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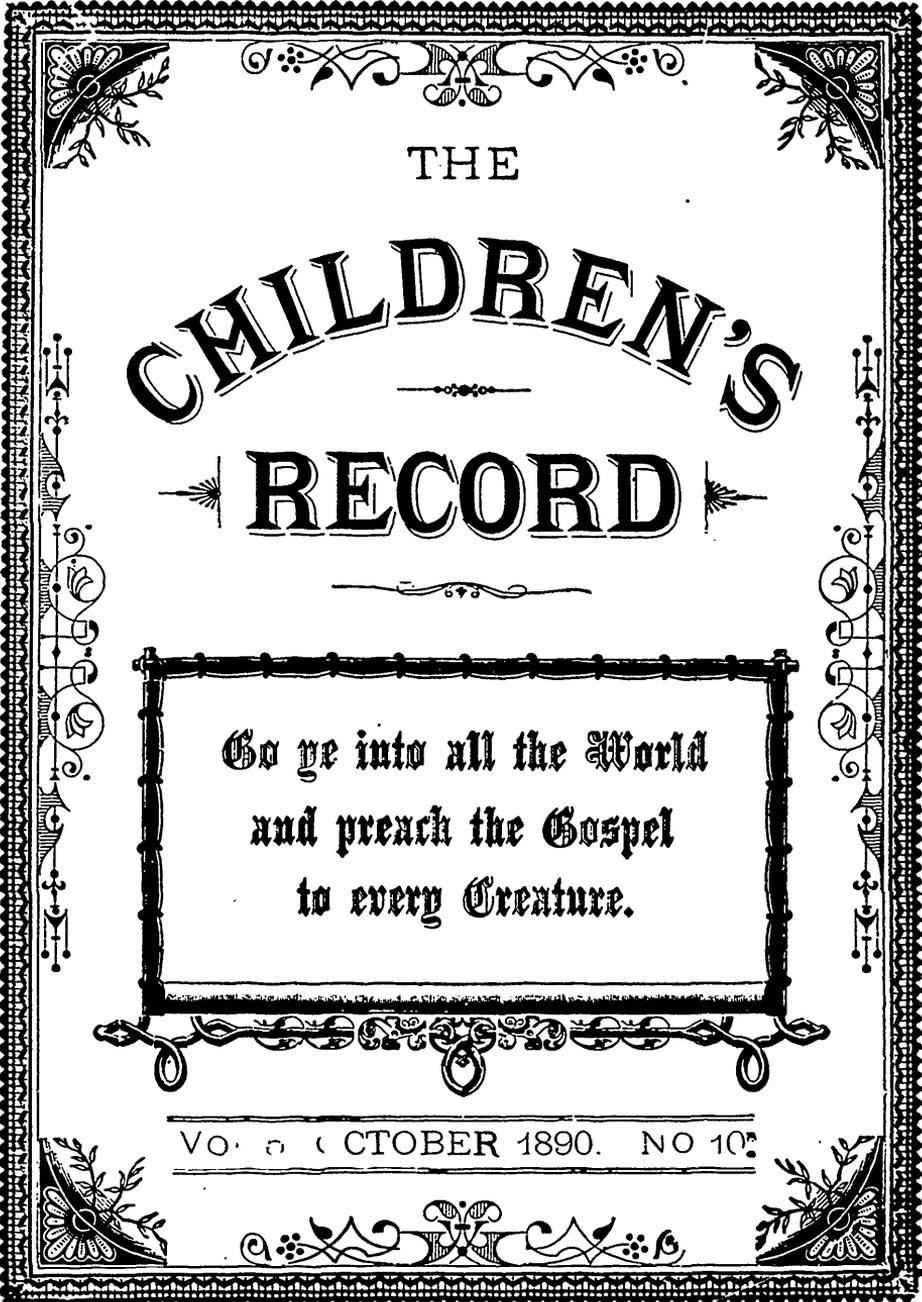
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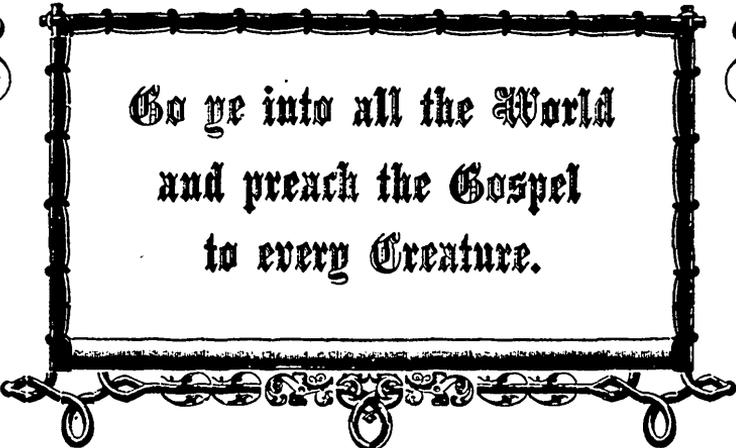
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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

VO. 5 OCTOBER 1890. NO 10.

