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

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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Go I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

Home From mountain and country, and **Again** sea and river shore, come the many town and city boys and girls, who, during the holidays, have had a taste of the good things, the fields, the woods, the fresh air, and wide free life which our country boys and girls always enjoy. Home again, with stronger bodies and clearer minds. Home to take up work again. Let it be with a firm resolve to do that work better than ever before.

The country boys and girls, many of them, have had no change of that kind. They could not get anything better if they did change. Certainly it would not be better to go to the city, with its heat and dust and dirt and smoke. But they have had their change from school to work. Schools have been closed for holidays, and the scholars have helped on the farm. The change has done them good, teaching them to work, and they have been able to repay in some little measure their parents' love and care.

Now, when school begins and you get back again, remember that your school time is one year less than after last vacation, and seek to use faithfully the time that remains, that you may be better and more useful men and women.

Aim to make the world better for your having been in it. If you don't, there was not much use bringing you into it.

Twenty Miles. What a long walk to church! Mrs. McKenzie, one of our missionaries in Honan, tells of a man who lives twenty miles distant from them, but who quite often walks in on Sunday morning to be in time for their service at nine o'clock.

He is a coffin-maker by trade, and was doing a good business, but when the people found out that he was interested in the "foreign doctrine" they would not buy his coffins. They said that he bewitched the coffins, and that whoever bought one would die before the year was out. The poor man had hard work getting along, but he did not give up his interest in Christianity. These people have to suffer if they become Christians.

Going to the city. The following will be of interest to boys, and to some girls. They can think over it at their leisure. It is copied from a paper called *The Presbyterian Banner*. "Young man, be sure you can better yourself in the city before you leave your comfortable home or place in the country. The chances are, if you come to the city, you will wish yourself back again in the country before the year is over. It is hard for the country boy to do well in the city now, as our cities are overcrowded. The greatest slave on earth is the average city clerk. With proper care and effort country life can be made as enjoyable and profitable as city life."

Costly Fishing. You fish with hook and line. Mr. McKenzie, our missionary in Efate, New Hebrides, tells of a heathen native who got some dynamite and was going to explode it in the water, where it would kill some fish, and he could then pick them up.

He took his canoe and rowed along near the shore for some distance to get a good place, and when he was preparing to light the fuse to set it off, the cartridge exploded, tearing off his hand.

What was he to do? He could not paddle his canoe with one hand, so he got it ashore, left it on the beach and started to walk home. Soon he came to a piece of ground that was *tabu*, sacred; no one was allowed to go upon it. He knew it by certain marks which he saw.

He could not cross it, so he took to the water and swam with one hand, holding the bleeding stump of the other up out of the water. He swam around the sacred place, came ashore and walked the rest of the way home.

Whether this was the means of leading him to do it, he soon afterward joined the Christian party, and now he wonders at his former superstition.

At his village, when all were heathen, they used to keep every fifth day sacred. No one would dare to work his garden or plantation that day. Now they do not pay any attention to that old sacred day, but most of them keep the Lord's Day.

What's in What cup? That cup in the picture on page 143 of the CHILDREN'S RECORD. Turn over and look at it. Remember too that it is a true picture. The Bible confirms it. Many a poor man and woman who is staggering down the broad road to death knows that it is terribly true. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

When to begin. The best way to train a colt is from the very beginning, and the best workers in all our churches are those who began to help when they were boys and girls. In your Sabbath schools, Mission Bands, Juvenile C. E. societies, there is room for nearly all to do something, and if you have none of these things, is there no boy or girl that you could get to go to church who does not now go. By helping others you help yourselves.

A shareholder. A poor boy took a penny share, all he could get, to aid a mission society. To him it was a large gift and he was anxious to know that it would do good. Some time after there was to be a meeting of the society, and although there was a heavy storm and he lived some distance away he was determined to be present. Some one meeting him as he trudged bravely along, and finding out what it was for, asked him why he was so anxious to be present. He replied, "I am a shareholder and I want to see how the business is getting along."

I hope most of our young readers are shareholders in our College work, our Home Mission work, our Augmentation work, our French Evangelization work, and our Foreign work. Take hold of this idea and watch carefully the reports of that work to see how the investment pays.

The "Dayspring" Fund.

The following is sent to our young people, by the New Hebrides Mission Synod, composed of all the missionaries in the group:

"Children of the churches who have mis-

sionaries here, do not perhaps realize that they are engaged in a very important work in giving to the 'Dayspring' Fund. So important is it that if for one year they all agreed to send their gifts to some other scheme, we missionaries down in these New Hebrides Islands would be almost entirely shut off from the rest of the world."

"What a great army of boys and girls there must be in Canada and other places giving their pennies for this scheme and thus helping on the coming of the Saviour's kingdom amongst these peoples, a great many of whom are still in the darkness of heathenism and superstition."

"Now many of the young givers may not know of the use their money is put to when they give year by year to the 'Dayspring Fund,' so here let me tell you."

"Until four years ago the money given went to help the mission ship 'Dayspring,' but the work began to increase beyond the sailing and carrying capacity of the 'Dayspring' because new islands were being occupied and new missionaries entering the field, until there are now twenty-two principal stations, and the 'Dayspring' was found too small for her work."

"Then the Australian New Hebrides Steamship Company stepped into the breach and has been doing all in their power to meet the wants of the mission."

"For our letters, newspapers, clothing, stores, medicine, etc., we are entirely dependent upon the gifts which are sent for keeping up the 'Maritime service.' As we have been cared for by you in the past we would again ask your support, praying that as each one contributes, he and she will remember that in doing this service for us, they do it unto Him whose command we seek to obey, by carrying the gospel to every creature."

