





THE  
CHILDREN'S  
RECORD

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

VOL. 2. APRIL, 1887. No. 4.

## The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 30 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time, but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying its own cost, are given to Missions.—Amount already given, \$100.00.

## The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

Price, in advance, 25 cents per year in parcels of 4 and upwards to one address. Single copies 40 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time but must end with December.

All receipts after paying its own cost are given to missions. Amount already given \$350.

All communications to be addressed to

Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

### CHILD WIDOWS.

Let me tell you something of how the children suffer in the places where they have not the Bible. In India little girls are betrothed, sometimes before they are able to walk or speak; that is, a girl's parents make an agreement with the parents of some boy that she will marry him. If he happens to die in childhood, she is called a widow. And they believe that it is because of some sin in her that their god caused the husband to die. Then to punish her for this, she is beaten and abused, and gets very little clothing or food, and both of the coarsest kind. She has to do all the rough hard work and as long as she lives she suffers this kind of treatment. She is never allowed to marry again.

Let me give you part of a letter that one of the lady missionaries that went from Canada has written. She says:

"It is said by natives of India, on the decease of a husband that his death is caused by some fault or sin of the wife, and therefore she must bear the punishment. She is the author of the calamity in their opinion.

"Poor helpless girl; starved, and beaten—made the household drudge, with scarce-

ly clothing enough to cover her body. I have in my mind at present, a pale, pinched face, with a look of unspeakable woe in the dark eye. She is an inmate of a zomana, and though now scarcely in middle life she has been a widow for eighteen long years."

Thus you see that when we send the missionaries to India it is not only to tell the people the way to heaven but by shewing them where they do wrong, they make happy the sad lives of the millions of these wretched little girl widows.

### FINGERS, TOES, AND MISSIONS.

How many fingers have you on each hand, boys? how many toes on each foot? "Five," you say, "but what has that to do with missions?"

Two lessons it has for you.

*First.* Remember that our church has just as many Foreign Mission fields as you have fingers on a hand or toes on a foot, viz.: One in the North West among our own Indian tribes; one in the West Indies, chiefly in Trinidad, among people who have come from India to labor there; one in the New Hebrides, one in India, and one in the Island of Formosa, China. Now can you tell where our "Five Foreign Mission Fields" are?

The other lesson for you is this: Are these fingers and toes doing all they can for the heathen? The fingers can help you earn money and the toes can carry you on errands to get something to help this mission work. Sometimes the toes carry boys and girls rather often to toy shops, and the fingers hand over a great many cents for candy and playthings, while they put very few into the mission box.

### FRENCH CANADIANS.

Who are they? Where do they live? Why are they called by that name? They are people living in Canada whose forefathers came from France. They live chiefly in the Province of Quebec, and are for the most part Roman Catholics. They are taught to confess their sins to the

priest instead of to Jesus Christ, and are taught that he has power from God to forgive sins. They are not allowed to have the Bible and read it for themselves, and most of them are about as ignorant of the way of salvation through faith in Christ, as are the heathen. There are about a million and a quarter of these people, or one fourth of the whole population of the Dominion of Canada.

The work of giving the gospel to them is called French Evangelization. That last word is a long one, but *evangel* just means the *gospel*, or good word, or good news.

Our Church has 25 mission schools among these people, with more than 800 scholars attending them. There, among other things, they are taught the Bible. But this is only a beginning. A great work lies before us, and you young people have your part to do in sending the Word of life to the young French Canadians.

#### THE LOVING SISTER.

Every night Nina and Willie used to kneel at mother's knee and say their evening prayer together, from the time their lips could just lisp the words. Mother was taken very sick and in a few weeks God called her away from earth.

Poor little children, how they missed the loving face and longed to hear the tender voice. Papa and aunts and kind friends did all they could to comfort them, but no one could be like mother. They had learned too soon that no one could take a mother's place.

Although there was a little difference in their ages, Nina seemed to think that she must try and fill her mother's place as best she could. Every night, when they went to bed, she would put her arms around Willie's neck and they would say their prayers together. It comforted me. How glad Nina felt one day when papa, hugging her up closely to him, said: "You are my brave little girl and a great comfort to me."

God helped Nina because she asked him to. My dear little reader do not neglect to pray to Him every night and morning,

at least, and whenever you are troubled about anything ask Him to help you.—*Sel.*

#### A KINGDOM OF PEACE.

"Mamma," said Roy, with flashing eye and crimson cheek, "I felt just like fighting when he said that." He had heard one of the boys speak insultingly of the Saviour he had been taught to kneel to and love. "That would have been a brave thing to do," said mamma, "if Jesus wants you to do it. But if he wanted Jack Hill struck, why could he not send the lightning or paralysis to do it? I hope my little boy would not be a Peter." Roy began to hang his head. "Why brother," chimed in Alice, "suppose you had knocked Jack over and hurt him, it would have been just like Jesus to pick him up and cure his hurt; don't you remember how he made the ear grow on that Peter cut off?" "And don't you remember," asked mamma, "that he told Pilate, 'if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight?'" "I'm glad now that I didn't strike him, 'cause Jesus wouldn't want me to."—*Sel.*

