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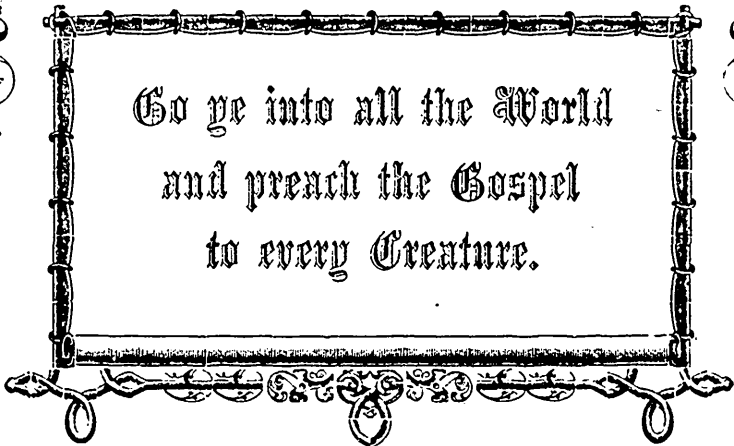
THE

CHILDREN'S

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RECORD

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

VOL. 3. MAR. 1888. No. 3.



The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

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

AN OLD STORY FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Some of you have heard the name of Geddie, the first Foreign Missionary of our Church, who went to the New Hebrides about forty years ago. You have read, too, of the island of Aneityum where he labored, and where the natives long since gave up heathenism, where in almost every home they have now family worship.

But many of you do not know what the people were like when he went there, nor how great the change that has come over them.

Let me tell you of one custom,

THE STRANGLING OF WOMEN.

When a woman was married a string was tied around her neck and it was never taken off. What do you think it was for? To strangle her with if her husband died before she did, so that, as they thought, her spirit could go to wait upon him in another world. The strangling was done by the nearest friends. So soon as the husband was dead, the parties who were to do the deed, who were in waiting as death seemed drawing near, would seize the woman. Some of them would take hold of either end of the string that was around her neck and pull it until they choked her to death.

Here is a part of one of Dr. Geddie's old letters telling how he saved a woman from such a death. He says:

"The horrid practice of strangling is still carried on to a fearful extent. There was an elderly woman whose husband had been ill for a long time. One day I heard

that he was dying and I went at once to the place.

When I reached there the man was in the agonies of death and the stranglers were there smeared with charcoal. They knew what I came for and looked very savage. The native who went with me whispered to me not to speak as these men were very angry with me.

I told him I must speak for there was a poor woman's life at stake and we must try to save her. So I sat down opposite to them and began to talk to them as kindly as possible of their sin.

The most of them seemed unmoved, but by and by one man confessed that it was wrong, and said he would try to stop it. Then several others gathered round and our hopes began to brighten. After remaining for some hours I went home, leaving strict orders with our friendly natives not to leave till my return.

I had scarcely reached my own house when I heard the sound of the death wail and I hastened back again.

An interesting scene had occurred in my absence. When the bloody deed of strangling was about to be committed, one man bolder than the others said to the heathen party, 'If you do that you will do it at the risk of your lives.' They got faint hearted when they heard this and dared not touch her.

When I reached the spot I found the woman in the house, the door of which was guarded by one of our natives. She was calling on Mose to come and strangle her, and begged if they would not do it to be allowed to go to the bush and strangle herself.

The native who guarded the door tried to quiet her as well as possible. The body of the dead man was taken and buried in the sea according to their custom.

I then arranged with the friendly natives who had been so forward in saving the woman, to remain and guard her through the night, feeling assured that if she were spared to the light of another day there would be no danger. It would then be too late, as they think, for her spirit to

accompany that of her husband to the other world.

You will be surprised to hear that many of the poor degraded women are themselves the most opposed to doing away with this horrid practice. Some of the old women especially, are enraged with me for the stand which I have taken against it. When they are now told that if their husbands die first they will not be put to death they get very angry. Some who used to be friendly will not now speak to me because I am getting this cruel practice stopped.

But many women welcome Christianity as the means of freeing them from their darkness and misery.

When we came to this island every woman wore around her neck the instrument of death, but when they become Christians they put it away."

In that Island now there are many happy Christian homes, and it is such blessed work as that you are doing when you send missionaries to turn them from darkness to light.

HELPLESS GODS.

I once read a story about an idol in China. When it was first made, it was carried through the streets followed by a great procession. There were bands of cymbals, gongs, and flutes. There were flags and streamers and clouds of incense all about the huge image, which was carried on the shoulders of men.

The procession went on finely for some time; but, suddenly something happened. What do you think it was? Why, this great god, which was made of clay, was carried by men who were a little unsteady, and they contrived to pitch him into the gutter and knock off his head. Some of the people were very much frightened and troubled by it; but others could not help laughing at the poor god that couldn't take care of his own body.

In heathen lands, too, they have so many gods that they are apt to think anything at all strange or mysterious must be a god.—*Sel.*

A GREAT FLOOD IN HONAN, CHINA.