The service above mentioned is the following: The steamers that sail backward and forward between Australia and the Fiji Islands call every ten weeks at Aneityum, one of the New Hebrides Islands; in passing, another steamer meets them there and gets from them all that is intended for the New Hebrides, and goes off north through the group for 400 miles, calling at each of the twenty-two stations, and then calls again as she is coming back south to Aneityum, where she gives what she has on board for Australia and gets another load. She makes this circuit of the Islands once every ten weeks.

Very Greedy. A lady missionary in Raratonga, one of the South Pacific islands, has what she calls a boarding-school, fifteen boys gathered from different heathen villages, living under her care. She says that the boys' ehave fairly well, are quite happy and never seem to wish to go home. But they have three great faults; they are very greedy, tell lies and are very deceitful. Their greediness is very marked. They can never see food without wanting to eat it, even though it belongs to some one else, and they seem unable to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The youngest boy can invent and tell a falsehood in a moment, and he does so without hesitation. We hope that our boys in Christian lands will more and more learn to hate and avoid the three "great faults" of these heathen boys.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

Once upon a time there was a man and woman who planned to go and spend the day at a house of a friend some miles away from their own! So, one pleasant morning, they started out to make the visit; but before they had gone far the woman remembered a very old bridge they had to cross, which was said to be not very safe, and she immediately began to worry about it.

"What shall we do about that bridge?" said she to her husband. "I shall never dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river in any other way."

"Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge; it is a bad place. Suppose it should fall into the water and we be drowned?"

"Or even," said the wife, "suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg; what would become of me and the baby?"

"I don't know," replied the man, "what would become of us; I couldn't work and we should all starve to death."

So they went on worrying and worrying till they got to the bridge, when, lo and behold! they saw that since they had been there last a new bridge had been built, and they crossed over it in safety, and found that they might have spared themselves all their anxiety.

Now, that is just what the proverb means—*"Never cross a bridge till you come to it."* Never waste your worrying on what you think may possibly be going to happen.—*Sel.*

A LITTLE INDIAN GIRL'S SELF-DENIAL.

A little native girl in Tinnevely had an allowance of one "pie," a coin worth only *one-twelfth* of a penny, every week for sweetmeats. You would not think this a very large allowance, and no doubt the little girl had to save up for several weeks before she could buy even a tiny packet of "goodies." One day she made up her mind to save her money for something else, and for forty-eight weeks the little coin was quietly laid aside; even her father and mother did not know the reason why. But Jesus knew that this dear child was saving up her scanty pocket-money for Him, and when she brought the forty-eight "pies" as her gift to the funds of the Native Church, we may be sure that He accepted it as a gift to Himself. How heavy our missionary-boxes would be if we were all as self-denying as this little brown girl!—*The Children's World.*

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in a corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little ones' talk, unobserved by them.

"Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two.

"Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands—tight!" promptly replied sister.

"Ah, that's not safe," said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!"

Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out:

"Oh, I forgot! I forgot! Jesus is holding me with his two hands, and Satan can't cut him off; so I'm safe!"

NO CHILDREN'S GRAVES IN CHINA.

No Children's graves in China
The missionaries say;
In cruel haste and silence
They put those buds away;
No tombstones mark their rest
To keep their memory sweet;
Their dust, unknown, is trodden
By many careless feet.

No Children's graves in China,
That land of heathen gloom;
They deem not that their spirits
Will live beyond the tomb.
No little coffin holds them
Like to a downy nest,
No spotless shroud enfolds them
Low in their quiet rest.

No Children's graves in China,
Do mothers ever weep;
No toy or little relic
The thoughtless mothers keep.
No mourners e'er assemble
Around the early dead,
And flowers of careful planting
Ne'er mark their lowly bed.

No Children's graves in China,
With sad and lovely ties,
To make the living humble
And point them to the skies;
No musings pure and holy
Of them, when day is done—
Be faithful, missionary,
Your work is just begun!

— H. M. Echo.

WON BY A WHITE ROSE.

THE far-reaching influence of a little act of kindness is beautifully shown in this story. Kindness and sympathy are what the world needs; not criticism and spurning. The incident is told by a writer in the *Silver Cross* :—

"A wealthy lady, young and beautiful, who had lately experienced genuine conversion, was so overflowing with love for the Saviour, that she was drawn to visit those who were in prison. One day, before starting on this errand of mercy, she went to her conservatory, and her gardener gathered her up a large box of flowers, and was about to tie it up for her, when she noticed a perfect white rose untouched, and asked that it be added.

"'Oh, no,' he said. 'Please keep that for yourself to wear to-night.'

"'I need it more just now,' she said, and took it with her on her journey.

"Reaching the prison, she commenced her rounds among the women's wards, giving a few blossoms to each inmate, with a leaflet, a text, and a message of sympathy and Christian hope.

"'Have I seen all the prisoners here?' she asked the jailer.

"'No; there is one you cannot visit; her language is so wicked it would scorch your ears to hear it.'

"'She is the one who most needs me,' she answered. 'I have one flower; the choicest of all I brought; can you not take me to her?'

"Then, when they confronted each other on either side of the grated door, the visitor was greeted with curses, and the only reply she gave was the beautiful white rose, which was left in the woman's cell. As she turned away she heard one heart-breaking cry, and the voice which had breathed imprecation, moaned over and over again the one word, 'Mother! mother! mother!'

"The next week she came again. The jailer met her, saying, 'That woman whom you saw last is asking for you constantly; I never saw a woman so changed.'

"Soon the two were alone in the cell, and the penitent, her head resting on the shoulder of her new-found friend, told, with sobs, her sad story.

"That white rose was just like one which grew by our door, at home in Scotland—my mother's favorite flower. She was a good woman; my father's character was stainless, but I broke their hearts by my wicked ways, then drifted to America, where I have lived a wicked life; is there any hope for me?'