#### HOME POLITENESS.

A boy who is polite to father and mother is likely to be polite to everybody else. A boy lacking politeness to his parents, may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes familiar, of betraying his real want of courtesy. We are all in danger of living too much for the outside world, for the impression which we make in society, not coveting the good opinion of those who are in a sense a part of ourselves, and who will continue to sustain and be interested in us, notwithstanding these defects of deportment and character. We say to every boy and every girl, cultivate the habit of courtesy and propriety at home, in the kitchen as well as in the parlor, and you will be sure in other places to deport yourself in a becoming and attractive manner.

How many dry prayers do we offer up, and how few wet ones!

## SOLOMON RAY.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray;  
Nothing of value he gave away;

He hoarded and saved,  
He pinched and shaved,  
And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard-earned shillings he tried to gain  
Brought him little but care and pain;

For little he spent,  
And all he lent,  
He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray.

The years went by, and his hair grew gray;

His cheeks grew thin,  
And his soul within  
Grew hard as the pound he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,  
For life is fleeting and men but dust.

The heirs were gay,  
And laid him away,  
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarreled now who had little cared  
For Solomon Ray when his life was spared;

His lands were sold,  
And his hard-earned gold  
All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat and pinch and save,  
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave;

All their gold some day  
Will melt away,  
Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.  
— *The Christian Statesman.*

## THE PEOPLE OF JAPAN.

Rev. Dr. H. W. Swartz writes from Japan about the people. He says:

The people of Japan are rather smaller than American's are. They all have black eyes, black hair, and a dark skin. Though some are not very dark, simply brunettes. They live in a very simple way, with small houses, and they sit and sleep on the floor. The floor is covered with mats, very soft and clean, and they leave their

shoes outdoors or in the entrance. They have paper windows, and their doors are always open, even in winter.

They have many doors, so that often one or two sides of the house are entirely open. But in the night they shut them all up, and many of them will sleep in a small room with no ventilation at all. Their stoves are little wooden boxes lined with zinc or copper, partly filled with mud and ashes to hold the heat, and a little charcoal fire which does not blaze or smoke, never more than about a handful of fire, and around this they will sit holding their hands over it and lighting their pipes at it and talking and laughing. They are always pleasant and very polite.

Sometimes they will put a blanket over their stove (called hibachi) and all put their heads under the blanket to keep warm, with the doors open and the wind and cold free to come in. In the night I suppose some sleeper may straighten out under his blanket and kick over his hibachi and set the house on fire. In the winter or dry season there are many fires and some very large ones. Almost every night we were awakened by the fire bells, and sometimes we were up and dressed ready to "move out" for we feared we might lose our home.

The Japanese are great smokers; they have little pipes that will not hold a thimbleful; they will fill, light, puff once or twice, then they are done for a little while. They are constantly drinking tea too. They make their tea in a much better way than we do at home. They take the leaves and pour hot water upon them and let it stand for a few minutes. They never "steep" the tea. They never put sugar or milk into it.

We observed "Children's Day" here as you did in America. Little ones from four Sunday-schools united at our native church where we had singing, recitations, etc. The boys and girls of one school recited the fifteenth chapter of St. John (of course all in Japanese); another school recited one of the Psalms, while the girls from our Women's Foreign Mission school recited some of Proverbs, the one part

being given by one class and the response by another class.

They recite in a sing-song way, at the very top of their voices, and if you should happen to sit near them you would want to stop your ears. Many a little fellow would throw back his head, scowl his face, shut his eyes, open his mouth and fairly yell out the verses, while most of them would grow red in the face from the exertion. They sing very nicely only they don't keep the tune at all, nor the time—some away ahead, and some behind—but as they sing all in about two notes it doesn't make so much difference as to the time, even; if some did start the verses ahead of the organ.

The babies are always allowed to crawl around the floor, under seats and climb up the altar rail, or anywhere that a baby's mind would lead them. Some of the girls were very highly powdered, even some powder got into their black hair at the neck and forehead. The native pastor addressed the school, telling them that God made all those beautiful flowers, etc. While he was talking one of the little boys got his long, large sleeve over his head and could not get his head out and one of the ladies had to help him.—*The Little Missionary.*

#### BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries," said little Billy; and he put his fat little hand on a tiny gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gold? And missionaries work for Jesus."

Susie said, "The gold all belongs to him, anyhow. Don't you think it would be well to go right to him and give him something else that he asks for?"

"What's that?"

Susie repeated, "'My son, give me thine heart.'"

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

#### LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

BY MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.  
Jan. 28, 1887.

*My Dear Children:*

It is too late for me to wish you a happy New Year, but not too late to remind you that the Trinidad missionaries need your help, and hope that you will pray for them and work for them more this year than you did in 1886. Some of you, it is true, did very well last year, but as surely as we grow older so surely we should all be learning each year to serve God better than we ever did before.

