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1892

• The . . .

CHILDREN'S

• RECORD

• OF THE •

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

VOL. 7.

APRIL.

NO. 4.

Sabbath School Lessons.

April 3. THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Lesson, Ps. 1 : 1-6. Golden Text, Ps. 1 : 1.
Memory vs. 1-6. Catechism Q. 67-68.

I. *The Righteous Man—His Character and Reward*, vs. 1-3.—“Blessed” is plural in the original: “Oh the blessednesses.” Why? What three things will a good man not do? What three words show the progress in the habit of sin? What three in the character of sinners? Why will a righteous person avoid these? What is the source of his righteousness? How does delight in God’s law, and meditating upon it, tend to righteousness? To what is a good man compared? In what respect is he like a tree? Where else is this comparison used? Jer. 17 : 5-8; Ps. 92 : 12-13. What do the streams represent? Why is he a “planted” tree? What fruit does he bear? Gal. 5 : 22-23. Is this the proof of his goodness? Matt. 7 : 16-20. To what does “in his season” refer? What do leaves do for fruit? In what sense is it true that “whatsoever he doeth shall prosper”? Matt. 6 : 33; 1 Tim. 4 : 8; Prov. 3 : 3-4; Rom. 5 : 3-4; 2 Cor. 4 : 17-18; Heb. 2 : 11; 1 Pet. 1 : 7.

II. *The Wicked Man—His Character and Reward*, vs. 4-6.—Why are the wicked called ungodly? In what respects are they “not so”? In what regards are they like chaff? What judgment is referred to? Why cannot the wicked stand there? Meaning of not standing in the “congregation of the righteous”? Matt. 25 : 41. What is “the way of the righteous”? What is it for God to “know” it? How does “the way” of the ungodly “perish”? Matt. 25 : 46. Can we have the life of the wicked and the blessedness of the righteous? When is the best time to decide in which way we will go?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. The righteous are blessed in many ways, at all times, in every department of life, in body and in spirit, in time and in eternity.

II. The source and sustenance of their goodness is in the word of God, loved, meditated upon and obeyed.

III. The Christian like a fruit tree,—in planting, growth, waters of grace, culture, seasons, blossoms, leaves, fruit.

IV. The wicked are like chaff,—light, useless, separated from the good, scattered; all their safety from their connection with the good.

V. The doom of the wicked,—self-caused, incurable, the necessary result of their character.

April 10. THE KING IN ZION.

Lesson, Ps. 2 : 1-12. Golden Text, Ps. 2 : 12.
Memory vs. Catechism, Q. 69.

PICTURE I. *The Assault on Christ and his Kingdom*, vs. 1-3.—What do these verses describe? Where was the scene laid? Give some examples from the Bible? 2 Sam. 10; Acts 4 : 24-28. Who is meant by the Lord’s Anointed? Why is he so called? Why were the peoples opposed to him? v. 3. Who are now opposed to Christ and his gospel? How is this opposition shown, as by the saloon, oppressors, those who are making money by injustice and sin?

PICTURE II. *A Vision of the Lord in Heaven*, vs. 4-6.—Where is the second scene laid? What is meant by the Lord’s laughing at them? Is he so much stronger than they? Why then does he permit them to rage against him? Rom. 2 : 4; 2 Pet. 3 : 9. Could all their efforts prevent his Son from becoming King of all the earth? What comfort to us is the power of God? Are all efforts against his cause “a vain thing?”

PICTURE III. *Jesus Christ Declaring the Promise made to him*, vs. 7-9.—What decree is referred to? What had been promised before this? 2 Sam. 7 : 12-16; 1 Chron. 17 : 11-14. When was Jesus declared as God’s Son? Luke 1 : 35; Matt. 3 : 17; Luke 3 : 35; Heb. 1 : 5. What must even Jesus do to receive his inheritance? v. 8. Give examples of his asking? Matt. 14 : 23; 26 : 36; Luke 5 : 16; 6 : 12; 11 : 1; John 11 : 16. What is meant by the heathen being his inheritance? Has this come partly true already? What will become of those who persist in opposing him? Will all be saved who can be persuaded to come to him? Ezek. 18 : 32; Luke 9 : 56; John 3 : 17.

PICTURE IV. *The Psalmist Persuading*, vs. 10-12.—Who speaks in these verses? What would show wisdom? Why? Meaning of verse 12? What are the reasons why we should accept Christ? When is the wise time to do it? Why are those blessed who put their trust in him?

I. A large world is arrayed against Christ.

II. The reason lies in his opposition to all wrong.

III. But God’s cause is certain to triumph; all the forces of heaven and earth are on its side.

IV. Hence the supreme folly of sinning against God.

V. Christ will overcome enemies by changing them into friends, as far as possible. Those who refuse will be conquered and destroyed.

VI. All reason and all wisdom is on the side of choosing Christ as Saviour and King.

✦ ✦ THE ✦ ✦

Children's Record.

VOL. 7.

APRIL.

NO. 4.

TRIP TO HONAN, IV.

BY REV. J. MACGILLIVRAY.

“*R*AP, rap rap!” “What noise is this?” It’s our cart-driver who is waking us up at half past three in the morning, as to-day we mean to visit a great temple a few miles off. It is summer time, and if we desire comfort we must be up very early and away before the sun pours his hot rays upon us.

By four, we are on our way; indeed, sometimes it is better to travel all night in the “dogdays.” We think we are up early, but see there are women already at work in the field picking cotton, grinding at the mills, or wending their way with heavy baskets to the market towns.

But, we also pass by a good many sleepers who at nightfall wrapped themselves up in their blankets and lay down by the road-side. Here are a dozen or more of weary sleepers huddled together on a threshing floor.

In speaking of women, it is a wonder how much hard work they do and how far they can walk and carry heavy loads, although as you must know, their feet are so crippled and small. As mere children their feet are bound up in swathes so tightly that often they are crushed out of shape, into a pulp. I have in my study a model of the shoe of a full grown Chinese woman. I have just measured it and find it is only four inches long from the heel to the toe, and two inches at the widest part. Yet, on such crippled ‘points’ they walk along and do their work.

It very very rarely the missionary sees a Chinese woman with feet of ordinary size.

Indeed, to have small feet is a badge of honor. They have no chance of marriage if they neglect this hard old custom. When a man wants a wife, “what kind of feet has she?” is the first question he asks as a rule. It is not very surprising, therefore, that in the fervor of his first love, he does not allow her to walk and so brings her to his home in a wheelbarrow. That’s the kind of wedding trip the poorer classes of China take.

