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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND  
 PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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LO I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

**THE FORMOSA MISSION.**

*Question.*—What is Formosa?

*Answer.*—An island 250 miles long by 80 miles broad, lying off the east coast of China.

Q. What are its physical features?

A. A high, rugged, densely wooded range of hills runs north and south through the island, with fertile plains on either side between the mountains and the sea.

Q. What are the natural products?

A. The chief products are rice and tea, sugar and camphor, coal and petroleum, sulphur and indigo.

Q. What are the fruits?

A. Plums, peaches, oranges, pine-apples, bananas, etc.

Q. What are the chief domestic animals?

A. Cattle, water buffalo, pigs and goats.

Q. What are the wild animals?

A. Wild boars, bears, deers, panthers, etc. Birds and fish are plentiful.

Q. What kind of people live there?

A. Three kinds, the unconquered savages of the mountains, the conquered peoples of the plains, and the Chinese conquerors.

Q. What are the two former called by the Chinese?

A. *Chi-hoans!* and *Pé-po-hoans!*

Q. What is the population of Formosa?

A. About three millions.

Q. Is there any mission there besides our own?

A. The Presbyterian Church of England has a mission in the southern part of the island.

Q. Where is our mission?

A. In Northern Formosa, where no other Church has given the Gospel.

Q. Who was our first missionary to North Formosa?

A. Rev. G. L. Mackay, of Oxford Co., Ont.

Q. When did he land there?

A. At 3 p.m. on the 9th of March, 1872.

Q. Where did he make his headquarters?

A. Tamsui, a treaty port, with 6,000 people.

Q. How did he learn the language?

A. Went with herd boys at their work, or any who would talk with him.

Q. How long was it before he began to preach in Chinese?

A. Five months.

Q. When did he have his first communion?

A. 16 Feb., '73 with five converts, less than a year after he landed.

Q. What difficulties did he meet with?

A. National pride, hatred to foreigners, ancestral worship, avarice, etc.

Q. What were his methods of work?

A. Travelling, giving medical help to overcome prejudice, then preaching, and founding churches with native preachers.

Q. In what ways did he give medical help?

A. By giving medicine to the sick on his journeys, and by founding a hospital at Tamsui, the first year he was there.

Q. How long did Dr. Mackay labour alone?

A. For three years.

Q. What was the state of the mission at the end of three years.

A. There were 7 preaching stations and 37 communicants.

Q. Who were then sent to help him?

A. Rev. J. B. Fraser, M.D., and his wife.

Q. What was Dr. Fraser's special work?

A. Healing, and teaching the Gospel to the sick in the hospital at Tamsui.

Q. How long did Dr. Fraser remain?

A. About two and a-half years.

Q. What then took place?

A. His wife died, and he had to bring his little children back to Canada.

Q. What was the state of the mission after Dr. Mackay had been there six years?

A. There were thirteen churches, with a native preacher in each, and 214 communicants.

Q. When and to whom, was Dr. Mackay married?

A. In 1878, to a very worthy Chinese lady, one of his own converts.

Q. Who went out to his assistance when he had been there six years?

A. Rev. K. F. Junor and his wife, in the summer of 1878.

Q. How long did they remain?

A. About four-and-a-half years, when, owing to ill-health, Mr. Junor had to resign.

Q. When did Dr. Mackay make his first visit to Canada?

A. In 1880, after he had been eight years in the field?

Q. What was then the state of the mission?

A. There were twenty chapels with preachers, and 300 communicants.

Q. Who took charge of the mission in his absence?

A. Rev. Mr. Junor and the native helpers.

Q. What was the result of Dr. Mackay's visit home?

A. A great revival of missionary interest.

Q. When did Dr. Mackay return to Formosa?

A. In December, 1881.

Q. What did he receive on his departure?

A. A gift from Oxford county, of \$8,215, to build a college for training his workers.

Q. How long after Dr. Mackay's return to Formosa did Mr. Junor remain there?

A. Nearly a year; leaving, through illness, 9th November, 1882.

Q. How long was Dr. Mackay then alone?

A. About a year.

Q. Who was then sent out?

A. Rev. John Jamieson and his wife, in the summer of 1883.

Q. What great blow came to the mission in 1884.

A. French warships bombarded the city in October, 1884, and invested the island, and mission work was stopped.

Q. Why did they do this?

A. France had a quarrel with China, to which Formosa belongs.

Q. How long had the mission been in existence?

A. Twelve and a-half years, since March, 1872.

Q. What was the state of the mission at this time?

A. Very prosperous; there were thirty-five chapels and about 700 communicants.

Q. Where did the missionaries go when the French made their attack?

A. To Hong Kong, in China.

Q. How long did they remain there?

A. It was six months, April, 1885, before the French would permit them to return.

Q. How did the French invasion affect the mission?

A. Hatred to all foreigners was increased, and their anger against the French was vented upon the mission. Those who hated Christianity also embraced the opportunity to injure the mission.

Q. How was this hatred shown?

A. By persecuting and beating, and even killing, Christians, robbing their houses, destroying churches, etc.

Q. Did the French injure the mission?

A. Not directly; it was the Chinese that did it.

Q. Was any recompense made?

A. Yes; when the French removed, and Dr. Mackay returned, he asked the Government for damages for the churches destroyed, and they gave him \$10,000.

