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Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.



Making a Fire.

A BIT OF NEWS FOR YOU.

Perhaps you have seen it elsewhere, but not in your RECORD. It is this, that beginning with the New Year, the CHILDREN'S RECORD is to be changed to a weekly paper. Instead of getting it from this office once a month, you will get it from the office of the Sabbath School Publications in Toronto, every week. You will receive samples and prices before very long.

Hitherto the CHILDREN'S RECORD has been the only paper for the young people published by our church. Most of the papers for young people have come from other countries. While these papers have much that is excellent, they sometimes have things in them that are not very kindly towards Britain, the Empire to which we belong and which we love so well. While we wish all good to all other lands, our own young people should have what will make them love Canada and the British Empire more instead of less, as well as know and love our own church, so the aim is to have a complete series of papers for the young published by our own church; a paper for the little folks, one for older children, and one for young men and women.

Two of these papers will be started with the New Year. One of them will be for the youngest class. Perhaps it will be called JEWELS, for

Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
Bright gems for His crown.

The other will be for older children. It will be the CHILDREN'S RECORD, turned into a weekly paper, either with the same name or another name "continuing the CHILDREN'S RECORD."

The third paper will not be started just yet until these two get well established.

These papers should be in every Presbyterian Sabbath School and in every Presbyterian home in Canada where there are children. If other papers are wanted, get them, but first take those published by our own church specially for our own young people, and may the result be better children, better young people, better members and helpers in our church, better citizens of Canada, growing up into men and women loving their country, their church, their Saviour.

For samples and prices of these new papers, address

REV. R. DOUGLAS FRASER,
Presbyterian Offices, Toronto.

SOME STORIES OF STUDENTS.

Some of our students in the summer between their college sessions do grand work in Home Mission Fields and in building up congregations.

AT THE CROWS NEST PASS.

One of them some two years ago was sent to the Crow's Nest Pass railway when it was building. There were four thousand men working at different places along the line. He visited them, preached to them, got a meal in a camp here, a bed there, as best he could. He was the only missionary. When the road was built settlements sprang up. Two congregations and two churches are there to-day as a result of that work.

WADING IN LONG BOOTS.

A student missionary not long ago was sent to a new mission field in the North West. He went in the train to the station that was nearest it. The field was thirty miles distant. Much of the country was flat and covered with water. There was no travelling for wagons. His trunk could not be taken out for some weeks.

But he would not be turned back by difficulties. He bought a pair of long boots, packed up a few things, and tramped, often waded, to his field.

He found new settlements needing supply and instead of the three stations to which he had been sent he found eight different places without any religious service of any kind, for whom he did what he could.

THE STUDENT SAWYER.

A student was sent to a mining district. The miners did not believe in worshipping God. No one would attend his services. They said he was lazy and merely wanted to make a living in that way rather than with his hands.

He got work in a saw mill, and soon rose from the position of laborer to that of sawyer. They soon learned that he was not lazy and that he could earn a good deal more as a sawyer than he could as a missionary, that it was because he believed what he taught and wanted to do good that he went as a missionary. They began to attend his services, changed their views, and to day there is a good congregation there.

These are samples of how our students sometimes win their way in the face of difficulties and of the work they do. Most of our congregations were at the first mission stations and many of them were at the first wrought by students.

You see how much our church owes to students.

A HORSE'S HABIT.

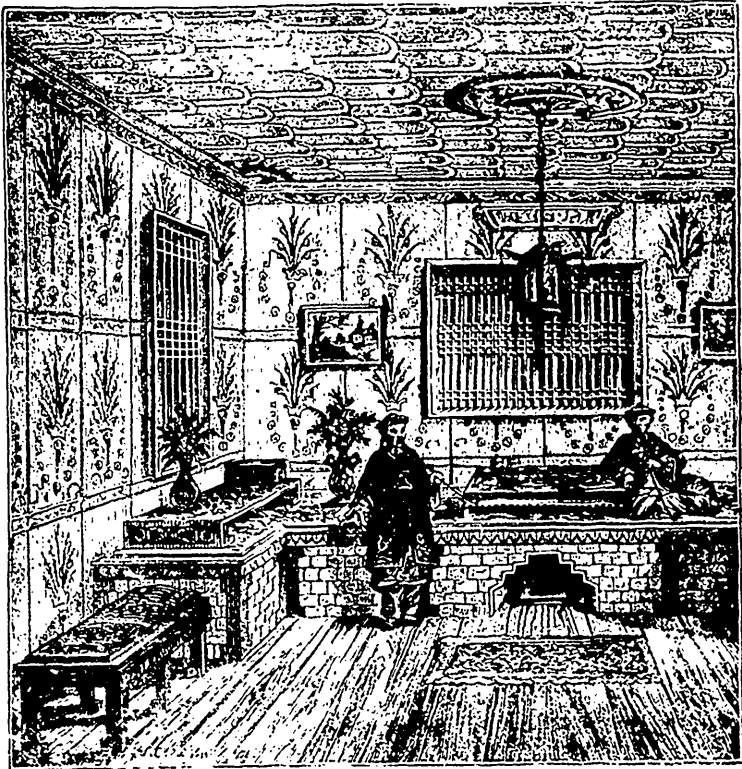
There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture and left to crop the grass without anyone to disturb or bother him.

But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning after grazing a while he would start on a tramp, going round and round

in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours; and people would often stop to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need for it.

It was the force of habit.

And the boy who forms bad or good habits in his youth will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.
—Christian Observer.



