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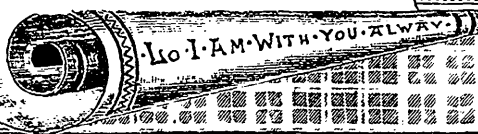
GO YE IN TO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

HOW large is the Church to which you belong, the Presbyterian Church in Canada? From the Atlantic to the Pacific you say, nearly 4000 miles long.

But how large in other ways? Here are some facts about it which you should try and remember.

1. It contains more than 96,000 families.
2. It contains more than 500,000 (half a million) of people.
3. For convenience of work the Church is divided into six Synods.
4. These Synods are again subdivided into 46 Presbyteries, where ministers and elders meet and plan for the work of the Church. Eleven of these Presbyteries are in the Synod of the Maritime Provinces; six in the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa; eleven in the Synod of Toronto and Kingston; nine in the Synod of Hamilton and London; five in the Synod of Manitoba and the North-West Territories; and four in the Synod of British Columbia.

Besides these, there is a Presbytery in Trinidad, in Honan, and in Indore, making a total of 49.

5. There are in the Church over 900 congregations, of which about 100 have no settled minister at present. Some of our best and most energetic boys are wanted to study for the ministry.

6. Besides these congregations there are nearly 500 mission stations, groups of scattered settlements that are not yet large enough to form a congregation, but which need the Gospel, and which, as they grow, will have a settled minister.

7. Our Church tries not only to keep up worship in our own congregations, but to give the Gospel to others.

8. Our Church has missions to our Roman Catholic French-Canadian fellow-countrymen, who number about a million and a quarter, or one fourth of the population of the Dominion. There were engaged in this work last year 25 ministers, 12 students, 11 colporteurs, and 22 mission school teachers. These labored

in 36 different fields, with 90 stations, and there were nearly 900 scholars in the Sabbath Schools. Some of you send money to these French Mission Schools and thus do a great deal of good.

10. Our Church is sending the Gospel to heathen lands. We have good earnest faithful men and women working for us in the New Hebrides, in Trinidad, in India, in China, in Formosa, and among the pagan Indians of our own land, teaching the heathen the way of life.

HOW IMPORTANT YOU ARE.

Young people sometimes think that they are not of much consequence in the Church until they grow up. This is a mistake. Young people are the most important people in the Church to-day. How is this?

1. Old people are fixed in their habits. They have thought and acted in a certain way for so long that they are not likely to think or act in any other way, and if better Church work is wanted the young must learn to do it. If our ministers, elders, and Church members are to do better work in future than now, it will be because our young people learn to do better.

If the Church is to give more for missions it is to be because the young people now learn to be more liberal.

2. Young people are the hope of the mission field. The old people have been heathen for so long that they are hard to turn, but young people have their habits not so fixed in heathen ways, and are more ready to learn of Christ and to follow Him.

One more lesson for our young people. If they are to be good ministers and elders, and Sabbath School teachers, and ready helpers in mission work when they grow up, they must begin now, to be as helpful as they can, by regular attendance at Sabbath School, Church, and their mission meetings, and to give what they can to help the work our Church is doing for God, and good habits of doing good will be very easy to them when they get to be men and women.

SAD SCENES.

PENANCE IN MEXICO.

Do you know what "penance" means? Let me tell you. In the Roman Catholic Church the people confess their sins to the priest, and he imposes such punishments as he may think each case demands.

I know of three kinds of penance here in Mexico.

First, the penitents are allowed nothing to eat for a given time but bread and water. Another, is to go from their home to the church or cathedral on their knees. In each hand they carry a wax candle about two feet long, and when they reach the church the priest lights the candles. They must remain on their knees in there until they are burned out. When one thinks that pavements in Mexico are rough and broken, and the streets steep and irregular, it is not difficult to imagine what a hard penance this would be.

The other and the most horrible one, perhaps, of all, is imposed during Lent. A room is set apart for the purpose at the church. The women on whom penance has been laid are gathered together first. Afterward the men. They are confined in this room for a period of eight or ten days. The priest furnishes each penitent with a scourge, very much resembling a cat-o'-nine-tails. Then the priest preaches a sermon each night on such subjects as the Judgment, Death, and Purgatory. While he is preaching, the lights are blown out in this room, the clothing is partly removed, and each penitent is expected to beat himself or herself on the back with this whip until the skin is broken and the blood flows.

The waiting congregation in the body of the church can plainly hear the blows and cries of these poor deluded creatures. I was told that two women died in Monterey last year from the effects of this penance. This is a horrible word-picture, but, alas! it is too true. Do not think that the poorer and ignorant classes alone are subjected to such outrages, no class is excepted. Rome reigns supreme and her commands must be obeyed. —Annie A. Boyce in *Over Sea and Land*.

"LITTLE LIGHTS."

A SERMON FOR LITTLE FOLK.

"Ye are the Light of the World."

IT was Sunday afternoon in September. The Mission Band was holding its five o'clock meeting. The day had been very warm, and a smaller number than usual had come to the meeting.

When they first went into the room the setting sun shone through the stained glass and laid bright blue, red and golden diamonds on the carpet.

Little Willie sat dangling his short legs and counting the spots until they slowly faded out.

Then Miss Greenleaf spoke from the little alcove which was getting dim in the gathering twilight.

"Willie, what is this?"

"A match," said Willie, after a sharp look.

"Will it give a bright light?" said she, lighting it.

"Yes—a little light," said Willie.

"There! It has gone out! But a match helps a little. How does it help?"

"I found my ball once with a match, said Hermie.

"We light lamps with matches," Arthur said.

"Now, can anyone tell what this is?" and Miss Greenleaf held up a queer little dish with oil in it, and a little roll of cloth coming from the oil up to the side of the dish.

