But the funniest plan that I have yet heard of to deceive the spirits, is to have a boy's trowsers made of different colors, one leg red and the other leg blue. They reason somewhat after this fashion:—The evil spirit fitting quickly by on one side, says to himself: There is a boy with blue trowsers that I must have some day, but when he comes back he does not recognize him, as this time he sees him from the other side, which is red.

As to names, however, children may be called after any circumstance, or thing. For instance, if a child were born during a snow storm, or during a fair, it might be called "Snow Cow," or "Fair Cow." Or again, if the river overflows its banks, and floods the country, a child born at that time is liable to be called "Water Cow."

On our way to the hospital daily, we pass between two houses with their front doors opposite to each other. A baby having been born in No. 1 house, they called it "Cat Cow." Shortly afterwards, a baby was born in No. 2 house opposite, and for fear of the spirit of the cat baby, they called this one "Dog Cow."

Bye and bye another baby arrived at No. 1 house, and so that it would not be afraid of the dog, they called it "Tiger Cow," but in the course of human events, a second child came to No. 2 house, and they named it "Rifle Cow," so that it could kill the tiger. The last arrival is at No. 1 house, and reasoning on the same principles, they have, for obvious reasons called it "Sledgehammer Cow."

Only this afternoon were we called, in greatest haste (?) to resuscitate a boy that had been drowned in the river while bathing. We were hurrying along the street, when lo! a messenger met us saying that we need not go any farther, because the boy was buried. You think this strange? Remember we are in China. This lad, unlike Yao Niu, had six toes on one foot, and was called "Lu Niu" (Six-toes Cow.) I should think his mother will be very sorry now that she did not bite off the extra toe when he was a baby.

A parallel to the old nursery tale of the loadstone mountain in the sea, which was the cause of so many shipwrecks, by drawing the nails out of any ship that was unfortunate enough to sail close by its side, is found here in a commonly believed myth, to the effect that in this little river that runs past our door, and just above the town of Wu Lung, the river has a loadstone bed, and boatmen who cast anchor in that spot, must cut their cables, for they can never hope to raise their anchors again.

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### COURAGE OF GENERAL GORDON.

"During the Crimean war there was a fortie, and the Russians actually reached the English trench. Gordon stood on the parapet, in great danger of his life, with nothing save his stick in his hand, encouraging the soldiers to drive out the Russians.

" 'Gordon,' they cried, 'come down! You'll be killed!'

"But he took no notice, and a soldier who was near said:

" 'It's all right, 'e don't mind being killed. E's one of those blessed Christians!'

### BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Whose maid, when chided, from her mistress ran?

Who from a dungeon damp rescued a man?

Who in twelve pieces a new garment rent?

To take what city was it David went?

Who bore sad tidings to a much-loved king?

Who from its hiding-place a book did bring?

Whose doubting spirit his kind Master grieved?

Who in a college once a priest received?

Who, ere he prophesied, a minstrel sought?

Whose curses on himself destruction brought?

Who bore a mark for evil he had done?

Who was the son of Moses' younger son?

Who filled a pit with men that he had slain?

Who by a miracle did freedom gain?

Whose son to David with a present went?

Who built an altar from a pattern sent?

Where was a king deprived of sons and sight?

Whose hand clave to his sword where he did fight?

Who with a single goad six hundred slew?

For God can save by many or by few.

The initials of these names form a little text.  
What is it?—Selected.

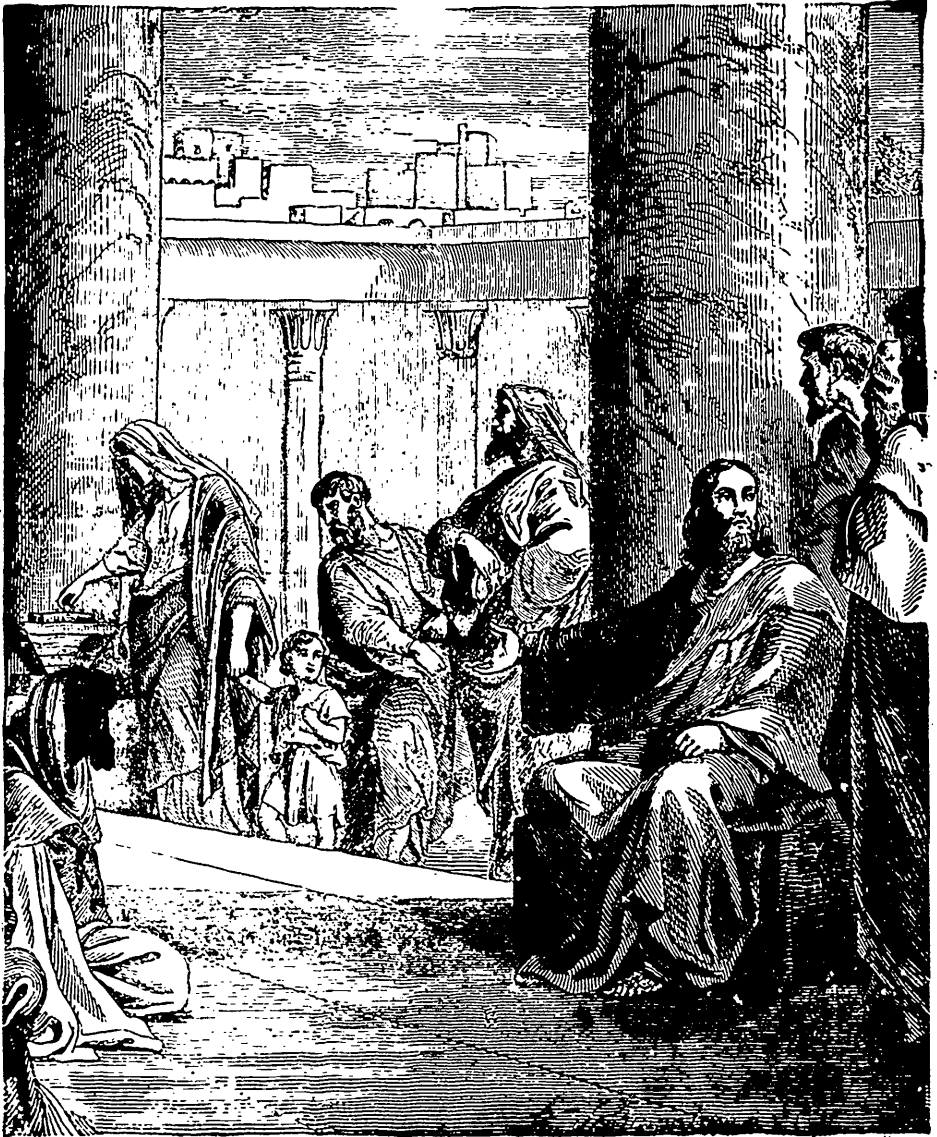
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### A STRANGE WAY TO TRAVEL.

