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GO YE IN TO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



CONTENTS

Some Thoughts for Young People .....	18
A Picnic in India .....	20
The First Wrong Button .....	21
The Lottery Ticket .....	22
A Little Maiden's Plea .....	23
Bad Reading .....	23
Learn to be Self-Reliant .....	23
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Campbell, India .....	24
Chick's Revenge .....	26
Talks about China .....	28
He Gave the Seven Cents .....	29
Good Rules, - Be Prompt .....	29
Sabbath School Lessons .....	30



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

## SOME THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

## I.

**W**HEN do men begin to train a horse if they wish him to be good for anything? When he is a colt, certainly. And if boys and girls wish to be men and women, noble and good and true, they must begin now. Especially if they wish to be Christian men and women they should start for that goal by giving themselves now to Christ. He loves to have the young and He makes glad and bright their lives.

## II.

The church members of a few years hence, the ministers, and elders, and Sabbath school teachers are now boys and girls. They are among you, young people. If you are to be useful workers in the church then you should begin now. "How shall I begin?" By doing well the part that you now have to do, learning your lessons, being in your place in Sabbath school and church, collecting your missionary money, praying for the church and its work.

## III.

Another thing you should do is to learn about our church; what her name is, how large she is, what work she is doing at home and abroad, then you will be able to help so much the more when you grow up. And now I am going to ask you something. I will ask you to tell me what the name of our church is, why she is called that, and how large she is, and what work she is doing at home and abroad. I want you to write me a short essay on the subject, of not more than two hundred words and perhaps some of your essays will do to print. I would like to print a lot of them.

## IV.

You should feel that this work of our church is your own work. You have a part in it. You are a shareholder. The missionaries are doing your work, you are helping to support them, and when you read about them you should remember that it is your work

they are doing and you should take an interest in seeing that they do it well.

## V.

When you are voting your money which you have collected in your mission bands and societies, you should remember that this work of your church has the first claim upon you. It is yours. The Home Mission work, the French work, the Foreign Mission work, is your work, and you should see whether this is supported, before you vote your money away to other things, even to other missions, because we are bound to support our own missionaries, and then after that if we have money to help others, all well.

## VI.

Your own work this year is in great need. You hear elder people talk about the "hard times." Many people cannot give as they used to do, and there is not enough money coming in to keep your missionaries, and all that you can give is needed for that purpose to the funds of your own church. Your missionaries are doing your work and you are bound to help them in it.

## VII.

A boy was at a missionary meeting. He was deeply interested, the collection was being taken. He was very poor and had nothing to give. He did not know what to do. The plate came along. Hold it lower, said he. Lower still. Put it on the floor. It was done. He stepped into it. He gave himself, and when he grew up he became a missionary. Some of you young people will give yourselves to do the Lord's work at home and abroad. It will be a grand offering for Him who gave Himself for you.

## VIII.

Now for the essays, let hundreds of them come. Get the knowledge everywhere you can. Ask your parents, your teachers, your ministers, look up books or papers, get what you can in any way you can and send it. It will help yourselves and perhaps others.

## IX.

Prizes of one dollar each will be given for these essays as follows:—1. A prize for the best one written by young people under nine

years of age. 2. A prize for the best between nine and twelve years of age. 3. For the best between twelve and fifteen years. 4. Between fifteen and eighteen. 5. Between eighteen and twenty-one. 6. An additional prize will be given for the best essay of the whole.

## X.

The conditions are the following. Each one must write his or her own essay. Get knowledge wherever you can, but compose and write it yourself. It must not be more than two hundred words. All essays must be mailed in time to reach here by the first of March. Do not write your name on the essay. Write your age upon it, and your name upon a separate piece of paper, and send it along with the essay. Give facts and figures as briefly and neatly as you can.

If this plan succeeds, I will give you something else to write about and some more prizes.

**A queer chick.** I mean the Chick that the story on page 26 tells about, and yet I think there are a good many such queer people among our young readers, and they are the good and happy ones who are going to make the good men and women in the world. "Vengeance belongeth unto me," saith God. But there is one kind of revenge that He allows us to take and that is "Chick's."

**That picnic.** Which Mrs. Wilkie tells about on page twenty, would have been a curious one to us. We would like to see it, but we would not like to live on its food, split peas, red pepper, garlic, potatoes, onions, all boiled together. Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a-a-a, picnic. But they enjoyed it and it is because your missionaries have gone and put some new light and life into the dull sad lives of many that they are able to enjoy life's good.

**The big earrings.** Margaret McKellar M.D., one of our medical missionaries in India tells of one place that she visited where the women have holes made in their ears when

they are young. They keep putting something larger and heavier in as time passes by until at length the opening is so large that they can put their hand through it and the lower part of it hangs down on the shoulder. When the women become Christians they put off these great piles of jewelry to show that they have put away their heathenism, but they cannot get their ears back to their right shape. So if you allow bad habits and sins to come into your young lives, you may break them off in later years and be forgiven, but you can never get rid of the scars, the memories, that they cause.

**A good story.** On page 22 you will find a story which boys especially should read. Remember that there are a good many ways of gambling. All games of chance played for money, no matter how little, is gambling. You will see in the story how terrible is the power of the gambling habit. Never give it a chance to begin by having anything to do with it. The Bible says, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Judged by its fruits, gambling is one of the worst things that boys or men can indulge.

## HOW TO DO GOOD.

You want to know how to do good, my dear?  
Believe me when I say:  
You can do more good by being good  
Than in any other way.

"Now are ye light in the Lord," we read,  
Then walk as a child of the light;  
You will make this world of sin and need  
With heaven's own glory bright.

The light of heaven, my dear, is love,  
It shines like a golden sun;  
It warms the cold, dead hearts of men  
And quickens every one.

So open your heart to love divine,  
Let it shine in first, my dear,  
And then shine out to guide and bless  
And purify and cheer.

If you grow like Jesus, sweet and pure  
And kind and good and true,  
Your ready hands and feet each day  
Will deeds of mercy do.—Sel.

## A PICNIC IN INDIA.

INDORE, India, Nov. 2, 1893.

## DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:

**D** When you read the heading of this you naturally think of a well-dressed, happy looking company of boys and girls, with dainty baskets filled with choice luxuries, hastening to some cool, pleasant woods.

Come with me to the station at Indore, early in the morning, where are 150 people assembled in groups, not in dainty white frocks and laces, but in garbs of many shades and colors, some, perhaps, rather scanty, and many shivering, for it is the rainy season with its fever and cold, caused too often from want of substantial food. Instead of dainty baskets are bags of flour, vegetables, and country baskets containing native sweets.

Special carriages having been secured they are soon safely packed in them, and slowly we make our way to a place called Patal-Pani (Water of Hell), where there is a pretty water fall, plenty of level ground, a beautiful grove of trees and a house belonging to the railway, but kindly placed at our disposal for the day.

To boys and girls at home the fun is most thought of in such outings, and to some extent this was the case here; but to most, the bags and baskets were all important, and eager busy hands at once began the preparations for the dinner. The sweetmeats were distributed, as the preparation of the food would take some time.

Games were started, such as baseball, running races, swings, etc., but outside of the "Home" boys few showed the enthusiasm seen at home. Our games are new to the people and under-fed bodies do not readily rise above natural and climatic listlessness. The "Home" boys—sturdy, well-fed fellows, and trained athletes—took the lead, and the Europeans did what they could, though you know some of us are not as young as we once were, some of us playing baseball for the first time since girlhood.

But let us go over and see the food being prepared. The flour is emptied into large flat brass dishes, mixed with water and salt,

kneaded and shaped into small buns. A number of flat cakes of dried cow's manure are in the mean time, by other hands, set on fire, and when burning well, the so-called buns are thrown upon it to bake. This hot fire browns and somewhat cooks the outside, and so hot ashes are drawn to one side and into this they are put, to cook them through and through. When properly done they are shaken in a towel or sheet and then thrown into boiling or hot ghee (clarified butter), to give them the final relish.

Whilst some are doing this others are preparing the curries or rather the vegetable preparations that are to accompany the bread. In one pot there is put a mixture of dal, like split peas, red pepper, and many other seasonings, whilst in the other is a mixture of potatoes, onions, garlic, red pepper, etc. These are boiled for nearly two hours and then are ready to be served to the many hungry ones who had been hanging about with wistful eyes, and to whom the whole was to be a great treat.

For plates they have leaves kept together with a thorn; for knives they have their fingers, and for a spoon they have a piece of bread. The brass lota that all carry with them here, served for their drinking cup, and afterwards their wash basin, etc.

This large company of very hungry people, 150 in all, were fully satisfied with food for the whole day for Rs 22 10 3, or in other words about \$7.50. Can you do better than that? A more thoroughly satisfied crowd I have seldom seen, as they made their way back to the train, and then about half past seven reached Indore.

You cannot, however, hear the music and singing that all day long filled the air, sometimes by small groups and again by the whole company accompanied by the concertina, violin, cymbals, native drums, and even clapping of hands when they were particularly pleased. To be appreciated, this requires a cultivated, or rather naturalized ear.

The picnic was thought of to counteract and to show to these new Christians the contrast between the gatherings of Christians and others in this land, and this we believe we accomplished.

It also did a great deal towards lessening the fear that those poor people had of us, the result of stories that have been circulated about us by the priests and those opposed to us, such as that we wanted to carry off their women and children. We have been trying to get some of their children into the beginnings of our Industrial Home, and have succeeded in getting into it ten boys and nine girls, but only by a great deal of patient effort, as they feared the dreadful stories told by their old friends and spiritual teachers might have some truth in them.

Our picnic did much to create confidence and break down reserve, for which we are very grateful. In the last year 58 have been baptized, and already the change in the habits and lives of these poor people is very marked, but not without much bitter persecution.

Our old faithful worker, Khan-Singh, who has been so blessed in his work amongst them, has especially come in for the enmity of the evil one, and only by an accident, from a human point of view, did he escape from a plot that was arranged to waylay and so get rid of the old man. Another was waylaid and very severely beaten, and all have been threatened and insulted, but this all only seems to make them the more earnest and increases their influence, as the work continues to grow in a way that is intensely interesting, in view of the past dearth of results in the mission.

They have much to give up and much to learn, but He whom they trust can do all for them, and we hope those at home who have none of these difficulties to face will pray for them, that they may become faithful co-workers with Jesus in His work in this dark land.

The harvest truly is great, but as true is it that the laborers are few—very few. We have fifteen Sabbath-schools for the men and boys, one in the college building and the rest under the shade of a tree, in a grass hut, rented room, or wherever a number can be got together, and if he had but the workers and supervisors these might be increased almost indefinitely.

The greater number of the scholars in these schools are children, and our hope here as elsewhere lies in the young. Missionaries of much experience tell us that unless these are got under 14, the difficulties of leading them aright are infinitely increased, as children are early brought under influences that destroy the innocency of childhood and seriously injure their morals.

You will, therefore, be glad, I am sure to aid as you can, the work of early leading these young minds to him who alone can keep their feet from falling.

Yours very sincerely,

AGNES W. WILKIE.

#### THE FIRST WRONG BUTTON.

"Dear me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong," and she tugged and fretted, as if the poor buttons were at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said mamma. "The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because the first one was wrong.

One more good lesson this story teaches. If young people want to have life right, they should begin right. A dress may be unbuttoned if it is wrong and made right, but you cannot go back over life and unbutton it. The years may be made better, but if you want to have life all right you must begin right. You will never have this year over again and you must make it day by day what you would like it to be.

## THE LOTTERY TICKET.



SAD little story has just come to me which I transcribe for my readers, though it is only one among thousands far more tragical in their ending.

Tom Armstrong, an intelligent, industrious young mechanic, married, at twenty-two, a girl in his own class of life, very pretty, with some little education, and a burning ambition to rise in life.

"She ain't going to be satisfied till we own a nice house and lot, and have money in the bank, and I am at the top of the ladder," Tom would say laughing. "She is always at work. I tell her she's in too great a hurry to be rich; but she says if she don't have money when she is young enough to enjoy it, she don't want it at all."

