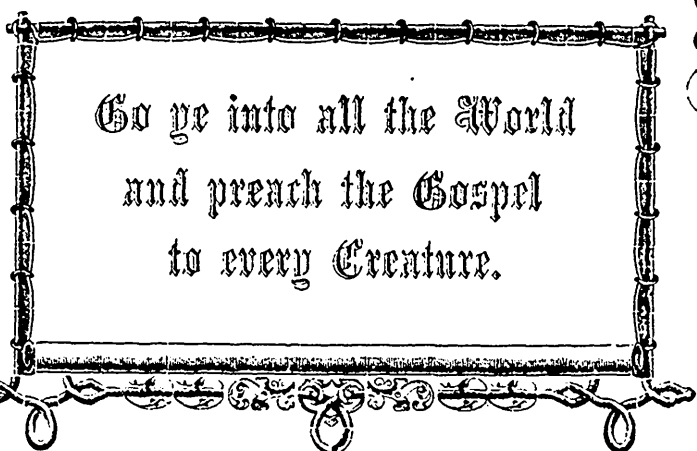




THE
CHILDREN'S
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RECORD



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

VOL. 3.

FEB. 1888.

No. 2.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

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

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

All communications to be addressed to

Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

The January number of the CHILDREN'S RECORD is exhausted. New orders should be for eleven months, beginning with Feb.

For the many, many, kind words of appreciation and encouragement that have accompanied the orders as they have come crowding in with the New Year, heartiest thanks are given. It would be a pleasure to answer them all separately did time permit.

THE DAYSPRING.

In the CHILDREN'S RECORD of March last you had the "Story of the *Dayspring*," your mission vessel. You were there told that the children's first mission ship in the New Hebrides was built in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1855, and was called the *John Kaor*. The natives of the islands called her the *John Knukis*.

Soon she was felt to be too small, and in 1863 another was built in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, and called the *Dayspring*. The support of the *Dayspring* was undertaken by the children of the church in Australia, Scotland, and Nova Scotia.

On Jan. 6, 1873, after ten years service, she was wrecked at Aneityum, in a storm, but with the insurance money another ship was bought and to her was given the name *Dayspring*.

WHAT DOES THE "DAYSPRING" DO?

I cannot do better than copy what I told you before, and I do so because some people have asked to have the *Dayspring* story over again.

"Her headquarters is Sydney, Australia.

She sails from that place in April, taking food, books, clothing, letters, timber for building, supplies of all sorts, for the missionaries and teachers in the different islands, and new missionaries when they are sent, and old ones who have been away for rest. She first calls at Aneityum the most Southerly Island. Then she goes North, calling at each mission station landing supplies, and taking on board the missionaries, to carry them to some one of the islands for their meeting of Synod, where they make plans together for the spread of their work. Then she takes them all back to their homes, carries teachers to new islands, and sails for Sydney, carrying letters, orders for supplies, perhaps a lot of arrow-root, made by the natives for sale, and generally a missionary or two who is going for a rest. In October she again sails for the islands carrying supplies, etc., and leaves for Sydney before the end of the year.

Twice in the year, all the missionaries, of whom there are now about fifteen, are made glad by the coming of their good mission ship *Dayspring*, when they get their supplies, their letters and papers from home, and then she sails away, carrying her message of cheer to others.

Sometimes trading vessels or ships of war, call at the islands, but there is none they are so glad to see as your own white-winged *Dayspring*."

There are times, however, when the coming of the *Dayspring* brings sadness to the mission family. When they look and see their good ship coming with her flag flying at half-mast, they know that she has bad news for them, that some of their friends have died since they last heard from home, and the visit of the vessel with her supplies and letters, to which they had looked forward so hopefully, brings to them sorrow instead of joy.

The pupils of the week-day school at Fisher's Grant, Picton Co., N. S., gave an entertainment recently and raised \$24.00 for the destitute in Labrador, shewing what young people can do when they try.

DIARY OF A RUMSELLER.

Monday.—Took Ragged Bill's last dime for whiskey.

Tuesday.—Had a visit from Charlie Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge; gave him three drinks on tick.

Wednesday.—That poor fool Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in to-day; sold him a quart.

P. S. Hear he killed his wife in a drunken rage.

Thursday.—Johnnie Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised.

P. S. Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and beat his children. Ha! ha! ha! Business is business.

Friday.—Phil Carter had no money; took his wife's wedding-ring and silk dress for an old bill; sent him home gloriously drunk.

Saturday.—Young Sam Chap took his third drink to-day. I know he likes it and will speedily make a drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I didn't sell it to him some one else would.

Sunday.—Pretended to keep the Sunday law to-day, but kept open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they'll be ashamed to tell of it. Bet my till is fuller to-night than the church-baskets are.

N. B. My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar. And yet I guess I won't keep a diary, for these facts look very queer on paper.
St. Louis Pres.

LITTLE WIDOWS.

Two little girls in India attended a school taught by English ladies. The school was supported by the children of a Sunday-school in Cambridge, England. One of these little girls was eleven and the other was five years old. But, will you believe it? they were both *married*. They

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

WATT'S FIRST HYMN.