But if girls and women in China are not kindly treated, you ask, how do you account for these beautiful stone arches we have passed beneath erected in honor of women.

Well, let us read the inscriptions on them. Here is one, fine and well built. A memorial was presented to the Emperor to allow this arch to be erected “in honor of a young widow who devoted her life to her mother-in-law for whose sake she restrained herself from suicide on her husband’s death. Her own mother taking ill, she cut off part of her own flesh, mixed it with medicine and so died. Memorial granted in 1875” all of which means that they kill these women by their hard customs, and then piously adorn their graves. Tomb-stones, monuments and flowers are beautiful over our friends’ graves; but a few more flowers when with us, is infinitely better.

Have you noticed these many little mounds or heaps of sand as we passed? Well, these are graves, seen on every hand. But when a child dies they heap up no mounds. Why, you ask. Because they believe children have no souls. And some of their wise men say that women have no souls. This is a sad truth to you boys and girls, concerning your Chinese sisters and brothers. Oh! how different you

are taught. How plain Jesus made it all. He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." Of little ones he said, "their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." We believe, you believe, that from your little pillows, as from Jacob's long ago, a ladder rises to heaven on which your angels are ascending and descending. Yes, and from the cribs of Chinese little ones the same vision may be seen, though as yet their poor parents are blind to it.

But, here we are nearing the great temple we started out to visit. It is a little out of a city, enclosed in a fine plot of ground covering two acres; you see it has three great walls as if joined together—an outer, a middle and an inner wall. After rapping hard at the front door, we hear a voice far within telling us to go round by the back gate. An old caretaker opens the gate and lets us in. We find ourselves in a large garden full of all kinds of vegetables and scattered here and there are fine old pine-trees. The priests are bound to make money out of their religion, and so 'run' the big market garden.

Once inside the temple you find it full of gilded idols—some are on the floors, some hung up on the walls and even ceilings, made to appear so if flying among the clouds. But there are four great brother kings—idols, I will let one who saw them tell you about. "On each side of the room, two on each side, are the colossal images of the four great kings who were brothers, killed in battle.

"The first, with *blue* face, holds a sword, which if waved, so runs the story, would cause a wind to rise in which 10,000 spears would pierce the bodies of men. The second with *white* face, has a guitar; if he touch the strings, fire and wind issue forth. The third with *red* face, holds an umbrella which can shade the universe. Let him turn it, and there would be earthquakes, let him open it, and heaven would be chaos and earth darkness. The fourth with *black* face, holds in his hand a bag, and in the bag a mystic rat. Turn the rat loose and it would be like a white elephant with two wings flying against the enemy..."

Yet, in front of these mighty gods, lies a coffin which some Chinaman 'preparing for

death' has bought and stored away against that day in the sacred spot. And too, the gardener with crass worldliness has not feared to stack away his long millet stalks under the very nose of the kings. And, worse still, notwithstanding the mighty power they could exercise if they only would, they have allowed the aforesaid gardener's hens to peck off the skin of their majesties' legs half way up to the knees and which is as high as the hens could reach. Such is the Chinese reverence for their gods of mud!"

But this temple and these gods are well cared for in comparison with the great majority. Why, see, here are some mud gods out by this roadside, baked and cracked by this blazing sun. How do they come to be there? Very likely put there by their worshippers because they haven't answered some of their prayers. They'll make them mind and see they don't try *that* on them again. Then, here is a roofless temple with its mud gods exposed to heat and cold, snow and rain, looking as if they hadn't washed their faces for a year. And there on the altars before them are pitiful sprigs of willow and faded peach blossom.

But as a rule, things are not left in this sad way. For once a year the people become very religious and get up a big show, a kind of a stage-play, that they call "Opening the Light" to raise money enough to fix up things a bit, and especially to repaint the mud gods, and so open their eyes to see their needs over again. Need I write how great is the need of these poor people to know our God and Saviour!

Now, my young fellow-travellers, before taking you by the hand and saying how I enjoyed your company with me on these trips through Honan, I should tell you a secret. It is this, that I couldn't have taken these trips with you and have chatted with you as I did were it not for a fat, round faced, missionary, a lover of boys and girls, who, living in Honan sent me in his letters accounts of these things. Mine have only been the bits of twine that have tied his observations and facts together. If they have given you pleasure and information, no one will be more rejoiced than he.

J. MACG.

A SABBATH IN A TRINIDAD SCHOOL.

BY MRS. MERRIMAN.

SAN FERNANDO, TRINIDAD.

JAN. 20th, 1892.

DEAR Mr. SCOTT,—I have been thinking that perhaps a description of a review Sunday in Mr. Grant's Sunday School might interest the children of our own land.

As you know, our party, including Rev. Mr. Macrae, of Princetown, and Miss Kirkpatrick the new teacher for San Fernando, left Halifax, Nova Scotia, Dec. 20, and after a pleasant voyage of nearly three weeks, we arrived at Port of Spain on Thursday, Jan. 7th. We were on the steamer three Sabbaths. We had hoped to spend the third at St Lucia but a delay at Gadeloupe prevented our reaching St. Lucia till Monday evening. Mr. James Cropper, who takes such interest in our mission was not at home, but his younger brother came down to the "Duart Castle" and invited us up to see his father and mother. All except myself went with him, and came back much pleased with their reception.

On our arrival at Port of Spain we were met by Messrs. Grant, McCurdy and Coffin. Mr. Ramsay (Minister of the Scotch Church) came out to the steamer with them. At 4 p.m. we left Port of Spain for San Fernando. At Couva Mr. Thompson came on board the train, and just had time to shake hands all round. At 6 p.m. we arrived at San Fernando, and received a warm welcome from Mrs. Grant and family. Here we found Rev. G. M. Clark and wife of Ottawa, who are visiting the Mission stations this winter. They have come to be present at the opening of the new "Presbyterian College of Trinidad," in which they are specially interested.

The Mission premises, including the manse, church, Lal Behari's house, the College and Mr. Coffin's house, are very pretty and in fine order. To the right of the church stands the manse, some distance back from the street, looking beautiful just now with its crotons, orchids, wax plants, oleanders and trees. To the left stands the College and a little beyond it the house which Mr. Coffin and the students are to occupy. Back of the Manse stands

Rev. Lal Behari's house and the school house in which Miss Kirkpatrick has already begun her labors with 134 pupils, while a branch school taught by Miss Annie Olmel has 75 enrolled.

