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

The
**HILDRENS
 RECORD.**



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Lo I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

THE NEW HEBRIDES MISSION.

Question.—What is the oldest mission field of our church?

Answer.—The New Hebrides, a group of about thirty inhabited islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, 1400 miles from Australia, and extending 400 miles from north to south.

Q. What are the ten largest islands?

A. Beginning at the south, there is Aneityum, pop. 700, once 4000. Fifty miles N. W. lies Tanna, about 12x30 miles, pop. 6000? Eighteen miles N. of Tanna is Erromanga, 20x30 miles, pop. 2000? Sixty miles from Erromanga is Efate, 20x30 miles, pop. 2000? Farther north is Epi, 15x20 miles; Ambrim, 15x20 miles; Malekula, 30x60 miles, pop. 4000? Santo, the largest, 40x70 miles; Aurora, 7x30 miles; and Pentecost.

Q. What are the ten next in size?

A. Futuna, pop. 400; Aniwa, pop. 170; Nguna, Emau, Mataso, Mai, Tongoa, Paama, Malo, and Oba.

Q. What are the ten smallest?

A. Chiefly small islets lying off the larger ones, with 50 to 100 people.

Q. What do the islands look like?

A. They are beautiful, evergreen, with high mountains and deep valleys, and are rich and fertile bearing coconut, bread-fruit, banana, and other tropical fruits.

Q. What kind of people live there?

A. In their heathen state, naked, savage cannibals.

Q. Who was the first white missionary to remain on the islands?

A. Rev. John Geddie, who sailed from Nova Scotia 30th November, 1846, and reached Aneityum in 1848.

Q. Had any of them ever heard the Gospel before?

A. Native teachers from Samoa had been placed on some of the islands as early as 1840.

Q. Had any white missionary been there?

A. Williams and Harris were killed when visiting Erromanga, 26th November, 1839, and Messrs. Turner and Nisbett labored for seven months on Tanna in 1842, but were driven away.

Q. When did Mr. Geddie form his first church?

A. In May, 1852, when fifteen natives were baptized.

Q. What help came to him?

A. Rev. John Inglis, from Scotland, 1st July, 1852.

Q. When did the last heathen district of the island yield?

A. In 1854.

Q. How long did Dr. Geddie labor?

A. He died at Geelong, Australia, 14th December, 1872. Mrs. Geddie is still living.

Q. What churches have now missionaries in the group?

A. Our own church, 3; the Free Church of Scotland, 2; the two Presbyterian churches of New Zealand, 5; and the four Presbyterian churches in the different parts of Australia, 8.

Q. In how many islands is mission work carried on?

A. In 13 islands.

Q. What are the names of our own missionaries and their islands?

A. Mr. McKenzie and family on Efate, Mr. Robertson and family on Erromanga, and Mr. Annand and family on Santo.

Q. On what other islands did our church carry on work?

A. On Aneityum and Tanna.

Q. Why did she leave Aneityum?

A. The population grew less, and did not need two missionaries, and Mr. Annand went to Santo, leaving the whole island to the missionary of the Free Church of Scotland.

Q. Why did our church leave Tanna?

A. Our first missionaries were driven away or died, and afterward another church took up the work.

Q. On what islands is mission work carried on besides those five where our church has labored?

A. On Futuna, Aniwa, Tongoa, Nguna, Epi, Malo, Ambrim, and Malekula, besides some smaller islets.

Q. What is the present condition of Efate?

A. Two missionaries, our Mr. McKenzie and another, labor there. Most of the people

have given up heathenism. Mr. McKenzie has about 160 communicants.

Q. What is the present condition of Erromanga?

A. It is a Christian island. There are some 200 communicants and 30 schools.

Q. What is the condition of Santo?

A. It is only six years since Mr. Annand began work there. It has been sowing time, but the reaping has scarcely begun.

Q. How long have these three mission families been in the New Hebrides?

A. Twenty-two years.

Q. What other mission families did our church send out to the New Hebrides?

A. Rev. J. W. Matheson and wife and Rev. S. F. Johnson and wife, settled on Tanna in 1858. Within three years all but Mrs. Johnson were dead.

Rev. G. N. Gordon and his English wife settled on Erromanga 47th June, 1857, and were murdered 20th May, 1861.

His brother, Rev. J. D. Gordon, landed on the same island in 1864, and 7th March, 1872, he too was killed.

Rev. Donald Morrison and wife settled on Efate in 1864, and in 1867 he had to leave through illness, and died in 1867 in New Zealand.

Rev. J. D. Murray and wife succeeded Dr. Geddie in Anietyum for four years, and then went to labor in Australia.

Q. What is the total population of the New Hebrides?

A. Probably from 50,000 to 60,000.

Q. How many may be reached by the agencies now at work?

A. Probably 40,000.

Q. How are the islands reached?

A. For many years we have had the mission ship "Dayspring." Now there is a trading steamer calling there every month, and another small trading steamer all the time going around among the group, and these do the work of the mission.

If there are any more questions you would like to ask, please send them, and I will try to answer them.

TOAD AND FROGS, A HINDU FABLE

An elephant named Blackmound was in the habit of bathing in a pond, much to the dislike and injury of the frogs, as they were frequently crushed under his heavy feet.

Near the pond, in the hollow of a great tree, lived a large toad who was remarkable for his wisdom. The frogs went to him for advice.

He directed one of the frogs to go to the top of the rock and address Blackmound, who was then coming, as follows:—"You must not come to the pond any more, for there is a spirit in yonder tree that has granted me the power to destroy you."



