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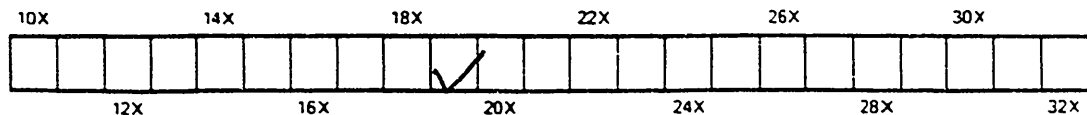
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1892

• The . . .

CHILDREN'S

• RECORD

* OF • THE *

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

VOL. 7.

NOVEMBER.

No. 11.

Sabbath School Lessons.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

Nov. 13. Between A. D. 44-48.

Lesson, Acts 13: 1-13.

Memory vs. 2-4. Golden Text, Luke 24-47.
Catechism Q. 103.

Helps in Studying.

Prophets—Specially inspired. *Teachers*—Pastors doing the regular work of training and instructing the converts. *Herod*—Who beheaded John the Baptist. *Seleucia*—The seaport of Antioch. *Cyprus*—An island of the Mediterranean. *Salamis*—A seaport on the eastern extremity of the island. *John*—John Mark, a near relation of Barnabas (Col. 4: 10) and the author of the second Gospel. *Paphos*—A city on the western end of the island, the residence of the Roman proconsul. *Sorcerer*—Magician. *Saul*—Saul was his Jewish name, Paul his Roman name.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Set Apart by the Spirit*, vs. 1-3.—Who were in the Church at Antioch? What were they doing? What did the Holy Ghost say to the Church? What was the work to which Barnabas and Saul were called? How were they set apart for this work?

II. *Sent Forth by the Spirit*, vs. 4-8.—By whom were they sent forth? Where did they go? What did they do at Salamis? Who was their attendant? Where did they go from Salamis? Whom did they find there? With whom was the sorcerer? What did the deputy do? Why did the sorcerer oppose them?

III. *Filled With the Spirit*, vs. 9-12.—By what name is Saul henceforth known? How did Paul address the sorcerer? Under whose influence did he thus address him? What sentence did he pronounce upon him? How was this sentence executed? How did this effect the deputy? What is faith in Jesus Christ.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God has laid upon us the work of sending the Gospel to the heathen.
2. Men of the choicest gifts and graces should be chosen for this work.
3. We should give it our sympathy, our prayers and our money.
4. Mission work may meet with opposition, but the Gospel will finally triumph over all.

PAUL'S FIRST MISSIONARY SERMON.

Nov. 20.

A. D. 46.

Lesson, Acts 13: 26-43.

Memory vs. 38. Golden Text, Acts 13: 26.
Catechism Q. 104.

Place—Antioch in Pisidia.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory—From what place did Paul and Barnabas start on their missionary tour? Trace their course to Antioch in Pisidia. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Christ's Work of Redemption*, vs. 26-31.—What did Paul and Barnabas do at Antioch on the Sabbath? What events of Jewish history did he first recount? What promise had God made to David? In whom was this promise fulfilled? Who did Paul address in verse 26? What did he say was sent to them? What had the Jewish rulers done? What was fulfilled in this? What did they ask to slay Him? When He was taken from the cross where did they lay Him? Did Jesus remain in the sepulchre? v. 30. Who were witnesses of this?

II. *Glad Tidings Declared*, vs. 32-37.—What glad tidings did Paul declare? In raising Jesus from the dead, what prophecies did God fulfil? What is the proof that this did not refer to David? What one alone who died saw no corruption? Why is the resurrection of Christ glad tidings to us?

III. *Forgiveness Preached*, vs. 38-43.—What is preached through the risen Christ? Who are justified by Him? Of what are the Jews cautioned to beware? What request was made to the missionaries at the close of the synagogue service? Who followed Paul and Barnabas? What did the missionaries exhort them to do.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The wicked wilfully misunderstand and pervert the Scriptures.
2. The resurrection of Jesus is the crowning proof of His Messiahship.
3. Only in Christ is there forgiveness of sin.
4. Full forgiveness is freely offered to all.
5. If we reject this offer we must perish.

I will sing of my Redeemer
And his wondrous love to me
On the cruel cross he suffered
Paid the debt and set me free.

Children's Record.

VOL. 7.

OCTOBER.

NO. 10

LETTER FROM REV. WM. WILSON.

HE TELLS OF A NEW HINDU GOD.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE—I want to tell you now of a new Hindu god that was lately made, according to an account given in a Hindu newspaper. A man named Brown lived at a city called Aligarh. He was engaged in growing the indigo plant and had charge of all produced in a certain district. But one year the crop was a failure and he got heavily into debt. The shop-keepers wanted their money and gave him much trouble, but he could not pay; so one night he fled and all trace of him was lost.

Some time after an English gentleman was going to a village in that district and he saw a great crowd of Hindus around a temple built after the style of an English bungalow or house. Out of curiosity the sahib went over to see what god the people were worshipping there. Dismounting from his horse, what did he see? Before him was a small door where the people were pushing and shoving to get in. Several of them had in one hand a vessel of whiskey and in the other a dish of meat cooked after the English fashion. Some others had in their hands bottles of brandy and of soda water. Behind them came a man dressed like a cook carrying knives and forks and spoons.

The sahib, greatly wondering, said to a man standing near, "What does all this mean?" The man replied, "This is the place where Brown Sahib is worshipped and we have come to do puja (or worship) to him." The gentleman laughed and said, "Do you

worship Mr. Brown?" He said, "Yes, sir; and all these things are for Brown Sahib's image." The English sahib then said he wished to see Mr. Brown's image. The people, with great pleasure, took him into the room where the image was. There he saw English chairs, tables, cupboards and such furniture as English people use, and khas-khas, tatties and punkhas for keeping the bungalow-temple cool, and there, too, was Brown Sahib's image made of earth, five feet high and covered with English clothing.

The visitor then sat down by the image and a Brahmin priest placed in his hands a bottle of brandy and one of soda water, and giving him a glass said, "Your Honor will please drink and also give Brown Sahib to drink." The English Sahib filled a glass with brandy and soda water and placed it before Brown's image, saying something in English. Then he took it up and drank it off himself, and having helped himself plentifully to the other articles of food that were placed at the feet of the image he came out. When the people had placed the offerings of food before Brown's image they bowed themselves before it in worship, and with loud voice cried, "Victory to Brown Sahib."

