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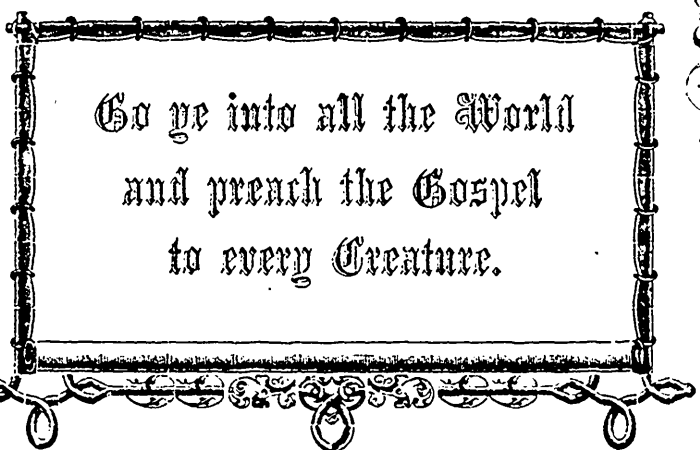
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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

VOL. 4.

MAY, 1889.

No. 5.

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.

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

A RIDE IN A HINDU CITY.

FROM CHILDREN'S WORK FOR CHILDREN.

My Dear Young Friends:

Perhaps some of you will enjoy a drive this bright morning through the streets of a Hindu city. The *gharri* is at the door, and the coachman, in a white *puggery*, or turban, is sitting high in front, arrayed in white garments bound with a girdle. Sitting back is another man also in white, whose business it is to warn the people on the streets of our coming. We no sooner drive out of the enclosure than this individual begins to shout at the top of his lungs, apparently in a great state of excitement. The reason for this is that there are no sidewalks, and the people walk in the middle of a narrow street and make way for the carriage, being warned of its coming by this footman. His warning translated into English, means, "Here, you man with a green turban, get out of the way," "Look out there, you woman with the basket, get out of the way," and so to the end of the drive, until our ears are weary with his bawlings.

One sees strange groups in these streets. The shops are little affairs, their whole fronts being open. Here is a baker shop, and twenty or thirty yellow street dogs are gathered eagerly around it. The baker is feeding them, because the priests have told him that the soul of his father, who died last month, has gone into the body of a dog, so he feeds all, that his father may be sure of something to eat.

But look to your right—do you see a

row of ten little boys sitting down in the dirt by the side of the street? That is a school! The boys have no clothing whatever, except one or two, who have a small cloth around their waists. Their round heads are shaven as bare as your hand, except a little black tuft between the forehead and the crown. Their skins are coffee-colored, and their eyes very bright and black. The whitest of teeth gleam out when they laugh—for school boys will laugh, even in India. But the teacher keeps a sharp look out on them, and makes them study their lessons in a loud voice all together, so that he can know whether they are studying or not. So you see the school is a small Babel; but the louder they study the better the order, so people think in India.

The teacher is a heathen priest, who carries the mark of the god he worships on his forehead in white or red paint. he is not ashamed of his god, and as there are thirty millions of gods worshipped in this land, a person can take his choice of marks. When a Hindu baby is born, this mark is sometimes tattooed upon his forehead, and he wears it all his life. Nobody tries to serve a god without letting the world know it, as many little boys and girls in America think they can follow Christ without confessing Him before the world.

But we will visit a girls' school, which was held in a house, so we leave the carriage and go up a narrow alley. The teacher sees us coming, and hastens out to gather in the children, because the scholars go to school whenever the notion takes them or their parents; they know nothing about promptness or time. But when they hear that strangers are coming, they come trooping down the alley and squat upon the floor of earth in a group at our feet, and among them is a yellow dog. The school-room is very dark, being lighted only by the door, and is rented for the purpose from a woman who lives in it and goes on with her work while the school is in session. She has a little boy whom she dresses as a girl, because she

says she does not want the gods to know that he is a boy, for fear they will take him from her.

The girls have very dirty faces and rings in their ears, which from the top to the lobe are pierced with holes as large as nail holes. Some of them have rings as large around as a twenty-five cent piece in their noses, one nostril being pierced to relieve it. They have thin *chuddas* wrapped around their bodies, through which the skin can be distinctly seen this cool morning in November. No wonder that some of them have had colds. One little girl has a particularly dirty face; her mother has just died, and she must not be washed for three days. They are all bright children, and they say their lessons well; but it is time for *taffin*, or luncheon, and we must hasten home. Perhaps I will call for you to drive another day.

Your friend,
MARY B. METCHMORE.

SOME CHINESE CUSTOMS AND BELIEFS.

BY MRS. C. F. PECK, OF PANG CHUANG, CHINA.