It had grown so dim in the alcove that she stepped down to them with it. But no one knew, so she said, "It is a kind of lamp used long ago. Now, when I take it back and light it so—with this match, you see what a dim, queer light it gives, but it is better than a match.—Why, Lila?"

"Because it don't go out," said Lila.

"Now what is this?" said the teacher, slipping forward again.

A dozen voices said "A candle!"

"Yes—just a tallow candle; will it give a good light?"

"Pretty good—better than the old-fashioned lamp there," answered James.

"Now we have it lighted—watch it a

moment; would you like to read by it, Grace?"

"No, for it flickers so," Grace said.

"Well, we will try this one," said Miss Greenleaf, lighting a pretty sperm candle. "You see this is a steady, clear little flame. I know a little girl who has one of these little candles on a shelf in her room, and she goes up to bed in the dark and lights her own little candle every night.

"Now I have here a kind of lamp they used when my mother was a little girl. You see these two little tubes. The wicks come through them and are lighted. See these cunning little caps hanging by these small brass chains. When you want the light put out just shut the little caps quickly over the tubes—so. I can't light them, for I could not get the fluid they burned in it. They were called fluid lamps. Now what is this—you all know—we will let Herbie tell."

"A kerosene lamp," said little Herbie.

"Now, we will use our little match again—there—how does this light compare with the others?"

"It is brighter."

"Harold, will you light the gas? That is still brighter—our little lights don't show so well."

Edward's hand came up. "If we could go in the big church and turn on the electric light it would be better than all."

"Yes, that is true," said the teacher.

"Now, we have all these lights, from the match to the electric light. The match is small but it is useful and does what it can, that is, if it is a *good match*. Now, Jesus wants us all to be lights to shine wherever it is dark. It is dark everywhere unless God's light shines out. Those people who don't know anything about God are in the darkness.

"If they are near us we can let the light shine by telling them of Jesus.

"But if they are far away in China or Japan, how can we let our light shine?"

Susie's hand came up: "Send missionaries."

"But, Susie, how can we send missionaries?"

"We can save our pennies and help send them," answered Susie.

"If we give our pennies what light shall we be like?"

"Like matches," said Carl.

"If we give a penny and then don't give any for a long time, I think we are like matches," the teacher said. "But, if we keep giving pennies we are more like little candles.

"There were two little boys; each dropped a penny into the mission box; Joe had pennies every day, Freddie hardly ever got a penny—this one he found on the way to the mission band. Which little light shone most brightly for Jesus?"

"Freddie's," said Willie, in a low voice. "I think he shone like that best candle."

The teacher gave him a nod and a smile and went on. "Two little girls had pennies that same day. Mamie asked her mother for her's just as she started for the mission band. Fanny earned hers tending Mrs. Symon's baby an hour. Which little light shone the brightest?"

"Fanny's?" said half a dozen voices.

"Now, we can shine like little candles while we are children, but I want to tell you that some older people who ought to shine like gas lights shine still like little candles. I hope none of you will be like that.

"Now let us be careful that our lights don't go out, and that they grow brighter as we get older.

"Can we sing, 'Jesus bids us shine'?"

After the meeting, Willie went home alone, walking slowly behind the others. When he reached his home he went straight to his little bank and shook out all the pennies he had saved. There were just sixty.

"There, mamma! I am going to give all my money to the Lord, I ain't goin' to shine like no match! No, sir! I'm goin' to be a lectric light."

Some mammas would have been glad to hear their little boys say that, but this mamma thought of a better way, and she said, "Willie, the Lord does not ask you to give it all. He just wants one penny from every ten. Now you see how many *tens* you have, and then take a penny from each pile."

It took quite a while for Willie to understand it, but at last he had six little piles—ten in each—and taking a penny from each pile he had six in his hand.

"Now," said mamma, giving him a little red box, "We'll call this the Lord's box, and every time you get ten pennies put one in the box. And, Willie, if you do this all your life, you will shine like—"

"Like a lectric light!" said Willie.

"Yes," said mamma.—*Heathen Children's Friend.*

The Lament of a Missionary Box.

Forgotten and forlorn I live,
 Upon a dusty shelf,
 And feel so downcast and so sad
 I hardly know myself;
 A missionary box am I
 And better days have seen,
 For copper, silver, yes, and gold,
 Within my walls have been.

Now I am empty, no, not quite,
 For something you may hear—
 A mournful jingle from my depths
 By pennies made, I fear;
 I scorn not pennies, no, indeed,
 Their wealth too well I know,
 But twopence only in a box
 Does make one's spirits low.

The missionaries say indeed
 That pence to pounds soon grow,
 But older people ought to give—
 We want our money so.
 And thus in emptiness I wait
 And dustier grow each day,
 While heedless of my silent plea
 You round me work and play.

My words are weak and poor at best,
 I know not how to plead,
 But look upon the distant fields
 "To harvests white," indeed;
 The heathen lie in thickest gloom,
 Do you need a stronger plea?
 Then listen to His voice who said—
 "Ye did it unto me." —Selected.

THE STORY OF GU-HIA.

NOT long since, the owner of a shrine with its idols gave them to me," writes a Chinese Missionary in *The MissionField*. He is called Gu-Hia. He is a young man of twenty-seven years of age, with a wife and four little children. He has a flourishing wholesale business, making and binding account books, and manufacturing toilet powder.

Three years ago he first heard the gospel from one of our native Christians, Gam-lo, who keeps a book store, and who engaged Gu-hia to help him bind some books. He made frequent visits to the store and asked many questions concerning the gospel, bringing up objections and difficulties which Gam-lo and other Christians who might happen to be in the store at the time were very glad to

answer and explain. On going home he would repeat what he had heard to his wife. He felt from the first that the gospel was good, but there were two great difficulties in the way, namely, the opposition of his friends, and the keeping of the Sabbath, which, if he would be a Christian, he knew he must keep.

