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CHILDREN'S RECORD

OF THE
Presbyterian Church
IN
CANADA

VOL. XIII.

JUNE, 1898.

No. 6



Dillon's Bay, Erromanga, New Hebrides. X Where John Williams was killed.

DILLON'S BAY, ERROMANGA.

The picture on the front page looks as if it were of a very beautiful place, with its calm waters, its beautiful hills, and its green trees with little native huts scattered among them.

It is a peaceful place now, for one of our missionaries, Rev. H. A. Robertson, and his wife, have labored there for more than twenty-five years, and the people are now Christians, but not many years ago they were all heathen, and if a white man ventured to land there, he would likely be killed and cooked and eaten.

Do you see the mark X by the shore, in the picture. That is the place where a good missionary, John Williams, was killed.

He was landing there with his message of peace and good will to these poor dark people, but they scarce gave him time to land. They killed him by the water's edge.

So honored and loved was this man, that a missionary society in Britain called their mission vessel after him, the John Williams.

Try and find out all you can from your parents and teachers and books, about the good missionary John Williams.

The people were still very savage and cruel when our own missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, went among them, and often they too were in danger of being killed. But God kept them and blessed their work, and now the people gather by hundreds, at Dillon's Bay, to worship the true God, and the Sabbath is as quiet and peaceful and as well kept as it is in Canada, and life and property are as safe as they are with us.

What a grand work, to be means, in God's hand, of turning a wild savage people, fighting and killing and eating each other, into a people with safe and happy homes, and fitting them for a heavenly home when earthly homes are left behind. Many a lonely trying hour our missionaries have had, but they have their reward now, in the change they see around them, and what a joy it will be to them in that better life to see

there the many they have won from darkness and sin.

 HOW THE SALOON HURTS CHILDREN.

This story tells one way in which it makes them suffer. A minister in Philadelphia says:—"I was walking down the street one Saturday afternoon, when I saw a little child, ten or twelve years of age, sitting on the steps of a saloon.

I spoke to her. She at once called me by name. I said, 'How do you know my name?' She replied, 'You came and spoke down at our mission school.' I said, 'Why are you here?' She said, 'I am waiting for my father, who is in the saloon.'

Presently the man came out. I went on the opposite side of the street, keeping my eye on them. He walked unsteadily, partly supported by the little child.

Presently they came to another saloon. I saw that the little child was pleading with him. But he went in and she again sat down upon the steps.

I went to her and said, 'I will go into the saloon and ask them not to sell anything to your father.' She said, 'O, no! That will only make it worse, and when he goes home he will abuse mother.'

'Well,' I said, 'I will wait till he comes out, and urge him to go home without drinking any more.' She said, 'No, that would be still worse.'

I followed them from the other side of the street. He went into one saloon after another until he had gone into thirteen, and had to be almost carried home.

Think what a home and what a life that poor little girl would have, all on account of the saloons.

The people of Canada are to be asked soon to say whether saloons are to be allowed to continue in Canada. Will you not try to get your father and older brothers to vote against allowing them to continue, to make sad the lives of little boys and girls and their mothers.'

HOW A BOY LED THE BHILS.

Boys like real boy stories; not made up ones, nor goody goody ones. Here is one of the latest.

Many of you heard our missionary, Rev. J. Buchanan, M.D., when he was home from India last summer, telling of the new mission he was going to begin among the Bhils, a wild, timid, simple people who live, a million or more of them, among the mountains in Central India.

Dr. Buchanan, when he was home, was collecting money, to build a hospital where he could heal their sick people and preach to them; to build an orphanage where he could gather and teach the little orphan children that had no one to care for them; and to build a house to live in himself.

A few months ago he went back to India to begin his work among them, and a letter has just come to the "Record" telling how a boy helped him to begin his work.

The Bhils were very much afraid of him and would not come near him and he could not get any of them to work for him. This was because they have been so long oppressed and wronged by their Hindoo masters that they think all strangers want to rob them, or steal from them, or injure them. He could not get any one to go and dig stone, or to help him in any way to build his hospital and orphanage.

Of course he offered to pay them but they were afraid of him, and so he waited for days, living in his tent, and wondering how he could get them to trust him and come to work with him.

Now we will let Dr. Buchanan himself tell how a beginning was made. He says "By and by, one Chameria, a boy of ten years, who was living alongside our tent, being a little more bold than the average, and having seen more of us than others, ventured to work one day cutting a little grass for my pony. He got his pay in the evening. His confidence was increased, and he asked if he could bring other boys.

The result was the next day he brought three other boys about the same size as himself, and with this little band I started out to one of the hills where lime was to be found, and thus the work of building the mission house, hospital, and schools, was begun."

The older people now began to follow the example of the boys, and it was not long till Dr. Buchanan had more than a hundred of them working for him; and the mission buildings are going forward rapidly, and the people are learning to trust their missionary, and know that he is their friend.

When you read in days to come, of the Bhil mission, remember that a ten year old boy led the way, that he then got three other boys to go with him, and thus began the work which is to do so much with God's blessing in winning his countrymen from being a wild, heathen, people, to be civilized and Christian.

Every ten year old boy can be good, and can do something towards leading other boys in the same way.

WHAT A BOY HEARD.

