

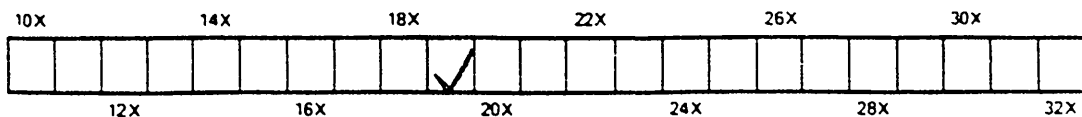
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.





THE
CHILDREN'S
—
RECORD



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

VOL. 2. JAN, 1887. No. 1.

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.

All communications to be addressed to
Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE :—THE CHILDREN'S RECORD wishes you one and all

A GOOD NEW YEAR.

"But," you say, "why do you not wish us

A HAPPY NEW YEAR,

for the New Year's cards have that written upon them?" Yes children, true enough, but this wish is a better one because it tells you the way to be happy.

It is well to wish you health, it is better to tell you how you may be healthy. It is well to wish you success in life, it is better to tell you how you may be successful. So it is well to wish you a Happy New Year, it is better to tell you how it may be made happy. May the coming year be a good one to you and it will be a happy one.

O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early only choice.

For she has treasures greater far,
Than East or West unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasures paths to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

LETTER FROM THE NORTH WEST.

Our young readers know that one of our Mission Fields is among the Indians of the North West. The following letter was written by Mr. Burgess a missionary teacher who is laboring there, to a friend in Brandon, Manitoba, and has been sent to THE CHILDREN'S RECORD, so that you can learn something of what is doing for the Indians and how to help them :

BIRDTAIL CREEK, Oct., 1886.

Dear Friend :

Your package of black-board varnish reached me safely, for which many thanks. It is very helpful to find that people at a distance are taking an interest in our work here.

The supply of clothing is very welcome, but there is another want which I would like to mention to you, and that is help for the sick.

There is a very deserving man very ill here at present with hemorrhage of the lungs. His name is Joseph Eastman he is our leading elder. The Indians have no doctor. I managed to get some medicine for him, also a bag of flour and some pork from the agent.

The people do not make bread but flat scones, and now that he is sick he cannot eat it, nor is the fat pork a thing he can eat but very little of.

Since I came to the Reserve I have seen several of the best Indians we had die in the same way just as it seems for the want of the common necessities of life. I know that this is a common thing among the poor of our large towns, but not having seen much of it before, I feel it all the more here, where all the people are so well known to me. They come to me always with all their troubles, knowing that at least there is always sympathy for them if little else.

Can you suggest a way of helping them? A small fund would be the most useful I think. I shall be only too glad to give an account to the sender of any outlay. The calls on myself are too many. The sick people always send to me, and you will know how hard it is to say "I cannot help

you this time." I know from your very kind letter that you will help us if you can.

I have just heard that the sick man has had another attack of bleeding, so I must go and see if anything can be done for him.

With many thanks for past help and good wishes, I am, very sincerely yours,
J. G. BURGESS.

THE CHRISTMAS MISSION GIFT.

Hilda and Helen are dear little twin sisters, living in a quiet country town. They look just as much alike as two persons can. Strangers say exactly alike, and even their own father has been known to call Hilda, Helen, and Helen, Hilda; but their mother knows that of the two little turn-up noses, one curves a little more than the other, and she never makes a mistake in their names. These little girls have never seen a missionary, but they know more about missions than many who have, for a dear aunt has lived among the heathen for many years. Almost every month brings letters from her to the mother, which the children always hear with interest; and occasionally one comes to the children themselves, which is a great delight; and then they have almost equal pleasure in answering it.

Like most other children these girls think all the days in the year are made for Christmas. Ever since last Christmas, they have been planning for the one so soon to come, and that they may have plenty of money to remember all their friends, they have each week put a little of their "allowance" into a round, red box which they keep in a drawer, and call their Christmas box. It is very light and thin and pretty, and is especially precious because it came from the auntie over the sea, and reached them on Christmas morning three years ago. I cannot tell exactly how much money has gone into this little box in the course of the year, but they have told me something of their Christmas plans, and I am sure they cannot have spent a great deal upon themselves, or they would not have so much now to give away.

Hilda put her arms around my neck

when I was with her the other day, and said, "Aunt Carrie, do you know what we have done with our Mission Christmas money?"

"No," I said, "but I should like to know all about it. What do you mean by your Mission Christmas money?"

"Why, I mean that which we lay aside for the Lord Jesus. Mother says, since Christmas means the birthday of Jesus, we ought to give something to Him first of all. So Helen and I thought last year that we should give to Him the first dollar that we saved; but after we got it, it took us a good while to decide what to do with it."

"And have you decided now?"

"Oh, yes, mine went ever so long ago, and Helen's will start to-morrow."

"And why make Christmas gifts so long before the time?" I said.

"So they may get there in season. You know mine had to go way over to India. I bought twenty papers of needles and had them packed in flour to keep them from rusting, and sent them to auntie's school. I expect they will get there in season to make Christmas presents to the scholars, who think very much of such things. And I sent some old Christmas cards to go with them.

"And what has Helen bought with her dollar that is to start to-morrow?"