"I would like to hear the spirit say so," said Blackmound.

"Yes," cried the toad, "I have given him the power."

Blackmound, hearing the voice and seeing no one, was frightened and hastened away.

The toad and the frogs said—"It is one thing to be large, and another thing to be bold."

The Bible tells us that "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are as bold as a lion."

LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.



HIS pretty word picture was sent by Miss Blackaddar, one of our missionary teachers of the East Indians in Trinidad, to Miss Nicoll, one of our missionary teachers among the North-West Indians in the school at Regina, and is in a little paper called *Progress*, printed at the Regina School.

TACARIGUA, TRINIDAD.

DEAR MISS NICOLL.—Yours of July must now be answered. I am a very busy woman. I have a large school, keep house, and do nearly all my own work. It was very kind of you to watch for my name, and very good of you to write me such a nice kind letter.

I have been in Trinidad now for eighteen years and sometimes I feel lonely, as death takes first one then another away.

I used to have a whole house full of little Indian girls, and now they are all grown up and married; with small boys and girls of their own. Then we had some boys and they too have grown up and gone into the world.

My school has some 117 children, but every morning we have to go and gather them. Sometimes they hide under the bed, and one day a small boy got into an oil box, so the monitor took up box and all and came on with the small boy howling inside.

These children come to school often quite naked, so we are glad to get the shirts that are sent from home.

We teach them in English and Hindostani, they are bright and clever.

They are of various shades of brown. Some very dark and some very light.

The Indian people live in huts made of mud, with roof of poplar leaves or straw. All the family live in one room, and often a cow or donkey lives with them. They live mostly on vegetable food. Some never eat flesh at all.

They do all kinds of work, and are careful and saving. Many of them return to India and others to England and some remain here.

They worship many different kinds of gods and goddesses, some made of metal, wood, or stone, and some even worship plants. In

India, people worship the cow, but not here.

We have to call them into church every Sunday. Sunday here is the great day for markets, and work of all kinds, you see people working, drinking, and fighting. I am sorry to say that drinking goes on here very badly. We have Bands of Hope, and Mrs. Morton has been very successful in that branch of Christian work.

We have Sunday schools, as you have, the children read and study just as they do at home. We have some 10 applications for baptism, and as soon as Mr. Thompson comes we will have them baptized. We will call one Maggie Nicoll.

TOGETHER WITH CHRIST.

Crucified together with Christ. I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live. Gal. ii. 20.

Dead together with Christ. If we died with Him, we shall also live with him. Rom. vi. 8.

Quickened together with Christ. God quickened us together with Christ. Eph. ii. 5.

Risen together with Christ. Ye were raised together with Christ. Col. iii. 1.

Living together with Christ. God appointed us unto the obtaining of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, that we should live together with Him. 1 Thess. v. 9, 10.

Sitting together with Christ. God made us to sit with Him in the heavenly places. Eph. ii. 6.

Suffering together with Christ. We suffer with Him. Rom. viii. 17.

Working together with Christ. Working together with Him. 2 Cor. vi. 1.

Heirs together with Christ. Heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. Rom. viii. 17.

Glorified together with Christ. That we may be also glorified with him.

Walking together with Christ. They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy. Rev. iii. 4.

Reigning together with Christ. If we endure we shall also reign with Him. 2 Tim. ii. 12.

EXTRAORDINARY FINGER-NAILS.

This picture, which has been kindly loaned by *The Faithful Witness*, is not a fancy one, but is from real life. The dude in Canada is known sometimes by a very long coat or a very high collar, or a very large headed cane. In China and Indo-China, Siam, Anam, and Cochin China, one mark of the dude, or would-be fine gentleman, is long finger-nails.



Wouldn't we like to be near with a pair of sharp scissors! What fun it would be to snip them off!

Frequently these nails grow two or three inches long, and as they grow out and bend and twist, they look like claws. It is said that sometimes a Cochin-China dandy may

be seen whose nails measure from one to two feet (!), and instead of being laughed at, as the dude's peculiar doings and dressings are with us, an extraordinary growth of finger-nail is looked upon in Indo-China as great personal accomplishment, and a sign of high social position.

How absurd it would look to see a man strutting along, looking down with disdain upon others around him, simply because he had finger-nails or claws a foot long, and fancied himself somebody. Perhaps they are a sign that he does not have to work, for he could scarcely do anything with such finger-nails but take care of them and keep them from being broken; and perhaps he is proud because he can live in idleness and have others wait on him. In that case he is about as sensible as those among ourselves who think that because they can wear fine clothes or have white soft hands, they are better than other people whose clothes are coarser and whose hands are harder with work.

If the finger nails are no good to any one else, they may be of some service to ourselves. They may teach us a lesson. They show us how silly are a great many of the reasons why men think themselves better than others. Boys and girls, who, because they live in a bigger house, have richer parents, have less work to do, wear finer clothes, and think themselves better on that account, are just as sensible, or silly, as the dude of Indo China, who thinks the same thing on account of his long finger-nails; and we may learn from him how foolish are these other things among ourselves.

A BOY'S PLEDGE.

I pledge my brain God's thoughts to think;
My lips no fire or foam to drink
From alcoholic cup; nor link
With my pure breath tobacco's taint.

For have I not a right to be
As wholesome and as pure as she
Who, through the years so glad and free,
Moves gently onward to meet me?
A knight of the new chivalry
Of Christ and temperance I would be,
In nineteen hundred; come and see.