A few days ago I learned of a custom, constantly observed here, but which I never before chanced to hear about. My little son and I were out walking, and we noticed almost all of the threshing-floors had large rings drawn on them, with a brick in the center of each circle, so I asked what it meant. The evening before a certain feast-day each farmer draws on his threshing-floor circles as large and as many as he hopes to have stacks of grain in the fall. In the center of each he draws the character for ten, 十, which marks it as surely his, and puts a brick on it to prevent the grain being blown away. If that day is pleasant there will surely be a good harvest; at least, that is what they believe. Naturally each threshing-floor that was marked at all had as many large circles as it could accommodate.

A day or two ago I heard another

absurd thing that is commonly believed. A woman, who is more intelligent than the great majority, asked me if we had crows in America. I answered that we did in some localities, but I had never seen any, "Do you have hail?" she asked. "Oh, yes." "Well, of course, then you have crows." I failed to see any connection between hail and crows, so I asked her how she knew. With an expression of surprise, as though she rather pitied my ignorance, she proceeded to explain that the ice was on or near the sky, and as the crows flew along they knocked pieces down, which we call hail. She believed this so firmly that, having had experience before in trying to correct some of her mistaken ideas, I contented myself, since this notion involved no moral wrong, by saying I did not believe that was the cause of hail.

I often am made to realize how much we gain from our religion that no false religion can give, and wish we could have all the time a true sense of its worth. It certainly would make us more anxious to give it, and the blessings it brings, to others. In talking once to a room full of women who belonged to the best sect I have ever heard of among the Chinese, who worship no idols, burn no paper for the dead, and have customs very similar to some of ours, especially one nearly the same as prayer, and communing with Lao Tien Yeh—"Venerable One in Heaven"—whom alone they worship, I asked one of these women in what they trusted when they prayed for forgiveness for sin. "To the grace and love of Lao Tien Yeh." "And where do you believe the soul goes after death?" The one who was answering me looked very sad as she said, "We do not know; we know nothing about it." The same day another woman, whom I asked if heathen never expected to see again those whom they had loved and who had died, said in reply, "Only in dreams, that is the only hope." Then I thought of our certain knowledge of a beautiful home waiting us, each and all, if we but serve the Lord here. How I wished all these women would but

believe Him, accept His words, and give Him their sincere, loving worship and service! But for people to leave the false and seek the true is a work of time, and you and I and many, many more, must work and work, wait and wait, before all people shall know Him. But we have the sure promise that that day shall come and if we can hasten its coming, ever so little it is well worth all we can do.

LETTER FROM DR. BUCHANNAN.

You will soon be familiar with the name of Dr. Buchanan one of our medical missionaries who went a few months ago to India. In a letter published in the *Presbyterian Review* he says:

"In my last letter to you from the Mediterranean, we were moving east and at Malta we bade good bye to the West. Our next stopping-place was Suez; and although we had only three hours there, I am sure I shall never forget the impression made by the great change of the appearance of the people. The loose-flowing robes and dark faces told us we had come into another world—a world differing very much in manners and customs, but differing most in that, as individuals, they have not had Jesus as a known friend.

Having entered Suez Canal, we seemed to be carried back three months, and once more set down in a beautiful Canadian summer. The thermometer rose to about 85° at eight a. m. The sky, night and day, with one exception, when only a faint white cloud was seen, has been pure and clear, during the whole time, through the Red Sea, over the Indian Ocean, till we landed, on the 10th of December, at Bombay. And since that time the weather has been so uniformly grand, and each day so much like every other day, that the expression so common in Canada, "It is a nice day," becomes meaningless here.

We were met at Bombay by Mr. Wilson. After three days in that city, seeing some of the mission work there, we

came up to Indore. We were met at Mhow by Mrs. Campbell, who came on with us here. All the missionaries were at the station to meet us, also the teachers of the Indian school.

It was a great joy after 10,000 miles of travel, to step out into my new home Central India, and be welcomed by the brothers and sisters who have been labouring for the Master in this benighted land, and now my prayer is, that God may bless this our home. And he will. So shall this spiritual wilderness fertile in myriad cities, towns and villages, rejoice in the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them." After receiving a hearty welcome from all we have got settled down. Miss Dr. Mackay is up with the ladies, while Mr. McKelvie and I occupy one of the mission houses.

So here I am in the

MIDST OF HEATHENISM.

To see the people in their degradation, to behold the impure shrines at which they worship, and the lying vile priesthood—holy in proportion to its filthiness—is to understand something of what the "Light of Asia," the father of lies, can do for a most devoted people.

Between the two mission compounds is one of these Hindu dens of iniquity. Hence we are not likely to forget we are in heathendom. The other morning, as Mr. McKelvie and I were going down the street, we met one of those Hindus, who, by penance, hopes to find God. He was marching along with one arm.

HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD.

The hand was partly withered, and the arm was rigidly set from being so long in one position. We both stopped and turned as he passed. How we would have liked to have been able to speak to him—to tell him he has been believing a lie, and that there is a more excellent way by Jesus Christ whereby he might be saved.