On Sabbath morning I sat and looked into the church, to see the people at the Hindi service. As Mr. Grant was very tired from extra work during the week, the service was conducted by one of his catechists. Although I could not understand one word, I could tell that he was very fluent in his own language, and Mr. Grant told me afterwards that he preached an excellent sermon. Their singing was rather peculiar than musical, something like a chant, but they all seemed to join in heartily. At 1 p.m. the bell rang for Sunday School and 200 people assembled in the pretty little Susamachar Church. Some of you may know that "Susamachar"—ch pronounced as in church—means "good news," so it is the Church of good news."

Indians, Chinese, Creoles and white people were represented in this Sunday School, and the best of order prevailed. When the bell stopped, a young man named Gopaul conducted the opening services very nicely. Mootoo is the organist. As the church is too small for so many classes, some of them adjourned to the school room. Mr. Grant taught a Bible class of over twenty intelligent looking young men who listened to him with the utmost attention. A Bible class of women was taught by Mr. Jacob, a Chinaman. Mrs. Grant had the infant class.

A short time was given to the lesson for the day, then a bell called the classes together again for review. Mr. Geddes Grant, the secretary, stated that during the past year the number enrolled was 195, average attendance 152; teachers, 20, average attendance 18. Three teachers and three pupils had been present every day, and quite a number had been only one day absent. Mr. Grant then said we would hear any who could recite the lesson subjects and golden texts for the year.

The first to step to the platform were two little boys from Union Hall. This is a branch school, and since Miss Graham went home it has been kept up by two Indian girls, Bessie

Grant and Albertina Fitzpatrick. They are both very bright intelligent girls, and the way those two little boys recited the texts, etc., reflected great credit upon their teachers.

The next was a class of 11 little girls, six Indians and five Chinese, who did equally well. Next came two half-grown lads, and lastly, Jacob Lahourie and Mrs. Geddes Grant. Mrs. Grant also gave chap. and verse. These, with others from the branch schools who repeated the texts and subjects correctly made 25 in all.

Three young men, who had repeated the whole Shorter Catechism, were given special prizes by their teacher, Joga Grant. These were presented by Rev. Mr. Clark, who addressed them briefly, telling them that although the Shorter Catechism is not the Bible of the Presbyterian Church, it is the very best exponent of Bible Truths, and urging them to study it farther, recommending them Patterson on the Catechism.

All who recited correctly and those who were present every day during the year, received very nice Bibles, given by the Bible Society.

After the review a very interesting ceremony took place. Three little Indian boys aged from about seven to twelve were brought forward by their uncle (one of Mr. Grant's elders) for baptism. Their father, who came with them, is still a heathen, the mother though baptized in the Catholic Church does not go anywhere. After singing, the Sabbath School was closed by prayer.

At 7 p.m. the English service began, and was conducted by Mr. Clark who preached from the words "The hope of the gospel." This congregation is quite different from the morning one. There were Indians, Chinese, etc., all neatly dressed, and who would compare favorably with any congregation. The young men are very gentlemanly in appearance and manner, the young women are quiet and modest. They use our Canadian hymnal and it sounds very homelike in this far away land to hear such hymns as "We Need Thee Every Hour," and "The Sands of Time are Sinking," but there is one great difference; here everybody sings, they do not leave it to

a choir. This English service brought to a close a very pleasant Sunday.

It is hard to realise that this is January, with such warm days and flowers in bloom all around us.

"Shady Grove," the new college property, is very well named, there is quite a grove of fine trees behind it. oranges, cocoa, nutmegs sapolillas, calabashes, bread fruit, etc., too numerous to mention.

Yours truly,
M. E. MERRIMAN.

BAPTISM OF A CONVERTED OPIUM SMOKER.

THE Rev. G. Owen, Peking, writes in the *London Miss. Chronicle*, last Sunday week, September 6th, I "had the pleasure of baptizing a man of considerable ability and learning. He is a literary 'coach,' and prepares young men for the examinations. Like so many Chinese *literati*, he was an opium smoker; but finding the indulgence injurious to his health and a hindrance to the discharge of his duties, he came to our hospital to get cured of the vice. While there he heard the Gospel, and became interested. After being cured of the opium crave, he resumed his old position as 'coach,' but came regularly every other Sunday to church. At his examination for baptism he gave eight reasons for believing in Christ and Christianity, which showed considerable knowledge and great appreciation of Christian truth. Unfortunately he is past middle age, and has injured himself much by opium smoking. He looks bloodless and dropsical. So I fear he will not be of much use to us. It is now twelve months and more since he ceased taking opium in any form. During this time he has had one or two attacks of illness, and as usual, in such cases, his friends urged him to resume the opium-pipe; but he said: 'No, never; I will die rather,' and I think he meant what he said.'

This man broke off his bad habit, and was sorry for it, but he could not undo the effect of it. He who sins must suffer.



THE MIGHTY HEALER.

THE last CHILDREN'S RECORD had a picture of the Infant Jesus carried in flight from the rage of Herod. Here is a picture of a different kind. He is no longer the feeble infant, but the mighty Healer. See the eagerness of the friends to get the poor sick man into His presence. See how they have opened the roof and let the bed down with cords in the midst before Him. See how the poor man in his helplessness lifts his hands imploringly, and how the Saviour looks down upon him in benediction. But the sympathy of Jesus never wastes in mere looks or words. His love never rests satisfied until it ends in deeds. You know the story. At the bidding of Christ the man was healed. With what a glad heart he would hasten to his home. His friends would follow, scarce able to keep pace with him. How his family

would rejoice, and in after years, he would never weary of telling about the wonderful event.

But do you not see something more. Is it not a picture of a world diseased by sin, with none to help, and the good Saviour coming to seek and to save that which was lost.

Is it not a good missionary picture? In that man, lying helpless, do you not see the millions of India and China and Africa, and the islands of the sea, lying in their helplessness and sin; and in that Saviour standing, looking in pity, do you not see the compassion that He still has for the perishing.

Does it not teach you another lesson. You have that disease of sin. You need that healer. Have you looked up to him for help?

And yet another lesson. What are you doing to tell those poor people, who are perishing, that there is health and healing for them, that Jesus, the Mighty Healer, has come, that he is able to save unto the utter most all who come to God by Him.

MISS LUCY AND FERGUS.

THEY were just come. The rooms and passages were strewn with packing-boxes and household goods, chairs were stacked up on the porch, there was a bedstead in the middle of the parlor floor, everything was in confusion. In the midst of it all, there was a resounding knock at the back door.