In October last, he, with his little son, went to the church—for the first time. "Just to look about and see what it was like," he said. After this his little child would sometimes say to him when he heard the church gong sound for worship on the Sabbath, "Now you must go to church," and he would answer, "I am not ready, the way is not yet clear to me." His great difficulty still was that he could not keep the Sabbath since it would greatly injure his business.

His trouble about it continued until one evening at meeting he heard the preacher explain Matt. vi:34, "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow."

He met the pastor the next day and said, "It is all clear to me now, I am not going to worry any more. I thought all night over that verse, and now I am going to keep the Sabbath and leave the future with God."

Two different vessels came in to load on the Sabbath, but he refused to deliver his goods on that day, and so they received their cargo from other parties. He heard afterwards that these goods, amounting to five hundred dollars, in some way were lost. He says that whereas he thought he was injuring his business for the sake of the Sabbath, on the contrary, God made it the means of saving him a loss of five hundred dollars.

GU-HIA AND HIS CHARM BOOK.

For years, when a heathen, Gu-Hia had taken great interest, and placed much faith, in divinations and Taust charms, and had once entertained and provided food for a Taust diviner of great reputation. He had expended over a thousand dollars in this manner.

One day eight years ago this diviner brought a valuable book of his containing all kinds of charms suited to every occasion, and asked Gu-Hia to rebind it for him as the old bind-

ing was much worn. He wished it back in three days, but Gu-Hia said he could not possibly finish it under five days, and that time was agreed upon. Gu-hia at once took the pages of the book all apart and divided them among his workmen and told them to place sheets of paper over them and make exact copies of the original. So in a short time he had a complete copy of the book. However, he did not consider the new book powerful to work charms, and so made his plans to keep the original and return in its place the copied book. The difficulty was to make the new paper look like old so as to deceive the diviner, but by some process he contrived to do this, and the *wise* diviner never discovered the difference!

Gu-Hia's friends often came in to consult the book, to find out what special charms were needed for special occasions. His purpose was, after he had fully unravelled the mysteries of the book, to give up his business and make much money as a diviner. The book was one of his most valuable treasures.

On a Sabbath lately he heard the pastor read and explain Acts xix : 19, how many who used curious arts brought their books and burned them. He thought of his book and decided at once that he must give it up. Many of his friends begged for the book and some offered for it any price that he might name, but he said, "What is harmful for me to use I will not give away to harm others." On that Saturday night he secretly took the book out of his trunk and hid it in his clothes, and the next day brought it to the pastor, telling him its history, and saying that if his friends had known that he was carrying it away they would have snatched it from him."

Many of his friends have visited Gu-Hia to try to dissuade him from his purpose of worshipping God, but he in return preaches the Gospel saying, "I am not stupidly giving up my old faith, I know what I am doing, come and hear the gospel for yourself and see if it is not good." He has been the means of bringing some of these to church to "listen to the doctrine."

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

An Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighboring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them to themselves and went away.

After putting in one or two basketfuls, one of the men said, "What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The other man answered, "But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other, and throwing down his bucket he went away.

The other man continued his work till, about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more, and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring the water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. "If the water had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labor was not useless after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test their capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him, and as he bade the man keep the ring, he said, "Thou hast been faithful in a little thing; now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my right hand."

Is not this a good lesson to teach us to be faithful in the small duties of each day as well as the large ones; to do everything, no matter how small, as unto our heavenly Master? Little acts of duty or kindness go a great way when done for Jesus' sake.—

Sel.

A HINDOO CART.

Odd looking cart! What interest has it to us? Because it is the kind of cart our missionaries often use in India. When you read of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Rutlam; of Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie, or Misses Dr. Oliver, O'Hara, or Turnbull, or Misses Sinclair, Grier, White or Dougan, of Indore; of the Wilsons, Woods, Jamiesons, or Misses Dr. McKellar or Duncan, of Neemuch; of Dr. and Mrs. Buchanan, of Ujjain; of the Russels, or the Misses Ross, Calder, or Fraser, M.D., of Mhow; going to their work in some of the villages in a bullock cart, you can remember this picture.

Look at it. A driver riding on one of the oxen while the missionary is in the cart, with a covering to keep off the burning sun or pouring rain. What wheels! No springs.

Very slowly they go; very rough are some of the roads, but if the missionary gets people to listen to his message, when he gets to the journey's end, he feels more than repaid for it all.

Between the larger cities they have railways, which are a great help to Mission work in India.



JOSIE'S TREASURE DRAWER.

JOSIE CARLIN stood before an open drawer in the closet of his mother's sitting-room, and throwing out first one thing, and then another, he cried excitedly, "I just think it's too bad, mamma! Here's a lot of trash that has been put in my treasure drawer! Georgie has been here, I know! There are his old shoes, and the cap that ought to go in the rag-bag; then there are some clothes-pins, an umbrella handle and I don't know what all!"

The articles mentioned were thrown on the floor as soon as discovered, and it was not until the drawer had been closed and the boy had cooled down again, that Mrs. Carlin seemed to give him any attention. Then she said, quietly, "Come, here, Josie."

He obeyed, and stood looking into a very grave face, wondering what the owner was going to say. Having recovered from his excitement, he was inclined to be ashamed of his foolish outburst. The drawer had been devoted to his own especial use, and he had named it his treasure drawer, and kept in it such things as boys are apt to accumulate. There was a rubber ball, some marbles, the works of an old clock, some fancy shells, a brick made, on his grandfather's farm, different kinds of minerals that he had collected, and other articles too numerous to mention.