"HOLD ON, RAY."

IT was a fete day in San Francisco, and all its world of pleasure-seekers were en route for Woodward's Garden, in which was to be held the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of good Queen Victoria's reign.

"Hurrah for the Jubilee," shouted everybody; and twenty-five thousand hurrahs peeped and glistened from the eyes of that many people as they crowded every available space. The programme included speeches, poems, songs and games, incidental to the occasion; the latter, however, were to be a reproduction of the out-of-door games of the English and Scotch people of more than a hundred years ago. Among these, was one to be called "Climbing the Greasy Pole," presided over by a committee of Caledonians, and pole-ward I bent my steps at the close of the oration.

Not far from a lovely stream, spanned by a rustic bridge, on the north side of the beautiful pavilion, a slender pole, twenty-five feet high had been planted, surmounted by a flag. Never was there a pole straighter or greasier; it shone like burnished steel. A thick rope enclosing a circumference of thirty feet was drawn tautly around it. When all was ready, a herald shouted through a trumpet the following challenge:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Any boy under fifteen years of age, who can mount this pole and grasp the flag a-top it, will win a suit of clothes worth fifteen dollars. One trial only allowed each contestant."

He had scarcely ceased speaking when boys of all sorts and conditions swarmed around the rope-like bees. One would have thought that the greatest want of the San Francisco nineteenth century boy was a suit of new clothes.

"But one trial apiece, and fair play for all," said the officer in charge.

"That's easy enough," said Number One, with a swagger of assurance, as spitting in his hands, boy fashion, he began the ascent. Alas! Scarce four feet gained, when down he ingloriously slid, amid the shouts of the amused and unsympathetic crowd.

Boy after boy followed in rapid rotation, with but little better success.

"It can't be done," said a man behind me. "Nothing but a fly could mount that pole."

"You're about right," said another, and it seemed the common verdict; yet the popular interest in the trial never waned.

At last, after long waiting, there came the turn of a frail looking little fellow, about twelve years old, who had been repeatedly pushed back by the older and stronger boys. His knees were ragged and his boot-toes in holes. His grey eyes calmly measured the distance between the earth and the bonny flag, then firmly closing his thin, red lips he began to climb.

Two, three, eight feet were gained (one foot ahead of all the rest) when he paused, clinging tightly to the pole; but seemingly exhausted.

At that instant, from out the crowd there rang a boy's voice, clear as a bugle, shouting, "Hold on Ray. I know you'll win."

Everybody heard it, and Ray, the climber, soonest of all. The blood returned to his cheeks; the quivering muscles grew firmer; the grasp of his small hands tighter; and soon a long length was passed. He paused again. But three feet remained between him and the prize so much coveted—and needed. Would he fail? The crowd was in full sympathy with him. Every eye was fixed upon him and not a word was spoken. Suddenly, again there rang out shriller and clearer, the same boyish, but clarion like cry.

"Hold on, Ray, I know you'll get to the top."

The effect was electric. There was a strong bold effort on the part of Ray, and his tired little right hand grasped the folds of the fluttering flag.

With what hearty shouts did that welkin ring. The boy hung an instant at the top, then slid down the pole, a hero; for he was a victor, and there is "nothing so successful as success." The good natured crowd gathered around him, sincere in their congratulations, and even the other luckless boys greeted him cheerily. During the momentary clamor and excitement I looked eagerly for the owner of the voice that had cheered.

Out of the dense crowd he came—a lad about the size and type of Ray; a street Arab, in fact, who, as he sized his friend's shoulders and gave them a hearty shake, said, as he looked into his happy, grey eyes. "Ray, old fellow. I knew you'd win, if I'd help you."

Blessed little comrade. He was one of the dear Master's very own—a loving helper. The world needs many, many such as he to-day.

The most beautiful spot, to me, in this beautiful garden, is the one which furnished such a practical lesson upon the inspiration that is caught from loving encouragement.—*The American Youth.* —

TOO MUCH THRASHING.

Country boys who are inclined to think that life in cities is easy and comfortable, compared with their daily toil in the country, are apt to find themselves mistaken when they come to town and subject themselves to the high-pressure system of business establishments. An amusing example of this sort is related by a country exchange.

A farmer's boy went to the city, finding the work at home rather tiresome, and obtained a situation in a large "family supply" store, where a "rushing business" was carried on. He "took hold" very well, and his employers liked him.

They were surprised, however, when he came to them, before he had been two months in the store, and said:

"Well, Mr. A—, I guess I'll have to get through here next Saturday night."

"Get through!" said his employer. "Why, what's gone wrong?"

"O, nothing particular."

"Aren't you treated well?"

"First rate; but I'll tell you just how it strikes me. Up on the farm we used to have the thrashing-machine come once a year; and then we thrashed for three days, and you better believe we worked hard; but I'll tell you what—I've been here now seven weeks, and you've thrashed every day! I guess I've got enough of it."

He went back to the farm, convinced that a farmer's life has its compensations.—*Y. Com.*

THE MAKING OF A GENTLEMAN.

ROBERT GILMORE, one demerit, for talking without permission,' said Mr. Gell, very loud, indeed, from the desk.

Poor Rob! It was rather hard on him, for it was more Aleck's fault than his. Aleck had begun the whispering, and on such an interesting subject, that Rob, instead of bluffing him off, as he knew he ought to do, listened, and answered, and got into trouble. But Aleck was not caught.

'I'm going to fix that little snob after school, was what Aleck had whispered to Rob.