"I am the only one who can be spared," said Lucy.

"I will receive our first visitor."

It was a boy with a big basket on his arm. "Do you want any nice blackberries this morning, miss?"

"Yes, indeed, I do; they will suit exactly for busy people like us."

The bargain was made, and the transfer from his basket to her dish began.

"You are giving me very good measure," said Lucy presently.

"I have to," he responded, glancing up at her from under his hat brim with a grin, "so long as you are standing there watching me. Maybe if you were to step inside now, it would be different."

"Would it?"

He shook the last stray berries out of the sides of his quart cup, straightened himself up, and looking her fairly in the face, answered, "No, it wouldn't. I've got my mind all made up about that, and made fast so as it will stay. I don't believe in any of your tricky ways of doing business; I believe in good measure. It costs you less in the end; but some folks can't seem to think of that, they forget all about the end till they get there. I believe in looking ahead."

"How far ahead?"

He stared at her doubtfully, and while he hesitated as to how to answer this question, Lucy asked another: "Where do you go to church?"

"Well—nowheres, I suppose."

"Not to any church at all?"

"Not yet. You see, we only moved into this neighborhood about a couple of months ago."

"Eight whole Sundays, that would make, that you have stayed away! After all, you do not give good measure to everybody, do you?"

"You mean"—he paused, then with an upward jerk of the thumb, "to Him?"

"Yes; and are you sure that you really do believe in looking ahead—all the way ahead?"

"Well you see, this is how it's been. My mother she was sick; and then, of course, there was a time getting things aside; and then everybody was strange to us, so, what with one thing and another, we haven't got started. To be sure," he added honestly, "we did go to one or two picnics and excursions and like

that. When it's a picnic you can most generally hurry over this, and let the other wait, and manage to get there; but I'll allow that it does seem, somehow, as if all things had to be just so, before folks can see their way to going to church. It ain't right, I suppose."

"Let us make another bargain, you and I," said Lucy. "Promise me that to-morrow at church, when I look for the only face that I know in this town, I shall find it. Will you?"

The boy considered, then picking up his basket, he turned off with a nod. "All right, I'll be there, if nothing happens."

As he pursued his way with his lightened fruit basket, Fergus Collins said to himself: "I guess I've knocked at all the back doors around here in the last two months. I've sold to lots of the high up church people, and they've been mightily set on knowing what the price of berries was, and if they were picked fresh; and maybe after we'd got the business settled up, they'd throw in a little something about the weather. But she's the first that ever talked any religion to me, and knows how to drive, I guess. I ain't saying but what I'd just as lief she hadn't. Maybe it would have been more comfortable for me if she had done like the rest. But that hasn't got anything to do with it, you know."

Here he was interrupted by a demand for his wares; but the customer having been attended to, his thoughts went back to his promise to Lucy.

"If it had been one of those others that asked me, I wouldn't have minded keeping them waiting, seeing that they don't seem to be in any particular hurry at all. Most likely they'd forget all about me as soon as I'd turned the corner, and wouldn't think 'o see whether I'd disappoint them or not."

But she will. I guess she keeps such things on her mind, or else they wouldn't come off of her tongue so handy; and I guess she doesn't remind folks of heaven every once in a while just for fear she won't get there herself if she don't, but because she hates to see 'em running the risk of missing it. Anyway I passed my word to her that I would go, and I didn't leave a hole of any size to slip out of, and so I'm going."

On the next Sunday morning, no sooner had Lucy taken her seat and glanced about her than she straightway decried Fergus in a front pew of the gallery. He presented a most demure appearance; his countenance was serious and his hair smooth, almost beyond recognition, and throughout the services his deportment was faultless. As soon as they were over, however, he started home at full speed, and, once arrived there, changed back into his every day self with all the despatch possible, and then set out for his favourite haunt in the woods. Bareheaded and bare-footed, stretched out under the trees, he took

his usual Sunday rest, after the labors of the week, which, in this case, he considered to have been unusually severe.

"I wonder what he was talking about," he said to himself, thinking of the preacher. "I forgot to take notice; I was too busy behaving. Well, I kept my promise anyway, but, for my life, I don't see what good it did anybody. She looked around for me first thing, the same as I knew she would. She knows how to work things. She brought that in real neat about not giving good measure to everybody, meaning the Lord, and about not looking ahead all the way, meaning—well, there's one or two things she might have meant by that: she might have meant heaven, or she might have meant the day of judgment, or," he paused, "or else she might have meant," he presently added with emphasis, "looking forward to the time when you'd got all you wanted, and had plenty of it, and knew that was all, that your life was pretty near finished, and nothing was coming of it that would last over any time. That's always the worst of living—it uses up so fast."

He rolled over on the grass, and began to whistle a lively air; but broke off suddenly.

"And as for giving good measure to everybody, what is good measure for the Lord? When they're preaching, they tell you the whole business belongs to him; but when they're practising, it seems they get another idea of it. They keep back considerable, the most of them."

Here followed another long pause. This time he did not attempt to whistle, but pursued his meditations with a grave face.

"Maybe they do keep back considerable, but how about myself? I don't see but what I owe the same measure as they do, and how much do I keep back?"

The rustling of leaves and the snapping of fallen boughs gave warning of somebody's approach, and a moment later another boy had thrown himself down beside Fergus.

"Where have you been keeping yourself? It seems you don't feel very sociable to-day. I've looked all over for you. How did you spend your morning?"

"I went to church."

"You did? Had a nice time?"

"Not particular. But I'd promised to go, and I kept my promise."

If Fergus expected an outburst of ridicule, he was disappointed. The new-comer, after chewing the bark from a stick for some minutes without comment, at last said quietly: "Well, I think some of going to church myself sometimes. And then again it doesn't seem hardly worth while to bother with it yet; it seems as if I was safe to wait. The only trouble is that dying comes to people so awful sly sometimes. You can't count on a warning. If you could, why then you

could make all the litter you wanted during the day, and begin and clear it out toward evening, and have everything tidy by the time your company came. It would be more convenient, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Fergus. "But if a fellow could trust to putting oil, and going to heaven on the jump that way, last thing, I ain't sure but what he'd be a fool to do it."

His companion stared.

"What are you talking about? Why, man, you could have all you wanted, then, of heaven and earth both."

"I ain't sure," repeated Fergus, rising and brushing the leaves from his clothes. "I don't know if the best of heaven is had by just getting there, and I don't know if the best of earth is had either by walling heaven out of it till the last minute. Ma' be you'd miss more both ways than you'd ever catch up with, even if you had forever and ever to do it in."

