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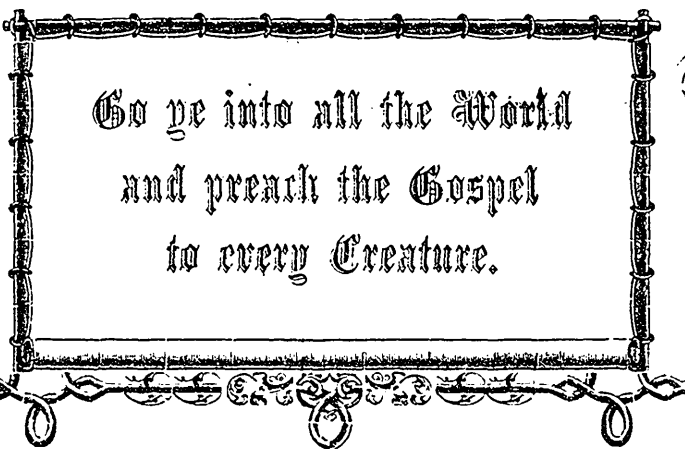
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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

VOL. 1. MARCH, 1886. No. 3.

## 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.

### ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

We have found there's *room for children*,

We have found there's *work to do*;

All our hearts and hands enlisting,

May we to that work be true.

In the great and glorious army,

Battling with the hosts of sin,

We can march with banners flying,

We can help the victory win.

For a cry of deepest sorrow

Comes across the waters blue,

Ye who know salvation's story

Haste to help and save us too!

Shed, oh! shed the gospel glory

O'er the darkness of our night,

Till the gloomy shadows vanish

In its full and blessed light."

For these poor benighted millions

We can give, and work, and pray;

And our gifts and prayers united,

Sure will speed that happy day—

When, no more to idol bowing,

*Jesus only* shall be King,

And ten thousand voices ringing

Shall his praise victorious sing!

Oh! 'tis sweet to work for Jesus

As our youthful days go by;

Sweet to send the cheering message

Of the home beyond the sky.

And when earthly days are over

On its glory-lighted shore,

May we join with them in singing

Of his love forevermore.

--*The Little Missionary.*

### "WHAT THE PENNIES DO."

Children, did you ever see a house moved? What makes it go? Some of you say, horses, the rope, the men. Yes; all these are needed; but a horse has'n't feet or wheels, and if you fastened a horse with a rope to a house without wheels, do you think it would stir? Ah! it is rollers that are wanted, is it? And have you noticed how often these rollers need changing? They roll round and round and round till they roll out behind, and the men have to keep putting fresh ones under in front.

That is just like the missionary society: prayer, God's Spirit, missionaries, secretaries, and a treasurer, are all necessary, but the great society rolls on pennies. You children drop them into the box, and the officers of the missionary society get hold of them, and they put them under the society's work; then there is a mighty pull, and the work rolls along. And the pennies roll round and round till they roll out again, and into somebody's pocket. So unless you keep putting pennies under in front, down comes the house, and it will not stir at all.

Be sure you send your pennies to be wheels under the great mission cause, with a prayer that they roll into the right place and help move the cause along right grandly.—*Rev. C. T. Collins.*

### BE SINCERE.

I often say my prayers;

But do I ever pray?

And do the wishes of my heart

Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down

And worship gods of stone,

As offer to the living God

A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart

The Lord will never hear;

Nor will he to those lips attend

Whose prayers are not sincere.

LETTER FROM REV. JOSEPH  
ANNAND.

(For the Children's Record.)

*My Dear Young Friends :*

I have just said to Mr. Scott that I would rather play with you for half an hour than write you a letter. What do you think of that, a missionary wanting to play with you children! Why he must be crazy, surely! No, no! I don't think that he is! None of you like glum, surly, people, do you? Well, I do not like them any way. A gloomy, cross Christian, who has no play in his heart, is not the kind of person that I wish to meet. I am quite sure that surly, sulky, snarly boys and girls would never make good missionaries. The heathen children would all run away from them, for even the savages do not like cross people any more than you do.

But do heathen boys and girls play and love fun? Oh, yes! they have their fun and sport as well as you, but not as much of it. They have to hunt for their food and cook it so that they get tired, and often do not feel like playing. But you come out of school or from your other light work needing exercise, so you love sport. They have no school, no lessons to learn, no comfortable home in which to stay, hence they do not enjoy life as you do.

Then their parents are not kind and good to them as yours are to you. No, they are more like young animals, for they run about nearly naked. Their games are not nice like yours, but rude and rough. They run, jump, climb trees, roll, splash and swim about in the water, throw spears, and shoot with their bows and arrows. Sometimes we see them sliding down banks on cocoanut leaves.

To gather their food, cook and eat it, and then play is the whole work of their lives. How different with you. Making ready for the duties of life and then play for recreation is your work. You must play if you wish to be strong and healthy. Pray well, play well, and work well, is a good motto for you. I think that Jesus

used to play about the hills of Nazareth, but he never disobeyed his parents nor ran away to play when he had work to do. You are to be like Jesus, happy and good. Yes good! for one bad boy spoils the game! One bad girl makes the others unhappy. To truly enjoy life in play or work we must be good. "My son give me thine heart," says the Lord. What do you reply to Him?

Yours faithfully,

J. ANNAND.

LITTLE HELPERS.

Little Helpers! what a title!

How it strengthens, how it cheers  
Many an older worker, weary,  
Full of cares and full of fears.