"And so the dawning of a better day came as the two 'reasoned together.'

"Many visits the lady made in that narrow room, until she seemed an angel of light to its inmate. When the time came for the woman's release, the love of Christ constraining her, she went into the world to devote her life to the saving of such as she had been."—*Sel.*

Once a Sunday School teacher asked a little boy what he would do for Jesus, if Jesus were on earth, and wanted him to do something for him. The little fellow had never thought about that before, but after a moment's thought he answered, "Oh, I'm so small that I couldn't do much, but I'd—I'd run errands for him." That's just what Jesus wishes us to do—"run errands for him." There are ever so many errands of love and mercy we can run for him if we only will.

HOEING AND PRAYING.

A RECITATION.

Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone,
To his good old neighbour Gray,
"I've worn my knees nigh through to the
bone,
But it ain't no use to pray.

"Your corn looks just twice as nice as mine.
Though you don't pretend to be
A steady light in the church to shine,
And tell salvation's free.

"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times
For to make my corn to grow;
And why your corn beats it so, and climbs,
I'd give a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his brother Jones,
In his easy, quiet way:

"When prayers get mixed with lazy bones
They don't make farming pay.

"Your weeds, I notice, are strong and tall,
In spite of all your prayers;
You may pray for corn till the heavens fall,
If you don't dig up the tares.

"I mix my prayers with a little toil
Along in every row;
And I work this mixture into the soil
Quite vigorous with a hoe.

"And I've discovered, though till in sin,
As sure as you are born,
This kind of compost, well worked in,
Makes pretty decent corn.

"And so while I'm praying I use my hoe,
And do my level best
To keep down the weeds along each row,
And the Lord, He does the rest.

"It's well for to pray both night and morn,
As every farmer knows;
But the place to pray for thrifty corn
Is right between the rows.

"You must use your hands while praying,
though,
If an answer you would get;
For prayer-worn knees and a rusty hoe
Never raised a big crop yet!

"And so I believe, my good old friend
If you mean to win the day,
From ploughing, clean to the harvest's end,
You must hoe as well as pray."

—Sel.

OPPORTUNITIES.

A crippled beggar was trying to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown to him from a window, when a crowd of rowdy boys gathered upon him. They made sport of him, mocking his awkward movements and hooting at his helplessness and ragged clothes. In a few minutes up came a brave little fellow, and passing the crowd of boys, he helped the poor cripple to pick up his gifts, and made them into a bundle for him.

Then, after slipping a little money into the cripple's hand, he was starting to run away, when he heard a voice above him which said:

"Little boy with a straw hat!" Looking up he saw a lady an upper window, who said:

"God bless you, my dear little fellow. God bless you for that."

He walked home with a glad heart, from doing a little kindness to another. He thought of the poor crippled beggar's grateful look; of the lady's smile and pleasant words; and, best of all, he could almost hear God whispering to him from heaven, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Let us, "as we have opportunity, do good unto all men," and God will fill our lives with usefulness and our hearts with happiness.—Sel.

DON'T GIVE UP.

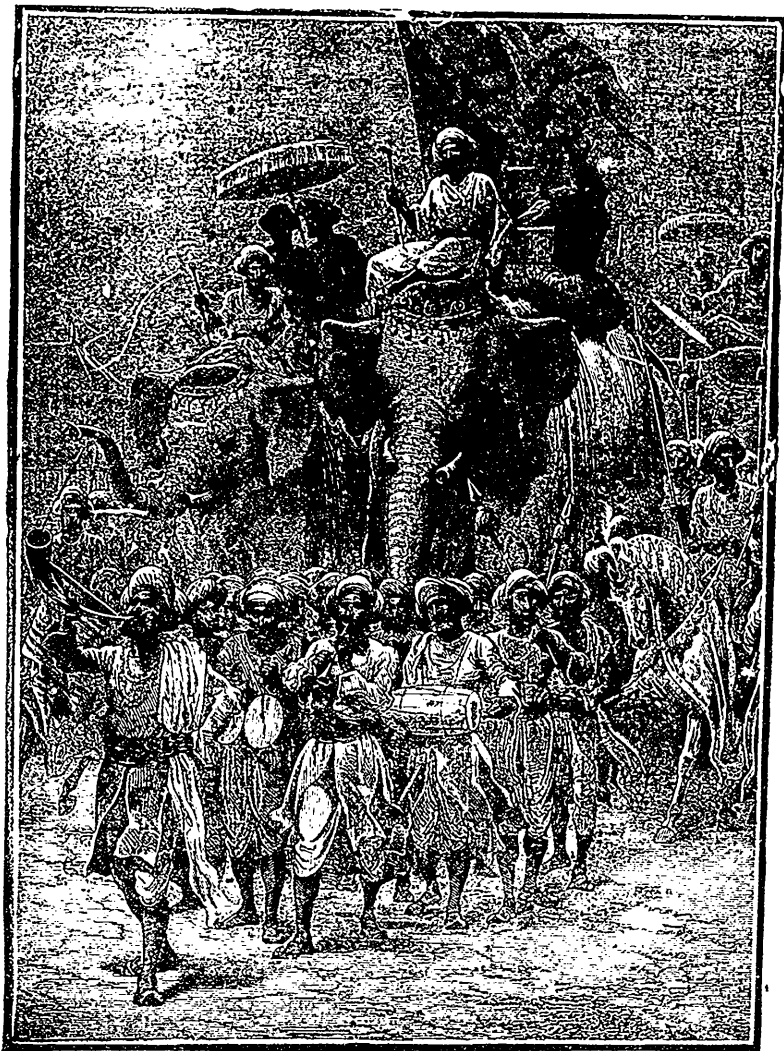
We never know what effect a single word may produce. A good story is told of a gentleman who happened in a school room as the spelling class was in progress.