A Kang or Seat Bed in a High Class Chinese House.



WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more bright
By kindly word and deed ;
As apples call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean ;
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exalted aim ;
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme ;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime ?

 BROWNIE IN UNDERLAND.

Chapter Two.

[This pleasant story is by one of our missionaries. It pictures in this amusing way what a Canadian boy would see if he were to drop through the earth and come out on the other side in our mission field in Honan.—Ed.]

The yard into which Brownie walked was not like anything he had seen in Upperland, it was so narrow and dirty, with lit le low houses all round it.

If he looked only one way he would think that it was for the cattle, for on one side was a shed for the loving herd and braying herd too, to which our mouse-colored friend outside belonged.

But there were also people living there within nose-shot of the sheds, but custom makes you used to anything except the loss of your meals, and so they did not mind the microbes, bacilli, bacteria, and infusoria, which, tired of failure to sicken the people, fell to eating up one another, at which they made a respectable living.

The great-grandmother of the family was busy beating, Peter Dick, Peter Dick, with a little stick like a potato masher or a baseball bat. For the clothes were back from the pond where they were washed and pounded a bit, by some of the young women, and now they were being ironed with a stick, or rather a couple of them.

A great grandchild was busy making mud cakes, they were not pies, for he did not know how to make pies, he had never even heard of such a thing; he never had the doldrums either, because of eating too much pie. All the same, Brownie resolved he would teach him how to make pies the first time he had a chance.

There were a number of young women about, too. They had not combed their hair for a week, and lately some of them had been naughtily pulling each other's hair, so it was dishevelled, as papa would say. You could see with half an eye that that was not a happy household, and it was a lucky thing that Brownie did not understand all they said, he was so new to Underland, or all the water in the Atlantic would not have been enough to wash his ears clean.

Thi-rumm ! thi-rumm ! thi-rumm ! What's that noise coming from the house ? We must go and see. There, amid heaps of snowy cotton, sits a woman, pulling away at a big bow-string, which whips the cotton into shape. She uses no arrows, but at every twang of her bow-string the cotton tosses, and tumbles, and churns about, as if it were being punished. But that takes the tangles out, as combing takes the tangles out of Dorothy's hair, though it hurts when the curls get hugging each other too closely.

There are many hands needed to work these bunches of cotton before they can be ready to make into clothes to clothe the naked. At one end is a woman coming home from the fields with a load of cotton on her back, then comes another taking the seeds out, then another whipping it, then another spinning it, then another weaving it, and last of all, another dyeing it. They don't mind the long time it takes, their only grief is that there is not more cotton, for they are too poor to buy more.

But here comes old Wang the hired man, between two pails of water. He don't carry them in his hands or the water might splash out on to his trousers ; he has the plan handed down from the time of the flood, when the water was so plentiful. If you go into the corner grocery you can see the same plan for weighing things, with a balance. The sugar is on one side and the weights are on the other ; that was the way old Wang carried the water. Brownie thought it was like teetering, only the pails were even and did not bob up and down.

The kettle is on the stove already, so they fill it up, and put in the millet for dinner. It looks

very much like what you give your canary to eat.

By the side of the stove door a little girl is sitting, feeding the fire with corn-stalks. Brownie wanted to watch the fire licking up the stalks, but, "Ouch, my eyes! How stupid these people are not to have chimneys." His eyes were weeping little rivers of tears, for the apples of our eyes were not meant to be smoked like a ham, so dame Nature turned on the tap and washed them, so that the smoke would not hurt them.

The little girl did not seem to mind it, but she will be one of Dr. M's patients soon with bad eyes. They fear the "evil eye" more than a bad eye. If Brownie would take "Gyges" off his finger and slip it back into his trouser pocket, then everyone could see him, and that would be the "evil eye."

There are plenty of children in this house. Brownie was beside himself with wonder to see some little girls playing "jacks," he had not expected to see the heathen playing the same game as his sisters in Upperland.

He wondered why they preferred to sit so much instead of running about. He soon saw the reason, for their mother called out to one of them: "Come here, you little slave! it is time to tighten your bandages," and she was soon tugging at the bandages which bound her daughter's feet, then there was music which made Brownie's heart ache. He wished that he might become a knight when he grew up, and come back again to set free these prisoners who always wore fetters, which grew tighter and tighter. He afterwards did grow up to learn that night now spells missionary.

Wilder was a stirring boy. For the last half hour he had been trying to tickle old Yaller, the dog with a straw, but Yaller thought it was only a flea and showed no signs of interest. He dozed on in the sun, and presently was dreaming he was chasing a hare.

Wilder then turned his attention to the sparrows, they were almost as plentiful as the children and as quarrelsome, too. After pelting them a while with clay and failing to drive them away a bright thought came to him. He would go into the house and waylay one of them.

Brownie did not understand his plan, but in a little while one of the sparrows lit on the window. Hripp! Out came a hand and caught Mr. Sparrow. Through the glass? Oh, no; there was no glass, only paper. The boy inside could see the

shadow of the bird on the paper, but the bird could not see him, so he simply shoved his hand through the paper and made Mr. Sparrow a prisoner.

A pet cat was purring about with a bell tied to her neck! That was nice for the mice; they could tell when Pussy was going to make them a call, and then they would be sure to be out!

How clever the mice in Underland must be, thought Brownie. The mice in Upperland once held a council to get a plan to Bell-the-cat, but none of them had courage enough to tie the string, and so pussy went on catching them, for her velvet paws were so soft that she came upon them as swiftly and as quietly as a bicycle on an old man turning a corner, when the wicked man does not ring his bell.