Q. What did he do with it?

A. Built new churches, some of them in the large cities, of stone, to show those who hated Christianity that it had come to stay.

Q. Are Dr. Mackay's native preachers dained?

A. Yes; two of them, A-Hoa and Tan-He, were ordained in May, 1885.

Q. What great event took place in the following year?

A. A grand commemoration at Tamsui in March, 1886, of the founding of the mission fourteen years before.

Q. How many were there?

A. One thousand two hundred and seventy-three converts, from all parts of North Formosa, besides many others.

Q. What was the state of the mission in 1888, after sixteen years?

A. There were fifty chapels and native preachers, and probably 1,000 communicants.

Q. How long were Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson in the mission?

A. About seven and a-half years. Mr. Jamieson died in April, 1891.

Q. What other missionaries were sent out?

A. Rev. Wm. Gauld and wife, in September, 1892.

Q. When did Dr. Mackay come home on his second furlough?

A. September, 1893.

Q. What was the state of the mission at that time?

A. There were 60 churches and preachers, 25 Bible women, 1,805 communicants, while the college, girls' school, and hospital were very prosperous.

Q. What is the college for?

A. To train teachers and preachers.

Q. What is the girls' school for?

A. To fit girls and women to be teachers, helpers, Bible women, wives of preachers, etc.

Q. What is the hospital for?

A. To give free medical help to all who come, and to tell them at the same time the Gospel story.

Q. How many patients were treated in the hospital in 1893?

A. Two thousand three hundred and eighty-five new patients and 4,656 old patients.

Q. Who takes chief charge of the medical work in the hospital?

A. The English medical man for the foreign population of the port kindly takes charge, gratis.

Q. Who has charge of the mission in Dr. Mackay's absence?

A. Rev. Mr. Gould and the native pastors and helpers.

Q. What has been the general progress of the mission?

A. It has been one of the most successful of the world has ever seen.

Q. What is our duty?

A. To pray that workers may be spared, that more may be raised up, that God's spirit may abundantly bless what is done, and to do what we can by *going*, or *giving*, to save the world to Christ.

#### LETTER FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

SANTO, NEW HEBRIDES,

16 October, 1891.

To the Mission Band of Moser River, N.S. :

DEAR CHILDREN,--The report of your good work has come all the way to the New Hebrides. We are pleased to know that you take an interest in the Lord's work here.

This is still a heathen land where the people go about almost entirely naked. They kill and eat one another yet, all through the in-

terior of the island. Sometimes they do this in the shore vill ges also.

This is a large and mountainous island. The highest mountain is more than a mile high. There are a great many ravines and peaks all along the west half of the island.

It is about eighty English miles long and nearly forty wide.

There are no roads, only poor foot paths through the island. No person has ever yet travelled across the island. Some of us have been in a day's walk from the shore.

There are people all through the island, but none of the people dare go far from their own village.

There are people living on the hillside facing our house not more than two miles away who have never been here, and not one of the people of this village have been there.

All these people are worshippers of spirits, and know nothing of the true God or the way of life. They live in fear of each other, and have very few comforts of civilized life.

At the present time we are the only missionaries on this large island, and there are only a very few people who are yet communicants.

We have a few others who come to school and church.

Satan seems to have blinded their eyes to their need of the gospel. They do not believe us when we tell them of heaven and hell, and the only way to gain the former and escape the latter.

Children, pray for these poor ignorant people that God may open their eyes to the light of life.

All God's work here is very beautiful. The trees and waters as well as the birds and fishes are so gay. Does it not seem strange that these very beautiful islands should have such very degraded and dirty people.

However God's word contains power sufficient to change these people into clean, clothed, and Christian disciples.

I trust that every one of you boys and girls are willing to let the Holy Spirit make you beautiful and Christlike in character, and then you will be happy and very useful.

Now my friends I must say good-bye.

Yours faithfully, JOSIE ANNAND.

**FOOT-BINDING IN CHINA.**

**L**AST month you had a picture of the long-finger nails, showing a style of dude sometimes met in parts of China.

Here is a picture of a style of fashion among the higher classes of the Chinese women. Do you see the remains of the poor toes turned under the foot. It takes years of pain to get the foot into that size and shape. When the girls are very small, the toes are turned under and the feet bound up very tight with bandages and are kept that way until they grow up. Sometimes the bandages are changed, but the poor feet got no rest. The little sufferers often scream with the pain. Sometimes we in this country have on a pair of tight shoes and long to take them off and rest at night; but in China when the little girl lies down to sleep the mother must tighten up the bandages with a twist or two, and then the feet ache all night long. Indeed, all their lives they feel a dull ache.

They cannot run about and play in childhood nor walk much when they grow up. Their feet are like little stumps to walk on.

Why all this suffering all through their early years, making them so helpless and useless in their later years. Simply because it is the "fashion;" it is "stylish."

At a meeting in China a Christian native spoke in favor of unbinding the feet. He had a little daughter and he unbound her feet himself. When she went out with the other girls they laughed at her. She went to her mother for comfort and her mother said: "Get away with you, you will just grow up with great big feet like a man." Then she went to her grandmother for comfort, and she said to her: "Do not come near me you have such big feet that you will never get married." But her father comforted her and

encouraged her to go on with her unbound feet and afterwards others followed her example.