A terrible story comes to us from China. Our young people have read in their geographies of the great river Hoang Ho, or Whang Ho, or Yellow River, so called from its color owing to the large amount of earthy matter in the water. It is a very long, large stream, and is looked upon by the Chinese as almost sacred.

In some places, especially in the Province of Honan, it runs for hundreds of miles across level fertile plains. The mud carried down in it from the mountains here settles to the bottom and fills up the river bed. This makes the water flow out over the country. To prevent this the people have built dykes or banks of earth and stones to keep the river in its channel. As the river bed fills up with mud these banks are built higher, and in some places the bottom of the river as it flows along is higher than the level of the country on either side.

ONE NIGHT

a few weeks since when the people were quietly sleeping, never dreaming of danger, the banks for three or four miles suddenly broke and the mighty stream poured forth its waters over the country. Towns and villages by hundreds and people by thousands were swallowed up by the rising flood.

The first thing that awakened thousands from sleep was the water rushing in at windows and doors or covering them in their beds. There was no escape for they had no boats and the water was all around them. Nothing could they do but die.

The size of the country that is covered with water is supposed to be equal to a place one hundred miles long by one hundred miles wide, and it was very thickly settled.

It is supposed that

THREE QUARTERS OF A MILLION

of people were drowned, or one-seventh of the whole population of the Dominion of Canada. And millions more who

escaped with their lives have lost all that they had, and are suffering from want.

This flood has taken place in Honan, that place where Mr. Goforth has gone. He did not intend going until next spring, but now he has hurried away that he may be able to do something to help the poor people in their sufferings, and thus win their friendship, so that they will listen when he tells them of a Savior from sin and death.

OUR NEW MISSION TO CHINA.

You have been reading in the CHILDREN'S RECORD about China, that great country which has living in it more than one quarter of the population of the world, and very few of them knowing anything about Jesus who loved us and gave Himself for us.

There is one very large province called Honan, not far from the centre of China, with a population of fifteen millions, or three times as many people as the whole Dominion of Canada, and there has only been one missionary there.

Now there is another on his way there from our own Church, Rev. Jonathan Goforth, whom many of you have seen. After a series of farewell meetings he and his wife left Toronto by the midnight train, on Jan. 19th, to go by the Canada Pacific Railway to Vancouver, and thence by steamer to China, to tell the story of Jesus among the millions of Honan. This is the first mission of our Church on the mainland in that great Empire of China which has more heathen than any other country in the world, and almost as many as all other countries put together.

You will likely hear something about his work there, for he takes a deep interest in young people and has promised to write to you in the CHILDREN'S RECORD, so after a few months you may be on the watch for a letter from him.

REV. JONATHAN GOFORTH.

Let me tell you something of Mr. Goforth's life so that you may be the better acquainted with him.

He was born and brought up on a farm in the County of Middlesex, Ontario, in 1859. When quite young, like most farm boys he had to work in the summer among the hay and the horses, the cattle and corn, and in the winter he used to go to school.

As he grew older he thought he would like to be a merchant, and went to a Commercial College in London, Ontario.

When he was eighteen years old he gave himself to Jesus, and then thought he would like to do something to lead others to the same Saviour, and began to study for the ministry.

Through his years of study at Knox College, Toronto, he used to spend the summer in Mission Work. One summer in the country in a distant and lonely mission field in the Muskoka region, and the other summers in the city of Toronto among the poor people who did not attend any church and were almost as ignorant as the heathen.

When Mr. McKay, your missionary in Formosa, was home a few years ago telling of the wants of the perishing millions of China, Mr. Goforth decided to be a missionary, and now that his studies are completed he has gone to the work that is so near his heart.

He has been visiting a great many of the churches and many of the young people have heard him and will feel a deep interest in him and his work.

As you will read on another page you may expect to hear from him for he has promised to write to you in the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

MY TIME-TABLE.

Sixty seconds make a minute,
 How much good can I do in it?
 Sixty minutes make an hour,
 All the good that's in my power.
 Twenty hours and four, a day,
 Time for sleep and work and play.
 Days, three hundred and sixty-five,
 Make a year for me to live
 Right good things each day to do,
 That I wise may grow and true,

THE SABBATH-EGG SOCIETY.

Early in the year 1876 a family, consisting of a father, mother, one boy and two girls, started a plan for raising money for benevolent uses. As they kept about twenty hens, the mother proposed that all eggs laid on Sabbaths should be devoted to such uses. This was agreed to, and ever since that time the father of the family has bought all the Sabbath eggs, at the market price, for family use, and put the money into their family benevolent fund.

Then it was agreed that on every Sabbath day each of the family should also make such a contribution to that fund as he could willingly make out of his earnings or savings.

In the first year they raised \$20.02. With this one of the children was made a life-member of the American Tract Society. After making the three children life-members of the Tract Society, they concluded not to send all their money to one place. Perhaps they remembered the proverb about not putting all your eggs in one basket.

As the children grew larger they became able to give more, and God has prospered their efforts and their plan. If they had only been able to give as much in each year as they did in the first year, it would have amounted to a little more than \$200 by this time; but it has amounted to more than \$400. The well-kept treasurer's account shows just how much of this has been given by each member of the family and how much by the hens.