This pussy believed in giving folks a warning, like the night-watchman who beats a gong on his rounds to warn all thieves and bad characters to be off, or he will catch them. That is the custom anyhow in Underland.

The merry mice stay in their holes
And hide themselves by day
But when the house is still at night,
They all come out to play.

His Excellency, the Pig, feels just as much at home as the cat or the dog. All he wants is the run of the house, but he dislikes being driven quite as much as his brethren, the swine of Upperland. As the proverb says: "Root, hog, or die," he roots until his owners say he is fit to die.

He is always black in Underland. My friend, the funny man, says a white pig would be a "rara avis" here. The crow's coat is the same hue as the hog's bristles, but when he takes a little ride on the hog's back, he says to himself: "How black this pig is; I would never be that color. The pot calls the kettle black. You see, he is like some others, who can only see the faults of others, while they are blind to their own.

What is Mr. Crow up to now? He is hanging on to the wall, and actually pulling a sparrow's nest from under the eaves. Brownie wondered what he was going to do with it,—perhaps to have bird's nest soup, as the Underlanders have at their birthday parties. But Brownie did not know what that was like; for it was not made out of sparrows' nests.

Even the people of Underland, whose ear for concord of sweet sounds is far from what it ought

to be, think the note of the crow to be very harsh and they are as ready as we are to leave a clod at the tree in which he is making nasty remarks.

Brownie noticed a crow with a white vest on, and so called out: "Good morning; have you used Pear's Soap?" his breast was so clean and white. At first Brownie thought he must be the parson crow, but on referring to his pocket dictionary he found that the parson crow has a white choker, and lives in New Zealand.

The Underlanders believe that their souls go into birds and animals after death. Brownie knew better than that, but he knew some boys at home that fully deserved such a fate, unless they repented and changed their bad habits.

There was Smudger's boy, for instance, who was always robbing birds' nests, and Tomdick-and-harry who liked to plug the frogs. Two old ladies that dear Kingsley speaks of will be after them. I mean Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by and Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did.

The poet Cowper says he would not enter on his list of friends the man who needlessly treads upon a worm, for it is part of God's creation, and we should be merciful. Here is an Underlander who carefully brushes an ant from his neck lest he should kill it, not for the poet's reason, but because the ant may have been his father who lately died.

But Brownie saw that this belief did not hinder them ill-treating the donkeys, and beating the cows and mules, when the load got stuck in a mud-hole, and the cart would not budge a step.

Suddenly there was a tremendous hubbub in the street, and Brownie ran out to see what it was all about. Others who ran out on the same errand soon hurried back when they learned what the cause of the disturbance was.

Brownie being invisible had no fears, but on the whole he thought he could get a better view from a tree, so he scrambled up a fine poplar. He could see a crowd of villagers, armed with forks and hoes, returning home to the next village.

They had chased the mad dog to the edge of this village, and so their duty was done when they handed the affair over to their neighbors!

Here the dog was soon killed, whereupon an old woman came forward and began to scold the slayers for having taken life. "But, old lady, what if the dog had bitten your grandson?" Yes, what? She at once calmed down, and went to bed. So you see, thought Brownie, the Underlanders have some horse-sense after all.

TOO LATE.

HERE is a child to whom a dollar has been given to spend as he chooses. Without a moment's thought he spends every cent of it in a foolish and frivolous way.

After the money is gone, the child mourns because he did not spend the money differently. He tells himself that if he had another dollar, he would buy articles which he needed much more or liked much better. Too late, my child, too late! The proper time to consider this question was while you owned the money and before you wasted it.

In like manner many persons act in reference to life itself. They rush through the appointed years aimlessly, thoughtlessly, sinfully. They waste life as truly as the prodigal wasted his inherited possessions. And when innocence is gone, opportunity is gone, hope is gone, life is gone, they wake up on the verge of eternity to think seriously about how life should be spent.

Too late, my friend, too late! The proper time to consider this question was when life was before you and not after it had been wasted. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Rev. S. E. Martin.

FOUR-AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS.

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means? The four and twenty blackbirds represent the four and twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the sky is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunbeams. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

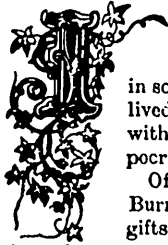
The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king, the sun, has risen, is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The birds, who so tragically end the song by "nipping off her nose," are the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.—The Animal World.



The Young Artist.

NENG SHOUK, THE PWO KAREN GIRL.

TOLD BY HERSELF.



N the far-off land of Burma, in the stately pagoda, and with-in sound of its breezy-shaken bells, I lived, a free and happy child, though with few privileges and wretchedly poor.

Often at sunset I watched the Burmese children carrying their gifts of flowers, but never joined them, for my parents were not Buddhists. They made many and various offerings to evil spirits, but did not pray to idols, nor worship in a temple.

The legends which were often repeated in our village told of a "white book" religion that should some time be brought to us, and my people expected this in a vague, unknowing way. I heard much of elves, fairies, brownies, witches, and wizards, but never of a God of love and mercy.

My first remembrance of the fear of evil spirits was at a time when I was very sick. Neighbors and friends would beat our house with sticks for hours to drive them away, and hurried me out of it at last lest I should die and make it impossible for any one else to live there.

There were twelve children in our family, but my father always said "five," for he never counted the girls.

Our house of elephant grass and bamboo was like all other Karen houses; and our little village was hidden in the jungle, though very near the Burman town. My father no more thought of owning the ground on which our house stood than the birds think of owning the trees in which their nests are built.