One little fellow stood apart, looking sad and dispirited. "Why does that boy stand there?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, he is good for nothing," replied the teacher. "There's nothing in him. I can make nothing of him. He is the most stupid boy in the school."

The gentleman was surprised at this answer. He saw that the teacher was so stern and rough that the younger and more timid were very nearly crushed. He said a few words to them, and then placing his hand on the noble brow of the little fellow who stood there, he said, "One of these days you may be a fine scholar. Don't give up, but try, my boy, try."

The boy's soul was aroused. His dormant intellect woke. A new purpose was formed. From that hour he became studious and ambitious to excel. And he did become a fine scholar, and the author of a well-known commentary on the Bible, a great and good man, beloved and honored. It was Dr. Adam Clarke.



A HINDOO PROCESSION IN INDIA.

THE MORAL EFFECT OF PRETTY GOWNS.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

FANNY'S mother died five years ago, and Fanny has been mother as well as sister to three brothers, bright, sturdy little fellows, rapidly shooting up to tall, aggressive adolescence. Fanny has had a great deal to do, far too much for one so young, if Providence had not ordained it as her duty, and some time ago she began to feel that she had no time to spend on her dress.

"It is as much as I can do," she told me, "to slip into a wrapper in the morning, and stay in it all day. I haven't time to put house dresses on, much less to make them, and then John never gets here before nine o'clock. When I expect him I make a toilette on purpose."

Meanwhile, the boys were growing unmanageable. They were bright, loving fellows, but the street was growing increasingly attractive to them. Of their father, a lawyer, absorbed in his profession, and a recluse in his library when at home, they saw little. It depended on Fanny to tide her brothers over the critical time when boyhood's bark slips over the bar into the open sea of manhood.

Fanny and I put our heads together, and I urged upon her the trial of personal charm as a home missionary effort. I begged her to discard her wrappers. They are garments fit only for one's dressing-room or for an invalid's leisure. "Let your brothers see you simply but prettily dressed every day, looking bright and neat and sweet, with little touches of adornment about your costume, and observe whether or not the effect will not be for good."

The effect was at once visible in the line of a certain toning-up of the whole house. It is not for nothing that the soldier in service is required to keep his uniform and accoutrements in perfect repair and in shining cleanliness. A profound truth lies under the strict requirements of military discipline, for he who is negligent of the less, will inevitably slur the greater.

Fanny's simple grey cashmere, with its pink satin bows, made her more careful that her table should be attractively appointed, as well as generously provided with viands; it made her intolerant of dust in the parlor, it sent her on a tour of inspection to the boys' rooms. She found she could not explain how, that she had time for everything—time to go walking with her brothers, time to talk with them over school affairs, and over the matches and games in which they took delight. The boys realized that they counted for a good deal in their sister's eyes, that she thought it worth

while to dress for them, and they were, therefore, on their best behaviour.

You can fill out the story for yourselves. Perhaps some of you are at work in Sabbath-schools, and working girls' clubs, and young people's reading rooms. Do not make the mistake of supposing that there is any merit in going into these benevolent works in a dowdy gown or an unbecoming hat. Try the effect of a pretty toilette; you will discover it to have far reaching influence on the side of good morals.—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster.*

OPPOSITION IN CHINA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

BEGGARS IN PEKING, CHINA.

BEGGARS are almost everywhere. They sleep among the ruins of old temples, in gateways, like hogs in corners, or by some wall. At the city gates, thoroughfares, or bridges, are squads of them. They follow, or rather run, alongside of your cart, begging. Some "sit by the wayside begging," or "lie at the rich man's gate," and often the body is almost covered with sores.

The clothing in some cases is fairly good. Often, however, only a piece of tattered cotton cloth thrown over the shoulders, extending little below the waist, and a pair of worn out slippers constitutes the covering of one of these creatures in midwinter.

I have met them running across the ice in this way begging for a cent. They contrive to get up a kind of hideous cry so as to arouse pity. Women and children will sob and wail, making a continuous cry for long periods at a time, but the ears become accustomed to such sounds and the heart seems to forget pity, for these same persons year by year keep up their begging, and on seeing them again one comes to recognize them, know their worthless character, and to regard it doubtful charity to give them money.

One benevolent soul gave one of these pitiable mortals \$8.00, hoping to get him up out of that state, but the very next day the same beggar came back again, with his money gone, perhaps lost in gambling—for they are fearful gamblers. They will even pawn the clothes off their backs in order to get money with which to gamble.

A poor, wretched young man came to our front gate one cold night. His cries could be heard for a long distance, and a pair of cotton trousers constituted his clothing. When I saw him he was lying on the cold ground. A number of people gathered around him. "Poor fellow," "he'll soon freeze to death here," "we ought to get him away before he dies," were among the expressions of the bystanders, but the wretched creature continued to lie shivering with cold. It seemed our duty to help the poor man, so we did, and got him a cheap warm garment and food. Yet we had reason to believe that he had lost his clothing by gambling. Still his condition was so pitiable, we could not refuse to help him.

As you may suppose, such persons suffer fearfully from cold, though it is said they rub some kind of oil on their bodies so as to deaden sensibility, and then too they are accustomed to it. Some of them carry about a pan of coals with which they warm their hands, and perhaps their rice, but having no shelter and insufficient clothing many of them freeze their hands or feet, or are even frozen to death. In our coldest season, with-

in a few days, *seventeen hundred* of these poor wretched creatures were hauled out of two of the gates of this city. If one remembers that this was in a few days (the thermometer being about zero) he will get some idea of the number and suffering of these forlorn beggars. Among them are gray-haired men and women, middle aged women with a babe in the bosom and other children following at the heels, and young men and girls. Among them are the sick, lame, blind, and diseased; while the persons of almost all are unkempt and filthy, in fact it seems that some of them think the filthier the better.