We should pity them and send them the light, but before you laugh at them, girls, just think whether you are indulging in any fashion just as silly and more hurtful. Can you think of any tight-binding custom among



**A Bound Foot and Slipper.**

stylish women in our country that is suggested by this custom of foot-binding in China.

**CAN'T CATCH IT.**

Children, what is it you can never catch, even if you were to chase after it, as quick as possible, with the swift horses in the world?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Therefore, take care what you say, for "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise. Prov. 10:19.

### A BIG FLOOD IN HONAN.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

HONAN, Oct. '34.



EAR YOUNG FRIENDS—We have had a big flood in Honan, though not as big as the one in Noah's time.

Then, the windows of heaven were opened to let down great torrents of rain. Our flood also was caused by great rains; so great that the river got too full and broke a big whole in its bank and ran right against the town in which we live.

But how could that be? In this way. For many years the rain washed mud into the river, and the river carried it down the mountains, and in crossing the great wide plains where the water did not run fast, the mud settled on the bottom and gradually filled up the river bed. Then to keep it from running over the fields, the people built up mud walls along the banks, and as more mud settled to the bottom and raised the river higher, the bank was built higher, until in some places even the bottom of the river is higher than the fields on either side, and when the banks break away great damage is done.

In this case, as I have said, the water ran against the town where we live. It ran so fast that some people were drowned before they could get to high and dry ground, and it stayed so long that many of the houses, built of sun-dried brick, could stand no longer, and dropped in a heap down into the water. Some people climbed up trees, and so were not drowned, but others did not get off so well.

This is the way one woman lost her life. She had some money hidden in the bottom of a flour barrel. She saw the waters coming and feared for the money lest it should be carried away with the barrel. So she put her head into the barrel and poked around in the flour for the money. But before she could either find the money or pull her head out of the barrel, the waters rose and swept away money, barrel, woman and all!

Do you remember, dear children, any woman mentioned in the Bible who lost her life because she thought too much of her money and goods?

Another woman, a Christian, will not soon

forget this flood. It was raining very hard outside, that day. She was sitting inside, tending the little fire on which her breakfast was being cooked, when she heard a slight noise behind her. She thought it was only some of the paper falling off the wall, when directly after, down came the whole roof about her ears. The crash soon brought many willing hands to her aid, and she was dug out of the rubbish, nothing the worse for her burial, excepting a great fright.

We had a day school for boys in our yard. The old school house came to grief with the water several feet deep inside it and out. The walls of mud soon caved in, and of course the roof could not stay up when the walls were down. The scholars luckily were all away at the time. One little lad, alas! will never come back. He was so small that he could hardly speak clearly, but he had learned the first few lines of his little book, which says, "In the beginning there was only one true God." His mother was very poor and they lived in a hut on the edge of a pond. Poor little Wong, that was his name, soon fell down and was drowned before his mother noticed.

Now we have another hard thing to bear. We got word lately that little May Smith was taken away from her weeping parents. Just when they were getting ready to take her home to Canada, God took her home to heaven. Little May is the little sister, do you remember, with whom I told you once before Cammy used to play. But she is happier now in the home above with the boys and the girls playing in the streets of the city (Zachariah, 8:5). Do you not know some of the boys and girls who are up there? I do, and some of them lived a little space in China before God called them up on high. Yes, the hymn says

There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare,  
For everyone is happy,  
None can be happier there.

Dear children, do not forget to pray every

day for the fathers and mothers and children who know nothing of a home in heaven for themselves or their little ones

Every little mite,  
Every little measure  
Helps to spread the light,  
Helps to swell the treasure.  
God entrusts to all  
Talents few or many,  
None so young and small  
That they have not any.

Your loving friend,  
DAWN.

### THEIR FAITH.

It was in the days when both armies, the Northern and the Southern, were marching up and down through the border States. Two little children were left alone one night while their mother went to sit up with a sick neighbor. There was great excitement all through that mountain village, for the people had news of a raid that might be made at any hour. It was a cold, dark night and snow was falling fast. "What shall we do if the soldiers come while mother is gone, sister?" asked the boy.

"I know what I shall do," said she; "I will kneel down and pray to God to build a wall about our house, as he did in Bible times, so that the soldiers cannot find us."

"And do you believe he will do it?" asked the brother, who was younger and a little timid.

"Of course he will. Doesn't he always keep his promise, and didn't he say that if we asked in faith he would give us our desires? Let us commence right now, before we get too sleepy."

They knelt down and prayed, and then with peaceful hearts fell sound asleep and woke no more till morning.

And lo! in the night every other house in the little town was stripped or burnt, but this little cottage, which stood upon a steep hill, had been covered with a great snow drift and completely hidden from the soldiers.

And now, although long years have passed

since those troubled days, they still tell the story of how the children prayed in faith and their heavenly Father gladly answered them.

### SAVED BY A THREAD.

A tall chimney had been completed, and the scaffolding was being removed. One man remained on top to superintend the process. A rope should have been left for him to descend by. His wife was at home washing, when her little boy burst in with "Mother, mother, they've forgotten the rope, and he's going to throw himself down!" She paused; her lips moved in the agony of prayer, and she rushed forth. A crowd was looking up to the poor man, who was moving round and round the narrow cornice, terrified and bewildered. He seemed as if any moment he might fall or throw himself down in despair. His wife from below cried out, "Take off thy stockings, unravel the worsted." And he did so. "Now tie the end to a bit of mortar and lower gently."