"I think you had better pick those things up and lay them together somewhere until I have a chance to attend to them," was his mother's first remark.

The boy did as he was told, and then going back to her, said meekly, "I should be so ashamed, mamma, if I invited any of the boys in to see my treasure drawer and found it in that condition."

"Have you found out the state of your other treasure drawer?" his mother asked seriously.

"What other one?" Josie said in surprise. "I haven't more than one."

"Yes, you have another, and I find this morning that somebody (I won't say who) has put in a lot of trash that ought not to be there. If any company had been here, I

should really have been ashamed to have them see it in that condition. Indeed, I was ashamed to witness it myself."

The boy looked puzzled, and after giving him a moment for reflection, his mother went on:

"In the first place, good temper ought to be in that drawer, and instead there was anger, and when it was opened, ugly words came out as fast as they could--"

"Oh, I know!" interrupted Josie; "you mean my heart."

"Then unjust suspicion had found a place," continued Mrs. Carlin, "for accusations came out thick and fast. I say unjust, for your brother had nothing to do with getting those things among your treasures. Our new girl probably was the offender, for she put this room in order a while ago, but of course she didn't know that the drawer was yours. Then disrespect had made its way into that other drawer we were talking about, for words were said that no boy ought to say to his mother."

"Well, mamma, I didn't mean them for you," interposed Josie, anxiously, "but for Georgie."

"As Georgie was not here, and I was, the words were said to me. Besides a little boy ought not to talk to anybody in that way."

"I didn't mean you, anyhow, replied Josie in a very penitent tone.

"What else do we find in this untidy drawer? Oh, yes, here is disorder, and that prompted the boy to throw things all over the floor instead of--"

By this time Josie's arms were around his mother's neck. "Please don't look for any more," he said, pleadingly.

"Well, I don't see anything further just at present, and I will give up the investigation if you are convinced that it is far worse to let rubbish find its way into that treasure drawer of your heart than it is to have a few old things put in that wooden drawer where you can easily take them out."

"Why, of course I see it is worse, mamma, and I am ashamed that you found it that way; but do you know how hard it is to keep such rubbish as anger out of a boy's heart? Why, it flies there before you know it."

"Yes, I understand just how difficult it is, my son, and it is because these faults are so easy to get in and so hard to get out, that I want you to guard against them. If something that doesn't belong there is put into your treasure drawer it will not influence your future life, but these other things that we have mentioned, if allowed to remain, will make a very contemptible man of my little son. You don't want to be that, I suppose?"

"No, I just guess not!" answered Josie, earnestly, as he gave his mother a loving kiss before starting off to his play.—*The Weekly Welcome.*

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

IN A SOUTH SEA ISLAND.



WILL turn our faces to Niué, one of the most interesting islands in the South Seas.

"Captain Cook in his wonderful voyage around the world tried to land there, but the ferocious natives resisted every effort he made, and would certainly have murdered him and his boat's crew if they had dared to step ashore. So, with an angry and disappointed heart, he returned to his ship, loudly declaring that the people were all wild boars, and marked the place on his chart as Savage Island. For many years it appeared in the maps by that ugly name. But we have long since wiped it out. To continue the name would have been an insult to the kind and Christian people who reside there now, and we call it Niué.

John Williams, in 1830, called at Niué, and tried to persuade the savages to allow two Christian teachers from Aitutaki to live amongst them; but he failed completely. They were allowed to land; but it was clearly evident from the warlike attitude of the natives that they intended to kill them, and without delay the teachers returned to the ship, begging Mr. Williams to take them to any island rather than leave them amongst these dreadful people.

THE OLD CHIEF.

Whilst the ship was there an old chief ventured on board. I think any of you would

have been frightened at the sight of such a man. His long grey beard was plaited and twisted together, and hung from his mouth like so many rats' tails. He had no clothing except a narrow slip of cloth around his loins, which he used for the purpose of putting a spear through. When he stepped upon the deck he continued to leap from place to place in the most frantic fashion, screaming and shouting at everything he saw. No one could talk with him, for he would not stand still for a single second. Someone tried to clothe him by wrapping a piece of cloth around him; but in a moment he tore this off in a rage. Throwing it upon the deck, he stamped on it, and said: 'Am I a woman that I should be covered with that stuff?' Then he set up a war dance—running, leaping, shouting, and pointing his spear to whoever happened to be in front of him. Whilst this was going on he distorted his face in a horrible manner, making his mouth extend almost from ear to ear, gnashing his teeth and forcing his eyes almost out of the sockets, and during the whole of the performance he kept up a hideous howl. He finished by thrusting the whole of his long rat-tail beard into his mouth, and gnawing at it as if he were a maniac.

"No wonder the teachers were afraid to remain on an island where such men dwelt.

WHAT WE NOW SEE.

"All this is changed. Some years after the visit of John Williams, one of the Niuéans went away in a vessel, and was carried to Samoa.

"There under the teaching of the missionaries, he became a Christian. After a time he went back to Niué and told the story of the wonderful things he had heard and seen. He was not a very good man. In fact, when I knew him, he had fallen into very many sinful habits, but he helped to prepare the way for Paulo, a Samoan teacher, who, a few years later on, ventured to live amongst these untamed savages.

"Paulo was one of the noblest and most useful native teachers we have ever had. He went to work with a splendid will. He

felt, as most of our native converts have felt, that it is the delightful duty of everyone who has been made happy by the Gospel to pass on the good Word of Life to some one else. So he left his own land and crossed 300 miles of ocean in order to preach Jesus to the wild and fierce people of Niué.

"For several years his life was in great danger; but fearless of heart, trusting in God, Paulo lived, fished and worked amongst the people, always ready to speak for Christ.