"Well, I suppose you are laying up something," the friend to whom he was speaking answered.

"Oh, yes. I get good wages, and I'm never sick, and Linda keeps the purse. I don't really know how much we have, for Linda will not tell me for fear I might want to borrow some," he said laughing.

"Well, it is a good thing when a woman is so saving and industrious as Linda," his friend said. "The purse is safest in her hands."

Several years rolled on, and two children came to the Armstrong household. Tom had had one or two attacks of illness, and was not as strong as he used to be. The doctor said there was valvular trouble with his heart, but by avoiding all excitement he would probably live to a good old age. So he worked on steadily, and continued to lay up money every year. Neither he nor his wife had any confidence in banks or investments, so the money accumulated and was kept in the home.

They had enough to buy a modest cottage, but that did not suit Linda's ambition. "We'll hold on, Tom, till we can buy real valuable property," she said, "and then when Mary and Edward are grown, they'll have a home to be proud of. I don't want any half-way house, but a roomy, nice home with garden's back, and flower's in front."

So she worked on cheerfully till one evil day, when Tom found her in the greatest excitement. Oh, Tom! she cried, "what do you think! Harry Eldridge has drawn a prize in the Louisiana Lottery. He borrowed five dollars, and he bought the fourth of the ticket that drew \$100,000! Now he is worth \$25,000! Just think of it. Poor, shiftless Harry Eldridge, that never could make both ends meet, and his wife too lazy to mend her

children's clothes, or get a decent meal for them. She ran in here to tell me the good luck; and they're going to buy Smalley's house, and she says they're lookin' round for a housemaid. Oh, dear! to think how we toiled and moiled for so little, and those people, who never did anything to help themselves or anyone else, having so much money!"

She burst into a passion of tears, to Tom's dismay and astonishment.

"What's come to you, Linda," he said, "that you are crying over Eldridge's good luck? I'm not sure of its being good luck either. I've never seen real good come to those who win money by gambling. If they gain in one thing they lose in another, and I'm opposed on principle to lotteries, as I've always told you. Wait and see if Eldridge is better for that money."

"I wish I had it," she cried, defiantly; "I'd take the risk. If you wasn't so full of ridiculous old-fashioned notions, we would have a chance of getting rich, too. I'm sick to death of this life!"

She flung out of the room, leaving her husband too stunned to answer her. Rarely before through their happy married life had there been a harsh or recriminating word.

"Poor little woman," thought Tom, after a few minutes, "I reckon she's nervous and overworked, and it does seem hard those people should be so much more favoured than she."

From that day a change took place in Linda. She continued to work, but sullenly, and as it were under protest, and became harsh to the children. One night when she and Tom were sitting silently by the fire, for she had lost her chatty ways, she turned suddenly to him.

"I'm going to ask you a favour, Tom," she said; "and I don't think I've asked you one before, and you musn't say no."

"What is it, my dear?" Tom asked, rejoicing, at this restoration of harmony.

"I want you to buy a lottery ticket or let me buy one. I dreamed of a winning number last night, and I can't rest until I have my chance."

"Then I'm afraid you won't rest," he said, sternly provoked at her insistence. "Haven't I told you what I think of gambling in every shape or form? And neither you nor any one else will ever tempt me to do what I know is wrong."

She turned from him angrily and left the room. It was altogether a miserable state of affairs, and the visits she paid to the new house of the Eldridges only added to her misery.

"Why don't you buy a lottery ticket?" Mrs. Eldridge drawled. "You'll have as good a chance as we had."

"Tom won't listen to it," she answered gloomily.

"Well, I wouldn't ask him. You keep the money, and goodness knows it's as much yours as his, for you've worked hard enough for it. Buy a lottery ticket, and don't tell him that you have it. If it turns up a prize, I bet he won't fuss about your gettin' it."

Linda made no answer, but her mind was made up. She thought of the anger of her husband if he ever found out that she had disobeyed him, but her mania was too strong upon her for her to weight it in the balance. Of course the ticket she bought came up a blank, but the gambling demon had taken possession of her, and month after month the hoard diminished, and she grew fiercely eager to redeem her losses and prevent discovery.

One morning her husband came in smiling and jubilant.

"I've just been paid for Ross's big house I've been building," he cried laughing. "That's \$300 clear, little woman, and I want you to come back to your old self, and give up pouting. Thought I had forgotten you, didn't you, and all the time I've been working and planning to give you a surprise?"

"You remember Lawson's beautiful house you used to long for? Well, I bought it this morning, and with this three hundred and the money we've saved up we've got very nearly enough to pay for it cash down. Get out the pocketbook, deary; I'm in a hurry to get back and get the bill of sale made out. My God! What is the matter with you, Linda?"

White-faced and wild-eyed, Linda had thrown off her husband's hand, and stood there trembling in every limb and gasping to breath.

"I've been too sudden with my good news, dear," he said tenderly, trying to take her in his arms.

But she struggled from his grasp, and covered her face with her hands.

"There's no money left!" she cried wildly. "I spent it all for lottery tickets. I thought I must win at last, and I took it, and took and lost every time."

At first he did not seem to comprehend the meaning of her words, but, as it broke upon him, he put his hand to his weakened heart, and with a gasping sigh sank on a seat which stood near. It was all over in a minute, poor Tom's hope and despair, and death; but as the miserable woman, with a piercing scream, fell on her knees beside him, and took the dead hand, which had worked so faithfully for her, in her own, she realized the evil she had wrought—the evil which is wrought day by day by the lottery in once happy homes and united hearts, the evil whose end no man may see.—*The Household*.

## A LITTLE MAIDEN'S PLEA.

### RECITATION.

1. I'm only four years old,  
Yet I'm old enough to say,  
If we truly love our Saviour,  
His words we will obey.
2. When He went from earth to heaven  
He gave this last command:  
"Go preach the Gospel message  
To every tribe and land."
3. All can not cross the ocean;  
But our work right here is found;  
So I'd like to ask the president,  
To "pass the hat around."—C. S. C.  
—Sel.