## The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR  
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### LETTER FROM REV. J. GOFORTH.

The following letter was sent by Mr. Goforth a while ago. It lost its way and did not get to Canada. After wandering about in China for a time it found its way back to Mr. Goforth who started it again and this time it came all right. Though old it will be of interest to our young readers.—ED.

LIN CHING, CHINA.

*To the Canadian Sabbath Schools.*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Lest you lose us in this great land I must tell you something about the place we live in. The city is called Lin Ching. If you look on your large school maps you can see where the Grand Canal at its north end enters the Wei River. That is where Lin Ching is situated, a city of about 50,000 people. Here we have a Chinese compound rented. A compound is a yard in which are several houses. It may be that father and several married sons live in the same yard but each family has a separate house, so when you rent a Chinese compound, you rent a number of houses each one being about the size of an ordinary room. If we could put all these houses into one we would have as much room as in an ordinary Canadian house. These houses all have brick or mud floors, and in rainy weather are very damp. On this account it is safer for missionaries to put in board floors. The compound is surrounded by high walls so that you can't see into the street nor into

your next neighbor's yard. To climb up into the wall and look into your neighbor's yard is very bad manners in China.

The city of Lin Ching has a sad history. It is now more than thirty years since great bands of rebels called the "Taiping's" came from the South, warned Northward over China. As they came near Lin Ching the people from the country fled in terror to the city till more than two hundred thousand were crowded within the walls. Then the rebel king arrived at the gates and demanded the city to surrender. The commander of the city was a brave man and refused to give up the place. With this the rebel host stormed and took the city, and maddened at being refused they had no pity in their hearts, but killed men, women, and children alike, till about two hundred thousand corpses lay heaped under the walls of a city a mile square, and the river which flowed near by, looked like a river of blood from the life-blood of the butchered thousands which flowed into it. Not a house was left standing. As if a curse rested upon it, the city within the walls remains a wreck till this day. The people who live here now have built their houses all outside the walls.

It is now four or five years since missionaries of the American Board came to Lin Ching to tell the people of Jesus the Prince of Peace. It is here also that our house shall be until we can go to live in Homan. Though we do not intend to stay long here, yet we must tell them that Jesus came to save. On Sunday afternoon's I go to the hospital. There is a big shady tree in the yard. I call any of my patients who are able, to come and sit on benches around me; the people from the street also come in to listen. Last Sabbath more than fifty men, women, and children stood about me as I told them that God loved them and had sent Christ Jesus his Son to save them. One man said that Jesus was a wise man who had lived in the West; but I replied, Jesus is more than man, he is also God. To prove this I read the story of Christ healing this

man at Jerusalem who was sick thirty-eight years; and then how he also fed the five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes. They wondered at this, and a man in the crowd said: Hear this, that Jesus came to the sick man, gave him no medicine but said, get up take your bed and go, and the man got right up and went away. No man could do this. Another spoke about the miracle of feeding the multitude. He called the people to notice as he went over it on his fingers. Five loaves, two fishes; five thousand men ate till they were filled, and besides twelve baskets full of fragments were picked up. Could a man do this? I could hear them all round saying a man could not do that, it is what God does. Then when I read and talked about the home that Christ was preparing for His people, an old lady whom I should think had passed seventy winters, was much interested and thought it would be real nice to have a home like that where the poor people would not have to wear summer clothes in winter and winter clothes in summer time, nor would have to live without enough to eat.

When I finished speaking the women asked how the baby was, and why I did not carry her through the streets any more. Then I had to tell them that baby was dead. They had grown so fond of the little white faced baby, that they seemed to feel as bad as friends in Canada would.

In the street where we occasionally walk the people give us a friendly bow, and I believe we have won the boys and girls for they don't call us foreign devils as at first, but with smiling faces run out to greet us. Shall we not, one and all, pray, and give, and work, that these Chinese children may soon come to know and follow our Saviour.

Your missionary friend,  
J. GOROTH.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

### A SHORT RULE FOR FRETTERS.

A young friend has been visiting me who was a fretter. She fretted when it rained, and fretted when it shone. She fretted when others came to see her, and fretted when they did not. It is a dreadful thing to be a fretter. A fretter is troublesome to herself and troublesome to her friends. We, to be sure, have our trials; but fretting does not help us to bear or get rid of them.