"As soon as he knew the language, he translated parts of the Bible and taught the Niuéans to read. Little by little his kindness opened the hearts of the people to receive his message.

"When the Rev. W. G. Lawes arrived, twelve years later on, to be missionary of the island, he found that out of 5,000 people only eight remained heathens, all the rest declared themselves to be Christians.

"A few years after the arrival of Mr. Lawes, several missionaries, with Mrs. Saville and myself, received very rough treatment at Niué. We were robbed of all we possessed except the clothes upon our backs. The robbery, however, was not committed by the natives, but by the hungry, restless waves. These waves flung our missionary ship upon the rocks, broke her to pieces, and gave our precious possessions to the fishes. It was well for us that the people were not 'wild boars' when we were wrecked.

"Christianity had tamed them, and made them into the kindest and most loving people I have met in the South Sea Islands. We were with them for three months, waiting for a vessel to take us away. During the whole of that time they provided us with far more food than we could eat. Scores of wood-pigeons and fowls, abundance of fish, many noisy pigs, and tons of fruit and vegetables, were placed at our feet as their offerings of sympathy and love.

"When at last a vessel hove in sight I was at Liku, a village eight miles from the home of the Rev. W. G. Lawes, where the missionaries were staying. A party of natives started at once to fetch me.

"I was in the midst of the night's slumbers when they arrived. The sound of many voices and the blaze of a dozen brilliant torches brought me to consciousness.

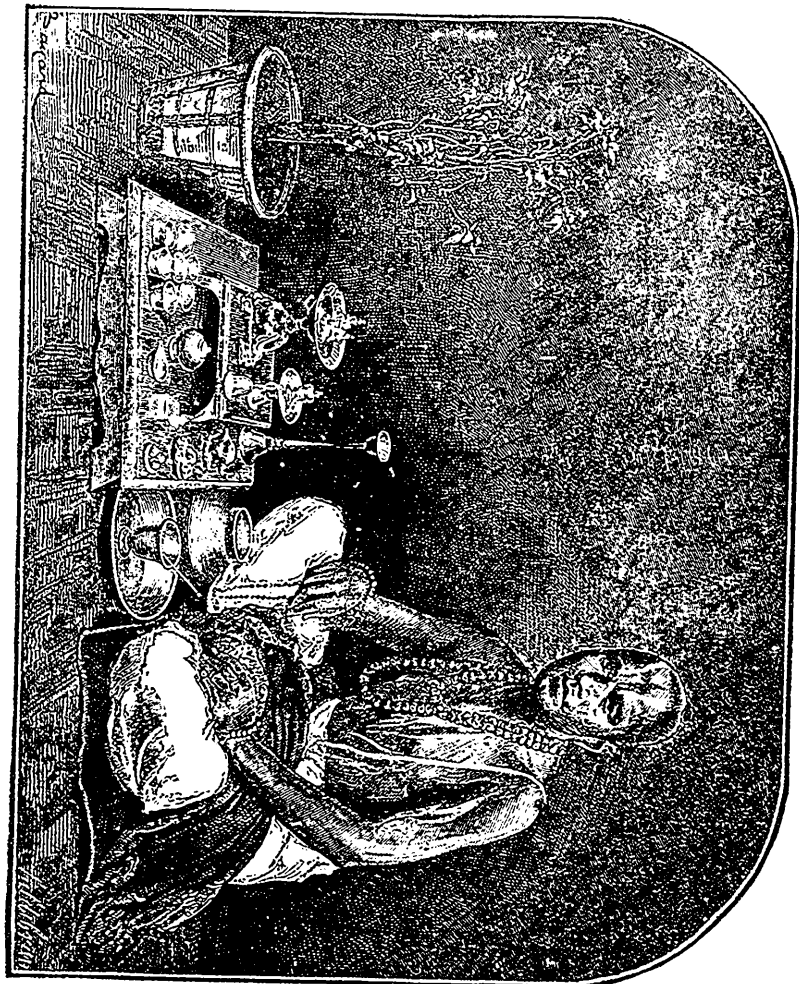
"In a few minutes I was on my way to the Mission settlement. But these messengers would not allow me to walk. They hoisted me aloft, with my legs across the broad shoulders of a native. On and on he ran with me till he was tired, then I was removed to the shoulders of another runner. And whilst thus being carried through the darkness of the forest, some went alongside with torches to show us the way, others with hatchets went before cutting down hindering branches, and two of the natives ran on in front with great sticks, breaking down the thick cobwebs which had been woven from tree to tree.

"Thus I was carried to the coast. These good, kind-hearted people were ready to do anything and everything to add to our comfort and to relieve us in our unfortunate position.

"Every year they send about £400 to London as their contribution to our noble Society.

"Some time since a large missionary boat was needed for New Guinea—it was likely to cost £500. The Niuéans were asked if they would find part of the money. 'No,' they said, 'we will have nothing to do with providing part, but if you like to let us find all we will give it.' And they gave £500. When the boat was finished and sent to New Guinea it was found that an additional £50 was required. This the Sydney friends contributed; but when the people of Niué heard of what had been done they were very indignant, and said: 'We promised to give you all that was required; the boat is ours, and we shall pay for it.' So they gave the extra £50, and the money given by Sydney friends was returned, to be used for something else.

"But the Niuéans give men as well as money. Nearly thirty married teachers have gone from that island to New Guinea, many of these have died from the terrible effects of that fever-stricken island, yet there are always others ready to go and take the places of those who have fallen in the fight.—*Rev. A. T. Saville, missionary, in the Juvenile.*



A BRAHMIN PREPARED FOR PRAYERS.

A SUNBEAM.