### BAD READING.

The other day a little fellow sat reading a book, when suddenly he saw his father coming along. He put the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that, and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they are ashamed of. Open out every page you read, full and free, in God's light and presence, as you must, and if it is not fit to be opened so, do not read it at all.

Bad reading is deadly poison, and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers. Yes, and more, it's far worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you, young folks, I wouldn't stand it.

### LEARN TO BE SELF-RELIANT.

People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for something to cling to or lean upon. Once down they are utterly helpless, and can never find their feet again without assistance. Such silken fellows no more resemble self-made men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones, and deriving determination from defeat, than bushes resemble oaks. It is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from energetic action, by assisting them over obstacles which they ought to be able to surmount alone. Did a man ever learn to swim well who placed his whole confidence in a cork jacket? The assistance may be of advantage for a few lessons, but he who would learn to take care of himself must cast aside all such supports.



MR. AND MRS. J. F. CAMPBELL.  
OUR MISSIONARIES IN RUTLAM, INDIA.

**O**NE by one you are getting acquainted with our missionaries. First you met Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie from Efate, New Hebrides. Then you took a far journey to Formosa, and saw Dr. and Mrs. Mackay. Another long journey by sea and land brought us to Trinidad, where Messrs. Morton and Grant gave us

Breton, down by the sea. After his school days at home he decided to study for the ministry and went to Glasgow, Scotland, for that purpose.

When he had completed his college course, he came back to Nova Scotia, and after laboring for a time as assistant minister in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, he was settled in 1871 as pastor of a congregation, Richmond and N. W. Arm, in the suburbs of Halifax. When here he used to take his summer vaca-



REV. J. FRASER CAMPBELL.

a welcome and their pictures. And now another long voyage from Trinidad, where our mission is to the immigrants from India to India itself whence the immigrants come.

In Central India as in Central China, are our mission fields. To-day we visit India and I will introduce you to our two Canadian missionaries who have been longest in that field, Rev. James Fraser Campbell and Mrs. Campbell.

Mr. Campbell was born in Baddeck, Cape

tions preaching in destitute places that had little of the gospel.

All this time, India, with the claims of its millions was pressing heavily upon him, and in 1875, he gave up his congregation to go there as a missionary.

In due time he arrived there and after visiting different parts of that great Empire decided to settle in Central India. This was almost the beginning of our Mission in India and Mr. Campbell may be looked upon as one of its founders.

For nearly seventeen years he has labored under India's sun, preaching the gospel in hundreds of towns and villages to those who knew it not. He is older now than he looks in the picture but young in heart as ever.

#### MRS. J. F. CAMPBELL.

Mrs. J. F. Campbell's maiden name was one well known in Nova Scotia, and one which young people should gratefully remember, for Rev. Dr. Forrester, her father, was

They were no doubt both lonely at times, and so after a time, Mr. Campbell, hinting no doubt that such was the case, and perhaps also reminding her that the apostles were sent out two and two, proposed that they should henceforth work together instead of separately.

Busy busy lives they lead in their station in the city of Rutlam. Mr. Campbell with his helpers, visits and preaches the gospel in the many towns and villages within a distance



MRS. J. FRASER CAMPBELL.

for many years superintendent of education there and Principal of the Normal School, and in this way did a great deal to help the young people of after years in fitting themselves for life.

When the call came from India for young women to go and teach the women of India, who, shut up in their Zenanas, were beyond the reach of missionaries, Miss Forrester volunteered to go as one and was appointed to the work.

of several miles around. He looks after schools, last year they had seven Sabbath schools, distributes books and tracts, &c, &c, while Mrs. Campbell, with equal energy and zeal gives herself to work among the women.

The RECORD and its readers unite in the wish and prayer, that for many years to come they may be spared, young in heart as their days lengthen and their locks whiten, to carry on together the blessed work to which they have given their lives.



### CHICK'S REVENGE.

It bother it!" and with the exclamation Chick shot up into the air.

When he had regained his footing on *terra firma*, a look of pain and passion was on his face.

"Hullo, what's up?" asked one of his fellow-messengers, in a happy-go-lucky sort of tone.

"I was up just now, but if I get the fellow who put that tack on that form I'll send him up," said Chick, as he cast his eyes towards a group of his amused comrades gathered in a corner of the office. He stared for an instant, his wild eyes fixed on their smiling faces, as if to detect, if possible, a trace of the culprit. But no; all of them, if not as sober as judges, because of their exuberant mirth, were at least as free as judges from all trace of circumstantial evidence against them.

"That was you, Dickey Bruce," said Chick, in the heat of his passion, laying the blame on the likeliest one of the company. "Just you wait now; see if I don't pay you back for that:" and, with a significant shake of the head, he turned away, vowing within himself to have revenge. And so he would; but something happened, and second thoughts changed his mind.

The office work had been dull that morning; and to wear away the tedium of waiting, the restless boyish spirit found vent in a practical joke, with the result described.

Although it was by the merest chance Chick had fastened his accusation on Dickey, it happened to be placed upon the right shoulders. Perhaps an everyday acquaintance with Dickey had helped Chick with a clue to the culprit. Dickey was the ringleader of not a few of the messengers who were simple enough to be led into his tricks, and was known as an "old hand" at the tack trick.

Genuine enough as Chick's threat had been, it had but little effect on such a daring spirit as Dickey; in fact, it troubled no one more than it did Chick himself. For no sooner had it passed his lips, and he had turned away, than Chick felt within himself that something was wrong in it. He did not always feel that way, but since that day on which a something happened in his life that made his conscience tender and his nature new, it had never been easy for Chick to harbour long such threats within his heart. So it came about that no sooner had his passion subsided, and he had come to himself, than he was trying to devise a means of putting it away.

Three days after the tack incident, news was brought to the office that Dickey Bruce was unable to come on duty. He had caught a chill and was dangerously ill in bed.

Not a few of his fellow-messengers were awed by the news, for Dickey had always seemed of a healthy build, and had what the

boys called "go" in him. But the strongest must submit at times. It was Dickey's turn now.