"Oh, that is going to the Pillow Mission, and will buy twenty little printed letters, each in a nice envelope which says on the outside, 'A Christmas Letter for You.' The letter tells about Jesus and his pity for sick people: and it will be put under the pillow of some little boy or girl in some hospital; and when they wake up in the morning they will find it, and, if they are ever so poor and far away from home, they will know that somebody cares for them. Aunt Carrie, don't you think it is nice?"

"Yes, my dear little girl," I said, kissing her; "and I wish all the boys and girls would remember what Christmas means, and make their first Christmas gift to Him who gave them the day and all its joys."—*Little Helpers.*

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, Oct. 29th.

My Dear Children:—

Every time I see your neat little RECORD with your own name on it and so much good and pleasant reading in it, I think how good and happy you ought to be. I have heard my father say that when he was a little boy there were no books for children, except silly tales like Jack the Giant Killer and Gulliver's travels, and now how many nice books you have!

You must remember how good God is in this, and that He will one day ask what use you have made of all the good things He is giving you, and you must try to do all you can for the little heathen children. You can all love them and pray for them, and most of you can work for them too.

What do you think I saw at Orange Grove Estate the other day? It was Sabbath and I had gone there to teach Miss Morton's Sabbath School as she was absent, ut not a child was to be seen.

We rang the bell, and waited, and rang again but only six children appeared. What could be the reason? You will hardly believe when I tell you. Nearly all the Coolio people on the Estate, large and small, men and women, several hundreds, were busy

MARRYING TWO DOLLS.

I taught the children and then went out to the houses, but it was of no use. No one was ready to hear me. They had made a little tent with cocoa-nut leaves. The bride, a small and rather shabby doll, was awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom. A large quantity of food was cooked and heaped up on plantain leaves on the floor of an empty hut, and a noise of drums and singing in the distance proclaimed that the bridegroom was approaching.

I waited a few minutes till the procession came up, carrying a boy doll on a litter; children were dancing to the drums; the noise was quite deafening. Then they put the dolls in the tent, sitting together, a lamp was burning before them, and flowers were there; the women commenced singing and throwing rice, and I left them,

sadly thinking how many ways Satan has to keep the heathen from hearing the word of God.

FUTUNA.

(For the Children's Record.)

The name—*Futuna*—is new to many of the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD. It is an island of the New Hebrides, but our Church has no missionary there. Three years ago however, the Free Church of Scotland settled a medical missionary, Dr. Gunn.

One fact can be recorded of Futuna that cannot be said of any other part of the New Hebrides. Two missionarie's wives now sleep beneath its soil, one of whom was born in Nova Scotia. The other, Mrs. Charles Murray died on the 21st of March after two years labor in Ambrim. She came to Futuna whilst ill that she might be near the Doctor. Shortly before her death 200 natives came into her room but only one of them shed a tear. They are not a people easily moved. They are also strangers as to what the Bible teaches us about Heaven. When Mrs. Murray died they imagined that it would take her soul some time to reach the home above. Our Shorter Catechism and the Bible teaches that after death the soul immediately passes into glory. As yet only a few of the natives of this island know this precious truth. Then they are a very superstitious people. How do you think they account for a thunder storm. In this way. They think the sacred men make thunder by stirring a number of stones about in a canoe and the rattling thus made is caused by them to be heard in the sky. Even some of the natives who attend church believe this.

Long has the dark night reigned over Futuna. The children are ignorant. Many of them know nothing of the Saviour. Let it be your prayer that soon the dense darkness of heathenism may be driven out by the glorious light of the Gospel shining through their hearts and brightening their lives. You enjoy light, it is your duty to send it to others. D.

LOVE'S QUESTION.

A little girl often followed after her father when he came into the house, with this question: "Father, what can I do for you?" And never was she happier than when he gave her something to do for him. Once he said, perhaps tired with her asking, "Child, why do you ask that question so often?"

"O father," she answered, with two great tears swelling in her eyes, "because I can't help it!"

It was love that put the question; and her readiness to undertake whatever he set her about, was proof of the genuineness of that love; she wanted always to be *doing something* for father.

People are sometimes in doubt whether they love God or not. I will tell them how they can find out. Are you often asking your Heavenly Father the same question this little child was asking her earthly father? Is it one of your first thoughts, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And do you keep on asking because you cannot help it?

TRUSTING WILLIE.

Willie was a poor little boy who worked in a machine-shop. When he was fourteen years old he gave his heart to Christ, and felt as if he must work for him. So he left his trade and began to sell tracts and Bibles to people who did not have them or know of them. He felt that he himself was young and weak, but every day he prayed that Christ would lead him and tell him what was the best and wisest thing to do.

One morning he called at a farm-house and wanted to sell the man a Bible. The man refused to buy, and then Willie asked to leave one there.

"You can't leave one in my house; if you leave one at all, the barn's the only place that's fit for it," replied the man, expecting to drive Willie off by his wicked words.

"All right," said Willie cheerily; thankful to be allowed to leave it within the

reach of the household, for in some places they refused it outright and drove him away. "Our Savior once lay in a manger, and that will be a good place." So he carried it out to the barn, and with a prayer that it might be read, went on his way. The farmer, impressed by Willie's gentle and courageous words, wondered what the Bible had to say about Jesus in the manger, and finally went out and began to read it. That reading led to his conversion and his conversion led his family to seek and find Jesus. Was Willie wise or foolish to trust in Jesus? Could he have worked so wisely trusting in his own strength? No; it is Jesus who makes us wise and gentle and brave, who leads us always in the right way.