Watts was but a youth when he wrote his first hymn. He was visiting his father, and had worshipped one Sabbath morning at the little Independent chapel at Southampton. Oh his way home he complained of the crude, uncouth psalms they had to sing, "Don't complain unless you can write better ones," said a deacon. "If I can write better will you sing them?" A promise was made, and the next Sabbath they sang from manuscript

"Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for His name,
And songs before unknown."

Other hymns were soon prepared, and these "songs before unknown" awakened new interest and infused new life into the psalmody of the churches. Mr. Watts sent copies of the hymns to Dr. Cotton Mather, and in 1741 the book was published in America. Watts wrote six hundred and ninety-seven hymns. He wrote two-fifths of the hymns used by the English-speaking world.—*The Standard*.

DIXIE'S SIX CENTS.

One day a pale-faced little girl walked hurriedly into a book store in Annasbury, and said to the man serving at the counter:

"Please, sir, I want a book that's got, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, in it, and how much is it, sir I am in a great hurry."

"The shopman bent down and dusted his spectacles.

"And suppose I haven't the book you want, what then, my dear?"

"Oh, sir, I shall be so sorry: I want it so much;" and the little voice trembled at there being a chance of disappointment.

The kind shopman took the thin hand of his small customer in his own. "Will you be very sad without the book? and why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, sir, you see, I went to school on Sunday, when Mrs. West, who takes care of me, was away; and teacher read about a Good Shepherd who said those words; and I want to go there. I'm so tired of being where there's nobody to care for a little girl like me, only Mrs. West, who says I'd be better dead than alive."

"But why are you in such a hurry?"

"My cough is getting so bad now, sir, and I want to know all about Him before I die; it 'ud be so strange to see Him and not know him. Besides, if Mrs. West knew I was here she'd take away the six cents I've saved, running messages, to buy the book with, so I'm in a hurry to get served."

The book-seller wiped his eyes very vigorously this time, and lifting a book from off a shelf he said: "I'll find the words you want, my little girl; come and listen." Then he read the words of the loving Saviour (Luke xviii. 16) — get your Bibles and find the place, children—and told how this Good Shepherd had got a home, all light and rest and love, prepared for these who love Him and serve Him.

"Oh, how lovely!" was the half-breathless exclamation of the eager little buyer. "And He says 'Come.' I'll go to Him.

How long do you think it may be, sir, before I see Him?"

"Not long, perhaps," said the shopkeeper, turning away his head.

"You shall keep the six cents, and come here every day, while I read you some more out of this book."

Thanking him the small child hurried away. To-morrow came, and another morning, and many days passed, but the little girl never came to hear about Jesus again. One day a loud-voiced untidy woman ran into the shop, saying, "Dixie's dead! She died rambling about the Good Shepherd, and she said you was to have the six cents for the mission-box at school. As I don't like to keep dead people's money, here it is," and she ran out of the shop. The cents went into the box, and when the story of Dixie was told, so many followed her example with their cents that at the end of the year "Dixie's cents," as they were called, were found to be sufficient to send out a missionary to China to bring stranger sheep to the Good Shepherd. — *Missionary World*.

"A HOLY TALK."

A missionary, some years ago, returning from Southern Africa, gave a description of the work which had been accomplished there through the preaching of the Gospel. Among other things, he pictured a little incident of which he had been an eye-witness.

He said that one morning he saw a converted African chieftain sitting under a palm-tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued alternately to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upward towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a little while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply: "I look down to the book, and God speaks to me.

Then I look up in prayer, and I speak to the Lord. So we keep up, this way, a holy talk with each other."

This picture is but a mirror to reflect the eight verses of the twenty-seventh Psalm: "When Thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

First, God talking to us; and then, our talking to God.

Do you and I listen enough to our Lord's voice? Do we take every verse we read as a message straight from Him? That is what we ought to do.

Then, when we have read God's word to us, do we look up in prayer and speak to the Master? Well did the Psalmist say, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for He will speak peace unto His people." But that is not enough. His servant Job said to God, "Let me speak and answer Thou me."

A LITTLE GIRL IN CHINA.

One peep I must give you of a Chinese girl.

Imagine a bright-faced child with raven hair gathered into a long thick plait, which hangs down her back and is tied at the end with a scarlet cord, and with tunic and trousers of blue cotton, trimmed with bands of ribbon. She is listening to a story you know very well, and her dark eyes grow bright with interest as she hears of the Saviour who placed his hands on the little ones and blessed them. How different from the tales of fear and dread which she has heard about her own idols!

Time passes away. She has been baptized, her mother has died, and she is now living with an aunt, who, like herself, loves the Lord Jesus. This aunt and her friends are talking about a chapel which has been blown down by a violent storm, and they determine to give help for rebuilding it. "Cannot I do something?" Shin-ku asks herself. I who have received so much, cannot I do a little to help to build the house of God?"

Quietly she withdraws to her own little room, and there bending over the box

which contains her girlish treasures she draws from the very bottom a long string of cash. Only a hundred or so in all, amounting to not much more than sixpence in English money, but they are all that she possesses. Nearly every coin has a history. Here is one of a special reign, given her as a keepsake when cash was being counted and strung; here another received from a neighbour for some piece of work she has done. And now she carries the little string of coins into the next room, and with a very happy look on her face, lays it on the table amongst the other offerings.

