

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Général:ue (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						

Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Some Thoughts for Young People.

“TO BLESS God for mercies is the way to increase them ; to bless him for miseries is the way to remove them.”

“A GOOD life is a voice ; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.”

“SATAN selects his disciples when they are idle, but Christ chose His while they were busy with their nets or casting them into the sea.”

“YOU can help your fellow-men. You must help your fellow-men. But the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.”

—Phillips Brooks.

JOHN JONES' MONUMENT IN CHINA.

LETTER FROM MRS. GOFORTH.

Chang to fu, Honan.

Dear Children's Record :—

You will perhaps be interested in hearing how the picture and story of John Jones's monument, that was in your pages some time ago, was received in this far off field.

A few days ago my little boy Paul, who treasures up his "Children's Record" most carefully, brought me the picture of John Jones's monument to see.

It struck me that it would be a good illustration to show the Chinese.

Shortly after a native Christian came in and I showed it to him.

At first he laughed and then looked sad as he pointed to the poor drunkard of about thirty, and said—"Ah, that was me, but Jesus has put me here," putting his finger on the opposite side. "I was once a drunkard, a gambler, a thief. I was the worst man in my district, but now it is so different for I'm the Lord's child."

Later, I showed the picture to several Chinese together.

They were all much taken with it, especially one old man who had led a very bad life but whose heart the Lord has changed, and who is now a zealous Christian, but very humble, because of the past.

This man looked at the picture for some time without speaking and seemed much affected; at last he gave it back to me saying with a trembling voice, "That black side is just as I was, but thank God He has saved me and I only want to save others now."

He then asked for the picture that he might use it when speaking the Gospel to his neighbors, but I had already promised to lend it to the first mentioned man.

The same afternoon a young lad of fifteen, the son of a member of our woman's station class, came in and I explained it to him, then asked him "Which road are you going to go?"

He looked up with such a bright expression saying, "I certainly shall go the Bible road." Shortly after he made application for baptism.

I would like to have a few copies of the picture, for I believe it would do good.

Many thanks for sending the Record to us. I do not know what we would do without it. I prize the Children's Record for my children's sake. Paul often reads from it to his sisters.

Praying that the Record boys and girls may not forget

HONAN

I remain yours in the

Master's service,

ROSALIND GOFORTH. G

THE BOY WHO SAVED INDIA!

THE streets of Delhi were thronged with native troops, who had risen in rebellion against the English. They had got possession of the arms, and now they were rushing into the houses of the Europeans, indiscriminately massacring all they could seize, and venting their hatred in the most horrible outrages and torture. The arsenal was theirs, with its almost inexhaustible stores and munitions of war. They had seized all the public buildings; but they had forgotten the telegraph office.

A brave boy perceived this, and escaping, as by a miracle, the notice of the insurgents, rushed in at the open door. All the clerks had fled. Dashing to the telegraph wires, he sent off this:—

"The native troops have got possession of the arms. They have killed"—and he named several of the most prominent—"they are in open rebellion, murdering all Europeans." He got no farther; a sea of dark, cruel faces surged around him, and he was out down.

But the message was beyond their power—it had flashed to Lahore; it was sent on to Peshawur, and instantly the native troops were disarmed. Colonel Edwardes, a well-known Indian officer, said, "Had the troops in the Punjab risen with arms in their hands, the English must have been driven into the sea." And this is what a boy did!

Now, great as was the deed and its effects, it was but the doing bravely the work God set before him. And every day He gives to each of us our task and our duty. The sooner we see this the better, for no one is so young but God may give him whom He sees "faithful in little" the message of salvation, the message of life, to speed on, telling of Christ who bore our sins on the cross, paid the debt for us, and died that we who trust in and obey Him may live. He is "mighty to save," able also to "save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him."—*Our Own Magazine.*

Boys cannot begin too early to think for themselves. Independent thinking is what makes strong men. Learn to look on both sides of things. Ask of every undertaking: "What will be the result of this?" In a word, gather to yourself the strength that comes only from honest thought.

The habit of making a full and confidential friend of mother has saved many a young person from sorrow and shame.

Revenge is always the weak pleasure of a little and narrow mind.—Juvenal.

OUR MARCH CATECHISM.

Question. What made the West Indies of special interest during the past year?

Answer. The war between Spain and the U.S.A.

Q. In what island of the West Indies is our Church doing mission work?

A. Chiefly in Trinidad. Some in St. Lucia.

Q. Where is Trinidad?

A. In sight of Venezuela, South America, ten degrees North of the Equator.

Q. To whom is our mission?

A. To immigrants from India, who have been brought there by planters to work the sugar, and other plantations.

Q. When did they begin to come?

A. About 1840; to replace slave labor, after slavery was abolished in the British Dominions in 1834.

Q. When did our Church begin mission work among them?

A. In 1868.

Q. How many were there then on the Island?

A. About 20,000.

Q. What was their religion?

A. They were chiefly Hindus, heathen, worshipping their false gods.

Q. How many of them are there now?

A. About 85,000.

Q. What is the total population of Trinidad?

A. About 230,000, so that over one-third of them are East Indians.

Q. What are the remainder?

A. Chiefly colored, with a few from different countries of Europe.

Q. To what nation does Trinidad belong?

A. To Great Britain, so that they are our own fellow subjects.

Q. Who were our first missionaries there?

A. Mr. and Mrs. Morton, who have been working there for 31 years, and who are now our oldest missionaries in any field.

Q. Who were the next?

A. Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who have been working there 28 years.

Q. How many missionaries have we now there?

A. Five missionaries from Canada, and their wives, and five teacher missionaries. Their names and stations are as follows:

Names	Stations
Rev. John Morton, D.D.	Tunapuna
Mrs. Morton	"
Rev. K. J. Grant, D.D.	San Fernando
Mrs. Grant	"
Rev. Wm. L. Macrae	Prinestown
Mrs. Macrae	"
Rev. A. W. Thompson	Couva
Mrs. Thompson	"
Rev. S. A. Fraser	San Fernando
Mrs. Fraser	"
<i>Q.</i> Who are the other helpers from Canada?	
<i>A.</i> There are four lady missionaries, whose work is specially among the boys and girls.	
Miss Blackadder,	Tacarigua
Miss Archibald,	San Fernando
Miss Fisher,	Couva
Miss Sinclair,	Prinestown

and Mr. Harold Clark teaches native teachers in the training school.