Still more important is the habit of consecrating common things. Do you not think that that family have learned to look on even their hens as the Lord's? Holy unto the Lord are those Sabbath eggs; and then all the week, whenever the hens are seen, or fed, or heard to cluck, or cackle they will often be thought of as creatures which God has given to be kept and cared for, and used for him.

Hens are not the only creatures that can be used and managed in that way. If you keep a cow why not let all the

milk that she gives on Sabbath be the Lord's? Such a family might have a Sabbath-milk Society, or an Alderney Missionary Society, or a Red-hoifer Benevolent Society.

Probably some of you can think of other ways in which you could get up such pleasant Societies in your homes. Probably a good many families have such societies, or other ways of "laying by them in store as God has prospered them," to give money for His work, and to learn about the many ways in which money thus given to God can be used as He would like to have it used.—*Church at Home and Abroad.*

How many of the young people who read the above story can do something in a similar way for Home and Foreign Missions.

HOW TO DO IT.

The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

Our hands are so small,
And our works are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in His harvest?

We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
The least little thing—
May work for our Lord in His harvest.

Until, by and by,
As the years pass at length,
We, too, may be reapers,
And go forth in strength,
To work for our Lord in His harvest.
—*Southern Churchman.*

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles.—
Prov. 21 : 23.

THE WEDDING OF A BLIND GIRL.

A Missionary in China, in writing home, tells the story of a blind Chinese girl, named Tunchiech.

Tunchiech's father was, at one time, a successful Chinese merchant; and the family, for awhile, were in very comfortable circumstances. They were all heathen, and in their house stood the copper idols to which they prayed daily. But the father, never very strong, became ill with consumption, and could no longer attend to his business. Native physicians were summoned, but they seemed powerless to aid the sick man in any way. Matters went from bad to worse, until at last they heard of Dr. Atterbury, and resolved, as a last resource, to carry the merchant to him. So, hopeful yet doubting, the son took his dying father on his strong, young back, and carried him to the Dispensary, begging the doctor to cure him. But it was then too late. Care and kindness freely given, availed but little, and Tunchiech, and her brother and two sisters, were left fatherless.

The poor widow did not know where to turn. Had she not prayed to her gods day after day, and how had they answered her? Her husband was dead and her money gone. In her distress she turned to those who had been so kind to her, and asked for her three girls' admission to the boarding-school. They were received, and for three years were there as pupils. At different times all the girls had complained of trouble with their eyes, but Tunchiech, the oldest, was the greatest sufferer, although no one thought of possible blindness.

Two summers ago, cholera raged in Peking, and poor Tunchiech, at home for the vacation, was seized with the disease. All the Chinese medicines were used without effect—again the copper idols sat silent and deaf to the piteous entreaties of mother and daughters. Tunchiech was rapidly sinking. It seemed that every moment she must die. Then, according to the Chinese custom, kind friends prepared for her burial, a robe of bright pur-

ple cotton cloth. But God was going to use this heathen girl for His own wise plan.

Her illness came to the ears of the missionaries, and some medicine was procured for her. Soon she began to grow better, and when at last she was able to speak, she turned to her mother saying, "It was not those copper images that saved me; it was the true and living God. Mother, let us cast away these, and worship God."

The thankful mother, full of gratitude for her child's recovery, and full of doubt of the gods who were deaf in the time of trouble, consented, and carried her copper idols to those whose care had saved her child and aided her husband, and now they stand stored away like any other useless thing, in a closet.

Tunchiech regained her strength and returned to school. Her Sunday gown was her purple burial-robe, which, according to a strange Chinese custom, she wore for a year. But her severe illness had left its trace. Gradually her eyesight failed, until at length, she realized the bitter truth that she must give up her work and submit to sit in darkness all her life. This was a hard trial for her newly-learned faith to bear, but she was very patient, and after awhile she was taught to read the raised letters, so that now, at the day when the letter comes which tells us of her life, she can both read and write.

As yet only a few volumes, printed in the raised letters, have been prepared—two of the gospels and a few Christian books being the principal ones.

But there was a work and a place for Tunchiech, although her life seemed then such a useless thing.

The son of the Bible-woman in Peking, a strong, industrious young man—and an earnest Christian, confessed to his mother, that he loved the blind girl and wanted her for his wife. "We were at first shocked at the suggestion," says Miss Lowrie's interesting letter, "but he said he would rather have her without eyes, than a heathen with clearer vision." His

suit was successful, and the betrothal was completed last June, and a few weeks ago the wedding took place.

Although wholly without heathen ceremony, it was as purely Chinese in character as it could be preserved. The first part of it was celebrated in the church, and this was intended to take the place of the usual prayers and burning of incense before the household gods. First, the bridegroom arrived and took his seat beside his groomsman, before the pulpit. Then, after quite a period of waiting, the tooting of the wedding-bell was heard, and the wedding march sounded from the organ. Up the street and in through the wide-open doors of the church came the big red chair in which sat Tunchiech, the bride. Stepping down into the aisle, she was supported toward the pulpit by two elderly dames, one on each side. She wore a soft red silk, wadded garment, with large flowing sleeves, and over her hair completely enveloping her head and shoulders, was a square of richly embroidered red felt. The ancient bridesmaids wore gowns of blue material, made in the same fashion as the bride's. These dresses were all hired for the occasion.

