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Children's Record

Vol. XII.

MAY, 1897

No. 5.



REV. J. BUCHANAN, M.D.

REV. J. BUCHANAN, M.D.

Q. Who is Dr. Buchanan ?

A. One of our missionaries to India.

Q. How are Dr. and Mrs. Buchanan well fitted to be missionaries ?

A. One way in which they are well fitted is that they are both Medical Doctors, and can heal the poor people's bodies as well as tell them of healing for their souls.

Q. Name another way in which they are well fitted to be missionaries ?

A. They are both ready to deny themselves for the work.

Q. In what way have they done so ?

A. They began work six or seven years ago in Ujjain one of India's heathen cities. They had no good house to live in nor hospital to heal and teach in. Their health suffered from their hardships but they succeeded in getting a house and hospital built and they were beginning to be more comfortable and to see some little fruit of their labors. Now our Church is taking up a new mission to the Bheels, and because Dr. Buchanan and his wife were thought to be specially fitted for that work and had long been interested in it, they were asked to go there and begin the new mission, while others carried on the work at Ujjain.

Q. Who are the Bheels ?

A. A wild, half savage, timid people, numbering nearly one million, downtrodden by their Hindu masters, and living in the hill country near our mission in Central India.

Q. When do our missionaries expect to begin this work among the Bheels ?

A. Next Autumn.

Q. What is Dr. Buchanan now trying to do during his furlough in Canada ?

A. To raise enough money to build a Home for orphan boys, another for orphan girls, a hospital, and a house for the Mission family to live in.

Q. Why does he want the Homes for orphan children ?

A. At all times there are some children whose parents die or desert them, and especially in this famine time will it be so, and here they will be saved perhaps from death or from lives of sin and shame and trained up to be Christian workers among their own people.

Q. What does he want the hospital for ?

A. Here the sick will come from all parts of the Bheel country for help and healing, and will receive the Gospel as well, and will carry it back to their own people. The kindness too which they will receive will make them welcome the missionary to their homes when he goes to visit them.

Q. Is Dr. Buchanan getting any money for these purposes ?

A. Yes. One generous lady, now living in Boston, gave five hundred dollars to build the Orphanage for boys. Another equally warm hearted and generous lady, living in Montreal, gave five hundred dollars for the Orphanage for girls. A kind hearted old gentleman in Charlottetown, P.E.I., gave five hundred dollars towards the Hospital, and a good many others have willingly helped in the good work; and Dr. Buchanan hopes to have enough to start well his work.

In your prayers for the missionaries remember Dr. and Mrs. Buchanan among the Bheels.

TOPSY THE SIOUX GIRL.

At Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, our Church has a Mission school for the Indians, and Miss Laidlaw, the missionary, tells of Topsy one of her girls as follows:—

The first child to come to the school was ragged, cold, hungry.

One Indian woman claimed that she took Topsy because her mother threw her away, but Topsy says they quarrelled over her and this woman took her so that she could look after her children while she was at work; and many a time has this child of five years been seen going up and down town with a papoose strapped to her back.

Topsy says that when she first came to the school she cried because she did not know any one but when there two weeks she liked it because they were kind to her.

When Topsy first heard them speak English she thought she could never learn it, but she learned not only that, but learned to wash, iron, scrub, bake, and cook, and she is so kindly that the children in the home where she now lives are entrusted to her care.

This poor child, a few years ago an almost naked savage, accustomed to roam the woods, winter and summer, is now living at service and able to do her work quite satisfactorily.

She tries too to help others, for she always lays aside a part of her wages for God's work, and when collections were being made a few weeks ago for India's famine, she willingly gave a dollar for that purpose. Topsy is but one girl and if that mission school has done so much for her, how much good must be done among the twenty-five Indian children now in the Boarding School at Portage la Prairie.

A FORTNIGHT ON THE NORTH SEA.

One fine day last June I went aboard the smack *Edward Birbeck*, belonging to the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, to spend a fortnight among the men who all the year round are hard at work providing fish for the market.

Perhaps you don't know that there are, all the year round, some 12,000 to 15,000 smacksmen on the North Sea, busy catching fish for our consumption ashore. Too far from shore, 100 miles or more, to be able to run into port in a gale, they have to ride out the storm, or founder, as is too often the case.

Each smack carries six hands, including the skipper and a somewhat grimy little cabin boy, who is ship's cook. Aboard every smack there is a net 50 ft. wide and 100 ft. long, called the trawl, and fastened to a heavy wooden beam, but of this more anon.

A smacksmen spends eight weeks out and one at home; so it is clear that if Christianity is to affect their lives, it must go out to them. With this object the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen was started some fifteen years ago, and has, doubtless, been the means of many a changed life on the wild North Sea.

But to return to the smack *Edward Birbeck*. The second day that we were out from Yarmouth hunting for the Short Blue Fleet, our shifting destination, we passed not far off a small fleet of some half-dozen smacks, hailing from Grimsby—one, at least, of which we saw wanted to speak to us. So we lie to, and off comes a small boat dancing wildly on the waves, with about ten men crowded into her. They know the Mission ship well enough, and welcome the chance of something to read.

As soon as the boat is near enough, a rope is thrown and caught, and the boat drawn alongside. When she rises on a wave, a pair of strong hands grasp our bulwarks and their owner half vaults, half tumbles on deck, while the boat sinks back in the hollow of the swell.

The process is repeated till all are on board, and we shake hands with our new acquaintances as if they were old friends with the universal North Sea expression, "What cheer, what cheer oh?"

Wild-looking fellows some of them are, but good-hearted—if rough—and ready enough to talk. Mugs of tea are handed round, and all goes well. After some time spent thus, we go below to the fo'c'sle, and

there, seated on empty fish boxes, we hold a simple and hearty little service, the small harmonium being almost drowned by voices accustomed to hail a passing smack, or give orders in half a gale of wind.