Two miles from the city of Lucknow is the ancient village of Aligunj, once home of many, the scene of a great annual Hindu festival. In the centre of the village, surrounded by tumble-down buildings fast falling into ruins, stands a wretched, filthy, little shrine dedicated to Hanuman, the monkey-god.

To this shrine, at the time of the festival held some time in May, thousands travel greater or less distances, some as much as fifty or even one hundred miles, measuring their length upon the ground all the way. Taking a small stone in his hand the pilgrim stands in the attitude of prayer, with hands folded on his breast, and mutters words of prayer and praise.

Then, lying full length on the ground, he places the stone as far forward as he can. Standing up by the stone, the pilgrim goes through the same action, length by length, making slow progress to this village shrine. His mother, wife or daughter, walks by the roadside, carrying water for the thirsty devotee to drink, and at night, when he stops for rest, cooks his evening meal.—The Gleaner.



Jesus and the Widow's Mite.

## BROWNIE IN UNDERLAND.

## Chapter Three.

[By this interesting fable one of our missionaries pictures what a Canadian boy would see and hear if he were in the Honan mission field.—Ed.]

The tree Brownie was in happened to be a poplar. The Underlanders say. "Under the poplar hear the wind, and when the melon leaves rustle hear the rain." By this they mean that the poplar leaves rustle in the lightest breeze, and the other rustling is sign that rain is on the way.

Not far off were willows, elms, and ash trees, but Brownie searched in vain for his country's emblem, the maple-leaf, so dear to all Canadians especially the exiles.

But the heart of Brownie almost leaped to his mouth straitway at the sound he now heard coming from, he did not know exactly where. It was so like the hiss of a snake that he feared it might be a rattle-snake or a boa-constrictor, or some other horrid creature he had read about in books. And in such an outlandish place as Underland strange things must be common.

Looking cautiously about him, he soon saw that the hissing sound came from an insect on the poplar tree just beneath him. He afterwards learned that it is called Cicada. What a bizzing noise he kept up! Just like the steam when the mill has just stopped, or the engine is resting at the station, thought Brownie, sure sign of hot weather.

But those chattering little busybodies the ubiquitous iniquitous sparrows made themselves heard above all else. And Edward Lear had taught Brownie what they said.

On a little piece of wood

Mr. Spikky Sparrow stood:

Mrs. Sparrow sate close by,

A-making of an insect pie

For her little children five,

In the nest and all alive;

Singing with a cheerful smile,

To amuse them all the while,

" Twikky wikky wikky wee

Wikky bikky twikky tee,

Spikky bikky bee!"

But the row was waxing fast and furious, there must be something coming which was by no means welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, and their cries had brought all their neighbors to the scene. An indignation meeting was hastily got up, a chairman appointed, hot speeches made and

strong resolutions drawn up with a view to squelch the foe.

And who was he? not the brindled cat this time, strange to say. A green snake was crawling up to the nest under the eaves in which were the "little children five," and I think he meant to gobble them all up. No wonder their parents and sisters and cousins and aunts were alarmed at the prospect.

Although the snake did not seem to be much distracted by their cries, these were loud enough to attract an Underlander to the spot. Instead of striking it with a stick as Brownie fully expected, he took it carefully by the tail and carried it out to the field and let it go! It went off hungry and disappointed. The Underlanders all believe that snakes are not to be pelted with stones and sticks till they are dead, and Dr. MacCook agrees with them. Then the sparrows fell on Mrs. Meng's geraniums and iniquitously stripped them limb from limb.

Now it happened that the crows of twenty villages had chosen those particular poplar trees, in one of which Brownie was as their roosting-place. Their title to the trees ran far back, some of the oldest crows said to the time when Noah let a crow out of the Ark, for Underland is a very old country.

As evening drew near they began to come back in regiments and platoons and to select their rooms for the night. There was so much discussion over this, and there was such a noise putting the children to bed that Brownie thought he had better leave at once before he got into trouble.

So down he slid, plump! into an incense pot at the bottom of the tree. The villagers had been worshipping this tree, because, they said, it is so tall and leafy that there must be a fairy living in it. How lucky they did not know that Brownie was up in it, or they would have been surer than ever that there was a real fairy living up in the branches. Brownie hurried off and found a place to sleep. But if you wish to know where, you will have to come to Underland yourself and see!

After such exciting adventures as he had had that day, he passed a somewhat restless night. When he had lain down the news was quickly spread among the busy mosquitoes, the athletic fleas and aromatic bed-bugs, that a feast would be held that night in that very room. "Bim-m-m!" said the mosquito, "I smell a foreign boy, and he must be good eating, for I hear they milk the cows in his country and give the milk to the boys!"

Then they all sang in chorus:

Fio ! Fo ! Fee !Fum !

We smell the blood of an Englishman !