Some time afterwards the English gentleman by inquiring learned that Mr. Brown having sold his effects had gone to another city, and after his money was all gone he spent the rest of his life in begging from town to town. He married a woman of low caste and dressed like a native and so became lost to view. There is no account of how or where he died. The mysterious disappearance of the man from the view of the Hindu

villagers led them to seek to propitiate his spirit with the drink and food he had been fond of during his life.

Alas for the progress of Christ's Kingdom, that in the minds of the Hindus the European is so much associated with the brandy bottle.

Thus a new god was added to the millions of gods that are worshipped in India. In many places the poor blind Hindus worship at the graves of Englishmen whom they greatly feared or dreaded, and who, after death, they fear may do harm to them or to their children or to their cows.

You know that most of the children of India are idolaters. They make gods of clay, of stone and of brass, build little houses for them and offer them rice and flowers and sweetmeats. Besides idols they worship everything in the sky and on the earth—sun, moon, stars, trees, stones, rivers, animals, etc. The cow is specially sacred to the Hindu. I have seen a young wealthy educated Hindu giving sugar candy to a cow, and joining his hands as if in prayer bow before it in worship.

I cannot now tell you all the silly things the Hindus do to save themselves from the evil spirits and demons with which the air is thought to be filled, who like to tease and annoy men, sending all sorts of diseases and trouble.

The Hindus will forsake their idols and their foolish superstitions only when they have learned through the Bible of the one true and living God, who sent the Lord Jesus to save us from His sins. Do not forget that God has commanded us to send the Gospel to them.

W. A. W.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold, and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver.

TWO PICTURES.



SAD little picture is that in a letter by Miss Fisher, one of our missionaries in Trinidad. She says: "Not long ago I saw one of my boys, only eight years old, passing the school-house carrying an infant not more than a month old. I went out and asked him where he was going with the infant. He answered: 'School missus, my mother got drunk and she make one big, big row: so the police come and lock she up in the station and tell me carry the child to the hospital.' The child was taken to the hospital and kept there till the mother was in a fit state to take care of it.

"One cannot wonder at the children drinking as they grow up, for they see their parents do it from the time they are old enough to know anything, and are often even taught to drink by their parents."

A brighter picture is given in the same letter. Miss Fisher says: "We have in Couva a flourishing Blue Ribbon Band of eighty-two members, small members, to be sure, but *true blues* for all that. We held our first meeting on the 31st of July, 1891, when 42 young people pledged themselves. Our next meeting was held on the 18th of December, and 13 more vowed never to touch, taste nor handle. But our most successful meeting was held just before the midsummer holidays, on the 29th of July, 1892. Our boys and girls never did so well before. Near the close one little fellow stood up and asked most pointedly in a short but spicy recitation,

'You think it's good for me to sign,

Why don't you do the same?'

And when the invitation was given a little later for anyone to come forward and sign the pledge, one or two came up who are no longer boys, but whom we have been trying to get inside the band for their own and their families' sakes."

Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace and thereby good shall come unto thee.

Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

HOW HINDOOS PRIZE OUR SCHOOLS.

THE schools are one of our best means of doing mission work. Even parents who are still heathen will send their children to be taught, and when these children come to school they learn not only how to read and write, but they learn to Christ.

One of our Missionaries in Trinidad, Miss Kirkpatrick, writes :

"Rampersad, a bright intelligent boy of twelve years of age, but the son of a Brahmin, was one day speaking of baptism. On being asked why he was not baptized he replied : 'My father belongs to a big or high nation and will not allow me. I asked him once and he told me if I ever mentioned it again he would turn me out of the house.'

"Thus we see that the boy's faith in his father's god is destroyed, and we can only hope that his father may shortly see the uselessness of trying to force him to worship that in which he has not belief, and consent to his being acknowledged a Christian.

"One morning a venerable looking man might be seen entering the school yard with three children. In his personal appearance he presented a very interesting picture. He was arrayed in the real East Indian dress, which consists of the *kurta* or tunic, the *kapra* which falls midway between the knee and ankle, and a tight-fitting embroidered cap. In this case everything was spotlessly clean, and he, with his snow-white hair and beard, looked so cool and comfortable that no one could but admire the costume, and feel a regret that it is so often cast aside for one not nearly so well adapted to the climate.

"On entering the school-room he gracefully made his salaam, and explained that his little boys had spent the previous day in secret play. He wished to be informed whenever they were absent from school, as he always intended them to be there. If detained by any necessary cause word would be sent to that effect. He himself is still a heathen, but it is hoped that these little children of his second family may become Christians.

"Thus it is something encouraging peeps out—now among the children, now in the parents, and at all these the Missionary eagerly grasps, hoping in time to see still more fruit."

LETTER FROM REV. W. L. MACRAE.

PRINCETOWN, Trinidad, Sept. 7, 1892.

DEAR Mr. SCOTT—I send you a note for the boys:—About three years ago a Mohammedan boy who was favorably disposed towards Christianity left this district and went to Couva, where he was found by the missionaries there and received valuable instruction and help from Miss Fisher and the school. While in Couva he manifested a determination to become a Christian and began to develop many noble traits of character, although persecuted by his Mohammedan friends.

A few months ago he returned to this district and attended Miss Archibald's school. In a short time he became an active member of our Y. P. S. C. E. and took a firm stand on the side of Christ, becoming quite a leader among the other boys.

This raised such a storm of persecution in his own home that he came to me one day asking for a room in the yard. He said his people were making it so hot for him that he could not stay at home. I reminded him of what the Master endured for us, and of the disciples rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for His sake, and told him he should stay at home as long as he possibly could, with the hope of winning his people, but that if he were turned out there was an empty room in the yard for him. He went away saying he would do so, but was afraid he could not stand it long.

A few evenings ago Mr. and Mrs. Grant and Claudie were with me at the tea table, when looking out, I called their attention to this poor boy carrying his bed through the yard towards the empty room. It seemed a touching instance of the constraining power of Divine love, and at the same time an illustration of the good work our lady teachers are doing.

Yours faithfully,

W. L. MACRAE.

LETTER FROM MISS SINCLAIR.

INDORE, Central India, Aug. 31, 1892.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—Long before I ever thought of being a missionary I used to read the CHILDREN'S RECORD. Perhaps some of you who are reading this will one day leave your happy Canadian home to teach the children who are now surrounded by the evils of heathenism, that Jesus, the Light of the Word, is still saying, as when He was on earth, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Not long ago the Secretary of the Indian Sunday School Union visited us. He spoke to the children—a hundred or more, bright, wide-awake little girls—telling them how glad he was to see them, and asking them if Jesus cared to have little girls love Him. Immediately a child arose and for answer repeated the text I have written.