Down came the thread and a bit of mortar, swinging backwards and forwards. Lower and lower it descended, eagerly watched by many eyes; it was now within reach, and was gently seized by one of the crowd. They fastened some twine to the thread. "Now pull up." The man got hold of the twine. The rope was now fastened on. "Pull away again." He at length seized the rope and made it secure. There was a few moments of suspense, then amidst the shouts of the people he threw himself into the arms of his wife, sobbing, "Thou'st saved me, Mary!" The worsted thread was not despised; it drew after it the twine, the rope, the rescue!

Ah! my friend, thou may'st be sunk very low down in sin and woe, but there is a thread of Divine Love that comes from the throne of heaven, and touches even thee. Seize that thread. It may be small, but it is golden. Improve what you have, however little, and more shall be given. That thin thread of love, if you will not neglect it, shall lift even you up to God and Glory. "Who hath despised the day of small things?"—

Newman Hall.



### "STRAIGHTENING THE FURROWS."

**B**OYS, he said, "I've been trying every day of my life for the last two years to straighten out furrows, and I can't do it."

One boy turned his head in surprise toward the captain's neatly kept place.

"O, I don't mean that kind, lad, I don't mean land furrows," continued the captain, so solemnly that the attention of the boys became breathless as he went on.

"When I was a lad about the age of you boys, I was what they called a 'hard case;' not exactly bad or vicious, but wayward and wild. Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray, and punish—my father was dead, making it all the harder for her—but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore with all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries of life. I knew it was troubling her, knew it was changing her pretty face, making it look anxious and old.

After awhile, tiring of all restraint, I ran away, went off to sea—and a rough time I had of it at first. Still I liked the water, and I liked journeying around from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending her something besides empty letters. And such beautiful letters as she always wrote me during those years of absence. At length I noticed how longing they grew longing for the presence of the son who used to try her so—and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to go back to the dear, waiting soul.

"So when I could stand it no longer, I came back, and such a welcome, and such a surprise! My mother is not a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair and the deep furrows on her brow, and I knew I had helped to blanch that hair to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn those lines in that smooth forehead. And those are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out.

"But last night, while mother was sleeping in her chair, I was thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

"Her face was very peaceful and the expression contented as possible, but the furrows were still there! I hadn't succeeded in straightening them out—and—I never—shall—never!

"When they lay my mother my fair old sweetheart—in her casket, there will be furrows in her brow; and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you, that the neglect you offer your parents' counsel now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide, my lads, it will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddie Hollis, with great troubled eyes, "I should think if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddie, my boy," said the quavery voice of the strong man, "you cannot undo the past. You may do much to atone for it, do much to make the rough path smooth, but you can't straighten out the old furrows, my laddies, remember that!"

"Guess I'll go and chop some wood mother spoke of; I'd 'most forgotten," said lively Jimmy Hollis, in a strangely quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to do!" suddenly remembered Billy Bowles.

"Touched and taken!" said the kindly captain to himself, as the boys tramped off, keeping step in a thoughtful, soldier-like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared a fortnight afterward that Billy was "really getting to be a comfort!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the captain about that time, remarked that Jimmy always *meant* to be a good boy, but he was actually *being* one.

"Guess your stories they like so much have morals to them now and then," added the gratified mother, with a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed, Captain Sam, with folded arms and head bent down, said softly to himself.

"Well, I shall be thankful enough if a word of mine will help the dear boys to keep the furrows away from their mother's brow, for, once there, it is a difficult task straightening out the furrows." —*Exchange.*

### TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA ALONG A RIVER.

See the sun shine on the rocks on the farther side, reflected in the water, see the travellers sitting under the covering at the stern of the boat, see the boatmen with long poles keeping their craft from the bank, see the two men on shore with a rope to the top of the mast, pulling, something like horses in a

Let me tell you of something I have seen in our own country much worse than this. I have seen men making worse than beasts of themselves. There is scarcely a village in all our broad land where this may not be seen.

The man who gives himself up to drink is worse than a beast, for a beast can walk erect, and a drunk man cannot; a beast knows what it is doing, and a drunken man



canal boat. A strange way of travelling, but not unpleasant for the travellers if they have plenty of time.

But what about the men on shore. You never saw anything like that, did you? men making horses of themselves?

does not; a beast has affection for its young, a drunken man will abuse everybody; a beast always tries to take care of itself, a drunken man does not; a beast fulfils the end of its creation, and a drunken man does the very opposite. Worse than a beast!

### RALPH TURNER'S TEMPTATION.

Two men were walking leisurely along a busy street in Boston. Shadows were slowly gathering as if the fair May day was loath to depart.

"Well," said Mark Scafton, abruptly. He was a man of forty with a florid face and crafty eyes.

His companion's face crimsoned. He was young, and in the open countenance there yet lingered an unmistakable look of a boy.

"Well, Scafton, it don't look just right, if you will pardon my saying so."

"I understand you perfectly," Scafton said, waving his hand airily. "I was once troubled by those same scruples. Time brought me wisdom. See here, Turner, which will you do? Remain where you are at a beggarly salary, and waste the best years of your life, or enter into partnership with me, and in five years be a man of wealth? As to your religious ideas, you will find they are not marketable."