Long they've labored, till the shadows  
Gather round their lengthened day:  
Still they linger, hoping, looking,  
For some help along the way.

Lo! 'tis coming, sound the signal,  
Little Helpers, o'er the land,  
Till all pealing notes are stealing  
From each little mission band.

"We are coming, firm and steady,  
Though our hands be weak and small;  
We are coming, all are ready  
For the Master's urgent call.

"For, when here on earth He blessed us,  
Bid us come to Him in love:  
So we'd early learn to serve Him,  
And we'd reign with Him above."

A little child, who had just lost her mother, was once asked by a friend, "What do you do without a mother to tell your troubles to?"

She sweetly said, "I go to the Lord Jesus. He was my mother's friend, and He's mine."

When she was asked if she thought Jesus Christ would attend to her, she replied: "All I knew is, *He says He will; and that's enough for me.*"

## THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. A. B. MACKAY, MONTREAL.

In **GENESIS**, we find the roots  
Of all God's words and ways,  
In **EXODUS**, Redemption's price  
And wondrous power, we praise.

**LEVITICUS** can teach us, how  
To worship day by day ;  
And **NUMBERS**, how to walk and fight,  
Through all life's weary way ;  
While **DEUTERONOMY** reveals,  
Our need to watch and pray.

In **JOSHUA**, we see the work  
God sets His folk to do ;  
In **JUDGES**, how His righteous strokes  
A faithless race pursue ;  
But **RUTH** reveals some chosen hearts,  
Believing, pure and true.

In **SAMUEL'S BOOKS**, a king is given,  
In Priests' and Prophets' place ;  
In **KINGS**, his glory fades away,  
In long and dark disgrace :  
Yet **CHRONICLES** unfold the ways,  
Of God's unchanging grace.

With **EZRA**, came a remnant small,  
God's ruined House to raise ;  
And **NEHEMIAH** built the wall,  
In dark and evil days ;  
**ESTHER**, for Jacob's scattered seed,  
God's sleepless care displays.

**JOE** shows how God can search the soul,  
For high and loving ends.  
In **PSALMS**, heart-music, grand and  
sweet,  
In varied notes ascends.

In **PROVERBS**, for the maze of Life,  
God gives a perfect clue ;  
**ECCLESIASTES** shows that man,  
Mere worldly aims must rue :  
The **SONG OF SONGS** reveals the Bride,  
All rapture through and through.

In glory of Messiah's days,  
**ISAIAH**, singing, soars,

And **JEREMIAH**, Israel's sin  
And God's dread wrath deplores ;  
Whilst in a flood of loving tears,  
His **LAMENTATION** pours.

**EZEKIEL'S** mystic vision  
Pictures ruin all restored ;  
And **DANIEL** tells of Gentile power  
Whilst wrath's on Israel poured.

**HOSEA** speaks of Israel's fall  
And Judah's destiny ;  
And **JOEL**, of the judgments just  
On man's perversity.

**AMOS** reveals the sins, that cause  
God's grievous strokes to fall ;  
And **OBADIAH** tells the hate  
That fills proud aliens all.

**JONAH** unfolds God's patience, with  
A world of sinners vile ;  
**MICAH**, those promises that change  
God's judgments to a smile ;  
**NAHUM**, the certainty of wrath  
On all whom sins beguile

**HABAKUK** shows the chastisement  
Of God's upraised rod ;  
And **ZEPHANIAH** speaks of shame,  
Yet praise and fame from God.

While **HAGGAI** urges all to build,  
And wait Messiah's day,  
And **ZECHARIAH** tells the tale  
Of His all-conquering sway ;  
From **MALACHI** we hear the cry  
To watch the Morning Ray.

**ST. MATTHEW** tells the wondrous tale:  
Of God's rejected KING.

**ST. MARK** the perfect SERVANT shows  
Whose works salvation bring.

**ST. LUKE** the SON OF MAN reveals  
With more than brother's love,  
**ST. JOHN**, the SON OF GOD Most High  
Who came from Heaven above ;  
While **ACTS** reveals the present power  
Of God' own Holy Dove.

**ROMANS** reveals how a faithful man

By faith is just with God,  
CORINTHIANS warn 'gainst pride and  
    lust  
    Which wake the chastening rod.

GALATIANS wages holy war,  
    To keep the Gospel pure.  
EPHESIANS tells of Heavenly gifts  
    That evermore endure.

PHILIPPIANS strikes the noblest string  
    In all the Christian chord.  
COLOSSIANS tells how Christians stand,  
    In Christ their risen Lord.

In THESSALONIANS, we are taught  
    The coming of the King,  
In TIMOTHY and TITUS, how  
    To serve, with hearts that sing.

PHILEMON shows the Church of Christ,  
    One blessed brotherhood.  
In HEBREWS, for the shadows lost,  
    We gain the substance good.

In JAMES, the fruits of saving faith  
    Are set before our eyes.  
In PETER, scattered strangers look  
    For comfort in the skies ;  
They grow in knowledge of the Lord,  
    And teachers false despise.

In JOHN, we learn our Fellowship  
    With FATHER and with SON !  
    Our Faithfulness and Helpfulness  
    To Truth, till life is done.

JUDE warns us to maintain the faith  
    Though it be mocked by some.  
From REVELATION rings the cry—  
    “LORD JESUS, QUICKLY COME!”

Mary and Willie, aged respectively six  
and four years, were sitting together in  
one large rocking chair, near a window,  
during a heavy thunder-storm.