'What snob?' asked Rob, with quick curiosity; he didn't know what a snob was. I don't think Aleck knew very well himself.

'Why, that dandy, Walter Lindsay, with tassels on his boots. Tassels,' continued Aleck in deep disgust, 'what sort of a boy would wear tassels on his boots?'

Rob looked across at the boy with the offending tassels; he was yawning over his spelling book, kicking his heels together, twisting a stray lock of hair, and altogether behaving very much like other small boys.

'What are you going to do to him?' asked Rob, anxiously.

'I'm going to follow on behind till we get to that place right in front of Dunlap's grocery where the two gutters meet—do you remember?'

'Suppose he don't go home that way, suppose—'

But Mr. Gell had been growing conscious, for the last minute-and-a-half, of whispering in the air, and, without raising his head, he rolled those deep-set eyes around, till he caught Rob in the midst of his 'supposos,' and clapped him down on the 'black-book,' as the school called it.

This demerit was particularly hard to stand, because it meant that he would have to stay in a half-hour after school, cramming dictionary; and this meant that he would miss the excitement of seeing Aleck 'fix' Walter for being a snob, and wearing tassels.

But so it had fallen out, and Rob, like most small boys, made the best of it, learned as

few words as possible, teased a big fly he had caught, munched a withered apple he had found in his desk, and presently got to the end of his half-hour, and tore away home.

'Hello! Aleck, wait for me,' he shouted the next morning, on his way to school, as he caught sight of his comrade's old brown cap, a square ahead. Rob had been in a surprising hurry to get away from buckwheats and maple syrup that morning, his appetite being keen for what Aleck had to tell of his 'fixing the snob.' And, as good luck would have it, here was the hero of the engagement himself, only a square away.

'Well, did you do it? Did you fix him?' panted Rob, pulling up alongside.

'Do what?' said Aleck, rather gruffly.

'You know about Walter Lindsay; what did you do to him?'

'Nothing,' answered Aleck, briefly.

Rob felt very flat, but Aleck was cross, and would give him no satisfaction. Later in the day, under the thawing influence of Rob's lunch basket, Aleck's tongue was loosened.

'I say, Rob,' he began suddenly, and with confidential disregard of good English, 'that there boy has the making of a gentleman in him.'

But Rob had forgotten: 'What boy?' he asked.

'Oh, puddin' head, I mean Walter Lindsay. Yesterday I was sneaking along behind him, like I said, and just before we got to Dunlap's grocery, who should be out in the middle of the street but Mrs. Dorsey's little idiot boy, Mac. There he was, waggons driving this way and that way, men shouting at him to get out of the way, and Mac not paying any attention, but just moving out there like a calf. There were a lot of us fellows, and maybe some of us would have seen what to do presently, but just as Bachman's big dray came tearing along, out springs Walter Lindsay, right through all that nasty water I was thinking about pushing him into, most up to his knees, too, and seizes Mac around the waist.

'The little idiot struggled and fought him, and knocked off his cap, but Walter showed

pluck, I tell you, and waded back with him, and actually coaxed him along home.

'You've got your feet awfully wet and dirty,' says I.

'Oh, never mind,' says he, 'they'll dry off all right;' and he took no more account of those fine tasse's than if he didn't have 'em.'

'And what did you do?' asked Rob, with the instinct of a true listener, feeling that the story was not done.

'I? Oh, I just waded in and got his cap for him,' answered Aleck, shamefacedly; 'but I tell you what, Rob, that fellow can wear tassels hung round him like a table-cover if he pleases, he's got the making of a gentleman, like I told you.—*Phil. Pres.*

THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

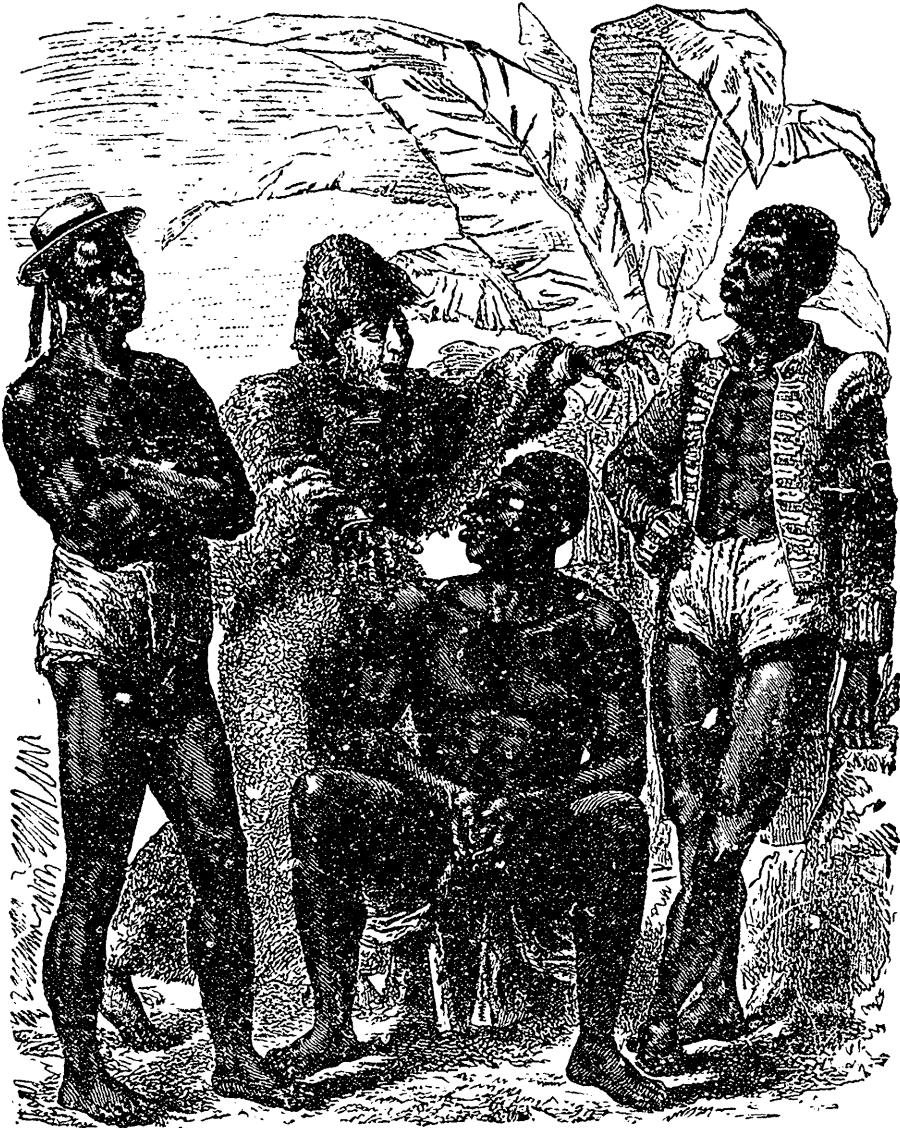
A gentleman bought a collie, which, when taken home, after the fashion of his kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl three years of age.