"Lilacs! Lilacs! A nickle a bunch!" called a barefoot boy who was passing. The basket on his arm was crowded with sprays of the sweet old-fashioned flowers.

Into the eyes of Ralph Turner came a gleam of tenderness. Stopping the boy, he purchased a great bunch of the delicately colored blossoms, whose fragrance seemed to him like a breath from his country home.

"Here is my car," he said the next moment. "I will call at your office to-morrow, Scafton, and tell you my decision. I want time to think it over."

"Very well, but you better go down to the club with me."

Turner shook his head and sprang aboard the car.

"It is a rare piece of good luck," he said to himself, "or rather it would be if it was clean money. I sometimes wish I had never seen Scafton's face, yet he is a prime good fellow."

Ralph Turner had come to Boston from Courtney, his village home, two years before. An uncle had secured him a situation in a counting-house at a fair salary. He was ambitious, yet content in his position, and striv-

ing faithfully to please his employers, when he made the acquaintance of Mark Scafton.

After leaving the car, five minutes' walk brought him to his boarding-house. He hastened up stairs and lighted a lamp. The room was a pleasant one, showing the studious, refined tastes of its occupant.

Ralph placed the lilacs in a vase and carried them across the room to place under a portrait.

It was the picture of Genevieve Warren, his promised wife. A face beautiful with health and happiness. A low brow, shaded by hair black and abundant, gray eyes whose clear depths met you unflinchingly, and a lovely scarlet mouth.

"My peerless Genevieve," he muttered, gazing at the picture. "It would not be a poor man's home I would take you to should I accept Scafton's offer. But if you knew, ah! if you knew."

Turning away, he found two letters with the familiar Courtney postmark on his writing table.

One was addressed in Genevieve's dainty hand; the other bore the stiff angular writing of his mother. You will not doubt that Ralph Turner truly loved his mother, even when I tell you hers was *not* the letter he first opened.

Genevieve's letter was like herself—sweet, frank, and trusting. One page brought to the reader a remembrance of the question he must decide on the morrow.

"You say if we are married this fall," she wrote, "we will have to economize. Do you think I will mind that? You do not know what a prudent housekeeper I can be. There are two things that you can give me in abundance, true love and spotless integrity."

Ralph sighed a little as he laid down the letter to take up his mother's. She wrote:

"MY DEAR SON,—

"Yours of the 16th reached me promptly, finding me enjoying my usual degree of health. My hands are too stiff to write much, but Ralph I do prize your letters so. Genevieve spent yesterday afternoon with me. Dear girl. I need not any longer regret having no daughter, for she is a daughter to me.

"This is the anniversary of your dear father's death. Twenty years ago to-day he closed his eyes and 'was not, for God had taken him,' He said, 'I leave my boy the inheritance of a name that is without spot or blemish. God grant he may never bring a stain upon it.' And his prayer has been answered, Ralph. You are all I could wish you to be. May our Father in heaven bless you.

"Your loving mother,

"HESTER TURNER."

The letter dropped from his hand. Back into the past he went to the morning when he, bidding his mother farewell, started for the city. He could see her as she stood by the little breakfast table, the sunshine lighting up the saintly face and the silvery head.

"May the blessings of the God of the fatherless go with you, my son," he again heard her say. "May you come back to me crowned with success. But, above all, may you come back to me with clean hands and a pure heart."

And what was it Mark Scafton had offered him? A mess of pottage, for which he was to sell the birthright of his honesty, his manhood. Down on the table dropped his head, and, sitting there alone, Ralph Turner fought the battle of his life—and conquered.

Mark Scafton sprung to his feet with a smile of good fellowship when his office door opened to admit Ralph the next morning. The face of the elder man looked worn, and there were signs that told of dissipation around the thin lips.

"Pray be seated, my dear fellow," and he drew forward a luxuriously-cushioned chair. "You have come to tell me that you accept?"

"I have come to tell you that I decline your offer," Ralph said coldly.

"What? Why? I think you have failed to consider the matter."

"I have considered it well," said the young man, who had remained standing, "and I prefer to keep my honor, my religious ideas, as you call them. I intend, God helping me, to live an upright life. Good morning, Mr. Scafton." With a bow, Ralph left the office.

When the October days came and the

maples that grow around Genevieve Warren's home were dyed in gold and crimson, there was a quiet wedding there.

To his bride, Ralph Turner gave a pure life and an honest love; to his mother a name unsullied and an honor unimpeachable; while to the God he served he gave a trust and faith that "the world cannot give, neither can it take away."—*Hope Daring in The Presbyterian*.

### BE COURTEOUS TO ALL.

"Where is brother Jack?" asked Mrs. Weatherstone, as she met her elder son, Edwin, coming from school.

"O, I left him in High Street carrying old Mrs. Smith's basket for her," was the answer, given, I must confess, rather angrily.

"I do wish, mother, dear, you would speak to him on this subject; he seems completely to have forgotten his position. He is continually doing something ridiculous, raising his cap to poor Widow Welsh, or running after those charity girl's hats, or some other silly thing. I don't know how he can stoop to such actions.

"My boy, there is nothing to complain of in any of these acts you have just mentioned. I think I saw you carrying Mrs. Leigh's basket the other day, and I have seen you raise your cap several times to Miss Forbes, and I likewise saw you chasing Flossie Benson's hat when the wind blew it off yesterday."