Have we ever given as much as Shin-ku —our all to Christ?—*Juvenile Herald.*

FAR OFF IN REALMS OF GLORY.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Far off in realms of glory

No mortal eye can see,

Does Jesus there a place prepare

For little ones like me?

I dream of that fair city,

So pure, so undefiled:

But is there room for me to come,

For such a little child?

Is there a place for children

To walk the golden street?

To cast each crown of glory down

And worship at his feet?

They seem one blaze of glory,

Those walls so fair and high;

And will He send, when life shall end,

For children such as I?

WHAT ARE EYELIDS FOR?

I will tell you a good proverb. I wish you would always remember it. "God has given us eyelids as well as eyes." Do you understand it? What are eyelids for? Not to see. Remember, there are a great many things in life - bad things - and God has given us eyelids that we may not see them, as well as eyes to look at the good thing. Use your eyelids. Do not see the bad things. Do not see them!—*Rev. J. Fawcett.*

HOW MISSIONARIES TRAVEL.

The children and youth in our Sabbath-schools would no doubt feel much deeper interest in the work of missionaries if they could visit them in their homes, and experience some of the changes which must be adopted by those living in heathen lands. The homes of the missionaries are made as much like our own as possible in their furniture and arrangements.

But in other things, for example that of travelling, they are obliged to do very much as the natives do. It would be interesting to try, just for a little, the endless variety of vehicles in which our missionaries travel in prosecuting their work.

The young lady who goes out to Japan to teach, finds her very first experience in being trundled along the streets to her new home in a jinrikisha, a big baby carriage drawn by a coolie, who perhaps has the figure of a dragon tattooed on his back. Soon this jinrikisha comes to be looked upon as a matter of course, and to be greatly enjoyed. In China it is different; a stiff cart without springs and with the driver seated on the thills behind the horse, is the common vehicle in Peking; though in the country, missionaries are generally obliged to resort to the shenza, or mule litter.

In India the early missionaries travelled extensively upon the Ganges, the Jumna, and the Nerbudda rivers in a style of boats which had been unchanged for ages. It is hardly necessary to say that these boats proceeding slowly up the windings of the river under the hot India sun, made hotter still by the reflection from the naked banks of sand, were far from being comfortable; and the missionary of the present day who can travel up and down the India thoroughfares in a shady, comfortable railway car, has an immense advantage. Back from the main routes, however, a resort must still be had to the dak or ekka. In the rough mountain districts, where roads are impossible, the only recourse is the *dandi* or some other form of chair borne by Hindu coolies. Occasionally among the foot-hills of the mountains,

the *hourda* or elephant saddle is the vehicle. And in a "tiger country" one feels far safer when perched high on the back of a strong elephant.

When Dr. Moffat and others went to South Africa years ago, about the only mode of travel over the great wastes of Cape Colony or Namaqua Land, was by ox-wagon. Frequently a train of two or three of these huge vehicles advanced together for the sake of mutual protection against the attacks of men or wild beasts. In the remoter regions of South Africa the ox-wagons are still used both by missionaries and by traders. Long lines of oxen are attached to these vehicles, which sometimes have to be drawn up steep hills or through rivers. At night it is customary to gather the oxen within a circle formed by the wagons and other camp materials, and the travellers are encamped within a still smaller circle, while fires are lighted and guards are placed to prevent the sudden attack of lions.

When the interior lakes of Tanganyika and Nyassa were first visited by missionaries, the only means of transport were little sail vessels. But now steamers are found not only on these lakes, but upon the rivers Congo, Ogove, Niger, and Zambesi.

The Roman Catholic missionaries of Algeria in their journeys to the interior stations, resort to the camel and travel in caravans. Some of the Catholic missionary sketches give a sad account of the way in which the first company of missionaries, after setting out from Algeria chanting the *litany* as they rode out through the gates of the city on camel's back, were soon cut off on their approach to the desert, none surviving to tell the tale.

In Syria, Persia, and Turkey most of the travel is done on horseback, and sometimes very little children are deposited in paniers, or in baskets hanging on either side of the horse. In Madagascar also, "horseback" is the common method of travel; though sometimes, in Madagascar and in New Zealand, journeys must be made over very rough roads on foot, while the streams are crossed on the backs or in

the arms of bare legged natives, who have no fear of wetting their scanty clothing. Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand, in his journal gives us an amusing account of one of his foot journeys, at the close of which he reached his home in tatters; his feet, after having finished his shoes, being bound up in cloths.

In Polynesia there is but one mode of travel, and that is by boat, large or small according to the distance. To one who merely reads about it, it may seem delightful to pass from island to island amid scenes of so much beauty and over the clear, transparent waters that cover the coral reefs. But distance no doubt lends enchantment to the view; and one shudders to think that sometimes the trusting missionary in rounding a point or passing a wooded shore has received the poisoned arrows of hostile natives, and has suffered the tortures of an agonizing death.

In Mexico, in their journeys by stage or diligence, they have always been more or less exposed to bands of robbers. In the Indian territories of the North and Northwest, they have often made long journeys on snow-shoes, with scanty provisions and little shelter for rest at night. And in Lapland the faithful preachers who carry the gospel to the remote districts on the borders of the Arctic Sea, are perfectly familiar with the reindeer sledges common to that country. On the coast of Greenland the Moravian missionaries often make their voyages from station to station in the sealskin boats of the hardy natives.