As the lightning grew more vivid and  
the thunder more terrific, Mary, who sat  
nearest the open window, began to be  
greatly frightened, but her little brother  
very promptly said: “Let me sit on the  
thunder side, sister.”

## A LESSON FROM THE ESQUIMAUX.

(For the Children's Record.)

On Sabbath morning, the 18th October  
last, the steamer *Alert*, of the Hudson  
Bay expedition, reached Halifax harbor.  
She had been several months absent visit-  
ing the observing stations placed on islands  
in Hudson Bay. Several of the men at  
these stations were from Nova Scotia, and  
whilst separated from friends passed  
through trials. Some of them did not see  
a white man all the time they were away  
and were over fifteen months in exile.

They were living chiefly among a people  
called Esquimaux, and they tell many  
strange things of them. They are very  
ignorant and have but few advantages and  
yet they are very honest. They would  
not touch even a match on the table with-  
out first asking leave.

Children, what a lesson these poor  
heathen people away up in the arctic  
regions teach us. Are there not some in  
these provinces where the Gospel has been  
preached so many years could not be  
trusted in this way.

Let us learn from those who, though  
they have less light, set us a noble ex-  
ample.—*Pastor.*

## A SABBATH MORNING PRAYER.

This is the day when Christ arose  
    So early from the dead;  
Why should I still my eyelids close  
    And waste my hours in bed.

This is the day when Jesus broke  
    The powers of death and hell;  
Aud shall I still wear Satan's yoke  
    And love my sins so well.

To-day with pleasure Christians meet  
    To pray and hear Thy word,  
And I would go with cheerful feet  
    To learn Thy will, O Lord.

Incline me now to read and pray,  
    And so prepare for Heaven;  
O, may I love this blessed day  
    The best of all the seven.

—*Old Hymn.*

## A LITTLE AFRICAN BOY.

Shall I tell you about a little African boy named Dazee? His father went out hunting one day and never came back again. His little sister died, and he was all his mother had to comfort her. One morning Dazee took his pail and went down to the river to get some water for his mother. While he was there, some white men came in a boat and stole him away. He cried and struggled and begged to go back and bid his mother good-bye; but the cruel men did not mind him. They rowed away as fast as they could, and came to a great pen full of black people. This was a slave pen. Then Dazee knew he was stolen away to be sold for a slave, and it almost broke his heart. The poor negroes were all hand-cuffed and carried to a ship out at sea. There they were stowed away between decks like so many barrels, with scarcely room enough to move hand or foot, or air enough to breathe, or food enough to keep them alive, and Dazee fell sick.

One day, the negroes heard a great running and cursing and swearing on ship-board—then a terrible scuffle on deck as if a fight were going on. What was the matter?

Of course, they could not think! until after a while, the hatches were open and a voice spoke to them. The words they could not understand; but the kind tones they could not mistake; even a brute understands that. Then, somebody came down and knocked off their chains, and they were allowed to come on deck, where they saw a friendly ship alongside, and could sniff the fresh air. How good it felt.

A missionary on board saw little Dazee, and took the poor black boy under his charge. He washed him, laid him in his own clean bunk, and nursed him till he got well. The Christian ship landed the negroes at a Christian town on the coast of Africa, and the kind missionary took Dazee into his own family. He put a nice clean jacket and trousers on him, and sent him to the mission school, where he learned to read and write. Indeed, Dazee learned

very fast. He was so glad to learn about Jesus!

"He my Savionr," said Dazee. The Holy Spirit showed him his sins, and helped him to seek forgiveness through Jesus Christ. "Me heart be happy much," said the little black boy.

But he thought of his poor mother. "O massa! massa!" he said, crying, "my poor mudder she no know her Saviour."

"You must pray for her, my child," said the missionary. "Perhaps it may please God to have mercy on her."

"Yes, massa, me do pray, every day me pray. She nurse me when I baby. She too kind. She cry very much when she no find me. Oh, my poor mother!" Many a time would he throw down his shovel when at work in the garden, fall upon his knees, and pray for his mother.

Dazee lived there four years, when a ship came in with more negroes. When Dazee heard the news, he threw down his hoe and asked eagerly,

"Any woman among them?"

"Yes, there is one," was the answer, "and she seems broken down with grief."

At that, Dazee sprang over the fence like a panther, and flew to the mission house where they were. He ran his eye over the group. It rested on an old woman.

"No, no, not her," he said, "old, too old."

Yet the more he looked, the more excited he grew. At last, he rushed forward and caught her in his arms, crying in his own tongue, "Mother, Mother!" It was indeed his mother.

Happy, happy Dazee! He and his mother had a little hut together. Dazee took away the gree-gree that his mother worshipped and gave her a Bible, while he sat down and told her the blessings it contained. He knelt by her side and prayed every night and morning; and it was his greatest delight to talk to her about the great God, the Lord of heaven and earth, who so loved them that he sent his son to die on the cross to save them from their sins and bring heaven to their souls.—*Mission Dayspring.*

## MAKING BELIEVE.

"Mabel, what was that I heard you say to Paul about a big bear in the closet?"

"O mamma!" answered Mabel, hanging her head, "I was only making believe. I didn't really mean there was any bear there."

"Can my little daughter tell me the difference between 'making believe,' as she calls it, and telling a falsehood?"

Mabel's head hung still lower, and her cheeks flushed. "Why—why—mamma, lying is real mean and wicked, but 'making believe' is only in fun you know. You don't mean harm by it."

"But you meant Paul to believe it?"

"Yes, ma'm—just for a minute."

