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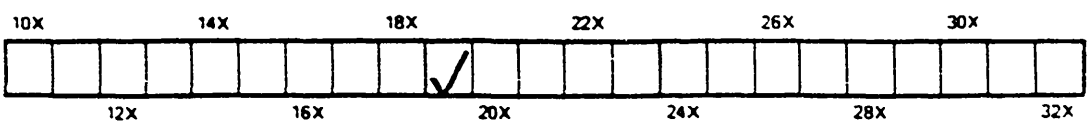

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

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

VOL. 4. JAN., 1889. No. 1.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

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Parcels of sample copies of the CHILDREN'S RECORD will be sent free to all who may wish them.

You have in this number another letter from Principal Grant and there are more to follow, and during the year we hope to give you many letters from your missionaries telling you how upon others besides yourselves there is dawning the gladness of a new and brighter life than ever they knew before.

A good New Year to its young readers is the earnest wish of the CHILDREN'S RECORD. It makes one glad to see your bright faces and hear your merry voices laughing, singing, shouting in the fulness of your glad young life. May you have many such New Years, each one brighter than the last in goodness and gladness, "*growing* brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

Another year has come. There are two questions that may be asked about it by our young readers.

1. What will it bring to us, will it bring joy or sorrow, sickness or health? This is a question that cannot be answered. Let us leave it trustfully in our Heavenly Father's hand who will do all things lovingly and well.

2. What *will we bring to it?* Will we bring diligence or idleness, success or failure, goodness or badness? This is the question for us, young people. May we answer it well.

LETTER FROM PRINCIPAL GRANT.

THURSDAY ISLAND, TORRES STRAITS,
AUSTRALIA, October 1st, 1888.

My Dear Young Friends:—

I wrote you a letter from Melbourne giving you a little information about New Zealand and the Maoris or natives of that beautiful land, and now as I am leaving Australia, I must tell you something of this great island-continent and "the black fellows" as its natives are called. Some of them are quite black; but the complexion of most of these I have seen is coffee-brown. The hair of all of them is black as coal, and curly without being woolly. When kept clean it is fine and glossy.

One evening in Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, I saw a native boy that some policemen had picked up in the bush beside a camp fire. His parents had been killed, or, in their haste to get away from enemies had forgotten him; and the poor little fellow, trying to keep himself warm at night, had rolled among the embers and burned himself all over the body. He was a mass of dirt and sores when the police brought him to the nearest village; but a kind Scotch lady took charge of him, had him attended to, cured, and clothed. She ended by adopting him. She was as fond of him as if he was her own child; and he was such a nice little chap that every one liked him, and I am sure you would have liked him too.

The evening I saw him he was quite a pet with the ladies who were present, and they stroked his hair which was soft as silk, and got him to sing hymns and recite little pieces that he had learned. He had no remembrance of his parents; but when he said his prayers, he would always ask God to bless his "black mammy," though no one had ever told him to do so. The Scotch lady was acting like a fond mother to him, and she hoped that when

he grew to be a man, he would go as a missionary to his countrymen and tell them about God who loves them better than father or mother even.

The Australian blacks, you must know, are a very low and degraded race. They go about quite naked, without any sense of shame, and they seem to have hardly any idea of morality. They think of nothing but the selfish animal wants of the moment, abandon their fathers and mothers when these get old and infirm, and treat their wives with the most horrid cruelty. No one take's a woman's part. "They are knocked on the heads with heavy clubs, speared through the legs and arms, or deeply gashed with flints in various parts of the body; so that an Australian woman is usually a mass of scars and the majority are said not to live much beyond the age of thirty."

The native population of Australia was never very large, perhaps not more than 150,000, when white men began to settle in the country. It is now hardly half the number. In the beautiful island of Tasmania, to the South, there were six or eight thousand natives, but like so many other races they have withered away before the whites, so that there is not one now left. William Launy who died in 1869 was "the last man;" and Truganina or "Lalla Rooke" who died in 1876 was the last woman. I saw the portraits and skulls of these in the Museum of Hobart; and I think that within the next fifty or sixty years there will be nothing of the native Australian to see but some similar remains in Museums. Even those who are well cared for and who are kept free from the temptations to which they readily yield, seldom live long. They have few children, and most of these die young. It would take me too long to go into all the reasons for this decay of a race; but I may say that the sins of their fathers have poisoned the very fountains of their life. Sin is the curse of man. It curses the sinner, and curses his children and childrens' children. So low was the condition of the Australian blacks, and so feeble their mental capacity that many said that it would be a waste of time to try and make Christians of them; that they could not understand the truths of religion, and that they would never give up their own customs or live holy lives. But different attempts have been made, and though some of them failed others have succeeded.

I visited one mission station at Ramahyuck, in Gipps-land, Victoria, managed by Mr. and Mrs. Hagenaner, two devoted Moravians from Germany, who are agents of our church. As early as 1850, the Moravians sent missionaries to Australia, believing that the gospel which had touched the hearts of Greenlanders and West India slaves, could find its way to the hearts of even the Australian natives. In 1858 Mr. Hagenaner and a good brother began work at Ebenezer in the Wimmera district of Victoria, and there in 1860 an awakening among the blacks commenced that gladdened the hearts of Christians. Other churches seeing this were encouraged and joined in the work. The Presbyterian Church, soon after its union, began to think that the dying aborigines had a claim on them;—and, with the full consent of the Moravian Mission Board in Germany, engaged Mr. and Mrs. Hagenaner as their missionaries, and started a mission in Gippsland. In 1866, Rev. A. F. Campbell of Geelong, the Convener, had the happiness of opening a church at Ramah-yuck that the blacks had built and of baptising the first Gippsland convert. The Government helped the missionaries by making their school for the children a State-school under the Department of Education, and to every one's amazement this school had for many years the highest percentages of any in the Colony at the Inspectors' Examinations. This one fact shows that the brain of even the lowest savages is of as high an order and as far from that of the brute as the brain of a civilized man.