And they all began to be merry. And if they had been allowed their own way that night they would have picked Brownie's bones quite clean, and in the morning there would be nothing left of him but a skeleton. But some good fairy scared the bugs and fleas away and hung a beautiful mosquito-net over his bed.

And he dreamed a dream. He dreamed that he had lost his white skin and grown a yellow one instead. Now I'll be in the fashion, thought he like all the Underlanders. It is so inconvenient to be odd. Everyone stares at you and makes remarks. Of course Brownie had *Gygis* the ring and could make himself invisible, but he wanted to talk to folks, and if he did talk out of nowhere he would be scaring every body out of their wits, and they would not stay to answer him or prolong the conversation.

If he only had a dress like all the Underland boys to put over his skin ! When the dog-days come the Underland boys just wear their yellow skins somewhat blackened, so when they jump into the pond for a wobble (they never bathe) they do not need to be afraid lest bad boys should steal their clothes.

When Brownie awoke next morning he found a new suit of Underland clothes laid across the chair. This was just what he wanted. His old ones he hid under the bed, the new ones he put on ; stockings, shoes, trousers, shirt, fan, that was enough in the hot weather and it was getting pretty hot by this time.

The trousers were fastened at the ankles with garters. Brownie did not like that idea very well, nor was he more pleased when he discovered that there was no trouser pocket not even one ! How do the Underland boys get on without pockets ? And what would become of the ring, and the string and the jack-knife and cetera.

And there were no braces: These difficulties were almost enough to make him change his mind about adopting the Underland style of dress, but a belt was found which did for braces, and the ring he hung on his button-hole, and the string, the knife and cetera went into his stocking. " It will take me some time to get used to it," said he, " but it will be as good as a skating carnival in Upperland when people dress themselves up in strange dresses."

As Brownie came out of his room, a nice old gentleman spied him, and seeing by his walk that

he was a stranger in those parts spoke politely to Brownie, and invited him to drink tea. As tea was bad for boys he declined with thanks, whereupon the following conversation took place:

Mr. Joe: (for that was his name:) "What is your honorable name ?"

To which Brownie made answer: "My humble name is Brownie. My father's name is Brown, but as I am small they call me Brownie."

Mr. Joe : "Strange name, I never heard of any one with that name in these parts. In fact it is not in the Book of Numbers" (and Brownie knew that though there were many names in the Book of Numbers his was not among them) The language the old man spoke was not the Queen's English, but Brownie had no difficulty in using it, for at his age children take it in "spontaneous" at the pores.

Mr. Joe : "How old are you ?"

"Twelve years."

"Are you married ?"

This question took Brownie's breath away, but when he got it again, he said : "Of course, not," but he forgot that in Underland boys and girls are married sometimes when they are babies, which is a shocking custom.

Mr. Joe: "What is your honorable place ?"

"I come from Upperland."

Mr. Joe : "I never heard of that place. Where is it ?"

Brownie: "It is on the other side of the world."

Mr. Joe: "How can that be ? You must have got the name twisted. You mean that your country is called Underland. It is certainly beneath this country."

Brownie: But Mr. Joe, the earth is round."

Mr. Joe: Well then, the people in your land must have their heads hanging downwards, like flies on the ceiling, though I do not see how heavy things like men do not fall off into the heavens. I am sure if they did they would make another crack in them, like the one Eve mended with melted glass."

I have heard that there is a kingdom called "Dog's-head," for all the people have dogs' heads, and one called Amazonia for the people all are women and another called "Gotroo" (go through) on account of the people all having holes through their bodies. When they wish to ride they get two men to run them through with a pole and carry them, one at each end. Besides Dog'shead there is Hog'shead, all with hogs' heads. I suppose you have visited all these kingdoms ?"

Poor Brownie had to confess that he had not in fact his geography did not even mention them.

Mr. Joe: "I see that you are wearing a piece of foreign cloth. (Brownie had not noticed that although his new suit was in the Underland style the cloth was foreign.) Is that made in your country by the Wooden Man with long arms?"

Brownie: "Oh dear no! it is woven by a machine."

Mr. Joe: "Machine? I have never heard of that thing before. We always thought that such wide cloth (it is much wider than ours) could not be woven by a man; his arms would be too short to throw the shuttle. Let me feel your knees." What a funny man, thought Brownie, why does he want to feel my knees?

Mr. Joe (feeling the knee: ) "Ha! ha! You have knee-joints just like the rest of us. I always thought that foreigners had no knee-joints, and so could not get up again if one were to trip them up. Our soldiers and generals all said they were not afraid of the foreign soldiers for all they would have to do would be to trip them over and they would rise no more.

Let me look into your mouth. Why you have no gold teeth: The foreigner I saw had a gold tooth."

Brownie noticed that the old man was not wearing Underland Spectacles which are nearly as big as a policeman's bull's-eye. He had on a pair of small foreign glasses. Brownie wondered where he had got them, and asked the old gentleman, who proceeded to tell his story. What it was we must keep till the next chapter, but when Brownie heard it he knew why the old gentleman was so kind to him.

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### TREASURE LAID UP.

"Little words in love expressed,  
 Little wrongs at once confessed,  
 Little favors kindly done.  
 Little toils thou didst not shun,  
 Little graces meekly won,  
 Little slights with patience borne—  
 These are treasures that shall rise  
 Far beyond the smiling skies."

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From one village in Illinois seventeen volunteers went to the Spanish war who were steady, industrious, respected boys. Sixteen of the number came back confirmed drunkards and the seventeenth a corpse."

### TWINKLER, TINKLER, TATTLER.

#### HOW TO KEEP BURGLARS OUT.

**B**URGLARS are unpleasant visitors, and you'd rather hear about them than have them call.

There are three ways, so some Englishman has said, to keep burglars out (1) by "Twinkler"; (2) by "Tinkler"; (3) by "Tattler." Twinkler, Tinkler and Tattler are the three fellows to keep burglars off.