All the week Fergus kept away from Lucy, and on Sunday he did not go to church. On Tuesday afternoon his little sister came in search of him among the blackberry bushes, to tell him that "a lady" wanted to see him.

"Of course, I knew she was coming," said Fergus, with rueful admiration. "I'm in for it now. I suppose she will want to know the reason of my staying at home last Sunday. If you drop off asleep anywhere near her, she's bound you shall do it with your eyes open."

But instead of the question he expected, Lucy began by asking abruptly, "Fergus, did you ever hear of Mr. Moody?"

"Moody?" repeated Fergus, reflectively. "Do you mean one of those Sunday-school singing-book men?"

"Yes, he is a preacher; he has gone all over the country, and preached to thousands and thousands of people. Well, when he was a young man he picked out a certain pew in the church that he went to, and set his mind to keeping it full every Sunday—full of his guests, that he had invited and brought there himself. I remembered that the week before last, when I saw you sitting up there in the gallery all alone; I thought how much nicer a whole row of you would look. And last Sunday—"

"You thought it harder still, I suppose," interrupted Fergus.

"Yes. Don't you know any people about here who do not go to church?"

"Lots of them," was the concise reply.

"Don't you suppose that you could persuade a fewful to go with you, if you really tried?"

"Perhaps I might. A person would have to tackle them a plenty though, and then begin and tackle them all over again likely,

before they'd get there. You know how that is," he ended with a laugh.

"Yes; but then it would be such a splendid thing to think that there were four or five boys at church, every Sunday, who would not have been there if you had not brought them. And you know you like good measure."

The idea recommended itself to the boy's enterprising mind, and with all the skill and persistence of which he was capable he carried on the undertaking. In the winter, when Fergus wished to join the church, and the pastor asked him what had turned his mind to such things, he said,—

"Well, I suppose it was sitting up there in the gallery alongside of those fellows that I'd coaxed to come in with me. It wasn't long before I saw that there was more work in it than I could do alone—that I couldn't carry on the business the way it ought to be without a Partner."—*F. C. Monthly.*

THE NARROW CROSSING.

"**Y**OU never signed the pledge, did you, Uncle John?"

"I never signed a pledge on my own account, Harry. I presume I have signed several as an example or aid to others," replied Uncle John. "When I was a boy, a good deal smaller than you, I lived in a small town in Vermont. There was a large creek by the village, and at a place called 'The Mills' there was a beautiful fall of water, of ten or twelve feet, pitching off from an evened, flat rock. Reaching quite across the creek, a distance of twenty feet, over this fall of water, was a bridge spanning the stream.

"The sides of this bridge were boarded up some four feet high. These side pieces were capped by a flat railing of boards of from four to six inches wide. Some of the more daring school children used to walk on this narrow capping board when crossing the bridge, and there was more than one fall and serious injury happened.

"There was one thing that saved me from getting hurt or killed by the dangerous crossing. You would like to know what that was? The easiest thing in the world. It happened from the small circumstance that I never had either the courage or disposition to walk there at all! In other words, I wasn't sure of my head, and I was sure on the broad open bridge.

"I can think of a great many places that men and boys try to pass safely, which are quite dangerous, and where multitudes fall and ruin themselves, and perhaps perish, both soul and body, forever. The safest way is never to take the first step on a dangerous path."—*Selected.*

SWIMMING TO CHURCH.

MYANGANDI lived in West Africa, near the Ogowe river. She was going away from the missionary's house one Saturday afternoon, where she had been to sell bunches of plantains to the missionary, when his wife said: "Now you must not forget that you have promised to come to-morrow to church."

"Yes," the girl replied, "I will surely come if I am alive."

But the next morning she found somebody had stolen her canoe, and no one would lend her one to go to church in. But she had promised to go, and she felt that she must. She swam all the way! The current was swift, the water deep and the river fully a third of a mile wide, but by swimming diagonally she succeeded in crossing the river.

Remember this little heathen girl in West Africa when you feel tempted to stay away from the house of God for some trivial reason.—*Christian Herald.*

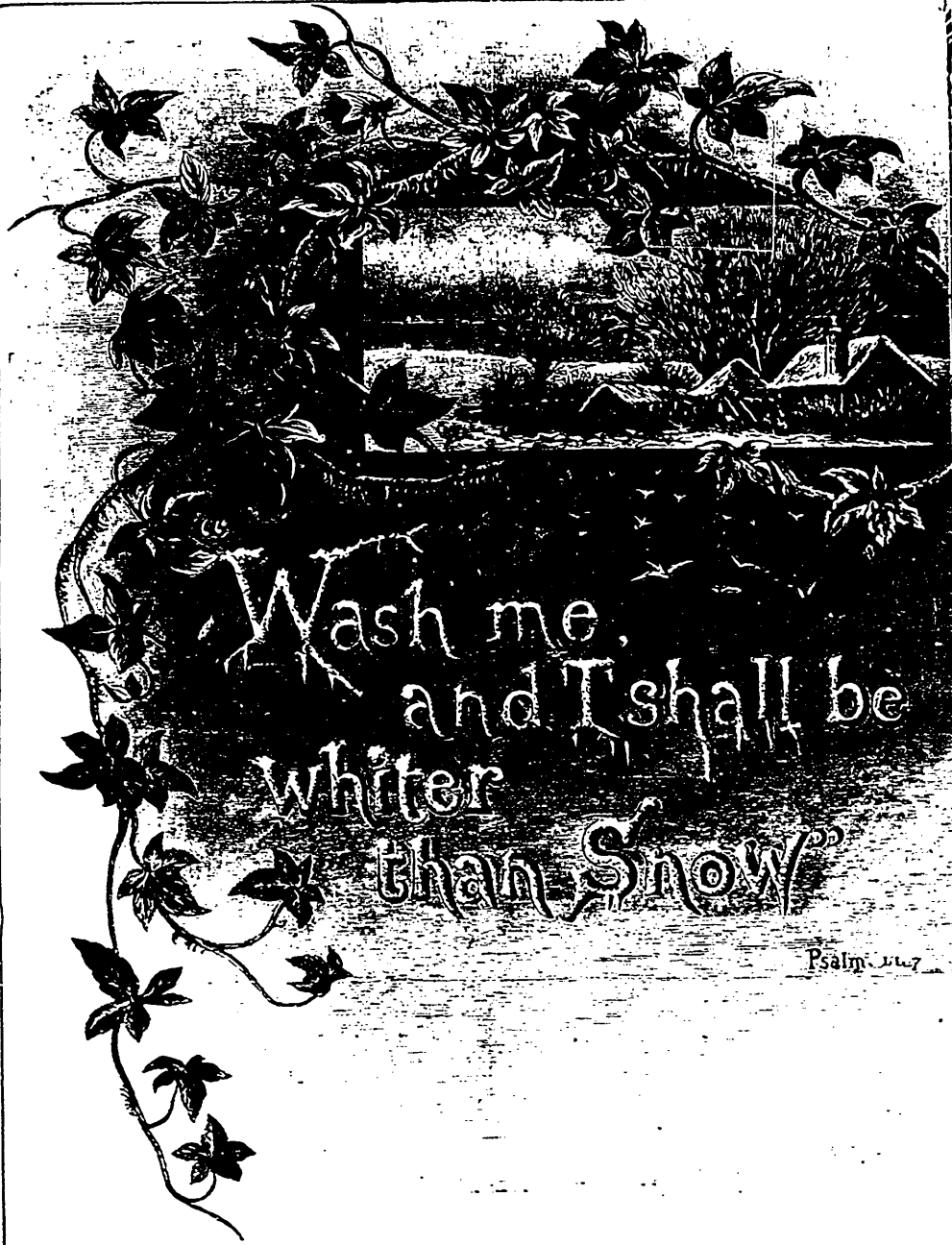
CHRISTIAN CONDUCT.