"And you knew it would frighten him, and fright to a baby—even for a minute—may mean a great deal of harm. Besides, how will your little brother know when to trust and believe you?"

"I'll never 'make believe' again, mamma; I see that it is as mean as lying."—*Our Children.*

## MISSIONARY DIALOGUE ON THE BOY MARTYRS.

TEACHER.—Belle, what have you been reading?

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

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

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

BELLE.—Not in a Christian country?

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

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

TEACHER.—No; the chiefs had accused the missionaries of making trouble in the country. This made the king and people so angry that the missionaries told those who came to be taught to stay away until the trouble passed. But one of the missionaries took some of the baptized boys

down to lake Nyanza. The captain of the king's body guard came after them with a band of soldiers. They were taken back, and three of them carried outside the town and burned to death.

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

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

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

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

BELLE.—Were any more put to death?

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

## OPENING THE HEART.

I knew a little boy—he was my own brother, in fact—whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him, when she noticed that he was anxious, "Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?" and he answered, "I would say 'Come in!'" She then said to him, "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in.'" Next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face that made my father ask, "What makes you so glad to-day?" He replied, "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said, 'Lord Jesus, come in,' and I think he has come in. I feel happier this morning than I ever was before."—*Sel.*



## MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

On life's rugged road,  
 As we journey each day,  
 Far, far more of sunshine  
 Would brighten the way,  
 If forgetful of self  
 And our troubles we had  
 The will, and would try  
 To make other hearts glad.

Though of the world's wealth  
 We have little in store,  
 And labor to keep  
 Grim want from the door,  
 With a hand that is kind  
 And a heart that is true,  
 To make others glad  
 There is much we may do.

A word kindly spoken,  
 A smile or a tear,  
 Though seeming but trifles,  
 Full often may cheer.  
 Each day to our lives  
 Some treasure would add,  
 To be conscious that we  
 Had made somebody glad.

## AN EVENING PRAYER.

Dear Heavenly Father! all my life has been happy under thy protecting wing; thou hast shielded me from the dangers of another day and given me many blessings to enjoy. I thank thee for my home, my friends, and for my daily bread. Thou hast given these gifts of thy mercy to me, because the blessed Saviour lived and died to obtain thy compassion and pity for us who are so unworthy of thy goodness. But, dear Lord, thy love to my soul is greater than these mercies to my poor body; I will praise thee as long as I live for the gift of thy dear Son; I will bless thee when I lie down and when I rise up, because he came into the world to save lost sinners. With a penitent heart I ask thy forgiveness of all my sins. O God, spare my life through the night. I pray thee; bless my dear parents and all my friends, and all for whom I ought to pray, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

## "CAN'T RUB IT OUT."

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window; "you can't rub it out."

Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which *you* can't rub out?"

You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day? It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate! It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

## "DID GOD MAKE RUM?"

"What for," asked a poor little boy of his Sabbath-school teacher, "did God make rum? Didn't he know it makes poor little boys' fathers drunk, and swears, and cursers, and idle, and their families ragged, and nothing hardly to eat? It's awful." "God never made rum," answered the teacher. "God makes the beautiful fields of wheat and grain for bread to feed us with, but never turns them into rum."

"He that does it is wicked—is awfully wicked," answered the boy, his eyes filling with tears. "What will he say when God shows him all the hurt he's done?"

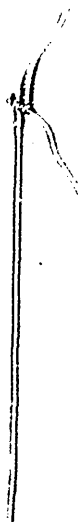
A solemn question, and a terrible sight will that be.

## LOSSES.

Loss of money follows drinking.  
 Loss of time brings bitter thinking:  
 Loss of business follows these,  
 Loss of strength and loss of ease;  
 Loss of health, respect and love,  
 Loss of hope and heaven above,  
 Loss of friends who once admired,  
 Loss of mind by frenzy fired;  
 Loss of fruitfulness, alas!  
 Loss of life's goal for the glass!  
 Loss of life and loss of soul  
 Crown his loss who loves the bowl.

—*Youth's Companion.*

## THE BRAVE SAILOR BOY.



An English sailor boy shipped from Liverpool when he was twelve years old. The men get together on board ship and drink their grog, and on one of these occasions, when the boy was sent to them on an errand, they insisted on his taking some too. He said, "Excuse me, but I'd rather not," and they laughed at him. They never could get him to drink liquor, and they pressed him hard, and finally told the captain. He was a drinking man and he told the lad, "You must learn to drink grog if you're going to be a sailor. That's one of the first things a sailor has to learn."

"Excuse me, sir," said the little fellow, "but I'd rather not."

"Take that rope's end, there," commanded the captain to a sailor, "and lay it well on to him. That'll teach him to do as he's told."

The sailor took the rope's end and gave the lad a tremendous drubbing.

"Now drink that grog," said the captain.

"Excuse me, sir, but I'd rather not," said the boy.

"Then go up to the foretop and stay there all night," said the captain.

The little fellow looked up at the dizzy height. He was brave, but it was very cold and a great way up, and a hard place to be in the dark night. The first mate was a kind-hearted man, and took one or two crackers to him.

When the morning came, the captain passed that way and called up to the boy, "Hillo there!"

No answer.

"Come down!"

No answer.

They went up and got the little fellow stiff and cold and nearly perished. They brought him down in their arms and took him into the cabin and laid him down where it was warm, and worked over him until animation returned to him.

The captain poured some liquor into a glass and said, "Now drink that grog."