By "Twinkler" he means a light left burning all night long. By "Tinkler" he means having a bell connected with the doors and windows that will give warning. By "Tattler" he means a little dog that sets up a barking at the approach of danger. Twinkler, Tinkler, and Tattler will keep a house pretty free from burglars.

Every young person starts out in life with some "crown jewels" that are more precious than gold, silver, or fine clusters. How can burglars be kept from stealing them.

1. By "Twinkler." Have a light burning at night. It is a good idea not to have it burn in one place all the time, but in different rooms. That means, when you are in temptation, let your light shine. Let the boys know where you stand. If other boys invite you to drink, or curse, or sneak, or do a dirty trick, let your light shine and it will scare them away. "Twinkler" is a good fellow to drive away evil.

2. By "Tinkler." That means, to put warning bells at the doors and windows. How many warning bells there are! The words of our teachers and parents and of the Bible! Here is a bell that once woke me up: "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny." "He who heeds the warnings of the good is wise."

3. By "Tattler." He is not always a pleasant fellow to have around. He fusses a good deal. Then he is liable to wake one up, when he'd rather sleep. But everybody has a "Tattler" given to him when he begins life, whose business is to give warning of danger. He is called "Conscience" by some. I rather like the name "Tattler." It won't do to turn him out doors nights, nor to shut him down in the cellar, but let him sleep on the door mat right in front of your room. Evil rarely gets into a heart when there is a real, live, well-kept "Tattler."—Sel,



## THE CIGARETTE HABIT.

**A**NY one who has eyes to see must have noticed to what a fearful extent the habit of cigarette smoking has increased during the past two or three years, but it is questionable if the evil of it is recognized by the great majority.

Whatever may be the opinion of users of tobacco, as well as anti-tobacconists, respecting the pipe or cigar, there is no room for two opinions respecting cigarettes. Confirmed "cigarette fiends" find after a time, so many ill-effects, that they would willingly quit the use of the fatal things but find themselves totally unable to overcome the awful feelings that invariably follow the abstinence from them for a week or so.

The ignorant will say "how can there be such suffering from merely a little mild tobacco wrapped in an innocent piece of tissue paper, when they can point to men who smoke a pipe and give it up suddenly without experiencing any such symptoms?"

Unfortunately their arguments are based upon a false assumption of simply tobacco and pure rice paper.

Perhaps these people would be astonished to know that the greatest quantity of the cigarette paper comes from France. In Paris all the waste bandages and refuse dressing of cotton wool, etc., from the hospitals are the porters' perquisites and are sold to the paper factories, and being all of the finest quality, are by them manufactured into tissue paper for cigarettes.

This is appalling enough to think of, but to make matters worse many of the higher priced cigarettes are drugged with such powerful agents as opium, belladonna, arsenic, cocaine, etc.

It is naturally in the interest of the manufacturers to create a craving for their wares, and the indulgence for a short time only on any of the above mentioned drugs will create a progressive appetite and an almost insatiable craving.

One young man of my acquaintance, two years ago was smoking fifteen packages of cigarettes a day! If still alive and at large I have no doubt but what he has increased this amount.

A disordered digestion leading to chronic dyspepsia is a very early effect, whilst hallucination terminating in that worst form of insanity termed melancholia and sometimes violent mania are unfortunately but too common.

For the sake of the young generation it is quite time that the parents and guardians of young

boys should wake up to the facts concerning this fearful habit.

To young men, who I fear smoke cigarettes quite as much for the sake of fashion as for any other reason, I would say, stop whilst you can, and before both your reason and physical powers have become affected.

I am not writing from hearsay, but from actual knowledge and I can positively prove that the best part of the cigarettes sold are wilfully drugged, and I look upon the sale of them in the light of attempted homicide.

So strongly do I feel upon this matter, that I have no hesitation in applying the strongest language in protest against both the sale and use of such dangerous things, all the more dangerous from the insidious nature of their attack upon the unsuspecting user, and although I greatly fear that my warning will have no great effect upon the majority, it would be a relief if I could be sure of its preventing at least one individual from becoming a victim to the fatal habit of cigarette smoking.—Sel.

## THE BOY'S ROAD TO SUCCESS.

**T**HE world is very free in giving "secrets of success" to boys, but why do we not oftener see at the top of the list "Brains"? For brains are a first requirement in a boy who would succeed. Brains, cultivated brains, brains that have learned how to work hard and to depend on themselves, are indispensable to every one who would climb toward the top of life's ladder.

The boy who accustoms himself to careful and honest thought upon all the subjects that in any way touch his life, weighing his own conclusions and acting according to his own conviction is in a fair way to become successful.

So, for all the reasons that can have weight with earnest hearts, I urge you, boys, to cultivate your brains. Think for yourself. Take time for sincere, solid thought. Keep your eyes and ears open. Learn to question and reason on your own account.

Bar out of your life all that would waken or stupefy your intellect, and crowd into it all that you know to be uplifting, instructive, and stimulating. Thus will you become able to offer the world that which it is ever needing—a Christian man with a great mind.—Sel.

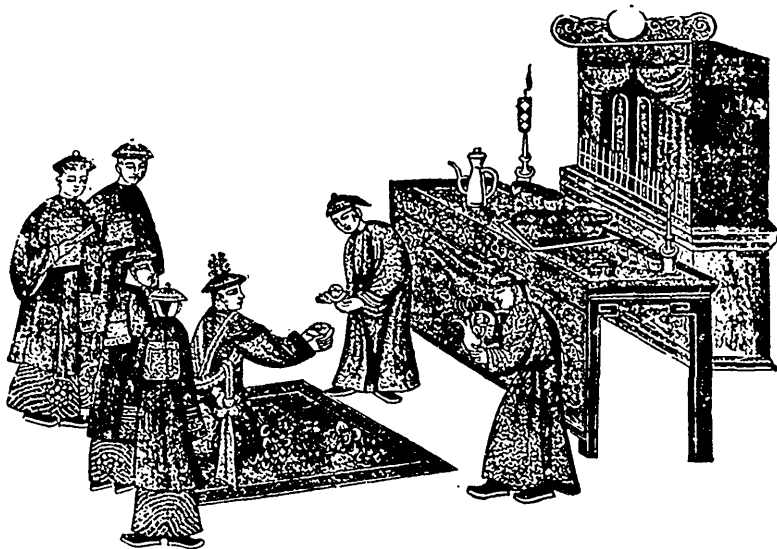
## A STRANGE LAWSUIT.