The day after arriving at Indore, in company with Mr. Wilson and Mr. McKelvie, I went to Ujjain—one of the

famed cities and like the holy men (fakirs), very dirty.

THE SACRED BULL.

Seems to be the only creature of grace, dignity and independence there. He walks about the streets fat and sleek, eats what comes in his way at the shops, etc., and is molested by nobody. As the Coolies move out of the way of the Brahmins, so the Brahmins in turn make way for the sacred animals which are found in numbers in the sacred cities."

LETTER FROM REV. D. MCGILLIVRAY.

Some of our young readers know that Rev. D. McGillivray is one of our missionaries who went to China some months since. And in this letter which appears in the *Canada Presbyterian* he tells of some things that he saw. He writes from a village with a very curious name, *Pang Chia Chwang*.

He says that this is the name of a little village in the north-west corner of Shantung Province. "To this place, which is 440 miles overland from Chefoo, I came, by cart and by barrow in order to join Mr. and Mrs. Goforth here. We are here about six day's journey from Honan, but this place is the nearest we could at once get to in order to study the language, and see the mission work done by the American Church.

This village is very small, but it is in the centre of a good district, with 60,000 people within a radius of six miles of it. The work here began with famine relief ten or twelve years ago, when millions of Chinese died by starvation.

I had a nice trip across the province, coming occasionally to places where there were missionaries, and as they rarely see any foreigner but themselves, they would detain me for a few days; and in this way I was about a month going 440 miles. Of course a two-wheeled Chinese cart does not go more than thirty-five miles a day; and in order to do that you must start an hour or two before daylight. The barrow which I used for 200 miles of course goes

slower still, but otherwise is an easier way of riding than by cart. There was a good deal of snow on the ground and lots of ice. The inns are not luxurious; my barrows were always wheeled right into the best room, and occupied one side, while I slept on the kang opposite, generally with my merry men. Chinese food is not bad for journeys if you are well. Those who like porridge can have it three times a day.

For half the journey I had a guide in the person of a foreigner, a missionary, and the rest of the time I blundered along myself. As Dr. Kellogg said of himself in India, I must speak or starve. One time my man put my butter into a bowl, and before I noticed what was up, he had it boiled in water and brought it back a most tempting gravy soup. At another time I asked for old bottles to eat, but they considerately brought me baked cakes instead.

The country just now looks very desolate, and there is nothing to relieve the eye, the wheat is showing above the ground,—in some districts the wheat is cropped short by the wretched people, and these sprouts boiled and eaten in order to stave off starvation. There is little wonder if thousands are always pinched and thousands always dying in this grim struggle for existence. Life is a dreadfully earnest thing in China. Such a thing as loud hearty laughter I have not yet heard. Cash and food are the staple of every conversation. At the gates of Chinanfu I met thousands of women and children returning from the temple compound, where they had been fed by public charity.

The evils of foot-binding are everywhere manifest here, although the practice is not so strict here as in South China; but even here all women with any desire to be respectable have bound feet; and the slow and hobbling gait is painful to look upon.

The spiritual needs of this Province are very great, and it is better off by far than Honan. Here are about twenty millions of people and about fifty missionaries, men and women,—sixty miles is the average distance between the stations on the way.

How can these millions hear without a preacher?

Although converts are few the Lord has bright jewels here, and it is an ever increasing pleasure to pray and sing, though very imperfectly, with the dear Chinese Christians here. We attend Chinese meetings of all kinds here, and have splendid opportunities to learn the language.

The Chinese here, of course, have never heard of Canada; and we have some difficulty in explaining that we are neither English nor American, but a dependency of England. God willing, the Province of Honan will know of the Canadian Church.

Friends at home should remember that we can always find time to read letters but not to write them. One at home has no idea how the language presses on all sides, and we are always tempted to let it crowd everything else out.

About two hundred beggars and refugees crowded into our front yard and were addressed by Mr. Arthur Smith and his helpers, after which two cash [one cent] each was given them. It is wonderful how far a small sum goes for a Chinaman; and this sum which seems ridiculously small to us, is deemed quite proper in the circumstances.

THE CHILDREN OF CHINA

are very interesting. On the way from Chinan I had a deeply interesting group of them crowding around my table, on which lay my Chinese primer. One of them could read. I turned to sentences bearing on the true God and Jesus Christ. He read, but a question or two revealed his ignorance of the meaning. Did he ever hear of Christ? Perhaps, for there were a few native Christians some miles from that village, the only ones in a distance of forty miles from Chinan or Pan chia chwang. How bright their eyes seemed by the light of my candle. Must these bright lads become heathens, as their parents? It looks as if nothing else were in store for them; and by-and-by that opening brightness will be beclouded by the surrounding ignorance of manhood,

and they will have few ideas outside of cash and food. What might they become if taught? What if taught of Jesus and His salvation? My heart was filled with deep sadness as I retired to rest on my kang. This thought is always pressing in on us here.