"Please sir, I'd rather not. Oh, do not

be angry. I was an only child. We were so happy in our home in the cottage; but father took to drink and did not stay at home any more, and they sold our furniture and took everything from us, and it broke my mother's heart. And she fell sick, and when she was dying she called me to the bed and said, "Jamie, my boy, you know what drink has made of your father; now I want you to give your promise to your dying mother that you will never taste liquor. I want my boy to grow up free of the curse that has ruined his father. Oh, sir," would you have me break the promise I made to my dying mother?"

"No, my little hero, no," said the captain, and then folded the lad tenderly in his arms, "and if ever again any one tries to force you to do it, come to me and I will protect you," and the captain remained ever after his faithful friend.

I pray that all the young readers of this story may be so bold and decided. Touch not, taste not, handle not.—*Scl.*

## PATTY'S LITTLE PRAYER.

Patty was ready for bed and came to mamma to say her little prayer. Mamma was washing her hands, and said, "Yes, dear, in a minute."

"Jesus will have to wait a minute or two, won't He?" said the little girl. "No, I dess I will say it alone."

She began to repeat her little prayer, and said a line or two, when she stopped and said:

"I dess you will have to wait a minute or two, dear Jesus, for I've fordot."

She spoke just as she *believed*, and felt that Jesus was right there and heard what she said.

And the dear Saviour is always so near that He hears the simplest words a child speaks; and He loves to have the little ones speak to Him, and tell Him all their wants, just as they do their parents.

When you kneel down to pray at night, I want you to feel that Jesus is standing close by, ready to hear you, and ready to bless you, although He is far away up in heaven also.—*The Little Ones.*

## THE PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

## A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

It was in 1789 that a party of the officers and crew of the British ship *Bounty* mutinied near the Friendly Islands and turned the captain and loyal sailors adrift in an open boat. This boat and all on board made a safe voyage of three thousand miles, and landed at Timor in the East Indian Archipelago. The mutineers made for Tahiti. Nine of them took Tahitian wives, and with nine other Tahitians sailed the *Bounty* to Pitcairn's Island. This island had been discovered by a son of the Major Pitcairn who was killed in our war of the Revolution. It was known to be uninhabited, and thus would afford a safe hiding-place. Far off it looks like a desolate rock, rising steep from the sea. But on nearer approach its volcanic peaks and cliffs appear covered with trees, and lying just outside the tropics it abounds in tropical fruits; while it will also bear the vegetables of the temperate zone. Its rocky coast and tremendous breakers make landing difficult, and the only safe harbor is Bounty Bay.

Here the mutineers landed, and broke up their ship to avoid discovery. Safe from punishment, free from restraint, they may have expected to be happy in that lovely isle. But sin brings misery everywhere, and only two of the men died a natural death. They fought and killed each other till, in ten years after their landing, only one remained alive! This was John Adams, a sailor who had never been to school. He found himself with the Tahitian women and twenty fatherless children dependent on him alone for guidance. He had seen the awful consequences of sin, and now felt the responsibility of these souls. Only one book had been saved from the ship, the Bible and English Prayer-book bound together. Adams began to pray and to study the Bible, and was soon able to read easily, then he taught the children reading and writing, with the law of God and the blessed Gospel of Christ. The children all loved him and called him father, and

learned readily what he could teach them. Peace now began her reign upon the island. Adams had morning and evening prayers and held Sunday services, aided by the English liturgy.

At first he always lived in fear of discovery; but no British ship touched at the island for twenty-five years after the landing of the mutineers. At last, in 1814, two men-of-war appeared there. Their officers was surprised to see a canoe put off, and two fine, handsome young men soon hailed them in excellent English and said: "Won't you heave us a rope?" Springing on deck, they gave their names as Thursday Christian and George Young, and avowed themselves the sons of the lost mutineers of the *Bounty*. The English captains were astonished at this extraordinary discovery of men so long forgotten, but were still more surprised and excited when they took the young men below and placed some food before them. Both rose, and one of them folded his hands in prayer, saying in pleasant and suitable tones. "For what we are going to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

This wonderful island colony was found to contain forty-six persons, mostly grown-up young people, with a few infants. The young men and women were tall, handsome, athletic, and graceful, and their faces beamed with kindness and good humor. Adams assured the visitors that they were truly honest and religious, industrious and affectionate. They were decently dressed in cloth made from the bark of trees. Their houses were built around an open lawn, and were furnished with tables, beds, chests, and seats. Their tools had been made out of the iron of the *Bounty*. After a delightful stay, the ships sailed, leaving a few gifts of kettles, tools, etc., and it was nearly twelve years before the Pitcairns were again visited by an English ship. Captain Beechey, of the *Blossom*, landed among them in 1825. He found that an American whaler had been there before him, and that one of her men named John Buffett had been so infatuated with the behaviour of the people that,

being himself of a devout turn of mind, he had resolved to devote his life to them." He had proved an able and willing school-master, and had become the oracle of the community.

Captain Beechey was warmly welcomed and spent some days on shore with a party of his men. Every day they dined with one or other of the families, and were treated to baked pig, yams, taro, and sweet potatoes. These were cooked in heated stone ovens made in holes in the ground. Their beds were mattresses made of palm-leaves, covered with sheets of cloth beaten out of the bark of the paper-mulberry-tree. An evening hymn was sung by the whole family, and at dawn the guests were waked by the morning hymn and the family prayer. Grace was always said at meals, and if any one came in late the others all paused while he also repeated it, and they responded "Amen." On Sundays the church service was well conducted, Adams reading the prayers and Buffet the sermon. What will our restless young folks say to the fact that the sermon was repeated three times, lest it should be forgotten, or any part should escape attention! Hymns were sung and no one seemed wearied. No work was done on Sunday, nor any boat allowed to quit the shore. Captain Beechey wrote: "We remained with them many days, and their unreserved manners gave us the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with them. They live in perfect harmony and contentment, are virtuous and cheerful, and are hospitable beyond the limits of prudence."