What I have said of these miserable people has been said of them as individuals, but they are a distinct class. Many of them have no cues (the distinctive mark of a Chinese citizen), and they are an organized body. Their leader or "head man, in order to collect the poll tax allowed by law, apportionments certain of them in certain neighborhoods, with the advice of elders and constables. During the day they go from one door to another and receive the allotted stipend. . . . They sit in the door and sing a ditty or beat their chop-dishes and sticks to attract attention, and if the shop keeper has no customers he lets them keep up their cries; for he knows the longer they are detained so much the more time will elapse before they can come again to the shop."

But not only are these beggars in the city organized, they also form bands of desperadoes and robbers. They infest important highways so as to make travel and transportation difficult and unsafe. I have been told that if merchants at Tientsin, for example, desire to send a quantity of silver up to Peking (90 miles), there must first be a handsome stipend given to the leader of this gang, or else robbery will be very likely to take place on the road. So it is, these things go on and have gone on for centuries.

There are certain causes, however, for these vagrants being as they are. Dense population, floods, famines, drunkenness, opium-smoking, profligacy, gambling, etc., are among the causes. Perhaps the Emperor would do more for this class if he knew more about them, but his person is too sacred to be seen by such, and his eye too good to look upon their misery, so that this awful wretchedness and beggary continue under the very shadow of the palace of the "Son of Heaven," and probably will continue, for in China, more than anywhere else, perhaps, one can confidently predict that "the things that shall be are the things that are and have been."

The saddest part, however, about all this is that those poor creatures so wretched here look forward to no bright future, for they have never heard the good news of salvation through the merit of Jesus Christ. -*Rev. A. M. C.*

TEACH YOUR BOYS.

To run, to swim, to carve.

To be neat, to be honest.

To make a fire, to be punctual.

To keep their finger-nails clean.

To sew on buttons; to do an errand.

To cut kindlings; to sing if they can.

To speak pleasantly to an old woman.

To hang up their hats; to hold their heads erect.

To respect their teacher; to button their mother's boots.

To help their mother and sister; to wipe their boots on the mat.

To read aloud when requested; to cultivate a cheerful temper.

To take pride in having their mother and sisters for their best friends.

To be as kind and helpful to their own sisters as to other boys' sisters.

To close the door quietly, especially when there is a sick person in the house.

To help the boy smaller than themselves; to put every garment in its proper place.

To remove their hats upon entering the house; not to tease smaller boys than themselves.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

If they do anything, to take their mother into their confidence, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

When their play is over for the day, to wash their faces and hands, brush their hair, and spend their evening in the house.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room and put it directly in front of the fire, and to forget to offer it to their mother when she comes in to sit down.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering these things are not easily unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men.

Not to grumble or refuse when asked to do some errand which must be done, and which would otherwise take the time of some one who has more to do than themselves.

To trust Christ and follow Him.—*Exchange.*

LITTLE BOB STOOD THE TEST.

THE "blue line" street car stopped at the corner, and an anxious looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Bob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you. Don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, bub?" asked a mischievous looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormenter: but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't, said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses, and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, bub, I'll give you this peach if you pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you'll just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter.

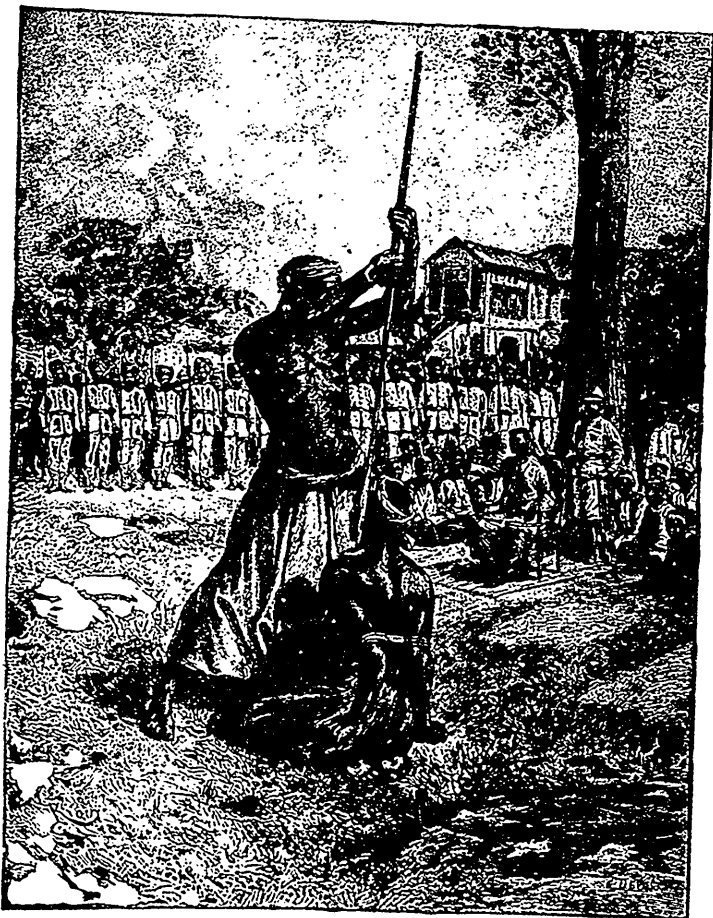
The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more; but the young man opened the bag, and held it just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face, I believe Bob was afraid to trust himself; and, when a man left his seat on the other side to get off the car, the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap; and then everybody clapped and applauded, until it might have alarmed Bob if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said, with a sweet glow on her face:

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Bob's mother, but no matter; the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.—*Youth's Companion.*



MODE OF EXECUTION IN AFRICA.