It happened, one day in November, that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared his house he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating it.

Leaving his horse and going to the spot, he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her.

In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and as he traced it back he saw where the little one had walked several times around an open well in the pasture. Very close to the brink were prints of the baby shoes, but still closer on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie, who had evidently kept between her and the well.

We need not tell you the feelings of the father as he saw the fidelity of the dumb creature, walking between the child and what might otherwise have been a terrible death.—*Ex.*



NATIVES OF AFRICA IN FANCY DRESS

THE PENITENTES.

OH! what a dreadful picture! exclaimed Oscar, lifting a photograph from the pile at which he had been looking. "Did you see any people like that?"

Oscar's father and mother had just returned from a long visit to New Mexico, and the photographs were among the mementos they had brought home: Oscar and his mother were now looking them over together.

"Yes, dear," she replied, "and it is a very unpleasant sight to see people beating themselves in that way."

"I think they're very silly to do it. Won't you tell me about them?"

"Yes, Oscar, I will tell you, but it is not a very pleasant story."

"These men are Mexicans who belong to a sect of Roman Catholics, and are called 'Penitentes.' You can easily see that the name signifies 'repentant.' They really believe that if they inflict terrible torture upon themselves their sins will be forgiven. They have not yet learned that Christ died for their sins, and they have only to accept him as their Saviour in order to be forgiven."

"What are some of the things they do to torture themselves?" asked Oscar.

"In the first place, when they join the society they are obliged to endure great suffering; but their hardest practices are gone through at Easter time. On Good Friday they dress themselves in white cotton trousers, their feet, backs, arms, and chests bare. Two crosses are planted on the ground an eighth of a mile apart. A heavy cross is placed on the shoulders of each Penitente, and he drags it back and forth between the two standing crosses. If one faints or sinks from exhaustion, the companion following behind walks over him, dragging his heavy cross after him.

"I do not like to tell you any more, dear; it makes my heart ache to think of those poor people."

"Oh! please tell me more. What do they do next?" begged Oscar.

"Do you really like to hear about them, Oscar? I do not see how you can endure it."

"Well, I don't think it is a very nice story, but I like to know about the people who live in my own country," he replied.

"I suppose you are right. After they have borne their crosses, the Penitentes go into their lodge to rest, returning in a short time to prepare for another exercise, which they call 'Bearing the crown of thorns.'

"A young man is chosen, and on his back between the shoulders is bound a bunch of thorny cactus. Another, bearing a large wooden doll representing the Infant Jesus, heads the procession. Then follows the man with the crown of thorns on his shoulders, and behind him are grouped the Penitentes. The procession moves slowly over the same track between the two standing crosses. One of their number plays a weird strain on a fife, repeating it over and over until it becomes a most doleful wail.

"Behind the Penitentes follow a large company of old men, women, and children. When the music ceases the procession stops and the followers fall on their knees, with their heads bent forward almost to the ground, and remain so until the music is again heard, and the procession moves forward two or three rods. When the music again ceases, the procession stops and the followers drop into the same position as before. And so they keep on, moving from one cross to another and returning.

"As they approach either cross, they circle around it, bowing as in adoration, and the young man with the cactus between his shoulders leans with his back to the cross and throws his entire weight on the cactus resting against the cross. Sometimes he faints from exhaustion and the loss of blood."

"In the picture they seem to be whipping themselves," said Oscar.

"Yes, they beat themselves with a whip of soap-weed. The leaf of the soap-weed plant is about a foot long and two or three inches wide, with a point like a needle. These leaves are braided into whips, with the sharp points protruding from every part."

"Did you see all these things?" asked Oscar.

"Oh! no, indeed! but your father saw it all and told me about it. Sometimes a Penitente allows himself to be tied to a cross, in imitation of our Saviour, thinking that if he can endure the suffering for hours he will be forgiven all the sins he has committed or will ever commit."

"How awful to think of such things being done in a Christian land."—*Over Sea and Land.*

A WASTED LIFE.