Little hearts, O Lord, may love thee,
Little minds may learn thy ways,
Little hands and feet may serve thee,
Little voices sing thy praise;
Growing wiser, stronger, happier,
Loving Jesus all their days.

Lathbury.

"DOES JESUS OFTEN COME HERE?"

A little five-year-old child of poverty, being shown over a home of great wealth, as she saw the rich carpets and sumptuous furnishings, looked up into the face of the mistress, and said, "I should think Jesus must come here very often, it is such a nice house and such a beautiful carpet. He comes to our house, and we don't have any carpet. I am sure He must come here very often; doesn't He?" Receiving no reply, she repeated the question, and the answer was, "I am afraid not." Soon the child went home, but her bit of a sermon remained; and that night the lady repeated it to her wealthy, worldly husband, telling him the touching incident, and it resulted in both husband and wife seeking Christ, and opening their hearts and homes to Him. It is the word spoken from the heart to Jesus, and followed by the Spirit, that does the work, whether the preacher be child or orator.

LETTER FROM MISS EVANS, A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

IN THE "MISSION DAYSRING."

My Dear Children :

I wonder how many of you know what it means to be without a home ; to really not know where you were to sleep the next night, or where you were to get your breakfast.

Let me tell you a true story about our little Ye Sheng, a Chinese boy, who lives way off here in China. But how did we happen to have him with us ? I will tell you.

One Sabiath morning, some two or three weeks ago, this little boy found his way to our court, was taken to a missionary, Mr. Sheffield, and, with the tears rolling down his face, told his story. It seems that his parents are not living, and his relatives did not want him with them, and sent him to learn a trade. After a time these people did not want him, and they gave him a bed-quilt to roll himself up in at night ; and, putting him on a passenger boat that was going up the river, they told him to try to find an uncle ; so they sent him off into the world.

The boat came to this city, Tuncho ; he was put off the boat, his bed taken away from him, and he himself turned into the street. He got acquainted with a bad boy, who persuaded him to pawn some of his clothes, and then, after he had helped Ye Sheng spend the money, he ran away. After this, the little fellow began to realize how badly off he was, and he did not know what to do. A shopkeeper let him sleep in his shop with the men one night, and then told him there were foreigners in the city who were kind to boys, and he had better find them. So he came to us, and he told his story in such a straightforward way, we believed him, and he was taken into the boarding-school.

That first Sunday night, my organ was moved out on the school veranda to sing with the boys, and how interested he was, taking in everything and watching everything so carefully ! It must have seemed strange to him to see such a company of

comfortably fed and clothed boys looking so happy and having such a good time. He soon found his place, and that the "good time" was for him also, for he proves to be a very nice, bright boy, quick to learn.

Everything about Jesus was new, and heard for the first time, but he loves to hear, and remembers so well, I think he is trying as far as he knows, to be a Christian. He prays and reads his Bible. I've not heard a bad or cross word from him since he came. It is wonderful, for street life in China is something fearful. His name, Ye Sheng, means that he has obtained his life again. Don't you think him rightly named, children ? for if he had not been taken in, he would either have died, or worse than that, become a bad boy, and have grown up to be a very bad man. Now we hope he will love Jesus, and grow to be a good man. If some of you will write to me, I may be able to tell you more about him.

Your friend,
J. G. EVANS.

PEACEFUL CHILDREN.

A while ago I spent a Sabbath at a friend's house where there was quite a family of children. What pleased me very much was that during all the time that I was there I did not hear any cross tones or any disputes between these brothers and sisters. They enjoyed each other's company, but there was not the suspicion of a quarrel. Perhaps you say there ought not to have been anything like disputing on Sunday anyway. That is true enough. The Sabbath ought to be a day of peace. But I judged from the manner of these children towards each other that they were never quarrelsome.

That is as it should be in families. There is no reason in the world why brothers and sisters should not live together in harmony and peace. But sometimes we do not find this to be the case. In some homes there seems to be nothing but contention from morning to night. There is perpetual quarrelling. John will not let Jane look

at his new geography, and so Jane tries to snatch the book. It is as likely as not that the book will be torn before they are through. That is no way for a brother and sister to act towards each other. By-and-by John wants some stitching done on the sails of a boat he is making. But he was disobliging about his geography, and so Jane retaliates by refusing to do anything to his old sails." Of course both are unhappy. Having our own way and being disobliging does not make us happy. Any boy or girl guilty of such conduct feels at heart the wrongfulness of it. When we know in our conscience that we are wrong we cannot be happy.

Now the way to correct this evil when it exists in any family is for each one to firmly resolve to do all that he can to keep the peace. It always takes two persons to quarrel. So, John, you can make up your mind that no matter how disobliging Jane may be inclined to be, you will not retaliate by being ugly in return. You may be sure that when she comes to think of it she will be uncomfortable over it, and she will be all the more uncomfortable if you are not cross and resentful because of her conduct.

In the same way, Jane, if John teases you—and you know that boys are, as you girls say, "horrid teasers"—the best way for you is not to mind it. You certainly ought not to get angry over it. Take the teasing good-naturedly. There is nothing that makes teasing fall so flat as to find that it don't tease. No boy will care to keep it up when he finds that you don't mind him. He will vote you "real jolly" and let you alone.

So you see, boys and girls, that you have this matter in your own hands. So far as each one of you is concerned yours may be a happy and harmonious family. You can be kind and loving towards the others, no matter how they may be towards you. If you are found to be thus kind it will help to make the others kind too. At any rate, you will be far more happy than if you yielded to the impulse to quarrel. Perhaps your example will work through the whole family, just as leaven works

through the dough when bread is being made. The experiment is worth trying.