Four years after this visit, in 1829, John Adams died. Another leader had, however, been raised up for the happy islanders in 1828. Mr. George Nobbs, an Irish lieutenant in the Chilian service under Lord Cochrane, was returning to England in a ship which had just touched at Pitcairn. The captain said so much of the goodness and happiness of its people that Mr. Nobbs resolved to go there. He did so, and became pastor, teacher, and surgeon for the community, which now numbered sixty-eight persons. He mar-

ried a granddaughter of Lieutenant Christian, the chief mutineer, and for fifty-six years, until his death, the news of which has just reached England, he continued to be the beloved leader of the flock. He lived to the age of eighty-five.

In 1852 Admiral Moresby, with the *Portland* man-of-war, paid the islanders a visit, and attended their church service on Sunday. The report sent home to England says: "The most solemn attention was paid by all. They sang two hymns in most magnificent style; and really, I have never heard any church-singing in any part of the world that could equal it, except at cathedrals. . . . It is impossible to describe the charm that the society of the islanders throws around them. They are guileless beyond description. They depend for supplies on whaling-ships, and the sailors behave in the most exemplary manner among them. One rough seaman, to whom I spoke in praise of such conduct, said: "Sir, I expect if one of our fellows was to misbehave himself here, we should not leave him alive." No intoxicating liquors are allowed on the island, except a little for sickness.

In 1856 the population had increased to 194, and it was thought the island was too small for them. It is, in fact, only two and a quarter miles long and a mile broad, and a portion is too rocky for cultivation. The English government therefore transferred the people to Norfolk Island. Six families of forty persons who became homesick for Pitcairn have returned thither, and have now increased to 103, while the Norfolk Islanders number 476. Mr. Nobbs remained with the latter. They continue the same kind, contented, God-fearing race. Many gifts find their way from England to Pitcairn, and Queen Victoria herself has sent them a church organ, of which they speak with great pride and delight. One of a ship's company which touched there last year asked the islanders, as they were about to leave the vessel, if they wanted any Bibles or other books. They said they had plenty of Bibles, but eagerly and anxiously asked

for a concordance, or for books explaining the Bible. After getting into their boat they said: "We will sing you a hymn, captain, before we go;" and they sang "The Lifeboat" and "Pull for the Shore" in beautiful harmony.

May we learn many lessons from these Christian Children of the Sea!

### THE PIN LESSON IN PERSIA.

The "Mission Dayspring" tells the following story about some girls in Persia:

When Miss Fiske first began to teach the Persian girls she found it was no easy task to correct their habits of lying and stealing. Nothing was safe except under lock and key. She could not keep a pin on her pin-cushion; little fingers took them away as often as she put them there, and lest they might be tempted to lie, she tried not to question them unless her own eye had seen the theft.

If the pins were found with the pupils, the answer was ready: "We found them," or, "You gave them to us," and nothing could be proved.

One summer evening, just before the pupils were to pass through her room to their beds on the flat roof, knowing that none of that color could be obtained elsewhere, the teacher put six black pins in her cushion, and stepped out till they had passed. As soon as they were gone, she found that the pins had gone too, and at once called the girls back. She told them what she had lost, but none of them knew anything about it.

"No one else has been there," said the teacher; "and some of you must know about them."

Six pairs of little hands were lifted up, they said:

"God knows we have not got them."

"I think God knows you have got them," answered the teacher, and she searched each one carefully, but did not find any.

"Let us kneel right down here," she said, at last, "and ask God to show us where they are. He may not see best to show us now, but he will do it some time."

So they all knelt down, and the teach-

er asked God to show them if any one was dishonest in the matter. Just as they rose from their knees, the teacher remembered that she had not examined their cloth caps. She now proposed to examine them, and one pair of hands went right up to a cap. Of course the owner was searched first; and there were the six pins, so nicely hidden in its folds that nothing could be seen but their heads.

This little event did much good. The pupils thought they were found in answer to prayer, and so did their teacher. They began to be afraid to steal when they found God would know all about it; and the teacher was thankful that answer to her prayer came so quickly. The one who stole the pins became a good and useful woman.—*Little Missionary.*

### MOTHER'S FACE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Three little boys talked together  
One sunny summer day,  
And I leaned out of the window  
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"  
One of the little boys said,  
"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,  
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"  
Said the second little lad,  
"Was a pony at the circus—  
I wanted him awful bad."

"I think," said the third little fellow,  
With a grave and gentle grace,  
"That the prettiest thing in all the world  
Is just my mother's face."

A little girl, having been reproached with disobedience and breaking the commandments of God, sighed and said to her mother, "Oh, mamma! those commandments break awfully easy!" And it is easy for us to sin. It we want to resist sin, we must ask the strong God to help us to overcome evil with good.

## REV. NG HO-SENG.

*(For the Children's Record.)*

You will not be able to pronounce this funny name. It will sound strange to you and you will ask, "does he live in Canada?" He never saw our country nor preached in any of our pulpits. Rev. Ng. Ho-seng is the name of a missionary in China, and he has a very wonderful history.