When I grow older my mother blackened and disfigured my face lest I should be stolen, for the Burmans would sometimes raid a Karen village and carry away all the girls. When my mother died I was about twelve years old. It was a terrible year in our village, for disease spread so rapidly that the whole village was finally deserted.

We believed our house to be infested with evil spirits as soon as my mother was dead, and left all we had—the piece of cloth my mother was weaving, a boat my father had nearly completed—all we owned in the world—to waste and decay. My mother's body was burned; only one bone

fragment was saved to be buried. For seven days afterward we fasted; for, though poor, we were more prosperous than our neighbors.

A year afterward the bone was dug up and another feast was prepared, at which everyone danced. Then it was thrown into the river, and I was told that at last my mother's spirit had departed from among us.

Soon after this I was married. My husband was not chosen for me, and in this respect I had an advantage over some of my heathen sisters. The young man who wished to marry me came one evening in the moonlight and sang his love song before our house, and because I was pleased with his appearance I went down and talked with him, and did not let him go away without seeing me, as I had others.

After this his father came, and the matter was discussed; then the young man came into our house, and we ate from the same dish, and were from that time considered man and wife. I went with my husband to his village, and began at once to go out into the jungle to work in the "paddy" field, rising very early in the morning, and standing knee-deep in the water, sowing and transplanting the rice, while my husband smoked at home. At night I brought home wood, built the fire, and cooked the supper.

Whatever work was necessary in providing for our wants I did; and as our family included my husband's mother, grandparents, and several children, my life was one of monotonous toil, though no harder than that of most Karen women. How delighted we were when a "story-teller" came to our village, and we could all gather about him and have the dull monotony relieved.

One day, in a Burman village, my husband heard some very bitter railing against a certain white teacher who was telling strange stories to the people from a book that said there was only one God. My husband was interested, and told our people that night what he had heard, and they decided to send him to the white teacher to know more of the book, which, they said, may be the one of which our legends tell.

It was a three months' journey, and my husband was gone nearly a year. When he came back he looked so happy I hardly knew him. He brought a little tract that he had learned to read, and every night we would all gather together to listen to the story of Jesus. Not one of our people could read before this, for the Karens have no books.

The precious little paper was hidden during the day, lest the Burmans should find it and kill us. We were very much afraid of them; they ruled over us with great cruelty.

Later the teacher came to our village, and we nearly every one learned to believe in him and the book from which he taught us. Old men and women all tried to learn to read. After my grandmother's conversion she spent all her time going about among the jungle villages, telling this story of love which had brought her such gladness.

Our people are hungry for this teaching; they accept it with a childlike, trusting faith. They are hungry for knowledge, and long for it to brighten their joyless lives. Thousands upon thousands of them are waiting to-day—waiting and dying, with no joyful expectation for this life, and no hope in the great, dim future beyond.—King's Messengers.

WHAT HAPPENED THAT DAY.

THE stout man, had jostled and fought his way through the crowd at the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, and was scowling fiercely as he pushed out a big dent in his hat. Seated next to him in the bridge car was a man who had an office in the same building.

The stout man pointed to the battered hat and said, "I believe men—and women, too, for that matter—are no better than savages. It's every one for himself. There isn't a day passes but that I see something which convinces me civilization is only skin-deep."

"I'm afraid you only see one side of it," replied his neighbor. "There are lots of good things to be seen every day, too. Now, here is something that gives me a great deal of happiness during the year." He pulled a small note-book from an inside pocket. Then he went on: "I used to feel as you do—that people are very selfish; but when I began to study them more closely I saw so many pleasant things that I got in the habit of making notes of them, and so I carry this little book. Here's what I've jotted down to-day, for instance:

"On my way to the bridge this morning my hat blew off. I chased it, but before I reached it three other men were after it, and one of them caught it for me. Now, there was an entirely unselfish act on the part of men who were strangers to me: and you may see the same thing any windy day.

"As I was crossing City Hall Park a woman in

front of me dropped a glove without knowing it. Two boys made a dive for it and shouted, 'Lady, lady, you've dropped your glove!' Another act of kindness.

"Just as I reached Broadway a truckman's horse fell. The driver had hardly left his seat before the drivers of three other trucks stopped, got down, and began to help to raise the horse. They did it because they saw a fellow-workman in trouble, and knew that they might need the same help at any time.

"When I went out to luncheon I left my umbrella in the restaurant. Before I reached the door a stranger, who had been sitting at the same table tapped me on the shoulder and handed me the umbrella.

"On my way back to the office I passed a heavy, two-horse load of flour stuck on the car-track. I stopped a minute to look and saw several men put their hands to the muddy wheels and push till the dray started. They had no selfish interest in that load of flour; they only wanted to help.

"When I entered the Havemeyer Building after luncheon the man just ahead of me carefully held the big door so that it might not swing back in my face.

"These are all little things, but I think they show something very different from savagery. Some days I see even more, and some things I see every day. The reason we don't notice them more is because they are so common. You watch when we get off the car now, and you'll see half a dozen of these men give the papers they have just glanced through to the newsboy at the foot of the stairs. They might easily throw them away, but they know the boys can sell them again and so make a few extra pennies."

And the stout man himself, when he reached the foot of the stairs, dropped a pace behind his neighbor, and hastily slipped his paper into the hands of a ragged newsboy.—Youth's Companion.