And that you may not fail, you need the strength that God only can give. Ask him for that strength every day; yes, ask him for it whenever the temptation comes to be disobliging or quarrelsome or unloving.—*Child's Paper.*

"IT GOES ON THE SABBATH."

An active and earnest young minister in a village in the United States was told of a miller who had, with unusual profaneness, repelled every effort made to influence him on the subject of religion. Among other sinful practices, he usually kept his mill, the most striking object in the hamlet, going on the Sabbath. The minister determined to make an effort to convince him of the sinfulness of his practice. The next time he wanted flour, he went himself to order it.

"A fine mill, this," said the minister,— "one of the most complete I have ever seen."

"This was the truth; the miller had heard it a thousand times before, and never doubted the fact; still he was gratified by this new testimony, and his feelings were conciliated towards the minister.

"Unfortunately there is one defect in it," continued his customer; "and a very serious defect too."

"What is that?" carelessly inquired the miller.

"A defect likely to counterbalance all its advantages."

"Eh!" replied the miller. "What is it?"

"A defect which is likely to ruin the mill; and will, no doubt, one day destroy the owner."

"What is it?" exclaimed the miller impatiently. "Can't you say it out at once?"

"IT GOES ON THE SABBATH!" replied the minister, in a firm and solemn tone of admonition.

The man was convinced; and we trust these faithful words of the good minister were blessed to his conversion.

Friend, how do you spend your Sabbaths?

WHAT TO DO WITH IDOLS.

"Twas a little Hindu maiden,
With a dark and flashing eye,
Moved to throw away her idols
By an impulse from on high.
"Look! this wooden image, brother,
Never yet could see or hear!
How the foolish thing we've mended,
Strange such rubbish we should fear!"

BROTHER.

"We can no more fear an idol,
That is crumbling to decay,—
It shall perish! See, 'tis burning,—
Into smoke consumes away!"

SISTER.

"As for this great staring monster
Made of stone, with frightful face,
We will chisel off its features
And then roll it from its place,
Surely, if a god 'twill show it,—
Some way try itself to save;
If it is no god, then truly
We are fools for it to rave."

BROTHER.

"Only stone, it has no power, —
Can not move itself to save,
'Tis not fit for us to worship,
'Tis not fit for us to have."

SISTER.

"But, my brother, I am sinful,—
Bitterly with longing cry,
Who is there that can forgive me?
Is the living God on high?"

BROTHER.

"Yes, my sister, Christ forgiveth,—
Dwells in heavenly mansions fair,
Once came down to die and save us
From our sins, and lead us there."

SISTER.

"Good news! good news! little brother,
He forgives! He is the Lord;
You have heard this from the teachers
Who know all about His Word."

BROTHER.

"Yes, they tell me He's our Savior,
He can save us from our sin,
We have only just to trust Him
And He'll lead his fold within."

He will shelter, He will save us,
To Him always we can pray,
For He is a King forever
And He'll guide us every day."

SISTER (joyfully clapping her hands.)

"I am happy! I will serve Him!
Now my heart is full of rest,—
Since I know that He forgives me,
Loving, faithful Jesus blest!"

Sel.

THE MAGIC OF SILENCE.

You have often heard "It takes two to make a quarrel." Do you believe it? I'll tell how one of my little friends managed. Dolly never came to see Marjorie without a quarrel. Marjorie tried to speak gently, but no matter how hard she tried, Dolly finally made her so angry that she would soon speak sharp words too.

"O, what shall I do?" cried poor little Marjorie.

"Suppose you try this plan," said her mamma. "The next time Dolly comes in seat yourself in front of the fire and take the tongs in your hand. Whenever a sharp word comes from Dolly gently snap the tongs without speaking a word."

Soon afterward in marched Dolly to see her little friend.

It was not a quarter of an hour before Dolly's temper was ruffled and her voice was raised, and as usual, she began to find fault and scold. Marjorie flew to the hearth and seized the tongs, snapping them gently.

More angry words from Dolly.

Snap went the tongs.

More still. Snap!

"Why don't you speak?" screamed Dolly, in a fury.

Snap went the tongs.

As snap was the only answer Dolly cried out, "I'll never, never come again; never!"

Away she went. Did she keep her promise? No, indeed! She came the next day, but seeing Marjorie run for the tongs, she solemnly said if she would only let them alone they would quarrel no more for ever and ever.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

PETCHABURI, SIAM.

The following extracts are taken from a late letter written by Mrs. McLaron, Siam, to her young friends in Gay's River, Nova Scotia :

Since I last wrote we have had quite a reinforcement to our mission—Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, also two single ladies, Misses Cort and Small. We have not seen much, however, of the Coopers, for they have been sick most of the time since coming here and they have been obliged to go to Bangkok in order to be with a physician.

We have had some wonderful experiences here within the last two or three weeks. Two babies born—one of them buried; one murder, another man (our coolie) went crazy, besides sickness, kidnapping, etc.