That is what he called it, as I led him home to his wife and little ones. I had picked him up from the gutter. His ragged coat was smeared with mud, his face was bloated and his eyes were bloodshot. As I led him home he told me the story of his life. It was a story of temptation, weakness, failure. He had received a college education. He had stood high in several benevolent orders, but his love for strong drink had brought him down to the gutter. There I found him; and as I lifted him up he said "my life is wasted."

We reach his home, a drunkard's home. He had not only wasted his own life, but had blasted the lives of wife and children. I urged him to shake off the chains that bound him, I told him of the loving Christ who would help him break his chains, but he had no hope. He said he had tried again and again, but he had always failed, and now he would end his miserable life.

I left him, and fearing that he would destroy himself, I suggested that he be watched through the night. His neighbors thought there was no danger, so I returned to my own home and thought much on this "wasted life." Through the night the poor drunkard was in my dreams. My first thought on the following morning was of the "wasted life."

As I went out to begin the duties of the day I noticed an unusual commotion in the part of town where the poor drunkard lived. Then the word came to me "He is dead. He has committed suicide." I hastened to the scene of the tragedy, and there before me, suspended from the branch of a tree, was the blackened corpse of the man whose life had been "wasted."

The impression made by this object lesson will never be erased while memory lasts. And yet there were those present upon whom this awful tragedy seemed to have no effect. Two or three men were standing within a hundred feet of the dangling corpse. These men had a few hours before purchased for the suicide the liquor which had made him drunk, and now, in the presence of the blackened remains of their former companion, they poured more of the fiery liquid down their throats. And thus the wasting of lives goes on, which but for the apathy of Christian people might be greatly lessened at least. •

The subject of this story was the son of Christian parents, the child of many prayers, but his life was wasted by the demon of drink. Are we doing all we can to destroy this demon?—*J. L. Rusbridge.*

BIBLE TERMS.

Learn these by heart :—

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was eight dollars.

A talent of silver was five hundred and thirty-eight dollars and thirty cents.

A talent of gold was thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was about eight and seven-eighths gallons.

An omer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.—*Selected.*

A GOOD RESOLVE.

If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
 If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
 God help me speak the little word,
 And take my bit of singing
 And drop it in some lonely vale,
 To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
 If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleetier,
 If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
 God give me love, and care, and strength
 To help my toiling brother.

—Exchange.

THE SABBATH TO BE KEPT.

One morning a gentleman was going to church. He was a happy, cheerful Christian, who had a great respect for the Sabbath. He was a singular man, and would sometimes do and say what children are apt to "funny things." As he was going along he met a stranger driving a heavily-loaded wagon through the town. When this gentleman got right opposite the wagoner, he stopped, turned around, and lifting up both hands as if in horror, exclaimed, as he gazed under the wagon: "There, there you are going over it! There, you have gone right over it!"

The driver was frightened. He drew up his reins in an instant, crying "Whoa! whoa!" and brought his horses to a stand.

Then he looked under the wheels, expecting to see the mangled remains of some innocent child, or, at least, some poor dog or pig that had been crushed to death. But he saw nothing. So, after gazing about, he looked up at the gentleman who had so strangely arrested his attention, and anxiously asked: "Pray, sir, what have I gone over?"

"The Fourth Commandment," was the quiet reply. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—Exchange.

A MISSION ROMANCE.

"Is it worth while to hold a meeting to-night, do you think?" asked a Londoner of his friend one raw December night in 1858.

"Perhaps not," answered the other doubtfully; "but I do not like to shirk my work, and as it was announced, some one might come."

"Come on, then," said the first speaker; "I suppose we can stand it."

That night was as black as ink, and the rain poured in torrents; but the meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a brightly-lighted chapel in Covent Garden. A gentleman passing by, took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the North American Indians in British Columbia.

"Work thrown away," grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

"Who knows?" replied the missionary. "It was God's word, and we are told that it shall not fall to the ground unheeded."

Was it work thrown away?

The passer-by who stepped in by accident tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of heathenism, of which he had heard that night for the first time. And in a month he had sold out his business and was on his way to his mission work among the British Columbia Indians under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

And thirty-five years afterward we found him, surrounded by "his children," as he loved to call them the centre and head of the model mission station of the northwest coast, a village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions.—*Sunday School Times.*

MARY'S PRAYER.

Dear God, bless my two little eyes, and make them twinkle happy. Bless my two little ears, and make them hear my mother calling. Bless my two little lips, and make them speak kind and true. Bless my two hands, and make them do good, and not touch what they musn't. Bless my two feet, and make them go where they ought to. Bless my heart, and make it love Je-sus, and my moth-er and father, and Geo-rgia and ev-er-y-bod-y. Please let ug-ly sin nev-er get hold of me—nev-er, nev-er, for Christ's sake. Amen. (*Liv-ing.*)

TIGER AND HARE.

A HINDU FABLE.

A tiger became the king of the forest, and made a law that every day an animal should appease his hunger. In a few months a great many animals had been eaten. The beasts that remained held a council. A hare said he believed he knew of a way to get rid of the tiger, and it was agreed he should make the trial. The breakfast hour of the tiger was nine, but no animal appeared. At twelve o'clock the hare appeared. The tiger, much enraged, wished to know the cause of the delay, and the hare told him that on his way



he had passed a king in a well who delayed him. "Lead the way to the well," said the tiger. When they reached the well the tiger saw his own image there, and believing it was a rival tiger jumped in and was drowned, thereby relieving the other animals from danger and death.