Q. How many mission schools are there?

A. Fifty-seven.

Q. How many children attend the schools?

A. More than six thousand at some time during the year.

Q. How many Sabbath schools are there?

A. About seventy-six.

Q. How many attend the Sabbath schools?

A. More than three thousand.

Q. How many native catechists are there?

A. Fifty-two.

Q. In how many places is there preaching every Sabbath?

A. About seventy.

Q. Where are most of these services held?

A. In the school houses.

Q. Do these people give anything to help the work?

A. Yes, they are mostly very poor but they are taught to give, and some of them give very liberally.

Q. How does our work there help our mission in India?

A. Many of these people go back to India after serving a time in Trinidad, and they carry the Gospel with them.

BABY GIRLS AND BABY TOWERS.

IN China, as in all heathen countries, woman is considered much inferior to man.

There is one way, however, in which a Chinese woman may rise to a fair degree of respectability, and that is if she has a goodly number of sons. This will redeem her in the eyes of all her neighbors.

If, on the contrary, only daughters come to the home, she falls lower and lower and is despised and ridiculed by all.

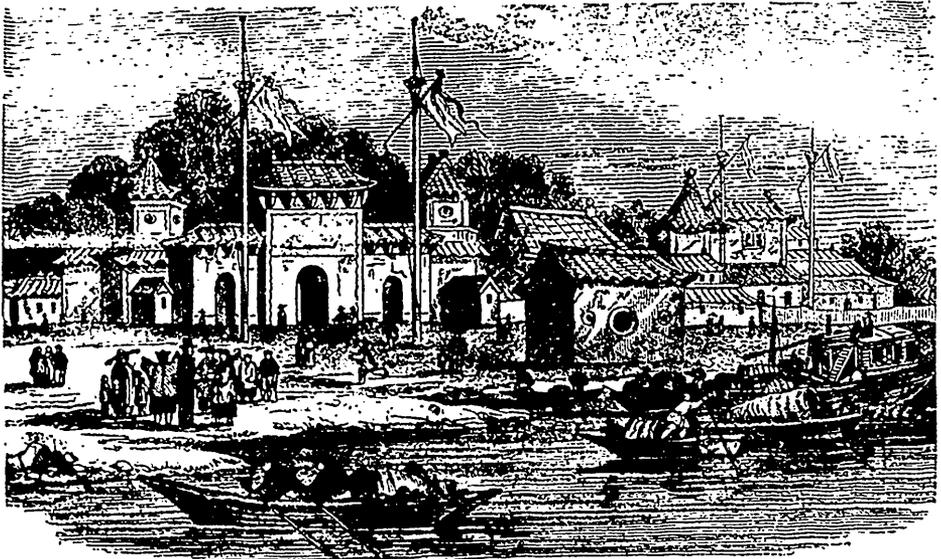
To avert this calamity the goddess "Mother" is diligently worshipped, so that only sons may

Not unfrequently when a baby girl is born it is drowned, thrown into the street, or tossed into the baby tower. A baby tower is built just outside nearly every city, which acts as a burying-place for infants, and many a girl has been thrown into its vault even before it stopped breathing.

To buy a coffin for the little unfortunate would require a few hundred cash—one cash equals one-tenth of a cent, Mexican—so a bit of rice straw or old matting is used instead.

The tower is usually built of stone, from ten to fifteen feet high, eight to twelve feet in diameter, at the base, with a single window at one side.

Just when the baby tower first came into use is



A Scene on a Chinese River.

arrive. However, many daughters put in an appearance.

A very complimentary greeting to a bride is that she may have one hundred sons and ten thousand grandsons.

When the news of a child's birth is announced the sex is of the greatest importance. If it is a boy there is great rejoicing, and all the friends call upon the family with presents and congratulations.

If the baby is a girl the parents are considered to be more in need of sympathy than congratulations. The kindest remark is, "Well, a girl is worth something."

unknown, and I am glad to state that as Christianity and Western civilization enters this Empire this and other heathen customs disappear. There are now thousands and thousands of homes in China where the little baby girl is fondled and loved as much as the boy.

The next ten years will witness greater progress in this empire than has been seen during the past century.

It becomes all Christian people to do their utmost toward saving this mighty empire which comprises one-fourth of the population of the globe.—REV. G. S. MINER.

OUR MISSIONARIES FROM CANADA.

NOW AT WORK IN FOREIGN LANDS.

I. OUR MISSION IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Begun in 1848.

Name	Station
Rev. H. A. Robertson	Erromauga
" J. W. McKenzie	Efate
" J. Annand	Santo

II. OUR MISSION IN TRINIDAD AND DEMARARA.

Begun in 1868.

Rev. J. Morton, D.D.	Tunapuna
" K. J. Grant, D.D.	San Fernando
" Wm. Macrae	Princetown
" A. W. Thompson	Couva
" S. A. Fraser	San Fernando
" J. B. Cropper	Demarara
Miss A. L. M. Blackadder	Tacarigua
" A. J. Archibald	San Fernando
" I. Fisher	Couva
" C. Sinclair	Princetown

III. OUR MISSION IN FORMOSA.

Begun in 1872.

Rev. G. L. MacKay, D.D.	Tamsni
" Wm. Gauld	"

IV. OUR MISSION IN INDIA.

Begun in 1877.

Rev. J. F. Campbell, D.D.	Rutlam
" J. Wilkie	Indore
" A. P. Ledingham	"
Miss M. Oliver, M.D.	"
" J. V. Sinclair	"
" M. McKellar, M.D.	"
" J. White	"
" J. Grier	"
" B. Ptolemy	"
" R. Chase	"
" H. Thompson	"
Rev. W. A. Wilson	Neemuch
Miss A. Turnbull, M.D.	"
" J. Duncan	"
" C. Campbell	"
Rev. N. H. Russell	Mhow
" J. F. Smith, M.D.	"
Miss J. M. Leyden	"
" C. Calder	"
Mr. C. M. Woods, M.D.	Ujjain
Miss M. Jamieson	"
" J. Weir	"
Rev. J. Buchanan, M.D.	Jhabua
" F. H. Russell	Dhar
Miss M. O'Hara, M.D.	"
" C. Dougan	"

V. OUR MISSION IN HONAN.

Begun in 1888.