A missionary in Loas tells of a way of settling a dispute, that seems strange to us. He says: I witnessed the dispensing of justice in a case last week.

Two men claimed the same buffalo. These men lived in different villages, and the people of each village stood by their man. Each man described the buffalo in the same way, and the witnesses were considered equally divided, so that the judges considered it beyond their ability to decide the case. The judges, therefore, de-

not his, each begged that his candle might go out when it reached the place where it was out and united again; but if the buffalo was his, each begged that his candle might burn through where it was united and be entirely consumed.

The man whose candle went out lost the case and fifty rupees. The man whose candle burned down and was entirely consumed won the buffalo and twenty-five rupees; the other twenty-five rupees went to the judges. This was accepted by all as final, and no one doubted that the case had been decided by heaven and the spirits, and rightly.



Worshipping before the Household gods in China.

ecided to leave it to the supreme being to render justice.

Each man put up fifty rupees, which the judges held. The buffalo was brought to the door of the temple. Two candles of exactly the same size and length were then cut each into two equal parts. Each man took his candle, which bore his name, and stuck it together again, making the connection the best he could.

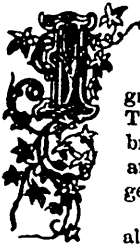
These two candles were then placed in front of the idol and lighted. Each man then again repeated the declaration that the buffalo at the temple door was his, and called upon the supreme being and the heavenly persons who kept watch over the province to decide. If the buffalo was

## A CURE FOR BAD TEMPER.

BY MR. MOODY.

A lady once said to me, "I have not so much control over my temper now as I had five years ago. Don't you think that's a great misfortune?" "Misfortune?" said I; "I think it's a sin!" "Can you tell me how I can conquer it?" "Yes, I can." "How?" "Every time you get angry with anybody, just go straight to them and apologise for having done so, owning up that it was very wrong of you to talk as you have been doing, and asking their forgiveness. I think you will find, when you have made about a dozen of such apologies, that you will be about ready to go out of the bad temper business."

## WHAT FOLLOWED A HYMN.



It was a Sunday afternoon. A quiet, peaceful afternoon, with a blue sky above, and a green, sun-kissed earth beneath. The day was warm, but a cool breeze was blowing, whispering among the leaves, and sighing gently in the grasses.

Agnes Kingsley walked slowly along the well-worn path that led to the Christian mission-house. She looked very pretty this afternoon, for the glow of youth was on her cheek and sparkling in her eye, and then the dress of white swiss which she wore was very becoming.

She was not thinking of herself, however, nor of the appearance she made, but the thoughts that filled her mind were pure and wholesome thoughts—thoughts that should be in every girl's heart. She was asking herself these questions: How can I best serve Christ? What can I do to show Him my love? Am I missing any opportunities of making those about me happy?

Pondering thus, she passed into the mission-house. She was early; no one had arrived yet. Seating herself at the organ, she began to play and sing. The songs were sweet and simple. They were hymns, and her sweet young voice made them heavenly. The words she spoke came from her soul, and the clear, rich notes were borne through the open windows of the church out into the still air of the afternoon.

Staggering up the road not far distant came a man, his bloodshot eyes and unsteady step telling more plainly than words a tale of drunkenness, of debauchery, of sin.

Jack Armstrong was drunk, he had spent all that beautiful Lord's Day in a saloon, carousing and ruining his soul, his body, his mind. He was going home now—home to a mother who was at that moment praying for him, imploring God to open her son's eyes to his great folly and save him before it was too late.

He was not so drunk but that he knew what was going on around him, and when the sweet strains of singing reached his ear, he stopped in the road and listened.

The words of the hymn he knew. They had been taught him by his mother years ago, when he sat upon her knee and lisped them in his baby voice.

Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?

The singing ceased, but Jack Armstrong still stood in the middle of the road and listened. Something in the way the hymn was sung had touched his heart more deeply than even his mother's tears and pleading.

He had never heard a voice like that before. So powerful, so penetrating, and yet so soft and sweet. Every note, every word, telling of the love that dwelt in the heart of the singer, for the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

He began repeating the words over to himself very slowly, his eyes cast down to the ground:

Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?

He stopped, and a look passed over his face that none had ever seen there before.

His great sin had at last dawned upon him in all its terrible vividness, and the expression on his face was that of regret and fear.

"O God," he cried aloud, "could I but reform; could I but put the past behind me and live henceforth a pure Christian life"

"You can Jack," said a voice behind him; "with God's help you can."

Armstrong turned and looked into the kind cheerful face of the pastor of the Christian mission.

"Do you really think I can?" he cried, eagerly. "Oh, if I only could, but I am weak—so weak—I can't trust myself."

"God will help you," said the minister. "Put your whole trust in Him. Pray for strength, Jack. Pray as you have never prayed before."

"I will," almost sobbed Armstrong. "I'll brace up; I'll be a man."

"Amen," said the minister, "and I'll aid you all I can. Come with me to my study, and we'll ask God to help us."

The two men passed into the church, and after an hour had elapsed Armstrong came out again. He was completely sober now, and joy and hope were written plainly on his face, where but a little while before had been regret and fear.

He walked with elastic step and heart erect. What a change had taken place in the man.

His mother was waiting for him in the door—

way, but the fearful look soon vanished from her face as she watched him come up the path.