First, a wedding hymn was sung, and the audience, although largely composed of heathen, was perfectly well-behaved and courteous during the Christian ceremony. During the greater part of the service, the bride and bridegroom knelt, and when prayer was offered, all remained standing. After the benediction had been pronounced, the young husband hurried down the aisle and returned to his house, there to welcome his bride, who re-entered her chair and was borne to her new home. At the house a feast was spread for the relatives of both bride and bridegroom. After having made obeisance to all their relatives, a square of red felt was laid on the floor, and together they knelt, and touched their foreheads to the ground, first five times to his father, and then to the others in order, never speaking a word. After this long and novel ceremony was ended, the guests dispersed; and now Tunchiech is established in her own home,

very happy and helpful, a continual cause of rejoicing to her husband's mother, who has found in her new daughter one with whom she is in perfect sympathy and Christian fellowship.—*Children's Work for Children.*

REV. DR. SMITH.

Who is he? A young medical missionary who is going to Honan, China, where Mr. Goforth went a few days since.

What is a medical missionary? A man who is a doctor as well as a minister, and can give the people medicine for their sick bodies as well as tell them how their sins may be forgiven. The heathen do not at first like to listen to missionaries when they tell them that idol worship is wrong, but if a missionary heals a poor man's sickness then that man will trust him and listen to his message. It is thus quite a help to a missionary to be a doctor as well as a minister.

Mr. Smith expects soon to complete his preparations and to leave in a few months for China, to be with Mr. Goforth.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

Our young people remember that not long since they had a letter in the CHILDREN'S RECORD from Mrs. Murray, a missionary in India, who died shortly after she wrote it, and before it was printed, leaving her husband alone in the ancient, heathen city of Ujjain. Now Mr. Murray too is gone. Since the New Year came in he died of sun-stroke, and they both lie sleeping under the sultry sun of India awaiting the glad morning of the resurrection.

They were both natives of Pictou, Nova Scotia, and were quite young. She was little more than a child, and they hoped to have many years to tell the heathen of a Saviour and his love, but God wanted them for another service.

Their lives were very short but they did not live in vain. They were bright and happy and glad young Christians, as I hope my young readers will be.

GREETING OF THE NATIONS

BY MRS S. BRAINSARD PRATT.

(Given at the Childrens Missionary May Festival.)

We have heard the wonderful story
Of the children's crusade long ago,
To wrest the dear tomb of the Saviour
Away from the Saracen foe

Whether truth or beautiful legend,
It finds its fulfillment to-day,
For the children with crosses uplifted,
Are marching again to the fray.

Not now for Christ's sepulchre empty. "
But for souls whom He died to win;
To conquer the whole world for Jesus,
To fight against Satan and sin.

The children are joyfully coming
From every land under the sun;
Our tongues and our nations are many;
Our hearts and our wishes are one.

One part of this glorious army,
We've come for a little review;
For greeting each other and bringing
Our warm salutations to you.

From the land of the Turk and the Moslem,
We have come to welcome you here.
"Hosh Geldenes," parents and teachers—
"Hosh Geldenes," comrades so dear—

The children of hoary old India;
Have heard the sweet voice of our King,
And for love of Christ Jesus the Saviour,
Our *salaams* and our tribute we bring.

In the glorious sunrise kingdom
We have caught the glad morning ray—
And we joyfully bow before you
With "Konnichira" (good day, good-day !)

"Ni na hao," The voices from China
Are sounding a clarion call—
In the name of Christ Jesus we greet you—
For his sake we are brethren all.

Where the beautiful coral islands
Rear their palms from the waters blue,

We are joining the children's army,
"Yokwe kom" we say (love to you).

The mystical Star of the Morning
Has shown upon Africa's night,
And her children with eyes uplifted
"Saku boua" cry with delight.

Out of every language and people
With a sound as of waters sweet,
In many tongues and from many lands
With gladness we join to repeat.

All blessings and glory and wisdom,
Thanksgiving and honor and power
To Jesus both now and forever,
To Jesus our King evermore.
—Mission Dayspring.

NOT LONELY WHEN JESUS IS
HERE.

A good man, passing through a hospital,
saw a drummer-boy sixteen years old,
burning up with fever.

"Where is your home?"

"In Massachusetts."

"Are you not lonely here, so far from
father and mother?"

"Oh, no, how could I be lonely with
Jesus near me all the time?" and the
smile that lit up his face told that the
words came from the heart.

"How long have you loved Jesus?"

"I cannot remember the time when I
did not love him."

Dear reader, if you have Jesus with
you, you need never be lonely. —Sel.

Jesus invites little children to come to
him. You remember the beautiful invita-
tion, "Suffer little children to come unto
me and forbid them not, for of such is
the kingdom of heaven." He also says
that "Those that seek me early shall find
me."