He was an old colored man, blind and alone, groping slowly—so very slowly—with a cane, along a crowded part of the street. At a crossing he stopped and listened. Heavy trucks, carriages, street cars, kept up a continual rumble. He looked distressed, he was afraid to cross. A half-dozen times he put the cane carefully out, then drew it back and shook his white head anxiously. Nobody seemed to notice him; there was no policeman near. He was jostled and pushed about.

"Can I help you across?"

An exquisitely-gloved hand was laid on his faded sleeve and a sweet voice sounded in his ear; he knew his new friend was a young girl by that.

"I'd be 'bleezed ef yo' would, missy, t'ank ye!"

Diamonds flashed in her tiny ears as she guided the old man among the crowding vehicles. Many people turned and looked at the oddly-assorted pair; but the blue-eyed, daintily-dressed maiden saw none of these, as with hand on his arm, she not only took him across the street, but evidently having learned his destination, left him in the door of a store near by with a bright "good-morning," not waiting to hear his profuse thanks.

"Dey's some angels on dis erf, yet, dere is so!" muttered the old man as he went slowly into the store.—*Sel.*

UNITED.

A story is told of a scene on the battle-field, which shows how great is the power dwelling in the Gospel of Christ to overcome bitterness and reconcile those who have been enemies.

On a battle-field, where the conflict had raged fiercely all day, lay an officer, mortally wounded. As he lay there, far from his comrades, and conscious that his end could not be far away, a dismounted trooper who had lost his horse came by. He belonged to the enemy, but the wounded officer asked him, in an imploring tone, to stop and pray.

The trooper assented, knelt down by his side, and began a prayer. As he uttered one tender petition after another, the officer used

what little strength remained in creeping closer and closer, until he had placed both arms around the neck of the petitioner.

When the last words of the prayer were uttered, he was lying on the bosom of his antagonist. They had been enemies in life, but when the parting hour came, they were one with each other in the bonds of the Gospel, brothers in Jesus Christ—united in love for evermore.—*Sel.*

FOOT-BINDING IN CHINA.

BY ALICE M. STANTON.

IN Kinkiang all classes of women have the feet bound, and have smaller feet than in many other parts of the country, so that Christianity shews great power when it leads them to unbind their feet.

Soon after the school opened, in the autumn of '93, a native preacher brought his little girl of ten years to the school, wishing to leave her seven or eight years. He himself introduced the foot question by saying that he wished his daughter's feet to be unbound.

His wife did not oppose, but his mother did very strongly, so he wished us to keep the girl during the first summer vacation.

The father went away and the little one began her new life. We thought best to wait a little until she became somewhat accustomed to her new surroundings before unbinding her feet. The next day her feet hurt so much that we were obliged to give them some attention, and we decided to unbind them then and there, so that when they healed they would be permanently well. We said to the girl who was helping her, "Do not put the bandages on again. Her feet are not to be bound any more."

The little stranger was nearly heart-broken. We hastened to bring cotton wool, bandages and splints, and were soon treating them as though injured by accident.

We did not allow her to walk for several days. Then, with new shoes and stockings, she began and was soon running with the other girls, as glad to have comfortable feet as any of them. It is wonderful to see how much she has improved physically.

Another girl, also the daughter of a preacher, came to the school at the same time, whose

feet were to be unbound at her father's wish. She witnessed the unbinding I have described, and said she was going to unbind hers little by little. After a few days we decided that it was best to attend to them as we did the others. She objected and wanted to use her plan. She is thirteen years old and an only child, whose mother is dead. She had been told by her female relatives that to have big feet would be a great disgrace to herself and to her father who had no son.

It was very hard for her to yield. Finally she was given the choice of consenting, or of being forced to it as the other girl had been. She chose the former alternative, and was as sweet about it all as though she had greatly desired it. She is very happy now to have comfortable, healthy feet.

She has lately told us that when her feet were first bound she could not sleep for the pain, and could not walk.

During this school year, five other young girls have had their feet unbound, all of whom were very glad of the opportunity. Two of the number are sisters, daughters of a man who less than a year ago gave himself to the Lord Jesus. He very early had convictions on the subject of bound feet and told us that he wished his daughters' feet unbound. He also wished his wife, now in the woman's school, to unbind hers. She has very small feet, the bones of which are probably broken, and the unbinding might be attended with great danger, so it has not yet been done.

One girl got this burden on her heart, and the consent of her parents was gained for her by the missionaries who were instrumental in bringing her here.

The action of other pupils is of equal value in showing the feeling of most of our Christian girls on this subject.

One had not asked for baptism, and we never urge it on any one.

A few weeks ago we noticed that she appeared very sad and asked her what was the trouble. She said, "It is a very great matter."

When asked *what* matter, she replied, "I want to unbind my feet, and I am sure my parents will not let me."

We thought there might be something else, and that perhaps she was wishing for baptism.

She said in a voice strained with emotion, "How could I be baptized with bound feet?" It seemed to her that she could not publicly confess her Saviour by receiving baptism without first bringing forth this fruit of repentance.

She wrote to her parents and we to the missionaries in charge of the work at her home. After several days she received word that they would not consent. She was almost heartbroken, and said she would unbind them if they were not willing. They would beat her, but she was willing to endure that. After a few days of calmer thought and of prayer, she wrote to them that it was the duty of a Christian girl to obey her parents, and if they would not consent she would not unbind her feet. The Chinese Classics teach that *no* parents under heaven are in the wrong. She seemed to take up the heavier cross and is bearing it bravely. She prays that her parents may understand *the doctrine*, and writes to them of her Saviour, exhorting them to accept Him.

Another girl is praying, and writing for consent to unbind her feet. Her father is a preacher, not at home much of the time, and the family are opposed, but we believe consent will be gained.