The few hymns and prayers and short talk of the Saviour's love being over, we go on deck, and after supplying our visitors with literature, they tumble into the boat again, and, with a cheery farewell, start back to their smacks. Not, however, before I had time to write a post card and give it to a skipper who sails for home next day. It is carefully wrapped up in a tract and stowed away in his hard felt hat, and reaches its destination some four days later.

On we sail then in search of the fleet, which we sight late in the afternoon, and come up with it about 8 p.m. A prettier sight it is hard to imagine than the dark brown sails of the smacks stretching away to the distance, with their bright lights at every masthead, while above the stars shine brightly on the now almost calm sea.

But I must now describe a sight peculiar to the North Sea fishing fleets, namely, hauling the trawl. Imagine yourself pacing the deck some night, about midnight, beguiling the hours by joining the watch in the lusty chorus of some favorite hymn; it helps to lull the men below to sleep, as does the tramp of your heavy sea-boots. Suddenly, away in the distance, you see a rocket lighting up the dark sky. "Admiral is signalling!" exclaims the watch, and dives below shouting, "All ahaul, haul, the traw-a-a-a-l!" or something to that effect; and you remember that each fleet is led by an admiral, who gives orders by signal flags by day, and by rocket at night, as to when the trawl is to be dropped and when hauled.

In a few minutes the smack is brought up to the wind, and the donkey-engine goes clatter, clatter, clatter, while the sixty, eighty, or one hundred fathoms of hawser is being hauled in, at the end of which is the trawl.

When the net begins to come aboard, it has to be hauled in inch by inch by hand (it is not too warm in summer, so imagine what that work is like when deck and ropes are covered with ice), till the "cod end" of the net, in which are all the fish, can be swung over the bulwarks and hung from the mizzen mast.

There is not much light, for it is a dark night, but by the flickering flame of an oil lamp you see hanging there a ball, three to five feet diameter, of fish with gasping mouths sticking out between the meshes.

For a few minutes some of the water is allowed to pour off, and then the rope is loosed that closes the net, and down comes the mass of kicking, struggling fish at your feet. Quickly the skipper picks out the prime (i.e., turbot and sole) from the offal (haddock, cod, plaice, etc.), and the watch begin the work of cleaning, while the rest of the "hands" go below, unless the admiral signals "down trawl" again.

On turning out for our tub on deck next morning, we see that the fish has all been securely packed in wooden boxes or trunks, and we are running down towards the steam fish carrier, which lies to leeward, ready to rush off to the London market, as soon as her load of 2,000 to 3,000 or so trunks of fish is aboard.

On every side, and from every quarter, other smacks are bearing down also towards the carrier. Soon our small boat is drawn alongside, two of the hands tumble into her, and as she rises, nearly level with our bulwarks, on the crest of a roller, a trunk of fish is handed down by one of the crew aboard the smack. This process is repeated till all the trunks, perhaps twenty if the haul has been a good one, are safe in the boat, then the painter is loosed, as we pass somewhere near the carrier, and off she goes, dancing wildly on the waves.

The two men rowing stand facing one another, and, dipping their heavy cumbersome oars in the water, slowly advance towards the carrier. Let us imagine ourselves with them.

Several other boats are also making for the steamer, and round it there is already a fringe of some twenty similar boats. When close alongside, one of the hands, holding the painter in his teeth, seizes the bulwarks of the steamer, while our boat rises on the crest of a wave, and half vaults, half tumbles on to her deck. Quickly the painter is secured, and the work of unloading commences, being similar to the process of getting the trunks from the smack to the boat.

From the deck the trunks are handed down below by the crew of the carrier, and there packed by others between layers of ice. It is a busy scene where all is noise and hard work, and one we are not likely to forget.

But the fish is nearly all aboard, and we must get back to the *Edward Birkbeck*, which has now dropped leeward of the carrier, so as to make our rowing as easy as possible. We get back to the smack about 9 or 10 a.m., and can understand that a smacksman has a hearty appetite for breakfast, for he has been at work since 6 or 7 in the fresh North Sea air.

Now for another side of our life out there, the religious side. Spiritual work is roughly divided into two sorts: one when your congregation comes to you, and the other when you go to your congregation.

The former is only possible on Sundays, or on week days when there is not breeze enough for fishing. For nearly a week it was so calm that we were able to have a service almost daily, often two. A score or more men might have come aboard the *Birkbeck*, for one reason or another, and we would all go below to the fo'c'stle, and there, sitting on empty fish trunks, have as hearty a service as anywhere ashore.

A few bright hymns, followed by a prayer or two, and then a short talk of the Saviour's love. A more simple or informal service it would be hard to find, but it was one in which the smacksman could, and did join with heart and voice.

As regards going to find your congregation, this was also only possible when it was too calm for the fleet to trawl. Taking a dozen copies of Sankey's hymn-books, we would tumble into our little boat and row off to the nearest smack, hail the watch, and ask if we might come aboard and have a short service. Permission granted, we climb aboard, and perhaps go below, and find the hands just finishing dinner.

Soon we gather at the stern, and sing a hymn or two, followed by prayer and a short talk, founded on some simple Scripture story or parable. Another hymn and prayer, and the service is over: and after a few minutes' chatting, we get into our boat again, and row off to another smack.

When the fleet is trawling, or sailing from one fishing ground to another, this sort of work is impossible, and thus for several days together we are unable to leave the *Edward Birkbeck*, but still many opportunities were offered of speaking to these rough smacksmen of the King's message of pardon and peace. And many there are who thank God for the difference in their lives, through what the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen has done.

It is a fearfully rough life, out on the North Sea for eight weeks, winter and summer, with, perhaps, only a few Sundays ashore in the year, with little to help and much to hinder. Yet, many a smacksman loves the Lord Jesus as his Saviour, and finds, as one old skipper said, "He holds a man up better than any brick wall," and as another was fond of saying, "Everyone who knows the Lord Jesus speaks well of Him." - Rev. A. G. Clarke, in "Our Boys' Magazine."