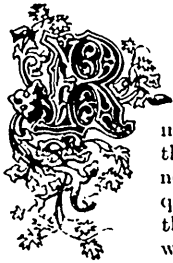
LESS HASTE, MORE SPEED.

An eminent French surgeon used to say to his students when they were engaged in difficult and delicate operations: "Gentlemen, don't be in a hurry, for there's no time to lose."

The people who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people. Those who are nervous and excited may be always busy; but in the end they do far less work than if they wrought calmly.

A "SUNDAY FANATIC."

BY PANSY.



RENIE'S gray eyes wore a troubled look, and as she turned her face toward the window and tried to peer into the starless darkness while the train dashed on, she could not keep her sensitive lips from quivering. She was not more than sixteen or seventeen; she was gowned in the quietest of traveling suits, and carried on her lap a small, neat case, that might have been a new-fashioned traveling case, only that she took such special care of it.

Seated beside her was a young man of perhaps nineteen. Even a casual observer would have decided at once that they were brother and sister; but the anxious look on the girl's face was intensified into gloom, tinged with vexation, on his. The time was Saturday, very near midnight. Suddenly the young man broke the silence.

"Ill luck seems! to follow us, Renie, or a rather go ahead of us. If the experiences we have had so far on this journey are a hint of what we are to expect, we may as well go back at once."

The girl tried to speak cheerfully. "There is one comfort, Arthur, we are not to blame for missing the train; and it isn't so very bad. We can stop at the little village the man told us about, over Sunday. We should have to wait until Monday, anyway, before we could settle, and this will be cheaper than staying in a great city."

"Cheaper! No, it will not; and what kind of staying will it be? 'Pine Tree Inn,' indeed! There will be pines enough, I'll warrant, and very little else, besides bad whiskey and tobacco smoke. I was all over this region with Uncle Will, remember, four years ago. I recollect his saying of this very village that a well brought up dog would be uncomfortable stopping at the 'inn' they had then. I think decidedly that we would better go on to the junction and wait in the station for the New York train. We shall get in, then, by nine o'clock, and can go directly to that boarding house, where you, at least, are expected: it is likely they can find a place for me, for over Sunday. That will be the cheapest and most sensible thing to do."

"But, Arthur, it is Sunday at nine o'clock in the morning, and by traveling on the cars until then, what becomes of our pledge?"

"My beloved sister, isn't that being a trifle fanatical? When we took that Endeavor pledge to make our influence and example tell, so far as possible, for a proper observance of the Sabbath, we did not promise that a freight train should not run off the track and make us seven hours behind time, so that we would be compelled to run into New York by a Sunday morning train."

"Not compelled, Arthur; the utmost that we can say is that it was more convenient and comfortable to do so."

"Cheaper also. Do I need to remind you that the necessity for our being rigidly economical is very great? Even the sixteenth-rate accommodations of the Pine Tree Inn are undoubtedly more than those at that boarding house where your regular board could commence, you see, with tomorrow morning. But I'm not going to press the matter; if your heart is set upon stopping in the pine woods and spending double money for sour bread and fried pork over Sunday, why, we'll do it. The question must be decided quickly; this next station is the delectable town of your desire. Which shall it be?"

The girl's reply was unhesitating: "Arthur, I don't think it would be keeping our pledge or doing right, to go on to New York on Sunday morning. What is a pledge worth if we are to ignore it when questions of convenience, or even economy, arise?"

For answer the young man snatched his traveling bag and his sister's case, and saying merely, "All right; we are in for it," hurriedly made his way out of the car.

"This way for the Pine Tree Inn," was the first call they heard, and following it, were bundled in the darkness and steadily falling rain into some sort of conveyance. A very short ride brought them to the place. Through the central doors, which were thrown hospitably open, the bewildered new-comers caught glimpses of elegant space, aglow with light, rich with carpets and curtains and upholstery. Astonishment held the young travelers speechless. They had looked for the coarsest and commonest, and behold here was every refinement and luxury that money could produce; yet with such a strange air of home thrown about it all, that it did not seem as though it could be an hotel.

"What does it all mean?" whispered Renie, in

the moment of waiting. "Such a hotel out here in the woods!"

"It means two dollars a day, at least," her brother said gravely; and when they noted the luxurious appointments of their own rooms, he added, "I am afraid that it is more than two dollars a day." Then, seeing her anxious face, he said, cheerily: "Never mind, Renie, we shall not have to go to the poorhouse, even if it should be two and a half; but here they will not be likely to charge more than that. Let's get to bed, anyhow. We might as well enjoy all this luxury, since we've got to pay for it. If the meals are as elegant as the house, we shall live in style for once. Good night, Renie; don't worry. We'll get through with it, somehow."

The breakfast next morning was all that could be desired, and the young man was able to make a hearty meal; but his sister could not put away her anxieties. Unaccustomed until very lately to having to calculate her own expenses, she was always calculating, and being appalled over the little that money could buy. She pecked at her breakfast like a frightened robin, and could not keep from making mental calculations as to what the cost of it all would be. Suppose they should count it full two days, that would be at least eight dollars; and she was to have board in New York for six dollars a week!

She waited in the reception room, half hidden in the cushions of a great "Sleepy Hollow" chair, while her brother went to ask the terms, etc. He returned with the frown on his face that always came when he was troubled.

"Well?" she said anxiously as soon as they were alone in her room.

"Well?" he repeated, then he laughed. "We are in for it, Renie; might as well laugh as cry. This little bit of extra pledge-keeping of yours is going to cost us the pleasant little sum of sixteen dollars. Four-dollar rooms are the lowest they have here."