"Yes; but, mother," interrupted Edwin, "you forget that Mrs. Leigh and Mrs. Forbes are both ladies, and Flossie Benson's father is a doctor. Of course, that makes a great difference."

"Edwin my son," answered Mrs. Weatherstone, gently, "I wish you were more like your brother in this respect; he is quite right in being courteous to all. You are apt to think too much of riches. Because God has placed you in a pretty good position, is not to say that you are to consider all your poorer neighbors unworthy of your notice. Poverty is no disgrace, my lad; so in the future never forget to treat everybody with courtesy, and don't keep your good manners and kindly acts for your rich friends only."—*Great Thoughts*.

### HOW TIM SAVED THE TRAIN.

A queer little house, perched on a mountain ridge like an eagle's nest, that looked as if it would certainly blow away when the first strong wind came. That was where Tim lived with his father. A lonely place to live, a couple of miles from the nearest neighbors, but Tim never thought anything about that until he fell and broke his leg in one of his gunning expeditions.

After that it was a very hard trial to the boy to be shut up alone all day. Every morning, a few hours after his father had gone for the day, a kind neighbor came and cared for his wants, putting everything that he might need just where he could get it without getting up, but after that Tim was alone until long after night fall.

Tim had very little to help him pass away the hours that seemed so interminably long. Now and then his father, who was the engineer of the train, brought him some papers, which the good natured conductor gathered up for the sick boy from the seats where the passengers had left them when they had finished reading them. Then Tim was learning telegraphy, and he could click, click away on his little instrument, and practise himself in sending suppositious messages over an imaginary wire.

In the evening when his father came home they talked together on the little instrument for the sake of practice, and Tim felt sure that he would be able to apply for the position of telegraph operator at the little station below as soon as he should be well.

"I'm afraid we're going to have rough weather to-day, my boy," said Tim's father one morning, as he stood in the door and watched the threatening clouds, while the bacon was cheerily sizzling in the frying pan on the stove.

"You won't be afraid here all by yourself, will you?"

"No, indeed, I won't be afraid," Tim answered, "but I do wish my leg would hurry up and get well. You don't know how lonely it is here all by oneself all day, father."

"I know it must be, Tim, but try not to be

impatient," You'll be around soon now, if you don't go to using your leg too soon."

Tim looked after his father with a sigh, as he strode away after breakfast, his heavy footsteps making the dry twigs and leaves crackle as he walked along.

Another long lonely day was before him, and he was already heartily tired of his imprisonment. All day long the clouds grew darker, and the wind shrieked and moaned more dismally, as it swept through the tall pines, and the windows shook and rattled now and then as if a giant hand had seized them, Tim grew a little apprehensive in spite of his promise not to be afraid.

From the cottage window Tim could look down on a long stretch of the railroad that came around a curve, and swept along the side of the mountain, crossed a bridge over the rocky gorge, and then vanished into the trees again around another curve.

Just after dark his father's train always came in sight, and Tim loved to watch the bright headlight as it sped along. He had a little set of signals that his father understood, and when the train reached a certain place, he always waved his lamp, hid it for a moment, and waved it again as a signal that all was well. Then the locomotive would utter a shrill piercing shriek, and that was his father's answer. Towards the close of the afternoon, the wind almost amounted to a hurricane, and the rain poured down so hard that Tim could hardly see out of the window. At last the fury of the storm seemed to have spent itself, and Tim breathed a sigh of relief, as he heard the wind lessening, for he always feared to have his father cross the bridge over the gorge when the wind was blowing high, lest the train should be blown over. He looked down at the bridge as it entered his thoughts, and something that he saw there made his boyish face turn pale with terror.

Dragging himself slowly and painfully across the room, he got down his father's glass, and looked through it. No—he had not been mistaken. His eyes had told him the truth. Just at the beginning of the bridge and partly on it, lay a tall tree that had

been blown over by the gale. Unless the train could be checked in time it would certainly be derailed, and hurled into that terrible gorge.

No wonder the boy felt himself growing faint with terror, as he thought of his father's peril as well of the danger to all others who would be on that ill-fated train. How could they be warned in time? The twilight shadows were already growing deeper, and it would soon be dark. Tim looked at his bandaged leg with a groan of despair. If he only had the use of it he could quickly enough have made his way down the mountain side, and built a fire beside the track that would have warned them. There was no hope that he could possibly drag himself that distance, even if he could have borne the torture of dragging his broken limb after him; his strength would not have held out, and then, too the time would have been too short.

Tim groaned aloud. Must he sit there, and see the train go crashing over the edge of the gorge without saying a word to stay it? In less than an hour the train would come thundering along, his father would exchange signals with him for the last time and then—but the thought of the signals sent an idea flashing through Tim's brain that almost took his breath away.

Perhaps he could signal with the lamp and make his father understand the danger. He put the lamp in the window and waited. It was the only chance and as the slow minutes dragged themselves away, and each one shortened the boy's agony of suspense, perhaps you can guess how his whole heart went up in a fervent prayer that his father would understand.

If he should not understand—and Tim grew sick and faint at the thought. At last the train rumbled through the tunnel, and coming out into open air swept around the curve, its headlight gleaming like a baleful eye. The engineer was rurning fast now to make up for a delay at a station they had passed a little way back. He glanced up into the darkness that shrouded the mountain to see his boy's signal. Presently it flashed out

but then instead of waving backwards and forwards it was suddenly obscured and then gleamed out again. Something, the father never knew what, made him connect the sudden flash with the little electric instrument.