To Chick the news of Dickey's illness only served to intensify the horrors of that threat. With a keen sense of what is meant to return "good for evil," his mind was more than ever exercised about how to wipe it out. Should he write a letter to Dickey and tell him he would forgive him? Should he ask to see him, and tell him it was all right? What if he should never see him again? Such thoughts were continually rising in Chick's mind and would not be dispelled. How he got peace of mind and made it right with Dickey, we shall see.

It was Christmas Day. Chick had seen no less than sixteen Christmas Days in his existence, but this particular one surpassed them all as being a genuine "Christmassy Christmas." The snow fell all day in heavy showers, and lay deep upon the ground. Every article of Chick's equipment was in full use—leggings, overcoat and cape; and even these seemed insufficient for the stress of the storm. To trudge through the elements, however, was preferable to sitting cold and damp, as it kept the limbs in action and natural heat.

It was with a grim sort of satisfaction Chick heard the delivery clerk call "Number 24D."

Buckling his cape tightly about his neck and pulling his hat as far down on his ears as possible, he set himself to face the storm. Scarcely had he gone a hundred yards from the office door, when, pressing forward with his head bent, doing battle with the storm, he was struck by something like a bandbox, being carried along on the wings of the wind. Chick staggered for an instant. On recovering himself he found the object of assault, at his feet, was nothing more than a gent's tile hat. Its owner, exhausted with the excitement of the chase, was at his side in an instant.

"Hullo, my lad, did it hurt you?" he asked, in a kindly voice. "Thanks; I hope the knock wasn't severe," he added, as Chick handed him his headgear.

"No, sir; only a new style of Christmas box," said Chick, who had not yet abandoned his old habit of punning.

"Ah, well, we'll make amends in the 'old style,'" said the gent, as he drew from his pocket a shilling and placed it in Chick's hand.

"Thank you, sir," said Chick; and each passed on his way.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that shilling had been hoped for—yes, and prayed for, too—by Chick, that very morning. How it was to come he didn't quite know, and little thought of it that moment when its forerunner almost knocked him off his feet. Chick never did seem like a

lad with much religion in his life, at least of that type which exists only for parade; but for all that he had a deeply honest and earnest religion in his boyish heart, and a firm belief in prayer was a big part of it.

Now that that shilling had come, he felt a little the embarrassment of riches. What should he do with it? Oh, to be off duty, was his next desire; and his joy and eagerness quickened his steps and carried him on his errand, heedless of the rough effects of wind and weather. Long before the hour of release he had settled his plan.

The moment of freedom was no sooner gained than he was off to the nearest fruit store, bent on a purchase. When his requests had been complied with, and a little note had been enclosed in his box of fruit, he left it in the hands of the shopkeeper, to be conveyed to its destination.

But after all this great transaction he had still threepence in hand. As he moved along the dull deserted street, contemplating how he should best lay out the surplus to advantage, his attention was attracted by a cold and wretched looking urchin, crouching in a doorway for shelter from the still falling snow. The hoarse croak of the child's voice as it tried to sell its "ex" noos, went home to the sympathetic heart of Chick, and made him stop to speak. Chick drew from the shivering little form the too common story of ill-usage, poverty and pain, and he felt with all the sympathy of a larger experience for the friendless little urchin. Taking from his own warm wrists the thick woollen mits which protected them, he put them on the cold, damp hands of the child. The very kindness of the action seemed to carry warmth in it, for the joy of the little heart gleamed through its bleared and swollen eyes. Then off at once Chick sped to the nearest cook-shop. In a few seconds he was back, bearing a steaming hot pie and a substantial scone. Truly a royal feast for this little neglected one. With a kind and cheering word he left the youngster to enjoy his Christmas fare.

Chick had now expended all his wealth, and had nothing left to spend on himself. Ah, no! True, he had spent it all on others, but unconsciously had reaped a satisfaction he could never have had had it been spent on self. His kindly actions had purchased a pleasure money could not buy. He had given his all for the sake of others, and so had gained the highest happiness, and in his boyish way had preached that Christmas gospel of "Good will to all men."

But Chick's doings did not end there. That same night Dickey Bruce was surprised to receive a box, bearing his full name and address, and evidently all for himself. It was a puzzle to Dickey to know who in the world was so

thoughtful as to send *him* a Christmas box. But the puzzle was soon solved.

When the box was opened, on the top of its contents, which presented a most delicious smell and inviting look, Dickey found a small, neatly folded note. It was written in a boyish hand.

When Dickey read it, something like a mist seemed to gather in his eyes. Do we wonder it was so when this is what he read?—

MY DEAR DICKEY.—This is a small present to cheer up your Christmas. Never mind about the tack affair; that's all right now. I said I would pay you back; so this is my revenge.—Believe me your office chum, Chick.

"To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much."

Does there seem to be nothing heart-thrilling in these simple terms? Well, perhaps they fail to thrill other hearts, but God knows it was with many a heart-throb that little note was penned by Chick and read by Dickey: and Chick's revenge was not in vain.

We have no sensational ending to our story. No, Dickey did not die. Better than that, he lived; and, better still, his life was spent in doing good.

In after days when he returned to his work in the office, it was Chick he sought for as a companion; and now, instead of being ring-leader to a gang of simpletons in every mode of wrong-doing, he was content to be led into "continually doing good" by that honest boyish heart that took such strange revenge.

"Not such a bad *up-shot* after all, you tack business, was it, Dickey?" Chick would remark in his humorous way.

"No, and a proper *sweet* revenge," Dickey would add with a significant smile.

There are few boys like that, you say. Yes, there are few; but we know some such, and it is to increase their number the story of "Chick's Revenge" has been recorded here. Will you add to the number of those who love much, because "their sins which are many have *all* been forgiven?"

B. McCALL BARBOUR,

*In the Christian.*

There was a very rich farmer who would never own that he had any thing to be thankful for in the way of profits. The parson once said to him during a very fine harvest season. Come, Mr. Jones, you can have nothing to complain about this year, at all events!" "I can't say that," said the farmer. "Still you can't say what is amiss." He thought a bit, and then replied very grudgingly, "Well, you see, there will be no spoil hay for the young calves."

Don't grumble. The bad habit grows.