My Dream.

I dreamed I had children far over the sea,
And that every one was as dear to me
As ever a mother's child could be.

And over the sea, from a lavish hand,
To the eldest born of my cherished band
Large gifts I sent, and the plain command:

"Look well how your brothers and sisters
fare;
Justly and kindly with them share
This wealth, that tells of my love and care."

Ere long from my eldest born I heard;
He told me, in reverent, graceful word,
That with grateful love his heart was stirred.

A year and a day, and a message came—
A message that set my heart aflame
With grief and pity, with wrath and shame.

In a palace was living my eldest born;
His brothers and sisters, all poor, forlorn,
He knew not, or only knew, to scorn.

In the palace a table was daily spread,
Where the rich and the noble were daintily fed,
And my other dear children were starving for bread.

In costly apparel, with jewels and gold,
Was one, and the others were ragged and cold.
This was the story the messenger told.

It was only a dream, but ah! ah me!
What a pitiful, pitiful, thing it would be
Had I truly such children way over the sea.

The dream made me ask, Does the Father
above,
Who holds all the earth in His infinite love,
Our use of His manifold blessings approve?
—*Helping Hand.*

THE DEVIL'S FOUR SERVANTS.

The devil has a great many servants. They are all busy and in all places. Some are all so vile looking that one instinctively turns from them in disgust; but some are so sociable, insinuating and plausible that they also deceive at times the very elect. Among the latter class are to be found the Devil's four chief servants. Here are their names:

- "There's No Danger."
- "Only This Once."
- "Everybody Does So."
- "By and by."

All four are cheats and liars. They mean to deceive you and cheat you out of heaven, and they will do it if you listen to them.—*Ec.*

WHAT TO READ AND HOW.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard one say, "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply, "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received a volume of Franklin's works.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read the simple and wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he read, the more interested he became. Ere long he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he had ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man.—*Ec.*

Six Rules of Life.

1. Never lose any time. Time spent in recreation is not lost.
 2. Never err the least from the truth.
 3. Never say an ill thing of a person when you can say a good thing. Not only speak charitably, but feel so.
 4. Never be irritable or unkind to any one.
 5. Never indulge in luxuries that are not necessary.
 6. Do all things with consideration.
- Temperance, virtue and morality in youth and young manhood are the surest guarantees of a happy and contented old age. Build for the future as well as for the present.—*Young Men's Era.*

God wants his children to find out that his hand is always within reach, no matter how dark it may look.

International S. S. Lessons.**9th Sept.****Jesus and Nicodemus.**Les. John 3: 1-16.
Mem. vs. 1-3.Gol. Text, 3: 16.
Catechism, 92, 93.

The Golden Text of this lesson is the Golden Text of the whole Bible.

The story of this lesson, the meeting between Christ and Nicodemus, took place in Jerusalem, at the first Passover feast after Jesus began His public ministry.

At this feast Jesus was working many miracles and all the people were wondering, and talking about Him.

Nicodemus, one of the chief rulers of the Jews heard about Him and wanted to learn more of him, so he decided to call upon Him. Nicodemus was a member of the Sanhedrim or supreme court of the Jews, and perhaps, about Passover time, he was very busy all day, and Jesus was busy too. Besides he wanted a quiet talk with the great teacher, undisturbed, so he called upon Jesus one evening after the day's work was done.

Jesus was probably alone in a guest chamber in the house of some friend. This chamber would be on the second story, the house top, and would be reached by an outside stair, and Nicodemus could get to Him without disturbing any of the family.

After tea, Nicodemus told his wife that he thought he would go and call on this young teacher from Nazareth who was doing such wonders. See him making his way to where Jesus is staying. He climbs the stair. "Salaam alaku," he says, "Peace to you," as we would say, "good-evening." The courteous prophet returns his greeting "Alaku mah salaam," to you also peace.

Nicodemus does not begin cautiously making inquiry. He at once says, "We know from the works that you are doing that God sent you and that He is with you."

Jesus replies by telling him that a wonder greater than any he has seen must take place in the heart of every one before they can enter into the kingdom of God, a wonder so great as this, viz.: that he must be born again.

How can this be, said Nicodemus, this is impossible.

"It is in this way," said Christ, "he must be made new in heart, with new hopes, loves, desires, aims, and this making new can only be done by the power of the spirit of God."

Christ mentions water, but he does not mean that water, as is the Spirit, is necessary to the new birth. He mentions it because the outward use of water in baptism is a sign

or type of the inward baptism of the Spirit that cleanses the soul from sin.

Then Christ goes on to tell of his own death. This was in the beginning of His ministry. It was two years before the death would come. He saw the cross before Him but He did not turn from it. He loved us too well for that.

In talking to Nicodemus, Christ tells him that it would be with himself as with the brazen serpent in the wilderness. He too would be lifted up upon the cross and all who look and trust to Him would be saved.

A great many precious lessons we learn here.

1. How much God loves us when He made such a sacrifice to save us from sin.

2. How Christ loved us when He gave Himself for us.

3. How great the danger and ruin of sin when He made such a sacrifice to save us from it.

4. If he saw the danger so great and did so much to save me from it, I should not think lightly of it.

Have you believed in Him?

Sept. 16.**Jesus at Jacob's Well.**Les. John 4: 9-26.
Men vs. 11-14.Gol. Text, John 4: 14.
Catechism Q. 91.

Little thought Samaria's daughter
On that ne'er forgotten day,
That the tender shepherd sought her
A sheep astray.