Little folks often do great things.

The Hindus may have wise fables but they have not the Gospel, and children can help in sending it to them, and can pray for those who go to carry that Gospel.

SORCERY IN CHINA.

THE other night, writes a medical student, I saw two devil charmers trying to exorcise—cast out—a demon. The family was one I had previously attended in sickness, but on this occasion they preferred to call in the sorcerer.

The little sufferer—a boy of nine years old—was held in his mother's arms before the wizards. Cakes and wine were spread upon the table, and two large red candles and some sticks of incense were lit. Then a number of incantations were sung in a wierd monotonous chant by the enchanters, who at the same time kept up a constant din with their tambourines, and contorted their features into every possible shape.

This lasted for half an hour. A familiar spirit was said to come. He entered the body of one of the magicians, convulsing him severely as he did so, and then in an undertone, using ventriloquism, told the cause and course of the illness. The cause of the illness, he said, was the boy's soul going out from his body and a devil coming in and taking possession. The course of sickness would depend entirely upon the skill of the charmers in casting out the demon and in getting the boy's soul to return.

This announcement having been made, the oracle was invited to partake of some refreshments, and then, after again causing one of the operators to take an epileptic seizure, he departed once more to the spirit world.

At this stage of the proceedings I was requested to retire, the magicians informing the friends that my presence was embarrassing their movements, Accordingly I withdrew and left the spiritualists a free hand.

Next morning I was sent for, told that the illness was serious and besought to undertake the case. I did so willingly, but with serious apprehensions, for the little patient was delirious and quite unconscious. He died upon the third day. One wonders at an intelligent people like the Chinese believing so blindly in sooth-saying and sorcery. And yet it is not so strange after all, for it is not so long ago since our forefathers did the same.

Sorcery is an evil which the glorious Gospel of purity and love and truth shall one day utterly destroy.

OPPOSITION IN CHINA.

THIS curious story shows one kind of opposition the missionaries have to meet with.

A missionary was working at a city called Hsi-an-fu. A great examination was being held there. The missionary tried, as he was able to, to teach the students something of Jesus, and many of them came to see him. Soon their visits ceased. Everywhere in the neighborhood was seen posted up a bill, which read as follows :

"I, your mean friend, wish you to know that England is the most slippery, deceitful and venomous of the nations on the earth. She forced into China her opium, in order to cleverly rob people of their wealth. England has emptied our purses, and after impoverishing, has injured us, and now, to add insult to injury, she comes to teach a depraved religion. Every vile means is used. Eyes are gouged out, hearts are cut out for making medicine to befool the people.

Now an attempt is being made to hoodwink scholars by examining them on bad subjects. But I exhort you not to listen to such pratings, and so injure your consciences.

The emperor, out of his goodness, wished to pity the strangers from afar, but we won't. Of course, we all know God, but He is not the Jesus of these people. Jesus was merely a sharp doctor who performed some clever cures, like our divine physician, Hua To. These few insignificant nations that lie on outskirts of this illustrious land, are thorny and wild, and all barbarian. Before the European countries existed, China was sage, educated. The teachings of Confucius at last reached unto their barbarity, and reaching, reformed them. Yet an Englishman ventures to come and instruct us. We are his teachers!" Signed, "MASTER OF THE CLUB OF ORTHODOXY."

This was read by over 8,000 students, and raised active opposition to the missionary, from which he had to seek safety by retiring for a time from the city.

They that seek Me early shall find Me.

International S. S. Lessons.

JOHN BAPTIST BEMEADED.

6 January.

Less. Mark 6: 17-29. Gol. Text, Matt. 10: 28. Mem. vs. 26-28. Catechism Q. i.

Read the Lesson in your Testament, then read the Lesson story in the *Presbyterian Record*, and then try and answer these questions.

- What persons are named in this lesson?
- Who took part that is not named here?
- Who was Herod?
- Who was Herodias?
- How did Herod get her?
- Who was John?
- What did John tell the people?
- What did John say to Herod?
- How did Herodias like John?
- What did she want to do with him?
- How did Herod regard him?
- Where did he put John?
- How did he treat John when there?
- Did Herod do what Herodias wanted?
- Who gathered at Herod's feast?
- What did they do?
- Who came in to amuse them?
- What did she do?
- In what condition was Herod?
- What did he promise?
- What did the girl ask?
- How did Herod feel?
- Did he do as he felt?
- What made him do as he did?
- Who heard of the deed?
- What did they do?
- Whom did they tell about it?
- To whom can we tell our troubles?
- Will He hear us?
- Will He help us?
- What lessons are taught here?

FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

13 January

Les. Mark 6: 30-44. Gol. Text, Luke 1: 53. Mem. vs. 41-42. Catechism Q. 2, 3.

Read carefully the lesson in the Testament, in the different Gospels, and in the *Presbyterian Record*, and answer the following questions.

1. Where did this event happen?
2. What time of year was it?
3. What sad thing took place a few weeks previous?
4. Where had the disciples been?
5. Where did Jesus wish them now to go?
6. What did He wish them to do?
7. What did the people do?
8. How did Jesus meet their desire?
9. In what kind of a place were they?
10. What do you mean by a desert place?

11. How long did they listen to His teaching?
12. What were the disciples anxious about?
13. What did they say to Jesus?
14. What was His reply?
15. What were the multitude bidden to do?
16. What did Christ do before breaking the bread?
17. What did He do with it?
18. How many loaves and fishes were there?
19. How many people?
20. How many were fed?
21. How much was left over?
22. What lessons are taught here?