Rev. J. Goforth	Chang Te Fu
" J. Menzies, M.D.	"
" D. MacGillivray	"
" J. Griffith	"
Miss M. A. Pyke	"
" M. Wallace, M.D.	"
Rev. M. McKenzie	Chu Wang
" W. H. Grant	"
Mr. Wm. McClure, M.D.	"
" P. C. Leslie, M.D.	"
Miss M. McIntosh	"
" J. Dow, M.D.	"
Rev. J. A. Slimmon	Hsin Chen
" R. A. Mitchell	"
Mr. Wm. Malcolm, M.D.	"

VI. OUR MISSION IN KOREA.

Begun in 1893.

Rev. R. Grierson, M.D.	Wonson
" W. R. Foote	"
" D. Macrae	"

Remember

That the names of one of the most important sections of our missionary staff are not given in the above list, because you can supply them, the wives of the missionaries.

WHAT OUR MISSION SCHOOLS CAN DO.

Miss Blackadder, of Trinidad, writes of one of our Mission Schools, in Dr. Grant's field, in San Fernando, Trinidad.

"On Sabbath we went into the Sabbath School. About three hundred were present, well dressed, intelligent young people.

Lessons were well prepared. Questions were readily answered. An earnest address was given by Mr. Fraser.

The son of one who was young when I came here twenty-two years ago—presided at the organ. Those who were lads then, are now the most useful members of the church, good business men, and many of them active Christians."

But for our Mission schools, which your gifts have helped to support, these young people would be heathen, low, ignorant, degraded, idolaters. By means of these schools they are intelligent, prosperous, Christian people. What a reward for the little self denial it may have cost to give them the Gospel.

AT THE WRONG END.

ONCE know a little fellow who prayed at the wrong end of a temptation. He wanted to go fishing with the boys, but when he asked his mother she said, "No; I am afraid you will be drowned." She always loved to have him have a good time, but she could not consent to his going off to the river with those boys that day.

Willie went away by himself, and cried and pouted and said a hard word in his heart about his mother.

The evil spirit came, and made him think that there was nothing in the world so nice as to go fishing. He could just see how clear the water would be, and how the fish would bite, and what jolly fun it would be to jerk them out. Mother would not care much if he came home with a nice string of fish for supper. The temptation grew so strong that he yielded and slipped down the lane, and ran off to catch up with the boys.

He did not have one bit good time. He could not get it out of his head how grieved his mother would be to find that he had disobeyed her. Besides, she had told him that she would punish him, and he knew she always kept her word.

He was afraid every minute that he was near the water that he might fall in and be drowned. So shy and nervous was he, that he caught only one fish. A bad boy, stouter than himself, made some sort of excuse and claimed that one and took it away from him.

When he started home he was so cross and discontented that he came near quarrelling with Timmy Tabor, his very best friend. He left Timmy and ran home by himself, feeling so mean and ashamed that he could think of nothing but a Sunday School text that he had learned, "The way of transgressors is hard."

His heart grew heavier and heavier till it felt like a lump of lead. Something came up in his throat and began to choke him, and the tears slipped down over his cheeks.

Finally, he made up his mind to go to the Saviour and get rid of the whole trouble. He knelt down behind a clump of bushes and began to pray: but the tempter came to him again, and made him think about the whipping he was going to get, and tried hard to make him fix up a wrong story to tell his mother, so that he forgot how wicked it was to break the command, "Children, obey your parents."

At last he said, right out loud, "No, sir; I won't tell a lie. I've been mean enough, but I won't do that." Then he prayed, "I am sorry I was so bad. Now Lord Jesus, please forgive me; and don't let mother whip me. The Lord forgave him, but He didn't hinder his

mother from punishing him. He needed to know surely how hard is the way of the transgressor.

His mother was so loving and so sad about his disobedience, it hurt Willie worse than the switch. He told her so, and all about how he had prayed. She put her arm around him, and said, with a smile shining through her tears, "My darling boy must pray at the first end of temptation. He prayed at the wrong end that time. If he had asked God to help him not to disobey, and then had said, 'No, as stoutly as he did about the wrong story, it would have saved him all this trouble.'"—*Christian Standard*.

SHORT SERMON TO BOYS.

YOU are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your strength of body and soul; take for your motto, self-reliance, honesty and industry; and inscribe on your banner, "Be just, and fear not." Don't take too much advice; stay at the helm and steer your ship. Strike out.

Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice excessive humility. You can't get above your level; water doesn't run up hill. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road and the small ones will go to the bottom.

Energy, invincible determination, with the right motive, are the levers that move the world. Civility costs nothing and buys everything.

Don't drink; don't smoke; don't swear; don't gamble; don't lie; don't deceive or steal; don't tattle.

Be polite; be generous; be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow-men as well as you love God. Love your country, and obey its laws. Love truth. Love honor. Always do what your conscience tells you in your duty, and leave the consequence with God.—*Dr. Todd, in the Christian World*.

Do you want to grow strong? Then you must grapple with the strong. A throw upon your back will do you good. The great dragon to be conquered by the struggles through this world is indolence; this done, the rest is comparatively easy.

"Laying aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

THE PLAN OF STUDY.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Conducted by Rev. R. D. Fraser.

Topic for week beginning March.

Slave Boy and Saint.

THE STORY OF ST. PATRICK.

More than fifteen hundred years ago a young lad of sixteen was taken captive by one of the roving bands of pirates who were the terror of the people living on the coasts of Britain in that rough time. Along with other prisoners he was carried across the Channel to Ireland and sold as a slave.

His lot was a hard one, as was the lot of all slaves in those rough days. The slave boy was set to watch cattle and day by day he drove his master's cattle and sheep to and from the pasture-ground, which was close to the rugged mountain of Slemish, from the top of which he often gazed across the sea, to where, in the distance, he could dimly make out the hills of his native Scotland.

How he longed to be back again in his home and to see the loved ones there. His father was a Christian man and a deacon in the church, as well as a Roman magistrate. His mother had taught him from the Bible about God and Christ.

Year after year passed by and the chance of seeing home and friends seemed to grow less and less.

God has strange ways of treating those He loves and desires to honor. He often lets trouble come to them just to make them think more about Him.

Patrick, for that was the lad's name, was a slave now: he was to be a great preacher, almost like the Apostle Paul or John, by and by, and as he climbed up and down the mountain sides, following the cattle and the sheep, God was speaking to his heart.