TOMMY BROWN.

I hope this story will lead the young people to be more kindly toward the boys and girls in their schools who are unfortunate in any way, and also that when they grow up to be men and women they will do all in their power to put a stop to the sale of strong drink which makes so many homes and children sad.

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, large, hollow eyes, and pale cheeks that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for some one else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in the neck in the unpractised manner that women sometimes cut boys' hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with the cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Nine year old come next April. I've learn't to read at home, and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hands, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap, with frayed edges, and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said "I never went to school 'cause—'cause—well, mother takes in washin', an' she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough to help, an' she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room. While he was making his con-

fused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out "Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collar?" And another said "You must sleep in the rag-bag at night by the looks of your clothes!" Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the new boy was "Old Si Brown who was always drunk as a fiddler.

The poor child looked round at his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long the child's pitiful face haunted her. At night it came to her dreams. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived, and two of the Women's Christian Temperance Union women went to visit them.

It was a dilapidated house in a street near the river. The family lived in the back part of the house, in a frame addition. The ladies climbed the outside stairs that led up to the room occupied by the Brown family. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soapuds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a washtub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty, but the color and light had all gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down, in a listless, uninterested manner; then taking a chair herself, she said "Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of the room, carrying a baby, that she laid in its mother's lap, a lean and

sickly looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that little Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No ma'am, she ain't very well. I have to work hard and I expect it affects her," and the woman coughed, as she held the child to her breast.

This room was the place where this family ate, slept, and lived. There was no carpet on the floor; an old table, three or four chairs, a broken stove, a bed in one corner, in an opposite corner a trundle-bed—that was all.

"Where is your little boy Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well. At this the mother laid her head on the baby's while the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was never very strong, and he's had to work too hard, carrying water and helping me lift the washtubs, and things like that.

"Is his father dead?"

"No, he ain't dead. He used to be a good workman, and we had a comfortable home. But all he earns now, and that ain't much goes for drink. If he'd only let me have what little I make over the washtub. But half the time he takes that away from me, and then the children go hungry."

She took the child off her shoulder. It was asleep now, and she laid it across her lap.

"Tommy has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this Winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to help take care of Sissy, and baby and me. He knew he'd never be able to work hard. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood in the door and watched him going. I can't ever forget how the little fellow looked," she con-

timed, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched up clothes, his old shoes, his ragged cap, his poor little anxious look. He turned round to me as he left the yard, and said 'Don't you worry, mother, I ain't going to mind what the boys say.' But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he came back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke, I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was, it was broke over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but O! I can't bear to see my children suffer." Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her quietly and stole a thin, little arm round her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "don't cry."

The women made an effort to check her tears, and she wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued:

"Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it wasn't any use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy, and the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd 'a been sick, any way. But O, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

A little voice spoke from the bed. One of the ladies went to him. There he lay, poor little defenceless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds.

His face was flushed, and the hollowed eyes were bright. There was a long purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he

said, 'Father wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking.' Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered "I'm glad I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother, anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me a drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes. And maybe if I'm right there where God is, I can keep reminding Him of mother and He'll make it easier for her."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and then said, in a lower tone, "Some day— they ain't going—to let the saloons—keep open. But I'm afraid—poor father—will be dead—before then. He then shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.

He is only one of many. There are hundreds like him in tenement houses, slums, and alleys in town and country. Poor little martyrs, whose tears fall almost unheeded, who are cold and hungry in this Christian land, whose hearts and bodies are bruised with unkindness. And yet "the liquor traffic is a legitimate business and must not be interfered with," so it is said.

Over eighteen hundred years ago, it was also said "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."—*Common School Education.*

Here is Watt's version of the ten commandments. The children should commit it to memory.

1. Thou shalt not have more gods but Me,
2. Before no idol bow the knee,
3. Take not the name of God in vain,
4. Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due,
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean,
8. Nor steal though thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a willful lie nor love it,
10. What is thy neighbor's do not covet-

INDIA'S GREAT WALL.

"Why it is China that has the great wall!" says somebody who is well-read in missionary matters. Yes, China has a great wall of wonderful masonry, as most of us know, and the men who built it must have felt that no enemy could ever make his way through or over such a great fort-like barrier.

India's wall is not built of stone; it is built in the hearts and beliefs and customs of the people, and is so strong that our missionaries sometimes feel that it would be easier to break through the famous Wall of China than to break down this other wall which is called *caste*.

You can hardly take up a book about India without seeing some mention of it, but it is not often that we find it so clearly explained to young people as it is done in Mr. Bruce's *Letters from India*.

First he tells us that the Hindus believe that after Brahma, their great god of the universe, had made the world, he made the people to live in it. Out of his mouth came the Brahmans, who were highest of all. This is the priestly caste.