Their knowledge of the New Testament especially, and their eagerness to answer, often astonishes me. We teach the Bible every day to these children who are heathen in name, but many of whom we believe are truly Christ's jewels. We do not need to offer prizes and rewards to get them to Sunday School.

Just now, not only in our own little corner of this great field, but throughout all India, the doors are very wide open, and opportunities are abundant for reaching, especially the little ones. Will you not do all you can to send them the truth? You can pray that the seed sown, which is the Word of God, may be a lamp to the children's feet and a light to their path, to guide them to the Kingdom of God.

One dear little girl was taken out of school this year because she openly said that she loved Jesus and would not worship idols or take part in heathen ceremonies. She asked me for a Testament, which I gave her; then she used to come early to school and sit quietly reading the Old Testament. I seldom see her now, but often send her books and papers.

You will like to know something of the Christian Girls' Boarding School too. This work is very different from the work for heathen girls, for we have these Christian girls with us, not for a few hours daily, but all the time—in fact we must be mother to them all. This work is growing, and now there are twenty to be taught and trained to serve the Master. Some of them are orphans of Christian parents, the most of them have Christian parents living, and a few of them were born heathen and surrounded by all sorts of evil until coming to us.

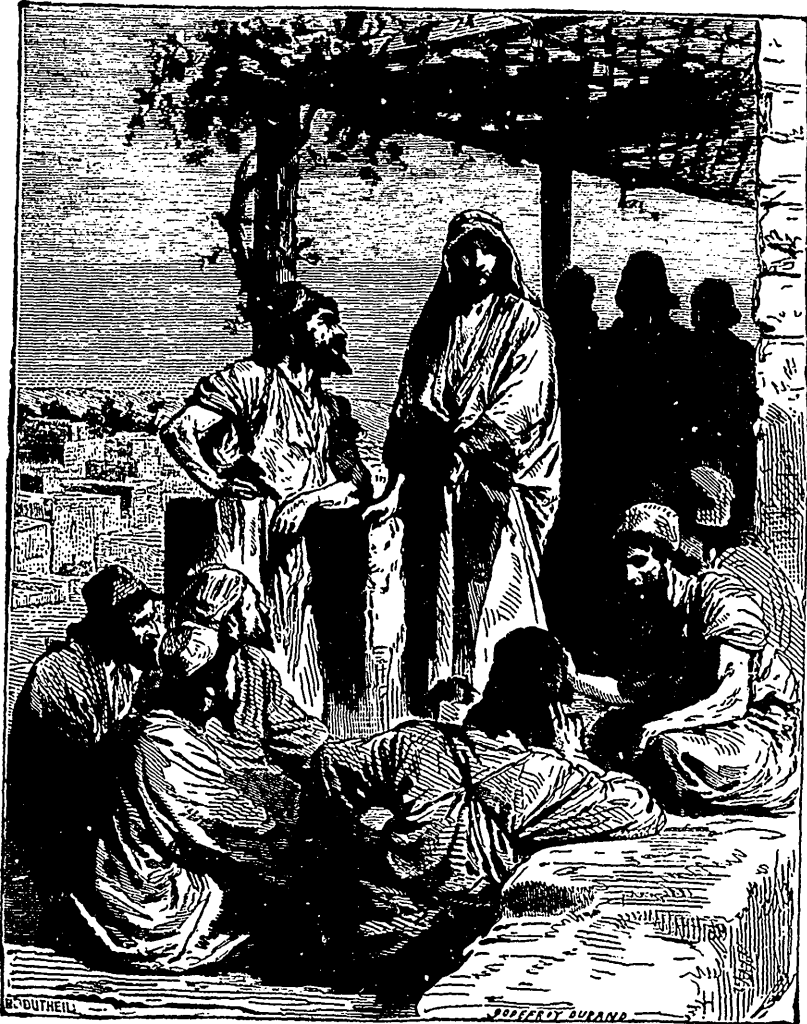
Last March we were asked to take in three Hindu orphan sisters from a city some distance from here. The English official assured us they had no friends who might at a future time appear to claim them. On a hot day in April they reached Indore in charge of a guard. It turned out that he had been very unkind to them, and had nearly starved them on the way here. Their ages were about four, seven and nine years respectively. The seven-year-old one was almost immediately taken ill, and it was soon seen that she had cholera. She suffered terribly, but in less than fifteen hours after reaching Indore her little body was laid in the grave. The eldest one is learning nicely, and last Saturday was able to repeat the Ten Commandments without a mistake.

The Boarding School adjoins our bungalow, and this morning I went through the school-room early. It was empty save for the wee four-year-old bairn. She was sitting with slate and pencil, and seemed too busy to notice my coming. What do you think she had on her slate? A great big sum in long division!—a very small divisor and a very big quotient, and all made up, not of figures, but of queer little strokes and dots, for she can not make figures, but had seen that the larger girls did work of this sort, and she intended to make some marks that looked like a sum. When I asked her if she understood it all she smiled and innocently said: "Yes, Miss Sahib."

I hope THE CHILDREN'S RECORD will not change its name.

Yours sincerely,

J. V. SINCLAIR.



JESUS TEACHING IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

WHAT SAVED A MAN.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

DOLLY, Jack Alcott's going to the bad. Little Mrs. Haywood, lying on the couch in front of the blazing wood fire, studying her husband's handsome profile, had just arrived at the highly satisfactory conclusion that her Will was the finest looking man she had ever seen. At these words, however, the happy smile on her face died quickly away as she answered "I'm afraid you are right, Will." And then the silence fell again.

Jack Alcott, the subject of that brief conversation, was a handsome, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky scapegrace, endowed with a deeply affectionate nature with nothing whereon to expend itself. Had his mother lived it might have been different, for the sight of her distress and suffering, over his reckless life would have proved a restraint. Poverty also would have been a blessing; but deprived of these two safeguards, the young fellow seemed bent on going blithely, and with no uncertain steps, on towards that goal designated in popular parlance as "the bad."

"Can't we do something, Dolly?" Jack's much too fine a fellow to go waste like that?" "I wish we could; but he comes so seldom now. Can't you speak to him, dear?"