It will be easier for you to be a Chris-
tian now than it will be when you get to
be a man or a woman. Jesus says to you
to-day, "Come unto me." Won't you tell
him, "I will come just now," and not only
say it, but do it?

Trinidad.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, DEC. 29, '87.

My Dear Children:

No doubt you got a great many good things at Christmas, and perhaps while you were enjoying them you remembered the poor and gave some to somebody who was not as well off as you, and perhaps those of you who received a gift of money carried a part of it to your Sabbath-school teacher, and said, "I have brought this to be sent for the little Coolies in Trinidad," or for some other neglected little ones.

I am writing to-day to tell you about the Christmas treats in our schools. We had seven schools to provide for, over 350 children in all. In each school we examined the register and counted up how many children there were who had made 400 attendances and over, how many had made 300, how many 200 and so on.

All these had cakes and candy and a little present according to the days they had made. The gifts consisted of a book, mostly very small, a few marbles in a bag, a larger bag in which to carry their book to school, a tiny doll, or apron, and as we had not enough Christmas cards this year we gave each child a nice engraving from the *Graphic*, with which a kind friend had supplied us.

They had raisins too, and some very good and very poor children had a small rubber ball each. The careless ones who had made too few attendances were called up and told that they could not have any present, and only a small share of the sweetmeats, and a very few who came in for cakes but had not come to read were sent home without anything as a warning to the rest. We find this a very good plan for encouraging regular attendance.

At St. Joseph when I went into the school all the children rose and said "Salaam", as they always do. To make them smile I said, "You are all going to get a Christmas to-day, and I am

not going to get anything; who will give Mem Sahib a present?" A sweet little girl said, "I will; what do you want, *rum*?" Was it not sad that she should think of *rum* before anything else?

Miss Blackadder gave an entertainment for her school in the Tacarigua school house. There was nothing to pay, and she invited the parents to come and see what their children could do. They read, sang, recited, and did all very well. I wish you could have seen them. There was a very good recitation which perhaps you know—"The Choice of Trades"; the action of the boys was exceedingly good; the one who said he was going to be a black-smith made us all laugh by lifting up the next boy's foot to show how he would shoe a pony.

Mr. Morton talked to the parents in Hindustani; they seemed pleased, and we hope it will make them more anxious to send their children to school. Is it not pleasant to you, dear children, to think that these boys and girls who, a short time ago, were quite uncared for, are now being carefully trained and prepared for leading happy and useful lives. We hope that many of them will be able to say in future years, "It was at the Canadian Mission School that I learned to love Jesus."

Yours very truly,
SARAH E. MORTON.

VOICES CALLING.

Hark! the voices loudly calling,
Wafted hither o'er the sea,
And in tones entreating, tender,
Even now they summon thee.
Calling ever, ever calling,
Hark! the message is to thee!

Heathen mothers bowing blindly,
Unto gods of wood and stone,
By their cries and tears they call thee
Now to make the Saviour known.

Little children, sad and sinning,
Bid them seek to be forgiven!
Tell them of the blessed Saviour,
Say he waits for them in Heaven.—*Sel.*

PROTECTION.

I have before me Israel's Mighty Lord.	Is. 52 : 12
He gives me this assurance in His Word.	Deut. 31 : 8
I have behind me all along the way	Ps. 139 : 5
The God of Israel, and from day to day	Ps. 73 : 23
He holds me firmly in His own right hand.	Ps. 73 : 23
He is my Rock—enables me to stand,—	Ps. 18 : 2
Around, about me,—Re- fuge in distress	Ps. 34:7; 46:1
He covers me with His own righteousness.	Is. 61 : 10
The Lord of Hosts is with me ; gives me strength ;	Ps. 71 : 16
His love embraces height and depth and length.	Eph. 3 : 18
Encompassed thus, His hand I clearly see ;	Ps. 139 : 7
Yea, from His presence I can never flee.	Ps. 139 : 7
Within me ! wondrous words and true.	Jno. 17 : 23
My Comforter and guide, the journey through.	Jno. 14 : 26
His counsels calm me in earth's rude alarms.	Ps. 46 : 2
Beneath me are the Ever- lasting Arms.	Deut. 33 : 27
Above, and through, and in us all, He lives ;	Eph. 4 : 6
And this for every sinner who believes?	Jno. 3 : 16

I WON'T HEAR BAD WORDS.

A little boy in the city, who had no nice play-yard, was sometimes allowed to play in the street. His mother always told him to have nothing to do with boys who used bad words, and Johnny felt a great responsibility for good behaviour when trusted alone.

One day another boy, to whom he had lent his drum, got vexed, and broke out in rude, disagreeable language. Johnny marched right up to the boy, and asked for his drum, saying:

"I must go to my mother."
"Why? What for?" the children all inquired.

"Mamma never lets me play with boys who use bad words," said Johnny.

"Well, I won't use any more bad words if I may play with you," said the boy, sorry to lose the music of the drum.

"I'll ask my mother," said Johnny. "and if she says I may, then I will; but I shouldn't like to learn such words."