I have lately come across a short rule for fretters, which they shall have. Here it is: Never fret about what you can't help? because it won't do any good. Never fret about what you can help; because if you can help it, do so. Say this when you get up in the morning, say it at noon, and say it at night; and not only say, but do; and that will be, do not fret at all—a fine doing.

"But we have our trials!" my young readers say. Yes, you have; and your little trials are as hard to bear as our big ones. But fretting doesn't help them, nor wishing we were somewhere else or somebody else or dwelling upon them till they look a great deal bigger than they really are.

### ALL RIGHT.

Little Mabel's mother was dead. While papa was away she had no companion but her governess and the servants. Her father often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted.

One wintry day a poor, ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire. "But my papa doesn't know you." The woman was shivering with cold, and the rain and sleet dropped from her thin wraps. A bright idea soon entered the child's head. "Do you know Jesus?" Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her. "Well, if you know Jesus, you may come in, for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."

## A SLAVE BOY IN AFRICA.

It is a sad fact that not only grown persons but children are bought and sold in many portions of Africa, in the regions where white men are found. How much do you suppose the people will give for a good, bright boy? They will give from two to three hundred brass rods. But ou

ly cotton cloth, but in various sections of the continent, and especially along the Congo River, they use brass rods. The rods which Mr. Stanley, the great African explorer, used, were about twenty-six inches long, and it took five of them to weigh a pound. These rods cost about three and a third cents in England, but



BOYS AT PLAY IN AFRICA.

say, how much are brass rods worth, and why do they sell slaves for these and not for money?

Perhaps you do not know that in Central Africa there is no such thing as money. The people have no coins whatever, and of course no bank bills. The currency which they use in barter is sometimes beads, sometimes ivory, more com-

after having been taken to Africa, and borne long distances on the backs of men, their value was reckoned at about twelve and a half cents each. At one time Mr. Stanley speaks of having had four tons, or about 8,000 lbs., of these brass rods at his store-house in Leopoldville, on the Congo River. The rods would make a very inconvenient kind of currency, we

should think, and quite impossible to put in one's pocket; but the Africans wouldn't put them in their pockets even if they had any. They keep their rods stored away, and bring them out only when they are engaged in trade.

An American Baptist missionary, Rev Mr. Eddie, at Equator Station on the Congo River, tells of a little slave boy, about six years old, who came to him many times and begged him to buy him of his master. Mr. Eddie was much attracted by the boy's appearance, and asked him: "Who is your owner?" "Ranangesi." "Where are your friends?" "I have no brothers." "Where is your father and mother?" "I have no father and mother. I wish you to be my father." "Where is your home?" "I came from far, far away. I should like your house to be my home." "Poor little homeless, friendless Loleka! I could not resist his entreaties, but went to the chief and got his consent for the boy to come and live here. Poor little fellow! When he got dressed in a coat and cloth, he came running to me, threw his arms around me, and said, 'You are my father and friend; I will live with you day by day.' This little boy and two or three others have begged me again and again to go and buy them, so that they might not have to leave us. One little fellow said to me, 'First offer them two hundred brass rods for me, then little by little increase the number to three hundred; they will give me for that.'"

Think of it! How would you like to be sold for \$25; to leave father and mother and home, and go you know not where, to be the slave of some one who would care for you only to get as much labor out of you as possible! No wonder this little slave boy wanted to be bought by the missionary, who he was sure would care for him and treat him well.

This same missionary, Mr. Eddie, tells a story of a boy who came from a native home and was accidentally drowned in the Congo, while bathing. The parents of the child were frantic with grief and beat

their heads and tore their hair. They seemed to love their child very much, but when the missionary and the boys who were at the station went out to the native village to attend the funeral ceremonies, they found that the people had painted the body of the boy with red and white and black paint, so that it was very hideous to look at. Then they took the body far up into the forest and left it there, probably to be devoured by the wild beasts.

These stories show something of what Africa now is, but if God prospers the missionary work already begun, there will soon be a great change, and no more boys will be sold as slaves.

#### A LITTLE BROWN JUG.

Frank Masters came home from Sabbath-school fully resolved to join the "Lend a Hand Workers." Not that Frank cared anything about the heathen or wanted to help them. Far from it. He wished to join this mission circle because he had heard the other boys say that they had good times at the meetings, and besides, there were rumors of a children's sociable and supper at some future day. The latter inducement proved too much for Frank. He presented his name for membership at the next meeting of the "Lend a Hand Workers," and pledged himself to do what he could toward filling a certain brown money jug.

It was singular, but that very day Uncle Robert, hearing about this new missionary society and what they proposed doing, gave his nephew a silver quarter, saying as he did so, "Here's so much toward filling the little brown jug."