WORK FOR LITTLE FOLLOWERS.

There's always work in plenty for little hands to do,
 Something waiting every day that none may try but you;
 Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you may take,
 Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

There's room for children's service in this world of ours ;
 We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers ;
 And their help at task and tolling the Church of God may claim,
 And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.



Explain this Picture from Bible History.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer ;
 They will have the spell of music for many a tired ear.
 Don't you wish your gentle words might lead some soul to look Above,
 Finding rest, and peace, and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love ?

There are songs which children only are glad enough to sing—
 Songs that are full of sunshine as the sunniest hour of spring ;

Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear,
 As we feel how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Saviour's care ?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for the little ones to do,
 Something waiting every day that none may try but you.

Margaret E. Sangster.

GEORGE'S PRAYER.

A day late in October. In the woods and along the fences great heaps of crimson and yellow leaves were lying. The frost had laid his hand on all the lovely green things of summer. The wind was keen, although the sun shone brightly.

But to Mr. William Mulligan, familiarly called "Old Billy" by the rude boys of the village, the sight was a goodly one. He was walking between the rows of great shocks of corn, his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bent forward.

He was calculating how many bushels of golden ears the deft-fingered huskers would make the field yield. And the bushels of corn would fatten a certain number of the cattle and hogs in yonder meadow. Then their sale would bring a roll of crisp bills. Oh! Mr. Mulligan could imagine he felt them in his hand, when a voice brought him back from dreamland to reality.

"Humph!" he muttered, "I wonder whom George Flynt has found to talk to now? Just the way with a boy."

There seemed to be only one voice. Mr. Mulligan stepped behind a shock of corn and listened.

The first words he heard: "You know how poor we are, and how hard mother cried when Mr. Mulligan wouldn't give her any more time on the mortgage. It's only a poor little place, dear Lord, but it's our home. Do help us. Mother says you will. And help Mr. Mulligan not to be so hard on poor folks 'cause he's rich. Amen."

"Humph! if he's anxious to earn money I'd advise him to stick to his work and not lose time praying. And praying for me. I wonder how long it is since any one did that. Somehow it makes me think of my mother," and away back into the past went the mind of the old man.

His mother had been a widow, too. And poor; ah! she had known what poverty was. How earnestly she used to pray that her only son might grow up to be a good man and—

Here he was close by Widow Flynt's home. It was little better than a hut, yet everything was in order, from the white muslin curtains at the windows to the shabby little pen wherein a lean pig was greedily devouring the potato parings Mrs. Flynt had just thrown into his trough.

How hard the poor woman had worked through the long illness of her husband! Three hundred dollars.

"I fear it will trouble me to sell the place

for that," he said, as he let himself out into the road through the gate. "Humph! hard on the poor."

It was a week later when George Flynt rang the bell at the door of Mr. Mulligan's home. The ring was answered by Mollie, the dejected-looking domestic, who eyed the boy suspiciously.

"Yes, Mr. Mulligan is at home," she said, in answer to his question. "But he is in a dreadful temper over something and won't see you."

"Please, I must see him." George's tone was earnest. "I've found something I think he lost."

"Very well. If you get turned out of doors, I shan't be to blame. He's in there," and pointing to a door, Mollie beat a retreat.

George crossed the little hall and knocked upon the door.

"What do you want?" demanded a gruff voice.

The boy opened the door and entered the dusty, cheerless room that Mr. Mulligan called his "office." There was no fire in the rusty stove. Before it sat the master of the house, his face pale and haggard.

"Go away," he said, petulantly.

George walked up to the table and laid upon it a large, shabby-looking pocket-book.

"I found this in the cornfield. Your name is on some of the papers."

He was interrupted by a cry of joy from Mr. Mulligan. With trembling fingers the old man opened the purse and examined the contents.

There was a large roll of bills, but it was to the papers the owner turned first. He ran them over, counted the money, and then turned to George.

"Did you know the value of what you found?"

"Yes, sir. I counted the money. There is five hundred dollars."

"Humph! Why didn't you take the money and answer the prayer you made in the cornfield the other morning?"

George's fair face reddened. "I couldn't, sir. I asked God to help me, and stealing would not have been an answer. I'll go now."

"Yes, go. But, listen first. The papers in here were of great value and were confided to me for safe keeping. Had they been lost, money could not have replaced them. Then tell your mother you have done the best day's work of your life. And I—I wish you would keep on praying for me. It, it—well, I like it, and I think your prayer will be answered."

George and his mother were not disturbed in their little home. Moreover, George was enabled to attend school, being so well paid for the work he did for Mr. Mulligan out of school hours that many comforts came to the dear mother.

This was not all George's prayer was answered, and Mr. Mulligan, never "Old Billy" now, has learned the happiness of doing good with the money given him by God.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A LITTLE SCHOOL-GIRL.

In far-away India two children were sent to one of our Christian schools—a brother and a sister. The boy was ten years old, and his sister eight. Their parents were not idolaters, but belonged to that interesting and intelligent race called Parsees, who came originally from Persia, and who took refuge in India rather than become Mohammedans.

They are generally called Fire-worshippers, as they keep a sacred fire constantly burning, and prostrate themselves to the sun, as if worshipping it. They are as much opposed to Christianity as the heathen, and when these children came to our school the boy was primed with arguments against the true religion, and was very careful to perform his morning devotions with the sacred cord the Parsees use.

The girl was a delicate little thing, and listened with wide-open eyes to the Christian hymns and prayers, and the reading of the Bible, which she heard every morning. The first Sunday morning she came into her teacher's room and asked some questions about the Sunday lesson she had to learn. The teacher made her sit down, and then told her about Jesus in the simplest language she could use, and from that time the dear child seemed to give her heart to the Satigur, or True Teacher.