"Tell your mother, Johnny," answered the boy, "I'm done now; she needn't ever be afraid any more of my using bad words, for I just won't—that's all, if she thinks so."

Johnny's mother watched the children at their play for a time afterward, and she never learned that the boy broke his promise not to use bad language any more.—*Philadelphia Methodist.*

DO YOU THINK HE WILL LOVE ME?

An English paper tells of a native woman in India who came to the home of the missionary with bare feet and looking very weary, yet showing by her countenance that there was some matter about which she was most anxious.

When asked what she wanted, she drew a piece of crumpled paper from her dress, which proved to be a bit of a torn tract, and as she held it out to the missionaries she said, "These are good words. They say that your God is love. Do you think He will love me? Then she asked for another paper that would tell her more about him who was love.

This was a strange idea to a woman of India. She had been taught from her earliest childhood that all the gods were full of hate. Every story she had ever heard about any of the numberless gods her parents and kindred had worshipped, was concerning their wars or the bloody sacrifices they demanded. Indeed, the word love had never been mentioned to her in connection with any divine being.

Can you wonder that it was a surprise to her to hear of a God who cared for his

creatures, and whose very name was Love? I think that if we had been trained as she had been, and suffered what she had suffered, and one had come to us and told us of a loving father in heaven, we should have been willing to go far and through the hot sun to ask something more about this gracious Being. Shall we not send the women and children of India this blessed message that God does love them?—*Dayspring*.

DOING GOD'S ERRANDS.

Hester loved to do errands for her mother, and have her call her a faithful servant when she did them well. One day she had been talking with her mother about God, when she quickly raised her head with a bright thought in her eyes, and said :

"Why, mother, then God is sending us on errands all the time! I am his little errand-girl, too."

"Yes, dear; he has given us errands to do, and plenty of time to do them, and a book written full to show us how. Every day we can tell him how we try to do them, and ask him to help us, so when he calls us we will run to meet him, and give him our account."

"I like that," the child said, nestling back to her comfortable seat. "I like to be God's little errand girl."

"One of my errands is to take care of you," said her mother.

"And one of mine is to honor and obey you," said Hester, quickly. "I think he gives us very pleasant errands to do."—*Child's World*.

SERMON FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—*John xiii, 17.*

I. "These things"; that is, your duties, wherever you are :

1. At home, obedience and respect to parents, and kindness to brothers, sisters and servants.

2. At school, respect to teachers, and faithfulness in study, and fairness in play.

3. At church, be quiet, listen, worship and give your hearts to the Saviour.

4. On the street, good manners, kindness, minding your own business.

II. How should you do your duty?

1. Not for pay. That is a low motive. Some always ask :—"What will you give me?"

2. But from love. So the Saviour did when a boy at Nazareth. So the angels do God's will (which is only another name for duty): This will make you do it cheerfully.

3. Better every day. By trying to do your duties you will become more skilful. So you improve in reading, writing and music. Peter says, "Grow in grace."

III. Doing duty makes you happy. Sin cannot make you happy. Sin did not make Eve happy, nor Cain, nor Judas. Disobedience at home does not make you happy; idleness, unkindness, bad manners, no kind of sin can make you happy.

But happiness comes from doing your duty. That is God's reward. That is the promise in the text. Think of this every day for just one week, and see how true it is.

Try, then, to know your duty. Be faithful in doing it for love to God and man. Then you will be happy every day on earth and forever happy in heaven.--*Kind Words*.

LIGHT.

Light for the Gentiles ! Light !

On those in deepest night,

Let light arise !

O Sun of Righteousness !

Send thy bright beams to bless :

Pity their helplessness ;

Open their eyes.

Light for the nations ! Light !

Rise in thy glorious night,

Savior divine ;

Unloose sin's icy hands :

Lift up the feeble hands ;

Soon may the heathen lands

Be wholly thine !

MAKING AN EXPERIMENT.

Here is a boy ten years old who has never used tobacco.

"Charlie will you help us make an experiment?"

"I will, sir."

"Here is a piece of plug tobacco as large as a pea. Put it into your mouth; chew it. Don't let one drop go down your throat, but spit every drop of juice into that spittle. Keep on chewing, spitting, chewing, spitting."

Before he is done with that little piece of tobacco, simply squeezing the juice out of it, without swallowing a drop, he will lie here on the platform in a cold deathlike perspiration. Put your finger upon his wrist. There is no pulse. He will seem for two or three hours to be dying.

Again, steep a plug of tobacco in a quart of water, and bathe the neck and back of a calf covered with vermin.

You will kill the vermin, and if not very careful, you will kill the calf too. These experiments show that tobacco, in its ordinary state, is an extremely powerful poison.

Go to the drug store; begin with the upper shelves and take down every bottle. Then open every drawer, and you cannot find a single poison (except some very rare ones) which, taken into the mouth of that ten-year-old boy, and not swallowed, will produce such deadly effects. —*Dio Lewis.*

THE BEGINNING.

"Give me a cent and you may pitch one of the rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you six cents," said a man.