SOMETIMES a young Christian may be puzzled about how he should act as a Christian. I have this much to say—one who is very anxious to do God's will, and is prayerful and reads his Bible daily, is not often troubled by this question. We must take it for granted that everybody who is a Christian wants to do the will of Christ.

The New Testament furnishes general rules for Christian conduct. The whole law is, love to God and love to man. This comprehends everything. We give some rules founded on the Scriptures.

1. Do nothing if you doubt its being right. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."
2. If there is something you want to do which would do you no harm, but might lead a weaker brother into sin, dare not do it. "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."
3. Do not place yourself in a false position. "Abstain from all appearance of evil."
4. Do nothing in thought, word or deed on which you cannot ask God's blessing. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him."

The work of a Christian, as it is described in the Bible, looks fitter for the angel than for a fallen man; but the fallen, weak man has more than the sufficiency of an angel for the discharge of it—his sufficiency is of God.—*Rev. W. Jay.*



Wash me,
and I shall be
whiter
than Snow

Psalm 51:7

ROUND LAKE SCHOOL.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE NORTH-WEST.
LETTER FROM REV. HUGH MACKAY.

A FEW of the children had a bad cough; but they are better now, with the exception of one poor sickly boy who is at his home now and not expected to live.

We have at present 25 treaty children. What can we do for Indians whose children have been taken to Qu'Appelle school? Two weeks ago those Indians went to that school and asked for their children. They were refused. One of the boys ran away but was overtaken. The priest fought for the boy, and the parents fought for their child. Three against one were too many.

But renewing the attack with the assistance of some half breeds, the priest at last succeeded in dragging the boy back to school, and the parents returned to the Reserve, the woman with a sore throat, and the man with anger and rage in his heart. When will that boy forget this rough treatment, and forgive the priest for hurting his mother? When will that kind of mission work awake in those dark hearts, kind feelings for the white man, and longings for the religion which he teaches? We feel it much that those children have been snatched from us, and that there seems to be no law by which we can recover our loss.

In regard to our mission work, I can only tell you that we are pushing on. We are to have our Communion on the first Sabbath in March. I have visited Yellow Calf twice since the first of the year. The meetings seem to be interesting, they give good attention, but there are none who have taken a stand for Christ.

Last Saturday I left home in the morning, visited eight Indian homes, spent the night in an Indian house. The filth, vermin and smoke, lead us more than ever to pity the poor Indian. Fourteen of us slept in the same room, one young fellow far gone with scrofula, five dirty little children. The food they eat, and their bedding, thrown together, no regard for cleanliness. We lay down to sleep, suffocated with heat and an impure at-

mosphere. We awake in the night chilled, we gather our blankets about us, and still we are cold, glad when the day returned.

We had, however, two interesting meetings in this house—one in the evening, which continued until ten, and one at eight in the morning, continuing two hours. They spoke freely of their own religion, and many of them speak against it. I contrasted the light of the Gospel with dark paganism, and commended Christ. They all seem deeply interested, and wished me to come soon again. I promised to meet with them next Sabbath, and now I pray that He, who in the days of his flesh opened dark eyes, may lead this benighted people into the glorious light of the Gospel.

After saying good bye we drove north, called at an Indian house where there was a sick little girl, aged about five. She has been ill during the year, she has lost her sight and is helpless. She was upon a little bed as I entered, her eyes as if fixed, and as if she took notice of nothing. I took her hand in mine and stroked her pretty little brow, and I asked, "Do you know who is come?" she answered with a smile, "McKay." She may not be living as I write this, if not, I know she shall be gathered by the Great Shepherd.

We then drove north; had a meeting at Sheshep's and were invited to come again. We then followed the valley down a few miles, and in the dim twilight and by the hearth of an Indian home, we proclaimed Jesus and His love.

Another night from home, and returning by the Agency and Kewistahan's. Here I found a few of our children wishing to return. Some were tucked in the little sleigh, then a drive of twelve miles aftersunset. The drive was pleasant. At times we broke the lonesomeness of the lonesome prairie by singing a hymn. The light voices did not sound bad as we sang such hymns as "My Saviour's Praises I Will Sing," "Far, Far Away," etc. Then we looked up to the starry firmament and spoke long about that beautiful object lesson, and we got home about eight o'clock, all seemed to be so happy.

HUGH MACKAY.

AN INDIAN'S OBJECT LESSON.

AT a recent meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Bishop of Minnesota remarked:—"Many years ago the late Rev. Lord Charles Hervey paid a visit to his missions, and after service, the head chief, turning to him, said, 'Do you know the history of the North American Red men? Shall I tell you it? Before the white man came, the rivers and lakes were full of fish, and the prairie and forest were full of game; and hunger and thirst never came into the wigwam of the Indian. Would you care to see one of my braves such as he was before the coming of the white man?'"

He clapped his hands, and the door of the tent opened, and there appeared an Indian, proud and erect, and in all the finery and feathers of a young warrior, with his squaw by his side. 'That,' said the chief, 'represented my people before the white man came. Now shall I show you what the white man has done for us?'"