"Jack," she cried, rushing into his outstretched arms.

Together they passed into the little cottage.

"Mother," said the young man, slowly, "your prayers have at last been answered. I've reformed." A sob of joy was the only sound that broke the stillness of the room.

After some minutes had elapsed, he spoke again. "I'm going to be a man from now on, God helping me. I'm going to live a Christian life. Not many hours ago I was in a saloon drinking. I started home, staggering up the street. Suddenly some one singing caught my ear, and I stopped to listen. The hymn was the one you taught me, mother years ago. "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?" The words sank deep into my soul and I felt a strange feeling come over me—a feeling I cannot explain. My old life came up before me in all its wickedness and sin, and I had a sudden desire to get away from it and with that Saviour's help I leave it behind forever.—*Christian Standard.*

#### HOW THE SCHOLARSHIP WAS WON.

He who means to do well in one thing must have the habit of doing well.

A young student whom we knew was very ambitious to gain a certain rank in his class which would entitle him to a scholarship. If he gained the scholarship he could go on with his course. A well known professor was interested in the lad's success. He instructed him in a part of his studies, and found him a very bright student; so he thought it possible for him to gain his purpose, though it meant perfect marks for him in everything for a whole year.


"Nobody gets perfect marks in everything," the boy objected.

"That is nothing to the point," said the teacher. "You are perfect in my recitations; do as well in the others. But I notice that you write poorly. Now begin there. Whenever you form a word, either with pen or tongue, do it plainly, so that there will be no mistake! This will help you to think clearly and to speak accurately. Let your whole mind be given to the least thing you do while you are about it. Form the habit of excellence."

The student went resolutely to work, and before the year was far on its way was the leader in

his class; he gained his scholarship, and, more than that, he acquired character that has since won him a shining success.—Selected.

#### BREAD ON THE WATERS.

 ONE of the closest friends of Baron Rothschild of Paris was Carolus Duran, the artist. During the entire course of a certain large dinner party the great financier noted that the painter kept looking at him with a most intent and peculiar expression. After the coffee and cigars, the baron drew his friend aside, and said: "My dear fellow, pray tell me why you have stared at me so peculiarly this evening?"

"I'll tell you with pleasure," answered Duran; "I am painting a beggar for the salon, and have looked all over Paris for a suitable head to draw from. I've finally found it. Yours is the ideal."

Rothschild laughed heartily, and promised to sit for his friend in suitable attire on the following day.

During the progress of the sitting a young artist, one of Duran's pupils, came into the room. Naturally he had not been in a position to meet people of Baron Rothschild's importance, and so did not know him; but the beggar's miserable rags, wan face, and wistful expression appealed deeply to the young man's sympathies. Waiting until his master was busy mixing colors, the pupil took a franc from his vest pocket and held it out behind his back to the model, who seized it with feigned avidity.

When the sitting was over Rothschild made inquiries of Duran concerning the philanthropist, and was informed that he was a student of great promise and attainments, but among the poorest of the inhabitants of the Latin Quarter.

Some six months after this occurrence the young man received a note which ran about as follows:

Dear sir: The franc that you gave in charity to a beggar in the studio of Mr. Duran has been invested by us, and we take pleasure in forwarding to you our check for two thousand francs, the principal and increment of the same.

Yours, etc.,  
ROTHSCHILD & CO.  
—Harper's Round Table.



## ADMIRAL DEWEY AND THE POWDER BOY.

There are plenty of Canadian boys who love and prize their mothers just as much as the brave laddie in this story which we found in FORWARD. Are you one of them and how do you shew it ?

When the order to clear for action was given in Dewey's fleet on that memorable May morning a year ago in Manila Bay, one of the powder boys hastily took off his coat, which slipped from his hand into the water.

In the inside pocket was a photograph of his mother. The boy had just been looking at it, and had kissed it and restored it to what seemed to be a safe place.

He asked permission to jump overboard and recover the coat, and when he was forbidden to do this he went to the other side of the ship, leaped into the water, swam to the coat and saved it.

For disobedience he was put in irons and held for further punishment. Commodore Dewey wondered why he had risked his life and disobeyed orders for the sake of a coat, for the boy had said nothing about the photograph.

In answer to the commander's kind questions he disclosed his motive. The commodore's eyes filled with tears, and he clasped the boy in his arms. Orders were given that the little fellow should be released.

"A boy who loves his mother enough to risk his life for her picture," said Dewey, "cannot be kept in irons on this fleet."

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### PERFECTLY HAPPY.

**A**UNT EDITH," said Caroline, one day last winter, "If I only had a set of furs like Jennie Wright, I am sure I should be perfectly happy."

"Do you suffer much from the cold with your old ones?"

"Oh, no! they are warm enough; but hers are so much more beautiful."

"I don't really think they would make you any happier than you are now. They might please you a short time; but then you would immediately think, if you had a new velvet hat with a white plume, how nice it would look with your furs, and you would become unhappy again till you got it."

"I think very likely I should," said Carrie, with a half smile.

"Now, the truth is, I do not ever expect to see

you a great deal happier than you are now, unless there is a thorough change in your character. People have about their regular measure of happiness, and they seldom much exceed it. So, dear, remember that happiness is within, and not without.

"As happy a little fellow as I ever remember seeing was a poor cripple, who was hopping along on a pair of crutches, with an old paper box tied with a string to his crutch, and serving him for a little toy cart. The bright look on his face, as he looked back continually to his toy, made a deep impression on my mind.

"Cultivate the habit of being pleased with little mercies and comforts, and your days will glide on more, far more happily and useful than they will if you are always looking forward to some great source of enjoyment. Besides, Carrie, if you remember, when envy of the good of others seizes you, how very many other children have none of your comforts, and often none of the necessities of life, you will summon to your aid a spirit of thankfulness that will conquer envy."—Christian Standard.