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a cent, and took a ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails that were fastened in a board.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer, and two three cent pieces were put into his hand. He stepped off well satisfied with what he

had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoice his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your *first lesson in gambling!*"

"Gambling sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you *won* them just as *gamblers win money*. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give him six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

"He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look as he said, "*I'll do it,*" will not be forgotten. He ran back and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades. That was an honest boy.—*Sel.*

GIVE WHILE YOU CAN.

A minister of the Gospel once called upon a merchant, — Mr. Thornton, afterwards the first treasurer of the Church Missionary Society, — and solicited his aid for some benevolent object. The merchant, in response to his application, gave him a cheque for ten pounds. Before the clergyman left there came a letter with the news that one of the merchant's large vessels had gone to the bottom of the sea. The merchant read the letter, and told the minister of his loss, and then said, "I must ask you for that cheque back."

The minister returned the cheque with a sad countenance, and then the merchant wrote another cheque for *fifty pounds*, and handed it to him, saying, "I must give while I can, for the Lord is warning me that some time I may not have anything to give."

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Mar. 4.—Matt. 20: 17-29. Memory vs. 17-19.

Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 20: 28. CATECHISM, Q. 63.

Introductory.

What was the young ruler's question?

How did Jesus answer it?

What did Jesus say about the salvation of the rich?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Shadow of the Cross. vs. 17-19.

Whom did Jesus take aside?

What did he foretell to them?

What did he say of these things in Luke 12: 50?

What further do we learn about this prediction in Mark 10: 32?

How soon were these predictions fulfilled?

Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?

II. Human Ambition. vs. 20-24.

Who came to Jesus?

With whom?

Who were her sons?

What did she ask for them?

What did she mean by this request?

What did Jesus say to them?

What did he mean by his *cup* and *baptism*?

What was their reply?

What did Jesus promise them?

How was this promise fulfilled?

What did he refuse to promise them?

Why?

How did the other apostles feel toward the two?

What spirit did they show?

III. True Christian Greatness. vs. 25-29.

What did Jesus say about the kingdoms of this world?

How was his kingdom different from these?

Who would be great among his followers?

What is the true standard of Christian greatness?

How did Christ set us an example?

How may we be servants one of another?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus knowingly and willingly gave himself up to suffer and die for us.

2. That parents should not seek too lofty things for their children.

3. That we do not always know what we are asking for when we pray.

4. That the highest honors are for those who live least for self and most for others.

5. That Christ has set us an example of the only way to true greatness.

Mar. 11.—Matt. 21: 1-16. Memory vs. 9-11.

Christ Entering Jerusalem.

GOLDEN TEXT.—PS. 118: 26. CATECHISM, Q. 64.

Introductory.

When did Jesus arrive at Bethany?

What took place there?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Preparations. vs. 1-6.

On what errand did Jesus send two of his disciples?

What directions did he give them?

How did he know all these things?

What prophecy was there of this?

Where?

What did the disciples do?

What right has Jesus to our possessions?

II. The Royal Entry. vs. 7-11.

What was done with the animals?

How did the multitude honor Jesus?

How did they show their joy?

What words did they chant?

Where are these words found?

What is their meaning?

Why did the multitude thus honor Jesus?

What did they cry a few days after? John 19: 15.

What took place when Jesus entered the city?

What did the multitude say of him?

III. Scenes in the Temple. vs. 12-16.

What did Jesus find in the temple?

What did he do?

What Scripture reason did he give?

Where are these scriptures found?

Who came to him?

What did he do for them?

What displeased the chief priests?

What did they say to Jesus?

What was his reply?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we should honor Jesus as our King.
2. That we should serve him with gladness.
3. That we should reverence the house of God.
4. That Jesus wants our hearts to be pure and holy, as temples for God.
5. That he is pleased with the praises and service of children.

Mar. 19.—Matt. 21 : 33-46 ; Memory vs. 42-44.

The Son Rejected.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 1 : 11. **CATECHISM.** Q. 05.

Introductory.

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text / Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

d. The Truth in Parable. vs. 33-49.

What is a vineyard?

What did the householder do to his vineyard?

To whom did he let it?

For what purpose did he send his servants?

How did the husbandmen treat them?

What is represented by the vineyard?

Who by the householder?

By the husbandmen?

By the servants?

Whom did the lord of the vineyard send last?

Who is meant by the son?

How was he received?

Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?

II. The Parable Applied. vs. 40-46.

What question did Jesus ask the Jews about these husbandmen?

What did they answer?

What did Jesus then say?

Where is this scripture found?

What does it mean? (See Acts 4 : 11 ; Eph. 2 : 20 ; 1 Pet. 2 : 7.)

How did Jesus apply their answer to themselves?

How will all rejecters of the Son be treated?

What did Jesus further say?

What did he mean by this?

What did the priests and Pharisees now perceive?

What did they seek to do?

What prevented them?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God has distinguished us with many privileges and blessings.
2. That he has sent his Son to be our Saviour.
3. That he expects from us the return of obedience and love.
4. That if we abuse or neglect his gifts they may be taken from us.
5. That those who reject the Saviour and despise his grace must perish.

Mar. 25.—Matt. 14 : 1-21 : 46.