"I know Jack better than you do, Dolly, and speaking would not be of the slightest use. He would lend me an ear, so to speak, might even pull up for a while just to please me, but that's all it would amount to. Things have to go deeper than that with Jack to make an impression."

"Well, I think he's a hard-hearted, ungrateful fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Haywood wrathfully, at the sight of her husband's anxious face, "when he knows how much you care for him, and how his conduct must grieve you. It's a disgrace for such a man as he might be to be what he is!"

"Of course it is," answered her husband; "and I am going to trust you to think of some plan, Dolly, by which he may become what God intended he should be. If he only had some sweet, good woman like you to love him there would be some hope. But what right has any good woman to venture on the experiment of trusting herself to such a man as he is now, for all he is so lovable? But I must go, dear. I'm sorry to leave you feeling so miserably, but I will be back in two hours."

Then she stooped and kissed her and went away, and Dorothea lay looking at the dancing flames, with a happy flush on her sweet face, thinking of "poor Jack Alcott."

Not five minutes had passed when a tap on the library door was followed by the subject of her meditations, who entered smiling and

handsome. She did not reproach him with his long absence, but simply looked glad to see him, and held out her hand with a word of warm welcome.

"Will was obliged to go out, so you are doubly welcome," she said. "for I have such such a wretched cold that I need company."

But she was not to have it after all, for at that moment, a maid entered with a note, at which on opening Dorothea first laughed, and then looked as though she wanted to cry.

"What is it?" asked Jack; then she handed it to him. It read as follows:—

"Bobs teecher,"

"Bobs awful fond uv you an' no mistake an' ef yer ever wants ter see him agin yerd better com rite off. Bobs askin' fur yer an' askin' fur yer hes that terrible sick."

"Im his brothur Sam."

"O Jack, what shall I do?" and there was no doubt about the crying now.

"What does it mean?" he asked full of sympathy at her evident distress.

"Bob is in my class at the mission, and though I have only had him for a few Sundays, I have grown really fond of him. I think I never saw quite such a little heathen as he was, but he is very lovable. He was not out last Sunday, and I intended to go and see him, but this cold has kept me in. Oh, I wonder if I might not go to-night?"

"Certainly not. It would be you: death in such air."

"But fancy the poor little fellow wanting me! It breaks my heart to think he will be wondering why I do not come. If Will would only come home!"

"Why, I will go and explain it gladly, if you will tell me where the little scamp is to be found."

"He and his brother have a tiny room at the top of a tenement house. Oh, how good you are!" and she seized a bit of paper and wrote off the address.

"First time I have ever been accused of that," he said dryly, as he took the paper and went off, promising to come back and report.

Jack Alcott experienced a rather peculiar sensation as he climbed the fourth flight of stairs in a tumble-down tenement, knocked at a certain door, and in response to a rough boyish voice entered. Directly before him, on a miserable apology for a bed, lay an evidently dying child, who, with eyes bright with fever, was looking beyond him as he crossed the room to the still open door.

"Didn't she come?" he asked pitifully, when he found that Jack was unaccompanied.

"She couldn't, Bob, she was sick herself," and Jack Alcott felt a strange lump rising in his throat as he saw the big tears rush into the blue eyes.

The other boy, presumably Sam, turned

suddenly away, muttering between his teeth, "He's been awaitin' and awaitin' for her!"

"Poor little chap!" said Jack, seating himself on the miserable bed. "She cried because she could not come to you, and she has sent me to tell you how sorry she is."

"I wanted to see her awful! I wanted to ask her somethin'." Then after a moment, looking up into Jack's face as the young man took the dry, hot little hand between his cool ones, he said: "But I 'speek you could tel' me. You're good too, like she is."

"The dickens I am!" thought Jack.

"You're not like me, that has stole lots an' lots of times an' done all sorts of bad," he went on in a thin, feeble voice. "But I was a-tryin'—tell her I *was* a-tryin'—but it was awful hard when you're hungry mostly and ain't had nothin' all day. But I wished I'd stayed hungry an' not stole! But what I want to ask yer is, do yer 'spose He'll let me in? She said He was sorry for me, and do yer think He knows I was a-tryin' an' maybe'd let me in up there that she told me about, where no person ain't never hungry any more, an' where yer don't want to steal, nor nothin'? Say, do yer think He will?" and the little hand clutched Jack's with feverish strength and his eyes looked almost in agony into his.

O Jack! Jack! What can you say to comfort this poor, penitent little sinner? Which of you two, think you, has the better chance of an entrance into the heavenly mansions? Which has made the most of his opportunities? The clasp of the boy's hand tightens and his eyes still question pitifully. Answer he must.

"Yes, Bob, yes!" said Jack, almost with sobs. "He will let you in, He surely will if you ask Him!"

"Then I will; you're good like her, an' yer know fur sure!"

The thin, hot hands were folded, the blue eyes closed, and Jack Alcott, watching in the dim light of one poor candle, saw the lips move. The eyes were opened again, and a radiant smile fairly glorified the little face.

"I've asked Him, an' He's goin' to let me in! He surely is!"

"Tell her," he went on presently, the voice growing faint and weak now, "tell her that you wur werry good to me, and tell her I wur a-tryin' like she tol' me, and that I've asked Him, an' He's goin' to let me in." A moment's pause, then, "You'll kinder look after Sam, won't yer?"

"Yes, Bob, I'll look after Sam, I promise you I will," and with great tears in his handsome eyes, the first that had come to bless them since he was a boy, Jack Alcott leaned over and kissed the white forehead. The blue eyes opened once more with a look of deep gratitude as the lips murmured, "Yer

good, werry good, to me," then a deep drawn breath, and Bob had been "let in."

Jack Alcott did not go back to report to Dorothea that night; he sent this note:—

"Little Bob is gone. He left you this message: 'Tell her that I wur a-tryin' as she tol' me, and that I've asked Him, and He's goin' to let me in.' I shall see to everything here, so do not worry."

"JACK."

Dorothea read the note, and, with her eyes full of tears, passed it to her husband.

"Dolly," he said as he laid it down, "I think our question for Jack is answered."

Yes, things had gone deep with Jack Alcott at last. Ever present was that pitiful little voice: "You're good; you're not like me that's stole lots an' lots of times an' done all sorts of bad." Sitting in his dark room one night with Sam, who, worn out by his grief, was asleep on the sofa beside him, Jack finally faced the great question of life.