One morning it was rather chilly, and the teacher heard a window opened in the girls' dormitory, which surprised her, as she knew the girls had gone down to study, so she looked into the room and saw little Pheroze kneeling beside her bed. She did not disturb her, and went back to her writing in the next room.

Presently she heard a timid voice say, "May I come in?" and little Pheroze came in, looking frightened. "Miss Sahib," she said, "do you think God will be angry with me? I was feeling so cold, and I opened the window to let in the sun, while I was

saying my prayers. Do you think He will think I was praying to the sun?" The little Parsee girl feared lest she had unwittingly offended the one true God. Of course her teacher comforted her by telling her that God knew what was in her heart.

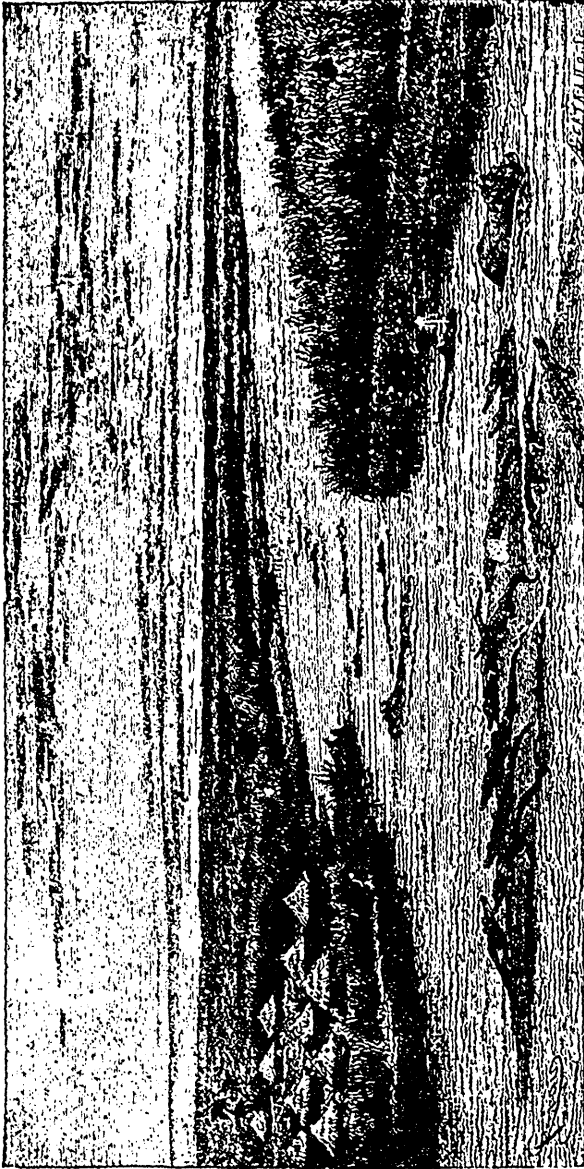
Having found the true faith herself, little Pheroze longed that her father and mother should know it too, and week after week her Saturday letter home was full of exhortations to her parents to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and "to come here and let them all be baptized together."

Once she sent her father a little book printed by the Bible Society, and entreated him to read it and see for himself if what she had told him about Jesus were not true. In answer to this came a stern letter from her father bidding her remember she was a Zoroastrian (the Parsees are followers of a teacher named Zoroaster), and that she need not trouble to send him any more Christian books. Still she continued writing to him about the Satigur, and when any Christian visitor addressed the school she faithfully reproduced the address for her parents' benefit.

Once Pheroze saved up her pocket-money and bought a Bible for a Brahman Fundit, and her sweet influence seemed to be felt everywhere. A very idle and disobedient child, in a standard lower than herself, next claimed Pheroze's attention. Every day this dear little child of Parsee parents would take the so-called Christian girl upstairs to pray with her before she went to school, "that at least E—might be kept from sin.—*The Zenana.*

LORD ERSKINE'S PRINCIPLE.

Lork Erskine was distinguished through life for independence of principle, for his scrupulous adherence to truth. He once explained the rules of his conduct, which ought to be graven deeply on every heart. He said: "It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequence to God. I shall carry with me the memory and, I trust, the practice of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth; and I shall point out the same path to my children for their pursuit."



CROCODILES AND HIPPOPOTAMI ON THE BANKS OF THE SHIRÉ.

HOW JOHN WON THE PLACE.

"The boy who can the most accurately repeat the Golden Rule shall have the place." Miss Nellie Traver looked into the fifty pairs of eyes upraised to her own and smiled. Her words produced quite a commotion.

"I knows hit, every word," said John Lane, the sturdy Tennessee mountain lad, who had but recently entered the night school in the city of——, where Miss Traver was teacher.

"I'll learn it afore I comes agin," whispered Jack Wilton to his neighbor, Tom Mullony.

"Faith, an' it's meself as niver hearn tell o' sich a rule afore. Where's a body to find it?" answered Tom, looking very grave.

The position in question was a very desirable one. As least so Miss Traver's boys considered it. The times were so hard and poverty was so pinching that to receive board and clothing and five dollars a month, and still attend the night school, merely to groom Miss Traver's pony, work in her flower garden, and be general "chore boy" for her, seemed paradise to those poor street waifs.

"I'se knowed the rule iver since I weer so high," said Tony O'Brien loftily "Me grandmother teached me." His whisper was so loudly spoken that it reached Miss Traver's ear.

"Well, Tony, suppose you stand up and tell us what the rule is," she said with her sweet smile.

Blushing like a peony, Tony arose. "It's this, mum: "Do ter ithers just what ithers does ter you.'"

The teacher still smiled, but there was a tinge of sadness in it. "Tony has learned the rule as the majority of the world are repeating it every day," she said gently.

Up went John Lane's hand. "He didn't get it right. Hit goes this yer way: 'Do ter you-uns whatsoever we-uns wants you-uns ter do ter we-uns.' My mudder telled hit ter we-uns long ergo."