"Sixteen dollars!" her face was actually white with dismay. "Oh, Arthur! what can we do?"

"Why, we can do this, if you say so. The morning train for New York stops at this station, and we can take it and be in the city by two o'clock. That will save half of the expense. Shall we do it?"

"Oh, Arthur!"

"Well? What am I to understand that distressed 'Oh' to mean?"

"Arthur, please don't speak as though I were

the only one to be considered. It is you as much as I. We are Christian Endeavorers, and we are pledged, not only to our regular promise to do 'everything as He would like to have us,' but to a definite, special promise to do all we can toward bringing about a better observance of the Sabbath. I cannot think it would be right to spend half the day in traveling, even to save money."

"Very well, then, we will go on to the end. I am determined not to offend your conscience if I can help it."

"But Arthur, dear, isn't it your conscience, too?"

"Not at all. When I make pledges I foresee emergencies which may compel me to do, on occasion, what I would not do regularly; but we won't discuss it."

He really was kind, when one considers that he thought his sister a young simpleton. The frown disappeared presently, and he said, cheerily, that they would make the best of it. She reminded him of the verse, "All things work together for good," and although she knew by the look on his face that he thought the application foolish, he said nothing.

Then they went down to one of the parlors for family worship; for, hotel though it was, a short service was held each morning for all who chose to go; a hymn was sung and a few words read from the Bible and a prayer offered.

While Arthur went for a stroll through the pines, his sister made an acquaintance—a middle-aged lady, with kind eyes and lovely gray hair, and such a friendly smile that the lonely girl felt drawn toward her and found herself talking freely.

It happened that they met a number of times that day, on the piazzas, or in the reception room, or one of the parlors, and the young girl and the sweet-faced lady always had a little chat together. Renie could not keep all her anxiety from showing in her face, and under the spell of sympathy was more than usually communicative. While they stood together watching the sun break his way through clouds to say good night, she asked her new friend if that verse about "All things" applied to little every-day matters, to mistakes, even.

"It says, 'All things,'" replied the lady, smiling, "and, yes, it must certainly mean our mistakes, because we make so many."

Renie reflected afterwards that it was really queer in her to talk so much to a stranger. She

said something of the kind to her brother, and he laughed, and replied that many things about the entire house were queer.

After Arthur had bidden her good night, and gone to his room, Renie came to him with shining eyes. A wonderful thing had happened. The strange lady, learning that she was a typewriter and hoped to secure work, had proposed that Renie stay with her for a week, and after that go to New York in her company, and she would help her to find employment. "She said she would pay my board here, Arthur, and give me six dollars besides! Only think of it! That will almost pay for the extra expense we have had, will it not?"

The next morning the sweet-faced lady wrote the following in a letter to her son:

"My dear, I believe I have found a prize. You will say that I am always finding them, but this one really is a treasure. She and her brother are on their way to New York in search of employment. They know just one person in New York, a shop girl in a third-rate store, who has secured the child a boarding place down on Canal Street; think of it, John! She is a refined, cultured girl of seventeen, an orphan; she and her brother are left alone in the world. She has a scrap of a typewriter which she manipulates rapidly and well; she has written two letters for me already this morning. I have engaged her to stay with me for a week and write letters and do some of my copying. Then I shall bring her on with me to New York, for I shall know by that time if she will please me permanently. I am sure she will. The two stopped here over Sunday on their way to town, simply because it was Sunday. 'Ah,' you will say, 'that is the reason mother was caught. She has found some more Sunday fanatics.' Very well. I am glad I have. They are troubled about the expense; they thought they were coming to a little country hotel where they could get beds and breakfasts for a dollar apiece! The brother is almost as prepossessing as his sister. He wants to get a chance in a doctor's office, and eventually study for a physician. He is willing to begin as office boy. I haven't said a word to him about your being a doctor. I only gave him your address and told him I thought you might be able to help him get work temporarily. I only hope you will like him as much as I like the girl."

* * * * *

"Dr. Arthur Hammond?" And Renie laughed

as she read [the name she had been scribbling. "It sounds well; and the years will not be so many now before we can say it."

They were in the doctor's office, the young man working hard over his books, and the girl, her copying done for the day, watching and admiring him, and allowing her memory to run backward.

"Do you remember a year ago to-night, Arthur, and the rain, and the loneliness, and the Pine Tree Inn, and our dear Mrs. Mercer? How wonderfully everything came out for us! Oh, Arthur, tho' verse is true, isn't it? 'All things work together for good.'"

Said Arthur, smiling, without the suggestion of a frown on his handsome face, "You will be a worse little Sunday fanatic than ever, I am afraid."—Forward.

WHEN TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

HOW old must I be, mother, before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered, "How old must you be, darling, before you love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now and I always shall," and she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell me what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms around her neck.

The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be to do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant, "I can now, without growing any older."

Then the mother said, "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love and trust and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child answered, "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in prayer she gave to Christ her little one, who wanted to be His.—The Children's Friend.



Beating Grain in a Mortar and Making Bread.

HEART-WEEDS.

NOW, Georgie, I can't play any longer with you; I must go in and read." So said the elder brother, as he and Georgie were playing on the porch in the bright Florida moonlight.

"Oh! do play longer."

"No; I can't this time."

"Well, I'll break this flower, then," said Georgie, at the same time catching hold of a fine rocket standing near the porch, and in his anger bending it down near the ground.

The next morning, when mamma found her rocket prone on the ground, and asked, "What broke my flower?" papa said, "The wind, I expect;" but Georgie said nothing.