Frank's face, which had brightened at the sight of the quarter, fell as he heard these words. He had hoped Uncle Robert would help to swell his velociped fund, but swallowing his disappointment, he took the money with many thanks. Before going to bed that night Frank looked long and earnestly at the

silver piece, then at the money jug. He knew he ought to drop it at once into the jug, but visions of a velocipede rose before him, and without stopping longer to the pleadings of conscience he placed the quarter in a box and dropped a two-cent piece into the missionary jug.

"Uncle Robert will never know it," he muttered as he tumbled into bed.

"Ha, ha! don't be so sure," said a queer cracked voice close by his side.

Frank started and rubbed his eyes in astonishment. His chamber had been transformed into a court room and he was surrounded by money jugs of mammoth size and proportions. Before Frank could speak a tall jug who sat on the judge's bench cried out, "Bring the prisoner here!"

Frank was seized roughly by two jugs and hurried before the bar of justice.

"Young man," said the judge, "you are charged with stealing money from the heathen and using it to gratify your selfish desires. Here is your accuser."

Out from the rank of jugs stepped one which Frank recognized as his jug. How cross and ugly it looked at him! His legs shook with fear as his accuser held up a two-cent piece and cried, "This should be a silver quarter. Yonder boy has cheated us in order to buy a velocipede."

"Thankless boy," said the judge, "do you know what a great crime you have committed? Do you realize what it is to be a heathen child? Listen and I will tell you.

"Heathen children are often starved and beaten to death. They are often buried alive. They are thrown into canals and left to drown. They are thrown into the Ganges River and eaten by crocodiles. They are often thrown under the wheels of the cruel Juggernaut car. They have their bodies cut and bruised and their feet bound in order to please their gods. They are often sold into slavery to masters who beat and kill them. They are taught to be thieves and murderers.

"Such are the lives of thousands of heathen children, and yet you can give only two cents to relieve their sufferings and keep the quarters for your own pleasure. Wicked boy, you shall be punished as you deserve. Gentlemen of the jury, retire and decide this boy's fate."

In a very short time twelve jugs reappeared in the court room and gave their verdict, "Guilty of selfishness in the first degree."

The judge then arose and in a solemn manner sentenced Frank to the life of the heathen child. "Officers, take him at once to the South Sea Islands. We don't want such boys in America." In vain did Frank plead for mercy. He was again seized by two jugs, but he struggled and screamed and—awoke.

Frank Masters, being a boy, kept his dream to himself; but the next morning he dropped the silver quarter into his jug, and as far as I know has been diligently collecting funds for heathen children since.—*Missionary Dayspring.*

#### HOW AN AFRICAN GETS A WIFE.

Here is the way in which an African, a young man connected with our mission class at Bailundu, sought to get a wife. He is one of the promising young people that Mrs. Stover has written about in the *Missionary Herald*. You know that the Africans marry while they are quite young. Mrs. Stover says of him: "One day one of my school-boys, who is quite a young man, was absent, and the next day I took him to task for it. He replied, 'No, *ondona* [mistress], I did not run away from school; I was out searching for a wife.' I said, 'Are you going to marry?' 'Yes, I am old enough,' he answered. Then he told me where her village is, how tall she is, etc. Not having any idea of age they always tell the height of a person. I asked for her name. He tried to think for a moment, and then turning to his companion said, 'What is her name? It forgets me a little.'

## PEEPS FROM A OKAYAMA WINDOW.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. CARY, JAPAN.

Hearing the sound of merry voices this morning, I hurry to the door to find that the *Mission Dayspring* boys and girls have come to visit us in Okayama. [See *Mission Dayspring* for July and August.]

we can easily watch the passers-by, in whom you will find much to interest you. From morning until night, there is almost constant passing, a few riding in *juwikishas*, but the most of those whom we see are on foot.

There goes a company of men, whom you recognize by their dirty white clothes and the boards on their backs to be pil-



JAPANESE BABY-CARRIAGE

You are, indeed, very welcome; and, although the home may be a little small for so many people, still we must have such a good time together that we will not mind being crowded. As you have been on the little steambot all night and must be tired, perhaps we would better spend one day indoors. You have already noticed that our house is on a low hill around the foot of which runs the road, so that

grims, such as you saw on the steamer. When they reach the foot of that long flight of stone steps, you will see them clap their hands, bow their heads, and, if you were near enough, you might hear them murmur a prayer, for they are worshipping the gods in the temple at the top of the hill.