Mr. Hagenaner gathered about 300 in all, round his mission station. "Where did you get them?" I asked his wife. "From the public houses," was her significant answer.

You see, the half-civilized are in a far

more hopeless state than the wild blacks. The latter remain in the bush and have the vices only of barbarism, but the former have come out into the settlements, and loaf about stations and roadside taverns, where they sometimes chop a little wood or track lost cattle, but only that they may get tobacco, opium, or whiskey. Their knowledge of English is confined to bad language, their dress consists of rags or the dirtiest clothes, and their whole appearance is most repulsive. When they came to the mission station they had the notion that the Government was going to do everything for them, but when they found that they were to work and to obey rules many of them "struck." They think that no *men*, except "foolish white fellows" work; for although they see that we have much that they have not, they see also that there are some things that they can do better, such as finding water, tracking men or horses, and also that we do some things that seem to them most foolish, such as continuing to work when we have enough to eat without working any more. They therefore sometimes make allowances for our follies among themselves, saying, "Oh, it's only a white fellow," as if that were enough to explain anything.

A Bishop once visited the station and they were brought in to the church to hear him speak to them. They liked that finely, and would have welcomed a Bishop or any one else every day, if only he was the means of saving them from an hour's work, and so they listened to him most patiently as long as he chose to speak. He was so pleased that at the close of his address he praised them and said that they were far better than the people of Melbourne. That was just what they themselves thought, and they went away saying that "for a white fellow the Bishop really knew something!"

In the school, I heard a class examined in English History. There were whites, half-breeds and blacks in the class, and a black girl gave the best answers. It sounded odd to hear the girl telling all about the Romans leaving England, and the subsequent invasions by land and sea. In another class two black boys were learning by heart, Wordsworth's "We are seven," and the steady dogged way in which they dinned it into their memories, as well as the purity of their English pronunciation, quite surprised me.

Mr. Hagenaner has many disappointments in his work. Some begin well and go back to heathenism. Others seem unable to learn anything and able to think only of their bodily wants. But the gospel has won its triumphs among these degraded people as well as it has in every other land. "Is it needed" he asks "to refer to happy old Paton, to Samuel, to Daniel, who as assistant to the missionaries for Cooper's Creek, died in faith at Adelaide,—to Timothy, to Tommy, to Philip Pepper, to Rebecca, to old Tena, to Dicky Dicky the great cricket player in England—and a great many others who have gained the victory through the blood of the Lamb? A little of it has been made known here on earth, but before the sea of crystal the songs of praise will be raised by them in the midst of the redeemed to the Lord, who has dealt wonderfully with them.

Even among those who have not become Christians the old customs have changed. The war paint and weapons have been laid aside; the women are treated with kindness or at least with less cruelty; and the horrible nocturnal corrobbories have been abandoned. The greatest discouragement to the devoted missionaries is the decay of the race, and the feeling that much of their work is thus apparently wasted. "It often appears" he says, "as if we were servants and Chaplains at an hospital; for their old diseases still reduce their numbers, and the numerous graves in our cemetery testify that the days of the remnant are numbered." Thus instead of a flourishing congregation, he has only fifty or sixty in all at the station; and the shadows of the end are resting on these.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, in his book on Australia, devotes a chapter to Ramahyuck and he gives unstinted testimony to the ability and character of Mr. Hagenaner; but in view of the doom which clearly

rests on the race, he thinks that missionary work among them is a mistake. He says, "The game is not worth the candle." What is the missionary's answer to the literary man? Here it is :—

"A learned countryman of mine, a great German philosopher, most carefully analysed the afflictions, sufferings, and miseries of mankind on the one side, and the pleasures, joys, and happiness on the other, and having impartially weighed both in the balances, answered the question, "Is it at all worth while for man to live?" with a decided "no, it is not." Shortly after, the cholera broke out in the city, and the great philosopher was one of the first to order his carriage and run away into the country. When asked why he acted in contradiction to his own philosophy, he said that there were other and higher principles of philosophy, and according to these he had acted. Sir, I say, well done. It is according to such principles that we carry on missions among the Aborigines of Australia. Let us ask, what is the value of a human soul? Is it not the price of the blood of Christ? We preach Christ to perishing souls and are fully aware that it is worth while to do so."

Here is his answer on another occasion: —"Of one thing I am certain, and I speak of what I have seen during 28 years of my life,—that in the black man's heart are feelings buried, which when touched by the gospel of Jesus will produce the great change from death to life, and the influence of the gospel will show at once the most pleasing fruits of righteousness. Having passed from darkness to light and life, the black man, as well as the white man, understands and knows the power of the religion of Jesus, lives according to it, and passes away in faith and full assurance of life and glory hereafter. To say it is no use to do anything for these people because they die, discloses a very wonderful weakness in those who say or think so. Do we not show the most tender care to our sick friends though it may be quite known to all that they cannot live? And how many poor and sick people are so well attended in our hospitals, and yet we know that they die? The fact, however, is that those who make such difficulties for mission work never spent a penny for the spread of the gospel. We met daily large numbers of poor Aborigines in the dense scrub of Northern Queensland; the same people of whom police records and newspapers give such bad accounts, which I have no doubt are perfectly correct. Whilst we were there, one of the leading papers in the colony asserted in a joking manner that hitherto the blacks had occasionally feasted on the body of a Chinaman but they might for once change their taste, and their doing so would materially interfere with the benevolent intentions of the Moravian missionary; but the fact is that we did not see anything of that danger, for we were among people who had been met by kindness, firmness, and carefulness."