From the Nicodemus of last lesson to the Samaritan woman of this lesson is a journey of several months. That event was in Jerusalem, in the Spring time, at the Passover. This was in the following winter in the Province of Samaria.

When Jesus left Jerusalem, after last lesson, He spent some months in Judea, teaching. Many disciples joined Him. Some who had followed John now left him and followed Christ. Some of John's disciples were jealous, but John himself was not. He said "He must increase but I must decrease."

After a time Jesus decided to go north into Galilee, and in doing so He and His disciples had to pass through the Province of Samaria that lay between.

Travelling northward along a narrow valley, He would come to an opening in the hills to the left, another narrow valley running west. They turned into it, and a short distance up the valley, with Mt. Ebal rising on the right and Mt. Gerizim on the left, they came to the old well which Jacob had dug nearly two thousand years before, on his return from his long sojourn with his uncle Laban.

Jesus was tired. He sat and rested on a stone by the wall to rest while his disciples went to buy some bread.

Presently a woman came to get some water. It would be for some religious ceremony, for she could get water for common use more easily at some of the springs in the neighborhood. Jesus asked her for a drink. From his language or dress she knew him to be a Jew, and wondered that He should ask water from a Samaritan.

If you only knew who He is that is speaking to you said Christ, you would not stop to wonder, you would at once have asked living water, and I would have given it.

She was astonished just as Nicodemus was. How can these things be. You have nothing to draw with and the well is deep.

I do not mean this water, said Christ. He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but he that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.

What did He mean? He is speaking to her of the thirst of the soul, the unrest, the unsatisfied feeling, that he knew she had, and that all have who are not forgiven by Christ. And He means to tell her that if she only knew who He was, she would ask of Him forgiveness for her sins, and that he would grant it and give her peace and rest.

So Christ says to every restless anxious one. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

I heard the voice of Jesus say
Behold I freely give,
The Living Water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.

I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

23rd Sept.

Daniel's Abstinence.

Les. Dan. 1 : 8-20. Gol. Text, Dan. 1 : 8.
Mem. vs. 8, 9. Catechism Q. 95.

A SHORT AND SIMPLE STORY.

A country lad of fourteen or fifteen years of age, who had been well brought up by kind, loving and wise parents, was taken captive by some soldiers that had come into the country to conquer and plunder, and with others he was carried by them to their distant home.

The journey was long and weary. For hundreds of miles they travelled and he had to walk most of the way. Homesick, footsore, and often hungry, he would lie down at night in the open air and think longingly of friends and home.

But he was a brave lad and would not give way to grief. Better still, he trusted in God and he knew that He would care for him, so he kept up bravely and cheered up the other captives when they were discouraged.

At length the end of the journey was reached. The slaves were to be sold and scattered through the country. The king wanted some fine-looking healthy boys and this one was chose, with some others, for the king's service.

Here they had everything fine and costly; rich clothing, dainty food, and rare wines.

But our hero knew that rich dainty food, such as the king used was not good building material out of which to build up a strong body, and he knew also that when boys get to drinking beer or wine, it soon muddles the brain and clogs the body, and unfits them for making the best of themselves, and he asked as a favor that he might get simpler, plainer, food.

The man to whom he made the request thought it a strange one. Why, said he, you will get lean and thin. You will need these good things to fatten you up and make a man of you. The king will not be pleased if he sees you thin and poor looking. Try us for a few days, said the boys, and he and three other boys who were with him, lived for a few days on very plain food, and got fatter, and smarter, and stronger, each day.

All right, said the man in charge, your plain food seems to agree with you, you shall have it, and they were not tempted any more with dainties.

The boys kept to their resolution. They grew to be men, and the one of whom I have been telling you rose to be next to the king, the leading man in the government, and lived to an honored old age, being nearly ninety years old when he died.

The boy's name was Daniel. He lived nearly twenty-five hundred years ago. He was a Jew and was carried captive to Babylon. You have his story in the S.S. lesson for today.

Boys, when tempted to drink, remember that sixty thousand men, every year, die a drunkard's death. Sixty thousand boys must be found every year to take their places.

Wanted 60,000 Boys Yearly.

Do you feel like taking the place? No. Well do not touch the cup.

Remember too, that in other things as well as in strong drink we may defile ourselves by yielding to our appetite.

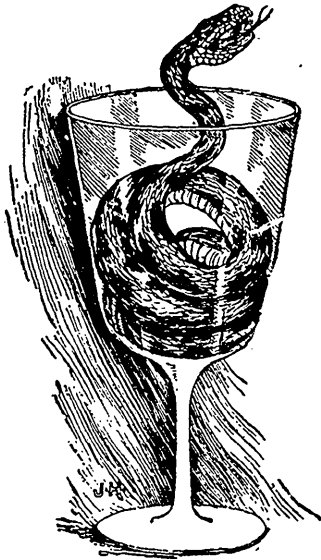
The worst kind of slavery is slavery to our appetites. Will you be a slave or a freeman.

Look to Christ to help you to freedom, and when tempted to yield to appetite.

Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose firm,
Dare to make it known.

[The picture for this lesson is on next page.]

At the last
It biteth like a serpent



And stingeth like an adder.

30th Sept.
Review.

Les. John 1 : 14-18 ; 3 : 13-16.
Golden Text, Mark 1 : 15.

Twelve lessons of the quarter have been about Christ, beginning with a babe in a manger at Bethlehem and ending with His sitting by a well and teaching wonderful words of life to the woman of Samaria.

Here is a good way to review the lessons of the quarter.

1. Let the members of the class tell in turn what the following people said and did in connection with the birth of Christ, viz :

The Angels—the shepherds—Simeon and Anna—the wise men—Herod.