Somehow finding the truth of it, mamma took Georgie aside, and said, "Do you know anything of my broken flower?"

"Yes, ma'am; I took hold of it last night, and pulled it a little; but I don't think I broke it like that. I didn't mean to."

"Ah! Georgie, I understand it. You were angry with your brother, and wanted in some way to pay him back, or get revenge, and so you thought to frighten him, and in your anger pulled the flower harder than you intended, and broke it. Do you know that is an old, mean weed Satan has planted in your heart-garden?"

"No, ma'am."

"It is; and its name is 'revenge.' Anger is another. And unless you go to God, and let him take these roots out of your heart, they will seed after awhile; then you will have a large patch of revenge and anger in your garden, and it will hinder the good seed of kindness and love that God has planted in there; and after awhile, instead of being a kind and loving boy, you will be full of revenge and unkindness.

I wonder if any of the little children who read this story are cultivating anger and revenge, or any of the ugly weeds, in their heart-gardens.

The Lord has promised to make our hearts like well-watered gardens, if we will let Him.—Mrs. Eva M. Watson, in *Christian Standard*.

BUTTER AND HONEY.

IN a small upper room furnished in Oriental style, we sat on the floor with our legs crossed under us," writes a minister who was visiting in Syria. "It was nearly noon, and as I looked out of the door I saw the black smoke coming out of the mouth of the oven, and I could see my host's wife preparing the sweet bread for our midday meal.

After a while the daughter brought a large tray made of woven straw and laid it on the floor between her father and me. The fresh warm loaves of bread lay upon the edge of the tray and the dish of food in the middle.

"After a word of prayer we each took a sheet (loaf) of this thin bread, and breaking off a piece, dipped it in the central dish and proceeded to make a good meal.

"After a few moments, my host called out, 'Oh, Gazelle!' 'What, father?' 'Gazelle, bring a plate of butter and honey.' 'Yes, father.' Soon she came to the room, bringing a plate of strained honey, in the centre of which was a large lump of delicious native butter.

"Dipping a piece of the fresh bread into this butter and honey made a most dainty morsel. It was the first time I had ever seen this way of serving honey, and I understood as never before the meaning of the words found in *Is-7: 15*.—Ex

CONTENTMENT.

"It ain't so hard to be contented with the things we have," said the old woman *dolefully*, "it's being contented with the things we haven't that's so tryin'."

"I don't know about that; I don't know," said Uncle Silas. "When we begin to look at the things our neighbors have and we haven't, we always pick out just the things we want. They live in a nice house, we say, and we have only a little one; they have money, and we need to count every penny; they have an easy time, and we have to work. We never say: They had typhoid fever, but it never came near us; they have a son in the insane asylum, but our brains are sound. Staggering feet go into their grand door, but nothing worse than tired ones come home to ours at night. You see when we begin to call Providence to account for the things that don't come to us, it's only fair to take in all kinds of things." —*Religious Review*.

"We can hold safely and tightly down the biggest quarrel we ever have just by shutting our lips upon it, and keeping it behind them."

OLLIE FENWICK'S EFFORT.



OLLIE FENWICK often wished that he was the son of a rich man. He had the ability of spending money without the desire of wasting it. His taste in clothing was excellent and his appearance pleasing. He could intelligently read the works of standard authors, and, in a measure, understand classical music. His recreations and pastimes were refined and gentlemanly, which made it a deplorable fact, he thought, that his father could not furnish him with the hundred and one things that other young men possessed, but did not seem to appreciate. Do not think that he was inclined to find fault with his parent; such was not the case. He simply wondered why events had not shaped themselves more in his favor.

When Mr. Fenwick allowed his mind to dwell on his son he sighed. His income was gradually diminishing. Other men's sons, when the family was in financial straits, had comprehended affairs and found employment—had made sacrifices. But he felt timid about asking Ollie to give up his studies for a while, to perhaps wear inferior clothes and work in a factory or store. Times would not always be as hard; a little effort put forth now might tide them over, and in the immediate future he could return to the institute. But still he hesitated to broach the subject to his fastidious son.

They were talking over domestic problems when Ollie arrived from the campus. Although just returning from a game of ball he appeared as neat and trim as usual. Carefully banging up his cap and brushing his hair he sedately took his book of poems and began memorizing a few favorite verses before tea; poetry was always very effective. When he had entered the apartment the conversation had suddenly ceased, both of his parents having that embarrassed air which follows the personal arrival of the subject of remarks.

"What's the matter, mother?" asked Ollie. "Why are you and father so quiet? When I come in you were both talking."

"Well, Ollie," she answered softly, "we were talking about the hard times and—" The fond mother stopped in confusion.

"I'll tell you all, Oll," interposed his father, looking the young man squarely in the eyes, "we were also speaking about you. Are you aware that our income is so small at present that it is with difficulty that I am keeping you at school?"

Ollie did not reply at first; he began to grow worried. He hoped they did not wish him to leave his studies—it would be too much to ask. Mr. Fenwick read his thoughts and sighed. He determined not to ask him to give up his studies outright; if the lad could not realize the absolute necessity he would be loath to force it upon him. At that moment little Grace came running to in

the room. She went demurely to her brother and clambered into his lap with that assurance of welcome peculiar to children who are lovable and loved.

"Ollie," she said, with all the confidence of her five years, "me wanted a new dress—a pretty red dress. Mamma said I can't have it 'cause she hasn't got any money. You'll get your little Grace a pretty red dress, won't you?"