Some of the boys laughed aloud, but a glance from Miss Traver quieted them.

John's mountain dialect, while as correct as their street jargon, highly amused these city-bred waifs.

"I am afraid that none of you know it perfectly," the teacher said. "I will give you a week, and then I will decide who is to have the position. Now we will have our spelling lesson."

Every boy in that school wanted to be the fortunate one to gain the coveted place. Such quoting as was heard among them for the next few days and nights!

"Hit's in the Bible. I know hit air," John Lane confidently declared. "Me mudder telled us jis' wat hit meant, an she said we uns mus' live hit, ef us iver git to glory land."

"But whereabouts in thèr Bible?" questioned Ned Brown. "I goes ter Sunday school sometimes, and I'se got er Testament." This question was too much for John. His knowledge did not extend so far.

One day during the week Miss Traver came unexpectedly upon a group of her night scholars in a back alley, where she was going on kindly deeds intent. The boys did not see her. All were rudely laughing at a poor little cripple who had tripped and fallen upon the hard stones. All but John Lane. He went and helped the little fellow up, saying to his rougher companions:

"What's thèr to laugh at? He can't help bein' lame. Supposin' you uns war lame and felled, would yer like to be laughed at?"

The boys only laughed the more bolsterously, crying out: "We-uns' and 'Broken-back' orter be partners."

"We-uns" was the nickname which was given to the mountain boy because of his peculiar localisms.

The next night when the class in arithmetic was up before the blackboard, Tommy Mullony had lost his chalk. Miss Traver had given each lad a piece and told him that if he lost it she would not replace it. Without chalk the lesson would be counted a failure. All the boys were trying to solve the problem at the same time.

"Please, mum, he kin have half o' my chalk," said John Lane.

Several of the boys openly laughed, and one of them whispered: "He'll stan' er better chance uv gettin' head ef Tommy air out."

The others boys assented by smiles and nods.

John and Tommy were the best mathematicians in the class. It was tie between them which would remain longest at the head.

"Why do you want to divide your chalk with Tommy, John?" questioned the teacher.

"Cause he orter have er fair chance. Ef I'd er lost my chalk, I'd be proper glad ef some un 'ud gip me er chance."

"Very well, you may divide with him," Miss Traver kindly replied.

That night at the close of the school she said:

"John Lane has won the place as my groom and chore boy."

Forty-nine mouths uttered a prolonged "O!" John himself looked utterly astonished.

"What was the offer I made?" the teacher quietly asked.

"You'd give the place ter the boy what would best repeat the Golden Rule," Jake Jones responded. "An' I'se got it word for word. But you hain't 'lowed us ter repeat it ter you yit."

"Yes, boys, you have been repeating it every day and night since I told you about it," Miss Traver answered. Then she explained her meaning. "You have repeated it by your acts and lives, and John is fairly entitled to the position." Then she repeated the rule and recounted what John had done to exemplify the rule by his acts.

Great was the surprise of the boys to learn of her presence in the alley the day John helped the cripple, and very downcast were the forty-nine faces when she explained how John's generous action about the chalk further proved that the Golden Rule was in his heart, if not upon his lips, and what was better still, it was carried out in his life.—*New York Observer.*

MINER TOM'S BOY.

"My, ain't that a sight!"

And Miner Tom's boy stood with his hands in his pockets, watching Dick MacPherson and his father going along a crooked street, in the little hill-town that was his home.

Not so much of a sight, a careless observer might have said; but Dick and his father were without an umbrella in the rain pouring down out of a blackened sky, and Dick had shrunk close up to his father's side, and Archibald MacPherson had thrown an arm protectingly and lovingly around his boy. Archibald was a big, burly fellow with an awkward gait, and his clothes were shabby, but he had a big heart inside, and he loved Dick, and the sight of his care for the boy in the wild, sweeping rain touched Miner Tom's boy.

That was what he often was called, Miner Tom's boy, but his real name was "Billy Spaulding"; it was not William Spaulding.

Ten minutes after, when Billy Spaulding met Dick, he said: "That was a boss sight when you and your father went up the street."

"How?" asked Dick.

"When your father, Dick, put his arm round ye."

"Well, Billy, wouldn't your father do it to you?"

Billy shook his head. Then he said: "We ain't on good terms."

"How so? You ought to be."

"He asked me to bring in some wood. I said I was tired. He called me lazy. I ran out of the house and said: 'Fetch the wood yourself.' That was yesterday. He hasn't spoke to me since. He never cuddles me up, rain or shine."

"Oh, fetch in the wood. You do the right thing yourself."

The two boys parted.

Billy went toward his home.

How unattractive it looked in the heavy, chilling rain! Ever since his wife's death, Miner Tom had been without a housekeeper, save at odd times an old woman in the neighborhood came in to do a little cooking, or once-a-week to look after the washing.

Miner Tom did the ironing and most of the cooking. He was a rough man outwardly, but he had his tender feelings, like a ledge of rock that may hide in its crevices flowers of beauty. Just now he was in a very discouraged mood.

Life was like a sled whose runners tried to make good time over bare ground. His boy, Billy, had refused to bring wood for the fire, and what did Billy care for his father?

"Nothing, or he would have brought in the wood," concluded the man.

When night came, Miner Tom would go to a mine where he had a job. But what did it matter whether he had a job or not? Billy did not care for him, and nobody in particular cared for Miner Tom.

Archibald MacPherson had said: "Tom, wash up, slick up, and go to church with me next Sunday comin'."

"What's the use?" was Tom's reply. "Nobody cares for Miner Tom," he persisted in saying.

He was about leaving his rough cabin. He heard a step.

"That's Billy, his supper is ready on the stove, and I must be off to the mine, but I—I'll trounce him before I go for not bringing that wood in."

He caught up a lash that hung behind the

door and waited, the muscles of his arm stiffening in readiness for the first cut.