He clapped his hands again, and there stood before them a squalid, miserable-looking wretch, and by his side an equally degraded woman. 'O Great Spirit,' exclaimed the chief, 'is this an Indian? How came he to this pass? He produced from beneath his blanket a black bottle. 'That,' said he, 'is the gift of the white man. But if that were all that the white man had done for us, you would not be my guests to-day. Many years ago a pale-face man came to us, and at last we listened to what he had to tell us. Would you like to know what that story has done for us?'"

Again he clapped his hands. The door opened and in stepped a young man dressed in a black frock coat, and by his side a young woman in a black alpaca dress. Said the chief, 'There is only one religion in the world to lift man out of the mire, and to teach him to call God his Father, and that is the religion of Christ.'—*Sel.*

A GOOD PLACE.

ABRIGHT little fellow observed the other day that he grew very tired in church. "I don't understand the sermon," he said. "I feel as if it would never end."

"No matter," answered the boy's father, "you are in a good place, and you are forming the habit of going regularly there. One of these days you will be surprised by finding that you do understand."

There may be a lovelier sight this side heaven than a pew full of children of all ages, from sixteen to three, but if there is, Aunt Marjorie has never seen it.—*C. Intelligencer.*

GOOD WORDS FOR BOYS.

BE GENTLE, boys. It is high praise to have it said of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mother and make a little sister cry whenever she comes near, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentle men (gentlemen).

Be manly, boys. A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which afterward may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner, as an ungracious, don't-care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon," and "I thank you," will be chosen for a position, three to one, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strangers.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be ahead of than behind time. Business men do not like tardiness. They realize that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amounts to half an hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that both shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flower beds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lessons. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.

"When Morrison, the Chinese missionary, the man of God who first gave the Bible to China in its own vernacular, offered himself to the directors of the London missionary society as a candidate, they inquired if he was willing to go simply as an assistant in one of the missionary schools? 'Gentlemen,' was young Morrison's noble reply, 'while the temple of Christ is building I am willing to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water.' In a moment they decided that a man who so loved his Saviour, who was willing to undertake any service for Jesus, was the fittest for the higher office of a missionary to the heathen. They accepted him as such, and the result proved that they were not mistaken in their judgment. If you love Jesus you will be willing to undertake any service your Lord and Master may appoint you."

"I KNOW A THING OR TWO."

"MY dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy, laughingly; "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers, and laughing at the "old man's notions."

A few years later, and that boy, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said, among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home temptation came upon me like a drove of hyenas, and hurried me into ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it!

HOW TO KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

SKIN in a letter to young girls says: Receive the thing that is provoking or disagreeable to you, as coming directly from Christ's hand; and the more it is like to provoke you, thank him for it the more, as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember that it does not in the least matter what happens to you—whether a clumsy school-fellow tears your dress or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the teacher does not understand you. The one thing that does matter is that none of these things should vex you.

"Say to yourself each morning, just after your prayers, 'Whose forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be my disciple.' This is exactly and completely true, meaning that you are to give all you have to Christ to take care of it for you. Then, if he doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything. And if he takes anything from you, you know you are better without it. You will not, indeed, have to give up houses and lands, or boats or nets, but you may, perhaps, break your favorite tea-cup or lose your favorite tumbler, and might be vexed about it, but for this second Saint George's precept."

SINGLE TEMPTATION.

WELL, each boy has his own Temptation—different in different cases, but always some one thing which keeps coming back and back—back and back, day after day till he is tired and sick. What though he score off all the other balls, if this one takes him? It's not new sins that destroy a man; it's the drip, drip, drip of an old one.

"Have you ever heard of the castle that was taken with a single gun? It stood on the Rhine, and its walls were yards thick, and the old knight who lived in it laughed when he saw the enemy come with only a single cannon. But they planted the cannon on a little hill, and all day long they loaded and fired, and loaded and fired, without ever moving the muzzle an inch. Every shot struck exactly the same spot on the wall, but the first day passed and they had scarcely scratched the stone. So the old knight drank up his wine cup, and went to his bed in peace. Day after day the cannonade went on, and the more they fired the louder the knight laughed, and the more wine he drank, and the sounder he slept. At the end of a week one stone was in splinters; in a month the one behind it was battered to powder; in ten months a breach was made wide enough for the enemy to enter and capture the castle. That is how a boy's heart is most often taken. If I had any advice to offer anybody I should say, Beware of the slow sins—the old recurring Temptation, which is powerful, not so much in what it is or what it does *once*, but in the awful patience of its continuance. It is by the ceaseless battery of a commonplace Temptation that the moral nature is undermined and the citadel of great souls won."—Prof. Drummond.

A TEMPERANCE FABLE.

THE rats once assembled in a large cellar to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said: "It is my opinion that, if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats present squealed assent. Then they were startled by a faint voice: and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak. "My friends, I have tried the method you propose, and you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap: *Let it alone.*"—Anon.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

April 17. GOD'S WORKS AND WORD.

Lesson, Ps. 19 1-14. Golden Text, Ps. 19 : 7.
Memory vs. 7-11. Catechism Q. 70-71.

SUBJECT: THE TWO LESSON BOOKS OF LIFE.

I. *The Book of Nature*, vs. 1-6.—What two names are given to the heavens? How do they declare God's glory? What do we learn about God from nature? Rom. 1 : 20 : 2 : 14-15 : Ps. 145 : 3 ; Ps. 102 : 25-27 ; Ps. 139 : 7-10 ; Ps. 104 : 24 ; Ps. 33 : 4-5. Meaning of verse 2? What two meanings may be given to verse 3? Which is the better? What is "their line"? What description is given of the sun? In what respects is God's work like the sun? How can the study of God's works help us to understand his word? Is there any real conflict between true science and true religion? Does nature reveal to us all we need to know? What are some of the things it cannot do for us?

II. *The Book of Revelation*, vs. 7-14.—What is meant here by "the law of the Lord"? What six names are given to it here? Why is *Lord* in these verses printed in capitals in our Bibles? Why is the name given to God in these verses different from that in the first six verses? What six words are given here to describe God's Word? Show how it is perfect, sure, right, pure. What six things does God's Word do for us? Show how it does each of these? Meaning of "fear of the Lord"? To what does the Psalmist compare God's Word? In what respects is it more precious than gold? In what respects is it sweeter than honey? Is the Word of God so precious to us? How can it become more so? How does it save us from dangers? What is the reward of keeping God's commands? What great need have we all? vs. 12-13. Why can we not understand our errors? What are "secret faults"? From what other kind of sins would he be kept? When does sin have dominion over us? What did he desire for his words and thoughts? When are these acceptable to God? Why is this so important? Jas. 3 : 2-10 ; Prov. 4 : 23 ; 23 : 7.