When a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age he and several other boys were enticed from home by a wicked man to go and see a play in a theatre. They were to cross a river in a boat. As soon as the boys were into the boat instead of being taken to the theatre they were sold one by one to any body who would buy them. The persons who bought them, however, did not make slaves of them, but adopted them as sons.

The boy of whom I am telling you was bought by a man whose surname was Ng and this is the reason why he gets his present name. He was adopted by him, and very likely he bought him that the boy might take care of him when he became old, as he had no wife and family or perhaps the man wanted somebody to worship his spirit after death, as in China the spirits of parents are thus worshipped by their children.

His adopted father had a brother living at Amoy, in China, and sometimes this boy visited him. One New Year's day, when nearly twenty years of age, when in Amoy he was strolling about, amusing himself. At length he came within sound of a missionary preaching. He listened to the Gospel. God's spirit sent the Word home to his heart. He then gave up heathen practices and became a Christian.

After being from home sixteen years he made a visit to his native place, and found his father, mother, and two sisters, still living. None knew him but his mother, who burst into tears when she saw him. The man who had stolen him away was still living, but he did not expose his wicked act. He is now praying earnestly for the salvation of the family. Last year his father died but left little ground for

hope concerning him.

Ng. Ho-seng is now a Presbyterian minister at Amoy, the place where he first heard the Gospel. He was lately ordained by the Presbytery of Amoy, in China, and is now telling to his fellow countrymen the story of the Cross. His desire is to live for Christ and he always speaks of the way in which he was taken from home as "God's great kindness to him." How wonderfully, evil was overruled in his case for good. Let the career of this native missionary now preaching in China lead you to plead more fervently with the God of missions. He has the hearts of all men in His hands and can turn them whithersoever He will. D.

## BEGIN AT ONCE.

Mamma, when I am a man, I will begin to love Jesus."

These words fell from the lips of a little fellow scarcely six years old. His mother had endeavored many times to impress on his youthful mind the necessity of early piety; but hitherto all the persuasions seemed in vain.

When the child uttered these words his mother said: "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man?"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as in deep thought, and then with a resolute countenance added: "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."—*Sunday-School Visitor.*

## PRINCIPLE.

Some bad boys had tried to persuade a good little boy to play truant. "No, no, I cannot," said he. "Why? Now why?" they asked. "Why," answered the boy, "because if I do I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night." "O, well," they said, "in that case you had better not go." Bad boys expect of boys better brought up than themselves better things than they can practice. But you see what a bridle the habit of prayer puts on a little child.—*Child's Delight.*

## CHILDREN'S MORNING SONG.

To God above,  
Whose name is Love,  
Our grateful song we raise ;  
And lowly bow  
Before Him now  
In humble prayer and praise.

All through the night  
The angels bright  
Have stood around our beds ;  
And while we slept,  
Their watch they kept  
Above our pillowed heads.

All through this day,  
In work or play,  
Lord, lead us in Thy way ;  
And may its close  
Bring sweet repose,  
With dreams of heavenly day.  
—*Good Cheer.*

MISSIONARY LETTER FROM  
CHINA.

DEAR CHILDREN: Way over here in China, there are many strange sights. One Summer day, as we were going along a winding path, we noticed in a field near by, what seemed to be a large ox, only its color was of a brighter yellow than any we had seen before. On walking nearer and looking more closely at it, we found out that this big ox was made of straw. On our way back, not very long after, this straw ox was no longer standing there, but some black ashes marked the spot where he had stood, for these heathen Chinese had burned this straw ox, since they believed that it would be turned into a real, live ox, which would work for some ancestor of theirs in the fields of the next world.

A few Sunday evenings since, as we were on our way to church, on a broad, dusty street of Peking, we heard peculiar weird music, sounding every moment nearer and nearer, until, all of a sudden, there came into view a procession of persons, dressed in white, and led by a band of

musicians, and men, carrying large blazing torches. The night was dark. The bright glare, the queer crowd, and doleful strains made us stop to see what all this was.

The procession halted near where we were standing. The men in white were mourners whose servants placed mats for them on the dirt in the middle of the street, where they knelt down and knocked their heads on the ground, in worship. At the same time, a good sized cart and mule with driver, as well as houses, servants, male and female, and a chest of silver money—all made of paper with light wooden framework—were set on fire. The flames lighted up the strange throng and made such a roaring, blazing bonfire, as would rejoice the heart of a New York boy on "Election Night."

In a few minutes, the paper mule, cart, servants and money were all turned into smoke and ashes. Soon the solemn procession started, the doleful music began once more, and all was over. We were left in the darkness, as before. Picking our way along, by the light of my lantern, we could not help pitying these poor heathen, who believed that these paper articles would, in this way, be turned into genuine objects, to be of use to their departed ancestors in the world beyond the grave. Will you not pray that the Chinese may very soon leave off such vain ways as this, and may learn of Jesus, so that they may lay up treasure in Heaven?—*Miss World.*

Peking, China, Nov. 17, 1885.

## THE COMPASS TO STEER BY.

"Well, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city? I tell you it is a dangerous ocean to launch your craft on," said a man to his neighbor's son.

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking his Bible from his pocket; "but you see I've got a safe compass to steer by."

"Stick to it, stick to it," cried the man, "and the enemy may blow hot or blow cold, and he can't hurt so much as a hair of your head."

## BEAUTIFUL FEET.

"What ugly feet!" said a little girl, pointing from a window to a girl about her own age, who was passing. To her surprise, her mother answered:

"I think Caroline has the most beautiful feet of any girl in the village."