## TALKS ABOUT CHINA.

**I**N China on every New Year's Morning each man and boy, from the emperor to the lowest peasant, pays a visit to his mother. He carries her a present, thanks her for all she has done for him, and asks a continuance of her favor another year. The Chinese are taught to believe that mothers have an influence for good over their sons all through the year.

The farmer lad gets very little schooling, but the son of a merchant or teacher or official has a better chance. School keeps nearly all the year, and there are no Saturday or Sunday holidays. Early in the morning, at sunrise, the boy starts for school, and with but two intermissions remains there until sunset. The boy commences to go to school when six years of age. Girls are seldom sent to school.

A Chinese school makes itself heard long before it is seen, for each scholar is learning his task off by heart, repeating it over and over again in a loud, sing-song tone of voice, till it is fixed in the memory, and when thirty or forty boys are doing this at the same time it sounds as loud as the roaring of the ocean.

A Chinaman, in greeting you, instead of shaking your hands, clasps his two hands together and moves them up and down a few inches in front of himself several times. When he is very polite the hands are raised up as high as the forehead while he makes a profound bow. Ladies do not do this, but clutch the left hand sleeve with the right hand and imitate the same motion.

A Chinaman frequently has several names. A month after his birth he receives his "milk name." When he starts to school he is given a "book name." When he is married he is given a "great name." On taking a degree or on entering official life he receives his "official name." After death he is known by his posthumous name in the Hall of Ancestors. There are also "house names," "flowery names," etc. Girls are given a "milk name," a "marriage name," and nicknames.

The beggar boy is common. Summer or winter he is up early and out on the road, watching for the carts or litters carrying travellers to and from the great cities. He hails the occupant with a cry, "Venerable sir, venerable sir! give me a cash!" It does not matter whether the traveller is old or young; he calls him old, as no other mode of address would be respectful. Perhaps the traveller does not give at once. Then the boy runs ahead, drops on his knees for an instant, knocks his head to the ground, and scrambling to his feet again, runs after the cart with the same cry as before. The greater part of the year the little beggar is clad only in a suit of brown which nature has provided.

On some of the holidays you will see a group of boys in front of some temple playing at shuttlecock. The game is played by only one at a time. The object of the game is to see how many times the player, who stands on one foot, can knock the shuttlecock into the air with the other foot without once falling to the ground.

The Chinese wear nothing that is tight-fitting. The workingman in summer wears a loose-fitting pair of cotton trousers and a loose jacket, and in winter wears quilted cotton clothes, and sometimes over all a sheepskin robe. The wealthier classes wear garments much similar in shape, but made of silk or linen in summer, and woollen or fur in winter. The mandarins are distinguished by badges worn on the breast and back of their robes, and by the knobs or buttons on top of their caps. The men shave the forepart of the head and the rest of the hair is plaited into what is called a cue. The feet of the girls, except among the Manchus, the poor classes, and the slave girls, are bound tightly to prevent the feet growing, so that the women of the wealthy classes are not able to walk well, but can only hobble along.

Fortune tellers go through the streets offering to tell for money what will take place. One class tells fortunes very much like some we have seen in the streets of New York. Sixty-four cards are prepared. On one side of each card is drawn either a god, a beast, a bird, or a man, and on the other side is written a stanza of poetry. The cards are then spread on a table, a trained bird is let out of a cage and picks up two of the cards and presents them to his master, who, after studying the pictures and the poetry, gives an answer to the inquiry made of him.

Many of the people in China live all their lives on boats in the river, and live chiefly on fish that they catch. A missionary in China writes: "Some of the boats are called slipper boats, and they look very much like big slippers, and a whole family lives in each boat. Look into one of them and you will see the old grandmother in the back of the boat with the little two-year-old playing near her, tied to the boat, so that if he falls overboard she can have something to pull him in by. Her daughter-in-law with the baby on her back, stands in the front part of the boat rowing, and one of the little boys sits near trying to help row, and the other children are all in the back part of the boat with their grandmother."

There are three different kinds of religion in China. They are called Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. The first has much to say about the relations of people to each other, and with it is connected the worship of ancestors; the second has many idols, and

teaches that there are a great many devils or malignant spirits to whom sacrifices should be made; the third believes in the soul passing through different bodies, and that the best thing is to lose all thought and feeling and desire. Many of the people believe in and use all three religions.

### HE GAVE THE SEVEN CENTS.

FOR A BOY'S BAND.

**L**ESS than a hundred years ago a boy named Cyrus awakened one morning with bright anticipations, for this was the day for "fall training of militia muster." To participate in this affair was the greatest military glory imaginable. There was the colonel on his magnificent horse; the fifers and drummers; the militia men. There used often to be Indians there, and about twenty or twenty-five old Revolutionary soldiers who were always getting up Indian fights. Every boy who went to muster had his gingerbread and other confections on that great day.

On this bright September morning the mother of Cyrus gave him seven cents to buy gingerbread, and as one cent could buy a large piece he felt rich, and was thinking how he could spend so much money in one day, when his mother said: "Perhaps, Cyrus, you will put a cent or two in Mrs. Farris's missionary box as you go by."

As he went along he wished that mother had said just how much he had best give. During the first mile he thought it over and over and concluded to put in two cents. Cyrus knew a good deal about the wants of the heathen and pitied them very much, so he reasoned with himself. "How would that look? Two cents for the heathen and five cents for gingerbread." That seemed too little, so after a while he decided to give three cents. This made his conscience comfortable for a time, but the question came "Four cents for gingerbread and three cents for the soul of the heathen? Then I thought of the other boys who would be sure to ask 'How many cents have you got to spend?' and I would be ashamed if I only had three cents."

Not knowing what to do when he reached Mrs. Farris's house he concluded to drop the seven cents and save more trouble. He felt quite "satisfied" and "puffed up" until about noon, when he began to be hungry. He stood it until about four o'clock, when he started for home weak in the knees and as hungry as a bear. His mother's bowl of bread and milk never tasted so delicious and there were tears in her eyes because her youngest boy could deny himself for the sake of Jesus.

When Cyrus grew to be a man and told his mother that he was going to Turkey as a missionary she only said, "I always expected it, Cyrus."