When the door opened, there was Billy, his arms full of wood. "I—I thought I would bring in that wood, rather, and I'm sorry I did not bring it before."

If somebody had taken a lash and brought it down upon, and disabled the arm of the miner holding his weapon in readiness, the effect could not have been greater.

Miner Tom's arm was powerless. He stared in surprise at Billy, and then clapping his old black felt hat on his grizzled hair, muttered: "Wall, wall!" and rushed out of doors.

The next morning, through the little mining town, went the hasty rumor that somebody was hurt at the mine. It was enough to start about all the population in a current of rapid travel toward the mine. Little children ran, old men tottered, and mothers flew to the mouth of the shaft. Billy was among the boys that sped like deer.

"Here, here, he comes?" cried somebody. "They're bringing him up!"

Up out of the mouth of the shaft came two miners bringing a poor, limp body, with arms hanging helplessly down, and a face pallid as with a death stroke.

"Some timber gave way down in the mine and fell on him, and it almost killed him," exclaimed one of the man's bearers.

"Father, father!" cried a boy voice in distress, and Billy Spaulding sprang forward.

"Bear away, there! No place for him here! Take Miner Tom home!" ordered a voice, and Miner Tom was carried home.

When he came to his senses, he found himself in his humble cabin home. The old woman that did a share of his housework was crawling about, making things tidy, while the tea kettle on the stove was singing the old familiar home song. Billy sat by the bed, watching the patient, who opened his eyes and smiled.

"Oh, father, you're better? The doctor thinks you'll pull through!"

"I hope so. Thank God!" whispered the man.

When had Miner Tom thanked God before?

"Billy!" he went on to say slowly, "I have thought life wasn't worth the living and I ain't—been to ye—what I oughter—but you fetched that wood in and I said—'Billy cares for me! I've something to live for.' And when—the timber struck me—and floored me—another was comin'—but

I said—'For Billy's sake—I'll crawl out of the way, and if—I'm spared, try to be a better man—go to church with Archie MacPherson and be somebody.' And the doctor said I'll pull through."

Again he said: "Thank God!" And Miner Tom's boy also said in his heart: "Thank God!"

A boy's obedience had led to a father's reformation.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

STORY OF A DOG MOTHER.

One of the most pathetic incidents to be read in dog biography is given by Dr. Dio Lewis in his *Life*. He was travelling in the West and came to a ranch, the owner of which showed him a shepherd dog which he said he would not sell for a hundred pounds. She had at that time four young puppies.

While they were admiring the little mother and her babies on the night of their arrival, the assistant herder came in to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about, but the Herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them; Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, that she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out and must give her puppies their supper. The master said she must go.

The sun was setting and there was no time to lose. Flora was called and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to the great forest through the edge of which they had just passed. She raised her head, but seemed very loth to leave her babies. The master called sharply to her. She rose, looked tired and low-spirited, and with head and tail down trotted wearily off toward the forest. "That is too bad," said I. "Oh, she'll be right back," was the assured answer. "She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora had found the strays. While we were speaking the sheep returned, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head nor wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them. She had been out all night, and scarcely able to notice her babies she *feel* asleep.

How often that scene comes back to me! The vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature, with the sore foot and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild canyon, all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep.

MELICAN HEATHEN.

A Chinaman applied for the position of cook in a family which belonged to a fashionable church.

The lady asked him :

"Do you drink whiskey ?"

"No, I Clistian man."

"Do you play cards ?"

"No, I Clistian man."

He was engaged and was found honest and capable. By and by the lady gave a progressive euchre party, with wine accompaniments. John did his part acceptably, but the next morning he appeared before his mistress.

"I want quit."

"Why, what is the matter ?"

"I Clistian man, I told you so before. No heathen. No workee for Melican heathen!"
--*Scl.*

"LIVE OR DIE PUT ME ASHORE."

By DR. JOHN HALL, D.D.

The following interesting story is from the pen of Dr. John Hall, of New York, in the November *Gleanings for the Young*.--

It is nearly two generations since a boat's crew left their ship to reach the Hervey Islands. One of the passengers upon that boat desired to land, but the boat's crew feared to do so, as the cannibals were gathered together on the shore; but, holding up the Bible in his hand, he said, "Live or die, put me ashore." They would not go near the land; he plunged into the surf and held high the book. He reached the land. The cannibals did not kill him, but he won their favor, and lived among them, and, for aught I know, he died among them.

Thirty years afterwards another ship reached the same Hervey Islands, bringing literally a cargo of Bibles. They were all wanted, and were taken with the greatest eagerness, and paid for by these people. This was the result of the labors of that heroic young man who said, "Live or die, put me ashore."

I was preaching to my people some time ago on behalf of the Bible Society. I mentioned this circumstance in illustration of the fact that it is not so long, after all, between the sowing and the reaping.

When I came down from the pulpit and was standing in the middle of the aisle, there came up to me a tall, manly-looking gentleman, a man that looked as if he might be a descendant of one of the old Vikings, and said, "You will excuse me for coming

up to speak to you and introducing myself: I am Captain." "I am in command of Her Majesty's frigate—, and I take the liberty of coming to speak to you in reference to what you said about these islands: I was there with my ship, I saw these people, and then I saw the circulation of the Bible among them, and I never saw such Christianity in all my life as among the people of these islands." Said he, "They reminded me of those people of whom you read in the Acts of the Apostles."



AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

HOW BERT FOUND SOMETHING GOLDEN.

As Bert was walking along the street one day he picked up a piece of paper with these words printed on it in large letters: "Don't neglect a golden opportunity." Now Bert was a little fellow, and could not read very well, so he spelled it out: "D-o-n't n-e-g-l-e-c-t a g-o-l-d-e-n o-p-p-o-r-t-u-n-i-t-y."

"I wonder what that means. It must be made of gold," thought Bert. "O, no! If I could find one, I would not neglect to pick it up. Wonder how much it is worth, and what it looks like."