"Why, another! Just look at them!" she replied.

Then the mother said:

"Beautiful feet are they that go  
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,  
Through summer's heat and winter's snow."

"Now, Caroline's feet are carrying her on errands of mercy—sometimes to read to Blind Peggie, sometimes to amuse poor lame Tommy West, sometimes to invite people to the temperance meeting, and sometimes to hunt up new Sunday-school scholars among neglected children. I think her feet must be beautiful, for the Bible says, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!'"

## THE CHRISTIAN'S MARCHING ORDERS.

"Make plain the great salvation,  
With all its cheering light,  
Discipling every nation  
That gropes in error's night.

"The China walls must tumble  
Without a pang of ruth;  
All Asia's gods must crumble  
Beneath the rays of truth.

"E'en Africa, belated,  
Her plea you must not scorn;  
Her heart is richly freighted  
With sighs for the morn.

"Where'er the sun is shining  
On pagan shrines to-day,  
And blind ones are repining  
To know the heavenward way,

"There let 'the old, old story'  
The opening ear delight,  
And soon will blaze with glory,  
The darkest heathen night."

## THE GREAT FAMINE CRY.

Hark! the wail of heathen nations;  
List! the cry comes back again,  
With its solemn, sad reproaching,  
With its piteous refrain:  
"We are dying fast of hunger,  
Starving for the Bread of Life!  
Haste, oh, hasten ere we perish,  
Send the messenger of life!"

Send the Gospel faster, swifter,  
Ye who dwell in Christian lands;  
Reck ye not we're dying, dying,  
More in number than the sands?  
Heed ye not His words—your Master:  
'Go ye forth to all the world!'  
Send the Gospel faster, faster—  
Let its banner be unfurled!"

Heed ye not the tramp of nations  
Marching on to Day of Doom?  
See them falling, dropping swiftly,  
Like the leaves into the tomb.  
Souls for whom Christ died are dying,  
While the ceaseless tramp goes by;  
Can you shut your ears, O Christian,  
To their ceaseless moan and cry?

## CATCH THE SUNSHINE.

It was a dark morning, and the shutters had not yet been opened, but through a tiny crack the sun darted as he came, all at once, from behind a cloud.

Baby Nellie in her high-chair saw the bright round spot on the wall and clapped her little hands. "See sunsine! bhwight sunsine!" she said. "Where?" asked papa and mamma, who had not yet seen it. "Sunsine on de wall!" pointing her little finger and laughing.

Are you as quick as she to see the sunshine in everything—the bright side of everything?—*Good Cheer.*

## TO-DAY.

No man ever served God by doing things *to-morrow*. If we honor Christ, and are blessed, it is by the things which we do *to-day*.



### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

This version of the Lord's Prayer is by Rev. Dr. Judson, formerly missionary to Burmah:

Our Father, God, who art in heaven  
All hallowed be Thy name!  
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done  
In earth and heaven the same!

Give us this day our daily bread;  
And, as we those forgive  
Who sin against us, so may we  
Forgiving grace receive.

Into temptation lead us not;  
From evil set us free;  
And Thine the kingdom, Thine the power  
And glory, ever be. Amen.

### WRITE TO MOTHER.

Boys, some of you who read this are absent from home. You are attending a school, learning a trade, or engaged in some kind of employment that has called you away. There is a mother at home who longs to hear from you often. Do you give her that privilege, or are you willing to let her watch, day after day, until the thought comes forcing its way into her heart that you have forgotten her, or care more for the new associates around you? Do you realize that her thoughts are with you oftener, and linger much longer with you, than yours with her?

You are young and are out in a world which she knows is full of snags and temptations. And while her confidence in your strength of character may be great, yet she cannot keep back the anxious thoughts that come up unbidden, especially when she has not heard from you for a long time.

She knows that this is an important period of your life. A great change is going on. You are developing into something. Can you suppose her to have aught but the deepest solicitude in knowing what that something shall be? She has forgone much pleasure for your sake, and

has centred many hopes in you. She cannot help feeling a deep interest in watching the result of her years of labor in your behalf.

I know a boy who, during a year's absence, wrote but two letters to his mother. At the close of the year he was summoned hastily home to look on that mother's face for the last time. He found the two letters he had written carefully laid away in a drawer where she kept a few things that were highly prized. When he learned how many times his mother had read these letters, even after every word they contained had been committed to memory, he felt as though he would give the world if he could only live that year over again, that he might swell the number to a hundred instead of two.

Write to your mother, and write often. Answer the many questions found in her letter to you. Do not miss a single one. Tell her all about yourself, tell all about your studies, your work, or whatever you may be engaged in. Tell her all about your associates; and such as you cannot tell her about do not hesitate to drop at once. Boys, write to your mothers.

### DOING FOR CHRIST.

Shapau was a converted Karen, from the mountains west of Burmah, who had learnt to love his Bible much. But there were some kidnappers and dog-eaters called Bghais, who were nearly as ignorant as the dogs they ate; and the Missionary wanted to send Shapau to teach them the Gospel, so he offered him four rupees a month if he would go. Shapau took his Testament and went out to consider. On his return his face was bright and shining. "Well, Shapau," asked the Missionary, "can you go to the Bghais for four rupees a month?"

"No, teacher," very solemnly said he, "I could not go for four rupees a month, but *I can go for Christ!*"

Shapau went, and God so prospered him in his work that he established about forty Christian churches, and baptized nearly a thousand of the Bghais.