You will remember that we lost a dear missionary last year, Mr. McLeod; I mean that God took him home to rest. His two dear little boys, Norman and Harold, are now living with their mamma in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. God has kindly spared us for a little longer, and I will tell you what Annajee said about this in the Tunapuna prayer-meeting, he said:

"We must not think it is for our goodness that God spares us; it is that we may be repent of our sins; but we will not always be spared."

"In a wild part of India there was a very wicked boy; a traveller passed; the boy seeing him cursed him; being a very good man the traveller had pity upon him and after telling him of his wickedness gave him a rupee. The boy was very glad and ran with it to his mother, who said: 'What good thing did you do that he gave you this rupee?' 'I cursed him, mother,' said the boy. 'Oh, then, my son,' said the mother, 'whenever you see a traveller pass be sure to run out and curse him.' A day or two after, some Mahratti soldiers were passing; the boy ran out and cursed them, and one of them struck off his head with his sword."

I had a nice Christmas present last week from Montreal. A class of little girls sent me \$3.75 for the Tunapuna Church, besides giving in other ways during the year, and they sent it with a nice little letter, signed with all their names in which they

asked me: "what is the hardest thing to teach the people?"

This is not an easy question to answer, and I am not sure I know exactly myself; one of the things that they learn very slowly is the value of time and money. Many of them do not think as much as they should about getting a comfortable home, and saving a part of their wages. Plantains grow all the year round, the trees are always green, and flowers always blooming, and like the grasshopper rather than the bee, they take things very easily both in work and in study. You may think this is not a very bad fault, and there are many faults worse than this, but it keeps them from becoming as wise and as useful as they might be.

The same little girls asked: "What do you teach the people?" Perhaps you will laugh if I tell you some of the things which we have to teach to the little ones. You may think they ought to know them without being taught. I have a very nice book for picture-teaching sent by some young people in Halifax. Sometimes I have as many as forty children together. I open at the first page and say: "What is that?" They all shout "Cat." Then I ask: "What is the word for *cat* in your own language?" Some answer correctly but others are sure to say "Pussy." Then we come to the cow. I ask: "What is the cow good for?" One answer is: "To eat grass;" and when I ask: "Which is best you or a cow?" a question which must seem to you rather silly, they are almost sure to say "The cow;" because the Hindu religion teaches that the cow is to be worshipped. After explaining that it is sinful and foolish to worship the cow I ask: "Whom should we worship?" On two different occasions more than one boy shouted "sheep." But I must stop now, having tried to show you something of how we begin to prepare the young hearts for receiving God's truth about sin and salvation. Hoping that you will see more than ever how much the little Hindus need your prayers and your work.

I remain, truly yours,

SARAH L. MORTON.

## BISHOP HANNINGTON.

[For the Children's Record.]

The Church of England has added another to the roll of martyrs who have shed their blood on a foreign field. Away in Central Africa he was cruelly put to death.

Five years ago he left England and on Christmas Day he and his companions commemorated the Saviour's death in the heart of Africa. After two year's labor he came back to England owing to failing health. Two years ago he was set apart as a Bishop and at once returned to his loved work. Reaching the coast of Africa he resolved to set out for the centre of the country. On his way a crowd of soldiers of Mwanga, a cruel heathen king, met him and took him prisoner. One day he was thrown to the earth, dragged by the legs over the ground and dashed against the trees. Though suffering pain and expecting instant death he sang one of your pretty Sabbath-school hymns "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Through all his sufferings he found great comfort in the Book of Psalms. On Oct. 29th, 1885, he was slain, but it was to him the entrance into rest; and the Lord's cause was not stopped. Within a few weeks of the news of his death quite a number of men offered themselves to carry on his work. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. God makes the wrath of man to praise Him.

D.

## FORM GOOD HABITS.

When the mother of Gen. Washington was one day congratulated on the grand achievements of her son, she quietly replied, "George was a good boy, and I believe he has done his duty as a man." What a beautiful testimony! What a noble life it describes! The habit of faithfulness in the little duties of childhood led to faithfulness in the great and difficult tasks of after years. Form good habits while young by always doing what conscience says is right, for in later life it will be as hard to change your habits as for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots.

## WEE WORKERS FOR JESUS.

We are wee workers for Jesus,  
Faithful, hopeful and true,  
Loving and serving our Master,—  
That is what children can do.

Far away over the ocean  
How many little ones dwell,  
Who never have heard of our Saviour!  
Yet he knoweth and loveth them well.

And so, with hearts full of pity,  
Our mites we lovingly bring,  
Giving them prayerfully, trustfully,  
All in the name of our King;

Knowing that He who said "Suffer  
Children to come unto me"  
Will accept and tenderly bless them,  
To the little ones over the sea.

And oh, 'twill be sweet, when in heaven  
We meet saved ones face to face,  
And perhaps some one may tell us  
That we helped them to know Jesus'  
grace.

Then, dear little workers, take courage,  
And, when your work is quite done,  
You will enter the beautiful city,  
And hear the Master's "Well done!"  
---*Missionary Exercises.*

## LITTLE TALKS TO LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

BY MRS. LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

## "THY KINGDOM COME.

I suppose the very youngest of my readers can repeat the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples, and which is called, "The Lord's Prayer." Perhaps some readers a little older can answer the question in the Shorter Catechism: "What do we pray for in the second petition?"—"In the second petition, which is, Thy kingdom come, we pray, that Satan's kingdom may be destroyed; and that the kingdom of grace may be advanced, ourselves and others brought into it, and kept in it; and that the kingdom of glory may be hastened."

Some of us say the Lord's Prayer every day; as you children like to say, we "know it by heart." We have heard it all our lives and never grow tired of saying it over and over again. But how many children ever stop to think that every mission meeting, every little bit of work done to help the missionaries, is an effort to cause Christ's kingdom to come the sooner?

All over our country, and in other countries too, there are many mission bands and societies to which good men and women, and children too, belong, all doing the same work, and for the same cause—that our Lord's kingdom may come. Some of these societies are supporting missionaries in China, where the people worship false gods—where some fathers and mothers care so little for their girl-babies that they cause them to be drowned. Some are working to help missions in India, in the islands of the sea, or for the Indians or the untaught people in our own land. But, no matter how they work or where the money goes, all are trying to help carry out the prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

Do you think the kingdom of Christ is a great way off from us? Oh no! When we love our Saviour, Jesus Christ, and give our hearts truly to him, when we want to do the things he commands us, then we have entered his kingdom and become his subjects. And if we do truly and honestly love him, we shall want others to know of our King and his great love to sinners. We must first get our hearts into the kingdom of grace, and then we will more earnestly try to bring others into it.

Not long ago I was reading a story about a tribe of natives somewhere in heathen lands who had learned to know and love Jesus, and now they wanted to send a missionary to another tribe not so well taught as themselves. They were very poor indeed, and to fit out the missionary and procure Bibles and good books in the language of the tribe they must do without many things themselves. The missionary told them they seemed to be giving up almost too much.



"Oh no!" they said; "it is not too much. We can live on rats, but those other people must have the gospel."

Just think of it! Willing to live on rats if they might send God's word to other poor ignorant sinners! Did not those Christians very much want to hasten the kingdom of Christ?

Perhaps you think this work of advancing the kingdom of grace is a work for grown-up people to undertake. When you pray, "Thy kingdom come," you think, "Yes, I want to be in Christ's kingdom; I want to be a follower of such a glorious King; but such a child as I am can do very little toward helping his kingdom to come. I can only earn a few pennies now and then to put in the missionary-box."

Children very often feel that way, but they forget what a large place the Lord Jesus gives children in his kingdom—how, when he was on earth, he took children in his arms and blessed them and said, "O! such is the kingdom of heaven;" how he was pleased with the children's worship of him in the temple. And when his disciples asked him who was greatest in the kingdom of heaven, he took a little child and said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." All through the Bible we find that God has a place for children in his kingdom.

Then surely he has some work for his little subjects to do, and will not reject their smallest services. He did not silence the children who cried "Hosanna!" before him when he rode into Jerusalem, so we know that the service and the praise of children are sweet to him.

I heard a lady who had long been a missionary in Africa say that one day she was about setting off on a wearisome mission-journey. Just as she was stepping into the boat and thinking what a long, tiresome way lay before her, she heard the African girls who were gathering in the mission-school house singing,

"Jesus loves me: this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

Her heart grew lighter, and she took her

seat in the boat and glided away from the village, still hearing the young voices singing that dear old Sunday-school hymn which you all know so well, and which missionaries everywhere say is a great favorite with the heathen children too as soon as they learn it.

That missionary-lady felt that Christ's kingdom was coming in that dark land, when the children learned and loved to sing "Jesus loves me."

And when you are trying even in little ways to help in the work of sending teachers to heathen lands, so that the children there may learn of the Saviour who loved and blessed children when he was on earth, and loves and blesses them still from heaven, you are helping to make Christ's kingdom come on earth and showing that you wish yourself and others brought into it.

All our services are very small and very imperfect, but God is pleased to make use of us; and he loves the least work for his kingdom if it is honest, loving work, and he will bless it.

There is not a pair of hands too small to help on this work; there is not a heart too young to give itself first to the Lord Jesus and then try to bring others into his kingdom.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journey run—  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

"People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name."

#### A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Father, I thank Thee for this day;  
For health and friends and food;  
O, wash my many sins away  
In Jesus' precious blood.

Lord, through the silence of the night  
Be to my pillow near;  
And with returning life and light,  
Still make a child Thy care.

## ROOM FOR CHILDREN.

Jesus wants a tiny hand  
In the harvest-field;  
To the touch of fingers small  
Glad hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice  
Praises sweet to sing,  
Earth's discordant choicuses  
Shaming, silencing.

Perhaps amidst the crowding throng  
No one else might see  
That some little faces asked,  
"Is this the room for me?"

In God's kingdom little ones  
Shall dwell eternally;  
For these fairest flowers of ours  
'Twill be God's nursery.

—Sel.

## A LIFE THAT TOLD.

Thirty years ago the region about London docks contained as large a heathen population as any district in Africa. Back of the huge warehouses were "innumerable courts and alleys filled with fog and dirt, and every horror of sight, sound and smell. It was a rendezvous for the lowest types of humanity." The wealthy and influential class in this settlement were the rum-sellers and keepers of gambling hells. Children were born and grew to middle age in these precincts who never had heard the name of Christ, except in an oath. Thirty thousand souls were included in one parish here, but the clergyman never ventured out of the church to teach.

A young man named Charles Lowder, belonging to an old English family, happened to pass through this district just after leaving Oxford. His classmates were going into politics, or the army, or to the bar, full of ambition and hope to make a name in the world; but Lowder heard, as he said, "a cry of mingled agony, suffering, laughter, and blasphemy, coming from

these depths, that rang in his ears, go where he would." He resolved to give up all other work in the world to help these people. He took a house in one of the lowest slums, and lived in it. "It is only one of themselves that they will hear, not patronizing visitors." He preached every day in the streets, and for months was pelted with brickbats, shot at, and driven back with curses. He had, unfortunately, no eloquence with which to reach them; he was a slow, stammering, speaker, but he was bold, patient and in earnest. Year after year he lived among them. Even the worst ruffian learned to respect the tall, thin curate, whom he saw stopping the worst street-fights, facing mobs, or nursing the victims of Asiatic cholera.

Mr. Lowder lived in London docks for twenty-three years. Night-schools were opened, industrial schools, and refuges for drunkards, discharged prisoners, and fallen women. A large church was built and several mission chapels. His chief assistants in this work were the men and women whom he had rescued from "the paths that abut on hell." A visitor to the church said, "The congregation differs from others in that they are all in such deadly earnest."

Mr. Lowder broke down under his work, and rapidly grew into an old, care-worn man. He died in a village in the Tyrol, whither he had gone for a month's rest. He was brought back to the docks where he had worked so long. Across the bridge where he had once been chased by a furious mob bent on his murder, his body was reverently carried, while the police were obliged to keep back the crowds of sobbing people who pressed forward to catch the last glimpse of "Father Lowder," as they called him. "No such funeral," says a London paper, "has ever been seen in England. The whole population of East London turned out, stopping work for that day. The special trains run to Chiselmurst were filled, and thousands followed on foot—lifted up from barbarism to life and hope."

There are many careers open to young

men on entering the world, but there are none nobler, or that lead more directly to heaven, than that of this modern crusader.—*Youth's Companion.*

### TWO CHILDREN.

Up among the Vermont hills live two children who do not like to get up early. So their mother said one day "I will give you a cent apiece every morning you are down promptly to breakfast."

It was queer how that cent cleared the sticks out of the children's eyes, took the sleepy gapes out of their mouths, the stretchiness out of their limbs, so that instead of turning over to go to sleep again, Ruby and Buzz would give one good jump out of bed into the middle of the floor, and then they were wide-awake, and the day was fairly begun.

In this way the children had each earned six cents. Ruby went about rattling her pennies in her apron pocket, but Buzz, although he had a nice pocket in his new trousers, put his money in a box in the bureau drawer.

"To-morrow will be Sunday," said Buzz on Saturday night as they went to bed. "I don't think we ought to take a cent for getting up early on Sunday morning."

"O, I do," said Ruby. "And that will be seven cents I shall then have."

"But I do not think it would be right to earn a cent in such a way on Sunday," said Buzz.

"This is not doing real work and earning money on Sunday," said Ruby; "this is only getting up, and we have got to do it any way, and I mean to have a cent for it, and that will be seven cents in the morning," and Ruby took her money out of her pocket and piled it in a pile on the table.

"Getting up early for a cent on Sunday, would be working to get the cent," said Buzz stoutly, "and I am going to do it without any pay on Sunday. 'Cause I think that is the way to do."

"Well, I think it is the way to get a cent for it if you can," said Ruby; "let us ask mother."

The children pleaded the case before

their mother.

"Why do you think it is right to take a cent on Sunday, Ruby?" she asked.

"'Cause I want it, and I will have more if I do," said Ruby; "we are paid for getting up, and we do get up on Sunday just as we do on other mornings, and we ought to be paid for it just the same."

"Now, Buzz, why do you think it is not right?" asked the mother.

"'Cause getting up is work for us—it is not work for you or papa, but it is for us, and you pay us because it is, and I don't want to work for money on Sunday—and then—and then—" here Buzz hesitated.

"What is it, my boy?" asked the mother.

"And then," the little fellow went on, "there is something in me down here"—and Buzz laid his brown, chabby hand over his heart—"that feels queer when I do what I think isn't right—not a pain, you know, but a queer feeling. I had most rather have a bee sting me."

"But if you do not take the money, you will not have as many cents as Ruby has. Will you like to hear her counting them over, always having more than you?" asked the mother.

"No, I shan't like that. I don't like to hear her count her money any way. Ruby needn't count it so much. But I shall not take a cent on Sunday."

"And I shall take a cent every Sunday, just as soon as mother will give it to me," said Ruby.

The mother said they should decide for themselves. So Ruby took her money each Sunday, and she had a quiet conscience, nor did any, even in their secret thoughts, accuse her of doing wrong.

Buzz went without the Sunday cent, and he too had a quiet conscience. But it was at this point of difference that the children's natures began to diverge.

Ruby had more money, and more "good times;" but Buzz had a more tender love for the right, because he had made a sacrifice for it, and this made his heart strong to do right things, even when they went a little against the grain.—

*M. E. D. in Wide Awake.*

## THE LITTLE TAMIL MISSIONARY.

When the Society of Christian Endeavor was started in Oodooville, Ceylon, a little Tamil boy who lived near the church was attracted by the singing, and always came to the meetings.

When others were joining the society, he came forward and said he wanted to join. He was a very little fellow, and his two front teeth had fallen out, so that he spoké with a lisp.

His head was all shaved except a little round place on the top, where the hair that was left was tied up in a knot. He wore a yard of cloth about his hips, and that was all.

This little naked boy, with his head only a little higher than the table, begged to join the society. He was from a heathen family. My first thought was that he was too young and did not know what he was asking; but when I told him so, tears began to gather in his eyes.

Vidamuthu did not know how to pray; so one of the "Lookout Committee" promised to teach him. He had no Bible portion. He said he could read. I told him he must buy one. The next day, to my surprise, he came bringing to me bangles with which to buy a Tamil Gospel of Matthew.

At the next meeting of the society he again asked to join. He showed his Matthew's Gospel in which, according to our rules, he had read ten verses a day. He had learned and recited the Lord's Prayer. He said he would soon be able to pray in his own words like the other children. He begged to join the society.

Seeing his earnestness we did not like to discourage him and as the Lookout Committee favored it and said they would look after him, we let him join. So he came up proudly and wrote his name in large Tamil letters—Vi lamuthu (which means precious pearl). At the next meeting he brought in two of his little companions.

One evening that week, as I was taking a moonlight walk, I heard a little voice laboriously reading something aloud. I

stopped to listen. It was the Sermon on the Mount. I peeped through the hedge and saw a family circle—a father, mother, and four children, all listening to this little seven-year-old Vidamuthu reading aloud by the aid of a dim native lamp.

I thought of Jesus taking a little child and setting him in the midst. After reading he sang a verse of the lyric taught in the day schools that week; then he prayed a little prayer, and at its close recited the Lord's Prayer. I stood listening without, and all the family sat quietly listening within.

The next Sabbath the mother came to church. I had asked her to come often before, and so had our Christian women, but she had refused. After church a Christian woman brought her to the inquirer's meeting. "What brought you to church?" I asked.

"My little son begged me so hard to come," she answered, "I could not resist. He prays for me every night, and I have decided to be a Christian."

Since then she has come regularly every Sabbath to the church.

This is the story of how one little "pearl" has begun to shine for Jesus.

There are pearl fisheries off the banks of Ceylon. They are owned by the government, and nobody can fish there except those appointed by the government. But there is another kind of fishery in Ceylon. It belongs to Him who said: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." Every little boy or girl in America who gives and prays for missions has a share in this pearl fishery, and can gather gems for the Saviour's crown. — *Missionary Layman.*

The Lord hath heard my supplication;  
the Lord will receive my prayer.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy  
name in all the earth!

I laid me down and slept; I awaked,  
for the Lord sustained me.

My defence is of God, which saveth the  
upright in heart.

## THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

1st Child.

I need not go to India,  
 To China or Japan;  
 To work for Jesus here at home  
 I'll do the best I can:  
 I'll tell of his great love for me,  
 And how I love him too;  
 And, better far, I'll show my love  
 In all that I may do.

2nd Child.

The little water drops come down  
 To make the flowers grow;  
 The little rivulets flow on  
 To bless where'er they go;  
 The little seeds make mighty trees  
 To cool us with their shade:  
 If little things like these do good,  
 To try I'm not afraid.

3rd Child.

I'll be a missionary now,  
 And work the best I may,  
 For if I want to work for God,  
 There surely is a way:  
 I'll pray for those who cross the sea,  
 My offering too I'll send,  
 And do all that is in my power  
 This great bad world to mend.

All.

We all may work for Jesus,  
 Wherever we may be:  
 I'll try to work for Jesus  
 Who did so much for me.

— Miss. Ee.

## A SHIPWRECK.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD finds its way into not a few sea ports. Some of its readers during the stormy days of this winter have looked out upon the sea as it was lashed into fury by the storm.

There is sorrow on the sea. One Monday night in the month of January a schooner called the "Charles Graham" was drawing near Halifax harbor. The fog was thick and a furious gale was blowing. Suddenly she was dashed upon the rocks and wrecked.

About a quarter of a mile from the shore

was a large rock called Dover Castle. One of the masts had fallen over against this rock on which the crew crept to a ledge half way up. After resting for a time in this ledge they reached the top. Hail was falling and the poor men walked on that bleak rock two nights and a day without food and shelter. Then, with the exception of the captain, all were saved.

How sad is a shipwreck. But sadder wrecks, spiritual wrecks, are occurring every day. Why? Because men and women will not make use of the wonderful means God has provided for safety. How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation.

God provided the means for the rescue of the crew of the "Charles Graham." He has made provision for the salvation of the soul. Make use of the means and we are safe. Slight the means and we are lost.

A. B.

## A WAYSIDE MESSENGER.

The still form of a little boy lay in the coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked frankly: 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and before I had time to answer, he said, 'Oh! I know why you were not afraid; you said your prayers this morning before you began your work.' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that day to this, and, by God's blessing, I never will."

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

## The Sabbath School Lessons.

**April 3.—Gen. 37: 23-36. Memory vs. 26-28.**

### Joseph Sold into Egypt.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GEN. 39: 21. CATECHISM. Q. 15.

#### Introductory.

Who was Jacob's favorite son?

What mark of affection did he give Joseph?

How old was Joseph?

Why did his brethren hate him?

What increased their hatred?

Why was Joseph sent to them?

Where did he find them?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. The Brothers' Conspiracy. vs. 23-28.

How did Joseph's brethren feel when they saw him?

What conspiracy did they form?

What did they do to him?

What happened as they were eating?

What did Judah propose?

What was done?

Which is the sixth commandment?

What does our Saviour say of this commandment? Matt. 5: 21, 22.

What is said of one that hates his brother? 1 John 3: 15.

#### II. The Cruel Deception. vs. 29-32.

What is said of Reuben?

What had been his plan?

Why did he return to the pit?

How did he express his grief?

What did Joseph's brothers now do with the coat?

To whom did they send it?

With what question?

#### III. The Father's Grief. vs. 33-36.

How was Jacob affected?

How did he express his grief?

What did he say?

What did his family do?

What did Jacob say to them?

What became of Joseph?

#### What Have I Learned?

1. That one sin leads to another.

2. That envy leads to hatred, hatred to malice, and so to a readiness to injure others.

3. That he that hates his brother is a murderer in spirit, if not in deed.

4. That God overrules for good the evil deeds of men.

5. That he will be with his children and will care for them in their trials.

**April 10.—Gen. 41: 38-48. Mem. vs. 38-40.**

### Joseph Exalted.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PS. 37: 5. CATECHISM. Q. 16.

#### Introductory.

How was Joseph honored in prison?

How long was he in there?

How came he to be released?

What were Pharaoh's dreams?

What was Joseph's interpretation of them?

Why did God then teach men by dreams?

What did Joseph advise Pharaoh to do?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

#### I. Joseph Honored. vs. 38-45.

What did Pharaoh think of Joseph's advice?

What did he say to his servants?

To what office was Joseph raised?

What badges of office did Pharaoh give him?

What public honor was accorded to him?

What new name did he receive?

Why was this new name given to him?

Who became his wife?

What promises of God does this honor of Joseph illustrate? Ps. 84: 11; Prov. 22: 29; Rom. 8: 28.

How?

How old was Joseph?

Who else began their public work at this age?

#### II. Joseph Gathering Corn. vs. 46-49.

Where did Joseph go?

For what purpose?

How long did the plenty last?

What is said of the fruitfulness?

What provision did Joseph make for the famine?

What right had he to take this surplus food ?

What amount of food was gathered ?

What does this teach us about preparing for times of adversity ?

What do we pray for in the third petition ?

**What Have I Learned ?**

1. That God will honor those who honor him.

2. That truthfulness, diligence and industry will usually be crowned with success.

3. That faithfulness in little things prepares the way for great things.

4. That in times of prosperity we should prepare for adversity.

5. That the Lord has purposes of good toward us even when our way seems the darkest.

6. That this life is the time in which to prepare for the life to come.

**April 17.—Gen. 45: 1-15. Memory vs. 13-15.**

**Joseph Makes Himself Known.**

(OLDEN TEXT.—ROM. 12: 21. CATECHISM. Q. 17.

**Introductory.**

For what purpose did Joseph's brothers visit Egypt ?

What took place on their first visit ?

Who came with them on the second visit ?

What took place at the second visit ?

What led Judah to plead for Benjamin ?

What did he offer to do ?

What is the title of this lesson ? Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. Joseph Reveals Himself. vs. 1-4.**

How was Joseph affected by Judah's plea ?

How did he give vent to his feelings ?

What did he command ? Why ?

What did he say to his brethren ?

Why could they not answer him ?

What did he say when they came near ?