Thus in fancy we can see those who have been our friends and neighbours, and who perhaps are our brothers and sisters, passing up and down in distant lands in all this variety of vehicles. In the Arctic regions, and in the tropics, on the land and on the sea, in great heat and in piercing cold, in comfort or in discomfort, they scatter a road everywhere the message of the Redeemer.

Our part is very easy. We have but to place the missionary upon the great iron steamer at our wharves, with an adequate supply for his necessities, or send our contributions for the support of native

preachers and teachers; but our friends, as they leave the steamer must take boat, or carriage, or jinrikisha, or wheelbarrow, or dog-sledge; or they must mount the backs of camels, or elephants, or horses, or donkeys, and thus climb the mountains, or range the valleys, or penetrate the forests, traverse snows, or sands, or swamps, or jungles, and even cross the arid deserts, that *everywhere* they may reach the destitute and darkened abodes of men, that even the most desolate places of the earth may become in time as our own happy land, and the world be reclaimed to Christ. — *Foreign Missionary.*

FREDDIE'S BOX.

Freddie had a box in his closet, where he was allowed to put the clothes he had outgrown, and the toys he was tired of.

"It shall be your charity-box," said his mother. "When it is full, I will pack up the things, and send them to some poor children, who will be very glad to get them."

Freddie thought a great deal of his charity-box, and of the poor children he was filling it for; he did not always wait till he had grown tired of a book or a toy, but put some in which he prized very much.

"I don't think it's nice to give them all the bad things and keep the good ones only for myself," he thought; "they must like whole and pretty things as well as I do, I'm sure."

His mother liked her little boy to have kind and generous thoughts, so she let him do pretty much as he pleased.

One day at the Sunday-school the lessor was about charity. The teacher said the word meant love, and explained how the love of God in the heart produced all the sweet and heavenly affections described in the verses.

The next day Freddie said to his mother: "I'm not going to call my box a *charity-box* any more; I shall call it a *love-box*. It's because I love the poor children. I keep it, and I love Jesus, too; and the poor children are his, and that's why I want to help them." — *Messenger for the Children.*

CHILDREN IN CHINA.

There are a great many dead children to be seen in China, besides those who have been killed. Sometimes they are papped up in mats and thrown into the river, or outside the walls of cities; sometimes they are hung from branches of trees, and sometimes thrown into a baby-house—that is, a small building with a hole in the side, built on purpose to put dead babies in.

The reason of this custom is a very strange one. When a baby dies, it is supposed that its father or grandfather had not paid his debts, and that the man to whom the money was owing had died, and the spirit had come back in the baby to trouble the family who had not paid him, by giving the care and expense of a sick baby to nurse; and that after doing this the spirit had gone back home, leaving the dead baby behind. So though the baby's friends may take great care of it while it is ill, not being sure it is an enemy, directly it is dead it is taken out of the house, without a coffin, and thrown away. As it is carried out, the house is swept, crackers are fired and gongs are beaten to frighten the spirit, and keep it from coming back.

Some fathers and mothers, who do not want to kill their little girls and yet do not care to keep them, sell them to other fathers and mothers to be wives for their sons. They are generally sold when they are between three and ten years old, and live with the people who buy them as if they were their children. The price of a little girl is generally eight shillings for every year she has lived, if she is very little, but if she is old enough to work she will be more expensive. If a little girl has poor parents and lives with them till she is married, they expect her husband's parents to pay them for having fed her and clothed her so long, so that really parents may be said to buy wives for their sons.

A Chinese child is not generally allowed to sit on a chair till it is four months old; then it is supposed to need to be taught how to sit; this is done by covering the

seat with soft candy, so that the child sticks to it. I do not know whether this is done all over China; most likely not, but it is done in the province of Fukien.

When the child is old enough to eat, it has boiled rice in a basin and eats it with a spoon; when it is three or four years old, it begins to eat with chop-sticks.

When a boy is about three months old, he has several things placed in front of him—a pair of scales, a pair of shears, a measure, a mirror, a pencil, some ink, paper, books, and other things, and from what he first touches people say what he is going to be when he grows up. If he puts his hand on a book or a pen, they say he will be a great scholar; if he touches the scales, they suppose he will get rich in business; and so on with the other things.

The very first thing a child is taught, is to worship idols and the spirits of its dead relations, by moving its hands up and down a few times. There is one goddess, called "Mother," who is supposed to take particular care of children till they are sixteen years old; her birthday is kept on the fifteenth day of the first month; she is worshipped by women all over China.

Children are taught to work almost as soon as they can walk, and to work hard too, so that they are much too grave for children—more like little men and women. Sometimes when a visitor comes to a house, he asks to see the little boys; then they are sent for, and as soon as they come into the room, they kneel down before the visitor, and knock their heads on the floor several times, and then they get up and stand facing him, but some distance off. All this is considered very respectful, and very great care is taken to teach Chinese children how to behave.

They have very few games or toys to play with when they are little, but as soon as they go to school, they are told that they must behave like gentlemen, that they must not run and jump, but walk soberly, and obey their teachers; so it is not very strange that they soon begin to copy men in bad things, and learn to gamble with cards and dominoes, and anything that can be gambled with. For the

Chinese are terrible gamblers; if they have nothing else left, they will even gamble with their wives and their children, and then themselves, promising that if the men they are playing with should be the winners, they will give themselves to be their slaves!—*Children of China.*

A TRUE STORY FOR BOYS.