From Brahma's shoulders came the next caste, who were strong and brave, and became soldiers and chieftains. Next came the merchants and traders, who sprang from the loins of the god; and from his feet sprang the lowest caste of all, the Sudras, who were to be the servants of the higher castes.

After awhile these four classes were divided into a great many more, until now, jewelers, merchants, shepherds, carpenters, tailors, weavers, robbers, basket-makers and many others, all form separate castes. Besides these there are a great many people here who do not belong to any caste and are called out-castes.

"Suppose now that this same system existed in your own city or village. In the first place, after you had become ten or twelve years old, you would not be allowed to eat or drink with any little boys or girls who did not belong to the same caste as yourself. Nor would you be allowed to play with them as freely as you

do now. If your father is a merchant, then you must associate only with the children of merchants. If your father is a carpenter, then you must only eat and drink with the children of carpenters. Do you not see that in this way your circle of friends would be very small? Very likely those who are now your dearest friends, would become by the rules of caste, your enemies.

"In the second place you would be obliged to learn your father's trade, and to continue in it all your life. If your father is a jeweler, then you must be a jeweler. If your father is a sweeper of the streets, then you must never aspire to anything higher than that. So you see that these bonds of caste must destroy all ambition and desire for better things. My Hindu washerman has a little boy whom he loves, and of whom he is very proud. He says he hopes that he will be able some time to wash my children's clothes. This is the highest hope that he can cherish for his darling boy, and a smile of joy lights up his face at the thought of so great a blessing.

"Again, if you were subject to the rules of caste, you would not be permitted to go to school as you do now. The Hindus think that since they can only follow one trade, there is no use of learning anything beyond that trade. If the farmer knows how to plow, to sow his seed, and to reap his harvest, what matters it to him whether the earth be round or flat, or whether the Atlantic Ocean be filled with water or with milk. This is the Hindu reasoning; and so the child is put to his work while he is very young, and made to learn the trade which he must follow all his life. I have myself been much amused at seeing a blacksmith's little boy, not more than four years old, with his anvil and hammer, trying to make a nail.

"I have told you some of the changes that would take place if you were brought at once under the rules of caste; but I cannot tell you all. I think you must pity these wretched people, who are living under such dreadful bonds.

"No crime among the Hindus is considered so great as breaking the rules of caste. A man may commit murder and it will not affect his standing. But let him take a mouthful of food, or a drink of water from a low caste man, and he becomes defiled. He is tried and if the crime is fully proved against him, then he is expelled from his caste. He does not then become a member of a lower caste. This would be as impossible as it would be for a cow to become a horse, or for a mouse to become an elephant. He becomes an out-caste, despised and abused by everyone. His former friends will drive him from their doors, and leave him to perish from hunger and want.

"It matters not whether his crime was committed purposely or not. If by mistake he has drunk water from a vessel that had been used by a man of lower birth, he is defiled. If the vessel were washed in "a thousand running waters," it matters not; it is impure.

"A few years ago some masons were at work near my house, and a man of a different caste was helping them. It so happened that while they were at work, this man fell from the building and was badly hurt. Although he was very faint and thirsty, his fellow-workmen would not give him any water to drink because he was of a different caste from themselves, and they would have let him die without giving him help. But there was an English soldier near by, and he saw the poor man and brought him some water to drink.

"When the man recovered, he was tried and found guilty by his caste, because he had taken water from the hands of an English soldier; and he was obliged to spend a great deal of money before he could be taken back into his caste. Can you think of anything more cruel than this?

"You can see what a terrible trial it must be for a Hindu to become a Christian. He must be despised and hated and abused by all his former associates, and be driven from his home and village. His friends mourn for him and perform his funeral ceremonies as if he were dead.

Indeed, they would prefer that he should die a thousand times, rather than he should break his caste.

"Do you wonder that the people are so slow to receive the Gospel? The Christians of India meet with so much persecution that the wonder is that any of them have grace to endure and to be loyal to Christ."—*Children's Work for Children.*

A GOOD LIFE.

A little girl of nine summers came to ask her pastor about joining the Church. She had been living a Christian for nine months, had been properly taught, and answered the usual questions promptly and properly. At last the pastor kindly said:

"Nellie, does your father think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, Sir,"

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir."

"How, then, does he know?"

"He sees."

"How does he see that?"

"Sees I am a better girl."

"What else does he see?"

"Sees I love to read my Bible and to pray."

"Then, you think, he sees you are a Christian?"

"I know he does; he can't help it;" and, with a modest, happy boldness, she was sure her father knew she was a Christian because he could not help seeing it in her life. Is not such the privilege of all God's people, to be sure that others see they are following Christ?

We remember hearing of a poor, hard-working man whose fellow-labourers laughed at him, told him he was deceived, and pressed him with difficult questions. At last, in the desperation of his heart, he said: "I am a changed man. Go ask my wife if I am not. She sees I am."

This is what Christ meant by being witness and lights in the world. Not only soundness of faith and boldness of confession, but a manner of life which, even

without spoken words, testifies of a new life and love.

This is the best evidence of our religion. When those who work with us in the mill or store or on the farm see that we are living a new life, then our words have power. This is the privilege of every one. We may not be rich or educated or eloquent, and hence not able to give much, or teach much, or speak much; but we can live much; and good living is the best living, the best teaching, the best eloquence. The poorest, the most ignorant, and the youngest can cause people to see they are changed. They can prove the reality of their conversion.

We cannot hide a new life. It shines. It may make no more noise than a candle, but, like a candle, it may be seen. Thus even a little boy or girl may be a light-bearer.--Sel.

THE SILVER SIXPENCE.

It was only a silver sixpence,

Battered and worn and old,
But worth to the child that held it
As much as a piece of gold.

A poor little crossing-sweeper,
In the wind and rain all day—
For one who gave her a penny,
There were twenty who bade her nay.

But she carried the bit of silver—
A light in her steady face,
And her step on the crowded pavement
Full of a childish grace—

Straight to the tender pastor;
And, "Send it," she said, "for me,
Dear sir, to the heathen children
On the other side of the sea.

"Let it help in telling the story
Of the love of the Lord most high,
Who came from the world of glory
For a sinful world to die."

"Send only half of it, Maggie,"
The good old minister said,
"And keep the rest for yourself, dear;
You need it for daily bread."

"Ah, sir," was the ready answer,
In the blessed Bible words,
"I would rather lend it to Jesus,
For the silver and gold are the Lord's,

"And the copper will do for Maggie."
I think, if we all felt so,
The wonderful message of pardon
Would soon through the dark earth go.

Soon should the distant mountains'
And the far-off isles of the sea,
Hear of the great salvation
And the truth that makes men free.

Alas! do we not too often
Keep our silver and gold in store,
And grudgingly part with our copper,
Counting the pennies o'er,

And claiming in vain the blessing,
That the Master gave to one
Who dropped her mites as the treasure
A whole day's toil had won!
—Margaret E. Sangster.

HOME INVESTMENTS.

In *The Church at Home and Abroad* we find a pleasing picture of systematic giving. The mother proposed in a family council that each one should invest a quarter of a dollar for the Lord.

"Capital!" was the father's response.
"Glorious!" shouted Fred.
"Goody, goody!" exclaimed Jennie.
"I want quarter, too," said little Grace,
only six years old.

Ralph, eight years old, also joined the company; so they started with a dollar and a half. The father being a bookseller, invested his quarter in that business; the mother bought ten cents' worth of paper, and wrote a story; she invested the other fifty cents in hop yeast to sell to her friends.

Fred went into partnership with a kind old gentleman who made blueing. One day he broke a bottle of it and ruined his sister's dress. Fred was too honorable to do any less than buy a new dress. This cost within three cents of three dollars and thirteen cents, to which the blueing business had increased his quarter. But he sold the remaining bottles, and soon

had three dollars and eighty cents for his contribution.

Jennie spent her quarter in Saxony yarn, and crocheted edging for a skirt, for which she received a dollar. This she invested in the same way, and increased it to four dollars.

Ralph invested in eggs for a sitting hen that he already owned. She was stolen, and Ralph was insolvent. The next day he weeded a neighbor's garden, and earned some money to start on again. This time he went into the newspaper business; every evening found him on his route, and three dollars was the result.

Grace made her father a shaving-paper case, for which he paid her half a dollar.

At the end of the stated time the "Home Investment Company" reported as follows: Father, seven dollars and eighty-four cents; mother, seven dollars and one cent; Fred, three dollars and eighty cents; Jennie, four dollars; Ralph, three dollars; Grace fifty cents; total, twenty-six dollars and fifteen cents.

A Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a fight over a bone, or some trifling matter. They were fighting on a bridge, and being blind with rage, as is often the case, over they went into the water.

The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland dog; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so with poor Bruce. He struggled and tried his best to swim, but made little headway.

Old Bravo, the Newfoundland, had reached the land, and turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should he do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and, keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port.

It was curious to see the dogs look at each other as soon as they shook their wet coats. Their glances said plainly as words: "We will never quarrel any more.

CROWNS FOR THE SAVIOUR'S BROW.

REV. T. E. SMITH. IN "MISSION DAYSPRING."

GATHER them from the earth's highway,
Crowns for the Saviour's brow;

Gems that sparkle more bright than day,
Crowns for the Saviour's brow.

Radiant crowns and glorious,

Crowns for Christ victorious—

Crowns for the brow,

Crowns for the brow,

Crowns for the Saviour's brow.

Souls from heathen now dying, bring

Crowns for the Saviour's brow;

Souls with all the redeemed to sing,

Crowns for the Saviour's brow;

Kingly-born or lowly,

Ransomed, cleansed, made holy,

Crowns for the brow,

Crowns for the brow,

Crowns for the Saviour's brow.