Poor little Bob with his baby sins! Ah, yes! he had been "let in." But with opportunities so basely misused, what hope was there for one like like himself? Get thee behind him, Satan, with your vile temptation to limit the power of God! But down on your knees, Jack Alcott, and there beg for mercy. Listen: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "For a little moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee." "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

Ah, you may well tremble, Satan, and slink away, for he is on his knees, and your wretched reign in that soul is over for ever!

It began to be noised abroad soon after the pitiful funeral that Jack Alcott had thrown up his pretence of business and was working night and day down in the slums among newsboys, boot-blacks, and worse, and that a shadow called Sam was ever beside him as his right-hand man.—A.H.L. in *Free Church Monthly*.

THE MEASURE OF OUR DAYS.

PSALM XXXIX. 4.

In all our walks, in all our ways,
Think not the measure of our days
Is gauged by figures and by rules,
As erst was taught us in the schools;
But, as we help a brother's needs
By noble acts and generous deeds,
By giving comfort where we may,
By lighting up a mourner's way;
The sum of means which we employ
To turn a fellow's ills to joy—
This is the measure of our days.

HEAVEN.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The lesson hour was nearly past.

When I asked of my scholars seven,
"Now tell me, each one, please, in turn,
What sort of a place is heaven?"

"Oh, meadows, flowers and lovely trees!"
Cried poor little North street Kitty,
While Dorothy, fresh from country lanes,
Was sure 'twas "a great big city."

Bessy, it seemed, had never thought
Of the home beyond the river;
She simply took each perfect gift,
And trusted the loving Giver.

Then up spoke Edith, tall and fair—
Her voice was clear and ringing,
And led in the Easter anthem choir—
"In heaven they're always singing."

To Esther, clad in richest furs,
'Twas a place for "outdoor playing";
But Bridget drew her thin shawl close,
For "warmth and food" she was praying.

The desk-bell rang. But one child left—
My sober, thoughtful Florry,
"Why, heaven just seems to me a place—
A place—where you're never sorry."
—Willis Boyd Allen, in *S. S. Times*.

A BOY'S REMARKABLE DREAM.

I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am tired of my house and grounds: come and take care of them and I will give them to you." Then came an honored judge and said: "I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said: "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets."

This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land to-day who lives to grow up some position is waiting, as surely as if rich man, judge, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honorable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkards' graves. Which do you choose?—*The Christian Advocate*.

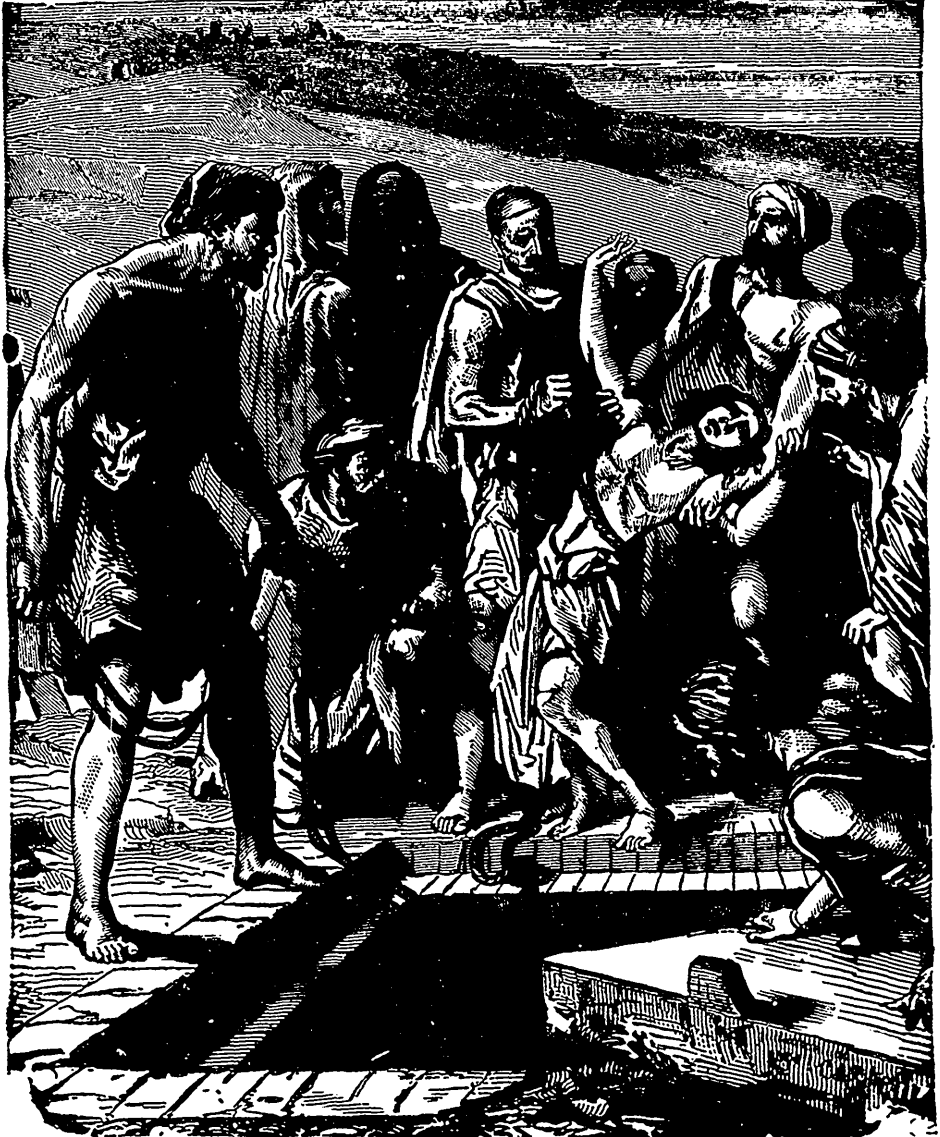
TAKING HOLD OF THE POWER OF GOD.

LET me tell you a story about a pious Highland elder. Though poor, he was very hospitable, and he used to entertain many people at the Communion seasons. At these times godly people in the North gather from all the surrounding parishes, and stay often for several days to hear the preaching. Those under the roof of this pious elder had already stayed several days, and on the Tuesday morning he had nothing left to set before his guests but tea and some potatoes. Early that morning the elder went out to the place where he was accustomed to pray. It was a deep recess in the rocks by the river, and overhung by a tree. There, unseen by human eye, the elder told God his trouble, that he had nothing left to give the people but tea and potatoes, that they would have to go back weary miles over the mountains to their homes, and that he felt sad that a reproach should come on his hospitality through his poverty.