Just then an old gentleman passing by heard his last words, and said to him:

"What is it you so much wish to know?"

"What is a golden opportunity, and have you any?" asked the earnest little fellow.

"I have had a great many of them and lost them nearly all," sadly replied the man. "But keep your eyes open and your heart warm, and you will find them."

"Well, that is queer," said Bert. "I will keep my eyes open. But how am I to know one when I find it? Will it shine?"

"Your heart will tell you. Good-bye."

It was Bert's seventh birthday. His mother had given him seven bright five cent pieces, also a basket full of buns, cakes and rosy-cheeked apples. These were to eat on the way, as she had given him permission to visit his grandmother, who lived two miles in the country. As he walked along the dusty road he thought: "What is it like, a yellow butterfly or a piece of gold? I'll keep my eyes open, and who knows but I'll find one to-day?"

"Hallo, little girl, what is the matter; why do you cry?"

"I fell down and spilt all my milk, and Bessie won't have no breakfast, and she is sick."

"Well, why don't you give her yours?" asked Bert.

"There was only bread for me, and Bessie can't eat that."

Bert, after a moment's thought, took one of the bright nickels from his pocket and gave it to her, saying:

"There, stop crying; get enough milk for both of you; and here are some cakes, too. Now, don't tumble down again."

The bright happy look in the little girl's eyes made his heart feel warm. After awhile he sat down on a log to rest, as the day was warm. Hearing footsteps, he looked around

and saw standing near him, a pale woman with a baby in her arms.

"What are you doing here?" she asked. "Are you lost, or have you run away from home?"

"Neither," said Bert: "I am only resting."

"I am tired, and wish that I might rest, but I can't, my baby cries all the time."

He gave the baby an apple to play with, and then he hurried on to his grandmother's. She was very glad to see him, and gave him a nice dinner. He then told her all that happened since he left home.

"And now, grandma, please tell me what an opportunity is, and if it is made of gold."

"My dear boy," said she, "an opportunity is a chance to do something that will benefit and make happier yourself or others, and whenever you do a good or kind thing for anyone, or help them by a smile or pleasant word, you have found and made your own a golden opportunity, and grandma feels sure that her boy Bert has done that this day."

Yes, Bert had, through the kindness of his little heart, or rather great heart, picked up the thing of gold, most precious. And the kinder and truer our hearts are, and the more we listen to the teachings of Him who is ever ready to help us, the more often we will think of and obey the words, "Don't neglect a golden opportunity."—*Exchange.*

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

The summer sun shone broadly down over a lonely mountain in the north-west of Ireland. It burnt hotly on little Nancy O'Connor's dark, curly, hatless head, and on her bare, brown legs showing to the knee from under her red, patched frock, faded with winter rains and summer suns.

Behind Nancy, down below in a nook of the mountain, a blue curl of smoke rose from the crooked chimney of the little one-roomed cabin where she had lived alone with her grandmother all the seven years of her life. The roof was of turf sods—brown in winter, green in summer, where little patches of grass grew over it.

Nancy knew, as well as if she saw her, that Grannie was bending over the smouldering turf on the open hearth, watching the oaten-cake baking for tea.

Oatmeal porridge for breakfast, oaten-cake for tea. Only two meals, and no variety, excepting when Grannie made her way to the fishing village some miles off to see if the fishermen would buy her blue yarn stockings. Then perhaps she would bring home a dried herring or two, as well as the

few ounces of tea which were medicine to her poor old infirm body.

But some one, lately, had opened a shop in the village; Grannie's knitting was rarely wanted now. In three months past Nancy had not tasted a herring, seldom a sup of tea.

Nancy's heart was heavy to-day, and her sunburnt face wore a perplexed look. For a week past "Jinnie" and "Nannie" had given less milk. Yesterday Nancy had little more than a pint to take to the Cliff House, and the servant had said:

"This will never do. If you can't bring me more to-morrow, I must see what Widow Doyle can give me."

Grannie had bent her grey head over her dry oaten cake in reverent thanks. Nancy's head had bent, too, but there were no real thanks in her heart. This morning the devil had whispered something to her. Widow Doyle lived just across the mountain. Her goats kept with Nancy's, Nancy's milking-time was an hour earlier. The goats knew her well. She could easily milk them. Why not take a little milk from each? just enough to make up the quart for the lady, and a tiny sup for Grannie's tea and her own. Widow Doyle used her own goat's milk. She was wealthy in Nancy's eyes. "She will never miss it," whispered Satan now, and Nancy listened with burning cheeks. But from over the purple heather, wafted the words, "Lead us not into temptation." They were on a little colored card pinned over the smoky fireplace; it had been given her a month ago by an artist whom she had found sketching her goats. Nancy remembered the kind look in his eyes as he said:

"If ever you want to do something badly that you wouldn't like God to see you do, just say those words to Him—out and out with all your heart."

"No one will ever know," whispered Satan again.

"Something you wouldn't like God to see you do," murmured the breeze.

"It is quite right to help your poor old Grannie," urged Satan, while—

"Lead us not into temptation," wafted back on the warm air.

Nancy suddenly dropped her milk-can. Her brown knees crushed the heather; her hands were pressed to her eyes. "Grip" stood and stared at her, his tail wagging doubtfully, his red tongue hanging from his hot mouth. The goats drew near in a semi-circle and stared too.

With a great sigh Nancy stood up again,

took her can, and ran a little way down the mountain, calling "Jinnie" and "Nannie" as she ran. The goats followed nimbly at her call. But Widow Doyle prepared to follow, too. Nancy resolutely waved her can, and shouted to frighten them back. Then, in feverish haste, she milked "Jinnie" and "Nannie," and, with a light can, but with a light heart, too, hurried away with "Grip" down the steep mountain-path again.—*Great Thoughts.*

International S.S. Lessons.

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

6th June.