All earth's kingdoms, like jewels rare,

Crowns for the Saviour's brow,

Soon shall Christ's holy impress bear,

Crowns for the Saviour's brow.

Millions bow before him,

Countless hosts adore him—

Crowns for the brow,

Crowns for the brow,

Crowns for the Saviour's brow.

A CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

In a mission school in Mexico the little girls wanted to make a Christmas offering, but they had no money, nor any way of earning any. A kind friend sent twenty-five dollars to be used for a festival. The girls were asked to decide whether they would use the money for a Christmas tree or as an offering to the work of the Lord.

Each one wrote on a slip of paper what she wished done with the money. On one slip of paper was written in the language of the country, "For me," but on all the rest were the words, "For Christ." The money was therefore used to help the poor families near the mission school, and a happy time these little people had carrying gifts on Christmas eve and seeing the joy of those to whom they gave them.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

May 5.—Mark 13: 24-37. Memory vs. 35-37.

The Command to Watch.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK, 13: 33. CATECHISM. Q. 19.

Introductory.

What great events did our Lord foretell in our last lesson?

How were they fulfilled?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Signs of Christ's Coming. vs. 24-32.

What period is meant by *those days*?

What will then take place?

How are these figures often used by the prophets?

What do they mean here?

What will then be seen?

What will he send his angels to do?

How are his disciples to know when his coming is near?

What was the fig tree to teach them?

What did Jesus say of the certainty of his coming?

Who only knows the time of his coming?

II. Watching for His Coming. vs. 33-37.

What are we exhorted to do?

How is this stated in 1 Pet. 4:7?

To whom did Christ compare himself?

What duty is given to us all?

What is it to watch for the Lord's coming?

Why should we watch for his coming?

What event is just as important to us as the second coming of the Lord?

What are we to do that we may be ready?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Christ once came into our world in humiliation as our Friend and Saviour.

2. That he will come again in glory as our King and Judge.

3. That the time of his coming is hidden from all.

4. That we should watch for his coming and live in constant preparation for it.

5. That while we watch for his coming we must faithfully do the work he has laid upon us.

6. That this life is our only time to prepare for his coming.

May, 12.—Mark, 14: 1-9. Memory vs. 8, 9.

The Anointing at Bethany.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MARK 14: 8. CATECHISM, Q. 20.

Introductory.

What did Jesus tell his disciples after the discourse on the Mount of Olives?

What was the Jewish council then doing?

Why did they fear to take Jesus at this time?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Mary's Deed of Love. vs. 1-3.

In whose house was Jesus at Bethany?

Who were at the supper? John 12:2.

How did Mary show her love to Jesus?

What else did she do? John 12:3.

What had Jesus done for her?

What has he done for us?

How should we show our love to him?

II. The Disciples' Ungenerous Blame. vs. 4, 5.

Who found fault with Mary?

Who was the leader in this faultfinding? John 12:4.

What better use did he say might have been made of the ointment?

What led him to say this? John 12:6.

How is the same spirit sometimes shown now?

III. The Master's Commendation. vs. 6-9.

How did Jesus rebuke the faultfinders?

How did he commend Mary?

For what had she done this act?

How long will it be remembered?

How can we imitate Mary's deed of love?

What Have I Learned?

1. That nothing is too precious to give to Jesus.
2. That sincere love to Jesus will lead to gifts and deeds of love.
3. That the false and selfish grudge what is given to the Lord.
4. That we should try like Mary to do what we can for Jesus.
5. That his approval is the best and most enduring memorial.

May 19.—Mark 14:17-26. Memory vs. 22-24.

The Lord's Supper.

GOLDEN TEXT.—LUKE 22: 19. CATECHISM. Q. 21.
Introductory.

Where did Jesus go after his discourse to the disciples on the Mount of Olives?
How long did he remain there?
How did he spend the time?
What is the title of this lesson?
Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
Place?
Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Preparations for the Passover. vs. 12-16.

What was the passover?
Whom did Jesus send to prepare the passover?
What directions did he give them?
How did he know all these things?
How does he know our thoughts and words?
What preparation was made?

II. Foretelling the Betrayal. vs. 17-21.

Who were present at the feast?
What did Jesus say as they were eating?
How did the disciples feel when they heard him?
What did each one say?
What answer did Jesus give?
What else did Jesus say?
What did Judas then do? John 13: 30, 31.

III. Institution of the Lord's Supper. vs. 22-26.

What new ordinance did Jesus now institute?
For what purpose? 1 Cor. 11: 24-26.