Everyone will acknowledge that the missionary has the best of the argument, and that a life like his is better than any argument. It may be that the church has made mistakes in spending so much of its strength on dying races instead of on those that are likely to be permanent factors in the history of humanity. But, whenever a man or woman stands up and says, "here am I, send me to this or that tribe, to those degraded beings, to whom I desire to devote myself for Christ's sake," the church not only dare not refuse, but should thank God that the Spirit of the Cross, which always turns apparent loss into gain, and sees success where the world sees only failure, is among them in power.

Mr. Hagenauer is under no illusions in carrying on his work. He knows quite well that the "noble savage" of poet and novelist has no existence, but just because the savage is sunken so low, does he need our help all the more. Besides, he too can, by the power of the Spirit, be "born again," Here is how the grand old man puts it:—"I wonder where the noble savage may be found? The bare and stern reality of seeing yourself in the midst of hundreds will soon drive away the romancing idea of "the noble savage." We had the privilege of spending a week at Vilele,

and during that time we met every day large numbers of wild blacks who had come in from the surrounding mountains, the very people of whom we had been told at Cooktown, that they were very wild, and that we should not go to meet them without strong police protection. Setting aside all fear of danger, but knowing that you are surrounded by one, or two, or three hundred of such poor and degraded human beings, who have not a shred of clothing about them, with no hope nor prospect in themselves for the better, but to live and die in misery like the beast of the field, what Christian heart will not be filled with intense pity and compassion for these our fellow men? Yes, truly one's heart bleeds for the poor creatures; you stand in their midst, forgetting all danger, and your thoughts, and wishes, and prayers, ascend to the throne of grace for their conversion, and your longing desire and earnest petitions for help go forth to your Christian brothers and sisters in all the churches, your heart appeals to all who have feelings of humanity."

I am sure that you thank God that while some of our countrymen think of these poor natives as only nuisances, and others treat them with injustice and cruelty, a few look on them as brothers and sisters whose souls are as immortal as ours and whom God loves as truly as he loves us.

Last Sunday I met a woman who in her way is doing as good missionary work as Mr. or Mrs. Hagenauer. Coasting by the Queensland shore from Brisbane to Torres Straits, along channels sheltered from the Pacific for a thousand miles by the Great Barrier Coral reef, our Steamer anchored for the night near the Claremont light-ship. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and two young men are in the charge of the ship, and from the Captain and Purser of the Steamer as well as from the young men, I learned a great deal of the good influence Mrs. Wilson has gained over the poor blacks of the adjacent coasts. By kindness and good sense she has gained such power over them that they are ready to do whatever she orders. The women have learned that they must wear aprons and clothe themselves with these at least if they are to be welcomed by her. The men know that they must be kind to strangers, true to their words, and honest in their dealings or Mrs. Wilson will be angry; and then farewell to all hopes of getting a stick of tobacco, a drink of lime-juice, or anything in the shape of the "tucker" or food from her stores. The children are taught to be clean, and obedient; to sew, knit and bake; to help one another, and to be useful. Her influence extends beyond the coast tribes to their traditional enemies in the interior, simply because they have heard that she is kind to all who visit her. Very different has been the treatment they were wont to receive from the whites. Beaten or killed for what they had no idea what were offences; cheated out of the wages that had been promised them for fish, coral or "beeche-de-mer;" and carried off to labour elsewhere against their will, or thrown helpless on foreign shores! When the account is made up as between the white and other races, whether black, brown, red or yellow, I am afraid that the balance is not likely to be in our favour. Were it not for men like Mr. Hagenaner and women like Mrs. Wilson, the account against us would certainly sink us.

The blacks of Australia are certainly low down, probably on the last ring of the ladder. They have almost no sense of sin. They murder their own children, and eat them. In answer to a remonstrance, a chief's son said, "we like *bromar* (human flesh) and you like something else!" Yet these degraded creatures can be taught to know God, to love Him, to follow Jesus as dear children. What shall be said of us if we are too selfish, too indifferent, too worldly-minded to make the effort to teach them? They can be taught, but the teaching must come, not from angels but from us.

GEORGE M. GRANT.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

David Livingstone was born March 19th, 1813, at Blantyre, Scotland, of pious parents, though so poor that at the age of

ten, David began factory work. Though working hours were long, he managed to secure some little education. A Christian at twenty, a year afterwards he began fitting himself for a medical missionary, a hard task, but fine training. Uniting with the Congregationalists, in 1838 he applied to the London Missionary Society and was accepted.

November 20th, 1840, Livingstone was ordained, and December 8th he started to Africa, reaching in July, 1831, Kuruman, seven hundred miles north of Cape Town. He spent six months in learning the language among the natives, over whom he soon had great influence.

In 1843 Livingstone visited Sechele, a Bakwain chief. He cured Sechele's child, who was sick, and thus gained the chief's friendship. This year they removed to Mabotsa, a lovely place, but troubled by lions, one of which nearly killed Livingstone. He had now married Mary Moffat. In 1845 they moved first to Chonuane, soon to Kolobeng, where they lived five years. Here Sechele and his people built a church. Livingstone's salary was now only £100 yearly.

In 1848 Sechele was converted, but the rest were slow to follow. Continued droughts occurred, which they ascribed to Livingstone. He made three journeys of four or five hundred miles northward, to visit the Makololo, and discovered the Zambesi and Lake N'gami.

It being necessary to move again, but unwise to take his family, Dr. Livingstone reluctantly sent them to England. He then started June, 1852, on his journey of one thousand miles northward. Reaching Kuruman in September, he heard of a battle between the Bakwains and Boers, who had despoiled them merely from hatred to the mission. He traveled through the Barotse country, but found fever everywhere. On his way he preached to the tribes through which he passed. then, with a band of Makololo, he started to find, or make a way to the coast. The journey took seven months, from November, 1853, to June, 1854. The hardships were terrible, and the brave explorer had thirty-one attacks of fever, and a long illness soon after reaching the coast, where he was kindly cared for. After recovering, despite the strong temptation to go to England, he started back, to take the natives home, as he had promised. After much peril, they reached the place safely, and observed a day of thanksgiving—July 23, 1855.

Resting for a few months, he again set out, this time towards the east coast, traveling along the Zambesi and discovering the Victoria Falls. Passing through danger unharmed, he reached Quilimane, on the coast, in May, 1856, not four years after starting from the Cape. He was the first European to cross the continent, and the Royal Geographicial Society awarded him a gold medal, while through all his journeys he had preached constantly to the natives.

Livingstone now revisited England, where he wrote his book, "Missionary Travels," which was very successful. In March, 1858, he started with his wife and one son from Liverpool, this *time* independently. Two years were spent in explorations. But the steamboat brought from England proving a failure, in 1861 a new one, the *Pioneer*, was sent, also the steam-launch *Lady Nyassa*. In January, 1862, Mrs. Livingstone rejoined her husband, but after only three months she died. His letters at this time show deep grief, yet he worked on alone.

In 1863, he ascended the Zambesi and Shire rivers with his steam-launch, the *Lady Nyassa*. Here the horrors of the slave-trade were on every hand. Livingstone and his party released some of the suffering captives. The suffering and desolation made by this traffic were terrible.

Sickness had now so broken up the mission that there were in it only two Englishmen besides Livingstone. The British Government recalled the expedition, which had not yet reached Lake Nyassa, though from no fault of Dr. Livingstone's. Disappointments followed each other thick and fast. At last the coast was reached, and the *Lady Nyassa*

taken by Livingstone himself, with an inexperienced crew, 2,500 miles to Bombay, where it was sold. Then he sailed for England, where he wrote "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," and entered into an agreement as explorer for the Geographical Society. While in Scotland, he ended an address to children with the words "Fear God and work hard,"—his last public words in his native country.

In 1865 he left England. March 19th, 1866, his fifty-third birthday, he started from Zanzibar inland for the last time, and without a single white attendent. For months no news came from him, except a deserter's story, half-believed, of his death. But in 1868 letters came from him, telling that Lakes Moero and Bangweolo had been discovered. His trials and sufferings all this time were terrible. He was sick and half-starved, without medicines or proper food.

Until 1871 he vainly searched for the source of the Nile, and then his men mutinying, he returned to Ujiji, only to find his stores all plundered. But November 10th, 1871 Mr. Stanley, sent by the *New York Herald*, arrived with letters and supplies—and never was help more welcome. In March, 1872, Stanley returned, leaving Livingstone with fresh courage to find the Nile and open the way for civilization and Christianity.

Livingstone waited at Unyamyembe until August, when his escort arrived and they started toward Lake Tanganyika. Livingstone's sufferings were worse than ever, yet he went on, carried in a palanquin. April 27th, he wrote his last words in his journal, and April 29th he travelled for the last time. At four o'clock on the morning of May 1, 1873, the servants found him dead, kneeling at his bedside. He had gone, praying, on his last journey.

Jacob Wainwright, a native who had been educated in Bombay, read the burial service. The heart was removed and buried, and the body embalmed and carefully wrapped. All Dr. Livingstone's papers and instruments were also securely packed. All this was done by Susi and Chumah, his faithful and devoted attendants. An inscription was carved on the tree under which the heart was buried, and a simple monument set up. then the attendants started for the coast with the body, which they had determined should reach England. Bagamrio was reached in February, 1874, and the precious remains sent home by way of Zanzibar, reaching Southampton April 15th.

The body of David Livingstone was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey with appropriate services, April 18th, 1874. He had met disappointment and danger sorrow and trouble, on his lonely African marches, bravely and patiently. He gave his life to Africa, but it was not thrown away. As explorer, geographer, physician, scientist, philanthropist, and missionary—in each and all of these characters he was great and good; and his work has borne, and is bearing, and will yet bear, rich fruit in the immense improvement and enlightenment of Africa. All the world is better for having been the home of such a man as Dr. David Livingstone.
—*Children's Work For Children.*

THE SUN DANCE.

BY LETITIA W. JORDAN, IN CHILDREN'S WORK FOR CHILDREN.

"One bright, glad day in early June, we started off on a delightful drive across the rich, rolling prairie of Indian Territory, to witness the Poncas celebrating their greatest and most magnificent religious festival—the Sun Dance.

As we drove along, crushing the gay wild flowers beneath our horses' feet, we heard from afar the low, monotonous beat of the tom-toms, and soon came upon tepees dotted here and there, and suddenly there burst upon our view the wild, barbaric spectacle of the dance.

About thirty-five or forty tall, athletic Indians were ranged in a semi-circle, and presented a grotesque, scarcely human appearance, with their long, coarse black hair streaming down their backs, their faces and bodies painted a bright yellow or vermillion, their bare ankles and wrists tied with bands of cotton, and as if to

complete the weird effect, each arrayed in a gaudy calico petticoat.

Each Indian held in his mouth a call-bone whistle, to which was tied a little white feather, and as the tom-toms sounded, the shrill cry of the whistles echoed in perfect time as the Indians rose slowly up and down, up and down, stopping only when so exhausted that rest was absolutely necessary.

This they kept up for three days, fasting all the time, and only leaving the dancers to engage in feats of bravery and daring.

In the midst of this scene were erected tall poles, from which floated in the stiff breeze, long, broad strips of red shrouding and bright-colored calicoes.

At a given signal, there stepped out from among the dancers, a handsome Indian youth named Running Water. He walked proudly up to the centre pole, and with eyes turned reverently to the sun, kneeled at the feet of the gorgeously-costumed chief, Standing Buffalo.

The old chief, with the dignity of a king, drew forth his knife, and casting his eyes for an instant up at the sun shining in all his noon-day splendor, looked kindly at the kneeling figure before him, and then, cut a long slit in the poor Indian's bared back. Through this a skewer was fastened, and to it a rope was tied, the other end of which was attached to a beautiful white Indian pony.

And now the Indian must pull himself free from the pony. Amidst the cry of the whistles and the beating of the tom-toms, he began trotting around the circle, pulling the pony after him. The elastic skin refused to beeak, and it was not until he had twice completed the circle, that he succeeded in pulling himself loose.

Again approaching Standing Buffalo and kneeling before him, the old chief raised his knife and cut of the piece of torn flesh and cast it as an offering, at the foot of the pole. This was the moment of triumph and glory for poor Running Water. Valuable presents were given to him, and from this time he was counted among the braves and the heroes of his tribe.

And so, one by one, each Indian who took part in the dance, underwent some such trial of courage and bravery.

But presently our attention was directed to a group of wrinkled old squaws, who, amid howls and mutterings, were enjoying the pleasures of the time-honored scalp-dance, but instead of scalps they held aloft and flourished in the air, bunches of *sage-brush*. Suddenly they ceased dancing, and with clubs rushed upon a hapless dog and beat him to death, and within a few minutes he was roasting whole over a bed of burning sticks, soon to be served for the feast.

At last we turned away from the sad and sickening sight. Those Indians were our friends. We knew them personally and were attached to them and to their dear little children, and in our pity we turned especially to these little ones looking on so proudly, and longing for the time to come, when they too, could take part in such acts of bravery and even torture. And children, what is it that makes these Indian children different from you? The old answer comes, as old as the Bible itself, "The dark places of the earth are the habitations of cruelty." But, you say, are they not American boys and girls? Surely our own America can not be called one of the dark places! Ah! yes, but for generations the white man has dealt treacherously with the Indian; he has robbed him of his home, and of his lands, and of his ponies. He has driven him into a *little corner* where there is no game. He does not know how to work, and he must starve unless we help and teach him.

And now the poor Indian fathers plead with us to take their children and educate them, to teach them the white man's ways and the white man's religion.

They will tell you, as one Indian so pathetically told me, "the only difference between us is, that you are educated and we are poor, and don't know anything."

Let us take these little Indian children into our hearts and hold out to them the helping hand, and then the day will soon come when instead of the tom-tom, the peal of Christian bells will ring out over

the prairie, and these cast-off people will be *our* people, and our God will be *their* God."

WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRL'S DID.

[*For the Children's Record.*

I wonder if the little girl readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD would not like to hear a true story about a little girl's bazaar.

A bazaar held not in a far away country like England, or even in the United States, but in a town in Cape Breton, where some of our little readers have been.

Two very little girls called Lena and Maggie heard of a lady missionary who spends her time teaching little heathen children about Jesus. The thought came into the minds of these little girls to have a bazaar to get some money to help this missionary lady in her good work. So they set to work and they made such a lot of things for a doll's wardrobe, for they thought doll's clothes would sell the best to their little friends. They worked very hard, and they made doll's aprons, and caps and dresses and muffs and all sorts of things that dolls require. Then they thought they would have what big people call a refreshment table, to make their bazaar just like a grown up one. As the season was the summer, these little girl's thought they would have their little bazaar in a nice garden and call it a garden party. But the rain which came down so often this summer poured down in Sydney on that very day that Lena and Maggie had intended for their bazaar. So what do you suppose they did? Why they just moved all their things into a barn and there they had a very nice time.

Everyone who came to the bazaar had to pay two cents to get in. Then they paid two cents for their tea. And when I tell you all the nice things they had, and that every one who paid for the tea could have a taste of everything, you will think this bazaar much more generously conducted than most grown-up ones are. Why, there was cake and chocolate pudding, candy, apples, plums, and flowers to make the table look pretty.

When the time came for closing, the little girls found that after paying their expenses, they had one dollar all for themselves. So they divided it into two fifty cents, and with a number of pretty Xmas cards which they had collected, these energetic little maidens set out with happy faces to see the missionary to give to her the proceeds of their little bazaar for the benefit of her little pupils in far away Trinidad.

C. C.

MANY LITTLES.

A missionary from India wrote for *The Juvenile Missionary Magazine* the following story:

"I must tell you what I saw when I was teaching in a zenana one day. It was a long, creeping, unpleasant-looking creature, with hundreds of legs. I wondered if you would have screamed had you seen it close by you. Some one killed it; and a few minutes after, what do you think I saw? Actually the dead centipede moving across the veranda where I was sitting!

"I knew it had been killed; yet there it was, moving, moving, slowly, slowly, all the time. What was making it move? I jumped up to see. I found it was completely covered with little ants; and the busy, tiny little things were carrying the big centipede.