In the month of August the poor man that was murdered was brought to us almost dead. He was the brother of one of our minister's wives. But he was not a Christian, and never would listen to our teachings. He went on in his evil way until it ended in this horrible death. A feeling of jealousy had arisen between him and another young man and at length ended in a quarrel that cost the poor fellow his life. He had a great many cuts on his head, and his body was covered with bruises where he had been kicked and beaten. Is not his sad death a warning to others to turn from their wicked ways. Had he been a good man this would not have occurred. When he was brought to us he was so near gone that teaching would have been of no avail so he died as he lived, I have been thinking and dreaming a great deal about him since his death. The very night this poor wretch was buried our coolie went crazy, so that I was up nearly all night trying to comfort and quiet his poor wife and sister. But my own nerves were all unstrung from the shock of the murder. The thought of having a crazy man in the compound did not help quiet them any. So I was quite nervous and frightened all night, and have scarcely got over it yet but start up in the night at every sound.

Were it not that I know there is an all seeing eye watching over me and a Heavenly Father's care to protect us from all evil, I would want to fly from this place.

Our work goes on about as usual. My home school has between 40 and 50 pupils every day.

I wonder what you are all doing now. This is August, your haying time. Would'n't I love to spend a few hours with you amongst the sweet mown hay. I imagine I could enjoy it immensely. It would take me back to the time when I was young and used to rake hay, and help in the harvest field. But I am content and happy here, and if God will only make me instrumental in gathering in the grain of this vast harvest field of His I will not ask more. But how much there is to be done, and it will take years instead of days to gather in or even to sow the seed in every corner of Siam.

Remember me daily in your prayers.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION STAYED.

The following is from the pen of a gentleman who has spent ten years in the Sandwich Islands :

On Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, are the twin peaks, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, which are nearly 14,000 feet high. At the summit of Mauna Loa is the volcano of Mo Rua weoweo, and on its side, 4,000 feet above tide water, the still larger crater of Kilauea, said to be the largest active volcano in the world. This huge pit is nine miles in circumference. Recent report, however, informs us that this volcano has now become extinct.

In 1880 a column of lava was projected from the summit of the crater to a height of 500 feet, illuminating the whole group of islands at night, and the sea for miles around.

In connection with this eruption a river of lava, a mile wide, rolled down the mountain-side and across the adjoining plain a distance of thirty miles, consuming everything in its way. Directly in the line of its advance lay the little white vil-

lage of Hilo, and the greatest anxiety and fear prevailed lest this beautiful village should be destroyed. All efforts to turn the course of the stream were unavailing. Onward it came in a straight course toward the apparently doomed town. It was resolved to observe a day of fasting and prayer. Earnest cries went up to God for deliverance. The prayer was heard. *The fiery flood rolled on till within half a mile of the nearest dwelling, when the flood ceased. Does this remind you of any other calamity that was averted through fasting and humiliation? Read the third chapter of Jonah. For. Miss.*

IALOGUE ON THE CHILDREN OF INDIA.

AMY—I must find out all I can about Hindu children for our Mission Band this week. I have written down all I know, and it seems very little.

MAMMA—Will you read to me what you have?

AMY—I saw the picture of a Hindu baby lying on its cradle, and I have told about that to begin. The cradle is made of a square frame with a piece of cloth stretched over it, and fastened to the ceiling by cords. Here the baby will lie all day and swing, never crying, though it may be hungry and sleepy.

MAMMA—They must have unusually good and patient babies in India. Our babies would cry loud enough under such circumstances.

AMY—They are very good indeed. Even the poor baby who has no cradle to swing in, but is carried in a basket on its mother's back, will lie quietly on the ground when she is at work and never cry.

MAMMA—Do the Hindu babies make good boys?

AMY—They grow up to be very good natured and patient. They seldom quarrel or fight, and yet they are not exactly what we would call good boys, because they will tell lies and cheat. They do not think it is wrong.

MAMMA—What a pity that children with such good traits should have some bad ones. But is that all you know about them?

AMY—Yes, that is all I have been able to find out so far. Will you please tell me something more?

MAMMA—Well, there is giving the baby a name, which is a very solemn and important affair. The priest looks into his books to see if the planets are favorable for the ceremony; if not, he offers prayers and sacrifices to drive away the bad spirit. *When the day is fixed, the friends and relatives come in, and the baby receives his name.*

AMY—Are the Hindus not very superstitious?

MAMMA—Yes; they hang shells and coins on the baby to keep away the "evil eye." They are very careful to never speak the baby's name at night, lest an owl hear the name, repeat it, and the child die. No one must ever pull its nose, for that would make it ill.

AMY—What a strange idea! Suppose some one should happen to pull its nose, what would they do?

MAMMA—The mother would fill a dish with rice and put it in the street before her house. The first person who should touch the dish, even accidentally, would carry off the disease, and the baby would get well.

AMY—What a fortunate thing for the baby that they have some way to protect it. What do they do next?

MAMMA—When he is six months old he receives his first dish of rice. Friends are invited to witness the ceremony and have a great feast. When he is three years old, his head is shaved, he puts on a muslin cap and coat and begins school. Up to this time he wears no clothes, but is covered with jewelry.

AMY—It seems very early for them to begin school. They can't be much more than babies.

MAMMA—The Hindus do not think it wise to let their children play much; they believe it makes them lazy; so they go to school when very young, where they sit cross-legged, nearly all day, shouting their lessons in a loud voice. When the Hindu boy is eight years old he is made a Brahman. The sacred thread is put around his body and over his shoulder, and he is con-

sidered fit to engage in all religious duties.

AMY--Dear me! what important creatures their boys are. What becomes of the girls?

