

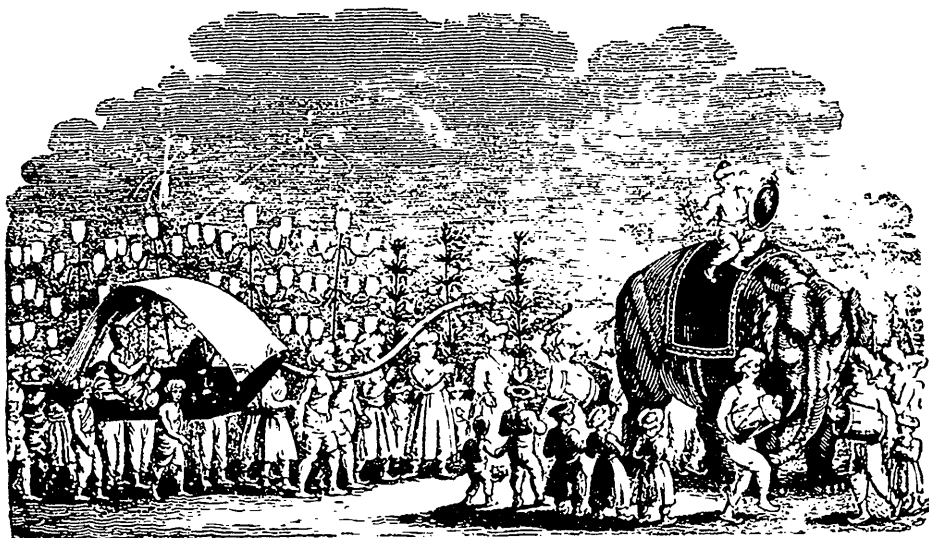
CHILDREN'S RECORD

OF THE
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A Procession at a Hindu Feast in India.

THE LORD'S WORK.

Recitation for Six Little Children.

First.—The Lord hath work for little hands.
For they may do his wise commands.

Second.—And he marks out for little feet
A narrow pathway, straight and
sweet.

Third.—One little face may fill with light
A heart and home as dark as night.

Fourth.—And there are words for little eyes
To make them earnest, true, and
wise.

Fifth.—One little voice may lead above
By singing songs of Jesus' love.

Sixth.—One little heart may be the place
Where God shall manifest his grace.

All joining hands.—Our hands, our feet, our
hearts we bring
To Christ, our Lord, the risen King.
—Selected.

A BOASTER SILENCED.

A rich man was showing a friend through his house, and, after scaling a high tower, pointing in a northerly direction, said:

"As far as your eye can reach that is all mine."

"Is that so?" said the friend.

"Yes. Now turn this way; that is also mine."

"Indeed?" said the friend.

"Now look southerly—that is all mine, and westerly is mine also—in fact, on all four points of the compass, as far as the eye can reach, it is all mine."

His friend, looking at him, paused, said:

"Yes; I see you have land on all four quarters; but," pointing his fingers upwards, said, "What have you got in that direction?"

The rich man was unable to answer.

How many there are who are rich in this world's goods, but poor in the inheritance of life eternal.—Ex.

TARA AND HER FATHER.

By Rev. Norman Russell.

Ramdas was a clerk in the Government offices and a Brahmin. From all time, so he had been taught, his forefathers were Brahmins; the first Brahmin having sprung from God's head, and therefore he belonged to the greatest race of men living, a race before whom every other man was insignificant. Ramdas was quiet and unobtrusive; he had not much to say even to his fellow Brahmins, but he thought a good deal, and as he was daily brought in contact with Europeans, he came to find not only that they were powerful, but also clever and good. He had heard them called beef-eaters, despisers of caste, Mlechhas, but he found they were honest, kind-hearted and just, which was more than he could say for his own Brahmin people.

Ramdas' wife was dead and his son married; only his little daughter Tara remained to him. She was a bright little girl, quick and eager to learn. Her grandmother, had she lived, would have strongly opposed the idea of her learning to read, and her aunts scoffed at her. Education they said was for men, had they been taught to read or write, or their mother? And if her grandmother and great-grandmother had lived and died without being educated it was ridiculous for her to talk of it.

But her father did not think so, he saw that education had raised the English ladies and he knew no reason why it should not be so with Hindu women. Both Ramdas and his little daughter, therefore, were very glad when the Miss Sahib called one day to say she was opening a school for girls, and would be glad to have Tara attend. So it was arranged, and every morning the old calling woman came for her and took her and the other girls off to school near the Mission bungalow, and in the afternoon brought them home again.

It was not long before Tara learned to read and make her letters, and she became very much interested in her studies. She noticed that while it was one of the Christian women who taught her the ordinary lessons,

the Miss Sahib herself always taught the Bible. Whether it was because of this, or the subject itself, Tara soon became deeply interested in the Scripture lesson. The stories of Jesus were to her very sweet and so different from the ugly stories of the Hindu gods. And then she learned many of the verses by heart, including the Commandments and the Lord's prayer, "He hamara swarg, jasi pita."

Every night as she came home she would

come very much interested in Tara's stories, and especially when she learned to sing "Yisu Masih" was he delighted, and couldn't hear it often enough.