On the afternoon of Christmas day religious services were held at the McAuley Mission, on Water street, in the city of New York. A man about thirty-three years old, got up and said that he wished to bear testimony to the goodness and the mercy of the Lord to him. He spoke particularly to the boys and young men in the room, warning them against the first glass of liquor. He told them that the first glass of liquor he drank made him a murderer. It was his first Christmas outside of the prison walls in sixteen years.

Sixteen years ago he had killed a young man in a quarrel in a saloon. Both of them were under the influence of liquor at the time. He was arrested and tried for murder, only his extreme youth saving him from the gallows. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. But after sixteen years, owing to his good behaviour and the intercession of his friends, aided by the influence of the father and mother whose son he had killed, he was released.

"One night," said he, "I received word to come to the Warden's office the next morning. I did not know what he wanted of me, and when I went into his office the next day, judge of my surprise when he said, 'James, you are a free man; you are pardoned.' I cannot tell you how I felt when I walked out of the gate and found myself for the first time in sixteen years a free man.

The first thing I did when I got out was to telegraph to my dear old mother, 'Mother, I am pardoned, I am coming home.' My mother was a good Christian mother, and had done her duty in trying to bring her boy up in the fear of the Lord; but when I left my country home and came to the city I fell in with evil

companions, and I followed their instructions rather than the warnings and teachings of my good mother. I thought it would make a man of me to drink liquor, but it made me a murderer.

I knew my mother would ask me the first thing how it was with my soul, and I was glad to be able to tell her that Jesus Christ had visited me in my prison-cell, and that through his grace and mercy I felt that my sins had been forgiven.

But I thought that I could never look into the face of that poor mother whose son's life I had taken, and I kept out of her way. But she found me, and as soon as she saw me she put her arms around my neck, and said 'All is forgiven. Do all you can now to save young men from the curse of liquor.' What wonderful grace is that of our Lord, which enabled that mother to forgive me and even work to get me pardoned! And now, by the grace of God, the rest of the time I have to live I shall do all I can to save other souls from the curse of drink."

The young man's story was true in every particular. It was a wonderful story of God's grace, the way in which that father and mother were brought to the Lord after the death of that son, and how they had devoted their lives during the time that followed in trying to bring young men to Jesus. Every month a sum of money is sent to the Temperance missions by these sorrowing parents, and is always registered in the treasurer's book, nameless only, so many dollars "From Friends of the Mission."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

"I don't want to hear naughty words," said little Charlie to one of his school-fellows.

"It does not signify," said the other boy; "they go in at one ear and out at the other."

"No," replied Charlie; "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in they stick; so I mean to do my best to keep them out."

That is right. Keep them out, for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when once they get in.

HERMANNSBURG AND ITS MIS-
SIONS.

A TRUE STORY.

Hermannsburg is a quiet German village lying upon the bosom of the wide, wild Luneburg Heath, whose long swelling lines of summer bloom roll away unbroken for miles until lost in a wood, or shut in by an oak-crowned hill or a reach of bright green meadow.

In 1848 Louis Harms became, by the death of his father, the sole pastor of the parish. He had been born and brought up there, and he loved the Heath and the village "with body and soul." He was a great reader, an original thinker, and an eloquent speaker; and had besides an overflowing humor and shrewd common sense. And though he had had a thorough university education he lived among the simple people as one of themselves, like a father or a brother. His deep and constant communion with the Lord Jesus and the indwelling life of the divine Spirit made him a power with God and with men. Under the impulse of his faith and fervor the people awakened to a new life.

Hermannsburg was soon a Christian village indeed. Every home had family worship, and no one was absent from church except from sickness. The laborers had prayers in the fields, and their country ballads were exchanged for the grand old German hymns. Poverty and drunkenness disappeared and a great joy filled the place.

Now came the natural result of a quickened spiritual life. Faith and self-surrender asked for work to do, and love reached out in pity for the lost, and in obedience to Christ's command, a mission to the heathen was proposed in 1849. Twelve villagers offered themselves. A house was set apart for their training, and Mr. Harms' brother, also a clergyman, took charge of them. The course of instruction extended over four years, and meanwhile the candidates worked daily, "partly for health, partly that they might

do something for their own support, and partly that they might remain humble." As to the spirit in which they were to study, Mr. Harms exhorted them to pray diligently. "I do not mean your common prayers only," he said, "but diligently in your own room, daily, daily for the Holy Spirit. Remember Luther's saying: 'Well-prayed is half-learned.'"

The wish of some young sailors to join this mission band as colonists, suggested to the Hermannsburg peasants that they might themselves go out in a colony. And now came the money question. "Then," said Harms, "I knocked diligently on the dear God in prayer." One of the sailors said: "Why not build a ship and you can send as often as you will!" But the money! "I prayed fervently to the Lord," said Harms, "and as I rose up at midnight from my knees, I said, with a voice that almost startled me in the quiet room: *Forward now in God's name.*"

Mr. Harms now sent a brief report of his plans to two country newspapers, and money came in from all quarters. A brig was built at Harburg and the colonists were made ready. There were eight of them and eight missionaries. Smiths, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, *compers*, were fitting out their ship. The women and girls knitted with marvellous swiftness. The farmers brought in their loads of buckwheat and rye, and stripped their orchards for the vessel; while hens and pigs accumulated as if for a show. The very Heath paid tribute in brooms. When all was ready a farewell service was held, at which the sixteen stood up and sung together the hero-psalm, *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*. And on the twenty-eighth of October, 1853, their mission ship *Candace* sailed for Africa. Three weeks afterward twelve new candidates took their places in the training house, to be ready for the next voyage.