He became very prayerful, often rising in the night to talk with God in the woods and among the hills, and taking no thought of snow or frost or rain. "I felt no evil," he says, "nor was there any laziness in me, because, as I now see, the Spirit was burning within me."

After six long years of slavery, Patrick managed to escape from his master and made his way to the coast. He secured a passage on board a boat, and after many hardships got back to his parents again.

It must have been a happy day when they clasped to their hearts once more their long-lost boy.

The traces of his hard life were plainly to be seen on his weather-beaten face. But there was now a new light burning there which God had kindled. The faces of those who love God are sure to shine.

One would have thought that, now that he had escaped from slavery, Patrick would not have wished to go back to the place where he had suffered so much. But the slave lad had seen how ignorant the people were, how little they knew of God, and what wicked lives they led, because they had not been taught God's way. He hungered to give them a taste of what God had taught him.

As he was hesitating what to do, he had a wonderful dream. In the dead of night he saw a man coming to him as if from Ireland, bearing a great bundle of letters, "and he gave me one of them and I read the beginning of it, which contained the words 'The voice of Ireland,' and while I was reading the beginning of the letter, I imagined I heard in my mind, the voice of those who were near the wood of Foclut, which is near the Western sea, and thus they cried, 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk henceforth among us.'"

He made up his mind to return as a missionary to Ireland, and all the rest of his life was spent there.

It is said that St. Patrick, for so the Irish people love to call him, founded three hundred and sixty-five churches in different parts of the country, one for each day of the year, and that he baptized with his own hand 12,000 persons. One thing is certain, that through him the Irish people were changed from being worshippers of cruel heathen gods, to be gentle and loving followers of our Saviour.

St. Patrick was a very humble man. He took no praise to himself for the great numbers who through his preaching became followers of the true God. He said, "If I have done any little thing according to God's will, no man must ever say that my ignorance did it, but must believe that it was the gift of God."

(For fuller account, see "Hamilton's History of the Irish Presbyterian Church," from which some of the above is taken.)

Not everybody, even among grown people can do great things for God; but the youngest Christian can do little things for God. Are you pleasant at home? Are you industrious at school? Are you good-tempered among your playmates, and obedient to your parents? These are all little things, but they can be done for God, and God notices and blesses them.

TOBACCO AND THE BABY.

I WAS asked one day to go and see the little baby of a man. He was weeping. He said, 'Doctor, will you see my baby?' I said I would.

"I went to the house, and when I got there I said, 'Where is the fire?' He came from amidst a smoke and said, 'There is no fire here, Doctor.'

"I said, 'Put down that pipe! Throw open the window! Let me see the baby!'

"And there was the little baby gasping for breath. The man was poisoning his own baby to death. He had filled the room with his filthy nicotine smoke. It would have choked me nearly.

"I threw open the windows, and I instantly threw the pipe and all the tobacco I could come across, out of the window. I almost felt like throwing the man out for a minute. I was angry with him, and I said, 'What's the use of my praying for that baby?'

"Oh, Doctor, it is stomach complaint?'

"Stomach complaint! What stomach could stand this smoke? The stomach of a strong man could not do it.'

"I started and prayed, and I asked God to have mercy upon this man. 'How he stinks! He has stunk the whole house, and stunk this baby, until the little thing has no stomach to digest anything. Have mercy upon him!'

"I will quit, Doctor, I will quit.'

"He did quit, too, and the Lord had mercy.

"There was nothing wrong with the baby. I opened the window and the little thing vomited a little. I rubbed the little stomach, and it vomited up literally, for I am not exaggerating, the smell of tobacco.

"You have no idea how many children have been murdered in their little close homes by working men smoking in the room where the little ones are sleeping, never thinking that they are poisoning their children, and never thinking that they are poisoning their wives.

"Do you know how deadly nicotine poison is?'

"I have seen experiments with nicotine poison like this. In Edinburgh to illustrate, the professor of toxicology showed the strength of nicotine poison by taking a feather and passing it through a man's pipe that had been liquored up.

"It was a meerschaum pipe that had been a long time in use. The bowl of it had become of a peculiar color.

"He passed down that pipe a small feather, through the end of it and out. Of course it was covered with a dark brown slime.

"He took the feather and opened the mouth of a poor little puppy dog, and put that down its throat, and that dog died in terrible convulsions within twenty minutes.

"That is the strength of nicotine poison.

"That is what nicotine is. It is a brain poison. It is a stomach poison. It is a nerve irritant."—*Leaves of Healing.*

BABY GIRLS IN CHINA.

ABOUT two weeks ago our servant came in with big frightened eyes, saying, "There is a small baby outside our gate." You know a dead baby was buried in Mr. Haden's yard, and the people who put it there, secretly, claimed Mr. Haden had killed it for the eyes and heart, and they had a dreadful riot here in Kiangyin two or three years ago, so this baby made considerable excitement in our station.

I went out to see, and sure enough, lying out in the dark and cold, where it was in much danger of being stepped on, was a poor little baby girl. She was not clean, and anything but sweet, but her little face was bright and rather pretty, and we did feel so very sorry for her.

Mrs. Haden said, "Just think! Suppose our little Frida should be left that way?" Perhaps this baby's mother was too poor to keep and feed a girl, and she could not bear to kill it, as so many do, so she left her baby at our gate, hoping that we would "do good deeds" and take care of the little thing.

I would like to have kept her, but knew it was not a wise thing to do, so we called two soldiers and sent the little bundle to the asylum.

This could not be called an orphan asylum, for most of the babies have parents, who are too poor to provide for them. The officials furnish the money for caring for these poor little ones, usually girls, and they are given to women who have either lost their own babies or who nurse another with their own, for which they are given a dollar (silver, worth fifty cents of your money) a month.

Often a woman who has a little son will take a baby from the asylum, get the money for keeping it for several years, and then adopt it. After the son and the little girl are grown, the two are forced to marry, whether they love each other or not.

Sometimes a mother will leave her baby at the gate of a rich man. If it is taken in, she will send a "middle woman," if the people want a nurse for the baby. So, in this way the mother will get pay for nursing her own child, as Moses' mother did.

Last week a baby was brought to the dispensary in a very pitiful condition, almost dead. Dr. Worth said, "Why didn't you bring this child before, when I could have cured it?" The mother answered, "It was not convenient to come, and then if it dies it is only the life of a little slave girl," but that is what little girls are usually called, because their parents care so little for girls.—ANNA SYKES, in *Children's Missionary*.

THE POLAR BEAR.

He is very large, sometimes nine feet long and weighing fifteen hundred pounds. His fur is white like the ice and snow amid which he lives. He is as much at home in the water as on land, and lives on seals and fish.

See one of them lying comfortably on its icy bed and the other standing on the edge of an ice block waiting for a fish or seal to appear. With their long claws they are expert fishers.

What reason to be thankful that God has made us so much better than the brute. May we be as faithful in our place in life, in doing what we are made for as is the great white Polar bear.



Polar Bears in the Arctic Seas.

PLEASE ALL MEN.

“If there is one cheap way of giving happiness and doing good, it is to praise any success in people's undertakings.

“My tiny little sister praised the flower-beds of a lady in our city; and the brilliant, strong-minded woman spoke of that praise with the keenest relish: ‘Janie, you were the very first person that had said a word about them; and I had worked at them so hard!’

“For years there has been an attendant of our city mission meetings who is wonderful in this respect. She is very stupid; she is one

of the ugliest of women; she dresses miserably; I know that she cannot read; and yet her compliments drop in now and again with a dainty fitness which is a steady help.

“She reminds me continually, in her utter poverty and low estate, of that type of society woman, so common and so delightful to meet, who has been carefully trained for a lifetime to say agreeable things suited to the interests of the individual to whom she is at the moment speaking, and to say it graciously. Every time I am so sunned upon I resolve to take time to be thus ‘nice’ to people.”—*Margaret Meredith.*

DOLLY DEANE'S HELPER.



MET Rodney Willis on the street yesterday, said Dr. Deano one morning at the breakfast table. "I haven't seen him to speak to for weeks, and I was struck with the change in him. He has the making of a fine fellow, but unless he turns a sharp corner before long he will make a wreck of himself.

"I am afraid so," answered Mrs. Deane, sadly. "It would have broken his mother's heart, I believe."

Dolly Deane listened gravely to these remarks. The Willises were life-long neighbours, and Rodney, having no sisters, had made a pet of her in her younger days. He seemed to her so manly and true, that it made her heart ache to hear these words, and not be able to say anything in his defence.

Only a short time before Dolly had given her heart to the Saviour, and was trying faithfully to serve him. From the first she had thought of Rodney very often, and now, as she listened to her father and mother, she anxiously wondered if there was not some way that she could help him.

"I do pray for him every day," she said to her mother, as they walked together one morning soon after in the garden, followed by her father and brother. "I do pray for him, but I wish there was something more I could do to influence him."

"Ask God to show you if there is any way you can help him, and be ready to do it whatever it is," answered Mrs. Deane.

But, though Dolly prayed very earnestly, she did not get any light, and she was getting discouraged.

"It seems to me," said her mother one day, "that your best way is to tell him how you feel, if you have a chance."

"I couldn't, mamma, truly I couldn't," was all Dolly would say, but she carried a troubled conscience about with her for some days.

One afternoon, when she came in from school, she found Rodney there, to her surprise. He had come in on an errand, and Mrs. Deane had asked him to stay to tea. In the old days, especially after his mother's death, he had been a frequent visitor, but it was some time now since he had come in.

And now, as Dolly caught sight of him there in the parlor, she knew in her heart of hearts that this was her opportunity; she felt that he was there in answer to her prayer.

She ran softly upstairs to her own room and sat down to think. What should she do? Could she,

if the chance should be given her, and she felt sure it would be, could she tell this friend what great things Christ had done for her, and beg him to let him do the same for her? Dared she refuse? But it seemed so hard!

"Do please, dear Jesus," she prayed earnestly, "do please let me help him, and if there isn't any other way, do give me courage to speak and tell me what to say." Over and over again her whole heart went out in this cry for help.

"Help me not to mind if he does laugh, and tell me what to say," she was praying on her way down stairs.

Her mother was mending Rodney's glove for him, and telling a funny story she had just read.

"Well, little sister," he said, "Dolly came in, 'do you sit up o' nights to grow?' It makes me feel ancient to see you blossoming out so fast into young ladyhood, for I used to wheel you round in your baby carriage. I remember I fought Pete MacCarty for calling me your nurse girl, and asking me how much I got a month."

So they laughed and chatted, and told stories of old days until, just before tea, mother was called out of the room.

Then Dolly saw that her opportunity had come; her heart gave a great bound, and for a minute or two she could not speak.

"But I just must," she said to herself. "I've prayed and prayed, and now God has given me the opportunity. Perhaps I may not have another. He will help me and tell me what to say, I know He will."

"Well, Dollikins," said Rodney, laughingly, "where's your tongue? It used to be hung in the middle, and run both ends. What has happened to it?" "Nothing," answered Dolly, "only Rodney, I was thinking just what to say. You see, there's something I want to say very much, but I don't quite know how. I've given my heart to Jesus, and I love Him more than anybody. I do want you to love Him, too. You can't think how much I want it, Rodney; I'm praying for it all the time."

That was all Dolly could say, and her eyes filled with tears as she waited, with fear and trembling, for the ridicule she was so sure would come. But Rodney did not laugh or even speak for a minute or two, then he said, very gravely for him: "Thank you, Dolly, but I'm afraid it won't do any good. I'm rather a bad sort of fellow, you see."

"Oh, but God will help you if you will only let Him, Rodney. I know He will," said Dolly eagerly.

Dr. Deano came in just then and tea was ready. Rodney spent the evening, and promised, when he went away, to come again soon.

But it was over two weeks before they saw him, and Dolly's faith almost failed her more than

once. One night, as she sat by the window thinking of him and praying for him, she saw him coming up the walk.

She ran to let him in. "You're just the one I came to see, Dolly," and this time it was Rodney whose voice was husky and uncertain.

"I can't get away from what you said. I've tried my best to forget, but it's no use. You know my mother told me to meet her up there, and I've been going all wrong lately. But if God will only help me I will do better hereafter."

"Oh, mamma," said Dolly, after he had gone, "you can't think how thankful I am! I do believe it was because we were praying all the time that he couldn't forget, don't you? But I almost missed being the one to help a little, for it seemed to me I could not say anything to him. Just think how dreadful it would have been to have lost such a beautiful chance! I'll try to remember it always."—*Messenger for the Children.*

AN AFRICAN GRAVE.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY.