**II. Joseph Comforts his Brothers. vs. 5-8.**

How did he comfort them ?

Who had turned their evil into good ?

Did this make their conduct any the less wicked ?

What is said of Joseph in Ps. 105: 17-22 ?

How does his conduct illustrate Matt. 5: 44 ?

How should we treat those who injure us ?

**III. Joseph Sends for his Father. vs. 9-15.**

What message did Joseph send to his father ?

What promise of support did he give ?

How did he assure his brothers that he was indeed Joseph ?

What would he have them tell his father ?

What would he have them hasten to do ?

What expression did he then give to his feelings ?

How did Benjamin respond ?

Did he show the same feeling toward the other brothers ?

What did the brothers then do ?

**What Have I Learned ?**

1. That God's Providence rules over all.

2. That he may bring good even out of the wickedness of men.

3. That our wickedness is none the less sinful because God overrules it.

4. That we should be patient and forgiving under injuries.

5. That the Providence of God brings about what his word has promised.

**April 24.—Gen. 45: 1-12. Mem. vs. 10-12.**

**Joseph and his Father.**

GOLDEN TEXT.—EPIH. 6: 2. CATECHISM Q. 18.

**Introductory.**

What invitation did Joseph send to his father ?

Where was Jacob then living ?

What did he do ?

How many went from Hebron to Egypt ?

To what part of Egypt did they come ?

Who met them there ?

What is the title of this lesson ? Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. The Brothers Introduced. vs. 1-6.**

What did Joseph tell Pharaoh ?

How many of h's brothers did he introduce to Pharaoh ?

What did Pharaoh ask them ?

What was their reply ?

What request did they make ?

What did Pharaoh say to Joseph ?

Where did he give them a home ?

What further did he do for the brothers ?

**II. The Father Received.** vs. 7-10.

Whom did Joseph now bring to Pharaoh ?

How did Jacob greet Pharaoh ?

What question did Pharaoh ask Jacob ?

What was Jacob's reply ?

What did Jacob then do ?

In what respect is life a pilgrimage ?

Who are seeking a city to come ? Heb. 13: 14.

**III. The Family Settled.** vs. 11-12.

Where did Joseph place his father and brothers ?

Where was the land of Rameses ?

What further did he do ?

How should we imitate his example ?

Which is the fifth commandment ?

What is required by it ?

What is the reason annexed to the fifth commandment ?

**What Have I Learned ?**

1. That we should be ready to return good for evil.

2. That we should love, honor and obey our parents.

3. That this world is not our home.

4. That we should seek a home and an inheritance in heaven.

5. That God gives an abundance to some, not for selfish use, but to enable them to help others.

**WHAT A LITTLE ONE MAY DO.**

There was once a little English girl, only just three years old, living in India. This little girl used to go out walking with an old Hindoo servant; and one day, as they passed a ruined heathen temple, the old man turned aside to make his "salaam," or bow, to the dumb idol.

"Sammy," asked the child, wondering, "what for you do that ?"

"Oh, missy," said he, "that my god."

"Your god ?" cried the little girl—"your god, Saamy ? Why your god no can see, no can hear, no can walk; your god stone. My God see everything; my God make you, make me, make everything."

The old man listened, for he loved the child; and though he still bowed down to the idol, he would often let her talk to him about her God. At last he heard that she was going away from him.

"What will poor Saamy do," he said one day, "when missy go to England ? Saamy no father, no mother."

"Oh, Saamy," said the little one quickly, "if you love my God he will be your father and mother too."

The old man, with tears in his eyes, promised to love her God. And so she taught him her prayers, and very soon he learned to read the Bible, and became a good Christian man. "So you see even this little child would be God's messenger. She had the honor of leading a soul to Christ. Try and be like her—*Morn. Star.*"

**LITTLE FOES.**

"By and By," is a very bad boy;  
Shun him at once and forever;  
For they who travel with "By and By,"  
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward,  
A boy that is half of a man;  
Set on him a plucky wee terrier  
That the world knows and honors—"I Can."

"No use in trying" nonsense! I say,  
Keep trying until you succeed;  
But if you should meet "I Forgot" by the way,  
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't Care," and "No Matter," boys,  
they're a pair,  
And whenever you see the poor dolts,  
Say, "Yes we do care;" and 'twould be  
"great matter"

If our lives should be spoiled by such faults.

—*Christian at Work.*



## LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland, and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely.

At night, before the close of school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer 'Ten.' When Aleck understood that he was to say ten, if he had not whispered during the day, he replied "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes sir," answered Aleck.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Aleck.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly; "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Aleck. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"O we all do it," said Burt reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule; and nobody could keep it, nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Aleck. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"O we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Aleck bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime; but according to his account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the school-

room seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes when Aleck Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Aleck never preached at them or told tales; but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy, blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half-soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him all over, and loved him, if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term Aleck's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General —, the great hero.

"The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy -- the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his department' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was so "low" on the credit list, had made truth noble in their eyes. — *Brit. Bang.*

Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.