He watched eagerly. Yes, the boy was trying to tell him something. He slackened the train and spelled the letters one after another. "D-a-n-g-e-r—G-e-o-r-g-e!" That was all but he understood and the train came to a sudden stand still under the hand of its master.

Not a moment too soon, for when the train hands went forward with lanterns, they found the great fallen tree not ten feet from the engine. It would have been beyond a doubt a most terrible accident, and as the passengers learned the cause of the detention, while the men were clearing the track they shuddered at the thought of the terrible peril they had escaped.

A purse was made up for Tim, when they learned that the engineer had been warned by the boy in the little cottage on the ledge.

When Tim saw the train stop and knew that his father had understood, he did something, that, boylike, he was very much ashamed of afterwards. He fainted "like a silly girl," as he expressed it. The strain had been a terrible one, and the joy was too much for him, enfeebled as he was by his long confinement.

When Tim was well again he applied for the post of telegraph operator, and to his great delight he was pronounced competent for the position and now he lives with his father in a pretty little cottage near the station, which was purchased with the thank offering of the passengers. He never sends a message clicking over the wires without remembering the night when he saved the train, with its precious freight.—*Mrs. Paull in Pres. Journal.*

He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

## A CONVERTED PURSE

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

Certainly. I am grateful to you for asking me. Put me down for twenty-five dollars.

A look of pleased surprise passed over the solicitor's face, succeeded by another of perplexity; for it happened that he knew that his friend had precisely the same salary as he, and twenty-five dollars was a generous fraction of his month's income.

"Oh! that's more than we expect, Frank, and than you can afford, too, I fear," he added, with the freedom of a comrade.

"Oh, no! Let me tell you how it is, Jack. You know I turned right-about face when I became a Christian last winter; and I resolved at the start not to enter into a junior partnership with the world, and a senior partnership with the church.

"You know my habits. I am not an inordinate smoker. Three cigars a day, with a treat to the fellows now and then, cut off, reduced my expenses a hundred dollars a year. Then I had a careless fashion, ruinous to my digestion, of adding a bottle of claret, or some fancy, indigestible pudding or cream, at least twice a week, to a wholesome lunch. Looked squarely in the face and given its right name, it was an indulgence of unlawful appetite; so I made seventy-five dollars a year by stopping that. Sunday headaches, too, went at the same time.

"One day I was looking over my neckties to find some particular color, and I found I had thirty-seven, with at least ten scarf-pins. That made me run through my accounts next lay, -they were not very well kept, but I guessed as nearly as I could, to see what was in my wardrobe that would leave me better dressed from a Christian, and artistic point of view, too, for that matter, if I never wore it again; and, I am ashamed to say, I found I had a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of dry goods on hand, that was the price, not of good taste, but of mere caprice.

"Now, I don't propose to submit to a taxation in behalf of my weaknesses and vices, and be niggardly with the church that I've

promised before God and man to support and increase.

"There, you have 't all! I spent over three hundred a year, you see, in the service of appetite and fashion, for things that made me less a man. I've transferred that mortgage; yes, I can afford easily that twenty-five dollars, especially when it is to rescue some other fellow deeper in than I was. Come to think of it, make it thirty! The other five is a thank-offering.—*Sunday School Times.*

## THE LORD'S POCKET-BOOK.

"Whose pocket-book is that which you carry?" said a friend to a business man, as he drew a wellfilled wallet from his pocket.

"Why *my own*, of course. Whose else could it be?" was the prompt reply.

"To whom the pocket-book belongs depends on another question. If *you* belong to the Lord, I guess the purse is his also."

"Well, said the man thoughtfully, "I hope I do belong to the Lord, but your remark throws a new light on this subject. It never impressed me before as it does just now, that I am to carry and use this pocket-book, '*my pocket book*;' as my Lord directs. I must think this matter out, for I confess honestly I never have looked at it in the light in which you place it."—*The Christian Giver.*

## THE TWO PLANKS.

Suppose it is needful for you to cross a river, over which two planks are thrown. One is perfectly new, and the other is completely rotten. How will you go? If you walk upon the rotten one you are sure to fall into the river. If you put one foot on the rotten plank and the other on the new plank, it will be the same; you will certainly fall through and perish. So there is only one method left. *Put both feet on the new plank.* Friend, the rotten plank is your own unclean self-righteousness. He who trusts in it must perish without remedy. The new plank is the eternal saving work of Christ, which came from heaven, and is given to every one that believeth in Him (Acts xiii. 38, 39).—*Messenger for the Children.*

## International S. S. Lesson.

### CHRIST AND THE CHILDREN. 10 February.

Les. Matt. 18: 1-14. Gol. Text, Matt. 18: 11.  
Mem. vs. 2-4. Catechism Q. 8.