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### HOW TO AVOID BEING TEMPTED.

A story, a parable, is told of a man who once asked an Eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation.

The king told the man to take a vessel brimful of oil, and to carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop.

"If one drop is spilt," said the king, "your head shall be cut off." He then ordered two executioners, with drawn swords, to walk behind the man and to carry out his orders.

There happened to be a fair going on in the town, and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of the oil. Then the king asked:

"Did you see any one whilst you were walking through the streets?"

"No," said the man; "I was thinking only of the oil; I noticed nothing else."

"Then," said the king, "you have learned how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind as firmly on God as you fixed it on the vessel of oil. You will not then be tempted to sin."



## HOW LIVINGSTONE DIED.

Dr. Livingstone, the great and good, to whom Africa owes so much, was once a poor boy, a spinner in a factory in Scotland.

While at his work he used every opportunity to get knowledge, and at length became a missionary to Africa. He did much more than can be measured or told, to open up the Dark Continent to the Gospel and to civilization.

Strong and enduring though he was the toil and hardship of many years at length wore down the

sinewy frame. Away in the interior of Africa, with no white friend near, he took ill. His servants went to his hut one morning found him dead, kneeling by the side of his rude cot.

His two faithful lads, Soudi and Chama, in a rude native fashion embalmed the body and carried it on a pole between them for hundreds of miles through forests and swamps and hostile tribes to a port on the coast, whence they sailed with it to England. At length it was laid with national honors, in the resting place of the nation's most honored dead, Westminster Abbey.



Livingstone's servants finding him dead in his hut.

## AN INTELLIGENT PARROT.

Don is the name of our African parrot, which is of the usual grey color, with crimson tail and keen intelligent eye. He talks English well; speaks of himself as "papa's good boy," often adding "wants coffee" or "good, cold water." He always greets us with a polite "good morning," and in winter kindly inquires, "Are you cold?" He spends the day whistling, mimicking birds and fowls, driving horses, etc.

He is also fond of music. Formerly quick music, which he could catch readily, pleased him

best. Last year he seemed to like church music, showing a preference for "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which he learned. When autumn came, the voice that taught him failed. Consumption was doing its work, and during the paroxysms of coughing, even at the midnight hour, Don had words of sympathy for the sufferer.

Finally the hand that fed Don was still in death. Kind friends assembled for the usual funeral ceremonies, and when the choir sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Don joined them, with slow and solemn notes.

## A MISSIONARY EXAMINATION.

COULD YOU PASS IT.

It was winter; the examiner sent the candidate word to be at his house at three o'clock in the morning. When the young man arrived at the appointed time, he was shown into the study, where he waited for five hours. At length the old clergyman appeared and asked the other how early he had come.

"Three o'clock, sharp."

"All right, its breakfast time now; come in and have some breakfast."

After breakfast they went back to the room.

"Well, sir," said the old man, "I was appointed to examine you as to your fitness for the mission field. That is very important. Can you spell, sir?"

The young man thought he could.

"Spell baker, then."

"B a, ba,—k e r—ker—baker."

"All right; that will do. Now, do you know anything about figures?"

"Yes, sir; something."

"How much is twice two?"

"Four."

"All right, that's splendid; you'll do first rate. I'll see the board."

When the board met, the old man reported:

"Well, brethren, I have examined the candidate, and I recommend him for appointment. He'll make a tiptop candidate—first-class.

"First," said the old examiner, "I examined the candidate on his self-denial. I told him to be at my house at three o'clock in the morning. He was there. That meant getting up at two in the morning, or sooner, in the dark and cold. He got up; never asked me why.

"Second, I examined him on promptness. I told him to be at my house at three o'clock sharp. He was there, not one minute behind time.

"Third, I examined him on patience. I let him wait five hours for me, when he might just as well have been in bed, and he waited and showed no signs of impatience when I went in.

"Fourth, I examined him on his temper. He didn't get mad; met me perfectly pleasant; didn't ask me why I had kept him waiting from three o'clock on a cold winter morning till eight.

"Fifth, I examined him on humility. I asked him to spell words a five-year-old child could spell, and to do sums in arithmetic a five year old child could do, and he didn't show any indigna-

tion; didn't ask me why I wanted to treat him like a child or a fool.

"Brethren, the candidate is self-denying, prompt, patient, obedient, good-tempered, humble. He's just the man for a missionary, and I recommend him for your acceptance."—Kind Words.

## THE STORY OF "THREE SHELLS."

**I**N a village one hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta there lived a boy named Three Shells (Tin Kowry), who was thorough and hated a sham.

When he was twelve years old his mother said, "Now you are old enough to wear the Brahmin thread;" but before he could wear it he was to be kept in a hut for a week, and nobody but women came to him.

When they came they told him that when he wore the "thread" he would be the most wonderful boy in the world. If he said to anyone, "Be dead," they would die, and if he struck anyone they would shiver into ashes. When the time was up he was brought out, and the "thread" was placed on his neck.

Next day Three Shells was playing with another boy, and the boy won the game. Three Shells then became angry, and said, "Be dead," but the boy only laughed. Then Three Shells struck him, but the boy did not shiver into ashes. At last Three Shells, who was thorough, and hated a sham, said, "It is not true about this thread."

Soon afterwards Three Shells was sent to help a priest in the temple. Women came bringing flowers, which they placed upon a rail, believing they would fall when their prayers were answered. Then they began to pray, "Mother Kali, listen." Three Shells who stood behind the rail, prayed too, but the flowers did not fall. At last Three Shells told a priest who was in the temple that the goddess Kali would not answer. "Let me see you pray," said the priest. Three Shells folded his hands and prayed, "Mother Kali, listen." "Stupid boy," said the priest, "I'll show you how to pray." He prayed, "Mother—Kali—listen," but at each word he blew down a flower, till they had all fallen.

Three Shells, who was thorough, said, "The idol is no more real than the Brahmin thread."

