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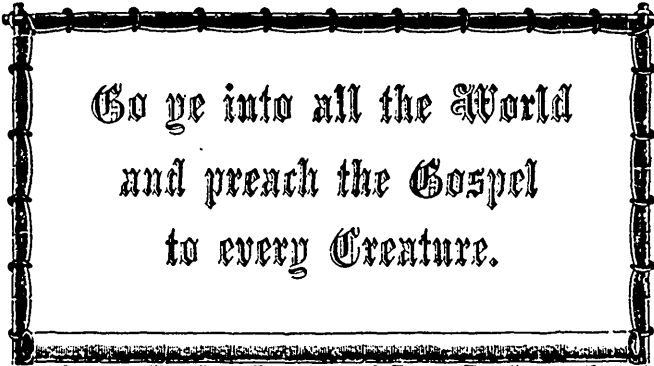
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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD






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

VOL. 3.

JAN. 1888.

No. 1.



The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Pr sbyterian Church in Canada.

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

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

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date, \$200.00.

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All communications to be addressed to

REV. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

FOR GROWN UP CHILDREN.

The CHILDREN'S RECORD would like to go to many new places this year.

Its aim is to interest the children of the Church in our missions.

The work of the Church ten or twenty years hence will be carried on by those who are now children. If we want an active working Church then we must work for it now.

All receipts of the CHILDREN'S RECORD after paying cost are given to missions.

Please try a small parcel this year if you have not already done so, and then if it is not liked give it up.

Parcels of sample copies will be sent free to any address.

If any one knows of a place where samples might be sent will they please send word.

Subscribe for a small parcel to be sent to some poor district and you will be doing good mission work at Home and Abroad.

Ten thousand copies of CHILDREN'S RECORD were printed monthly last year. This year we want to make it *fifteen thousand*. Will all the friends of missions, and those want to make the church of a few years hence a missionary church, help a little in the work and the *five thousand* more will be gained.

ANOTHER HUNDRED DOLLARS

FROM THE YOUNG PEOPLE

FOR MISSIONS.

Good news for you, young people. Your RECORD sends another hundred dollars to Foreign Missions. This makes two hundred dollars that it has been able to send and it is just to years old. As the paper is yours, the offering is yours, and the more widely you circulate it the more money it can earn to send to the heathen glad tidings of a Saviour from sin.

GOOD WISHES.

Dear young friends—"We come—we come—we come again to greet you"—and wish you all a good New Year. May you live to see many of them, and may each one be better than the last until goodness and happiness are made perfect in that glad New Year in the better life that shall never grow old.

GETTING CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

You have been getting Christmas gifts, and you have been very thankful to your kind friends, but

"One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of friend."

He gives you life, health, homes, friends, and everything that makes life glad. Above all He offers to forgive your sins make you good and happy. Do not forget to thank Him.

GIVING NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

You have been giving Christmas and New Year's gifts. There is one Friend you should not forget. Would it not be a good thing to give a New Year's gift to

Jesus. He would like very much to get one and I know that many of the young people would like to give Him one.

But what shall we give? How shall we get it to Him? You can give yourselves, your hearts to love Him; you can give your eyes to Him, to be used for Him, to turn away from reading or looking at what is bad and use them in reading and looking at what is good. You can give your ears to Him, to listen to what is good and learn it, and to turn away from listening to swearing or bad talk of any kind. You can give your tongue to Him to speak truthful, kindly, loving, pure words, and not to say anything false, or unkind, or wrong. You can give your hands to Him, to be always helpful, never to be used in mischief. You can give your feet to Him, always to walk in the right way, not to go to places where parents and teachers do not want you to go.

Who of our young readers will make a New Year's gift of heart, or eyes, or ears, or tongue, or hands, or feet to Jesus.

ANOTHER NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Another way of making a New Year's gift to God is to give something to tell the little heathen children about him and how to get eternal life. Will not some of our young readers make a special New Year's gift to Jesus for missions. Give it to your parents, or teacher, or minister, and it will be sent to carry the good news to those who know it not.

MEMORIALS.

Dear Young Friends:

If the RECORD will allow me I would like a word with you.

Many years ago Rev. James Nisbet went forth as our first missionary among the Indians of the North West. He has gone to his rest and reward but we have now two memorials of him.

At Prince Albert a memorial school is being built to be called the "Nisbet Memorial School." Who can tell what a grand work this memorial school may do for the North West.

Mr. Nisbet has another memorial. Several years ago he adopted an infant, a full blooded Cree Indian. He did not know what work God had for that infant to do.

When a little boy he was sent to school. The boy grew to be a young man. About eight years ago he was sent to Manitoba College and he soon stood high in his classes. At one time he carried off the Governor General's medal and in theology made good progress.

He is the grandson of a Chief, and is now a minister laboring among his Indian brethren.

Pray for the Prince Albert Memorial School, and for our new missionary Donald McVicar, the adopted infant of our first Indian missionary in the North West.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END

THE BEGINNING.

A schoolboy ten years old, one lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat fields, had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there was seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under a beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself 'shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks me for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why I can get it again.' He never gave back the money.

THE ENDING.

Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in a drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.—*School Journal.*

SUKIA.—A STORY OF THE BETHEL SANTHAL MISSION.

Sukia (which means in English peaceful) is a little girl about eight years of age. Her father and mother died when she was quite small; her grandmother took the little orphan to her home and heart, and very peaceful were a few years that flitted by. The orphan child became the joy and sunshine of the widow's cottage, and well repaid any kindness shown to her. Alas! it did not last long: her grandmother was called away by death, and the little girl stood all alone in the wide, wide world. She had many a cry, and did not know what to do; however God, the Father of the orphan, knew all about her, and impressed her aunt to receive Sukia into her family; but there was no love lost in this house, and poor Sukia felt sometimes very bad. But what could she do? She had to stay and be thankful, and have her cry on the quiet.

During 1884 famine visited the Santhal Hills, and many were the pinched faces; a few died of starvation, and many others lived for months on what they could find in the jungle. Food was scarce in the house, and poor Sukia often got no dinner; her aunt, having hardly enough for her own children, grudged the little that was given (with a scowl) to Sukia. She got many a scolding, and sometimes a thrashing, and finally was driven out of the house, and told never to return, as her aunt had plenty of children of her own, and little or no food for them.

Crying, crying, poor Sukia left the house that had sheltered her for a few years; thick and fast fell the tears. She did not know where to go; very thin were the few rags that covered her. Was there not one house to open to the weeping little maid? Father and mother were dead; the neighbours all struggling along, hardly knowing how to provide food for their own children.

Poverty and starvation were everywhere; all doors were shut to the orphan, none wanted her.

Poor Sukia was ashamed to cry on the

road any longer, and hid in a field where she could not be seen by any one. But did not our heavenly Father notice her tears? Were they not more eloquent than a long petition? Her very helplessness, did it not cry aloud heavenward for help?

Night came on, and the child was afraid to stay any longer in the field, as the leopards and tigers prowl about the villages seeking their supper; so quietly she went up to the village, and seeing that all had retired, she lay down on the hard floor of a verandah to sleep. During the night something touched her,—whether it was a snake or a jackal I do not know; but the child was simply horrified, and loudly and wildly screamed for help. The men of the village were aroused by her screams, and soon surrounded her with clubs; they thought she had been dreaming, and drove her out of the village, and forbade her to return to it. She hid under a shed till the day dawned, and then turned her back for good upon Badhia village.

The next day she walked here and there in the jungle, and hid in some one's verandah during the night. The second day she heard a noise. Hark! what is it? It was only her poor little stomach calling for food. She had to beg the women for a little rice, and the whole collection was cooked by a kind-hearted woman who pitied the little stranger. This is the first meal she had since she left her aunt's, and it was eagerly devoured.

The third day she came to Domkata. The blacksmith's wife was in our school, and urged the child to go to us; so in the afternoon (three years ago) she arrived at our house, asking if Jesus lived there. Probably she heard of Jesus from the blacksmith's wife.

Seeing that the child was hungry, Mrs. Haegert gave her some daka and dal to eat, and spoke kindly to her. Our school girls took her to the tank, and gave her a bath; her dirty rags were thrown away, and she had a clean cloth given to her, and some oil for her hair.

She is not at all a bad looking girl, for she is well fed, and has become fatter; besides, she is sharp, and makes progress

in her class. She is very old-fashioned in all her ways, and seems fond of us all.

It was a great change for poor Sukia to come to kind people and bright girls.

When the girls carried her off after her first meal with Mrs. Haegert, she asked them, "Is this lady God, and is her little boy Jesus?" The girls had a good laugh at her, and told Sukia that God was in heaven, and could not be seen by mortal eye, but that He loved us all, and cared for us all, and wished to do us good; and that He had sent Jesus to tell us of His love, and how much Jesus had suffered to save us, and that God pardons and blesses all who believe in His Son.

Since then Sukia has learned many things—to sing beautiful hymns of praise to God, to pray to Jesus, and we sincerely trust that she is one of His lambs.

The Lord be praised for the kindness shown to this and other orphans, and may they always be mindful of His gracious dealings with them.—*London Christian.*

ABOVE US.

A thoughtless deed, done in a moment
Of passion and angry pain,
But the wound it made will take long to heal,
And the scar will always remain.

A bitter word, thoughtlessly spoken,
Just spoken for something to say,
But it pierced the depths of a breaking heart,
And the mark will be there for aye.

In our weakness we can but remember
What caused us the cruel pain,
Ah, well for us all, the dear Lord forgives,
For we wound him again and again.

"Stop," said one little boy to another. "Don't go into Sabbath-school yet; wait till it opens, and we will just go around the square." "No," answered the other, "I can not. Don't you know punctuality is necessary to make a real good Sabbath-school scholar?" Yes, and it is necessary to make good everything else.

GOING AGAINST NATURE.

BY MRS. M. W. LEWIS.

Jack was thirteen years old, and consequently thought himself a man—at least that he ought to do everything he pleased, whether he always pleased to do right or not. His uncle surprised him one morning by inquiring:

"Jack, did you ever see a fish trying to eat a cabbage?"

"Of course not, uncle," Jack replied, indignantly.

"Why not?" pursued his uncle. "It might taste good to them."

"Because they are aqueous mammals," replied Jack, "and not nanny-goats."

"Because they find it does not agree with their stomachs, Jack," replied his uncle; "and it is just as silly for a boy to try to drink beer, when this he finds is the case, as it would be for a fish to taste cabbage-heads."

Jack was silent. His mother was a widow and did not control him very well, but this old uncle had a way of finding out everything. He had seen Jack tasting the beer (just out of curiosity) when Jimmy (the man who jobbed for his mother) offered it to him, and heard him declare it to be good; though a few minutes afterward it made him violently sick.

Jack made up his mind that there was nothing so manly after all in making-believe, and resolved to let beer alone in the future.—*Temp. Banner.*

HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?

Papa, I got weighed at Uncle Will's. How heavy do you think I am?" asked Harry. "Give it up," said papa. How heavy are you?" "I weigh forty-nine and a half pounds." "And I weigh thirty and a half pounds," chimed in his little brother. "So papa has eighty pounds of boys. But are you sure that Uncle Will's scales weigh right? I once read of a king who thought himself very heavy. But when God weighed him in his scales he weighed nothing." Who can guess who this king is? Whom must we take with us in order to be full weight?—*Sel.*

TRINIDAD.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, NOV. 6, '87.

My Dear Children :

I am going to tell you an amusing incident that happened at Orange Grove the other day. We had left Miss Morton at the school, and Mr. Morton and myself, with Annajee and our Bible woman, Fanny, went in different directions among the barracks, as the laborers houses are called.

Orange Grove is a very large sugar estate; there are about five hundred laborers on it; one of the barracks is three hundred and forty feet long. It was to this one I went, gathering as many people as I could to see my books and hear about God. They often call me the "parson mama."

It was about time to go home and I was talking to a young Hindu who had asked me to give him some books. I was telling him that we only gave to the very poor, but that we sold them at a very low price. He said, "Our parson men never sell books, they give them;" this is quite untrue; they not only do not give books, but they teach that only a Brahmin should learn to read.

Just then Mr. Morton came along with a book of Old Testament pictures, and turned them rapidly over to shew the young man what kind of book it was. Two small boys standing by who had attended school a little while, named the pictures one by one, thus: "Adam and Eve in the Garden," the angel driving them out;" "Cain killing his brother with an axe." "It was not an axe," said the one. "It was I tell you," said the other, in no very gentle tones. So far both were speaking in Hindustani; then the first burst out in English, "What do you bet?" As we moved away we overheard the other offering to bet a cent that it was not an axe.

Yesterday we went to Caroni Estate. It is five miles from Tunapuna. We can only go once in two weeks because there

are so many places to be visited. Caroni is in the St. Joseph district, which was Mr. Hendrie's, but he is in Scotland now. There is a neat school house and teacher's house there. Annajee holds a service there every Sabbath morning. Creole children are admitted to the Caroni school as there is no other school near.

Yesterday we found twenty-three Coolie children in. Mr. Morton examined the Creoles in arithmetic, while I taught the little Hindus about Jesus, with the help of a picture book. The school-master cannot speak to them in their own language. The monitor can but he is not a Christian. We cannot always get Christian teachers.

I was talking to the children about cursing, and said: "Shew me the boys who do not curse." "They are all gone to heaven," said one, a sharp little fellow, as you may think. "But," I said, "are there no boys here to-day who do not curse?" All agreed that there was not a boy or girl among the twenty-three of whom this could be said, but three, belonging to one family, were pointed out who did not curse so often as the rest. They agreed, too, that this was a very bad state of things, and that they would try and leave it off. I told them they must ask God to help them, and that if any boy or girl was heard to curse they must tell me the next time I came. Before I left the school a culprit was brought up. We all agreed to forgive him this time and the poor little fellow burst out crying.

These children are nearly all very poor, and have been in school but a short time. They are particularly bright, and when they see me come there is quite a stir to know what pictures I have brought, and to hear all about them. We would be very glad to get some new Scripture picture books, the colored ones please them much the best.

SARAH E. MORTON.

"It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child can do
For others, by its love."

THE TRUE HISTORY OF A SCARECROW.

PART I.

Bright and early one morning you might have seen the owner of one of the large plantations in a rich coffee-growing province of Brazil making his daily round of inspection. When he came to the workshop, he said to the carpenter, "What are you making there, Pedro? That does not look like any part of the coffee machinery."

"No, sir," replied the man. "I heard the overseer telling you this morning that the birds were destroying the rice as fast as it sprouted, and, as I had no work to-day, I thought I would make a scarecrow to set up in the field."

"Very well, go ahead," said the planter laughing; "but you will have hard work to make anything that will scare the birds away from their favorite feeding-place."

"If you will give me time, sir, I will make it ugly enough to save your crop," promised the carpenter as the gentleman passed on.

The carpenter now set himself to work in good earnest to see what he could do. He had found a log that was so shaped that with little difficulty he rounded off one end for a head, and then carved out the features. In this he succeeded so well that he concluded to paint it, so he made it a shining black, adding great staring eyes and a grinning mouth. Then fastening arms and legs to it, he stood up the figure, and was just viewing the result of his labors, when the slaves, returning from their day's work of gathering coffee, passed by. One of them, spying the scarecrow, called out:

"Look, boys, what Pedro has there! quite a gentleman, that, I'm sure."

"Yes," cried another, "he deserves to be well dressed. We'll get the women to beg a suit of master's old clothes and dress him up in style."

The news of the carpenter's work soon reached the ears of the maid-servants, and one by one they came stealing out to get a look at it. They easily secured some cast-off clothing, and before long the men had

the scarecrow dressed, an old hat completing the costume. "He ought to have a name," said one of the slaves; "let's call him Andre;" and immediately shouts of "Viva Sr. Andre!" rang out so loudly that they were heard at the house.

"What is all that noise about?" asked the planter's wife of her maid.

"They are cheering the scarecrow that we wanted the clothes for," replied the girl.

Just then the party passed by on their way to the field, and the lady said laughingly, "Well, he at least can be trusted to do his work without any one to watch him."

And so Sr. Andre was given his place in the rice meadows down by the stream, and so well did he do his work that the birds concluded not to dispute his right to the ground, and flew off to the unguarded fields of the neighboring plantation. All through the season there he stood at his post, until, when the crop was gathered and he was no longer of use, he was tossed aside, and lay forgotten on the banks of the stream.

PART II.

The wife of the planter sits pale and sad by the same window from which, a year before, she watched the slaves carrying the scarecrow to the rice fields. Now she looks as if no such innocent merry-making could bring a smile to her face. She is talking in a hopeless tone to her maid: "Here I am, growing weaker every day in spite of all the doctors can do. It is all of no use, and I must give up the hope of ever being well."

"Why have you never tried going to the new saint in C—?" asks the servant.

"They say he works wonderful cures."

"I have prayed to all the saints in my oratory, and still am no better," sadly replies the lady.

"But this is such a great saint," answers the girl; "and if you would vow a good sum of money, perhaps he would cure you as he has cured others."

In the evening the wife told the planter some of the wonderful cures which the maid said had been granted by the new

saint, and added, "Let us go to-morrow to the village, and I will see what he can do for me."

"Very well," replied the husband; "you know that I have not much faith in the power of the saints, but if you wish to try, I'll order the horses to be ready by sunrise to-morrow for the trip."

In the early morning of the following day, quite a party started out for the town of C., some twenty miles distant. It was a slow, tedious journey, for the sun grew hot, and the lady could not ride rapidly; but at last they reached the town, and climbed the hill on which stood the church. Weary and exhausted, the lady entered the church and sank on her knees before the altar over which stood the image. Behind her knelt her servants, who, when they glanced up to the image, began to laugh. "Hush," cries the lady; "you will anger the saint and he will not listen to my prayer."

Still the laughing continued, and one of the maids whispered, "Don't you see that it is our Andre—Andre the old scarecrow?"

Shocked at such an idea, the lady called her husband and told him what they said. Drawing near to the image and examining it more closely, the gentleman exclaimed, "There's no doubt about it; every slave on the plantation would recognize Andre! Well, well! who would have imagined that a scarecrow could ever turn into a saint!"

By this time the lady had lost all hope of being cured by such means, so they left the church, and the gentleman went to the house of the priest to inquire what he had to say of the history of the so-called saint. Here he learned that some parties had found the figure on the banks of the stream, and believing it to have come there miraculously, they took it for a saint and carried it to the priest, who ordered it to be suitably dressed and set up in the church. All the good fortune that came to the people of the place after that time was attributed to the favor of the new saint, and he soon gained the reputation of a miracle-worker.

The gentleman then told the priest there was no doubt about its being the scarecrow from his field, which during the high water of the rainy season must have floated down the stream.

"Yes, it must be the same," acknowledged the priest; "but don't tell anybody, I beg of you. He makes a very good saint, indeed; he brings us in plenty of money, and it would never do to let the people know that he had once been a scarecrow."

As the planter did not wish to promise that he would keep the secret of how a scarecrow came to be canonized, he soon bade the priest good afternoon, and then joined his wife.

The next day the party returned to their home feeling that, hereafter, they would not place their confidence in priests or saints, but would look, in their time of need, to the Lord, who is the Maker of us all. — *Children's Work for Children.*

THE LOST LAMB.

Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn relates the following:—"How few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men. Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through the country some years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and, while we were all seated in the room, he asked, 'Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?' Father said, 'Yes, all but De Witt.' Then Truman Osborne looked into the fire-place, and began to tell a story of a storm that came down on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the face I should have been angered when he told that story, but he looked into the fire-place; and it was so pathetically done that I never found peace until I was sure I was inside the fold where the other sheep are."

Be not far from me, for trouble is near; for there is none to help.—Ps. xxii. 11.

A STORY OF FRENCH WORK.

BY REV. C. A. DOUDIET, MONTREAL.

[For the Children's Record.]

I had three sisters belonging to the Bible-class, the eldest of whom was a highly gifted as well as a very handsome girl. She fell sick of rheumatic fever, and for eleven weary months she lay on her bed, unable to move and suffering intense pain. The mother was a Roman Catholic, although not a very fervent one. The father was away in the U. States.

When Maria was nearing the end she had long fits of unconsciousness. During one of these her aunts brought a priest, who anointed her with oil, and hung a crucifix round her neck. I was told she had abjured Protestantism. I wondered much at this, as in a last conversation she had expressed her full confidence in Jesus and her determination to be faithful to the last.

When I came again, I found she had recovered her senses, and almost the first thing she did was to ask her sister to remove the crucifix. This was done according to her wish. I read and prayed with her, and she once more told me that Christ was all for her.

The next day she grew unconscious again, and at once priest and nuns were sent for by the aunts. She died in the night, and as it was asserted she had re-entered the Roman Catholic Church, she was buried in the Catholic cemetery.

Her mother wished a mass sung for the rest of her soul, but the priest refused to do it for less than a considerable sum, much too large for the family's reduced means. She felt the cruelty of this so much that when shortly after she fell sick herself, she sent for me, and ere she died I had the joy to feel that she had received the truth in love, and truly believed in the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. She was buried in the Protestant cemetery to the great annoyance of the priest.

So that the daughter, so long a Church member, sleeps the last sleep on one side of the field of the dead among the Roman

Catholics, whose faith she had abjured, and the mother, a Roman Catholic almost to the last, awaits the resurrection among the graves of Protestants. But both will meet before the face of Him whom, having not seen they loved.

ENEMIES—CREEPING, CRAWLING AND FLYING.

Miss Given, who is in Lodiana, India, writing of some of the troublesome creatures found there, says:

"This morning, in one of my schools, a lizard fell on the head of one of the girls, and then scrambled about on the feet and legs of the whole row of girls. Two snakes were killed in our garden yesterday. The white ants have eaten up a good part of the beams in the ceiling in one room of our house, and have dug a big hole in the floor of another. The sparrows will build nests above our beds. The moths have been flying around so thick that just by walking about in the room a few moments I kill a dozen. I saw a tarantula in a neighbor's drawing-room the other night, and a few nights before a little snake wriggled its crooked way across my path.

The crows are plentiful, and the kites even more abundant. There is a nest of kites close to the house, and every morning with a doleful cry, they fly to the ledge above our heads, and gaze down upon us as though they would like to pick our bones. I don't enjoy seeing birds of the vulture family so close to me."—*Sel.*

MY WORK.

I'll be a missionary now,
And work the best I may
For if I want to work for God,
There surely is a way.

I'll pray for those who cross the sea
My offering too I'll send
And do all that is in my power
This great, bad world to mend.

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

MOTHER'S PRAYER TALKS.

IN MY NAME.

The little bright-faced congregation gathered in the sitting-room, where the cheery fire and lamplight seem flashing out a welcome, is not at all altered from the group which sat on the hearth-rug just twelve months ago.

"This will be our last talk for this year," said Edith; "and I wonder what text mother will give us to-night."

"I am so sorry this must be the last," said Alice. "I never knew or stopped to think how much children can find in the Bible to help in mission work."

"Nor I," said Ned. "I always thought mission work must chiefly be trying to get money to help."

"Well, our band *has* raised more this year than it did last," said Hal exultantly.

"Don't you think it's *holier* money than it was once?" ventured Lula timidly. "I never put anything in my mite-chest now without thinking about the blessing on even little gifts."

"The thought of 'helping together' always stirs me," said Frank. "Somehow that seems to bring me right close up to the missionaries in a way I never thought about before."

"I used to put in my pennies, and sing at the band meetings," chimed in Bessie, "and I thought it all ended there till next time. Now I think ever so much oftener of those heathen children since we had those texts about 'our Father' and 'the little ones.' Why, they almost seem kin to me!"

The older children could not help laughing a little at Bessie's earnestness. But this talk among themselves showed that the true missionary spirit was surely implanted and growing in their hearts, and thoughtful, expectant faces greeted Mrs. Palmer's entrance.

"For eleven months," said Mrs. Palmer, "we have been trying to find out some of the sweet and wonderful ways in which God is pleased to help our mission work when we come to Him as our Father, knocking in humble faith at the door of

His great storehouse of grace. We have seen how ready He is to answer; how tenderly the Saviour listens; how graciously the Holy Spirit helps us when we do not even know how to ask for what we need.

We have found many sweet, encouraging promises which tell us how surely we may help ourselves and others by prayer.

"And now in this last talk we have the grandest promise of all: 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.' It is among the last promises, the last sweet, tender words, Jesus spoke to His disciples before He died on the cross."

"It is in John's Gospel, thirteenth chapter, fourteenth verse," said Alice.

"And, mother," said Edith, "the verse before is very much like it: 'And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.'"

"Is there not a grand promise in these texts? *Anything* in Jesus' name, and it will be given us!"

"In the temple worship of the Jews incense was only offered on the golden altar; it was not acceptable to God unless the priest burnt it there, as directed. So our prayers, to come acceptably before God, must be offered in the name of Jesus. We could not dare to come before our pure, holy Father and ask for the many things we so much need unless we had the blessed shield of Jesus' name. We are so sinful, so unworthy, that we must come to God as it were behind our Saviour's name, and say, 'Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.' As we pray for Syria this month, we must come asking great blessings for that land where Jesus lived when He walked upon earth, and where He was crucified and buried, and rose again. In many mission-schools and colleges there, bright boys and girls are learning to know of Christ and how to serve Him. God has promised to give to His Son the heathen for His inheritance; and so we may come and plead in Jesus' name God's own promise.

"As we go about our mission work we must remember the words of the hymn, 'Take the name of Jesus with you.' We

must give the gospel of Christ to the heathen, because 'there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' We must give the gospel that His name may be glorified and His kingdom come, and because He has commanded that we do this in His name. And then for grace and strength to do this work, for blessings on it, for the gift of the Holy Spirit for ourselves, the missionaries, the heathen,—for all things, for anything, we need to do His will,—we must humbly ask God to give us for Jesus' sake."—*del.*

FROM THE ISLES OF THE SEA.

Six years ago a vessel stopped at the Sooloo Island, a southeast island of the Philippine group. The inhabitants are cannibals, and a mother brought her little eight-year-old daughter to the captain, saying if he would pay her eight dollars she would kill and cook the child for his dinner. The captain paid the money and took the little thing on board his ship. A few days after, falling in with Captain and Mrs. Means of Maine, he gave the child to them. In her new Christian home little Siada (who remembers all about her mother and her rescue) is growing up a dear, loving little girl, and her school-mates could not be nicer to her if she had been born in Maine with a skin white like theirs. Here is a little letter from her:

"DEAR CHILDREN:—Mr. Melbridge (her pastor) was in this morning and said you wanted to know about me, so I thought I would write a letter to you. I have been here five years. I was on the ship one year. I am now making things for Christmas presents. I go to school and like it very much. I shall not be able to write any more this time.

SIADA MEANS.

"MILBRIDGE, MAINE."

This is a true story; and cannot we fill our mite-boxes and bring more Christmas dimes, so that more missionaries can go and tell just such poor women as Siada's mother of the dear Jesus who took little children in His arms and blessed them?—*Children's Work for Children.*

FOR BOYS AND YOUNG MEN.

Lead me not into temptation! O, young man, thinking within yourself, "I am so strong, there is no fear about me," I tell you, you make the most dreadful mistake. The very fact that you think yourself so strong opens the way for the devil and his insidious attacks. Fling the temptation aside. Come to the Lord's side and pledge yourself to Him, and be his; and when you say, "Lead me not into temptation," move in the direction of your prayer, and God will give you the strength, in which alone you will be able to resist the tempter. Then you will be delivered from evil and then you will look up to God, not taking credit to yourself, not magnifying in yourself, but saying, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and glory."—*Rev. John Hall.*

NEVER SORRY.

Not long ago the writer asked a class of small boys in Sunday school what was their idea of heaven. It was curious to note how their replies were influenced by their own circumstances in life. A ragged little urchin who had been born and brought up in a squalid city street, said it was "all grass and green trees;" one from the richer quarter of Boston said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses on each side. A sweet voiced Episcopal choir boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in heaven. The last member of the class—a quiet, thoughtful boy, though one of the smallest in the class—answered, "A place where—where—you're never sorry!"—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

THE NEW YEAR.

It's coming, boys, it's almost here!
It's coming, girls, the grand New Year!
A year to be glad in, and not to be bad in;
A year to live in, to gain and give in;
A year for trying, and not for sighing;
A year for striving, and hearty thriving.
A bright New Year, Oh! hold it dear,
For God who sendeth, He only lendeth
The grand, the blessed, the glad New Year.

CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

[For the Children's Record.]

A few years ago when Dr. McKay, our missionary in Formosa, was home among us, he told us many things about the Chinese. Some of these people for whom he pleaded so earnestly are now living in Canada.

China you know contains about one-third of all the people in the world, and some of them have come to British Columbia to live. Some of our ministers visited British Columbia after the meeting of the General Assembly at Winnipeg, and saw many of the Chinese. There are about three thousand of them in the city of Victoria alone.

Those that have come are, nearly all men, very few women and children. They are very much given to gambling and smoking opium.

Their spiritual condition is very sad, they have no knowledge of God. They have brought their idols with them and have what they call their joss houses, or places of worship.

All that is being done for them as yet is by a man in Victoria, who is employed at other work, but takes a little of his time, as he can spare it, to teach those of them that he can get to attend a small school. He is in the employ of the Methodist Church.

Our Church has a mission among the Indians in the North West and will perhaps soon have a missionary among the Chinese in British Columbia. They come to our land to make money, but we must give them something better than money, that is the Gospel. Is it not a pity to have so many heathen worshipping idols in our own land.

SPEAK KIND WORDS.

"Oh," said a little girl bursting into tears on hearing of the death of a playmate, "I did not know that was the last time I had to speak kindly to Amy."

The last time they were together she had spoken unkindly to her, and the thoughts

of these last unkind words now lay heavy on her heart.

Speak kindly to your father, mother, sister, brother, playmate, teacher, to every one you come in contact with. Cross words are very, very sorrowful to think of.

GOLDEN KEYS.

A bunch of golden keys is mine
To make each day with gladness shine.

"Good-morning!" that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "Good-night!" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give any thing to me,
I'll use the little "Thank you!" key.

"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkind offence I've given,
"Forgive me;" and I'll be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind,
This is its motto: "be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key,
And then a happy child I'll be.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

On Christmas Day, far, far away,
A little Baby slumbering lay;
Starlight was shed upon His bed
And round His fair and lowly head.

The angels sung, the blue sky rung,
And all the earth looked bright and young:
'Twas God's own Son came down alone
To make our little souls his own.

Dear Lord above, teach me thy love;
Make me Thy gentle, spotless dove—
To find my nest within Thy breast,
And there in peace and safety rest.

Sin may be very sweet at the start, and it may induce great wretchedness afterwards. The cup of sin is sparkling, but there is death at the bottom.—*Talmage.*

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Jan. 4.—Matt. 14: 1-12. Memory vs. 10-12.

Herod and John the Baptist.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 14: 12. CATECHISM, Q. 54.

Introductory.

How many Herods are mentioned in the New Testament?

What do you know of Herod the tetrarch?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. A Troubled Conscience. vs. 1, 2.

What did Herod hear?

What did he say?

Why did his conscience trouble him?

Why is conscience a trouble to the wicked?

How may we be free from such trouble?

How should we try to live? Acts 23: 1; 24: 16; 2 Cor. 1: 12.

II. A Faithful Preacher. vs. 3-5.

For what sins had John reproved Herod?

Who was Herodias?

How did John suffer for his faithfulness?

What prevented Herod from killing him at once?

III. A Bloody Birthday. vs. 6-12.

What occurred on Herod's birthday?

Who attended this feast? Mark 6: 21.

What promise did Herod make?

What did the girl ask?

By whose advice?

How did the request affect the king?

What ought he to have done?

What awful crime did he commit?

How did John's disciples show their love for their master?

What did they then do?

What Have I Learned?

1. That an accusing conscience causes trouble to the guilty.

2. That Christ's ministers should be fearless and faithful in reproving sin.

3. That we should carefully avoid making rash and foolish promises.

4. That a promise to do wrong, if rashly made, ought always to be broken.

5. That it is better to die in a dungeon for the right than to live in a palace in wickedness and crime.

Jan. 8.—Matt. 14: 13-21. Memory vs. 19-21.

The Multitude Fed.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 6: 35. CATECHISM, Q. 55.

Introductory.

Upon what mission had Jesus sent his apostles?

When did they return to him?

What report did they bring?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Compassion of Jesus. vs. 13-16.

What did Jesus do when he heard of John's death?

Why did he so retire?

Where was this *desert place*?

What did the people do?

How did Jesus feel when he saw the multitude?

What did he do for them? (See Mark 6: 24.)

Why did the disciples ask Jesus to send them away?

What did Jesus reply?

What did he mean by this? (See John 6: 6.)

II. The Power of Jesus. vs. 17-21.

What supply of food had the disciples?

What did Jesus command?

What did he do before beginning the meal?

How should we partake of food?

By whose hands did Jesus give the food to the people?

How much was left?

How many were fed?

What does this miracle prove about Jesus?

What did Jesus say of himself? John 6 : 35.

What should be our prayer? John 6 :34.

What Have I Learned ?

1. That Jesus cares for those that follow him.

2. That he will provide for all their wants.

3. That he suits his blessings to the needs of his people.

4. That he is the bread of life which alone will satisfy the hunger of the soul.

5. That we should seek for this bread of life more earnestly than for daily food.

Jan. 15.—Matt. 14 : 22-36 : Memory vs. 25-27.

Jesus Walking on the Sea.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 14 : 27. CATECHISM. Q. 56.

Introductory.

What effect had the miracle of our last lesson?

What did the people wish to do?

How did Jesus prevent this?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Jesus at Prayer. vs. 22, 23.

What did Jesus constrain his disciples to do?

Why?

What did he then do?

Where did he go?

For what purpose?

What is prayer?

II. The Disciples in the Storm. vs. 24-30.

What occurred to the ship?

How far had the disciples sailed? John 6 : 15.

What time of the night was it?

What did Jesus do?

Why were they alarmed?

What did Jesus say to them?

What did Peter ask?

What did Jesus answer?

What did Peter then do?

What hindered him?

What did he cry?

What is faith in Jesus Christ?

III. Jesus Showing Power. vs. 31-36.

How did Jesus answer Peter's cry?

What took place when they came into the ship?

What did those in the ship do?

How did they know him to be *the Son of God*?

Where did they land?

Who were brought to Jesus?

What did they beg leave to do?

How did touching the hem of his garment cure the sick?

How did Jesus show his power?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That Jesus sees and cares for us in every danger and distress.

2. That we may look to him for help in trouble.

3. That he will come to all who thus try to come to him.

4. That his voice gives peace and good cheer to the soul.

5. That we should seek to bring to Jesus those who need him.

6. That the touch of faith will bring healing to the soul: we have only to believe and be saved.

Jan. 22.—Matt. 15 : 21-31. Memory vs. 30, 31.

Jesus and the Afflicted.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JAMES 5 : 13. CATECHISM. Q. 57.

Introductory.

Why did Jesus now leave Capernaum?

Where did he go?

What do you know about Tyre?

Sidon?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism?

I. The Trial of Faith. vs. 21-24.

Who came to Jesus?

What was her request?

How did Jesus treat it?

What did his disciples do?

What did he answer them?

What did he mean by this?
How did this try the woman's faith?

I. The Earnestness of Faith. vs. 25-27

What did the woman now do?
How did Jesus answer her?
What did he mean by this answer?
Why did he speak to her in this way?
What was her reply?
What did her conduct and words show?

II. The Reward of Faith. vs. 28-31.

What did Jesus then say to the woman?
How was her faith rewarded?
Where did Jesus then go?
Who came to him there?
How did they show their faith in him?
How did he reward their faith?
What effect had his miracles on the multitude?

What Have I Learned?

1. That in all our troubles we should go at once to Jesus.
2. That we should pray with humility, earnestness, perseverance and faith.
3. That we are not to suppose that Jesus intends to deny us because he delays to bless us.
4. That he sometimes delays the answer to bring out our faith and strengthen it.

Jan. 29.—Matt. 16: 13-28. Memory vs. 15-17.

Peter Confessing Christ.

GOLDEN-TEXT.—MATT. 10: 32. CATECHISM, Q. 58.

Introductory.

What events between the last lesson and this?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. A Noble Confession. vs. 13-20.

What question did Jesus ask his disciples?

What answer did they give?

What did Simon Peter say?

How was his truth revealed to Peter?

What did Jesus say to Peter?

How is Peter's confession like a rock.

Upon what is Christ's church built?
What authority did Jesus give to Peter?
When was similar authority given the other disciples? John 20: 22, 23.

II. The Cross Foretold. vs. 21-23.

What did Jesus now tell his disciples?
Why were these sufferings necessary?
What did Peter say to him?
What was Jesus' reply?
Why did he thus rebuke Peter?

III. The Cross to be Borne. vs. 24-28.

What must Christ's disciples do?
How may one save his life and yet lose it?
What is worth more than all the world?
How may our souls be lost?
How may they be saved?
When will Christ come to reward men?
On what principle does he reward them?
How did Christ come in his kingdom?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we should always be ready to confess Christ.
2. That the Church is safe against all the powers of evil.
3. That we may do Satan's work in trying to keep our friends back from some hard service.
4. That we must be willing to deny ourselves for the sake of Christ.

That the most terrible mistake any one can make is to neglect the salvation of his soul.—*Westminster Question Book.*

DO YOU KEEP YOUR ROOM TIDY?

A look into the bedroom of a boy or girl will give one an idea what kind of man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothes hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is clean *always*, will be very apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as to that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or boots anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and not be long wanted in any position.—*Congregationalist.*

SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE
INSIDE.

The following story is by Rev. Charles Garrett. Mr. Garrett says:

"One of my friends is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems to always know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin shop in Manchester, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street; and, entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"Oh, you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

"The sheet of paper was soon procured.

"Now, will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, whatever are you going to do?"

"You shall see presently."

"He then quickly printed, in large letters,—

"SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE."

"He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passers-by stopped and read aloud, '*Specimen of the work done inside.*'"

"In a very short time a crowd assembled; and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper; and then demanded, in an angry voice, 'Who did that?'

"'Which?' asked my friend, who now joined the crowd. 'If you mean, what is on the paper, I did *that*; but if you mean the *MAN*, you did *that*! This morning when he arose, he was sober; when he walked down this street, on his way to work, he was sober; when he went into your gin-shop, he was sober; and *now* he

is what *you* made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?'"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

On Christmas Day, far, far away,
A little Baby slumbering lay;
Starlight was shed upon His bed
And round His fair and lowly head.

The angels sung, the blue sky rung,
And all the earth looked bright and young;
'Twas God's own Son came down alone
To make our little souls His own.

Dear Lord above, teach me Thy love;
Make me Thy gentle, spotless dove—
To find my nest within Thy breast,
And there in peace and safety rest.

WOODEN SWEARING.

There's a kind of swearing, dear children, which many people are given to when they are angry. Instead of giving vent to their feelings in oaths, they slam the doors, kick the chairs, stamp on the floor, throw the furniture about, and make all the noise they possibly can. It is practically the same thing as swearing, springs from the same kind of feelings exactly; but avoids saying those awful words; they force the furniture to make the noise, and so I call it wooden swearing.

SOWING A NAME.

We have seen a young child express the greatest surprise and delight on discovering in a flower-bed its name written in the green of young plants, the seed of which had been sown in that form by a fond father or mother. But by and by, dear children, you will see your name or character as it has been planted by yourself, springing up in the opinion people entertain of you, and it will be exactly as you have sown it. Be careful, then, how you sow. Do not spoil your name by sowing foolishly or wrongly. Remember, every word and action is a seed put in, which will surely spring up and constitute your name in the world. — *Sel.*