The *Candace* carried her passengers to Port Natal, or Durban, in South-eastern Africa, the same port at which all American missionaries, among the Zulus, land. In the interior of the colony of Natal, which is under British rule, the

Hermannsburgers bought 6,000 acres of land not far from Pieter Maritzburg, built permanent dwellings, and called the settlement New Hermannsburg. The English government soon became friendly, giving them 3,000 more acres, and offering 6,000 to any new mission station. The missionaries held all in common and soon settled to their work among the Zulus.

On her second voyage, in 1856, the *Candace* landed fifteen more colonists in Natal, and in 1857 no less than forty-four persons, twelve of them missionaries, left the Old Hermannsburg for the New.

At the end of seven years there were one hundred of these settlers at eight stations in the eastern part of Natal, and fifty heathen had been baptized. Pastor Harms died in 1865, but his work was carried on by his brother until 1885, and since then by his nephew, Egnont Harms. In 1885 their South African mission, which had spread into Basutoland, numbered 51 stations, 60 missionaries, and 10,336 converts!

The Hermannsburgers had also undertaken a mission in India, where, in 1885, they had ten stations, eleven missionaries, twenty-seven helpers, and over 800 baptized persons. They have more recently begun work in New Zealand and Australia. They have given up the plan of sending out colonies, and of a community of goods among missionaries and of a missionary ship. But their pastor is still sole director, and their work is still carried on by peasants trained in their own village and is supported by their labor, faith, and prayer. Each of the 11,000 Hermannsburg communicants lays annually a gift on the communion table. Plain yeomen have handed in 500 crowns, and some have given their all.

In addition to these sources of supply, Pastor Harms began in 1845 to publish a missionary magazine which has had great success. It was a quaint, informal exchange of letters between Old and New Hermannsburg, keeping them in full sympathy and acquaintanceship in the most easy and friendly way. This has also proved an efficient method of arous-

ing the interest and keeping up the gifts of others who feel the impulse of this living faith and work.

Such glorious things can Christians do, such results may be expected, when a whole church has "a mind to work." *Missionary Herald.*

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Are you fighting for the Master,
Little soldier, brave and true?
Are you working in the vineyard?
There is room and work for you.

There are many little soldiers
In the mighty ranks of right,
Many little ones are marching
Upward to the Land of Light.

They are happy in God's service,
Little ones so pure and fair,
Faithfully their hearts are keeping,
Lest the tempter enter there.

Tiny hands are often strongest
To perform their deeds of love;
Strong to draw the lost and straying
To the shepherd's fold above.

"TRUST HIM ANY WAY."

Mabel and Edith were sisters, and loved each other--as all sisters should. They were also beloved by all who knew them; for they had learned the secret of true happiness--they had given their hearts to the Saviour.

One day as they were looking up some of their favourite texts on prayer, Mabel asked:

"Edith, what would you do if you called upon Jesus, and He did not answer you?"

"I should keep asking," replied Edith.

"But suppose He should never answer you?" said Mabel.

"Then I should trust Him any way," replied her sister confidently.

Here is a lesson for each of us to learn. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him: and He shall direct thy paths."--(Prov. iii. 5, 6.)--Sel.

A RIGHT START.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, had pious parents, brothers and sisters; his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath, one of his fellow-travellers said to him, "Come, let us be off for a drive and the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then, slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Right, my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to church; all honor to him in that far-away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by his manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him. —*Sel.*

JIMMIE'S FIRST MONEY.

Jimmie Kay had acted as clerk in a shop for one week, and received five shillings for his pay—the first money he had ever really worked for. These shillings made Jimmie a very happy lad, and he wanted to do the best he could with them. So, like a good son, he asked his mother about it.

"Mother, how much do you think I ought to give the missionary collection to-

day?"

"Well, Jimmie, I think your father's rule of giving one-tenth a very good one for you to follow. You know we are told to cast our grain upon the waters, and that we shall find it again though it may be many days after."

Jimmie had a twinkle in his eye, as he said—

"Well, mother, I've seen a good deal of casting down, and now I'm waiting to see some of it come back again."

This made his mother feel anxious, fearing that Jimmie, after all, might not want to give any of his money. Then she spoke of the widow's two mites—that she was not content to give a portion of her money, but had given all that she had to give—even "all her living."

As they walked home from church Jimmie said, "Well, mother, how much do you suppose I gave this morning?"

"Why, sixpence," said his mother.

"More than that," said Jimmie.

So his mother went on guessing, adding a little each guess till she reached one shilling and sixpence, when she stopped, saying he must tell her.

"Well, then, mother, I did as the widow did. I cast in all that I had—I gave the five shillings."