I. The Christian should study both the works and the Word of God.

II. There can be no conflict between what God says and what he does.

III. We learn from nature His wisdom, power, greatness, faithfulness and goodness.

IV. But we cannot learn all we need about forgiveness and love and heaven and our duties to God and man.

V. God's Word gives us new hearts, a sure hope, wisdom and joy and salvation.

VI. Good persons desire to be holy in secret as well as in public, in thought as well as in deed.

April 24. THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

Lesson Ps. 23 : 1-6. Golden Text Ps. 23 : 1
Mem. vs. 1-6 Catechism Q. 72.

I. *Who is the Good Shepherd* v. 1.—What can you tell about Oriental shepherds? Who is our Shepherd? How is he described in John 10 : 11-17? In what respects is Jesus peculiarly adapted to be our Shepherd? As to his wisdom, strength. Who are the sheep of his pasture that can claim the promises which follow? John 10 : 3, 4, 5.

II. *His Shepherd Care*, vs. 1-3.—What is the first promise? Is that true of all Christians? Ps. 37 : 25 ; Matt. 6 : 33 ; Rom. 8 : 32 ; What is meant by green pastures? John 6 : 51-57. How can a Christian rest in the service of God? What are the "still waters"? Isa. 55 : 1 ; John 7 : 37-39. When do our souls need to be restored? Where does Jesus lead us? Why do we need to be led? For whose sake does he do all this? How is this an encouragement to us?

III. *A Defense against Danger*, v. 4.—What is meant by "the valley of the shadow of death"? Are we walking among dangers seen and unseen? How does Jesus' presence defend us so that we need not fear the evil? Rom. 8 : 32 ; Heb. 12 : 6-8 ; 2 Cor. 4 : 17, 18 ; Ps. 76 : 10 ; Isa. 43 : 2, 3. Of what are the shepherd's crook and staff the types?

IV. *Victory over Enemies*, v. 5.—What is the meaning of verse 5? Who are some of our enemies? Eph. 6 : 12. By what means may we be at rest among them? Eph. 6 : 13-18. If we are on God's side, are our enemies his enemies? What is meant by anointing our heads? By our cup? By its running over?

V. *Goodness and Mercy Forever*, v. 6.—What is the difference between goodness and mercy? What is meant by their following us? Why need we not fear the future? What is meant by the "house of the Lord"? Ps. 84 : 1-4 ; 42 : 4 ; Rev. 21 : 1-4. What are the blessings of the dwelling there?

I. Jesus Christ is all wise, all powerful, all loving, and therefore the Good Shepherd of our souls.

II. We should be the good sheep of his pasture, obeying his voice, following his footsteps, keeping close to him.

III. He satisfies every want of the soul.

IV. He guides us into the best things for this life and the life to come.

V. Evils come to all, but Jesus saves us in them, and will let nothing harm those who trust in him.

VI. Our souls are like cups waiting to be filled. Every desire and capacity is a cup.

VII. Jesus fills to overflowing these cups. He satisfies our hungerings, and gives living water for our thirst.—*International Q. Book.*

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO.

A young and earnest pilgrim,
Travelling the King's highway,
Conning over the lessons
From the Guide-Book every day,
Said, as each hindrance met him,
With purpose firm and true ;
" If on earth He walked to-day,
What would Jesus do ? "

It grew to be his watchword,
In service or in fight ;
It helped to keep his pilgrim garb
Unsullied, pure and white.
For when temptation lured him,
It nerved him through and through,
To ask this simple question
" What would Jesus do ? "

Now, if it be our purpose
To walk where Christ has led,
To follow in His footsteps
With ever careful tread,
Oh, let this be our watchword,
A watchword pure and true,
To ask in each temptation :
" What would Jesus do ? "

THE WORST "BAD COMPANY."

THE worst "bad company" that a boy or girl can be in is the company of a bad book. Evil associates are harmful enough, but they do not injure a young person as evil books do. There is a subtle and at the same time imperative quality in the influence of a printed page, which everybody feels. You read a statement and unconsciously you believe it, and yield up your mind to it, simply because it confronts you in the dignity of type. But let a person whom you know make the same statement orally, and you will think twice before you accept it. This is where the danger of a bad book comes in, it gets a special hearing, and exercises a peculiar influence which a bad person can not. Besides it can say the same evil thing over and over again, in the same fascinating words, as often as your curiosity prompts you to seek it. Therefore, if any boy or girl wishes to keep pure, and manly and honest—and we trust that all boys and girls do—the wise thing for them is to shun books that have a bad name. And if you do not know whether a book is good or bad, ask the advice of your parents and teachers as to what you should read. Do not be enticed by a low curiosity to see what a bad book is like. Shun it as you would pitch, or poison, or quicksand, or any other vile or dangerous thing. The world is full of good and charming books. Keep company with them. They will make you nobler and better all your life.—Chicago Juvenile.

THE MAGIC NOTE BOOK.

A MISSIONARY in Africa tells a story which shows how very simple and ignorant the heathen, with all their cunning often are. He writes: "At most of the large towns I proved to them, in a very practical way, the power of the 'book.' My boy Shishu, who can write well, and who was driving the wagon, was told to go away some distance, beyond the reach of hearing, and write in my note-book what several of the men told him. I said: 'Now, when you return, I will tell you all the words you have spoken. This, to them, was a fair test, and they accepted it, and went away to have their conversation alone. During their absence, I was busy giving out medicines and explaining pictures to the great crowd which thronged round the front of the wagon.

On their return, they handed me my note-book, with a smile, as much as to say: 'You are not able to tell us what we have been talking about.' But, to their great astonishment, they heard me reading out in their own hearing every word they had spoken. This staggered them completely; they turned round, walked away some distance, and sat down in silence, wondering by what possible means I could tell them, straight away, all that they had said to Shishu.

Some who came after this performance to the wagon would not believe it, until they, too, were told, in the same way, what they had told my boy to write in my note-book. After this most of the men said: 'Well, teacher, you are wiser than all our bone throwers and witch-doctors; there is none so clever as this. Your book surpasses them. We will believe in it now, for we have seen with our eyes, and heard with our ears, the wonderful things it can do.'

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