What two symbols did he use?
What did he do with the bread?
What did he say of it?
What did the breaking of the bread signify?
What did he say of the cup?
What is meant by *This is my body*;
This is my blood?
How do the bread and wine represent Christ's body and blood?
What is the Lord's Supper?
What is required of those who would worthily partake of it?
How was the Supper ended?
Where did Jesus and the disciples then go?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus freely gave himself for my salvation.
2. That his body was broken and his blood shed for me.
3. That the Lord's Supper is the appointed memorial of his sufferings and death.
4. That I should come to his table according to his dying command.
5. That I should do this with reverence, humility, penitence, faith, gladness and self-consecration.

May 26.—Mark 14: 43-54. Memory vs. 48-50.

Jesus Betrayed.

GOLDEN TEXT.—LUKE 22: 48. CATECHISM. Q. 22.
Introductory.

What feast did Jesus celebrate with his disciples?
What ordinance did he institute?
Where did he then go?
What occurred there?
What is the title of this lesson?
Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
Place?
Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Betrayed by a Kiss. vs. 43-45.

Who was the betrayer?
Why did he betray his Master?
How much did he receive? Matt. 26:15.
Whom did he guide to Gethsemane?

By what sign did Judas betray his Master?

How did Judas address him?

What is said in Psalm 41 : 9?

What did Jesus reply? Luke 22 : 48.

How do men now betray Jesus?

II. Arrested by the Officers. vs. 46-49.

What did the band do?

What rash act was committed?

What did Jesus do to the wounded servant? Luke 22 : 51.

What did he say to those who arrested him?

What scripture was fulfilled? Isa. 53 : 7.

Why did Jesus submit so patiently to the arrest?

III. Forsaken by his Disciples. vs. 50-54.

What did the disciples do?

What had they promised?

To whom was Jesus led?

Who were assembled with the high priest?

What did Peter do?

How did he get into the high priest's house? John 18 : 15-18.

What did Peter do there?

Why did Jesus suffer all these things?

Who was with him to help him? John 16 : 32.

What Have I Learned.

1. That pretended friendship is more hateful than open hostility.

2. That it is Judas-like to use the guise of love to do the work of hatred.

3. That really good men are sometimes very weak and cowardly.

4. That God sometimes uses wicked hands to work out his holy purposes.

Westminster Question Book.

THE SERPENT AMONG THE BOOKS.

One day a gentleman in India went into his library and took down a book from the shelves. As he did so he felt a slight pain in his finger like the pick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been struck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, and then his whole body,

and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent.

There are many serpents among the books now-a-days: they nestle in the foliage of some of our most fascinating literature; they coil among the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the senses. People read and are charmed by the plot of the story, by the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped, by the gorgeoussness of the word-painting, and hardly feel the pin pick of the evil that is insinuated. But it stings and poisons. When the record of ruined souls is made up, on what multitudes will be inscribed — "Poisoned by serpents among the books!"

Let us watch against the serpents, and read only that which is instructive and profitable.

HE MAKES HIS MOTHER SAD.

He makes his mother sad,
The proud, unruly child,
Who will not brook
Her warning look,
Nor hear her counsels mild.

He makes his mother sad,
Who turns from wisdom's way;
Whose stubborn will,
Rebelling will,
Refuses to obey.

He makes his mother sad,
And sad his lot must prove;
A mother's fears,
A mother's tears,
Are marked by God above.

Oh! who so sad as he
Who, o'er a parent's grave,
Too late repents,
Too late laments,
The bitter pain he gave?

May we ne'er know such grief,
Nor cause one feeling sad;
Let our delight
Be to requite,
And make our parents glad!

FOR LITTLE WORKERS.

HER MAIDEN SPEECH.

Why shouldn't she go to the meeting?
 This bright little darling of ours:
 With face like a sunny May morning,
 And sweet as its sweetest flowers?

She'd sit there so "vewy twiet,
 And not say one single word!"
 No harder task could we give her,
 Our gay little singing bird.

So the brother and sister promised
 That "Baby" should "meet the Band,"
 And proudly they entered the chapel,
 Each holding her chubby hand.

Through all the reading and prayer,
 Such silence her tight lips kept,
 They watched her with frequent glances,
 To see if the baby slept.

But when each lad and each maiden
 Arose, in a few words to tell
 Some story of joy or of trial,
 In the work they had studied so well,

She thought that the meeting was over,
 And she rose, to her part of the play,
 Delighted, they listened intently
 To hear what the baby would say.

With both hands raised high to her head,
 And lovingly spread out upon it,
 Her clear voice rang out in the stillness,
 "I dless I have dot a new bonnet!"

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped in every memory. It should be the golden rule practised not only in every household but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove the thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to our fellow-creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has

not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and a kind voice whispering: "Don't be discouraged; I see your trouble; let me help you!" What strength is inspired? What hope created? What sweet gratitude is felt? And the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavouring to strengthen the weak, and lift the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He whose willing hand is ever willing to aid us, will reward our humble endeavours, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

"I'll master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge more blunt till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken, and fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way."

But at the first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame.

They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries. But there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.