MAMMA--The girls are regarded as an expense, and not being so useful as boys, they are not welcome. When the parents do not wish to raise the girl baby, it is allowed to sleep itself to death with opium in its mouth, or it is put in a basket, and set afloat on the river Ganges.

AMY--What cruel people they must be.

MAMMA--They do not mean to be cruel. A woman's life in India is a very wretched one at best, and this is often the easiest way, they think, of sparing her future suffering. However, they do not put their girls to death now so often as they used to do.

AMY--Why do they not?

MAMMA--The country is now ruled by the English. It is a crime to put girls to death, and punished by law, when the guilty parties are found. Christianity has also shown many of these people the sinfulness of such practices, and led them to live better lives.

AMY--If the girl lives what does she do?

MAMMA--She plays with her doll, goes to school, is richly dressed and loaded down with jewelry. Indeed, she has a pretty good time until she gets married.

AMY--How old is she when she marries?

MAMMA--Between eight and eleven. She is sometimes betrothed several years earlier. As soon as her father selects a husband for her, she puts on a veil, has the ends of her fingers dyed pink, and retires to the *zenana* or place where the women live. Here she is educated for married life.

AMY--What does she learn?

MAMMA--Cooking and religion. The Hindu is very particular about his food, and no one, however rich he may be, must prepare it and serve him but his wife. His religion has much to do with this. After she learns how to cook and serve food properly, she learns many verses from their sacred book, the histories of various Hindu gods, dialogues and stories.

AMY--Must she learn all this whether

she wants to or not?

MAMMA--Yes; she is not considered ready to be married until she knows these things well. She has no voice in the matter, but must marry whenever and whomsoever her parents direct. If the man dies, before or after marriage, she is a widow, and though she may still be a little girl, she dare not marry again. Her fine clothes and jewels are taken away, she is abused and neglected, and must spend the rest of her life in hard work and sorrow.

AMY--What a dreadful time she must have. Is there no escape for her?

MAMMA--None, until the Gospel teaches them better, and so brightens and blesses their lives. Some have been helped through its influence; let us pray that many more may feel its power and be led in the true way.--*Sophie S. Smith in the Missionary World*.

HOW TO BECOME HAPPY.

Many young persons are ever thinking over some new ways of adding to their pleasures. They always look for chances for more "fun," more joy.

Once there was a wealthy and powerful king, full of care and very unhappy. He heard of a man famed for his wisdom and piety, and found him in a cave on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

Without making a reply, the wise man led the king over a rough path till he brought him in front of a high rock, on the top of which an eagle had built her nest.

"Doubtless," answered the king, "that it may be out of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the wise man; "build thy home in heaven, by trusting in Jesus, and thou shalt have peace and happiness."

"Mother," said a dear little child one cold night, waking up as her mother went through the chamber, "I asked God to take care of some poor child to-night, and I told Him to-morrow I would try and hunt her up and help her, too."

WELCOME TO THE CHRIST-CHILD.

If every little child could see
 Our Saviour's shining face,
 I think that each one eagerly
 Would run to His embrace.

Though black the hand, red, brown
 or white,
 All hearts are just the same ;
 Each one is precious in His sight,
 Each one He calls by name.

And those who hear, in every land,
 With loyal hearts and true,
 Will grasp some little brother's hand,
 And lead him onward too.

THE THREE HALF-PENCE.

A TRUE STORY.

It was an evening missionary meeting in the great city of London. A minister was telling missionary stories, as he used to do once in every month. As he was speaking, he saw a poor man, black with his work in the iron foundry near by, come in and stand with his back to the wall, near the door. He held in his arms a very little girl, pale and thin, with large bright eyes. She looked earnestly at the minister, and listened to his words with deep attention.

At the close of his speech, he said :

"These poor heathen cannot hear of God without a preacher. No preacher can go to them unless he is sent. To send him costs a good deal of money. No one should hear what you have been hearing without doing something to help pay for the expense of missions. A penny saved from self may be a penny given to God." Then he showed them some pretty little boxes, and said he would give one to anybody who would try to save, be it ever so little, and drop it into the box to help the heathen.

As he stopped speaking, he saw that little girl pointing to a box, and coaxing her father with eager whispers to go up and take one for her. The poor man was ashamed to come quite up, but he moved forward, and the kind minister met him and held out the box. The child smiled,

and a flush of joy passed over her pale face. Her father said, "I don't know if the lass' will be able to gather much for you." "Let her try," said the minister. "Where there's a will, there's a way. If she saves or earns one penny for God's work, it will do herself good." Soon after this the poor man's wife died, and the child was left to his sole care.

A year went by. There was another missionary meeting, and the boxes that had been given out were to be sent in and opened. Again that poor man stood leaning against the wall, but the little girl who had nestled in his arms was not there now. She had just died also. His hand held her box, and tears were in his eyes.

When the meeting was over, and every one else had gone, he moved up to the minister, and held out the box. "That was hers, sir," he said, and the tears rolled down his face. "She made me give her a half-penny every Saturday night out of my week's wages, when she had been good and pleased me. She never lost her half-penny, sir. Count it ; there were fifty-two weeks, fifty-two half-pence. You will find it all right."

But when the money was counted there were three half-pence too many, and one large penny piece was among them. The father looked distressed. His child never had any money but what he gave her. How could she have obtained it? Could she have kept it back from the money due at the shop, when she had been sent on errands? He could not believe that his dear little Elly could think she was doing God service by a dishonest thing. Still, he went away troubled.