What are you now looking at that amuses you so much? O yes! I see; it is

the man who is coming up the street with two baskets, one suspended from each end of a pole which he carries over his shoulder. One basket is filled with vegetables, and the other—with a little shaven-headed fellow, who is sitting so quietly in order to keep his balance, but who is thoroughly enjoying his ride. His father has straw sandals on his feet, tied in place by cords which are crossed several times over the bare foot. From the ankle to the knee he wears a kind of leggin made of dark blue cotton cloth; his dress is blue and white, and it is so long that in order to walk more easily, he has tucked it into his belt; his hair is "done up" in a queer little knob on the top of his head, and I do not wonder that you children think that he and his baskets make a funny sight. How would you like to be carried in this way? Sometimes the missionary children have been carried very much like this over the mountains where there has been no good *jin ikista* road. — *M. Dayspring*

### THE RAIN THAT FALLS INTO OUR LIVES.

A few weeks ago the children were singing,

"April showers  
Bring May flowers."

and now it is May and the flowers are here—the crocuses and daffodils in the garden, and out in the woods the beautiful blue liverwort and the delicate anemones and the fragile spring beauty, and best and loveliest of all, hidden away under the dead leaves, but betraying itself by its delicious fragrance, the exquisite-trailing arbutus, which some people call Mayflower. These lovely things are what the April showers helped to bring.

And yet some of the children pouted and fretted when it was raining, and said they wished it would stop and let them play. Suppose it had stopped and had not rained any more all through the month of April, where would the flowers be now?

There are trials that come into the lives of children that are very much like the rain—they make the days dark and hinder

the children from doing what they want to do. Perhaps it is illness, and they are obliged to stay in bed when they long to be out at play. Or perhaps it is a harder trial still—a father or mother ill, or gone away to God, and the child's heart is very, very sore with grief and loneliness. Ah! this is far worse to bear than a rainy day!

But God knows just why the trouble comes. Great troubles or little troubles, illness or death, or only the petty trials that come every day even into happy homes—it is God who sends them, and he does not send them without a reason. Can we tell what the reason is?

The reason of our trials is the same as the reason of the rain: they come to soften our hearts, and make beautiful conduct grow out of our lives, just as the rain softens the earth and makes the flowers grow. When we learn patience and gentleness and submission to God's will, when we learn to be cheerful even though things go wrong, and even to those who are not kind to us, then our lives are as beautiful as a garden of flowers. It is flowers like these that God looks for in us.

But he sends the pleasant days, too, does he not? After all, how much more sunshine than rain has fallen into our lives! How bright the flowers should be that we produce for Him!

### WHILE AT PLAY.

I thought I saw a little child  
Steal softly from its play,  
And in a still retired spot  
Kneel softly down and pray.  
"Dear Father," ran the simple prayer,  
"Please make me different when  
I want to have my way alone.  
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

I thought I saw that little child  
Steal back ere hardly missed,  
And then no more with angry words  
On her own way insist.  
I thought I saw, the while she played  
So gently with the rest,  
A light upon her brow that showed  
She was by Jesus blest!

### CURED BY A LITTLE BOY'S FINGER.

If you look on the map of the Pacific Ocean, you will find a group of islands called the Friendly or Tonga Islands.

The people who lived on them years ago was very ignorant and cruel. They used to kill human beings, and eat them; and they had many ceremonies in which

chief is angry with their family.

To appease the anger of their chief, a little boy belonging to Mele's family is taken, and the first joint of his little finger cut off. The poor child is then daubed with his own blood, and, with the rest of his family and friends, is taken to the grave of the angry chief whose name is Finanteloa.

The whole company sit in silence, the



“MEANWHILE THE BLEEDING HAND OF THE CHILD IS HELD UP”

even little children suffered from their cruelties.

In the picture you see some of them going through one of these ceremonies. *The Missionary News* tells the following story about it :

A woman whom we will call Mele, is sick; and she has a brother named Mea, who wishes her to get better. He thinks the reason she is sick is because some dead

bleeding boy nearest the grave, until the high priest addresses the spirit in a prayer like this :

“Finanteloa, here we are, if you are angry about anything, have mercy upon us through 'ubon (the highest chief of the land) and his elders here present.”

Meanwhile the bleeding hand of the child is held up until the priest returns an answer in the name of the angry spirit,

and the answer usually is :

"Yes, I am angry. You have taken a pig from your god and given it to your friend ; you have given me no *kava* (native drink) ; but go and live."

The family soon find another pig. The priest gets a good feast by it, and so the matter ends, but the poor little boy has cause to remember it all his life.

These things *used* to happen, but you will be thankful to know they do not often happen now. Missionaries have taught these people about our Saviour ; and some years ago a Christian native became their king. He was a preacher as well as a king ; and, if you had gone to hear him preach some Sabbath morning, and noticed his hands, you would have seen that one finger was gone—cut off when he was a boy in just the same way as this little fellow's in the picture.

So you see heathenism leaves its scar, even after it has been given up for years.

### A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming the hedge, and the "snip-snap" of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. In the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly kept lawn, in the centre of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

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

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

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

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

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

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

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

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

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

"I can't do it, Charlie."

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

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

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

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

"Oh let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Frenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

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

"But I should be disobeying her wishes," said Fred. "No, I'll not go."

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

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

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

Three boys gave their names and residences.

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

"Fred Frenton" was the reply. John Brent remembered the name of the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleasing smile crossing his face.

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

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

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

"But I offered no recommendations," suggested Fred.

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

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

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

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

## JUST AS IT HAPPENED.

### A TRUE STORY.

When little Clinton was five years old, his mamma showed him a pledge roll, to which she had persuaded several boys and girls to sign their names. He seemed very anxious to see his own name written there, and after impressing upon him the solemnity of the act as well as the great benefit it would be to him, mamma put his chubby little fingers around the pen handle and guided it for him until his name appeared in full.

About a year afterward Clinton sat down to a dinner where, among other desserts, mince pie was served, and as he heard those about the table tease mamma and sisters about refusing it, he wanted to know what was the matter with the pie. When told it had liquor in it, he looked very sorry, for he was fond of pie. One and another urged him to take it, arguing that that little bit of liquor would never hurt him, and that if he never did worse than that he would do well. Dear little Clinton! He looked at mamma, but she dropped her eyes, realizing that the moment was one in which he must decide for himself; she did not forget, however, to offer up a silent prayer that

he who was tempted like as we are would help her boy in this first temptation. There was a pause—one look at the pie, and then the beautiful blue eyes changed their expression, and clearly and distinctly said the child, "Mamma, I will take some custard." God only knew the joy of that mother's heart when the decision was made, and angels seemed hovering near that evening, when, closeted in her own room, she took Clinton on her knee and encouraged him to be always firm and to always dare to do right: and together they kneeled and asked the Father's blessing and protection.

During the late presidential campaign some one asked Clinton which party he was going to vote with when he grew to be a man, and he answered, "Whichever goes against the beer saloons." God grant that not only this little boy, but the boys all over our land, may come out fully for that party which is to remove the curse of liquor from our country!—*Sol.*

#### HOW IT WAS MADE UP TO HER.

News came that a baby had been born in the Nelson household, a dear little girl, with blue eyes, but alas! with a misshapen foot which would cause her to limp all her life. When grandma read the message, she went to her own room without a word, and the young aunts busied themselves with their work, looking suspiciously moist about the eyes. That night, however, Edith Lee came limping in with her two crutches, and was told all about it, because she was the dear family friend and knew all the home secrets.

"And you feel dreadfully about it, don't you?" asked she, patting one of grandma's withered hands.

"Yes, my dear, we do; how could we help it?"

"She will suffer so!" "It will be so hard for her when she grows up!" said the aunts mournfully.

"Now, my dears, just listen to me," said cheerful Edith. "She will be sorry,

and sometimes mortified, when she remembers she's not like other people, but she will have a great many compensations.

"Look at me! I've stumped through life on helpless limbs, and the consequence is that I trust the world and love it. Other people get blue, and say they don't believe in people. I receive so much kindness every day I know the world is full of warm, loving hearts. When I make a journey, I find the merest strangers willing to carry my bundles, check my baggage, help me into the cars, and give me the best places.

"I've heard some of you complain of the railway men who have no hesitation in running you down with a baggage-truck. Those same men push the truck up to me, and ask if I won't get on and ride to the car or the carriage. Teamsters pull up their horses to let me cross the street. Waiters in hotels give me a seat near the door, so that I need not walk further than is absolutely necessary, and in the summer, when we are in the country, not a farmer passes me without begging me to ride.

"Now, all this is because I am lame. The sight of my misfortune appeals to every heart, and the consequence is that as I have told you, I believe in the world and the warmth of its sympathies. That baby will have the same experience. The wind will be tempered to her in precisely the same way, and when she is thirty, as I am, she will say, "Why, it's a beautiful world!"

"Bless you, dear," said grandma, warmly, "I shouldn't wonder a mite if she did!"

And they were comforted, remembering the mercy of God in making merciful people.—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

**The Sabbath School Lessons.**

**October 5.**

**Luke 20. 9-19.**

Parable of the Vineyard.

**Memory verses 13-19.**

GOLDEN TEXT—Isa. 53 : 3.

Catechism Q. 95.

**Introductory.**

Title of this lesson? Golden Text?  
Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory  
verses? Catechism?