And so it has been going on, Tara ever learning something new and bringing it home to teach her father. She says she believes in Jesus and prays to Him every day, and she has almost taught her father to believe also. Poor man, it would be so much easier for him if it were not for caste. He knows



Tara and her Father.

tell her father of the stories she had heard in school, and repeat to him the verses she had learned. At first he used to think to himself, "What would the priests and caste people say if they heard me listening to such things, and from my own daughter?" He knew that these teachings were contrary to his own religion. But then Ramdas was not very strict, he didn't half believe in the Hindu gods anyway, and the priests he looked on as lazy and deceitful. Moreover he be-

that to give up Hinduism and especially to become a Christian would be to lose caste, and that means to lose all his friends, and bring great ignominy on himself. This is a trial he dare not face as yet, for he has not learned the secret of strength. Nor for the same reason could he let Tara become a Christian.

There are many Ramdas's and many Taras in India, and they especially need our sympathy and our prayers.

LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

Couva, Trinidad,
March 28, 1898.

Dear Children's Record:

Here we are away down in hot Trinidad, having an epidemic of influenza. It seems to like the heat, for, though we have given it lots of chances to go north, it wont go. About twenty of my school children are laid up and school is smaller than it has been this year.

One little fellow, "Batchai," is very ill—we are afraid he is not going to live. The poor little fellow has had hot fever for fifteen days and is very weak and weary. He is always delighted to see Mr. Thompson or myself when we go to see him, which we always do once every day.

I am going to tell you something about our Sabbath schools. Yesterday was Sabbath, and at half past seven, William and Emma, Judah and I, started off down to Perseverance estate, three miles from here. We used a Sabbath school there in an old unvased hospital.

After going around among the barracks and bringing along all whom we could get to come with us, we found that we had eighty—men, women, and children.

The Sabbath before we had a good many more, but yesterday everybody seemed to be too busy to go to church. Some were cooking; others sharpening their hoes and cutlasses ready for the morrows work; others washing, etc. But the boys like to come to Sunday school. I have a class of twenty bright boys, nine of whom are Christians.

After our lessons there were over, we again set out. Emma and William went to Exchange Estate to hold service in the hospital there. I went up to Camden Estate, where we have another Sabbath School.

Amelia, Lady, and Padum, had already gone up and had the children all gathered when I arrived. After the opening exercises we separated into classes and went on with our lessons.

Yesterday we had sixty-four in that Sab-

bath School. It also was smaller than usual. I shall tell you why:

Two pigs were being killed and made ready for a heathen feast to take place later in the day, and the pig killing was more attractive to a good many than our Sunday School.

When we came home from Camden we were all hot and hungry, as it was noon; so we took our breakfast and a little rest. At two o'clock the church bell rang, for that is the hour for our central Sabbath School in Couva Church.

I am sure you would like to look in some day and see us all at work in our classes. We have a large infant class, but they have to get their lesson in an outside room as the class is large and they are pretty noisy. You couldn't expect them to be quiet, as many of them are babies carried by older brothers or sisters.

Yesterday we had a baptismal service in connection with the Sabbath school, when little "Nelle Bissessar" and "Ralph Rajkumar" were baptised. Ralph's father was one of my school boys some years ago.

I have only told you of these three Sabbath Schools as they are the ones I have to do with; but there are Sabbath schools held in every school house in the district. Wherever we have school during the week, there we also have a Sabbath School, where the little ones are gathered together to be taught the old, old story.

Pray for these little Indian boys and girls, that many of them may give their hearts to that Saviour whom they have not known before, and remember that they never hear the name "Jesus" in their homes. Faithfully yours,

LUCY FISHER.

HOW STEVE GORDON OBEYED ORDERS.

It was a dark, rainy Sunday morning, in the city of B——. As the Rev. Mr. Harris looked out over his congregation, a slight feeling of depression came over his usually cheerful heart. Here and there were a few

of the faithful, scattered among the desolate looking pews; while outside, the rain beat wildly against the high windows.

With a prayer for divine help, the minister threw off this feeling of discouragement, and rising in his place, delivered his message with all the love and earnestness of his being. As he preached, the consciousness that he was speaking to some needy, hungry soul led him to say, at the close of his sermon:

"If there is any soul here this morning, who feels that he should give his heart to God, will you not come to this altar as we sing, 'Just as I am?'"

There was silence for a moment, and then, as the congregation took up the well-known words, there was a stir in the rear of the church, as down the aisle, with earnest, resolute face, came a young boy, evidently about fourteen years of age.

"Why, it's Steve Gordon," whispered a young lady to a friend; "he is in my Sunday-school class," and without a moment's hesitation, she stepped out of her pew and knelt by the side of the boy. Then others came, and while prayers, mighty with faith were ascending for him, Steve Gordon found his Saviour.

As it happened, Steve was the only boy present in his Sunday-school class, and Miss Irving, his teacher, took this opportunity of a loving, personal talk with him. The lesson was that wonderful passage concerning "the whole armor of God," and as Miss Irving and Steve talked of the possibilities of this Christian warfare, the teacher said:

"Steve, let us pledge ourselves this week to look to our Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, for orders before every act. And then, like good soldiers, let us obey, no matter what the cost may be. Will you?"