The young man put his sister down in some confusion and looked about the room. The old carpet had been repaired in many places. The shades were faded and ready to be cast aside. His mother seemed quite poor and shabby, while his father's suit had often caused the youth to be almost ashamed of him when he met him in public. But with all the homely strategies he had been well-dressed, had associated with rich men's sons and, as yet, not really made to know how much they needed money.

A sudden desire came to him to assist—a wish to bear part of the burden. Many of our plans, good and bad, come to us in the twinkling of an eye. Walking over to his father, he put his hand on his shoulder, and said, meanwhile noticing for the first time how thin and grey his hair was becoming.

"Father, dear, I am willing to help all I can. If I do leave school now I can make up the time next fall. Suppose I go and look for work?"

As he finished, his mother kissed him, "while a triumphant smile came to her face. I felt you would do what you could, when you knew," she said, tenderly.

"Well, my boy," responded his father, "by doing that you will help me wonderfully. I think I can put you back again in the fall. You have encouraged me, and it makes me proud to hear you speak so manly. They want a young man at the grocery, Ollie. If you get the position, you'll have to work hard—but it will do you good. The long hours and the experience will make you enjoy your studies all the more when you take them up again."

The matter was discussed, the position secured, and the next morning Ollie went to work. The hours were long and the employment most arduous; but he learned many lessons. The time spent on the delivery wagon in the open air made him robust; feeding the horses and working about the barn, while not pleasant labor, was full of object lessons for the observing young man. In the store he became quick and accurate; schooling himself to take orders without comment; not to hastily reply when the trader grew impatient or arrogant; and in all things to remember that it was but for a season and he must do the best he could.

When the incongruity between literature and molasses, horse-feed and classic music flashed to his mind, he would grimly smile and solace him-

self with the thought that what was worth having was worth waiting for.

When he did return to school in the fall, it was with renewed strength, a higher aim in life and a feeling of self-reliance that was well worth the little time lost at his studies, while little Grace rejoiced in a new red dress.—The Presbyterian.

WHAT WHISKY DID TO A HOME.

I was sitting at my breakfast table one Sunday morning when I was called to my door by the ringing of the bell. There stood a boy about fourteen years of age, poorly clad, but tidied up as best he could.

He was leaning on crutches; one leg off at the knee. In a voice trembling with emotion, and tears coursing down his cheeks, he said :

"Mr. Hoagland, I am Freddy Brown. I have come to see if you will go to the jail to talk and pray with my father. He is to be hung tomorrow for the murder of my mother. My father was a good man, but whisky did it. I have three little sisters younger than myself; we are very, very poor and have no friends. We live in a dark and dingy room. I do the best I can to support my sisters by selling papers, blacking boots and odd jobs, but, Mr. Hoagland, we are awfully poor. Will you come and be with us when father's body is brought home? The Governor says we may have his body after he is hung."

I was deeply moved to pity. I promised, and made haste to the jail, where I found his father.

He acknowledged that he must have murdered his wife, for the circumstances pointed that way, but he had not the slightest remembrance of the deed. He said he was crazed with drink or he never would have committed the crime. He said: "My wife was a good woman, and faithful mother to my little children. Never did I dream that my hand could be guilty of such a crime." The man could face the penalty of the law bravely for his deed, but he broke down and cried as if his heart would brake when he thought of leaving his children in a destitute and friendless condition. I read and prayed with him, and left him to his fate.

The next morning I made my way to the miserable quarters of the children.

I found three little girls upon a bed of straw in one corner of the room. They were clad in rags. They were beautiful girls, had they had proper care.

They were expecting the body of their dead father, and between their cries and sobs they would say, "Papa was good, but whisky did it."

In a little time two strong officers came, bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box.

They set it down on two old rickety stools. The cries of the children were so heart-rending that they could not endure it, and made haste out of the room, leaving me alone with this terrible scene.

In a moment the manly boy nerved himself and said: "Come, sisters, kiss papa's face before it is cold." They gathered about his face and smoothed it down with kisses, and between their sobs cried out: "Papa was good, but whisky did it."

Strong drink has caused many tragedies as terrible; keep a long way from it; do not touch it, for its bite is worse than a serpent. The man who murdered his wife was once as innocent and good as you. Alcohol made him what he was, and no child can say that he will not be a drunkard unless he resolves with God's help never to touch what ruins so many lives.—Bombay Guardian.

AN IDEAL BROTHER.

GUY is coming, mother," said little Walter, running up the steps; "I can see him on the car; can I go and meet him?"

"Bless the dear boy! Yes," cried the mother, her face beaming.

"Is brother Guy coming?" cried Lillian, running to the door.

The visitor immediately decided that Guy must be a paragon of a brother. Every one was eager to see him.

At this moment a fine-looking young man came up the walk with his arm around the little brother, Walter.

"Did you think I had forgotten you, mother?" he said, and hat in hand, he leaned over and kissed her tenderly.

"And here is little sister. You must be well, dear, for your roses are so bright," he said.

While Guy remained everyone of the family circle exerted themselves to be entertaining. It was easy to see how everyone loved him. It was quite easy to see why. He was as chivalrous to his mother and sisters as he would have been to his sweetheart; he listened to the little ones and told stories for their special amusement. They are always an agreeable family, but his coming was like a burst of sunshine even to them. His work was such that he could not be with them often, but how they treasured his visits when he did come!

I wonder how many brothers could be so ill spared from the family circle? Surely only those who, like Guy, love their relatives enough to be agreeable to them.—Christian Standard.