Review Exercise.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 6 : 29.

Who imprisoned John the Baptist?

What foolish promise did Herod make to the daughter of Herodias?

What was her request?

What did Herod do?

Where did Jesus go when he heard of John's death?

What miracle did he work there?

How much remained after they had all eaten?

How did the disciples feel when they saw Jesus walking on the sea?

How did Jesus calm their fears?

How did Jesus seemingly repulse the

woman of Canaan ?

What was her reply ?

What did Jesus say to her ?

What question did Jesus ask his disciples ?

What was Peter's answer ?

Which of the disciples witnessed the Transfiguration ?

What was the Father's testimony to Jesus ?

What did Jesus say about admission to his kingdom ?

What was Peter's question about forgiveness ?

What was our Lord's reply ?

What was the question of the rich young ruler ?

What did Jesus say to him ?

What did the young man do ?

How did Jesus foretell his death ?

What did the multitude sing as Jesus was entering Jerusalem ?

What doom did Jesus pronounce upon the Jews for their rejection of him ?

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review, and Catechism questions.

Westminster Question Book.

A COSTLY GLASS OF WINE.

The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, King of France, was the inheritor of whatever rights the royal family could transmit. He was a noble young man, physically and intellectually. One morning he invited in a few of his companions as he was about to leave Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank *wine*. He did not become intoxicated. He was not a dissipated man; his character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he partook of *wine*.

Bidding his companions adieu, he entered his carriage; but for that glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage; but for that glass of *wine* he might have alighted upon his feet. His head struck the pavement; senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop, and there died. That glass

of *wine* overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of \$100,000,000, and sent the whole family into exile.

Neither you nor the one whom your example leads astray, may be a prince or the heir apparent of an earthly crown; but you both may be heirs to immortal riches, and a crown that fadeth not away. See to it that your indulgence shall not deprive you or another of such an inheritance. —*Sel.*

TWO PRAYERS FOR LITTLE ONES.

MORNING.

Now I wake and see the light;
'Tis God has kept me through the night.
I pray to him that, through this day,—
In all I do, or think, or say,—
I may be kept from harm and sin,
And so be pure and good within.

EVENING.

Here on my little bed I lie,
And thank thee, Father, in the sky,
For all the blessings of the day
Which thou has sent along my way.
Be thou my guardian while I sleep,
The holy angels near me keep,
To bring me peace from heaven above,
And fill my heart with trust and love.

KEEP HOPEFUL.

Look on the bright side only,
Leave care for by and by.—
Perhaps 'twill tire of waiting,
And never more come nigh.
The sun may shine to-morrow,
Though to-night in clouds it set;
So bravely face the future—
“There's blue sky somewhere yet.”

—*Sel.*

NELLIE'S WAY.—“Nellie, what do you do when you feel cross and naughty?” asked a lady of a little girl five years old.

“Shut my lips and my eyes tight, and think a little prayer to Jesus to come and make me feel right.” Nellie knows the way.

THE BOYS WE NEED.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work ;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way ;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can ;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this,
"Right always wins the day."
--*Golden Days.*

A CHRISTIAN HINDOO.

A Christian Hindoo was dying, and his
heathen comrades came around him and
tried to comfort him by reading some of
the pages of their theology, but he waved
his hand as much as to say, "I don't want
to hear it."

Then they called in a heathen priest,
and he said, "If you will only recite the
Numtra, it will deliver you from hell."
He waved his hand as much as to say, "I
don't want to hear that."

Then they said, "Call on Juggernaut."
He shook his head as much as to say, "I
can't do that." Then they thought per-
haps he was to weary too speak, and they
said, "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,'
think of that god." He shook his head
again, as much as to say, "No, no, no."

Then they bent down to his pillow, and
they said, "In what will you trust?" His
face lighted up with the very glories of
the celestial sphere as he cried out, rally-
ing all his energies, "Jesus!"

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, gener-
ous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in
school who has a club-foot, don't let him
know you ever saw it. If there is a poor
boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about
rags in his hearing. If there is a lame
boy, assign him some part in the game
that doesn't require running. If there is
a hungry one, give him part of your din-
ner. If there is a dull one, help him get
his lesson. If there is a bright one, be
not envious of him; for if one boy is proud
of his talents, and another is envious of
them, there are two great wrongs, and
no more talent than before. If a larger or
stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry
for it, forgive him. All the school will
show by their countenances how much
better it is than to have a great fuss.—
Horace Mann.

Tell it out among the heathen,
Jesus reigns above!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations
That his reign is love!

Tell it out! Tell it out!

Tell it out among the highways
And the lanes at home:

Let it ring across the mountains
And the ocean foam;

Like the sound of many waters

Let our glad shout be,

Till it echo and re-echo

From the islands of the sea.

And they brought unto Him also infants
that he would touch them, but when his
disciples saw it they rebuked them.

But Jesus called them unto him, and
said, "Suffer the little children to come
unto me and forbid them not for of such
is the kingdom of heaven."

Remember now thy Creator in the days
of thy youth.

They that seek me early shall find
me.