She held out her hand, Steve took it, and in that silent handshake they pledged their loyalty to their Captain.

* * * * *

The eighth grade of the Central Building was just passing out. A knot of boys had gathered on the corner, and, as Steve came

down the walk, a voice called out, "Hurry up, Gordon, we want you."

"I've struck the best piece of luck," the speaker went on, as Steve joined the company. "You know that awful history 'exam' Miss Warren has been threatening us with to-morrow?"

A chorus of "Yes!" "Go on!" from the boys, showed their interest. They were always ready for something exciting when Rob Wilson talked this way.

"Well, you know I lost my history to-day, and I asked Miss Warren for her's, to look up a date. Lo, and behold! as I reached my desk, out dropped her list of questions for to-morrow's examination. As luck would have it, she had her back turned, and as you may imagine, it did not take me long to take some private notes, and now, if you boys will come over to-night, we will see how many of us will get conditioned to-morrow."

A chorus of approval arose from the boys, as they promised to be there.

"Isn't that jolly, Gordon!" one of the boys asked of Steve; "don't fail to be there," he added, as he walked off.

For a moment Steve stood still on the corner. In that brief moment he looked into his Captain's face and read his orders. Over and over the words were repeating themselves, "Let us obey, whatever the cost may be. Will you?"

He thought of that handclasp as he and Miss Irving had pledged their loyalty to Christ. With this came the thought of what the boys would say—of the explanations he would have to make; of the ridicule that might come to him as he tried to defend his ideas of honesty. But then—his Captain! The struggle was a hard one, but the "armor" held, and Steve won.

That night, a watchful little star, looking into Steve's room, saw him bending over his history with earnest face, and a resolute look in his eyes that meant success; and deeper and more satisfying than all the joy that came to him the next day, when he passed the examination triumphantly, was the consciousness of having been true to his Captain and his orders.—Christian Standard.

STRANGE THINGS IN CEYLON.

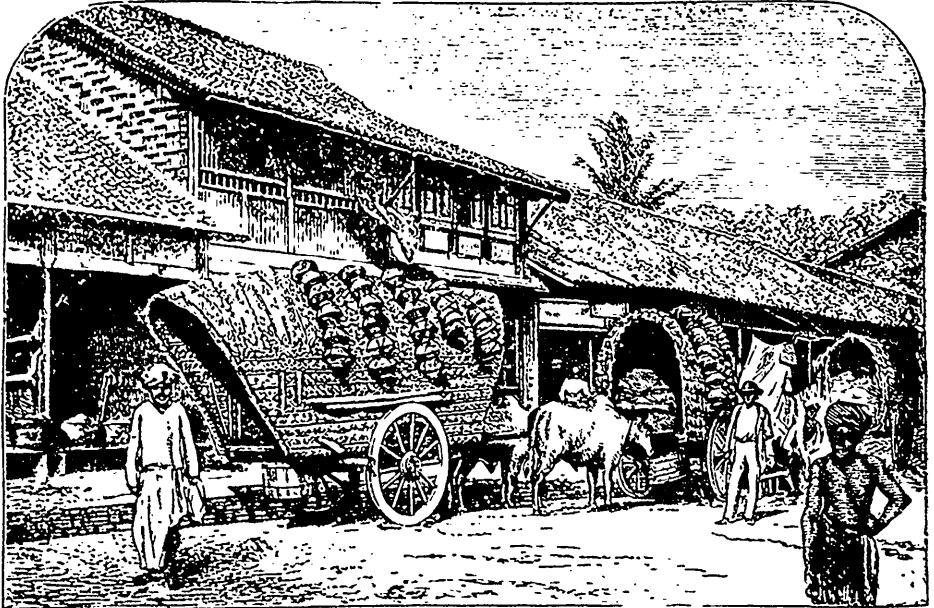
In Ceylon there are 1,932 devil dancers, 36 monkey dancers, 121 snake charmers, 240 astrologers, 640 tom-tom beaters, 160 nautch dancers, 5,000 fakirs and devotee beggars, and 9,598 Buddhist priests.

The Cingalese, from childhood to their dying day, are in constant dread of evil spirits, which they suppose live in the rocks, trees, and jungles, seeking to do them harm.

put the tender leaves of the cocoanut palm round his rice field to keep away the demons.

The reapers in the harvest field and the fishermen on the sea use a language which they suppose the demons won't understand. A lucky day is chosen to sow their rice, and the first sheaf of the harvest is offered to the devil.

Many of the Cingalese wear charms on some part of their bodies to preserve them



A Town Scene in Ceylon.

When a little girl is naughty the mother will frighten the child by saying, "Come goblin, and take this child away." If a man starts on a journey and a lizard crosses his path he turns back. The howling of a dog at night, or the sight of an empty jug, makes him miserable for a whole day.

A villager will place a pot spotted with lime on a stick in his vegetable garden to keep off the evil eye, and another man will

from evil spirits. Women wear them round their necks, or round their arms above the elbow; the men have them tied round their waists. Parents buy them for their children, and put them on as soon as they are born.

Some of the people are so ignorant and superstitious that they do not give any medicine in sickness, trusting only to charms and devil dancing; others who are a little

more enlightened think that charms should be used to give effect to the medicine.