**I, The Servants Rejected. vs. 9-12.**

What is a vineyard?

What did Jesus represent by the vine-  
yard?

Whom by the man that planted it?

How did he furnish his vineyard? Matt.  
21 : 33 ; Mark 12 : 1.

To whom did he let it?

What had God done for the Jews?

For what purpose did he send his ser-  
vants?

How were they treated?

Can you mention any of the prophets  
who were thus treated?

What fruit does God require?

**II. The Son Killed. vs. 13-15.**

Whom did the Lord of the vineyard  
then send?

Who is the redeemer of God's elect?

Why should the husbandmen have  
reverenced the son?

How did they treat him?

How do many treat Christ?

**III. The Husbandmen Judged. vs. 16-19**

What question did Jesus ask? v. 15.

How did he answer it?

How was this fulfilled in the Jews?

How will all rejecters of the Son be  
punished?

Who is meant by the rejected stone?

How has Jesus become *the Head of the  
corner*?

Wherein did Christ's humiliation con-  
sist?

His exaltation?

What did Jesus further say?

What did he mean by this?

What did the chief priests and scribes  
now perceive?

What did they do?

What prevented him?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That God has distinguished us with  
many privileges and blessings.

2. That he has sent his ministers and  
messengers to us.

3. That he has given His Son to be our  
Saviour.

4. That if we abuse his gifts they may  
be taken from us.

5. That if we neglect the Saviour we  
must perish.

**October 12.**

**Luke 22 : 7-20.**

The Lord's Supper.

**Memory vs. 19, 20.**

Golden Text—1 Cor 11 : 26.

Catechism. Q. 97.

**Introductory.**

What is a sacrament?

Which were the sacraments of the Old  
Testament? (*Ans.* Circumcision and the  
passover.)

Which of the New?

Title of this lesson? Golden Text?  
Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Mem-  
ory verses?

**I. Preparation for the Passover. Vs. 7-13**

What was the passover?

Whom did Jesus send to prepare the  
passover.

What directions did he give them?

How did he know all these things?

What preparation was made?

**II. Eating the Passover. vs. 14-18.**

Who were present at the passover?

What did Jesus say to them?

What reason did he give for this desire?

What did he mean by *until it be fulfilled  
in the Kingdom of God*?

What did Jesus now receive? v. 17.  
 What did he do with it?  
 What did he add about the future?

### III. Institution of the Lord's Supper. vs. 19, 20.

What new ordinance did Jesus now institute?

For what purpose? 1 Cor. 11 : 24-26.

What two symbols did he use?

What did he do with the bread?

What did he say of it?

What is meant by *this is my body*?

What did he say of the cup? (Compare the parallel passages.)

How do the bread and wine represent Christ's body and blood?

What is the Lord's Supper?

What is required of those who would worthily partake of it?

#### What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus gave himself for my salvation.

2. That his body was broken and his blood shed for me.

3. That the Lord's Supper is the appointed memorial of his sufferings and death.

4. That I should come to his table according to his dying command.

5. That I should do this with reverence, humility, penitence, faith, gladness and self-consecration.

October 19.

Luke 22 : 24-37.

#### The Spirit of True Service.

Memory Vs. 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT. -Phil. 2 : 5.

Catechism Q. 98.

#### Introductory.

Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

#### I. The Nobility of Service. vs. 24-27.

What strife was there among the disciples?

From what mistaken notion of Christ's kingdom did it spring?

What did Jesus say to them?

How was it among the Gentiles as to rank and authority?

What difference should there be among the disciples?

How did Jesus propose himself as an example?

What example of service had he just given them? John 13 : 1-17.

#### II. The Reward of Service. 28-30.

What did Jesus then say to his disciples?

Meaning of temptation here?

What reward of service did he appoint unto them?

When should they receive this?

What fellowship should they enjoy with him?

What dignities should they share with him?

#### III. The Cost of Service. vs. 31-37.

What did Jesus say to Simon?

What sifting was referred to as soon to come?

Of what did Jesus assure Peter?

What command did he give him?

What is here meant by when thou art converted?

What did Peter reply?

Of what did Jesus forewarn him?

What question did Jesus now put to his disciples?

To what mission did he refer?

What did he say would now be required?

Of what did he forewarn them?

Where is this prophecy found?

What did he add?

Meaning of this?

#### What Have I Learned?

1. That it is true greatness to forget self and serve others.

2. That if we follow Christ in humble service we shall be partakers with him in his glory.

3. That the sufferings of present service

will be more than compensated by the reward that shall follow.

4. That it is because Christ prays for his people that their faith fails not.

**October 26. Luke 22 : 39-53**  
Jesus in Gethsemane.

**Memory vs. 40-43.**

Golden Text.—Isa. 53 : 3.