Of the ten other pupils who have left the school since June, '92, seven to pursue their studies in other schools, and three to be married, nine had either natural or unbound feet. Six pupils have just come to us entirely untaught along these lines. Of the remaining thirty-one now in school, nineteen have either unbound or natural feet, and two more are groaning for this freedom. — *Heathen Woman's Friend*.

A little boy, upon asking his mother how many Gods there were, was instantly answered by his younger brother: "Why, one to be sure." "But how do you know that?" inquired the other. "Because," he replied, "God fills every place, so that there is no room for any other."

International S. S. Lessons.

11 Nov.

The Twelve Chosen.

Les. Mark 3 : 6-19. Gol. Text John 15-16.
Mem. vs. 13-15. Catechism Q. 101.

HOME READINGS.

M. Matt. 12 : 14-21.....The Pharisees' Conspiracy.
T. Mark. 3 : 6-19.....The Twelve Chosen.
W. John. 15 : 10-17.....Chosen of Christ.
Th. Eph. 1 : 1-14.....Chosen to be Holy.
F. Acts 26 : 12-22.....Chosen to be a Witness.
S. Matt. 10 : 1-20.....The Twelve Sent Forth.
S. Matt. 10 : 21-42.....The Twelve Encouraged.

Jesus could only be in one place at a time, preaching and healing, and in this way, although He worked so hard and constantly, the Gospel spread very slowly.

He then decided to appoint a number of his followers that they might remain with Him for a time, to learn, and then He could send them forth to teach, and when He should leave the earth, they could carry on His work.

The lesson tells us how He appointed them.

1. He prayed. It was very important that He should make the right choice, and that they should be fitted for their work, and Jesus prayed, not merely a few minutes or half an hour, but, as Luke tells us, chapter 6 : 12, all night.

All night in prayer might seem a very dull thing to young people, but if you had been away from home for some time, meeting with difficulty, and opposition, and scorn, in your work, if it would not seem dull to go and spend a night at home. Perhaps when there you would sit up talking half the night. How restful it would be to be with those like minded with yourself.

Jesus was meeting with opposition and reproach. Even His disciples could not fully understand Him. How pleasant it would be to Him to spend the night alone with His Heavenly Father, who was like minded with Himself. How it would rest and help Him for the work of the following day.

2. He chose busy men who were hard at work at something. He wanted men who had energy. He did not go to some loungers who were idly waiting for something to turn up.

So now, when Christ wants men for any place of honor or usefulness in the world He chooses busy men. He does not want idlers. The way to be called to something better is to be busy where we are.

3. He called them from different kinds of work. Some were fishermen, one was a Custom house officer, others followed other callings. Some were poor, others better off. This shows us that Jesus wants people from all walks of life to serve Him.

On the whole most of them were poor and in humble circumstances. This shows us that Christ loves and cares for people, rather than for the circumstances they are in.

4. Among them was one who afterwards betrayed Him. Jesus knew his heart when He chose him, but, perhaps He did it to teach a lesson to all this world, to show them that even an apostle, if he did not watch and pray, might be led away by temptation.

18 Nov.

The Sermon on the Mt.

Les. Luke 6 : 20-31. Gol. Text. Luke 6 : 31.
Mem. vs. 27-31. Catechism, Q. 102.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 6 : 20-31.....The Sermon on the Mount.
T. Matt. 5 : 1-26.....True Disciples.
W. Matt. 5 : 27-48.....The Tongue and the Temper.
Th. Matt. 6 : 1-18.....Giving and Praying.
F. Matt. 6 : 19-34.....Our Father's Care.
S. Matt. 7 : 1-14.....Golden Precepts.
S. Matt. 7 : 15-29.....Solemn Warnings.

When Christ ordained His twelve apostles, as mentioned in last lesson, He began that same morning to teach them, in this sermon, some things which He wished them to learn, and to teach when they went out preaching. Read the fifth, sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew and you will find it much fuller than in this lesson.

I. vs. 20-26.

He first tells them of four things that most people think very undesirable, and says that those to whom these things come, are blessed, happy.

Then He tells them of four things that everybody likes, and tells them that these are not really for the good of those to whom they come. Put those things side by side.

<i>The "Blesseds."</i>	<i>The "Woes."</i>
The Poor.	The Rich.
The Hungry.	The Full.
The Weeping.	The Laughing.
The Hated.	The Praised.

How strange! What does it mean? Matthew tells us that "Poor" means poor in spirit, humble; that hungry, means hungry after righteousness, longing to be good. Now we understand it. Blessed are they who feel their own unworthiness for they will trust more to the righteousness of Christ; blessed are they who long to be better for they shall have their longing satisfied.

Verse 27-30.

Christ then lays down a rule for them to live by, and for us too.

Love your enemies. It is very hard to do, but Jesus did it when we were enemies to Him, and He bids us to do the same, and He will help us to do it.

Verse 31.

Here He lays down the Golden Rule. Do unto others as you would that they should do to you. What you're unwilling to receive be sure you never do.

What a happy world it would be if everyone obeyed this rule. Christ wants each one of us to obey it, and thus do what we can towards making the world happy.

25 Nov.

Opposition to Christ.

Les. Mark 3 : 22-35. Gol. Text John 1 : 11.
Mem. vs. 23-26. Catechism Q. 103.

Why should any one be opposed to Christ, who was all the time doing all he could to help people? For the same reason that some are opposed to him now, because they love some sin, and when people love any sin they must hate Christ.

One thing that made some of them hate Him was that He had driven the traders out of the temple a year before. Others said He did not teach truth regarding the Sabbath. He was friendly with publicans, and these Jewish rulers did not like that. His miracles and wonderful teaching led the multitudes to follow Him, and this made the rulers jealous and angry, and they were eager to find some means of putting Him to death.