Once I visited a sick man, and saw preparations being made for a devil ceremony. He said, "I know they can't do any good, but they please the children." Another man told me that if he did not allow his wife to have devil ceremonies she would run away and leave him. Now let me give you a few illustrations of this demon worship :

One day I went to see a man, who had fallen from a tree the day before and broken both his legs. No doctor was sent for, but a devil dancer. He performed a ceremony

a young woman who was very ill with typhoid fever. When I arrived at the house about nine o'clock in the evening I found a devil ceremony was being performed. The girl, with the raging fever upon her, was lying on a rush mat on the damp ground in the garden. A crowd of people were standing round a bamboo inclosure, which was decorated with cocoanut leaves and areca flowers.

In the center, near the girl, was the devil priest, wearing a hideous mask, and bells tied round his ankles and wrists. In each hand he held a lighted torch, and was danc-



A Country Scene in Ceylon.

which lasted through the night, and tied a charm round the man's neck. The poor man was in great pain, and I advised that he should be taken to the hospital. After talking to him about the foolishness of the charm he allowed me to cut it off-

As soon as I did so the wife and relations rushed out of the house screaming. On the way to the hospital the man died, and his friends said it was because I had cut the charm. When I opened the charm I found the words, "Come out, O devil!" written seven times on a piece of palm leaf.

On another occasion I was sent for to see

ing and jumping about like a madman, while two tom-tom beaters were making a deafening noise.

He next held one of the lighted torches near the girl, threw some powdered resin upon it, and yelled to the supposed demon at the top of his voice, using words of endearment and flattery, such as, "O loving and dear brother, go away from this girl, and we will give you plenty of rice and oil and honey every day." This foolish ceremony went on till four o'clock in the morning, when, owing to fatigue and exposure to the night air, the poor girl passed away.

Attempts are sometimes made to cheat the demon. I once saw a funeral procession. The devil priest personated the sick man, and was being carried on a bamboo bier for burial. The mother and other relatives followed, making great lamentation, the former crying, beating on her breast, and saying, "My golden son, my beautiful son, he is dead, he is dead!"

The priest was then placed in an open grave, and the sham mourners returned home; a few moments after the priest got up and followed them. It was supposed that the demon would be deceived, and leave the house when he saw the man carried out to burial. Many of the Buddhist priests also believe in devil ceremonies and charms to keep them from harm.

A priest once came to the mission house from a distant village, and in the top of his walking stick was a little box, which contained three charmed pills, which he said would preserve him from being attacked by elephants while coming through the jungle.

This belief in demon worship and charms is not confined in Ceylon, but exists to a great extent in some parts of South India also.—J. W. Balding, in Children's Friend.

CHINESE BABIES.

I feel sure that some of you little people remember, on waking up one morning, being told that God had sent a little new baby brother or sister into your home. How delighted you were! And how you begged to be taken at once to see the new baby. And when you did see him, how nice you thought he looked in his long white robes, and how pleased when mother actually let you hold him in your arms for a minute. You loved to see him put in his bath, too, I know, and watch whilst he was being dressed; and then how pleased you were to rock him to sleep in the cradle!

Now, God loves the babies in far away China just as much as he does your dear wee baby brother or sister, and I want to tell you a little about them, and the homes they

live in, and the way they live. Then, when you kneel down and ask God to bless the baby in your home, you will think to pray that He may bless the ones in China too.

You cannot fancy your dear mother and father being angry because the baby in your home was born a girl, can you? Still less, treating her unkindly because she was not a boy! But I have seen and known of many Chinese mothers who have thrown their little girl babies into the river to drown. They do not think that girls are of any use, and, until the missionaries teach them that God is love, do not think it is wicked to put an end to their babies lives in this way. But I want to talk to you about the babies who are let live, and loved and cared for by their parents.

"What a funny little man a Chinese baby looks!" I think you would say. Instead of being dressed in dainty white clothes like your new baby, he is covered with so many tiny, wadded garments, bright red instead of white, and his little trousers would probably be green. He wears a small cap, too, bright red in color, and something the shape of your father's when he smokes his pipe, only much more gay. It is decorated with bits of looking-glass and small metal images of idols.

He does not have a feeding-bottle and Mellin's food, but long before he has teeth his mother feeds him with a sort of paste made of very softly boiled rice, which she pushes into his mouth with her fingers.

Strapped securely onto his mother's back by means of a square of cloth with long strings at the corners, he spends most of his time, whilst she goes about her household duties or takes him out to buy the sung for the evening meal.

No matter what mother is doing, whether cooking the food or rowing a boat or sewing or worshipping the ugly idols in the temple, baby sits placidly in his little carrying-cloth, his black, beady eyes staring up at the sky or ceiling, and his legs dangling at his mother's sides.—In Children's World.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

John Pierce spent one Lord's Day in a saloon gambling. He lost a whole week's earnings. Then he went home to get the rent money which was to be paid the next day. He heard sobs and the voice of his little Hannah praying God to make him a comfort to them. When he heard her call him "dear father," and thought how unkind he had been, he forgot the money and crept up into his bedroom, fell on his knees and prayed.