"One little ant could not have moved it in the least; but when hundreds of ants set to work all together, then the big piece of work was done quite easily. So it may seem that one little child can do nothing to remove the sin and ignorance that there is in these dark heathen lands; but when each little child does what he or she can, and all the little children work together, then, why then, they set missionary ships afloat, and send missionaries to tell the good news of a Saviour's love and to take the light of God's truth into all the dark places of the earth."

LING CHUNZ-ZE.

Ling Chunz-ze and his two friends were walking along the road not far from the city of Ning-Taik, in China, one day. Being very tired they sat down under the shade of a tree to rest a while. As they sat there talking of what they were to do when they went into the city, they were very much startled to see a strange object walking toward them. As it came near they were very much frightened. They had never seen such a thing before in their lives.

"What is it?" said Ling Chunz-Ze to his friend.

"What can it be?" asked the friend of Ling Chunz Ze.

"It has eyes and nose and mouth," said Ling Chunz-Ze, "and hands and feet; but see how white it is! It must be a ghost!" And they all trembled as the queer object came and stood directly in front of them. To their great surprise it said:

"Good morning! May you have peace!"

"It must be one of the foreign devils we have heard so much about from Foochow," said one of the friends. "Let's go right away."

The foreign ghost, however, kept on talking to them, and told them about a new religion and a Saviour who died for the world. [The foreign ghost was a missionary, you preceive.] But they were determined not to listen to anything he had to tell them; and as they were so afraid of him, they hurried away as fast as they could go.

As they went along they talked about this strange man, and wondered what had brought him so far away from Foochow up among their wild mountains. When they arrived at their little village of Oh-Long, they told their neighbors what they had seen on the way.

"We have seen the same thing," answered one of them. "He came through here about noon, ate rice, and talked book to us."

Days and months went on; but Ling Chunz-Ze could not forget the "foreign child," as he called him, and often wondered to himself what the strange doctrine about a Saviour of mankind could mean. At last a Christian basket-maker came to the village to work at his trade. He talked to the people about Jesus, the Saviour of mankind, told them to give up their idols, and spoke of the one great God, the Heavenly Father.

Among the few who listened to him was Ling Chunz-Ze, who was very anxious to hear more about this Saviour, and the things he had first heard from the "foreign child" that had frightened him years before on the Ning-Taik roadside. He was so much interested that he became the constant companion of the basket-maker, and at last he became a true Christian.

A few years afterward Ling Chunz-Ze met the "foreign child" at Foochow, and was delighted to find that he was a missionary of the gospel he had learned to love. As they sat around a table with other friends one evening, Ling Chunz-Ze said:

"*Ling-sang*" (Sir), don't you remember? You are the strange object that met us that day long ago on the roadside. You frightened us so much that we wanted to run away; but when you talked to us and wished us peace, it made us want to know something about you; and this made us stay and listen to what you said about the Saviour of the world. We went away and talked much about you, and came to the conclusion that you yourself and what you wanted to do, whatever that was, must be bad. Forgive me for those bad thoughts, *Ling-sang*: I did not know any better then. I do now.

Ling Chunz-Ze had three other names. He had taken them in order to cheat the devil. The Chinese think that if Satan does not know a man's name he can do him no harm. But Satan had in some way discovered each of the three names which this man had taken, and tormented him night and day—in what way he did not say. The fourth name Satan did not seem to be able to find out, and since he had taken that he had had no trouble.

This is the way the poor people in China live in fear and bondage all their lives

Ling Chunz-Ze is no longer a slave of Satan, but a free man, and has received a new name in Christ's kingdom.—*Mission Dayspring.*

WATCHING THE TONGUE.

Keep a watch on your words, my children,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey,
Like bees they have terrible stings;
They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten the lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger
Like an open two-edged knive.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
If their errand be true and kind--
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter revengeful spirit
Prompt the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through the brain like lightning,
Or fall on the head like lead.

Keep them back, if they' are cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock and seal;
The wounds they make, my children,
Are always slow to heal.
May Christ guard your life, and ever,
From the time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter,
Be the words of the beautiful truth.

PRACTISING FOR HEAVEN.

In a humble cottage among the wild, romantic purple hills of P——, a very sweet little girl of six met with a sad accident. She got burnt in a most painful way, and recovery was quite hopeless. Several days, however, the patient little sufferer lingered, and what do you think was each day her constantly repeated request? "Do let me say over all my hymns, that I may know them all correct, and sing them all to Jesus!" Beautiful thought! Sing them all to Jesus! Yes, the little heart was His, and not the very faintest shadow of a doubt or fear clouded her bright departure. Not for long years will the last closing scene be forgotten in her quiet village home. Strong men, unused to weep, brushed away the tear, and wondering voices whispered, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He has perfected praise."

Now, my dear young friends, have you the beautifully simple trust of this little child? I sincerely wish you a lengthened lease of life below, but remember, the secret of happy living, as well as of happy dying, is—faith in Jesus. Nothing else. And this blessed faith—His own special gift—He delights to give to children. It is not confined to grown-up people. So do ask it in prayer, ask it to-day. and then you, too, in health and strengeth, shall rejoice to think of the time when with angels you shall praise Him before the throne. What a prospect! Its blessedness who can utter?—*Pres. Journal.*

THE MAN WHO BEHEADED HIS GOD.

A missionary in China tells of a native who not long since had about $5.00 with which he purchased a ticket in a lottery, and he was very anxious to know what would be a lucky number. The Chinese have great faith in certain numbers, if they can only find out what the numbers are. This man therefore bought himself a "god of wealth" made of clay, and having put it up in his house, he prayed for the success of his ticket, but when the drawing came, behold! he had a blank. What does he do but take a knife and solemnly cut off the head of his clay god, thinking he had served him right for not giving him help. One would suppose that after this he would lose all confidence, at least in that particular god but strange to say the man seemed to feel that he had been rather hard on this image, punishing it too severely; so he fastened the head on again, and the last the missionary heard of him he and his friends were again worshiping this once beheaded god. Is not the blindness of this people very great, and do they not need the better light? Who will give it to them?—*Mission Dayspring.*

LITTLE SOWERS AND REAPERS.

Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—Gal. vi, 7.

[*For the Children's Record.*

Dear Young Friends :—

Did you ever realize the solemn truth that each one of you is a little sower. Since the New Year is opening before you it would be well to look back over the past year and see what kind of seed you have been sowing. Have you been sowing to the flesh, or sowing to the Spirit? I hope each boy and girl that reads these lines, will try and sow the seeds of righteousness this coming year.

I will here give the names of some of the good seed :—Patience, Kindness, Love, Selfdenial, Humility. I hope when Charlie and Willie, or little Harry read these lines they will be heard to say I'm going to try and see if I can't sow some of these good seeds so my heart will be like a fruitful garden.

Remember dear children whatever you sow you shall surely reap. As the wise farmer always begins in the spring to sow seed, so the spring time of life is the best time to begin to sow seed for Jesus. "Be not deceived God is not mocked whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." I wish you all a Happy New Year.

S. J. D.

THE BOY MARTYRS.

TEACHER.—Belle, what have you been reading?

BELLE.—A story about a poor man who was burned to death because he was a Christian. It was dreadful!

MARY.—I am glad they don't burn and kill people now for being Christians.

TEACHER.—I heard of three Christian lads who were put to death last year.

BELLE.—Not in a Christian country?

TEACHER.—No, but in Central Africa, where the missionaries have been teaching the people, and some of them have become the followers of Jesus.

MARY.—Couldn't the missionaries have saved them?

TEACHER.—No; the chiefs had accused the missionaries of making trouble in the country. This made the king and people so angry that the missionaries told those who came to be taught to stay away until the trouble passed. But one of the missionaries took some of the baptized boys down to Lake Nyanza. The captain of the king's body-guard came after them with a band of soldiers. They were taken back, and three of them carried outside the town and burned to death.

BELLE.—Were they not frightened and ready to give up everything that they might be saved?

TEACHER.—They may have been frightened at first, but Jesus gave them strength and courage, and they calmly stood and sung a hymn while the flames slowly crept up around them.

MARY.—What a brave, beautiful spirit they showed.

TEACHER.—Yes; and their courage and patience gave others strength to come and confess that they were Christians, and ready to die too.

BELLE.—Were any more put to death?

TEACHER.—No; the chiefs who were the cause of the trouble seemed to be satisfied, the king begged the missionaries to remain, and told them he was their friend. He attended the services on Sunday, while some of the men who were sent to bring the lads back, came to be taught and were baptized. Thus these martyr boys did more good by their death than by their life.—*S. S. S. in Missionary World.*

GOD SEES.

In a quiet village lived two children, one a girl of five, the other a boy of eight years. Their mother had bidden them never to touch the fruit of a large apple tree unless they first asked her permission. One day, while they were wandering in the orchard, they came to this tree, and the little boy said, "Sister, do you suppose mother would miss them if we just picked two little apples, one for you and one for me?"

The little girl's eyes turned longingly toward the bright golden fruit, but she said, "God will miss them, if mother does not."

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Jan. 5.—Luke 1: 5-17. Memory vs. 13, 15.

The Forerunner Announced.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Mal. 3: 1. Catechism. Q. 1,2

What is the title of this lesson?
Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?
Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.
What is a forerunner?
Who was this forerunner?
Who was King when he came?
Tell what you know about this King?
By whom was the forerunner announced?
To whom announced?
Who were his parents?
Of what tribe?
What was Zechariah?
What can you tell about the priesthood and the "order of their courses?"
What was Zechariah's work at this time?
What were the people doing?
Who appeared to Zechariah?
What was the effect of the appearance?
What did the angel say?
What was to be the character of the coming one?
To which old prophet is he likened?
What effect would his coming have upon Israel?
What was his work to be?
What temperance lesson do we learn here?

Jan. 12.—Luke, 1: 26-35. Memory vs. 32. 35.

The Messiah Announced.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Luke, 1: 33. Catechism, Q. 3.

What is the title of this lesson?
Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?
Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.
Who is here announced?
By whom?
To whom?
What was the Angels message?
What is the meaning of the name JESUS?
How long will His kingdom last?
What is the character of that kingdom?
Who may be subjects of that kingdom?
Have you taken Him as your Saviour and King?

Jan. 19.—Luke 1: 67-80. Memory vs. 76, 79.

The Song of Zecharias.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Luke 1: 76. Catechism, Q 3.

What is the title of this lesson?
Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?
Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.
Why did Zechariah sing?
What had God done to His people?
How long before had He promised to visit them?
By whom had he promised?
What do we learn from the fulfilment of prophecy?
How does God fulfil His promises?
When God thus does good to us, what does He expect from us?—v. 76.
What knowledge was the forerunner to give?
What is meant by "dayspring?"
What does He give to those in darkness?
In what way does He guide those who follow Him?
Are you looking to Him for guidance and following Him?
Where did John live during his early years?
When did he begin to serve the Lord?
Are you old enough to serve the Lord?
How can you serve Him?
Are you serving Him?

Jan. 26.—Luke 2: 8-20. Memory vs. 10-14.

Joy over the Child Jesus.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Luke, 2: 14. Catechism, Q. 4.

What is the title of this lesson?
Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?
Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.
Where were the shepherds?
What were they doing?
Why watch by night?
Who appeared to them?