One morning, as he sat thinking this over at his lonely breakfast, a lady came to the door with some message. She spoke kindly of his child, whose gentle patience and goodness she had seen in her sickness. Then the father told her of his anxiety about the three half-pence. The lady thought a minute, and said joyfully :

"I can tell you about them." The day before Elly's death she had called to see her. The child's mouth looked hot and dry, and she had asked her if she would

not like an orange. "Very much," was the reply. She took out her purse, but, as she had just been stopping, she found there were only three half-pence left. She gave them to the dying child, and asked her to send the old neighbor who nursed her for an orange.

"I remember it," said the lady, "because I was so sorry that I had no more to give. There was a penny piece and a half-penny. I was sending some nice things to the child the next morning, when the old woman came to say she was dead. I asked her if she got the orange, and she said the child never spoke of it. I reproached myself, for I thought it was weakness that kept her from asking for it. I thought I ought to have gone for it myself."

"God be praised, and may he forgive me!" said the poor father, "The child denied her dying lips the orange, and put the three half-pence into the missionary box."—*Mission Dayspring.*

A BOHEMIAN GIRL.

The story is told by Mrs. Mary C. Dodd, a missionary in Turkey, who, on her way to Cesarea, stopped at Prague, and while there wrote the following account of Maria Adlof's kreutzers. The letter was first printed in the New York *Evangelist*:

"There is one story about a dear little Bohemian girl that I want you to hear. Her mother died when she was young, and her father refusing to support her, she was taken care of by a poor Christian woman. She used to go to a good many of the church meetings with her friend, and she became very much interested in hearing about the ignorant colored children of America. So, young as she was, only four or five years old, she began to collect kreutzers (half a cent) to send to them. When she had twenty of these ten-kreutzer bits, a little less than a dollar, she brought them to Mr. Clark, and asked him to send them to the colored boys and girls in America.

While he was waiting for some one to come to Prague who could take them, a godly Christian gentleman from the United States called upon him. When he heard

of Maria Adlof and her kreutzers, he said he would be very glad to take charge of the Austrian coins, but he must first see the little girl herself. So he climbed the two flights of rickety stairs to her room, and sitting down beside Maria, with Mr. Clark as interpreter, had a little talk with her.

He took the money to America, and at a meeting of the American Missionary Association, told the story. When he had finished, he laid down one hundred dollars as his price for one of these silver pieces. The action as well as the speech, had such an effect, that in a few minutes eight hundred dollars were collected for the remainder. The little girl meanwhile went on hoarding up her savings until she had collected another twenty of these coins. This time they were sent through the mail. When they were received in America, an article was published promising one of them to any school which would raise money for a scholarship for a colored child. These were called Maria Adlof Scholarships. About twelve hundred dollars more were given.

"Not long after, little Maria became very sick. A little while before she died, she sent for Mr. Clark, and told him that she had saved another twenty. She asked him if he would send them where the others had gone, and the bank which held them she wanted to be given to his baby daughter. It was done as she wished. Mr. Clark says that some day the world will hear again of Maria Adlof's bank."—*Set.*

A dear little girl, just recovering from a long and severe illness, was for a few moments left alone in the room. Auntie (coming in): "Why, Edie, were you left all alone?" She responded quickly "O no, auntie! God is with me."

"Joseph," said a merchant to his clerk, "your character and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it, it is a young man's evenings that tell upon his life.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Jan. 2.—Gen. 1:26-31; 2:1-3. Memory vs. 1-3.

The Beginning.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GEN. 1:1.

The Crowning Work, Man's Creation, 26-31.

- How did God create man?
- Could man have been made after any higher pattern?
- Does man now bear that likeness?
- Will man ever be restored to it?
- Through what means is he restored?
- What place did God give man among the creatures He had made?
- Does man yet occupy that place?
- What did God provide for man's support?
- What was the state of the world as it came from God's hand?
- Has it continued in that state?
- What spoiled the world?
- What did sin do to the world?
- What will sin do to you?
- Who can deliver you from sin?
- Are you seeking to get rid of sin?

The Sabbath Rest, 2:1-3.

- What did God do when Creation was done?
- In how many periods of time did God create all things?
- What name is given to these periods?
- What did He do in the seventh period?
- What did He do to the seventh period?
- Why did He thus bless it?
- Are we to follow His example of resting?
- Where does He command it?
- What is the fourth commandment?
- What are the reasons annexed to it?

Jan. 9.—Gen. 3: 1-6; 17-19. Memory vs. 17-19.

Sin and Death.

GOLDEN TEXT.—ROM. 5: 12.

Sin Enters, 1-6.

- In what state was man when created?
- Had God then finished His work?
- Did He bring anything more into the world?
- Did anything come into the world after God had finished His work?
- What effect had it upon God's work?

- What agent did Satan employ?
- Who did that agent tempt?
- How did he tempt her?
- Did he speak truth or falsehood?
- How does Satan tempt now?
- Does he speak truth or falsehood?

The Consequence of Sin, 17-19.

- What followed obeying Satan?
- What did God say to Adam?
- Was the sin in eating the fruit or in the disobedience?
- What follows if we obey God?
- What follows if we obey Satan?
- Are you obeying God or Satan?

Jan. 16.—Gen. 4: 3-16. Memory vs. 9-12.

Cain and Abel.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GEN. 4: 9.

Cain's Sin.