Then he went down where Hannah was who started up astonished. For years she had not seen her father at home on a Sunday evening. "Dear father," she said. "mother will be so glad to see you." He kissed his child and said, "Read something out of your Bible." Two hours before, the sight of a Bible in her hand would have made him swear.

Hannah read the 51st Psalm. The father hid his face and wept. "Thank you, dear," he said, "read something else." She turned to the 103d Psalm. "Surely God made her choose those two," thought Mr. Pierce. His wife coming in said, "Have something to eat, John, you've had no beer to-night."

"Oh!" said he, "I hope I shall never taste beer again." With joy she threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears. For some minutes they wept together.

"Can you forgive such a wretch?" said he. "Forgive you, my dear husband," she replied. "I never loved you half so well nor was half so happy before. Ask God to forgive you and He will, as I do." "I have," he said "but till I heard what our dear Hannah read I did not believe He could ever forgive such a sinner as I." "Christ came to save sinners, even the chief," said his wife. "Does the Bible say that?" he asked. "Indeed it does," she answered. "Then it must mean me." "Let us kneel down, John, and pray."

When they arose the man's heart was light and his face shining and little Hannah delighted beyond measure.—Selected.

THE BABY'S PICTURE.

Antoinette was the little girl's real name, but, in the store where she was a cash girl, she was known by the name of "Fluffy." That was because her hair had a way of curling all over her head, looking like the heads of some of the dolls that were in the showcase for sale. The little doll customers always asked for a doll with "fluffy hair."

Antoinette put one in a mind of a doll, too, for she was small and fragile in appearance and her face looked like transparent china. She had been absent from her post of duty two days because the baby had died. The morning of her return the other cash girls crowded around her, and in kindly tones said, "We are awfully sorry for you, 'Fluffy.' What was the matter with the baby?"

"The doctor said there was too much steam in the room, and the dampness was bad for its lungs. You see, mother has had extra washing lately," replied "Fluffy" in a sad tone of voice.

The faces of the other girls lighted up for a moment, more washing made additional finances, but "Fluffy" interpreted the look and thought, and said, "Yes, but the extra money all went for baby's funeral. We wanted to give baby a pretty funeral, of course; and, girls, we feel just dreadfully, because we didn't even have baby's picture taker. She was real sweet and cute-looking."

Customers were beginning to come in thick and fast, and rappings on the counter with call of "Cash! Here, cash!" resounded through the store. The first article that Antoinette took to the desk from a purchaser was a baby's dress all trimmed with lace and pretty, cream-white baby ribbon, and, as she threaded her way through the crowded aisles of the store, she thought how pretty baby would have looked in that dress, if it could only have worn it and had its picture taken. She halted for a moment, so overcome was she with the picture she was making in her mind, but a stern voice called out, "Hurry up there. Step along more lively, can't you?"

At six o'clock the cash girls started on their homeward way with tired feet and aching heads, for it had been one of those warm October days, when the steam heat of the store made them feel more than usually languid.

"O, there's a picture that just looks like our baby!" exclaimed Antoinette to one of the girls, who, because she felt sorry for her in her trouble, had gone out of her way to walk home with "Fluffy."

"Your baby didn't have a dress like that, though?" the companion said, as she looked at the picture the sister pointed out in the case.

"No; but if she had had such a dress, she would have looked almost the very same."

The photographer's man came at that moment and carried the showcase in, for it was getting dark.

When Antoinette went home she told her mother about the picture, and the next day the sorrowing mother left the wash tub for an hour and went to the photographer's case to see if she could pick out the picture her little girl had told her about. Yes, it was a very easy matter. That baby's picture was almost a true likeness of her own lost darling. How strange it seemed. As she had no other picture, she would be so glad if she could have that one to hang up in her room to look at. It would be such a comfort, and the neighbors would not know but she had had the baby's picture taken before it died. Timidly she went up the stairs into the photographer's room. She stood on the threshold of the door trying to make up her mind to ask the price. A lady was waiting in the room, and she was looking at the pictures hanging about the wall. The photographer was in a hurry, and he stepped up to the new comer and said, "What do you wish, madam?"

"Do you ever sell other folks' pictures?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"It is not our practice," he replied; "which one do you wish to buy?"

"There is one of a baby in the glass case

in front, and it looks so very much like my little baby, who died a few days ago, that I thought I'd like to buy it to hang up in our room. You see, I didn't get baby's picture taken. I ought to have had it, but I never thought it would die so soon, and there never seemed to be a time I could spare the money."

The photographer looked puzzled. He had never had such a request made to him before. The lady who was in the room looking at the speaker. She was a mother, too, and her heart was touched.

"I wonder if it is the picture of my baby which this woman wishes to buy?"

The photographer took a copy out of the case in the room, and holding it up, said, "Is this the one you mean?"

"O, yes, yes!" exclaimed the woman in tears. "It's just like my baby; only it didn't have a fine dress like that."

The mother of the lost baby took the picture in her hand, she tenderly caressed it and then bent over it and kissed it.

Instantly that other mother, whose baby was alive and well at home, surrounded by every needed care and comfort, threw her arms around the neck of the weeping mother. "O, I am so sorry for you. I shall be only too glad to give you the picture. Put it in a white and gilt frame," she added to the photographer.