Les. James 3: 1-13. Gol. text. Ps. 34: 13.
Mem. vs. 11-13. Catechism Q. 105.

1. The Power of the Tongue. vs. 1-4.
2. The Evil of the Tongue. vs. 5-8.
3. The Mastery of the Tongue. vs. 9-13.

What is the warning in verse 1?
What does control of one's speech show?
How is man's power over the brutes illustrated?

His power over the forces of nature?
What is the meaning of these illustrations?

How is the tongue's great power for evil described?

What is the source of its evil?
What is said of its unruliness?
What is it in man that makes his tongue evil?

What then will insure control of the tongue? Luke 6: 45.

LESSONS.

1. We should carefully guard our speech above all things.
2. A thoughtless word may break a heart, or ruin a soul.
3. Real self-control will show itself in careful speech.
4. Christians should never utter un-Christian words.
5. If we have true wisdom our speech will show it.

PAUL'S ADVICE TO TIMOTHY.

13th June.

Les. 2 Tim. 1: 1-7; 3: 14-17, Gol. Text. 2
Tim. 3: 15.

Mem. vs. 3: 14-17. Catechism Q. 106.

1. Reminded of his Blessings. 1: 1-5.
2. Called to stir up his Gifts. 1: 6, 7.
3. Exhorted to continue in God's Word. 3: 14-17.

What can you tell about Timothy's parents ?

When was he converted ?

What happened when Paul visited Lystra the second time ?

To what office was Timothy ordained ?

Where did he go with Paul ?

What did he finally become ?

Where was Paul when he wrote this letter ?

Where was Timothy ?

How does Paul show his great love for Timothy ? vs. 3, 4.

What does he say of Timothy's mother and grandmother ?

Of what does he remind Timothy ? v. 6.

What does he say about God's gifts ?

How had Timothy been trained as a child ? vs. 14, 15.

What are the Scriptures able to do ?

How were the Scriptures given to us ?

For what are they profitable ?

What do they do for the man of God ?

LESSONS.

1. Our blessings come through God's mercy in Christ.
2. It is a blessing to have had a godly ancestry.
3. We should prize God's gifts and use them for him.
4. God's word plainly shows us the way of salvation.
5. We learn how to live by studying God's word.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

20th June.

Les. Rom. 14: 10-21. Col. Text. Rom. 14: 21. Mem. vs. 19-21. Catechism Q. 107.

1. Not Judging Others' Weakness. vs. 10-12.
2. Not Harming Others by Our Liberty. vs. 13-18.
3. Denying Self for Other's Good. vs. 19-21.

Who wrote the Epistle to the Romans ?

When, and where, was it written ?

Of what does chapter 14 specially treat ?

Where must we all stand at last ?

What must each one do there ?

What then should we avoid ?
 What should we be careful not to do ?
 What is the meaning of verse 14 ?
 To what are we to have loving regard in all our conduct ?
 Why are we ?
 How may we become responsible for another's sin ?
 When must we sacrifice our Christian liberty ?
 What is the meaning of verse 17 ?
 What rule of conduct is given in verse 19 ?

LESSONS

1. We are not the judges of others' conduct.
2. Christ is our judge: all must account to him.
3. We should not do what will cause others to sin.
4. We should seek to help our weaker brethren.
5. We should willingly give up our rights to save others.

REVIEW.

27th June.

Gol. Text. Matt. 24: 14. Catechism Review.

Read over again the Lessons as follows:--

Lessons I, II. Acts 9: 32-10: 48.

Lessons III, IV. Acts 11: 1-12: 25.

Lessons V, VI. Acts 13: 1-43.

Lesson VII. Acts 13: 44-14: 28.

Lesson VIII. Acts 15: 1-35.

Lessons IX, X. Jas. 2 and 3.

Lessons XI, XII. 2 Tim. 1 and 3 Rom. 14.

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

A SLUM STORY.

The Slum Sisters in the city of New York are doing a wondrous work. Among the pathetic stories is this one told by Mrs. Ballington Booth.

The child was a boy, scarcely more than four or five years old. His parents had evidently been sent to the Island or had drifted away somewhere. When found, crouched in a corner of a hallway, one chilly night in March, he was but half-clad and was numbed with exposure to the cold.

Taken into the barracks, the waif was washed and dressed in clean clothes, warmed and fed. He was delighted with the attention that he received, and particularly with his garments so much so that when one of the Sisters attempted to undress him for bed he cried, under the belief that he was about to be permanently deprived of his new apparel.

This was very apparent when the Sister attempted to teach him the words of the simple prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Kneeling beside him at the bedside, the Sister said: "Say these words after me: 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

Peeping between his fingers, the little fellow lisped, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep," continued the Sister.

"I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," whispered the boy.

"No, not 'clothes to keep': 'soul to keep,'" corrected the Sister.

"Soul to keep," said the boy.

"Now say it from the beginning," urged the worker in the slums. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

But the poor little fellow was too intent upon his treasures. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," he said, making the same mistake as before.

"No, no; that is not right," spoke the painstaking Sister. "You should pray to

God to care for your soul, not your clothes. I'll take care of those."

"And won't you pawn them," replied the lad to the astonishment of the Sister, "and buy rum with them? That's what they always did at home when I had new clothes."

Tears filled the eyes of the Slum Sister, but she brushed them aside as she kissed the child. His few words of precocious knowledge had revealed to her the story of his brief life, and she needed no more to tell her of the misery of his home. Although he finally mastered his little prayer, it was with the words, "I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," on his lips that he fell asleep.—*New York Evan.*

WHAT WILL YOU SAY THEN?

While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in America, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions.

At length Hopu said, "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" Now, sir, I think I can say 'Yes.' What will you say, sir?"

When he had stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said that as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears came from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept too, and when they separated, the words, "What will you say, sir?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till they brought him to the Saviour.—

According as her labors rise
So her rewards increase

Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace.