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GO YE INTO
 PREACH THE GOSPEL
 TO EVERY CREATURE
 IN ALL THE WORLD AND
 TEACH THEM TO OBEY ALL THAT I HAVE COMMANDED YOU

The
**HILDRENS
 RECORD.**



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

POOR LITTLE HAND.

A touching story comes from Lebanon, that mountain range that is spoken of in the Bible. The story is told in a missionary paper, *The Church at Home and Abroad*. It is as follows:—

The other day in a Lebanon village, about fourteen hours' ride from Beirut, a child about four years of age had his hand cut off in an oil press, and his mother instantly set off with him to Beirut, to the hospital doctor.

Arriving next day late at night, she found her way to the doctor's house and presented her boy; and, after telling how it had all happened, she put her hand into her bosom and drew out the little dead hand that she had been trying to keep warm all the time during the long journey, thinking that in some way, the foreign doctor, the missionary, of whose skill she had heard, could put it on again and heal up the wound.

The doctor was deeply touched by the appeal of such Shunamite faith, and it grieved him to have to tell the mother that the hand could never be restored; but the little sufferer was affectionately and skillfully attended to.

When we get hurt or are sick, we have a doctor near to help, but in heathen lands there is no medical skill. People suffer or die. Even with us that hand could not have been put on again, but in many a case medical skill can help.

Some of our missionaries are doctors of medicine and the story of that poor little hand should lead us, in pity to the heathen, to do what we can to send them healing for the body as well as for the soul.

HOW PRAYER AND THE KEDGE SAVED THE SHIP.

MANY years ago, in the days of the tall masted clipper ships, a great number of sailing vessels had collected, one stormy season, in the harbor in Malta.

A sudden tempest arose. Fiercer blew the wind, hunger grew the billows, that, starting many leagues at sea, rolled terrifically into the harbor.

About the decks of the craft at anchor seamen hurried, upper spars were sent down, boast secured, and extra anchors let go.

But still the storm raged, and the worst

fears of the most experienced navigators of those waters began to be realized. Malta harbor afforded but poor "holding-ground," at least in a blow from one particular quarter, and, as the gale increased in violence, one and another hapless ship began to drag anchor. Here and there a vessel went speedily and bodily on the rocks. Other ships fouling the hawser of their neighbours, and colliding with the latter, foundered where they were in the offing.

It was at this crisis that the incident occurred with which this story has particularly to do. It happened that one of the American vessels was commanded by a godly captain. He was a man of resource, however, as well as piety. Having let go his heavy anchors from either bow, he did the utmost that sailor ingenuity could suggest for the salvation of his ship. But steadily her anchors dragged, and the noble craft was approaching momentarily nearer and nearer to her apparent doom. It seemed but the toss of a penny whether her stout timbers would be shivered against the rolling sides of one or another of her luckless sorts, or shattered in dire wreck upon the projections of the neighboring shore.

Then it was that the godly skipper, having done all that human skill could suggest in a gallant fight for the life of his ship, called all hands together and bade them look to the Almighty for that help which man was powerless to give. Bare-headed, on the reeling deck, the Captain led his men in fervent petition for deliverance from the perils that threatened the whole ship's company. Many a voice, more used to oaths than to orisons, loudly vociferated its "Amen" to the "old man's" prayers for help.

Rising from his knees, the Captain seemed immediately to feel a calm of spirit singularly in contrast with the raging of the storm about; his mind appeared clearer, and his energies quickened. Curiously enough just then there flashed across his mind the thought of a little kedge stowed away on board, hitherto forgotten, and seemingly an utterly insignificant factor in the solution of any such problem as the holding of a big ship in a storm.

A kedge might be useful on a quiet day to warp a ship in or out of a harbor, but of what avail would it be in a Levantine gale? Nevertheless the Captain felt a strange impulse to make the experiment of its little powers. He ordered a hawser quickly bent on, and in a twinkling the frail kedge was, almost in a hopeless desperation, hoisted overboard.

But now occurred the marvel of the whole experience. No sooner had the cable been paid out sufficiently and the end on board secured than it tautened quickly, and to the wonder of the ship's company, who could scarcely believe the testimony of their eyes the while, the big vessel bowed obediently to the tension of that single strand, and while one neighboring craft after another drifted by to destruction, the noble ship of which we are speaking, triumphantly and securely rode out the gale. The little kedge had accomplished what the big sheet-anchors were powerless to effect. It had held tenaciously while they had dragged.

The storm over in due time, the energetic skipper bestirred himself to get his ship under way, and bid adieu to the inhospitable haven where his experience had been so fraught with peril. "Ship the capstan bars!" came the sharp order. Merrily the men ran around the capstan to the music of a sailor's song.

The big anchors came aboard all right; but when they tackled the kedge, with its cable, an unforeseen difficulty was encountered. There was no running around the capstan then! The kedge would not budge. In vain the crew of the ship tried by this and the other device to "break" the little anchor "out."

Despairing of accomplishing the task by their unaided strength they finally besought the help of the ship's companies of two or three neighboring vessels; and as a result of their united endeavors the little anchor was at length lifted away from its firm position in the harbor's bed. But how heavy that little kedge had become! With much toil and exertion it was finally gotten to the surface of the water, when the mystery of its tenacious holding was explained.

The kedge had brought along with it a huge old Spanish anchor, through the ring-bolt of which one of its tiny flukes had providentially been made to pass; and thus it had not been the kedge so much as its grip upon the strength and immovability of the old anchor (lost overboard from some ship that a century or so previous had floated on the waters of that harbor) which had saved the storm-driven clipper.

The big Spanish anchor with its heavy weight of valuable metal proved a small bonanza to the sailor-men who had the good

fortune to fish it up from the submarine depths, and for whose benefit it was shortly afterward sold at Malta.

It is safe to say, however, that the Captain refused to part with the little anchor, but doubtless treasured it for years as the rude but precious token and memorial of a deliverance wrought in answer to prayer, and in conjunction, too, with the use of proper means.—*Ex.*

ONE KIND OF A BOY.

"Watch that boy, now," said Phil.

"Which boy?" said Ned.

"That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, doesn't he?"

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding-house. Here it was that Phil and Ned saw Will taking a great deal of pains to find a good place.

First, he had noticed a large book full of pictures on the table. After looking at it for a few moments, he had hunted out a large easy-chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

"There, he's got it squared round just to suit him," laughed Ned.

"Now he's moving the lamp near it," said Phil.

"And—well, if I ever! if he isn't putting a footstool before it. I suppose he's all ready to enjoy it."

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. He darted toward her, and said:

"Come, mamma, I have a nice place for you."

He led her to the chair, and settled the stool to her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

"Mamma, take my chair," he said.

Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped, and returned it with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.—*The Watchman.*

THE TOTEM POLE.

BY JULIA MACNAIR WRIGHT.

BETWEEN the Old and New Testaments in our big Bibles, we find some blank leaves headed, "Family Record." A Bible, bearing on these pages the births, marriages and deaths of several generations, is highly prized for its family history. Many families have also a genealogical table or tree containing the names and relationships of the family for several hundred years. These are cherished possessions. Among the Northern Indian tribes totem poles have on them such records. A totem pole is to the household owning it, what the family record or the genealogical tree is to its possessors. On these totems the names and family connections are inscribed, not in words, but in carved figures—in picture writing.

It seems strange that rude, uncivilized people, full of degrading superstitions, ignorant, poor, dirty, living in miserable, almost unfurnished, homes or huts, should set such high value on the record of their ancestry, and obey so implicitly the law of the totem.

The totem poles of Alaskan Indians, are often from sixty to seventy-five feet high, and are carved with considerable skill from top to bottom. An Indian village will seem to stand in a forest of totems, the great pole with its grotesque carvings rising above every home.

Sometimes a long deserted village will be seen, the houses falling to decay, and the totem poles leaning to their fall, while under each shattered roof lie the dead bodies or crumbled bones of the former owners.

A totem pole is the great pride and most costly possession of a family. It must be carved by the most skilled artists of the tribe, and some of these show wonderful ingenuity in working out the bold figures. When set in place, the totem pole will cost from five hundred to a thousand dollars—dollars earned by salmon fishing, or by hunting, or by hiring out at the sealing grounds.

But what are these carvings on the totem stick? What do they mean? The Indians of a tribe are divided into families, and each family has its especial lodge which stands for its name. Thus, instead of Mr. Brown, Smith, Jones or Jenkins, will be Raven, Owl, Wolf, Eagle, Whale, under the Indian words that stand for them.

The Indian family name is always the name of some animal, and the emblem is marked not only on their totems, but on their canoes, houses, kettles, and fur clothing. These

lodge names extend through different tribes. Thus, there may be among the Kutchens a Raven, and the Linneh or the Tlinkets may also have a Raven family.

Then these families of the Raven are related, although of different tribes, and families of the same totem may not intermarry. Members of the same tribe may marry, but not of the same totem. Indian Mr. Wolf may marry Miss Whale, but not Miss Wolf.

The height of the totem pole indicates the rank of its owner. If a chief presumes to set up a totem stick a few feet higher than his rank entitles him to, then the tribes combine and pull down the one aspiring stick and reduce it to the proper height. Totem poles costing as much as two thousand dollars have been known.

The poles are from two to five feet in diameter. When a new one is carved and set up, there are great rejoicings and feasting; presents are given, and for several days all is hilarity and reveling.

In ancient times a hole was cut through the bottom of the totem pole, and through this the people crawled into their house. That weakened the pole and made it very insecure in storms, so that method has been abandoned, and the totems stand beside the door.

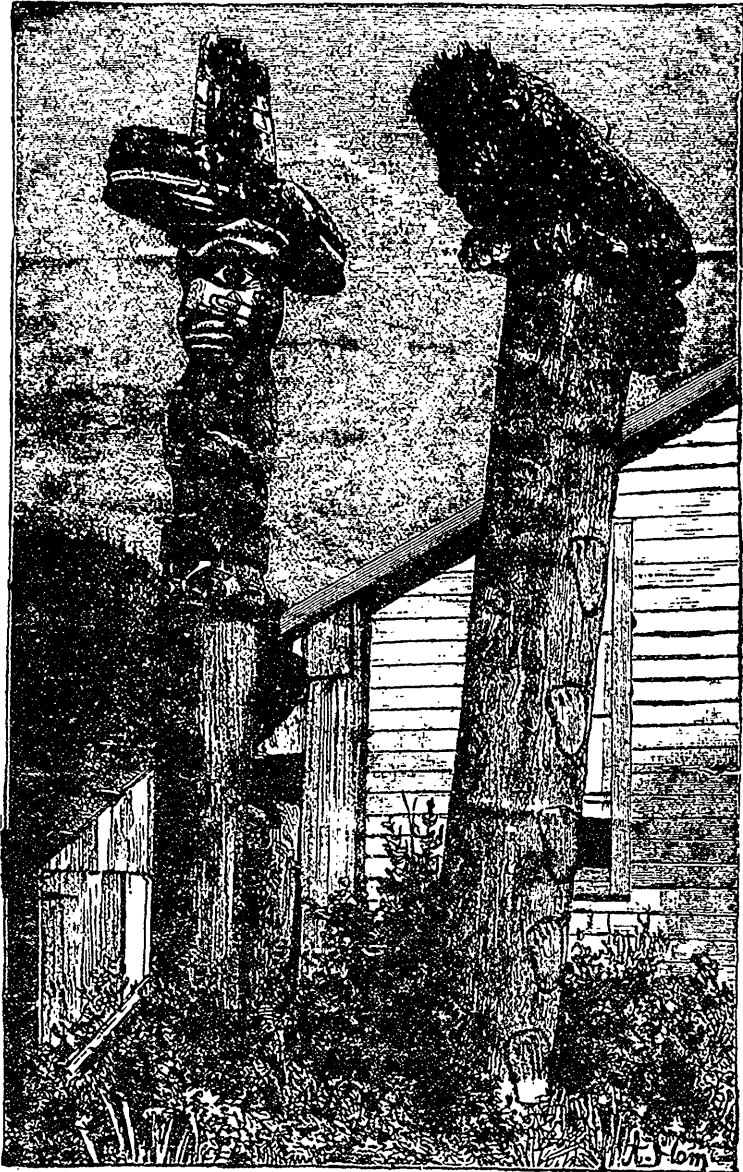
The child takes the totem of its mother. If Mr. Wolf marries Miss Whale, the children belong to the Whale family and use the Whale totem.

Suppose we see a totem stick upon the bottom of which is carved a whale; above the whale a fox; above the fox an eagle; above the eagle a raven. Then we read that the great-grandfather was of the Whale family, the grandfather, of the Fox family, the father, of the Eagle family, and the present owner, of the Raven totem, all because the mothers of each of these persons belonged to these respective totems.

Among the heathen tribes the totem poles were regarded with a veneration almost amounting to worship, and many superstitions clustered about them. Christian Indians regard them as relics and curiosities, and begin to keep their family records as other Christian peoples do.—*Forward.*

In Japan there are no cows; the Japanese neither drink milk nor eat meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for foreigners; there are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watch-dogs, beasts of burden, nor in hunting; there are no sheep, and wool is not used in clothing,—silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs; pork is an unknown article of diet. There are no goats, mules or donkeys in Japan.

—*Popular Science News.*



Totem Poles in Alaska.

AMONG THE ALASKANS.

"No old people among them"! Why is this? Are they so strong and well that they always keep young? No; it is because they are not allowed to live to grow old. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, a missionary among them, says in *Forward*:

When a man has outlived his usefulness, his oldest son usually undertakes to quietly put him out of the way. A walrus-club is often the implement used, but the filial son sometimes varies the programme by skillfully choking the head of the family with a piece of rawhide. When the mother becomes too old for efficient service, she also, is disposed of by similar uncompromising methods.

Sometimes the dreadful task is consigned to the medicine man, who promptly performs the operation, with the addition of appropriate "ceremonies."

This barbarous custom of disposing of superfluous relatives seems to be accepted by the natives as the merest matter-of-course. One man told Dr. Jackson that he would probably be killed before the doctor returned again to the village.

Slavery was once common in Alaska, but has diminished since the natives have been brought in contact with white men.

The Eskimos are small of stature, but the other natives of Alaska are large and stalwart, both men and women being six feet or more in height. They are great pedestrians; the men are equal to their sixty miles a day, while the women sometimes walk thirty miles, carrying their babies upon their backs or astride their necks.

Native fashions admit of little variety; one set of fur garments does duty in summer, when winter comes the native simply dons an extra suit. The garments are made of the skins of rabbits and other animals, the outer garment having a hood attached to pull up over the head.

The people have no faith in the efficacy of a bath, and pay little attention to the hair. There are natives of the mature age of forty who have never combed their locks. Yet the native of Alaska has his own peculiar views of personal adornment. The men sometimes cut a hole at each corner of the mouth and insert something similar to a sleeve button, and fashion decrees that one of these "ornaments" shall be larger than the other.

Shamanism seems to be the universal belief among the natives of Alaska. This is a belief in spirits who are supposed to be under the control of the shaman, or medicine man. The lower animal world, and natural phenomena in general, are believed to have some intimate connection with these spirits, and as the

whole relation of man to the spirits is full of self-interest and fear, this belief places great power in the hands of the medicine man.

The soul of a medicine man always passes into the body of some infant, and when a medicine man dies, dreams and divinations, or some peculiar mark upon an innocent babe speedily determines into which infant the supreme and mysterious power of the shaman has entered. Thus a child is set apart from infancy and trained to the belief that he is the proud possessor of supernatural gifts.

CHINESE GIRLS AT HOME.

A great many little girls in China, while very young, are able to add their mite to the family income by learning one of the trades which employ the busy fingers of poor Chinese women.

A large number of children are taught to make soles which are used for Chinese shoes. They paste pieces of old rag on a board or shutter till a thickness of about half-an-inch is obtained. The substance is then dried in the sun, and after being stripped from the board is ready for the shoemaker's use. Others, for a short season, are employed in the manufacture of the beautiful lanterns, of all shapes and sizes, which are in such universal request during the festivities of the first month of the year.

Other girls are skilful in making small paper boxes used in jeweller's shops, and many are employed in the plaiting of silk to lengthen queues.

The art of embroidering also supplies work to a large number of women and girls, and many little girls are kept so closely to their frames that their eyes are permanently injured.

But the industry which employs probably the largest number of girls is that of making paper money to be used in the worship of the gods.

Girls in China seldom receive any education. Sometimes a wealthy man will allow his daughter to share in her brother's studies for a short time, but generally it is considered unwise to allow girls to become as clever as their future husbands.

The several volumes which have been compiled for the use of Chinese girls are all very similar, and usually bear some such titles as "Counsels," or "Instructions." Girls are there exhorted to pay close attention to all household duties, and particular directions are given as to the dress and manners becoming to young maidens. They are taught to be respectful to their elders, and very minute directions are given to guide them in their behaviour to their mother-in-law and to their future husband.—*Sel.*

THE LITTLE MARINER.

If on a calm summer evening, you were sailing on the Mediterranean, you might see some other little ships, with their little sailors, one in each; and a something that looks like sails, but which are more like flags, being two arms that he holds up when he floats. He is called the Nautilus.

He is not fast to his shell. He builds it around himself and as he grows he makes it larger. It is very thin and beautiful.

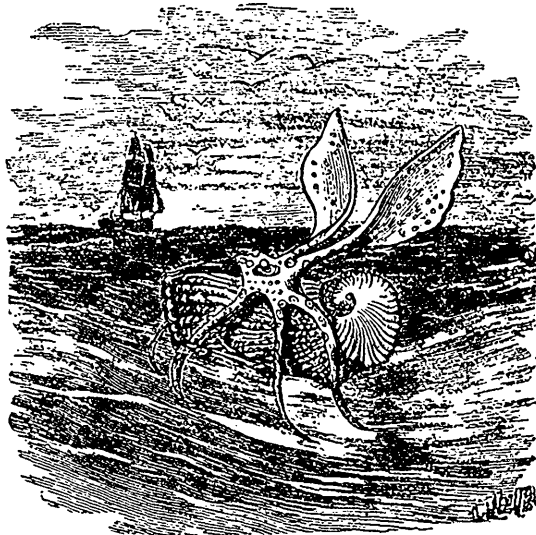
To move himself along, he is provided with a long tube, into which he draws up water, and then thrusting the water out, the quick movement sends him on his way. So that he

is driven along by a kind of engine rather than by a sail. Perhaps when there is a fair wind the sail helps.

He has eight arms (or legs); two of these he hoists, as you see in the picture, and the other six clasp the shell to protect it.

He is a cunning little sailor, for if you were to catch him, he would, if he could, slip out of his little ship and leave it with you, and when he had got safely away in the deep sea, he would set to work and build another ship out of lime and other substances which are held in solution in the water.

"O Lord how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all?"



THE NAUTILUS.

A HELPING HAND.

A cabman signed the pledge for Rev. Charles Garrett, but soon after broke it. Conscience-stricken and ashamed, he tried to keep out of the way of his friend, but Mr. Garrett was not to be put off.

One day he found the poor, miserable man, and taking hold of his hand, he said:

"John, when the road is slippery and your cab horse falls down, what do you do with him?"

"I help him up again," replied John.

"Well, I have come to do the same," said Mr. Garrett, affectionately; "the road was slippery, I know, John, and you fell, but there's my hand to help you up again."

The cabman's heart was thrilled. He caught his friend's hand in a vise-like grip, and said:

"God bless you, sir! you'll never have cause to regret this. I'll never fall again."

And to this day he has kept his word.—*Sel.*

ARE THEY WAITING FOR YOU ?

How long must the children wait
 Far over the purple sea,
 Pleading outside the gate,
 Our Christmas light to see ?
 Crying to you and me,
 Who idly hold the key ;
 Toiling in misery,
 Darkened by fear and hate ;
 Dying disconsolate,
 Knowing no God but fate,
 O ! let us haste, though late,
 To open wide the gate
 In Christian charity,
 And Christ, compassionate,
 Will set the captives free.—*Selected.*

GOOD THINGS TO LEARN.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the carache, headache, or rheumatism.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business. Very important point.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If you have anything to do, do it at once. Don't sit down in the rocking-chair and lose three-quarters of an hour in dreading the job. Be sure that it will seem ten times harder than it did at first. Keep this motto : Be in time, in small things as well as great.

Habit is everything. The boy who is behind time at breakfast and school will be sure to get "left" in the important things of life. If you have a chronic habit of dreading and putting off things, make a great effort to cure yourself. Brace up ! Make up your mind that you will have some backbone. Don't be a limp, jelly-fish kind of person. Depend upon it that life is very much as you make it. The first thing to decide is what you are going to make it. The next thing is to take off your coat and go to work.

Make yourself necessary somewhere. There are thousands of boys and young men in the world who wouldn't be missed if they were to drop out of it to-morrow. Don't be one of

this sort. Be a power in your own little world, and depend upon it then the big world will hear from you some day.—*Ex.*

A TEMPERANCE PSALM.

A stands for Alcohol ; death-like its grip.
 B for Beginner, who takes just one sip.
 C for Companion, who urges him on.
 D for the Demon of drink that is born.
 E for Endeavor he makes to resist.
 F stands for Friends who so loudly insist.
 G for the Guilt he afterwards feels.
 H for the Horror that hangs at his heels.
 I his Intention to drink not at all.
 J stands for Jeering that follows his fall.
 K for a Knowledge that he is a slave.
 L stands for Liquors his appetite craves.
 M for convivial Meetings so gay.
 N stands for No that he tries hard to say.
 O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
 P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass.
 Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
 R stands for Ruin that hovers around.
 S stands for Sights that his vision bedims.
 T for the Trembling that sizes his limbs.
 U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
 V for the Vagrant he quickly becomes.
 W for Waning of life that's soon done.
 X for his eXit regretted by none.
 Y-ouths of this nation, such weakness is crime.
 Z-ealously turn from the tempter in time !

—*Dr. Cryus Edson in N. A. Review.*

THE BABY'S BANK.

It was a little tin affair, which a relative of the family had given to a three-year-old girl in Montreal, and into it she had dropped her first savings. She was looking forward to Christmas, and thinking what beautiful things her pennies would purchase by and by,—so one by one she dropped them in, until her bank seemed to her to treasure up untold wealth.

One day her father came in. He had been a respectable resident of the city, kind and loving, a good husband, a tender father ; but he had looked upon the wine when it was red, he had fallen under the spell and curse of strong drink, and so one day he reached up and took down the little bank.

"Don't take my Kissmas money, papa," pleaded the little child with tears.

But in spite of her entreaties the father robbed the little tin bank of the twenty-six cents, the baby's little all ; and disregarding her tears and cries he strolled away independent and indifferent. An hour later his heavy-hearted wife found him in a neighboring saloon, roaring drunk, drunk on liquor bought with his baby girl's Christmas money ! That is what strong drink does.—*Ex.*

STRAW MEN.

Where are they found?
In a country called Korea.

What are they?

Little straw images about as high as a table, and may be seen for sale in straw merchants' shops.

What are they for?

Not to make food or bedding for cattle, but for a very strange purpose.

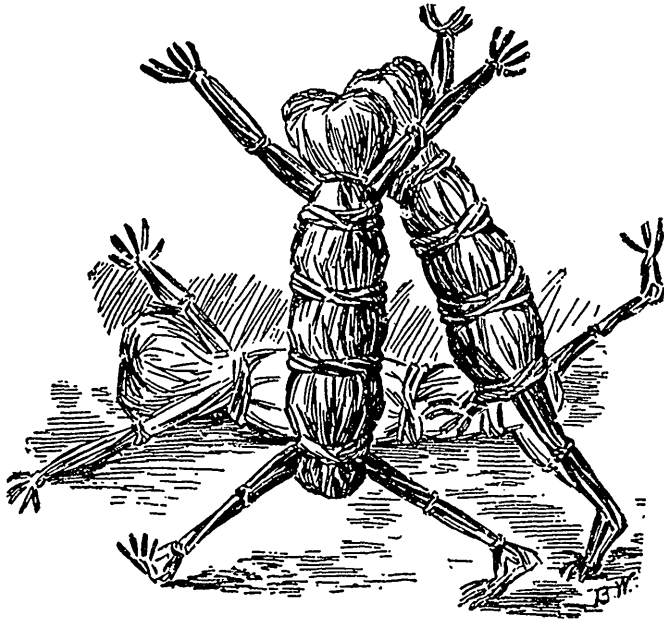
Upon a certain night in their New Year, men and women buy these straw men and hide some money inside the body. Then the owner puts some of his own clothes on the little straw man, takes it out and leaves it on the street. The straw man represents the

man who put it there, and it is believed that all the disease and misfortune which might come to him during the year just beginning, will go into the person who takes the money from the straw man.

Before doing all this he consults a sorcerer about the matter, and makes sure that all the evils that would come to him: will go to another through the straw man.

I expect there are a good many of them who will risk taking the ills for the sake of getting the money. Probably the sorcerers themselves are on the watch to search the little straw men when they are put out.

Poor, blind, deluded people. How much they need the knowledge of Jesus the Savior, who alone can take away our ills.



STRAW MEN.

THE BLIND HEATHEN MOTHER.

At a Japanese temple, says a missionary, I saw a woman with a baby in her arms offer some rice, and pray to an image of Buddha. Then, eager to win the favour of the god for her child, she made the baby-hands push for-

ward the bowl containing the offering, so that the god might be pleased with the little one. Can you not fancy the sadness of that sight, or how one longed to tell her of the loving Saviour, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me"!

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

JOHAN BRENT was trimming his hedge, and the "snip, snip," of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly-kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him a large sum of money.

The owner of it was the man who, in shabby attire, was trimming the hedge. "A close, stinging old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.

No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy, he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises, and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on one side of the hedge, and they on the other.

"Halloa, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only *promised* it to him, eh? And he's simply *promised* to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him I offered you another time as much, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will *not* settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie,

angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he *is* punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she *say* you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her *wishes*," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later, John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is *your* name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case. You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself."

But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral to it. You are more frequently observed, and heard and overheard, than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes, and chaff boys who are better than you are, without older people's making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes, and parental respect, would speak in your behalf.—*Golden Days.*

THE TRAIN BOY.

He had done several little errands for the gentleman in the Pullman car, and as the man got off he slipped a dollar into his hand.

"I like your looks, Jimmy," he said kindly. "Now, remember that you can make yourself whatever you wish. I don't mean by that that you may become a Vanderbilt if you desire, or the President of the United States, but I do mean that you can be something better yet—a Christian man. Don't forget that."

It was ten years later before the two met again. Then Jimmy had just been made conductor on an important road, and in one of the passengers he recognized his old-time friend. The gentleman had changed but little in the ten years just passed, but it was hard to persuade him that the fine-looking young conductor was the ragged train boy of whom he still retained a faint remembrance.

"But I certainly am he," Jimmy asserted, energetically, "and I've always wanted to tell you how much your words and your kindness did for me. I'd been getting into low company, and growing sort of wild and reckless, but your words just haunted me, and I got to wondering if that kind of thing paid. I concluded that I'd rather grow up a Christian man, as you said, than a drunken loafer, so I just stopped short and commenced over in dead earnest."

"And that was all the result of a few sentences, forgotten as soon as uttered," said the gentleman, thoughtfully. "It just shows what a mighty power for weal or woe our chance words may be, and how we ought to guard them."—*Classmate.*

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We must be purposely kind and generous, or we miss the best part of existence. The heart that goeth out of itself, gets large and full of joy. That is the great secret of the inner life. We do ourselves the most good in doing something for others.

BEGIN RIGHT.

"Boys," said papa, coming in through the yard as the rain began to fall, "put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of dirt you threw up yesterday around the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes, for the water to run off below."

Hal and Horace thought this great fun, and were soon at work. But presently papa called from a window.

"You are not doing that right, boys. You've turned the water all toward the house. It will be running into the cellar window next thing you know. Turn your channel away from the house at once."

"But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa," called Hal. "Before it does any harm we'll turn it off!"

"Do it right in the beginning," said papa, in a voice that settled things. "Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble. Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward."

The boys did as they were told, and were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this, papa found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys.

"That is not the kind of reading that I allow," he said. "Give it back at once."

"Please let me finish the book," pleaded Horace. "Then I can stop reading this kind, before it does me any harm."

"No," said papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day, "begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. Take the right direction first, and then you'll be sure of it."—*Ex.*

ONLY AN APPLE.

A desperate character they say he was—hard and callous. Perhaps it was true; but, at least, he was civil under the influence of kindness. "Good-bye, sir," he said, in a voice that would hardly have been recognized, so different was it from its usual rough and gruff tones.

He was just starting to work out a long sentence of transportation for burglary when we spoke to him of his first theft. He held up a crooked finger. "That was done, sir, when I was a boy; I fell from a tree into which I had climbed to steal an apple. That was my first theft." What hidden perils lie in the first step in an evil course!—*Chil. Rec.*

A high and noble purpose lends beauty, strength and dignity to character and life. The enthusiasm to make the most of one's powers and situation for God and man not only develops the purest and grandest energies of his nature, but casts a lovely glow over look, speech and action.

WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.

A young man began visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased with her company. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What I do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man; I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young man visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for his wife. The lady who disliked "the name of mechanic" is now the wife of a miserable sot, a regular vagrant about grog-shops, and is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children.

Do you dislike the name of mechanic—you whose brothers are nothing but well-dressed loafers?

We pity any girl who has so little brains, who is so green and so soft, as to think less of a young man because he is a mechanic—as the Son of God himself was. Those girls who despise young men who work for a living, are likely to be menials to some of them themselves when adversity has humbled their pride, and experience has given them common sense—*The Christian*.

THE OLD CLERK.

IT was noon, but the desk nearest the window in the great city library was still vacant. The clerks whispered together, and the boys who carried books to the alcoves glanced at it uneasily.

"Old Peyton," they said, "has been here for twenty years and never missed a day before." One of the boys watered his flowers, for the deaf old clerk had his window full of growing plants.

The chief librarian came out of his office. "Mr. Peyton is dead," he said, abruptly. "Found dead in his bed last night. It is in the morning's paper."

The library was always quiet, but a great silence filled it during that day. The boys stopped skylarking, and the clerks made no comments to each other, even about the dead man. Mr. Peyton had been very deaf, and rarely spoke to them. But as they looked at the vacant stool, and remembered the lean, bent figure in its shabby clothes, and the kindly old face, it seemed as if a strong help had suddenly dropped out of their lives.

In the office the chief discussed the dead man with a director.

"Never was such a life a failure," he said. "Peyton was a fine Greek scholar. He gave his youth and middle age to his books on Greece. His whole heart was in his work. He put into it great research and learning. But Schliemann's discoveries suddenly proved all his theories false. There is his book on the shelves, worthless; covered with dust. Nobody reads it. Then he lost his hearing. He could not even teach Greek. He was only fit for clerical work, which barely kept him alive. He had no wife nor child. A wasted life, sir! A wasted life!"

"You will go to the funeral?" said his friend, rising to go out.

"Most certainly!" said the chief, hotly. Why, there is no man living for whom I feel as I did for Peyton? I could tell you things of the lofty honor of that old fellow, his tenderness, his charity. O, you know a man when you live with him twenty years! No clergyman ever made Christianity real to me as he did."

Meanwhile the old clerk lay still and cold on his cot in his little chamber. It was a bare room, for he had been very poor. On a shelf was his great work, which even had not been opened for years.

Was it a failure? Had his life failed with it. A miniature picture of his mother, a young, beautiful woman, hung over it.

"Perhaps she knows why God let my work go for nothing," Peyton used to think, as he looked at her. "I don't understand."

His Irish landlady was in the room all day. She told every one who came how the old clerk had cared for her and her children for years. How he had kept Mike at work, and stopped Ben from the drink.

The neighbors came, hard-working intelligent folk, and each had a story to tell of advice or aid; which he had given them in some strait of their lives.

From the policeman on his round to the crippled newsboy at the corner, had been a friend and wise father to them all.

Later in the day the clerks came, and the boys from the library. They bought bunches of flowers and with tears laid them on his breast, thinking of kind words and deeds which were as natural to the poor clerk as his breath.

They did not notice the great work of his life on the shelf overhead, the work that had failed. They only knew that one of God's helpers had gone out of the world, and mourned for him.

His mother's face smiled down, as it had always done, well content upon her son. And upon the dead man's face there was now a strange, listening look, as of one who was called home and heard his welcome.—*Youth's Companion*.

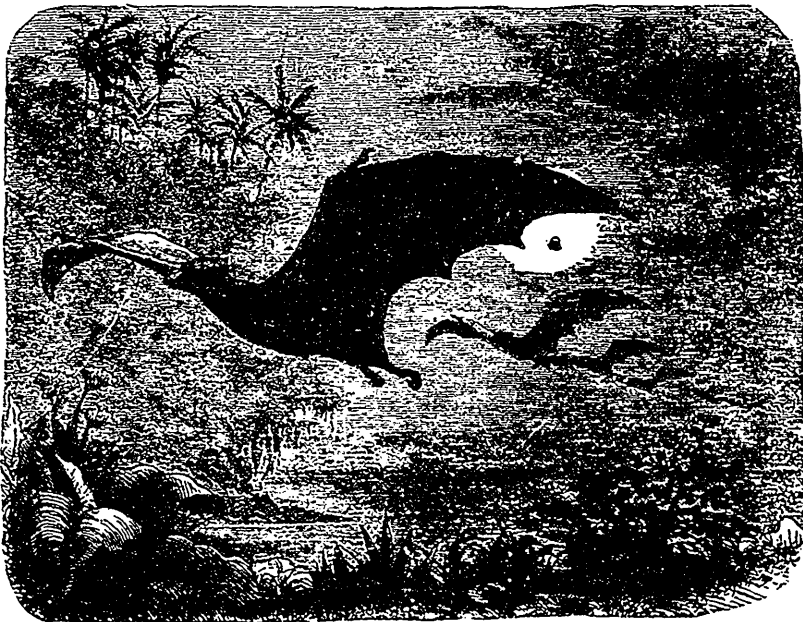
THE FLYING-FOX.

Did you ever see a bat flying about in the dusk of evening, with soft leathery wing? *The Morning Star* tells of a kind found in the East Indies, which looks so much like a fox that it is called the fox-bat or flying-fox. The wings are said sometimes to measure five feet from tip to tip.

Sailors, who first discovered them a hundred years ago, were very much frightened, and reported that they had seen the evil one. One

traveller saw at least five hundred of them hanging from the branches of a large tree in all sorts of queer attitudes, some by their hind feet and some by their forefeet. The sailors called them "monkey-birds."

It is said they will eat only the ripest and best fruit, and in Java these creatures do a great deal of mischief, as they attack every kind of fruit that grows there. A loose net or basket is often put over delicate fruits just before they ripen, to preserve them from the ravages of these bats.



THE FLYING-FOX.

HE COULD NOT DO WITHOUT IT.

An infidel undertook to found a settlement of timber-cutters in the Maine forests, with these two points in view: 1. He would keep out Rum. 2. He would keep out Religion. If he could do this, he believed his enterprise would succeed.

The results were as might have been foreseen. The settlement did not prosper; and on starting another colony he applied for

assistance to establish a church at the beginning, offering himself to contribute largely in its aid.

His testimony was that he could not keep rum out unless he let religion in to help him; and further, that while religion was shut out he could only get the worst class of men to work for him; and he consequently made up his mind that no colony or village could thrive without the Christian church, the Gospel ministry, and the weekly day of rest.—*Ex.*

International S. S. Lessons.

DAVID'S GRATITUDE TO GOD.

13 September.

Les. 2 Sep. 22: 40-51. Gol. Text, Sam. 22: 2. Mem. vs. 47-50. Catechism, Q. 79, 80.

Time.—About B.C. 1018-1015, not long before David's death.

Place.—Jerusalem.

Who was the author of this Psalm? Where else in the Bible is it found? To what is it devoted? To whom does David give the credit for all his triumphs? What is meant by the "strivings of my people"? v. 44. How does he describe the Lord in verse 47? What return did he promise for all God's goodness? v. 50. How does Paul quote this verse in Rom. 15: 9? What do we learn from this? What prophecy is contained in verse 51?

LESSONS.

1. It is God who gives us victory over our enemies.

2. It is only through God that we can be delivered from sin's stripes.

3. We can rise to influence and power only through God's help.

4. Our God is the living God; he is our rock and refuge.

5. We should express our gratitude in praise.

DESTRUCTIVE VICES.

20 September.

Les. Prov. 16: 22-23. Gol. Text, Prov. 16: 25. Mem. vs. 25-27. Catechism, Q. 81.

Time.—About B.C. 1000.

Place.—Written at Jerusalem.

What is a proverb? What ancient wise man was noted for his proverbs? How many is he said to have spoken? Where are many of these recorded? How much of the book of Proverbs is thought to have been the work of Solomon's hand? What is said in chapter 25: 1 about what follows? To what is the chapter from which our lesson is taken specially devoted? What is said about understanding? About the heart? About pleasant words? About a seemingly right way? A whisperer? What is meant by the "hoary head? What is said about it? Who is better than the mighty? Than he that taketh a city?

LESSON.

1. We should seek wisdom and avoid folly.

2. We should shun the ways that end in death.

3. We should live to do good not to stir up evil.

4. We should lead others to good ways, never to evil.

5. We should learn to be slow to anger.

REVIEW.

27 September.

Les. 2 Sam. 2: 22. Gol. Text, Prov. 18: 10.

Who was the first king of Israel? For what did the Lord reject him from being king? Who was anointed to succeed him?

How did Saul regard David? What did he seek to do to him? Who was David's faithful friend? What was David at last compelled to do? How long was he an exile?

How did Saul die? What did David do when he heard of Saul's death? Who at once proclaimed David king? Where did he reign?

What rival kingdom was set up? Where? What happened after Ishbosheth's death?

What city did David then make his capital? From whom did he take it? Where was the ark of God for many years? How did it come there? 1 Sam. 7: 1.

What did David now undertake to do? What happened? What was then done with the ark? When was it finally brought to Jerusalem? What did David build in Mount Zion? What else did he propose to build? What message did he receive from the Lord through Nathan the prophet? What did the Lord promise concerning David's son and kingdom? To what other kingdom greater than Solomon's did this prophecy also refer? To whom did David show special kindness? For whose sake did he do this? Over what region did David extend his dominion? In the midst of David's prosperity what did he do? Lesson VII. How was he brought to realize and confess his sin?

What two psalms did he write at this time? What is the nature of Psalm 51? What does Psalm 32 teach? Who instigated a rebellion against David? What did David at first do? Where did he flee? Why did he flee? Where was the decisive battle fought? What became of Absalom? How did his death affect David? What was the condition of David's kingdom after this rebellion was subdued?

To what did he specially devote himself in his last days? Which of his sons was selected to succeed him? What did David charge Solomon to do? What charge did he also give to the princes of Israel? What had the Lord promised concerning Solomon? What acknowledgment did David make as to all his deliverances and successes? How did he show his gratitude? What return did he promise for all God's goodness to him? Lesson xi., v. 50.

What apostle quoted these words? Rom. 15: 9. Of what great kingdom was the kingdom of David and Solomon but a feeble type?

SOLOMON ANOINTED KING.

4 October.

Les. 2 Kgs. 1 : 28-30.
Mem. vs. 28-30.Gol. Text, Kgs. 2 : 3.
Catechism, Q. 39-41.

Time.—B. C. 1015.

Places.—Jerusalem ; Gihon.

Who was Adonijah? What did he undertake to do? Who aided him in his conspiracy? Who informed David of the plot? Whom had the Lord appointed to succeed David? What did David do when he learned of the plot? How did the people receive the new king? What did Adonijah then do? How did Solomon treat him?

LESSON.

1. It is a great sin for a son to plot against his father.
2. We should always faithfully keep our promises to others.
3. It is a high honor to take a good father's place.
4. Every boy should resolve to live a noble, kingly life.
5. Christ is our King, and we should obey and honor him.—*Westminster Ques. Book.*

THREE FOLLOWERS.

The wise old Hassan sat at his door, when three young men pressed eagerly by.

"Are ye following after any one, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the oldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second.
"Pleasure is only to be found with riches."
"And you, my little one?" he asked of the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said.

And each went his way.

The aged Hassan, in his journey, came upon three men.

"My son, he said to the eldest. "methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou overtake her?"

"No, father," answered the man. "Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son."

"How didst thou fare?" he asked of the second.

"Pleasure is not with Riches," he answered.

"And thou?" continued Hassan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied,
"Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus, said the old man.
"Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She herself goes hand in hand with Duty; and they who make Duty their companion, have also the companionship of Pleasure."

HEATHEN CRUELTY IN CALABAR.

A few months ago the old King of Eboe died, and as is customary, traders from New Calabar went up to pay their respects to the new monarch. On their arrival the traders found the "Ju Ju" rites, performed on the death of the native king, still in progress, and about forty victims had been sacrificed.

The old king was still lying in an open grave large enough to accommodate nine of the departed ruler's youngest wives, who had been murdered in the most cruel manner. Each of them had her ankles and wrists broken so that she could neither walk nor crawl. In this maimed condition, and suffering the most excruciating pain, the poor creatures were placed at the bottom of the grave, seven of them lying side by side. The king's body was then placed on them in a transverse direction.

Then the two remaining women were placed by his side. They were left without food or water to wait for death, which, it is said, did not come till after four or five days of intense suffering. In the meantime four men were stationed around the grave, armed with clubs, ready to knock backward any of the women who, despite their torture and their pain, might manage to crawl to the side of the pit.

In other parts of the town other human sacrifices were taking place. Suspended from various trees were the bodies of several men. They, too, were undergoing agonizing deaths, holes having, in most cases, been bored through their feet near their ankles. Through these holes ropes were drawn, and the men were tied to a tree, head downward, and left to die.

And one is tempted to ask, "Who is responsible for these terrible murders, if not Christians, who have failed to teach them better?"—*Ex.*

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BURYING CHILDREN IN PEKING.

"If you lived in Peking you would be surprised never to see a child's funeral pass, but if you go into the street very early in the morning you will find the explanation. You would meet a large covered vehicle drawn by two oxen, having a sign across the front stating its horrible office, and piled to the brim with the bodies of children.

Sometimes there are a hundred in the cart at once, thrown in as garbage, nearly all of them naked, a few of them tied up in old reed baskets, and fewer, never more than one or two, in cheap board coffins.

These carts go about the streets each night, pick up these pitiable remains, some of them mutilated by dogs; they are thrown in like so much wood and taken to a pit outside the city wall, into which they are dumped, then covered with quick lime.

Does it make you sick to hear of such a thing? I have lived seven years in the city where that is a daily occurrence."

—*In Woman's Work for Women.*

A FORGIVING KAFFIR.

A missionary relates the following incident:—"A settler in South Africa, who lived some distance up the country, one day found a native lurking about his stable. He accused the man of trying to steal a horse. The captive reiterated his innocence, and explained that he was going home to his kraal. Despite his frantic struggles and efforts to escape, the poor Kaffir was dragged to a tree, and there, with one blow of an axe, his right hand was severed from the wrist.

"It was about three months after this tragic event that the settler found himself benighted while still far away from his home. A tall native desired him to enter, and food was placed before him. Next morning when he rose to depart, his host confronted him, and holding up his right arm asked the white man if he knew it. The squatter turned pale—the hand was gone. He knew that he had been at the mercy of the man he had treated so cruelly. The Kaffir continued, 'You were in my power. I could have killed you. Revenge said, 'Kill the man who has named you for life;' but I replied, 'No; I am a Christian, and I will forgive.'"—*Set.*

OUR INDIAN WOMEN.

In reading the following picture of Indian Women in the Western States, as given in *The Indian Friend*, remember that they are much like the Indians in our North-West in whom our women's societies are doing an earnest work.

What I like about the Indian woman is that she is so womanly. The Indian woman is intensely feminine, but she develops the characteristics of her sex in three quite distinct stages of her life. She begins as a butterfly. She goes on as a loving drudge, and she ends as an autocrat.

The Indian young girl is not expected to work, or to do much work. She is expected only to adorn herself and enjoy the brief summer of her life. When she becomes, as she usually does at an early age, a wife and mother, the conditions of her life are reversed. She is then the last served at the table of life. She thinks of husband, children, guests and everyone before herself. She is a most devoted, self-effacing mother.

The third period is that of old age. The grandmother is the tyrant of the Indian community, sharp, shrill-voiced, and determined always to have the last word, and if that last word is not for progress, but as it usually is, for the old time thought, she becomes a barrier, a real hindrance and obstacle in the way of civilization. It is the grandmother who almost invariably predicts an early death for the child who goes to school and who prophesies every misfortune for those who accept the new way. She is invariably suspicious of the white man and takes no pains to hide her dislike of him. She revives some of the worst features of the old Indian life in her death dirges and songs upon every possible occasion.

Indian women are beginning already to feel the value of organization. Although they are conservative, as we perhaps are as a sex, still they are approachable and receptive. In the churches nearly all the Indian women with whom I am best acquainted are organized into women's societies connected with their churches. They meet regularly and by the labor of their hands they raise the great bulk of the funds given by native churches for the support of their pastors and for charitable purposes. These poor, ignorant women, by their own work, denying themselves even the necessities of life, that they may give to their missionaries and to Foreign Missions.

It is through the women that we can reach the hearts of the people.