2. Let the members of the class tell in turn the events in connection with the quarter's lessons, on the life of Christ, in the following places : Bethlehem—the temple—Egypt—Nazareth—the Jordan—the wilderness—Cana—Jerusalem—Jacob's well.

Oct. 7.

Jesus at Nazareth.

Les. Luke 4 : 16-30. Gol. Text, Heb. 12-25.
Mem. vs. 16-19. Catechism Q. 96.

In our lesson three Sabbaths ago, we left Christ, one December day, sitting on a stone by Jacob's well, telling the Samaritan woman about the water of life, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst.

In to day's lesson, four months later, the following April, we find him paying a visit to his native town. Nazareth.

It was fifteen months since he had quit working there as a carpenter, and gone down to the Jordan to be baptized. Since that He has been teaching chiefly in Judea.

After this time of absence He pays a visit home. He wants His old friends to share in the blessings of His kingdom. Sabbath day comes round. He goes to meeting in the church with the others. There is many a hand shake as old friends greet Him once more. They have heard He is a famous teacher, and are proud of their little town.

On Sabbath seven persons were called upon in turn to read. It is more than a year since he has been with them and taken His turn, so He is called upon. He reads a passage from Isaiah, gives back the roll of parchment to the attendant, and sits down to speak.

They have heard great reports about His teaching and are eager to hear Him. They listen. But what is this they hear. "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." What presumption! Does He claim to be the one spoken of in Scripture? Does He make Himself so much greater than they are? Then He goes on and mentions what was done for a Gentile and a leper.

This is intolerable. Are they to be compared to Gentiles and lepers. They are furious, and in a rough surging mob, they hustle Him out of the meeting house, up the hill to where there is a steep high rock, to throw Him over and put Him to death.

You watch them as they near the place. You expect to see the preacher pitched over the rock and fall a mangled mass beneath.

But look; you watch to see him hurled over the precipice, and you see Him calmly walking away, and they, falling back, right and left, to make way for Him, gnashing their teeth in helpless rage, and then stragging back, angry, defeated, to their homes.

He has brought the Gospel to them. They have driven Him out or rather have tried to kill Him, and he leaves them.

Once more, several months later, He came back to offer them again the word of life. Again they spurned Him and He came no more.

Jesus comes to you when you are young. He comes to-day. Beware and do not reject Him, lest He go from you and come no more.

MISSION OFFERING HYMN, FOR CHILDREN.

TUNE—"Jesus, keep me near the Cross."

Take the gift, O Saviour, King,
Here I come presenting;
With my love the gift I bring,
All my heart consenting.

CHORUS.

Cheerfully, willingly,
Here I bring my off'ring;
Use it for thy service, Lord,
Banish sin and suff'ring.

Send thy gospel far away
To the lands of sorrow;
Let the light of God's sweet day
Bring a glad to-morrow.

For our own home-land we pray,
Blessed be thy great kindness;
May thy gospel have full sway,
Conq'ring darkest blindness.

Bless the little store I give;
Make it tenfold greater;
Grant me grace to thee to live,
Who art my Creator. —Sel

WHEN TO REVENGE A WRONG.

A haughty favorite of an Oriental monarch, who was passing along the highway—so runs the story—threw a stone at a poor dervish or priest. The dervish did not dare to throw it back at the man who had assaulted him, for the favorite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone and put it carefully in his pocket, saying to himself: "The time for revenge will come by and by, and then I will repay him for it." Not long afterwards this same dervish, in walking through the city, saw a great crowd coming toward him. He hastened to see what was the matter, and found, to his astonishment, that his enemy, the favorite, who had fallen into disgrace with the king, was being paraded through the principal streets on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace. The dervish, seeing all this, hastily grasped at the stone which he carried in his pocket, saying to himself, "The time for revenge has now come, and I will repay him for his insulting conduct. But, after considering a moment, he threw the stone away, saying: "The time for revenge never comes; for if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous as well as foolish; and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish, it is mean and cruel. And in all cases it is forbidden and wicked."

DON BLANCO.

Don Angel Blanco, a missionary of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, laboring in Spain, was born at Burgos, about fifty-four years ago.

His parents were bigoted Romanists, and early destined him for the priesthood. He entered as a novice the convent of St. Vincent de Paul when he was seventeen, and at twenty-four was ordained a missionary of that Order. Convent life was made uncomfortable for him by his superiors, and so he left the convent and devoted himself to pastoral work, and was appointed to the work of large parish in Madrid.

A severe illness brought him face to face with death, and he realized that he had no preparation to die. He went then to a rural parish, where he laboured for some time. The terror of death which he witnessed at the death-beds which he visited, and especially the doubts and fears of two aged and venerable priests, showed him that his Church was unable to teach men how to die in faith and peace. Troubled and disappointed, he could no longer bring himself to perform the duties of the priesthood, and so he retired from it as far as he was permitted, and supported himself by tuitions.

In 1871 he went to hear Senior Carrasco preach in a Protestant mission hall in Seville. The text was, "Lord to whom shall we go? Though hast the words of eternal life," and the preacher contrasted Jesus Christ with the false saviour of Romanism and of the human heart, and held Him up as the One True, Almighty, All-sufficient, Saviour of men.

When the preacher came down from the pulpit, Blanco threw his arms around him sobbing for joy, and exclaiming in a broken voice, "Yes, I see it now; I go to Him for eternal life."

He joined Carrasco's congregation in Madrid, and became a teacher of the school in connection with it. Soon after, he was employed as a missionary, where he has laboured for the last 19 years.

His health had not been good for some time, but he was able to do his work as usual up till a week before his death. After preaching on Sabbath evening, April 18th, he caught a chill and had to go to bed with a feverish cold. The next Tuesday he died.

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