You may be sure his mother was very glad and happy indeed to find him so willing to consecrate the "first fruits" of his labor to the service of the Lord, who loveth the cheerful giver.—*Sel.*

A man having received a tract, used it in filling up the space between the inner and the outer sole of a shoe. Some time after another man of the same business sat down on a Sabbath morning to put a new sole to that shoe, but when he had cut away the old leather he saw the tract, and his attention was instantly arrested by the title, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." It was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The work was immediately laid aside, and the man hastened to the house of God; his soul was troubled, nor could he find rest until he found it at the Cross of Christ.—*Tract Society Meeting at New York.*

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Feb. 5.—Matt. 17: 1-13. Memory vs. 4, 5.

The Transfiguration.

GOLDEN TEXT.—LUKE 9: 35. CATECHISM, Q. 59.

Introductory.

How long a period between this lesson and the last?

How was it probably spent?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Transfigured Christ. vs. 1, 2.

Whom did Jesus take with him?

Of what other events were they the only witnesses?

What did they now behold?

Meaning of *transfigured*?

What was Jesus doing when it took place?

What was his appearance? Mark 9: 3; Luke 9: 29.

Why this change in appearance?

II. The Heavenly Testimony. vs. 3-5.

Who appeared to them?

How long had Moses been dead?

How did Elijah leave this world?

What did Peter say to Jesus?

What then took place?

What was heard?

What voice was this?

When had this been said before?

Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?

How can you hear Jesus?

III. The Amazed Disciples. vs. 6-13.

What did the disciples do?

Why?

How did Jesus calm their fears?

Whom did they now see?

What charge did Jesus give them?

Why?

What did the disciples ask Jesus?

To what prophecy did they refer?

How did Jesus answer them?

Who was this Elias that had come already?

What had they done to him? Matt. 14: 10.

How was John the Baptist Elias? Luke 1: 17.

What did Jesus say about himself?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus is the Son of God and has all the majesty and glory of God.

2. That while he was on earth his glory was veiled, but it shines out now in heaven.

3. That the law and the prophets testify of him and are fulfilled in him.

4. That Jesus only can take away our sins and fears and give us peace.

5. That we should hear, obey and trust him as our Teacher, Saviour and King.

Feb. 12.—Matt. 18: 1-14. Memory vs. 2-4.

Jesus and the Little Ones.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 19: 14. CATECHISM, Q. 60.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson? What events occurred 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. Lessons from a Little One. vs. 1-4.

What question did the disciples ask Jesus?

What led them to ask this question?

How did Jesus answer them?

In what respects must we become as little children?

How did this answer of Jesus meet their question?

How did it show their wrong spirit?

Whom did Jesus declare to be the greatest?

II. Sins against Little Ones. vs. 5-7.

How may we show our love to Jesus?

Meaning of *one such little child*?

What is said about offending *little ones*?

What is here meant by *offend*?

What is said of *offences*?

What of the one by whom offences come ?

What is meant by *if thy hand or thy foot offend thee ?*

What by *cut it off ?*

How must we regard everything that we find will lead us into sin ?

III. Friends of Little Ones. vs. 10-14.

What warning does Jesus here give about our conduct toward *little ones* ?

What reason does he give for this warning ?

Why is this a reason for treating Christians with respect ?

For what purpose did Christ come into the world ?

What parable did he speak to illustrate this ?

Repeat it !

What is said about finding the sheep ?

How is the parable explained ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That it is real greatness to forget self and serve others.

2. That Jesus takes a deep interest in even the least and feeblest of his people.

3. That we should be careful not to hinder or discourage any one in the Christian life.

4. That the greatest evil is to lead others into evil.

5. That we must be ready to make any sacrifice rather than commit sin.

Feb. 19.—Matt. 18 : 10-35 : Memory vs. 21, 22.

A Lesson on Forgiveness.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 6 : 12. CATECHISM. Q. 61.

Introductory.

What was the subject of our last lesson ?

What did you learn from it ?

What rule did Jesus give for our treatment of one who has injured us ? Matt. 18 : 15-20.

What is the title of this lesson ?

Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

4. The Lesson Taught. vs. 21, 22.

Who came to Jesus ?

What was his question ?

How was this connected with the subject before them ?

Who is here meant by *my brother* ?

How did Jesus answer Peter's question ?

Why did he say *seventy times seven* ? (See Luke 17 : 3, 4.)

What do we pray for in the fifth petition ?

How did Jesus enforce this petition ? Matt. 6 : 14, 15.

What, then, is *the lesson taught* ?

II. The Lesson Illustrated. vs. 23-25.

What is here meant by the *kingdom of heaven* ?

What did Jesus say it is like ?

Who are meant by *his servants* ?

What by his taking account ?

How great was the debt of one ?

What did the servant do ?

How do men often think they can pay what they owe to God ?

How did the lord of this servant treat him ?

What does all this represent ?

What did this servant afterward do ?

What request did his fellow-servant make ?

How did he treat it ?

What did his lord say to him ?

What made his conduct so shameful ?

What did he do with him ?

How does the parable end ?

How must we *forgive* ?

What Have I Learned ?

1. That it is our duty to forgive those who have injured us.

2. That we are not to limit our forgiveness to any number of times.

3. That our forgiveness should not be in word merely, but from the heart.

4. That our own need of God's forgiveness should lead us to forgive others.

5. That if we do not forgive others God will not forgive us.

Feb. 26.—Matt. 19 : 16-26. Memory vs. 23-26.