WHEN an African of the Yao tribe dies, his friends gather round the door of the hut where he is laid; the women sit on the ground and raise up a shrill wailing cry; the men beat drums and fire guns.

This—the malilo or mourning—is kept up night and day till the time for the funeral comes. Then the body, rolled in a mat, is brought out, and amid the din of guns and louder wailing, carried in procession to the place of burial.

On arriving at the spot, the grave is dug and the body is laid in, the dead person's most valued belongings being buried with him.

I remember a little girl who had been at one of our Mission Schools had her lesson-book placed beside her as the most precious thing she possessed.

A chief, or headman, has his guns and ivory put in his grave, and in some tribes slaves are seized and killed or even thrown into the grave alive to accompany their master to the spirit world.

After the grave is finished, a grass hut is built over it and adorned with the rest of the possessions of the person just buried, such as his beads, plates, and gourds, and his cloth is displayed over the roof.

Then offerings of food, beer, and tobacco are placed in pots within the hut, and last of all, a fence is erected round it and the ground about it hoed and made tidy. Meanwhile, the house where the death took place has been carefully burnt to the ground.

All these ceremonies are for the sake of the spirit of the departed. If his house is left standing and some one else goes to live in it, his spirit might feel hurt and think "This person wished me to die that he might get my house." He likes to have guns and ivory and his other things to show when he joins the spirits of those who have gone before him.

He is still more pleased when the friends he left behind show they remember him by bringing offerings of food to his grave, or sometimes firing guns in his honor as they pass by, while they in turn hope by such tributes to conciliate him and secure his favor and help, for they are very much afraid of the anger of offended spirits. The picture before us shows one of these burying-places that I have been trying to describe. There is the hut over the grave covered with cloth once white, blue, and gay-colored, and the grass fence surrounding it. Let me tell you of one burying place near our station at Domasi. It is in a beautiful valley bounded by the two mountains Malosa and Zomba, with the river flowing between.

The man who is buried in this peaceful spot was headman of a village near by. His children were scholars at the Mission school, and seldom a day passed that he did not come up to see what was going on and have friendly chat, for he was an old acquaintance of the Mission folks.

After a while, he "flitted" from his home on the banks of the Domasi and went to live on Zomba, but the way to his new village was long and steep, and as he grew older and frailer he was not so often seen at the Mission.

At last he took ill and died, and as the funeral passed the station, teachers and scholars joined and followed the remains of the old man to their last resting-place.

Several of his sons and daughters and others of his kin had become Christians, and they joined with the minister at Domasi in persuading the other mourners not to place the usual offerings in the hut, trying to make them understand that their friend had no need of such things any more.

If we hear a piece of good news, don't we like to tell it to others that they may enjoy it with us? There is no news in the world like the Gospel of Jesus Christ, for it alone can touch the hearts of all nations. Shall we not, each one of us, do all we can to help to send it to the people of all heathen lands, that they may rejoice with us in its gracious messages and promises? These alone can turn darkness into light, cheering the hearts of the bereaved with comforting thoughts.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"

Calmly now the words we say;

Left behind, we wait in trust

For the Resurrection day.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping

Leave we now Thy servants sleeping.

A WALK THROUGH THE STREETS.

BY REV. ARTHUR PARKER, OF BENARES, INDIA.



ET us go out and see the people of Benares. We will not "rush it," as the tourist must, but will saunter forth in true Oriental style to "eat the air" and see the sights at our leisure.

Just outside the gate of the mission compound is the native bazaar. Squalor and poverty meet your eye. Yet it is a busy scene, and one full of interest.

From yonder low shop comes the clang of hammers, and the red glow of a smithy fire lights up the dark interior. Look in and observe the smith crouched on his heels behind the anvil, while his mate, with a sledge, works in a hole up to his hips on the other side. India all over! It is easier to dig a hole in than to lift the anvil on to a block; and then, oh! the bliss of *sitting* to your work!

Next door is a shop where the famous wooden toys of Benares are made. A blind man drives the rude lathe, on the other side of which the workman, seated, of course, is busy in a cloud of shavings.

Here, again, is a sweetmeat shop with a most aggressive smell. On the one side are piled up platters of the finished article, behind which sits the seller with a pile of greasy coppers beside him. On the other is a huge furnace, and on it is a caldron of hissing, bubbling fat, into which an assistant is dropping a liquid mixture, which hardens into fantastic shapes. These are then drawn out piping hot, to be coveted of small boys, and finally carried off shoulder high, to be sold in the byways to travellers and wayfaring men.

For in India sweetmeats, mark you, are not, as in England, a luxury. Far from it. These balls and squares and rings of flour and fat and sugar form the luncheon of the clerk and the business man, and are the chance meal of the traveller, who hopes for home at night. And you may take the word of one who has tried them, that, out of sight and smell of the greasy caldron, they are "not half bad."

So we go on past all sorts of shops—open booths they really are—destitute of windows, as also of show cards and advertisements. Here grain in careless heaps, and figured cloth in swaying festoons, and many strange articles in seeming disarray are on view, and ever in the midst crouches the seller, like a spider on the pounce.

And as we go we are jostled by a good-humored crowd of all sorts of peddlers, some with luscious fruits in the round baskets on their shoulders, big waxy watermelons, mangoes that swell like tur-

pentine and taste like nectar, and custard apples with a spoonful of pulp to a handful of seeds. Others, again, with black, greasy lumps of tobacco, or little piles of green betel for chewing, and over and above all the droning cry is heard of some seller of digestive pills.

Here, in a corner a little apart from the rush of feet, sits a barber at work on a customer. See the simple instruments of his craft. There is the brass pot of water with the cup beside it, the scissors and tiny razor, and the little round mirror in the customer's hand. Here in this free and easy way you may have your hair cut, your beard shaved, eyebrows trimmed, toe and finger-nails cut, and ears cleaned out, all for a halfpenny!

As we move away a chant falls on our ears, and we turn to see a weird procession. Four men, naked to the waist, carrying on their shoulders a rude bier, on which lies, wrapped in a white cloth, a dead man.

The bearers move straight on through the crowd, which barely pauses to look at them, and as they wend their mournful way to the river-side, where the all-devouring fire awaits them, they chant in unison: "Rāma māma satyā hai" ("The name of Ram is true").