While the elder prayed to God there fell close to him—a beautiful salmon. A great sea-eagle, as he passed overhead to his nest, had dropped it from his claws! When the elder told the story of God's goodness to him to his minister (who told it to me), he said: "You see God cares not only for the necessities of His people, but for their feelings."

What a good God we have! How really He hears prayer! His power is close to you. Prayer is only laying hold of it. In several of the steep streets of Edinburgh you hear a still firm voice that goes on and on through the sound of cabs and footsteps. It is the running of the wire rope under the street, out of sight, by which the tram-cars ascend and descend the hills. There is a great car without horses, yet it swiftly comes up and another as steadily and swiftly passes down. These trams are able to grip the rope. They lay hold of the power and use it to go up and down on their busy journeys. The power of God is close to you, ready for you. You are like the tram car, furnished with a means of taking hold of that power. That means is prayer. You can't take hold of God's power any other way. You can never make your journey through life rightly without laying hold of the rope and keeping hold of it.

Pray simply, with perfect trust, in the name of Jesus constantly.—*Sci.*



WHAT IS THE STORY OF THIS PICTURE, AND WHERE FOUND.

JESUS LOVES ME.

OR, THE STORY OF SARAH GLEN.

LITTLE Sarah Glen went tripping down among the rocks near her home one bright afternoon.

"We want to have our Sabbath school hymns real nice," she said, "so I'm going to sing them over and over—all to myself.

"Jesus loves me, this I know," sang Sarah sweetly.

"What a horrid noise! Call that singing, do you?" cried a coarse voice; and to Sarah's dismay, two rough looking boys came around the big rock.

"You'd better not sing that nonsense while we are here; do you hear?" added the other, with a threatening look.

"But it is true—Jesus *does* love you and me," said little Sarah, in a sweet, firm voice.

"Shut up, will you?" and the boy raised the big stick in his hand. It is to be hoped that he did not mean to strike the child; but his foot slipped, and the stick fell heavily on Sarah's shoulder, making her cry out with the pain.

Several weeks later when her shoulder was nearly well, little Sarah sat by the window in her cozy home, singing her Sabbath-school hymns.

"Why, there's a boat adrift!" she said. Yes, and two boys on Death Rock, and the tide rising fast."

She took a spy-glass and looked anxiously through it.

"And there's nobody to help them. And I do believe they are the very boys who hurt my shoulder last summer. What will they do?"

Close by the stand on which the big Bible lay, Sarah kneeled down, and asked Jesus to show her what He wanted her to do, and to help her be willing and glad—if she ought to go.

In a minute or two the little girl rose up from prayer, put on her warm cloak, ran to the shore and unfastened her boat, rowed out of the cove, out where the water trembled

and hissed in the sharp wind, away out to her rock.

But the little girl's heart grew warmer and brave all the time.

A sharp pull around one corner of Death Rock, and then she was where the waves were smaller; and the boys with a shout of joy threw a long rope to her, and drew the boat to where they could scramble into it.

"What made you try to save us? How did you dare, when it was so rough? and—after we treated you so mean!" they asked, as they pulled toward the shore.

"I just thought of Jesus; and I did so want you to believe he loves you," said the little girl timidly.

"I thought it was all bosh the other time; but now it's plain you do care, even for bad ones like what we are. If I could be as sure. Him that you sung about cared—"

"Why, but it's a great deal surer," cried little Sarah. "It says, 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.' Why, *he died*, you know, because he loved us so."

The next Sabbath two rough-looking boys sat in the Sabbath-school, the tears running down their cheeks as the children sang,—

"Jesus loves me—he who died
Heaven's gate to open wide:
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in."

—Pres. Journal.

A CONSCIENTIOUS BOY.

I heard of a boy who went to the head of his spelling class from the foot, because the teacher thought he spelled a word right that all the others had missed. Then the teacher wrote the word on the board, that each might see his mistake; but at once the boy raised his hand and said: "O, I didn't spell it that way. I spelled it with an *e*." Some of the boys asked him afterwards why he did not let it go, and he said he couldn't afford to dishonor his Master, Jesus Christ, for the sake of being at the head of his class.—*Family Treasury*.

A SIMILE.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.



DALINE Perkins sat alone in the parlor of the pleasant farm-house, on the hill side. She was reading a new book which one of her young friends had loaned her that morning. Her mother was in the kitchen hurrying through her work, for it was a busy day in spring-time, and one of those mornings when everything seemed to be clamoring and crowding to be done at once. Mrs Perkins was "trying to see her way through," as she told the pedler who came in to trade before the men came in from the field to dinner, and she could not stop a moment to look at the things in his pack.

"Where is Adaline?" asked Uncle John, as he came in a few minutes later to get a pail to carry some water out to the potato lot.

"I suppose she is in the parlor reading that new book Minnie Seargeant brought her this morning. You know when Adaline gets hold of an interesting book, she isn't good for anything else until she has finished it. It's vacation, you know, John, and the girls have to study so hard to keep up with their classes during the term, that they ought to have the vacation to rest and recruit in. The schools are run so differently from what they were when we were young, and I don't think these new ways are any improvement on the old ones myself. I know the girls in my day got their lessons and had time to do sewing and some of the household work besides. I don't believe young folks have the strength they used to have."

Uncle John noticed that his sister-in-law had a weary look on her face, and he saw that her hurried steps were made by an effort of will painful to see. He did not say a word, but filled his pail at the well, and went around to the east window in the parlor. It was so warm and the air was so full of the scent of spring blossoms, that Adaline had opened it and had thrown the blinds back.

"Well, if you don't beat all the girls I ever saw, Ad! Sitting here crying as hard as you can this beautiful spring morning! What can have happened to upset you so? Let me know the trouble, and I'll do all I can to help you out of it. I can't endure to see a girl cry."

"I'm reading such a beautiful book, Uncle John, and there is such a horrid acting girl in it that I'm out of all manner of patience with her. She has the sweetest, dearest mother in the world, and although she is an invalid and cannot live long, she is just as unkind and inconsiderate towards her as she can be. I was just reading where the sick mother is telling her sister how her daughter's indifference and thoughtlessness is

breaking her heart. It is so pitiful that I could not help crying over it."