That boy was the great Cyrus Hamlin, one of the translators of the Bible into the Turkish language to be read by thousands of darkened minds; a man who is honored by the whole Christian Church. A penny put out at interest at the beginning of the Christian era would now roll up an almost incredible fortune, but a self-denying offering from love to Jesus pays very different interest in souls saved, which will shine forever as gems in the Saviour's crown.—*Pres. Journal.*

### GOOD RULES.

Say nothing you would not like God to hear.

Do nothing you would not like God to see.

Write nothing you would not like God to read.

Go to no place where you would not like God to find you.

Read no book of which you would not like God to say, "Show it me."

Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to say, "What art thou doing?"

### BE PROMPT.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it, from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you, that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the very first one that comes to hand and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word, *now!*

## INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSONS.

The S. S. lessons that you study are used all over the Christian world. Men from different countries meet and prepare them. The aim has been to study the Bible in course, so that one who follows the lessons for seven years will have gone over almost the whole of it. It is now twenty-one years since this system of lessons began, and the Bible has been gone over three times. With this year's lessons a new course is beginning, and the aim is to go through the scriptures this time in six years. Every chapter will not be taken up in the lessons, but enough to give one a thorough knowledge of the whole. Read carefully the parts between each lesson and all that is connected with the lesson. In this way only will the end in view be gained.

For the first half of this year the lessons will be in the first part of the Old Testament. Then for a year they will be from the gospels, the life and work of our Lord. For the last half of next year they will be from the Old Testament.

In the six lessons that you have already had this year you have had the history of more than two thousand years. First you had the creation of man. Then you had the "Fall," how sin got into the fair world. Next you had a result of that sin, a brother killing his brother, and all the sad surroundings of that sad scene.

Your next lesson was more than a thousand years later. The world had gone so far astray that God gave it up as hopeless, and selected the one good man, Noah, to start the race anew on a better line, while the wicked were all destroyed.

Then comes another space which showed how that evil thing, sin, again led men astray, and this time God did not destroy them, but left them to themselves and called one good man, Abram, to come out to another country and start the Hebrew nation, a people who should be God's own people.

Next you had the agreement which God made with Abram, promising that all the world should be blessed in one who was to be his descendant. Read carefully again the first eighteen chapters of Genesis, and now we come to the lesson for

## February 18.

Les. Gen. 18: 22-33.  
Mem. vs. 23-26.

Gol. Text, Gen. 18: 25.  
Catechism. Q. 89.

Read chapters 18 and 19.

One day, about 1897 B.C., just about as long before Christ, as this year is after Christ, an old man of ninety-nine years, in appearance like the Arabs of to-day, was sit-

ting at the door of a rude tent, a coarse cloth thrown over a framework of rough sticks, near Hebron, a town in Southern Palestine. His wife was in the tent. His boy Ishmael, aged 13 years, was out somewhere at play. His flocks with their keepers were scattered over the neighboring hills.

Looking up he saw three men coming. He rose and welcomed them, and set food before them with true Eastern hospitality. Wondrous visitors! Two of them proved to be angels, God's messengers, while the third was Jehovah himself in human form.

Two messages they had for him, one joyous, the other sad. They first gave him the glad one, which concerned himself, that Isaac his son, the heir of the promise, would soon be born.

Then just as they were leaving they told him the sad news, that Sodom, some twenty miles distant, where Lot his nephew lived, was to be destroyed on account of its sin.

Abraham at once thinks of Lot and his family and wonders if they too shall perish, and then he offers that wonderful prayer, his courage and faith growing stronger as God grants more and more, until he has the promise that Sodom will be spared if but ten good are found there.

Some good lessons are taught in these verses, on

1. Hospitality. Abraham did not know they were angels, but he treated them as well as he could, and how thankful he would afterward be that he had done so.

The story is told of a woman in Russia who heard that Christ was to come and take supper at her home. Carefully she prepared for him. At length a poor man came along and asked for food and shelter. She could not take him in or provide for him for she was expecting Christ. He went on his way and she learned too late that that was her opportunity of doing good to Christ. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto me of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.

2. We learn a lesson about prayer. That was true prayer, just asking God for what he wanted. God loves to have us persevere in prayer and ask more and more. God is as near to us when we pray as he was to Abraham, and can hear us as well.

3. We learn how helpful good people are to a place, when God would spare thousands of the wicked for the sake of ten good people.

4. We learn from Lot the danger of living in Sodom, living among the wicked. When young people leave home, they should not only go where they can get the best wages, but where they can have good company, which will help them upward in life.

February 25th.

## TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

Les. Gen. 21 : 1-13. Gol. Text, Heb. 11 : 17.  
Mem. vs. 11-13. Catechism, Q. 90.

Twenty six years has passed since last lesson when Sodom was destroyed. It was now the year 1871, B.C.

Abraham had removed from Hebron and travelled Southward. Isaac the child of promise had been born and was now probably twenty-five years of age. Hagar and her child Ishmael, the ancestor of the Arabs, had been sent away.

Abraham is an old man of 125 years, and now comes the great trial of his life, greater than when he was called in early life to leave his home and native land and go far away among strangers, viz: He is commanded to offer Isaac his son in sacrifice. It was all the harder, from the fact that God had told him that Isaac should be the founder of a great people. How could that statement and this command both be true? Abraham did not question the matter with God as we sometimes do. He believed that God could raise his boy from the dead, and so he prepared to obey.

In verse first, we read, "God did tempt Abraham." The real meaning is that he tried him, to prove his faith, to test him, to see how far he would obey, to see whether he was worthy to be the founder of a great nation. We test a rope, a chain, a bridge, that is to be put to important use, and so God tested Abraham. He was not going to allow him to take life. He told him at last not to lay his hand upon the lad, but He wished to test how strong he was, how much he was willing to give up at God's command.

Abraham did not think of wrong doing in connection with it. He merely thought of it as God asking for his best and dearest and he would not withhold even that.

All the family knew that they were going on a journey to worship. None but Abraham knew the dread secret.

Abraham could not sleep that night. Early in the morning all were astir. Sarah kissed her son goodbye little dreaming what was before him. Abraham looked on with breaking heart.