CHRIST THE BREAD OF LIFE.

20 January.

Les. John 6: 25-35. Golden Text, John 6: 31.
Mem. vs. 33-35. Catechism Q. 4.

Read the lesson in your Bible, and the lesson notes in the *Presbyterian Record* and then answer the following questions:—

- What was the last lesson?
Where?
How long after was this lesson?
Where?
What was to be crossed between the two places?
How did Christ cross? When?
What happened in the crossing?
What led to to-day's lesson?
How many questions and answers are in it?
Who asks the questions?
Who gives the answers?
What was the first question?
Why did they ask it?
What was the answer?
Why did Christ give this answer?
What lessons does this answer teach?
What was their second question?
What was Christ's answer?
What does that answer contain?
What lessons does it teach?
What was their third question?
What great leader do they mention?
What was His answer?
Who is the bread of God?
What does He give to the world?
How are men to receive it?
What was the fourth question?
What woman asked a similar question of Christ?
What did they mean by the question?
What was His answer?
What hunger and thirst did He mean?
Has everybody this hunger?
How do many people seek to satisfy it?
What is the true way of finding rest and peace?
What lessons does this answer teach?

THE GREAT CONFESSION.

27 January.

Les. Matt. 16: 13-23. Gol. Text, Matt. 16: 16.
Mem. vs. 13-16. Catechism Q. 5, 6.

- Where did this lesson take place?
What year of Christ's ministry?
What time of the year?
What opinions were held of Christ?
How did He bring this out?
What was His object?
What did Simon think of Him?
Did Christ approve Peter's answer?
How had Peter come by that knowledge?
What place did Christ give Peter in His church?
Were there others his equals? See Matt. 18: 18, 19.
What is meant by "This Rock"?
What is meant by "My Church"?
What is meant by "The Keys"?
What new facts did he now tell them?
What did Peter now do?
What did Christ say to him?
What lessons do we learn here?

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

3rd February.

Les. Luke 9: 28-36. Gol. Text, Matt. 17: 5.
Mem. vs. Catechism Q. 4.

Study the lesson also in Matt. 17: 1-13
Mark 9: 2-13.

- What was last lesson?
How many days after was this one?
In what year of Christ's ministry was it?
In what time of the year?
At what place?
What time of day did it take place?
Who of the disciples was with Christ?
Where were the others? Mark 9: 14-29.
What did Christ first do?
What did He look like?
What were the disciples then doing?
Who came to visit Christ?
What was their appearance?
What do you know of each of them?
What did they talk about?
What did the disciples see when they awakened?
When did they first speak?
Which of them spoke first?
What did he say?
What happened as he spake?
What words came from heaven?
What effect did it have upon them?
What did Jesus say to them?
What lessons do we learn here?

JUDGE NO MAN BY HIS DRESS.



FEW years ago there lived in Nantucket a most excellent old gentleman, who by manly prudence and other attributes of character had amassed much wealth. No man was more respected by all who knew him, but he had one eccentricity—an utter carelessness about his dress. His clothes were always of the most common kind, though clean; and a stranger would never have supposed him to have been worth a dollar. One day there arrived at Nantucket a lumber packet laden with boards, the master being a young man a little proud of his new distinction. The vessel had arrived at the wharf and the master was walking fore and aft over the lumber, ready for a customer, when the poorly-dressed old man above mentioned approached and asked the price of the boards. "Don't retail, sir," was the reply; "I only sell by the whole sale."

"Well, what is the price of your whole cargo?"

"Twelve dollars per thousand feet"—(the price was named without thought or care); "I will take the whole," said the old man, "unload them at once." "You will, will you," said the captain, "you take the whole—you miserable, ragged old character! I'll throw this billet of wood at your back if you aint off at once! You, without a cent in your pocket, to think to impose upon me."

The old man walked off without uttering a word. The captain, turning to a person who came near at the moment, told him the story, pointing to the old man, who turned and looked at them, and continued his way.

"Do you know that old man?" asked the person to whom the captain now spoke. "No, sir." "Well, discharge your cargo. I rather guess he can pay for it." The captain soon felt his error, and in due time the lumber was landed at the wharf. The next morning the old man was there again. "Young man," he said mildly, "you concluded to accept my offer?" The captain, humbly approaching the old man, said, "Sir, I did not know you—please excuse—sir—sir—I—sir—"

The old man was too busy examining the lumber to notice the stuttering apology, and merely heard enough to know for what it was intended. "Give me the surveyor's certificate," said he. It was given to him. "Your bill, sir." It was also given. "This is correct, and there's a check for the amount." "Sir," interposed the captain, feeling anxious to atone for his error. "Young man," interrupted the purchaser, and he emphasized "young" with a peculiar tone of voice—"all is settled; if you will allow me one word of advice, NEVER AGAIN JUDGE A MAN BY HIS COAT. Farewell!"

The check was duly paid, and had the captain but observed the circumstance, he might have seen that the name of the giver of the check and that of the President upon the bills received for it belonged to the same person.—*Ex.*

NO COUNTERFEIT INFIDELS.

"Did you ever see a counterfeit bank note?"

"Yes."

"Why was it counterfeited?"

"Because the genuine note was worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it was not worth counterfeiting."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian?"

"Yes."

"Why was he counterfeited?"

"Because it was worth counterfeiting him."

"Was he to blame for the counterfeit?"

"Of course not."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?"

"Never."

"Why not?"

"Ahem!"

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