The Rich Young Ruler.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 6 : 21. CATECHISM. Q. 62.

Introductory.

What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Cate-
 chism?

I. The Way Asked. vs. 16-19.

Who came to Jesus?
 What did he ask?
 With what question did Jesus answer
 him?
 What statement did Jesus make?
 What direction did he give? v. 17.
 What did the young man say in reply?
 What commandment did Jesus name?
 What was this man's mistake about the
 way of salvation?

II. The Way Rejected. vs. 20-22.

What did the young man say he had
 done?
 What further question did he ask?
 How did Jesus feel toward him?
 What did Jesus tell him to do that he
 might be perfect?
 What did the commandment?
 How did the young man feel?
 Why was he sorrowful?
 What did he do?

III. The Danger of Riches. vs. 23-26.

What did Jesus say to his disciples?
 What is added to this in Mark 10: 24?
 What effect had this saying on the
 disciples?
 What question did they ask?
 What did Jesus say in reply?
 Why are riches dangerous? Matt.
 13: 22.
 What was a wise man's prayer? Prov.
 30: 8, 9.
 What treasures are we to lay up? Matt.
 6: 19-21.

What Have I Learned?

1. That the most important of all ques-
 tions is, "What must I do to be saved?"
2. That we cannot be saved by our
 morality or by our good works.
3. That if we have not faith in Christ
 we lack the one thing needful.
4. That riches often keep men from

Christ.

5. "hat we must give up everything
 that keeps us from following Christ.--
Westminster Question Book.

"NEDDIE AND ME."

A preacher was once talking about the
 heathen, and telling how much they need-
 ed Bibles to teach them of Jesus, the
 Savior of men. In the congregation was
 one little boy who became greatly inter-
 ested. He went home and told his mother
 that he must give something to help buy
 Bibles for the heathen. But he and his
 mother were very poor; and at first he was
 quite puzzled to know how to raise the
 money.

Finally he hit upon the plan. The
 people of England use rubbing stones, or
 door stones as they are called, for polishing
 their hearths, and scouring their wooden
 floors. These stones are bits of marble or
 freestone, begged from the stone-cutters
 or marble workers. And it is quite com-
 mon to see a lad with a donkey, with a
 pair of panniers or baskets across his back,
 loaded with door stones, going round sell-
 ing them.

This little boy had a favorite donkey
 named Neddie. He thought it would be
 nice to have Neddie help in the benevolent
 work. So he harnessed him up, and
 loaded him with stones, and went round
 calling:

"Do you want any door stones?"

Before long he raised £3 or about \$15.
 So one day the minister heard a knock at
 his door, and on opening it there stood a
 little boy, holding out a package, saying:
 "Please, sir, send this to the heathen."
 "But my little friend, I must have a
 name to acknowledge it."

The lad hesitated as if he did not un-
 derstand. "You must tell me your
 name," repeated the minister, "that we
 may know who gave the money."

"Oh! well, then, sir, please put it
 down to *Neddie and Me*; that will do,
 won't it sir?"

Where there is a will, there is a way.
 Who else has got a "*Neddie*," that he can
 use to work for God with?

A LITTLE GIRL'S TALK.

A few Sundays ago I heard a little girl's talk over her pocket-book, before church time. Her brother said to her:

"Where's your money? There will be a contribution to-day."

She went to get her pocket-book.

"I have two silver ten cents and a paper one."

Her brother said:

"A tenth of that is three cents."

"But three cents is such a stingy little to give. I shall give this ten cents. You see I would have had more here, only I spent some for myself last week; it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left, after I have used all I wanted."

"Why don't you give the paper ten cents? The silver ones are prettier to keep."

"So they are prettier to give. Paper ten cents looks so dirty and shabby. No, I'll give good things."

So she had put one ten cents in her pocket, when some one said:

"I hope we can raise that three hundred dollars for Home Missions to-day."

Then that little girl gave a groan.

"Oh, is this Home Mission Day? Then that other silver ten cents has to go too." And she went to get it with another doleful groan.

"I said: 'If you feel so distressed about it why do you give it?'"

"Oh, because I *made up my mind* to always give twice as much to Home Missions as anything else, and I shall just stick to what I made up my mind to."

Now this little affair set me to thinking.

First. We should deal *honestly* with God in giving. "It is not fair," said the little girl, "to count your tenth after you have used all that you want."

Second. We should deal *liberally* in giving. If the fair tenth is a petty sum, let us *go* beyond it and give more.

Third. Let us give our best things. That which is the nicest to keep is also the nicest to give.

Fourth. Let us give until we feel it.

DANGER.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a fluttering. Now that is the flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened. Presently an elder-tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said: "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself, "Oh that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "Look at his brown-and-crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one don't hurt me."

A few mornings after I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was all gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me." One sin indulged has ruined many a boy or girl.—*Christian Weekly.*

Give thanks O little children,

The Lord has heard your prayer;
Has opened wide the doorways
That all His love may share.

Good news to heathen nations

On wings of faith is borne,
Salvation to the lost ones,
And joy to all who mourn.

He rends the gates of darkness

He pours His light within,
He rears the cross of Jesus,
Redeems the world from sin.