We follow the procession till at a street corner we come upon a little crowd, from the centre of which we hear proceeding an English voice. It is a street audience of one of our missionaries. Look at the crowd as they gather round him. Some there are who come up and crane their necks to see what is going on, and then, muttering: "Only a padri Sahib," pass on.

But a solid little crowd of all sorts remains. Here is a sweetmeat seller forgetful of his business for a moment, and yet mechanically waving his fan which keeps off the too persistent flies from the goods on his shoulder.

Near him is a rustic from the country, stolidly leaning on a stout bamboo, and evidently deeply interested.

Close to us is a devotee clothed in his peculiar terra cotta colored garb, with sacred staff in one hand and begging-bowl in the other.

A few women, too, up from the river with their wet garments wrung and twisted together and carried on the shoulder, peep timidly at the speaker.

See! a question has been put! we cannot well hear, for everyone leans forward to catch the courteous reply and find out what has been said. Then, unless the missionary is quick and knows his audience, the crowd will break up into a collection of tiny groups intent on discussion.

But, listen! a hymn is being sung to a quaint, drawling, native air, and all chatter is arrested, while heads move from side to side to the cadence, and pleased lips exclaim: "Bahut achedha! Bāra mitha!" ("Very good vrey sweet!")

and then a friendly scramble for tracts ends the service

As we go on we pass groups of women, dressed in flimsy but gay garments—chattering and busy—full of talk of marketing and household affairs. Some, it may be, are going to a wedding, and have all their jewels on. Nose rings and earrings and metal drops tied in the hair adorn the head; thumb and finger rings weigh down the hands; and bracelets above and below the elbow decorate the arms, while the ankles and toes are so loaded with cheap, yet heavy, ornaments that they are obliged to walk along with a slow, swaying step, which yet is so much admired, that “elephant-gaited” is regarded as no mean compliment. Such are they, the women of the poorer classes.

How different from the poor *rich* women shut up in the massive prison-like houses which now rise on either side of the narrow street along which we are passing to the river!

The air down in this narrow six-foot gully is heavy and foul-smelling; but what must it be in those terrible prisons, where, mewed up from year's end to year's end, the upper-class women spend their lives!

But see, we are at the river-side. In front, beneath us, flows in full tide the broad Ganges, down to whose very edge, from our feet, stretch the stone steps of the bathing ghat. Right and left, on either side, for over a mile are these great stairways leading from the temples and monasteries above to the holy river below, and thronged from day to day with thousands of bathers gathered from far and near—the most wonderful and impressive and surely the saddest sight in all India.

The professional devotees who mingle in the crowd are a study in themselves, as they squat on the steps or at the doors of some temple, plastered with mud and decorated with charms and garlands, but all with claims to holiness and keen on pence.

But the night is falling, and we must go home. As we pass through the still busy streets the lamps are being lit in the houses and shops. The shopkeepers begin to make up their books, and the money changers to reckon up their gains.

Here, in this little room, by the light of a tiny lamp, we see a lad, seated on the floor, and swinging himself backwards and forwards as he chants the lesson he is committing to memory from the book before him. He is getting ready for his class in the mission school to-morrow.

Hark! from inside the house beyond him, we hear the echo of the hymn the missionary sang to the crowd in the bazaar.

“Yisu dayanidbi, sumaro piyaro,
Sankata shoka haraiya,
Yisu dayanidbi.”

(“O Jesus, Thou Fountain of Mercy! Think of Him, beloved. He it is who drives away grief and pain. O Jesus, Fount of Mercy!”)

And as we stand to listen the boy looks up, and seeing our questioning look, says: “It is the sister of your honor's slave. Lo! she but soothes the baby with a childish hymn, taught her at the school by the English miss.”

So we go home, full of thought from the city. Sadly, too, yet not without hope, by reason of these words: “O Jesus, Thou fountain of Mercy!”—News From Afar.

WRONG SIDE OUT.

JACK was cross; nothing pleased him. After giving him a good breakfast, and providing for all his wants with tender care, while he did nothing but fret and complain, his mother finally said;

“Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out.”

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

“I mean it, Jack,” she repeated. And she did mean it, and Jack had to do it. He had to turn his stockings, even; and when his mother came to him, there he stood—a forlorn and strange-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother could mean.

“Now, t is,” said his mother, turning him around, “is what you have been all morning; you have been making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your clothes this way so much, Jack?”

“No, mamma,” answered Jack, shame-faced. “May not I turn them right?”

“You may, if you will remember that there is a right and wrong side to whatever happens—I mean a pleasant side, and a side you do not like as well; and you must wear them right side out, as you want to do your clothes. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out.”—*Sel.*

“No boy likes to be called a coward. Yet many a boy is a coward about standing up for the right, and that is the worst cowardice in life.”

The chief business in life is character-making. The boy or girl who gives no heed to the sort of life he is forming for himself, or letting circumstances form for him or her, is making the mistake of mistakes. Characters that are noble come not by chance; they are built patiently, toilsomely, through each recurring day.

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

TWO gentlemen friends, who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said: "Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly; "a daughter. But she is a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger getting into a street car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car. They all evidently belonged to families of wealth. They conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket. Each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale faced girl of about eleven, and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on the way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too." "I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that, would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed; but there is no accounting for taste. I think there should be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie; wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions:

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"O, what lovely flowers! Whom are they for?" asked another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clarke's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the

little one. She laid her hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister:

"This little boy is sick, is he not? He is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if it won't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child. I think it will do him good; it's lovely there, with the flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened, and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we got to the park! What made her so good and sweet to us?"

And the little girl whispered back:

"It's 'cause she's beautiful as all as her clothes."

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage, and treated them to oyster soup at the restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next lay the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing the comely lady; "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah," said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling and no mistake. God bless her."

And then he told his friends what he had seen and heard in the street car.—*Evangelist.*

HOW BESSY HID A NAUGHTY GIRL.



NOBODY loves me," said Bessie with a great frown on her brow. "Mother's been cross to me, and Will won't play with me, and Lulu is mad at me, and my cat is gone up a tree and won't come down. I guess I'm the most miserable girl in the world. Oh, dear!"

Then the big tears rolled down one after another. But Mother Bart had heard this very miserable little girl's speech, and she came and sat down in her rocking-chair by the window.

"Come here, Bessie," she said and Bessie came gladly and climbed on her lap. "Now you have been very unhappy this morning, and I wonder why? You think about it while I tell you of something that I know happened.