- Who were the two first brothers?
- What was Cain's work? What Abel's?
- What was Cain's offering? What Abel's?
- With which was God pleased? Why?
- What was the effect upon Cain?
- What effect should it have upon us when we sin?
- How might Cain be accepted?
- What did Cain's anger lead to?
- What was the first death among men?
- What kind of a death was the first one?
- What does anger often lead to?
- What is "he that hateth his brother"?

Cain's Punishment.

- Was Cain's sin hidden from God?
- Can any sin be hidden from Him?
- What did he say to Cain?
- What excuse did Cain make?
- Was God satisfied with the excuse?
- Will he ever take an excuse for sin?
- What must we do with our sin?
- What doom did God pronounce upon him?
- What did Cain say about his punishment?
- Of what was Cain afraid?
- What did God do to prevent it?
- From whence did Cain go out?
- To whom will Christ say "Depart"?
- What does He now say to you?
- Are you obeying Him?

Jan. 23.—Gen. 6:9-22. Memory vs. 17, 18.

Noah and the Ark.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GEN. 7:5.

- What kind of a man was Noah?
 With whom did he walk?
 How are men known by their company?
 What is the result of keeping good company?
 Of keeping bad company?
 What kind of company do you keep?
 Were all others like Noah and his family?
 What is said of all other men?
 How long was this after Cain and Abel?
 What did God say He would do to men?
 Were all to be destroyed?
 Who were to be saved? Why?
 How was this like Sodom's doom?
 How was Noah's family to be saved?
 Tell all you know about the ark.
 What was saved besides Noah's family?
 How were they saved?
 What doom must come upon sin now?
 Are there any who shall escape?
 How may they escape?
 What Ark of safety is now promised?
 Who may enter it?
 Have you entered it?

Jan. 30.—Gen. 12:1-9. Memory vs. 1-3.

The Call of Abram.

GOLDEN TEXT.—GEN. 12:2.

- How long was this after the flood?
 Whom did the Lord call?
 Whence did He call Him?
 What did He promise Him?
 Did Abram obey? How old was he?
 What place did he leave?
 Whom and what did he take with him?
 Where did they go?
 Who was living in the land?
 What promise did God then make?
 What did Abram do?
 Between what places was his tent?
 What did he build by his tent?
 What should every home have in it?
 Is there a family altar in your home?
 If not, will you ask your parents to have one?

LOST TREASURES.

"Come, Mamie darling," said Mrs. Peterson; "before you go into the land of dreams, you will kneel here at my knee and thank your heavenly Father for what He has given you to-day."

Mamie came slowly towards her mother and said "I've been naughty and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you've been naughty, dear, that is the more reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to Him when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, my dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then come at once."

"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell God how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are sorry, and when He has forgiven us, then we are as happy as if we had not done wrong, but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can Never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day."

"Never, my dear; but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in future, and we will ask God to keep you from sinning against Him again."—*The Myrtle*.

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAY.

The red rose says, "Be sweet,"

And the lily bids, "Be pure,"

The hardy, brave chrysanthemum,

"Be patient and endure."

The violet whispers, "Give,

Nor grudge nor count the cost,"

The woodbine, "Keep on blossoming

In spite of chill and frost."

And so each gracious flower

Has each a several word,

Which, read together, maketh up

The message of the Lord.

Susan Coolridge.

THE BEES.

Watch the bees, my children all,
 Busy artisans so small,
 With what ceaseless labor they
 Seek for honey day by day.
 They their life's work ne'er abate,
 Busy, happy, early, late.
 Should I idly live? Oh, nay!
 But more busily than they
 Since my God has given me
 Understanding. Henceforth be
 Happiest hours of my life
 Those with useful actions rife.
 Not for selfish ease was given
 Precious time by God in heaven.
 From His hand on me doth fall
 Life and skill and knowledge. All
 Must be wisely used. At last
 Comes reward when life is past.—*Sel.*

LITTLE WIDOWS.

Two little girls in India attended a school taught by English ladies. The school was supported by the children of a Sunday-school in Cambridge, England. One of these little girls was eleven and the other was five years old. But, will you believe it? they were both *married*. They lived at home, each with her parents, and knew nothing about the husbands they were expected to go to some future day. Both these husbands died the same year. The girls were taken away from school, and their lives became perfect blanks. Their people think that they are so very wicked that the gods took away their husbands to punish them. As soon as they are sixteen, they will have to fast every eleven days, as all widows in India do. On a fast day they can have no food and no water. If a widow were dying on a fast day, no one would give her water if she begged for it ever so hard. These poor little widows are cruelly treated. They have but one meal a day, have to wear plain clothes, put away their jewels, and eat the poorest food. Are we as glad and grateful as we ought to be that our own dear little girls were born in Bible lands, where everybody knows better than to treat them so?—*Sel.*

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

What do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they to be pitied and not blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to be one of them? No! of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it is worth knowing,

NEVER TOUCH LIQUOR IN ANY FORM.

That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but is worth putting in practice. I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and probably will come in this way: You will find yourself sometime with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? eh, what will you do? Will you say, "No no! none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!" or will you take the glass with your own common sense protesting, and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all this life? Boys, do not become drunkards.—*J. G. Holland.*

A LITTLE WORKER.

I'm not very big, and I'm not very wise, and I'm not very rich. But I can grow, and I can learn, and I can work. I can pray too. Teacher says that is better than all the rest.