Catechism Q. 93.

**Introductory.**

What feast did Jesus celebrate with his disciples?

What ordinance did he institute?

Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

**I. The Agonizing Lord vs. 39-46**

Where did Jesus go with the disciples?

What did he there say with his disciples?

What did he do?

What was his prayer?

How often did he go away by himself to pray? (See parallel accounts.)

Who appeared to him?

What are we told of his agony?

What caused this great agony? Isa. 53: 4, 5.

**II. The Sleeping Disciples. vs. 45-46.**

What did the disciples do while their Master was suffering and praying?

How is their sleeping explained here?

How many times did Jesus find them sleeping? (See parallel accounts.)

What did he say to them?

**III. The Betrayal by a Kiss. vs. 47-53.**

Who was the betrayer?

Whom did he guide to Gethsemane?

By what sign did Judas betray his Master?

How do men now betray Jesus?

What did Jesus say to Judas?

What did the disciples ask Jesus?

What rash act was committed?

What did Jesus say?

What did he do to the wounded servant?

What did he say to the leaders of the band?

Why did Jesus submit so patiently to the arrest?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That in every prayer we should say,

"Not my will, but thine, be done."

2. That temptation will overcome us if we do not watch and pray.

3. That Jesus endured all this agony for our salvation.

4. That God sometimes uses wicked hands to work out his holy purposes.

**WHATSOEVER.**

"Please move along," said little Harry to Eddie Fish, as he tried to sit down by Eddie at Sunday-school.

"I shan't do it," replied Eddie, and he took up as much room on the bench as he could, and pretended to be looking at his book. But he was really thinking to himself, "I got here first, and I guess I ain't going to give up this corner seat!"

Presently he peeped over the top of his book to see what had become of Harry. He was sitting at the other end of the bench by Charlie Fay, who had squeezed himself into as small a place as he could to make room for Harry. The two boys were talking and smiling and looking very happy. Eddie had plenty of room down at the end of the bench, but somehow he didn't feel very happy.

Just at that moment Harry dropped his penny. Eddie saw it roll away under the edge of Miss Smith's dress, but instead of telling Harry where it was he turned away and looked at the boys in the class behind. Harry and Charlie hunted around on the floor for the penny, but could not find it until Miss Smith began looking too. That moved her dress a little, and so the penny was found.

Miss Smith had some beautiful cards which she gave to the boys at the close of school. Each card had a different verse on it. Eddie's was "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." He shut the card up quick in his Sunday school book as soon as he had read it, but somehow the verse kept going over in his mind.

That night at supper, there was a nice dish of cream toast, and mamma said, "I made this because you are so fond of it, Eddie."

Eddie liked the cream toast very much. After supper mamma's friend, Miss Carr, came to the gate with two large ripe pears in her hand.

"A certain little boy asked me if he might have these two pears when they were ripe," said she, "and that boy's name is Eddie. I have been watching them every day, and now here they are," and she gave them to Eddie.

Eddie ate one of the pears very quietly but he did not seem to enjoy it as much as Miss Carr expected he would. Mamma noticed, too, that he was very quiet.

At bed-time mamma said to Eddie, as she put her arm tenderly around him, "Has my little boy had a happy day?"

"No," said Eddie, "and I wish Miss Carr didn't give me those pears, and I don't want any more cream-toast."

"Why, Eddie," said mamma, "what makes you talk so?"

"Well, anyhow, everybody is doing 'whatsoevers' to me, and I didn't do it to Harry."

Mamma could not tell what Eddie meant till he pulled his card out of his pocket, where he had put after he came home from Sunday school. Then she read the verse, and Eddie told her how he wouldn't move up for Harry or tell him where his penny was. "I expect he thought I was real mean, too."

"Probably he thought very little about it, Eddie," said mamma. "When we are unkind it makes ourselves a great deal more unhappy than it does anyone else. Harry found a good seat, but you, my dear child, lost something that you did not find again—the pleasure of being polite and kind. Every time that you do an unkind act it makes it easier to do it the next; and if you keep on refusing to be kind and helpful to others, your soul will grow crooked and unsightly instead of noble and beautiful."

Eddie said that he wasn't going to keep on refusing to be kind; and I think he was in earnest, for the very next Sunday he gave the corner seat to little Harry.—*Mrs. Buelton.*

## THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, and she looked up and answered Maggie:—

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her—"The very time to be pleasant is when the other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I was so nervous that if anyone spoke to me I could hardly hold being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage mother? It's such a sunny morning," she asked.

"I should be so glad if you would," said her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered:—

"Thank you, dear, it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk! She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words:—

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."