When Three Shells was eighteen, a preacher came to his village, and Three Shells asked him

if he had any books to read. The man showed him a Gospel. "Does this tell you all?" said Three Shells. "Not quite," said the man; "but here is a New Testament." "Does this tell you all?" "Not quite; but here is a whole Bible." Three Shells bought the book, and read it from beginning to end. When he read about Jesus, he said, "This Christ is real; he is not false like the Brahmin thread and the idol."

Afterward Three Shells was baptized, and gave up wearing the Brahmin thread, and became the pastor of a church in Calcutta.—*Missionary Herald.*

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### A FLOATING BIBLE.

**S**OME years ago a merchant in Sawara, Japan, whose name was Akihara Takeji, was visited by a Bible colporteur, from whom he heard some thing of the Gospel. But the story made little impression upon him, and he went on with his business without paying any attention to the new religion about which he had heard.

But it was not all in vain that he had heard something of the truth. Rev. Henry Loomis, the agent of the American Bible Society of Japan, now gives the sequel to this story.

In the fall of 1896 a great flood devastated that part of Japan where Mr. Akihara lived, and his store and goods were swept away.

Having nothing else to do, Mr. Akihara used to go out daily upon the river to fish, and while thus engaged one day, he saw a small book floating on the water.

Picking it up, he found it was a copy of the book of Genesis, and, as he read it, it made a strong impression upon his mind. He remembered all he had heard about God and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He soon began to inquire eagerly about Christianity and the way of salvation, and it was not long before he became a Christian and entered heartily into all the duties of the Christian life.

His family followed his example, and his daughter was sent to a Christian school. Mr. Akihara has now bought a large family Bible, that he might have, in its best form, the book which first came to him in a wonderful way, and which was the means of his salvation.—*Christian Leader.*

### WHAT THE HEATHEN DO FOR ME.

They keep me from living <sup>for</sup> self alone,  
And just in a narrow groove;  
Thy claim all the knowledge I've ever known  
And all the skill and the love.

For how can I harden my selfish heart  
With those helpless ones in doubt?  
And how shall I sing my heavenly part  
If the heathen are left out?

Ah! when they accept the truth that they feel,  
And honor God's sacred name,  
They set an example of faith and zeal  
Which I may follow with shame.

They deepen the channel where flow my prayers,  
And kindle anew my praise;  
They teach me to turn to the One who cares,  
And plead with Him all my days.—*Sel.*

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### AT SCHOOL IN KOREA.

**I**N Korea little girls do not go to the native schools. The Koreans do not believe in educating girls. The little boys are sent to school, but you would not think it resembled a school much.

The teacher is always an old man. He sits on the floor, keeps his hat on his head, dresses in white muslin, and smokes when he feels like it. He never walks about among the pupils, and it is probable that little children in Korea are quite as full of mischief as the children in other countries, and that many pranks are played in school.

The teacher keeps in his hand a long stick, with which he hits the boys on the head when he can reach the unruly ones.

In Korea the boys are anxious to learn all about China, which the Koreans believe is the greatest nation on earth. They read Chinese history, study Chinese geography and science as known to the Chinese.

The hair of the boys is never cut until they are about twenty years of age. The hair is braided and wound about the head.

Their trousers are very full, yards of white muslin being used in making them; the coats are blue, pink, or purple muslin.

Another peculiar custom is that the boys come to school without washing their hands or faces or combing their hair.

It may save some crying in the morning, but who would want to be a Korean boy?—*Sel.*





## DON'T YOU CARE.

They are dying by tens! Do you know it?  
Dying without the light.

They know not Christ as their Saviour;  
His cross is hid from their sight.

They are dying by hundreds! Oh, hear it!  
In chains of ignorance bound,  
They see not their need of a saviour—  
The Saviour whom you have found.

They are dying by thousands! believe it!  
Oh, what are you going to do?  
Your Saviour cares for these lost ones,  
And longs to bless them through you.

They are dying by millions! yes, by millions!  
All over the world's wide lands;  
In Africa, India, and China.  
Can you sit with idle hands?

Dying while you are all sleeping,  
Dying while you are at play,  
Dying while you laugh and chatter,  
Dying by night and by day.

## START AT THE BOTTOM.

**T**WO boys left home with just enough money to take them through college. after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed to graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large ship-building firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" said the man of millions."

"I would like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address; and should we have anything of the kind open will correspond with you."

"As he passed out, he remarked to his waiting companion, "You can go and leave your address."

The other presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magistrate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap-iron," replied the superintendent.

And the college student went to sorting scrap-iron.

One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked, "How is the new man getting on?"

"O," said the boss, "he did his work so well, and never watched the clock, that I put him over the gang."

In one year the man had reached the head of the department, and an advisory position with management, at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was maintaining his dignity as "clerk," in a livery stable, washing harness and carriages.—Sel.

## THE BISHOP'S PRESCRIPTION.

**A** NOTED physician and infidel said to Bishop Kavanaugh: "I am surprised that such an intelligent man as you should believe such an old fable as Christianity."

The bishop said: "Suppose years ago some one had given you a prescription for pulmonary consumption, and you had taken it, and been cured of the terrible disease. Suppose you had used that prescription in your practice ever since, and had never known it to fail—what would you say of the man who could not believe in your prescription?"

"I should say he was a fool," replied the infidel.

"Twenty-five years ago," replied the bishop, "I tried the power of God's grace. It made a different man of me. All these years I have preached salvation to others, and have never known it to fail. I have seen it make the proud man humble, the drunken man temperate, the profane man true. Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, old and young, have alike been healed of their diseases."

"You've caught me fairly, Bishop. I have been a fool," was the admission of the skeptic.—Sel.

## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Beginning with the first of the coming year, the Children's Record, with larger pages and more pictures, will be issued weekly in Toronto. For samples and prices, address Rev. R. D. Fraser, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.