They start. One day passes. They halt for the night. Isaac sleeps the sleep of youth and health. Poor old Abraham scarce closes an eye. Often he rises on his elbow and looks at Isaac. The second day passes, and the second night like unto the first. The third day they sight Moriah, supposed to be one of the hills by Jerusalem. Strangers cannot be taken nearer that awful sorrow, so the servants are left behind, and father and son journey on with wood, fire, etc.

What a terrible question it would be to Abraham when Isaac asked, "where is the lamb," and with what a breaking heart the poor old man would say, "God will provide Himself a lamb."

The place is reached, the altar built, the wood laid in order. And now the father has to tell his son the sad truth. It must have come very suddenly to Isaac. Life was sweet. He was strong and could easily escape. Abraham could not carry out the sacrifice without his consent. Isaac asks a moment to pray. Then he is ready and lies down upon the wood. Abraham with trembling hands ties him there. The knife is drawn.

And now a voice, "Abraham, Abraham." Enough. He has stood the test. A lamb is provided, and with joy unspeakable father and son embrace and with streaming eyes the old patriarch offers the lamb upon the altar.

How different would be the return journey. Picture the scene when they reach home and tell the story to the aged mother, and around the family altar that night they thank God.

Some precious lessons are here:

1. Always obey God's commands even though it may seem to call for sacrifice. It will be better in the end. He makes no mistakes.

2. God sends trials to test and strengthen us. The more one overcomes the stronger he is.

3. We cannot understand some things that come to us, but if we trust God and obey Him, all will be well.

March 4th.

## SELLING HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

Les. Gen. 25 ; 27-34. Gol. Text, Luke 12 ; 23.  
Mem. vs. Catechism, Q. 91.

Five chapters, 23-27, should be read with this story to get the full meaning of it.

This lesson begins about 33 years after last one and extends over about 28 years.

About 15 years after last lesson, at the age of 40 years, Isaac was married to Rebekah, and then Jacob and Esau were born.

Abraham lived on until he was about 175 years old, and his grandsons Jacob and Esau were boys of fifteen, and then he passed away and was buried in the cave of Machpelah near Hebron, where a big stone structure, built many centuries ago, still covers his dust.

Jacob grew up a quiet lad but with a great deal of perseverance and shrewdness, that in early life sometimes developed into cunning and wrong. He looked after the flocks, attended to business, and was a favorite with his mother. Esau was a bold burly reckless fellow, who cared little for work, and led a wild half savage life, spending most of his time hunting.



## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Esau was the elder and the head of the family. This was a specially honorable thing because of the promises made to Abraham. But Esau cared little for it. One day when he came home very hungry from a long hunt and asked his brother for some food, Jacob took advantage of him, and said, "Sell me your birthright, and I will give you some." Esau cared little for the promises made to his grandfather, and little for the honor of being head of the family. All he wanted was a free roving life, and so he told Jacob that he could have it.

The shrewd Jacob was not satisfied with a mere promise. He asked Esau to take an oath that he would sell his birthright and he did so. It was wrong of Esau to think so lightly of it. It was wrong for Jacob to take advantage of him, but Jacob became a better man later in life, while Esau, marrying heathen wives became worse.

I fancy some boy saying, "Catch me selling such a birthright for a trifle;" but there are a great many Esaus. Many are selling their health for a little indulgence in eating and drinking, and late hours and fast company. Many are selling their souls, their offer of happiness and heaven, their eternal well being, for a little momentary indulgence in sin.

Don't be so foolish as to part with your birthright.

**March 11th.**

### JACOB AT BETHEL.

Les. Gen. 28 : 10-22.      Gol. Text, Gen. 28-15.  
Mem. vs. 20-22.        Catechism, Q. 92, 93.

Twenty-five years after Jacob had bought Esau's birthright, and when the brothers are what we would call old men, fifty-seven years of age, and their father, one hundred and seventeen years old, and blind; he asked Esau to go hunting one day and get him some special kind of meat that he liked well and said that he would give him a blessing.

Esau went to hunt, but his mother, who wished Jacob to get the blessing, got him to kill a kid and she made some food and took parts of the skin and put upon Jacob's wrists, to make him more like Esau, who had a great deal of hair on his arms.

Jacob took the food to Isaac, said that he was Esau, and got the blessing. Esau came and was very angry, and the mother sent Jacob away for a little while to where her brother lived. She never saw him again for it was forty years before he came back.

Both he and his mother did wrong. God had promised that Jacob should be the chief, and they should have waited for God to work out His plans in His own way. They did wrong and both of them suffered sorely for it in later

life, for Rebekah never saw Jacob again, and Jacob suffered much on account of the deceit of others.

Laban deceived him and gave him Leah instead of Rachel, and then deceived him with regard to his wages. After that, his sons deceived him regarding Joseph's death, and brought to him the great sorrow of his life. Good people sometimes fall into sin. God loves them, and forgives them, but they generally reap bitter fruit from their sowing.

Jacob began to feel the results of his sin when he had to leave home for fear of his brother, and started out alone with his bundle on his back, for what was to him a far away place, for there were no railroads, and no hotels by the way. But he was used to outdoor life. An Arab will lie down out of doors and sleep soundly.

One night, two or three days after leaving home, night came on, and, making his supply of course bread which he carried with him, he lay down, with not a very soft pillow, and was soon asleep.

A strange dream came to him. A great ladder or pathway reaching from earth to heaven, and angels going up and down. And then away at the top of it God seemed to stand and He made to Jacob the grand promises that He had made before to Abraham.

Jacob awakened in great fear. God seemed very nigh and he felt guilty and unfit to be near One who was holy and good. But God knew how he felt and did not reproach him for his sin. He left conscience, God's voice to the heart, to do that work.

Jacob was penitent and made vows that he would serve God, and that he would give God a tenth of all that he should get.

This lesson teaches us :

1. That we should never do evil that good may come. Do right at all times and leave the rest to God.

2. Wrong doing bears bitter fruit even though the sin be forgiven,

3. God is very merciful to the penitent.

1. We should return to God not less than a tenth of what He gives us.

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