Uncle John drummed with his fingers on the window-sill for a few moments, and then said: "Ad that makes me think of a book I read once about an author in England; his name was Sterne. He was passing along the road one day, and he saw a donkey, which had been abused by its driver, lying dead by the wayside. He was so touched by the sight, that man though he was, he burst into tears, but that very afternoon he let his poor old mother go to the poor-house rather than be obliged to do extra work to support her."

Uncle John ran across the garden when he had finished the sentence, for his older brother, Adaline's father, was calling him to come to the potato lot.

Adaline laid the book down in her lap as she thought, "What did Uncle John mean by telling me about that horrid man? I presume I should cry, too, if I saw a poor dead donkey, which had been beaten to death, lying by the roadside, but I should certainly never let my dear mother go to a poor-house! When I get through school and go off somewhere to teach and earn my own money teaching, I shall send her nice presents every little while."

A flood of sunlight came into the window just then, and it brought with it some of those high lights which often show us our characters in new aspects at opportune times. "What if my mother should be dead, dead of overwork before that time comes?" was the question conscience caused that young girl to ask herself. "Now is short, and forever is a long time to be sorry in."

In a few moments the blinds of the window were drawn together, the rocking-chair was moved back to its accustomed place, and the book closed and put on the table. Adaline was soon crossing the threshold of the kitchen door. "Mother," she spoke in a grieved tone of voice, "why didn't you tell me you had all this extra work to do to-day?"

"Well, dear, I thought I could drive it through somehow, and it is vacation time, and Minnie brought you that new book, and I know you do love to read so much!"

"You knew, mother, that I would be very disagreeable if I were asked to leave that book and come to help you, and that I would go about the work with a martyr-like look on my face, doing everything under protest. That is the truth, mother dear, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Nobody realizes it more than your repentant daughter, Adaline, for whom you have sacrificed so much, and from whom you have patiently endured so much of thoughtless, unpardonable neglect. Thank the Lord, your daughter's selfish eyes have been opened, and she sees her duties in a true light."

When Uncle John came in from the field at noon, he heard Adaline's voice. She was singing in the buttry, as she washed off the shelves, "Let us walk in the light." And when he came into the kitchen, a transformation had taken place. The work was all out of the way, the kitchen in perfect order, and the dinner just ready to be taken up.

"I declare, Mary's face looks ten years younger, and it's been all smoothed out since I went out two hours ago," was his first thought.

"That is what in rhetoric would be called a simile, Uncle John," the young girl said, as they sat facing each other at the table. But Uncle John only nodded and smiled. He kept his own counsel.

"I believe there is nothing more healthful and recreating in vacation time than gymnastic exercises in the way of house-work," the school-girl said to her companions as they spoke of her rosy cheeks and her animated spirits when they met in the school-room on the first day of the new term.

Good Mrs. Perkins must be excused if she talks too much to her friends and neighbors nowadays about "my Adaline," for her heart is so full of love and happiness because of the thoughtful, sweet ministrations of her daughter every day in the farm-house home, and it only verifies the truth of that verse in Scripture which says, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."—*ScL.*

A WORD ABOUT CLOTHES.

Do clothes make a boy? Sometimes. I knew a boy who was made by his clothes. I will tell you. He had a chum at school whose parents were poor and who was obliged to dress coarsely and plainly. He could have offered his intimate friend better clothes, but that would have wounded the heart that he loved. What should he do? His friend dressed coarsely, but neatly. He resolved that he would wear exactly such clothes as his friend could afford and dress as nearly like him as possible. His parents liked his sense of brotherly kindness and his true heart. The act was a lesson. It taught him sacrifice. As he grew older he seemed to think little of his own gratification—a true mark of a gentleman. He loved others more than himself. This caused him to be beloved, and when at last the people of his city and State wanted a man for a position of the highest trust and honor, they selected him. Clothes make nothing but clothes as a rule; but they show character, and a ten dollar suit may be used to express as much character as one that costs fifty dollars. It is neatness, and care and taste that make good clothes; they also make boys—not the tailors. Do you see the principle?

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A carload of young people were *en route* to a Christian Endeavor convention. The possible monotony of a six hours' ride was broken when soon after starting some one began singing:

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die,"

It was but a moment before the car walls resounded with the sweet strains of the melodious hymn, nearly every occupant joining. Then "Blessed Assurance," "Wonderful Words of Life," "I'm the Child of a King," and many another soul-stirring hymn were wafted through the open windows and carried on the autumn breeze, as the train sped along.

Perhaps, none of the young Christians on that train knew that in the car with them was one with whom the Spirit was wrestling; but when a certain young man returned home and approached the pastor of one of the churches, and told him that he had accepted Jesus, and was ready to identify himself with the people of God, and that his stony heart had been melted by the gospel in song during that six hours' journey, it brought many to realize more than ever before the power of gospel hymns.

What a sermon on the converting power of sacred song! Would that it might teach us to sing the sacred words as though they were prayers, to sing them with our whole heart!—*Golden Rule.*

A CORN DOLL.

The Bahi missionaries often saw the little unclad, native African girls carrying an ear of corn on their backs. This is just where the women carry their babies, but it had not occurred to the missionaries that the ear of corn served as a doll, until they noticed that one little girl had the tassel of the corn braided and strung with beads. The missionary's wife asked her if that was her baby, and she said "Yes."

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THE APOSTLES TURNING TO THE GENTILES.

Nov. 27.

A. D. 46.

Lesson, Acts 13 : 44 : 14 : 7.

Golden Text, Acts 13 : 47.

Memory vs. 46-48.

Catechism Q. 105.

Helps in Studying.

Envy—Revised version, "jealousy." *Necessary*—God's plan required it. Luke 24 : 17. *Judge yourselves unworthy*—By their actions they had passed sentence upon themselves. *Iconium*—Ninety miles south-east from Antioch. Ch. 14 : 1. *Greeks*—Not Greek speaking Jews, but Gentiles. *The brethren*—The new converts, whether Jews or Gentiles. *Long time*—Probably several weeks, perhaps months. *An assault*—A plan or purpose to assault. *Lystra*—A city of Lycaonia, forty miles north of Iconium. *Derbe*—About twenty miles from Lystra.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Rejected by the Jews*, vs. 44-47.—Who came together on the next Sabbath? How did this affect the Jews? What did they do? How did Paul and Barnabas meet this opposition? What did they say? What had the Lord set them to be?

II. *Received by the Gentiles*, vs. 48-52.—How did the Gentiles feel when they heard this? What was the effect of the preaching? What success had the Gospel in Pisidia? What did the Jews now do? With what effect? To what city did Paul and Barnabas go? In what state of mind did they leave the Pisidian Christians?