The delighted mother began to untie the corner of her handkerchief to take out the little hoard of silver she had, but was told to put it up.

"Nothing to pay for the lovely picture?" she exclaimed.

"Nothing," said that other mother.

With tears and words of thanks the possessor of the picture went on her homeward way. She hung the picture where she could see it when she stood at her wash-tub or her ironing board. To her it was like having the baby looking at her from the white and gold of heaven's gates.

The other mother went home and took her baby in her arms, hugged it with a more lov-

ing tenderness than ever before, and thanked God for sparing it to her.

"That was the strangest thing I ever had happen in all my trade," said the artist, to a friend, in relating the story. "I am not likely to have another such experience in my lifetime."—Northern Christian Advocate.

NEVERS FOR BOYS.

Never make fun of old age; no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. You might never become a drunkard; but beer, wine, and whiskey will do you no good and may wreck your life. Be ever on the safe side. Make your influence count for sobriety.

Never make sport of one of those miserable creatures, a drunken man or woman. They are wrecks; but God alone knows the stress of the storms which drove them upon the breakers. Weep, rather than laugh.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken, your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You cannot throw mud and keep your own hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of yourself?

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

Never hesitate to say no, when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage—the best kind of courage, moral courage; but say no so distinctly that no one

can possibly understand you to mean yes.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in—if need be, bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who are continually doing and saying evil things. A boy, as well as a man, is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead, and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than you do your own.

Never fancy you know more when fifteen years old than your father and mother have learned in all the years of their lives. Wisdom is not given to babes.

Never lay aside your manners when you take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or elsewhere.

Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being. Be one.—Sel.

TWO BOOKS.

A man whom the native doctors had given up as hopeless was brought to a hospital in India and placed under the care of a missionary physician. The missionary determined to do what he could to prolong, if he could not save the man's life; and meanwhile did what he could for the soul of the idolator. By the blessing of God the man's life was saved, and he was finally discharged from the hospital cured.

A friend came to take the man back to his home. Before the two started the friend heard the gospel, too. He reasoned that a foreigner who could perform such a wonderful cure must be a wise man, and must have a good religion; so he asked for a book that taught the religion of the foreigners.

"But neither of you can read," was the answer, "and what good will books do you?"

"No matter," was the reply. "Give us the book and we will find some one to read it for us. A peddler who can read comes to our village, and when he comes again we will tell him to read from the book before we look at his goods. When the tax collector comes we will tell him that he must read the book to us before we will pay our taxes."

Two books were given, and the men went to their distant home. They had told where they lived, and a missionary, some time after, sent native teachers to find the village and to tell the people of the Saviour. The teachers returned and said that they had been unable to learn anything about the two men, and had not even been able to find the village.

Three years went by, and nothing had been heard about the two men. One day when the missionary who had saved the life of the man was on a mission tour far away from the hospital, he heard of a village near by whose inhabitants had given up idolatry and wanted Christian teachers. Going to the village the missionary found the men to whom he had given the books three years before. They were as glad to see him as he was to meet them. He learned that, through a mistake, the native teachers had missed the village; and so the two books had been left to do their work alone.

When the people learned that the missionary physician had come they gathered to welcome him, and asked that a teacher be sent to teach them how to become Christians. They said that the books had led them to give up the worship of idols and to accept the God of the foreigners as theirs; but they wanted to know more about him. They wanted to know exactly how to serve him.

Noticing the idols remaining in the temple near, the missionary asked what they meant to do with those.

"We don't want them any more," was the answer. "We shall never use them again."

Thinking that if the idols remained in the village temple the people might some time be persuaded to return to idolatry, the missionary asked if he might have the principal one to send to his native country.

"Certainly," replied the leader. "You may take all of them. They are of no value to us."

Unwilling to remove the idol himself, the missionary asked if one of them would get the largest god for him. At once a young man walked up to the temple, and taking hold of the largest idol, began pulling it from its place.

"You must go away," said he. "We do not want you any more. You are of no use to us. We have fed and cared for you; we have worshipped and offered sacrifices to you and what have you done for us? Nothing. You cannot even take care of yourself. You are nothing but the work of the hands of men. You do not deserve the name of a god. We have learned of the true, the great, the only God; and him we mean to worship. We have no further use for you, so you must go."

He then pulled the idol from its place, and handling it as if it were of no use or value, he gave it to the missionary.

That idol is now in a museum in a Christian land. The temple in which it once held a prominent and sacred place has long since been put to another use. Instead of a temple for the worship of idols, that village has a large church, in which multitudes gather to worship the true God. The religion of Jesus Christ is the religion of the village, and all the people respect, if they do not all accept it.

All this was brought about by two books, and books that the men who received them were unable to read. Had not those books been sent to that village, certainly the people would not have asked for teachers; they would not have welcomed the missionary; and probably for many years no missionary would have visited the place. The books did it, at least, began the work, and prepared the way for what followed.

But who gave the money to buy those books? Perhaps some Sunday school boy or girl. Perhaps two or more children gave a few cents, or only a penny apiece, and then prayed the Lord to accept and bless their offering. But somebody gave the money, and that large church and that Christian village in India are the result.—New York Observer.

THE LAST DOLLAR.

He gave it to his wife with a sigh, yet with a look of resignation.

"It is our last dollar," he said. "But the Lord will provide."

The Rev. James Spring was minister in the little mountain village of Thornville. He was poor, and his congregation was poor. Often before he had been very near his last dollar, but he had never actually got to it until to-day.

"So you've been always saying," sobbed his wife; "but what is to become of us when this is gone? They won't trust us any more at the store; and your salary won't be due these three weeks, even if you get it then. Why do you stay here, James, when the people are so poor?"

"I have no other place to go to; nor money to travel to it, if the Lord opened a way. My work for the present is here. He feedeth the young ravens; He will surely feed us."

"I wish I had your faith, but I haven't; and it won't come to me. Oh! what shall we do, what shall we do!" And she wrung her hands despairingly. "My poor children!"

"Once I was young and now I am old," solemnly said her husband, speaking in the words of the Psalmist, "yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread."

As if in answer to this pious ejaculation there came a sudden knock at the door. All the while the minister and his wife had been talking, a storm had been raging outside. On opening the door, a traveller, quite wet through, entered.

"I was coming through the forest from Maryland," he said, "and ventured to stop at the first house I see. My horse is in the shed. Do I take too great a liberty?"

"Not at all," answered the master of the house. "We have but a poor shelter, as you see; but such as it is, you are welcome to it; there is a good fire, at any rate." For it was in the kitchen where this conversation took place. Indeed, this humble home boast-

ed no parlor, and the kitchen was dining-room, drawing-room, living-room, and all.

The stranger proved to be a man of education and intelligence, and in conversation with him, the minister forgot his trouble, and was reminded of earlier and brighter days, when intellectual companionship had not been the rare thing it was now, up among these hills.

At last the storm abated, and the stranger rose to go. His host accompanied him to the gate, and watched him till he disappeared behind a turn of the road.

"See here, James," cried his wife, eagerly, when he returned to the house, "I found this on the table, near where the gentleman sat."

It was a fifty-dollar greenback, wrapped hastily in a bit of paper, that looked as if it had been torn from a pocket-book, and on the inside of the paper was written the verse of the Psalmist, which, it was now apparent, the traveler had overheard.

"I thought he was writing the direction he asked for," said the minister. "He means it for us. Thanks be to the Lord! Did I not say, my dear, He would provide?"

His wife burst into tears.

"God forgive me!" she said, "I will never doubt again. The Lord surely sent this stranger to our aid."

"And He will still provide," replied her husband. "Whatever my lot be, here or elsewhere, in Him I trust."

A month afterward a letter, a rare event, came to the Rev. James Spring. It was as follows:

"Rev. and Dear Sir: The church at Maryville has unanimously called you to its pastorate. The salary is fifteen hundred dollars and a good parsonage-house." The letter concluded by saying: "The writer of this first came to know you by your hospitality to him during a storm a few weeks ago. He overheard you, in a moment of great distress, speak with such full faith, that he feels you are just the person for this charge, and on his recommendation this call has been made."

Maryville was the county town, a rich and thriving place, in a broad and fertile valley, at the foot of the hills. It was a far fitter sphere of labor for a man of the minister's abilities than the wild village in the mountains.

So a young man, as yet without a family, took the missionary church among the hills, and the Rev. James Spring accepted the call.

But he does not forget the past, and often, when people show want of faith, tells the story of his last dollar.—Peterson's Magazine.

CONQUERED BY LOVE.

A soldier was the terror of his company. He was disobedient, cruel, quarrelsome and vicious. As a result, he was often terribly punished, but there was no reformation. In due time, by the fortunes of war, a captain from another regiment was placed in command of that company. The very first day the orderly sergeant informed the captain of the terrible character of this incorrigible soldier. That afternoon the man perpetrated some misdemeanor, was arrested by a sergeant and brought before the captain. He looked at him for a moment, and, speaking to the sergeant, said:

"Let him go to his quarters."

"Shall I keep him under guard?" inquired the sergeant.

"O, no," said the captain, quietly.

That evening the captain called his sergeant, and said:

"Go down to Mr. Blank's quarters and tell him to come up to my tent; I wish to see him."

"Shall I bring him up under guard?" inquired the sergeant.

"O, no," said the captain. "Just tell him to come. I guess he'll come, if you tell him."

In due time the soldier stood inside the captain's tent, cap in hand. He was of fine physique, brave and daring.

"Take a seat, sir," said the captain.

The soldier obeyed, but all the time looked

defiance. The captain inquired of his home, his relations, etc., and then said:

"I have heard all about you, and thought I would like to see you privately, and talk with you. You have been punished often—most times, no doubt, justly, but perhaps sometimes unjustly. But I see in you the making of a first-class soldier—just the kind that I would like to have a whole company of; and now if you will obey orders, and behave as a soldier should, and as I know you can, I promise on my honor as a soldier that I will be your friend, and stand by you. I do not want you to destroy yourself."

With that the soldier's chin began to quiver, and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said:

"Captain, you are the first man to speak a kind word to me in two years, and for your sake I'll do it."

"Give me your hand on that, my brave fellow," said the captain. "I'll trust you."

And from that day on there was not a better or more exemplary soldier in the Army. Love conquered him.—Christian Work.

DO YOU KNOW.

Do you know, dear young workers, that in China, which has one-third of the population of the whole world, there are still four hundred millions of souls that are in heathen darkness, groping blindly without the light?

Do you know that in India, that great heathen land, where the people "bow down to idols of wood and stone," more than two hundred and fifty millions have yet to catch even a glimpse of the precious light of the world?

Do you know that in Africa, the Dark Continent, where men still slay and eat each other, there are two hundred millions of souls untouched by the sweet, glad rays of the gospel?

And now that you know this, can you and will you refuse to let what light you can shine forth, so that many of these sad hearts may be made to rejoice in the radiance of the life eternal.—Sel.

A SENSIBLE BOY.

Faith and obedience are both sensible things. No traits are more lovely and becoming in childhood, and parents may preserve these even in their older children, if they will reason with them, and reason "gently."

An intelligent boy sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly-wrought and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the mind. His father approaching, saw at a glance the character of the book. "What have you there, George?"

The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the name of the work.

His father gently remonstrated, pointing out the danger of reading such books; and having some confidence in the effects of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments, the father discovered a light in an adjoining room, and on inquiring the cause, was informed that it was George burning the pernicious book.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burned that book, papa."

"How came you to do that?"

"Because I believed that you knew better than I."—Michigan Advocate.

GIRLS IN KOREA.

If the little girls who read this were Korean girls, their parents would not think so much of them as they do of their brother. They would have to give up to him, and let him have his way about everything. He would have the best place to sit on the warm floor, the best things to eat, and his sisters would have to obey him. Aren't you glad that you are not Korean girls?

The little girls carry their baby brothers and sisters around on their backs. They begin to do this when they are not more than five or six years old, when they do not look like they were strong enough to hold them.

One girl comes to service here in Chunju every Sunday with her little sister tied on her back. She is about six years old, and is quite pretty and bright, but slender and delicate looking. The baby is eighteen months old, and fat and chubby. She is still a little afraid of us, and stays close to her sister and sticks her hands under her sister's thick waist to keep them warm.

There are no schools for girls, and they are not taught to read; but there are some schools for boys, where they are taught to read Korean and Chinese, and they think that if they can read Chinese they are well educated.

Many of the boys go out on the hillsides to gather grass and brush, with which they build their fires, and they carry quite large loads on their backs. You know, Koreans heat their houses by making a fire under the mud floors, and then they sit on these warm floors to keep warm.

They do not have chairs or much furniture of any kind, and at night they spread a quilt, which they call a "yo," on the floor, and sleep on that, taking it up again the next morning. Many of them do not have a "yo," so they just sleep on the floor without anything else.

Oftentimes mothers bring their children with them when they come to see us, and sometimes they are so afraid of us that they will cry, but they soon find out that we are their friends and that we love them. They are much pleased with the picture cards we give them, because they never saw anything like them before.

These cards have Bible verses written in Korean on the back, which we hope their parents will read—or, rather, their fathers, for very few of the mothers can read. I hope that you are interested in your little brothers and sisters in this far-off land, and that you will pray for them, that they may be ready and willing to learn of Jesus and His love for them; and for us, that we may be faithful in our efforts to teach them aright. —In Children's Missionary.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

IN JAPAN.

"Come, little pigeon, all weary with play,
Come and thy pinions furl."

That's what a Japanese mother would say
To her dear little Japanese girl.

"Cease to flutter thy white, white wings,
Now that the day is dead.

Listen and dream while the mother-bird
sings."

That means, "It's time for bed."

"Stay, little sunbeam, and cherish me here;
My heart is so cold when you roam."

That is the Japanese—"No, my dear:
I'd rather you played at home."

"Roses and lilies shall strew thy way:
The Sun-goddess now has smiled."

That's what a Japanese mother would say
To a good little Japanese child.

St. Nicholas.

WARMING THE BED.

There was a register in the children's room, but it was only opened for an hour or two before bedtime. Dot and May made ready for bed in mamma's warm room, keeping very still so as not to wake the baby. Then they scampered in and cuddled down under the blankets like little balls.

"Dot," said May one night, "I don't like to lie in a heap; let's lie out straight."

"But it's co-cold," shivered Dot.

"Oh, I know!" cried May. "Let's play our feet are missionaries, and the cold bed is a heathen country. We can send them down, and then when they get cold we'll bring them home to visit, just as missionaries do."

"Why, yes," said Dot; "and my feet can go to China, and yours to India."

So the brave little feet started immediately on their journeying, and mamma was astonished a little later, as she listened at the door, to hear Dot say sleepily, "Good-night, May; I think China is almost warm."—*Christian Advocate.*

THE MINISTER AND A LITTLE GIRL.

A minister went to preach in a village where there was no house of God. He preached in the school house. A few people came, who did not seem to care much about God or His words. He preached a good many times. "And I had but one thing to encourage me," said the minister.

"What was it?"

"It was the attention of one little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed trying to understand every word I said," answered the minister.

"She was a great help to me."

What! can a little child be a great help to a minister? Yes, oh yes. How? By paying attention. Think of that, my little ones, and when you go to church, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones, and said, "Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—*The Messenger.*

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