Study the lesson and the lesson notes in the *Presbyterian Record*, and then try and answer the following questions:

- What was the last lesson about?
- Where did this one take place?
- What led to it?
- Which of these disciples might be claiming position?
- Did Christ know of the dispute before they asked Him?
- What would He think of it?
- What did they ask Him?
- What object lesson did He use?
- What did He say to them?
- What did He mean by "becoming as little children"?
- What did He mean by "entering the Kingdom of Heaven"?
- What is "greatness" in Christ's Kingdom?
- What does he mean by "offend"? He means,—causing to offend—leading astray.
- How does He show the great sin of leading a child astray?
- What is better to do with hand or foot, rather than allow them to be the means of leading others astray?
- What does He say of the little ones in Heaven?
- How does He show the love of Christ for the wandering?
- If Our Father in Heaven doesn't want you to perish, are you willing to perish?
- What lessons are here taught?

### THE GOOD SAMARITAN. 17 February.

Les. Luke 10: 25-37. Gol. Text, Lev. 19: 18.  
Mem. vs. 25-27. Catechism Q. 9.

- Where was this Parable spoken?
- What time of the year was it?
- How long before Christ's death?
- On what journey was He?
- Who came questioning?
- What was a "lawyer"?
- What was his question?
- What was the question of the Philippian jailer?
- What did Christ answer the lawyer?
- What law did the lawyer quote?
- What did Christ say of it?
- What further question did the lawyer ask?
- With what parable did Christ answer?
- What road and cities does He mention?
- What relation had Jericho to Jerusalem?
- What made the road dangerous?

- Who was lying wounded on the way?
- Who saw him and passed by?
- What were priest and Levite doing on that road?
- What help did they give?
- Who gave help?
- What help did he give?
- Who is my neighbor?
- Who is the great "Good Samaritan"?
- What lessons are here taught?

### CHRIST AND THE BLIND MAN. 24 February.

Les. John 9: 1-11. Gol. Text, John 9: 5.  
Mem. vs. 1-3. Catechism Q. 10.

- Where did this lesson take place?
- What time of the year?
- What time in Christ's ministry?
- How does the east affect the eyesight?
- How many miracles relating to blindness are there in the gospels?
- How many of these were born blind?
- What was the idea of the disciples as to the cause of this blindness?
- What did Christ say regarding it?
- How did Christ heal it?
- What did the neighbors think about it?
- What did the man say about it?
- What did the Jews do to Christ about it?
- What lessons are taught here?

### THE RAISING OF LAZARUS. 3 March.

Les. John 11: 30-45. Gol. Text, John 11: 25.  
Mem. vs. 33-36. Catechism Q. 11.

- What is the title of the lesson?
- Where did it take place?
- What family is mentioned here?
- How many people were in it?
- What did Jesus think of them?
- What happened to Lazarus?
- What did the sisters do?
- Where was Jesus?
- What did He do when the message came.
- What did He afterward say to His disciples?
- What did He mean by sleep?
- Which of the sisters first met Him?
- What did Mary say to Him?
- What did Jesus do when He saw them weeping?
- What did He ask?
- What did He command?
- What did He do when the stone was away?
- What was His prayer?
- Why should He pray?
- What did He do after prayer?
- What was the result?
- What did Christ bid them do with Lazarus?
- What effect had the miracle upon the Jews.
- What lessons are here taught.



### A DOG'S CHARITY.

**L**ATE in the afternoon of a raw day in November, as the doctor alighted from his carriage at the door of his stable, after a long drive over frost-bound roads, he was somewhat startled by the sudden appearance of a hound, which trotted up to him without ceremony, and seizing him by the skirt of his long driving-coat, endeavored to pull him in the direction of a shed adjoining the stable.

The doctor remonstrated rather vigorously, whereat the dog immediately released his hold, but, instead of running away, retreated in good order toward the shed, whence he presently re-appeared and tugged at the coat as before.

Having freed the horse from the shafts of his buggy, the doctor went into the house for a lantern. As he came out, the hound again approached and repeated the performances.

This time, greatly to the creature's delight, the doctor followed him into the shed, and there, in a remote corner, stretched at full length upon his side, and evidently in a condition of exhaustion, lay what is known as a "coach-dog"—a short-haired animal of medium size, whose coat is thickly covered with small black and white spots. By the light of the lantern the doctor looked the poor fellow over carefully, and soon found the cause of his breakdown in torn and bleeding feet that made travel impossible.

Here was a charity case indeed, and to such appeals of charity the physician is ever ready to respond. A comfortable bed of straw and a good supper were quickly provided for the sufferer. His feet were then cleansed, anointed with a soothing ointment, and wrapped in bandages, the hound looking on, meanwhile, with every manifestation of interest and pleasure.

He was invited by the hospitable doctor to spend the night with his canine friend, but he declined the invitation.

Having seen his companion properly cared for, he hurried away as if on important business; but when the doctor went to the stable

next morning he found the faithful creature at the stable door waiting for admission.

When he was permitted to enter, he went straight to the patient, and I wish I could report word for word what passed between the two. I have no doubt the hound inquired into his friend's condition, congratulated him upon having found an asylum in his extremity, and in reply for expressions of gratitude and obligation, protested that he had done no more than any self-respecting dog would do under the same circumstances. He remained about the stable for about an hour, and then left.—*Our Animal Friends.*

### HE WAS WATCHED.

"That young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him, to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he is just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out of the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints" as he stood up manfully for his new Master, and was not afraid to show his colors. Although Mr. Todd took rides, went to church, or did what he pleased on the Sabbath, he was glad to see that Brown rested on the Sabbath day and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to prayer-meeting, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer, "To prayer-meeting."

Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself:

"He'll do. He's a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."—*Ep. Hc.*