III. *Driven from Iconium*, Ch. 14 : 1-7.—What did Paul and Barnabas do in Iconium? What effect did their preaching produce? What other effect followed their preaching? What plot was formed? How did the missionaries escape? What did they do then?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God never turns away from any until they first turn away from Him.
2. Those who reject Christ show themselves unworthy of salvation.
3. The Gospel will either make men better or worse—will be a savor of life or death to every one that hears it.

There is a point, we know not when,
A place, we know not where,
That turns the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

WORK AMONG THE GENTILES.

Dec. 4.

A. D. 46.

Lessons, Acts 14 : 8-22.

Golden Text, Matt. 12 : 21.

Memory vs. 8-10.

Catechism Q. 106.

Helps in Studying.

Barnabas—Who was large and of commanding presence. *Jupiter*—The chief of the heathen gods. *Paul*—Who was small, but eloquent. *Mercurius*—The messenger of Jupiter and the god of eloquence. *Oxen*—For sacrifice. *Garlands*—With which to decorate the victims. *Vanities*—Vain and false gods. *The living God*—In contrast with dumb idols. *Witness*—Proof of His power, wisdom and goodness. *Draw*—Revised version, "dragged." 2 Cor. 11 : 25. *Derbe*—Twenty miles away, the eastern limit of this first missionary tour.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Worshipped by the People*, vs. 8-13.—What miracle did Paul work at Lystra? How did it affect the people? Which of the gods did they suppose Paul and Barnabas to be? What did the priests of Jupiter do?

II. *Preaching to the People*, vs. 14-18.—When the missionaries heard of this what did they do? How did they describe the true God? What had God permitted in time past? In what three things had He given witness of Himself? What effect had these words?

III. *Persecuted by the People*, vs. 19-22.—Who came to Lystra? What did they persuade the people to do? In what condition did they leave Paul? What happened afterward? Where did Paul and Barnabas next go? What did they do in Derbe? Whither did they return? What did they do on this return journey?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God has given proofs of His power, wisdom, and goodness in His works.
2. He has come down to us as the Lord Jesus Christ in the likeness of man.
3. He is to be loved, honored and worshipped as the Lord our Saviour.

He was wounded for our transgressions,
He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon Him and with His stripes we are healed.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

THE COW AND THE IDOL.

I heard a good story about an idol the other day, you may like to hear it. A poor man went to pray to the idol; I do not know what he asked for, but he promised that if the idol would answer him he would give him his cow. The man's prayer was answered, but he repented of his bargain, and as he did not wish to part with his cow, he went to the idol again to let him off. He said, "I know I promised to give you my cow, but I am very poor, I have only one cow, if I give it to you how shall I get my fields ploughed?" and so on, ending up by asking to be allowed to keep his cow. The idol would not let him off, but said, so he thought, the cow must be left.

At last the poor man could do nothing else but tether the cow to the idol's chair, and go sorrowfully home, wondering how he was ever going to get on. Here were his fields ready to be ploughed, but no cow, and no money to hire one to do it for him. He sat down in his room to think over his troubles, and lo! he has not sat long before he hears a great shouting. He goes to the door to see—what do you think? here is his own cow coming along the road as hard as it can, dragging the idol after it. How the people laughed, and how glad the poor man was, for of course he was not wise enough to see that it was the cow had brought the idol; oh, no, it was the idol had repented and brought back the cow. I think nearly all the people knew at the bottom of their hearts that the idol had nothing at all to do with it, and some of them were not afraid to say that the idol was no use; still, although many of the Chinese know that, they are not willing to put away their idols.—*Chil. Mess.*

JEANIE'S MISSIONARY MONEY.

O H, mamma, my potatoes are looking splendid, and papa thinks there will be at least six bushels, and if they are two shillings a bushel, there will be twelve shillings. Only think, won't that be a good deal of money?" So saying, Jim Saunders drew up to the dinner-table, delighted.

"Yes, my son, that will be a good deal indeed," said Mrs. Saunders, as she smiled down upon her ten-year-old boy.

The previous spring one of the missionaries had been in the church telling of the great work they were doing, and even the boys and girls were interested. Jim had been told that he could plant some potatoes, caring for them himself, and have their price for missions when the missionaries came again.

Jeanie, Jim's nine-year-old sister, heard,

and her large blue eyes grew sad, for she had nothing to give.

"Eat your dinner, Jeanie," said mamma, "I thought my little girl was fond of apple dumplings."

"So I am, but—I was thinking."

"Of what, Pussy?" asked papa. "Any new disease attacked your dolly?"

"No, papa, but such wonderful things are to be done."

"What wonderful things? Is a wild beast show coming?"

"Why, no, papa, but about missions, and you, and mamma, and auntie, and even Jim have something to give, and I—I haven't any thing." And Jeanie ended with a sob.

"Who ever expected girls could earn anything. I'd like to know! See here, Jeanie, I'll give you sixpence of my potato money," said Jim.

"Thank you, I do not want it," returned Jeanie.

"I'll give you a shilling," said papa.

"That would not be earning it myself, like the rest of you. No I shall give nothing which is not my very own," said the little miss.

After the dishes were washed mamma sat down to her sewing, and auntie to her knitting, while Jeanie with the kitten in her lap was in a brown study.

"Oh, mamma! I've got an idea," and Jeanie gave such a jump that the kitten fled in fear. "Auntie said I was very clever at making doll's clothes, and I might make a few suits, real nice ones, and put them in Mr. Robert's shop. He will let me if it is for missions, and then I'll have some money all my own to give."

"So you shall, dearie," said auntie. "Get your silks and merino and your dolly, and we will commence. I will cut and fit, and you shall sew every stitch."

In November the missionary meeting was held again. Jim gave fifteen shillings, twelve of which were from potatoes, and three from chestnuts. Then happy little Jeanie brought her offering, sixteen shillings, with her eyes shining like stars.

That night as they talked the meeting over by the fire at home, Jim said, "I have changed my mind about girls since Jeanie earned so much. I don't know that many boys could have done better."

And Jeanie whispered to mamma, "Wasn't it work for Jesus too, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, if you did it for the love of helping Him," replied mamma with a loving kiss for her little girl.

"It seemed to day as though Jesus stood there and smiled at me, saying, 'Jeanie, I know you love Me, for you gave up those pretty clothes for Me.'—*Sel.*