"One morning a girl came down to her breakfast with a frown on her forehead. She had got up late, and her hair was not neatly combed, so her mother had to say, "Jenny—this girl's name was Jennie, you know—Jennie you must brush your hair before you come to the table," and Jennie obeyed with a scowl.

Then, when she came to the table, she said, "Oh, dear, is there that old oatmeal for breakfast. I don't like oatmeal." And her mother had to remind her that she did not allow complaining at the table.

"Then, when her brother asked her to come and play croquet, she said, "No; I want to play house," and her brother wouldn't play with her because she was so disagreeable. When her friend came to see her, she would not let her play with her doll nor look at a picture-book, so the friend went home quite angry.

"Then she was so cruel as to slap her pet kitten for tangling her sewing. And you know it wasn't the kitten's fault at all. Jennie's sewing ought not to have been on the floor, and it is quite natural for kitty to want to play with everything she sees. Then this bad little girl sat down and pouted, and said that no one loved her. What do you think of her, my dear?"

"I think she's something like a girl I know," said Bessie, in a very shamed voice.

"It is too bad to spoil a morning so," said mother. "Now it is just noon, and what do you think you had better do with this cross girl."

"I think, said Bessie, "that she had better eat her lunch all alone in the kitchen, and then I guess I will go and hide her in the dark closet."

"I do hope you will succeed," said mother, "I would like to have a nice girl about this afternoon."

So Bessie ate her lunch quite alone. It was rather disagreeable, but mother put an extra amount of jam on her bread, and sugar on her berries, and gave her a smile that sweetened it more than all else. Then, after lunch, she went in the closet and pulled the door shut and really stayed twelve minutes and a half. When she came out her face was beaming with smiles.

"Is that naughty girl quite hidden," asked mother, with a kiss.

"Yes," said Bessie, "away down deep in the rag-bag, and when the man comes you can sell her, I guess. Now I'm going to play croquet with Will as soon as I give kitty a saucer of milk, and I think I will go over and ask Lulu to come and play with us, and she may dress my doll if she wants to."

"Oh, I think you found a kind little girl in the closet," said mother, "after you hid the bad one."—*Christian Standard.*

 AN ACORN FOR A TEXT.

"Here is my text," said the speaker, as he held up an acorn with its carved cup and smooth ball.

The children laughed.

"Listen," said he, putting the acorn to his ear. "It says to me," he whispered, "By and by, when I'm a tree, birds will come and nest in me; I will furnish shade for cattle; I will make a pleasant fire for the home; I will be a roof and shelter from the storm."

"Now, children," taking the acorn away from his ear, "I look into your faces, and what do I hear? By and by I will be a blessing to many. I will speak the words of Christ's salvation to the lost; I will shine in beauty among Christ's redeemed ones.

"Do your little lives whisper that promise? Yes, if you let Christ work in and by you, as God works in and through the willing little acorn."—*Sunbeam.*



TOBACCO CONQUERED.

TOBACCO, like rum, is no respecter of persons. Great and small, high and low, bow to struggle in its fottors, and die beneath its thrall. Tobacco killed General Grant, and the Emperor Frederick of Germany, just as it kills beggars and paupers, vagabonds and thieves. One of the latest victims is an editor, William M. Singerly, editor of the Philadelphia Record.

Dr. Bernardy, who was Mr. Singerly's family physician, visited him the day before his death and found him then in fairly good condition, with no weakness or pain, expecting to go down to his office next day. And the end came suddenly, and without a word the strong man fell back dead.

The explanation of the sudden death, which will apply to thousands of similar cases, is given by his physician Dr. Bernardy as follows:—

"Mr. Singerly was an inveterate smoker, and for years had suffered from what was known as a 'tobacco heart.' I forewarned his family that some day he would die suddenly in just the way he has. He knew that his heart was weak, but always laughed at the thought of danger. The end has come, however, in just the manner I had predicted and expected." If you become a slave to tobacco when you are young, you will be very unlikely to break the habit when you are old. The best way is to "quit before you begin."

HE DID NOT LAUGH AT ME.

EDITH is our six-year old baby. She had spent the vacation delightfully. One of her greatest enjoyments was swinging in the hammock with her pet dolly during the long pleasant afternoon. It was a great trial to her to think of going to school alone this year without her oldest sister, Pansy; but Pansy had been ill and could not go. So Edith went off by herself very bravely.

She is our little sunshine, and her laugh makes sweetest music in her home. But she cries almost as easily as she laughs, and she cannot bear to be teased. The boys annoy her in this way, and laugh when they make her cry.

This does not make her feel kindly toward the boys, and she is not slow to express her opinion of them.

"Mamma" she said once, "I don't like boys. I'm glad I haven't a little brother."

"Why, Edith?" asked her mother, with a look of surprise.

"Because they tease little girls so and make them cry and then laugh at them."

"Do all little boys laugh at you when you cry?"

"Yes, all but Robbie Shriver. I fell down at school the other day and hurt my head, and they all just laughed at me but Robbie, and he came and helped me up and said he was awful sorry I was hurt, and he didn't laugh a bit."

"That certainly was very nice in Robbie," said mamma, as she gave Edith's rosy cheek a kiss.

"Yes mamma, Robbie Shriver is the only boy in town that I like, because he never laughs at me."

"That was a great compliment to Robbie. It shows that he is a gentle boy, and when he grows up he will be a gentleman."—*Child's Paper.*

COME TO CHRIST AT ONCE.

A YOUNG woman once refused to come to the Saviour, saying, "there is too much to give up." "Do you think God loves you?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"How much do you think He loves you?"

She thought a moment, and answered, "Enough to give his son to die for me."

"Do you think, if God loved you enough to give his Son to die for you, he will ask you to give up anything it is for your good to keep?"

"No."

"Do you wish to keep anything that is not for your good to keep?"

"No."

"Then you had better come to Christ at once." And she did.—*Young People's Paper.*

Presbyterian Church in Canada,

Published by Authority of
The General Assembly.

The Presbyterian Record, 50c. yearly. Five or more to one address 25c. each. Payment in advance.

The Children's Record, 30c. yearly. Five or more to one address 15c. each. Payment in advance.

Please do not send postage stamps.

Subscriptions at a proportionate rate may begin at any time, not to run beyond December.

Address: Rev. E. Scott,

Presbyterian Office,

MONTREAL.