How often did angels appear in connection with the birth of Christ?

What do we learn from this?

Did the shepherds see anything but angels?

What was the effect upon the shepherds?

What effect did the appearance of the angels have at other times?

What did the angel say to the shepherds?

By what sign were they to find the Saviour?

Who then appeared?

What were they doing?

What was the song?

What did the singers do when their song was ended?

What did the shepherds do?

What guided them?

Whom did they find?

What did they do after finding Him?

What is the duty of all who know about the Saviour?

What effect did the tidings have?

What did the shepherds do?

Have you heard the glad tidings?

Who have not heard them?

How may you make them known?

Are you doing what you can to make them known?

THINGS MONEY CANNOT DO.

Some boys and girls have an idea that money can do almost anything; but this is a mistake. Money, it is true, can do a great deal, but it cannot do everything. I could name you a thousand things it cannot buy. It was meant for good, and it is a good thing to have, but all this depends on how it is used. If used wrongly it is an injury rather than a benefit. Beyond all doubt, however, there are many things better than it is, and which it cannot buy, no matter how much we may have of it.

If a man has not a good education, all his money will never buy it for him. He can scarcely ever make up for his early waste of opportunities.

Neither will wealth itself give a man or a woman good manners. Next to good morals and good health, nothing is of more importance than easy, graceful, self-possessed manners. But they cannot be had for mere money.

Money cannot purchase a good conscience. If a poor man, or a boy, or a girl,—any one, has a clear conscience that gives off a tone like a soundbell when touched by the hammer, then be sure he or she is vastly richer than the millionaire who does not possess such a conscience. Good principles are better than gold.

AFRICANER.

There was once a wild and savage chief in South Africa, whose name was Africaner. He was the terror of the whole country, and the English government at "the Cape" offered a large sum of money to any one who should kill him.

But Africaner was taught by some missionaries to know and love the Lord, and then he became good and gentle. The great Robert Moffat, then a young missionary, wanted to visit Africaner, and preach to his people; but everybody said, "He will kill you." This did not frighten Moffat. He made his way to Africaner's kraal, who gave him a kind welcome; and they were soon the best of friends. One day Africaner saw Moffat looking at him, and asked the reason.

"I was trying," said Moffat, "to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country; and I could not think how a man with eyes like yours could smile at human woe. Africaner burst into tears. After a time Moffat took Africaner with him on a journey to "the Cape." He thought the governor would never believe what a changed man he had become unless he could see it with his own eyes. So he dressed Africaner as his servant; and they travelled on safely among people who would have been very much frightened if they had known who his servant was. When they came into the Dutch settlements, some of the farmers said they were very glad that Moffat had escaped from that terrible monster, Africaner! Others said how absurd it was to think that Africaner could be converted.

At one house Moffat put out his hand to the owner, saying, "I am glad to see you again." The man asked wildly, "Who are you?" "Have you so soon forgotten me? I am Moffat," was the answer. "Moffat!" cried the farmer. "You must be his ghost! Don't come near me! Everybody says Moffat was murdered; and a man told me he had seen his bones." Moffat tried to quiet the farmer's fears, and at length he held out his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead?"

Mr. Moffat gave him cheerful answers, and told him that Africaner was now a truly good man. "Well," said the farmer, "I can believe almost anything you say, but *that* I cannot believe. There are seven wonders in the world; but that would be the eighth." By this time, Africaner had seated himself at their feet, smiling to hear this talk. Finally, the farmer said earnestly, "If what you say about the man is true, I have only one wish, and that is to see him before I die; and when you come here on your way back to him, I will go with you to see him, as sure as the sun is over our heads—though he killed my own uncle." This startled Moffat, who had not heard of it; but knowing the farmer's kind heart, he said, "This, then, is Africaner!"

The farmer started back, and looked at him as if he had dropped from the clouds. "*Are* you Africaner?" he asked. "I am," said Africaner, uncovering his head. The farmer seemed thunderstruck. When he had really assured himself that the terror of the country stood before him, gentle and lamb-like, he raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "O God, what a miracle of Thy power! What cannot Thy grace accomplish?"

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

The Amateur says: "The young man or boy who has not courage enough to do what he knows is right, for fear of being ridiculed, is indeed a weak mortal." Yes, indeed but there are thousands of such mortals. Mortals who would rather do what they know will ruin them for eternity, than to be ridiculed and scoffed at by their fellow-men or associates, weak indeed!

We wish to relate that which is really true, and no made-up story: A young man attended a grand dinner, at which wine was served. He had never tasted it and when the waiter placed it by his plate, noticing the eyes of his friends fixed upon him, he raised the glass and said: "Friends, I do not drink wine!" At this sudden exclamation they laughed, but he refused to drink it. Ten years have passed since that dinner. A few months ago he was called to the bed-side of a dying college-mate. As the poor fellow was nearing his end he looked up and said, "Say, ———, it was that glass of wine I drank at that dinner ten years ago which ruined me. If I had only followed your example, I would be all right now." If he had If he had not taken the first glass. One glass only calls for another. Boys, don't have to say "if," say, "I *will* let it alone."—*The Youth.*

WHO? WHY? HOW LONG?

Who should work for missions,
  God's kingdom to advance?
Each and all, both great and small,
  Whoever has a chance.

Why? Because He bids it,
  Because so great the need;
If one wants bread, he *must* be fed,
  Or he will starve indeed.

How long shall we keep at it?
  How soon may labor cease?
We must keep on till all are won
  To serve the Prince of Peace.

And so we, here, from year to year
  Keep up our mission band;
We must not pause, for still the cause
  Needs ev'ry heart and hand.

Mission Dayspring.