Some scribes from Jerusalem hit upon a plan. They said, He is in partnership with Satan, the Prince of the Devils, and in that way gets power to cast out evil spirits. If they could only prove such a charge as that, He would be put to death.

Jesus showed that this could not be, because Satan is not so stupid as to give men power to destroy his kingdom, and if he were, his kingdom would soon go to pieces, and there would be no evil. The scribes must have been ashamed of their charge.

Then Jesus tells them what a wicked thing they have done, they have said that the things which He did by the power of the Holy Spirit were done by the evil one. They have thus blasphemed the Holy Spirit.

But the opposition was not all from His enemies. His friends could not understand Him. They thought that He was going crazy, and one day when He was preaching and healing, with a crowd of people around Him, they came to reason with Him.

But He could not turn from His work, even for them, and His answer is a very precious and helpful one to all of us, showing how near and dear to Him, are all who keep his commandments.

LESSONS.

1. If we oppose what is good, it is because we ourselves are not right.

2. We may know by our efforts to do His will whether we are His brethren.

3. What an honor and privilege to be brethren of Christ.

4. If we belong to the family of Christ, we will have the family likeness.

5. Let us seek to help rather than hinder work for Christ.

2 Dec.

Christ's Testimony to John.

Les. Luke 7 : 24-35. Gol. Text Luke 7 : 27.
Mem. vs. 27, 28. Catechism Q. 104.

Poor John, what a change for him! The previous summer he had been boldly preaching to the multitudes that came to him: now he had been for some months shut up in a lonely dungeon cell, because he had spoken against the sin that was going on in Herod's palace.

Some of his friends came and told him of the wonderful works that Jesus was doing and as he sat there lonely and discouraged, he began to think that Jesus had forgotten him, and that if He were really the great Messiah, He would not leave an old friend so long in prison.

At length he got two of his friends to go and ask Jesus if He were really the one who was looked for. When they came they found Him busy teaching and working miracles, and when they gave their message Jesus just said to them; go back and tell John what you have seen and heard, the blind getting their sight, the lame walking, the lepers being healed, and the poor having the Gospel preached to them. John would know that none but the Messiah could do these things, He also told them to tell John to wait and trust, not to lose heart or faith because Christ had not set him free.

Then the friends went away with their message to John, and Jesus began to tell the people what a grand man John had been.

Some of the rulers did not like this, and Jesus had to tell them that they were very silly, acting like very little children instead of men; for John the Baptist lived a very lonely life and they found fault with him, and Jesus lived a social life and they found fault with Him.

LESSONS.

1. Troubles may come to good people as they did to John.

2. God does not forget His children in their trouble.

3. We should trust Him whatever may happen.

4. Both John and Jesus, after a short ministry, were put to death but their work lives.

5. The workers may be taken away but God will carry on the work.

"THE ICE WAS BROKEN."

It takes courage to be the first in a good movement, but often when we have made a move that is a little pronounced considering the surrounding circumstances, we are surprised to find how many near us have been longing for stamina enough to take just that step.

In a Boston boarding-house roomed sixteen clerks, honest and well-disposed, and belonging to good families. All of them were of the age when the boy, just merging into manhood, generally makes decisions as to his conduct that result in final good or evil.

Three of the young men, who occupied one of the rooms together, were recent acquaintances, and their first Sunday morning in the house brought a trial of moral courage which is interesting to relate.

The hours between breakfast and church time must be whiled away somehow, and two of the room-mates busied themselves with miscellaneous reading.

The third felt a desire to take out his Bible and read it, as he had been taught to do at home. Fearing ridicule, he hesitated a good while, but conscience presently impelled him to go to his trunk and lift the lid. Cowardice suggested that it would look "sanctimonious" to be seen reading the Bible. He shut the lid down and walked away.

After nearly half an hour of struggle, conscience triumphed again. He rose and went to the trunk a second time. His hand was on the Bible. Again his courage failed him. As he was turning away, one of his companions called out:

"What's the matter, Ike? You're as uneasy as a weather cock."

Ike laughed and told the truth like a man. To his surprise both the others confessed that they had had the same struggle and defeat. Each thought that he ought to read his Bible, but was afraid to be seen by the rest.

The next minute all three had their Bibles in their hands, and read them together during the next half hour. They agreed to do this every Sunday. The ice was broken.

The next Sabbath morning, while they sat

quietly reading, two of the clerks from another room came in.

"Halloo!" they exclaimed. "What is this; a conventicle?"

The three Bible readers frankly told of their agreement. The visitors confessed that only cowardice had kept them, too, from the same duty. They promised to begin at once, and they did so. The example spread, till each of the sixteen clerks in the house spent his Sunday mornings reading the Bible.

Every one of these youths is to-day a useful man. We cannot, of course, say that the mere reading of the Bible on those Sabbath mornings made these men what they are. We can say, however, that the principles of the Bible must have influenced their lives for good, and the associations which, with such a habit, they would naturally seek, must necessarily have been honorable and elevating, and have tended to their success in life. One of them, who afterwards became a minister, related the facts we have given.

One boy's courage to do right may determine not only his own future well-being, but that of many others besides.—*Sel.*

KNOWING BOYS.

Six things a boy ought to know:

1. That a quiet voice, courtesy and kind acts are as essential to the part in the world of a gentleman as a gentle-woman.
2. That roughness, blustering and even foolhardiness are not manliness. The most firm and courageous men have usually been the most gentle.
3. That muscular strength is not health.
4. That a brain crammed only with facts is not necessarily a wise one.
5. That the labor impossible to the boy of fourteen will be easy to the man of twenty.
6. The best capital for a boy is not money, but love of work, simple tastes, and a heart loyal to his friends and his God.—*Selected.*

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.