When the late Earl Cairns was a little boy he heard three words which made a memorable impression on him: "God claims you." Then came the question, "What am I going to do with the claim?" He answered, "I will own it, and give myself to God." He went home and told his mother: "God claims me." At school and college his motto was, "God claims me." As a member of Parliament, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still, "God claims me." When he was appointed Lord Chancellor he was a teacher of a large Bible class, and his minister, thinking now he would have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him, "I suppose you will now require to give up your class?" "No," was the reply, "I will not. God claims me."

OUR MISSION IN KOREA.

Here are three men whom I wish to introduce to you. I hope you will get better acquainted with them as you grow older. They are going to open our new mission in Korea. Find out what you can about Korea from your histories, geographies, and maps.

The beginning of this work is an interesting story. Four or five years ago, a young minister in Nova Scotia thought a great deal about Korea, and wanted to go and tell



Rev. Robert Grierson M. D.

them of the true God, and of Christ who came into the world to save sinners.

At length he decided to go, and for a year or two he lived and labored there at a place called Sorai. The people listened gladly to the good news he brought them, and some of them became Christians; and they were just building a little church to worship in when the good missionary, William J. Mac-

kenzie, took ill, and soon his mission work on earth was done.

The poor people were very sad, and wanted another missionary, but our church for a time could not send one. But now three are going; young men who have just finished their college studies and offered themselves for mission work in Korea.

One of them is a medical doctor, so that he will be to help their sick bodies as well as their sick souls. When you pray for missionaries do not forget the three who are soon to leave Nova Scotia for Korea, Rev. Robert Grierson, M. D., Rev. W. R. Foote, and Rev. D. Macrae, who are looking at you from these pages.

A SALOON KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

It was evening, and Brown's saloon was closely filled with a noisy throng of boys and men, when suddenly above the din a sweet, childish voice arose in song, and through the thin partition came the words.

Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

"That's my little daughter, Bessie," explained the proprietor. "I don't take stock in such songs; but she has a praying mother."

"Better hush her up, Brown, she'll hurt your business," whispered a wily-faced man. The clear, childish voice again took up the refrain:

Take the name of Jesus with you,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

A young man, standing near the bar, resolutely set down his glass and left the room.

"What's the trouble, Will?" questioned a companion, who followed him out.

"Trouble enough," he answered. "I've a praying mother, Tom, who has been all her

life praying for me; and I had forgotten till a moment ago, that song recalled it all; I am lost, forever lost."

"Not if that song be true, Will. I had a praying mother myself, once, and God knows I loved her; though I have never sought to follow her counsel."

The young men gazed at each other in blank despair.

"What is there in the name of Jesus to save?"



Rev. W. R. Foote.

As if in answer, the sweet, childish voice reached them still:

Oh, the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy!
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

The young men walked silently down the street together.

"I can't give drink up now," said Will, as he clasped his hands in mute despair.

"Oh, Will, let us break away from it altogether; it is destroying our lives."

"If I only could, oh, if I only could!"

"If that song be true we need not despair. The dying thief was saved on the cross, and we haven't got that far yet. Come to my room; I've a Bible there in my trunk that mother gave to me."

Together the young men entered the room and bent over the open book which had been sealed to them so long.

"Whosoever will let him come!" "Ho! every one that thirsteth come!" "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." What new and wonderful meaning the words held! How they thrilled the hearts of the young men with hope and courage!

"'Though your sins be as scarlet,' that's me," sobbed Will.

"But read on, read on, he says, 'They shall be as white as snow.' Oh, the beauty of such a religion, which can blot out all the iniquity of the past and preserve us from future evil."

It is three weeks later, and in a quiet and humble home far from the din of the city, a sad-faced mother is performing her usual round of duties.

"It is so long now, since last I heard from Will," she sighed, "and then it was a mere line stating he was well. O God, preserve my boy, and bring him unto Thy Kingdom."

"Good-day, neighbor, here is a letter for you," cried a cheery voice outside.

"From Will," she said, as she seated herself, and with quivering fingers tore the envelope.

"Saved! O God, I thank thee," she cried, a moment later, "and my faith had grown so weak. I shall never doubt again; but rest forever in the fulness of His words."

Little Bessie the saloon keeper's daughter, never knew the wonderful influence exerted by her simple song; but Will and Tom never passed by the attractive room where Brown

displayed his choice liquors without thanking God that the proprietor had a praying wife, who had early in life instructed her little daughter about Jesus who is "mighty to save."—Young People's Paper.

A POOR EXCUSE.

"During a visit to London," says Mr. Marchmont, my friend Mr. Murray made the acquaintance of a young man, to whom, as



Rev. D. Macrae.

was his habit, he put the question, "My friend, are you one of the Lord's people?"

The young man frowned and sullenly replied, "No I am not, and I do not wish to be."

"Can you give me any reason for what you say?" continued the clergyman, quite calmly.

"Oh, yes, I can give a reason and a good one."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Well, just twenty years ago I was in a *professing* Christian's kitchen, and he finding me there, swore at me and kicked me out. From that time I resolved never to have anything to do with religion, and I never have."

And you have thoroughly made up your mind to continue in that course?"

"Certainly I have."

Then let us put it in writing," he said and with that he wrote down the young man's words and handed the paper to him saying, "Take this, and when you are asked for your excuse on the day of judgment hand this up.

The man took it mechanically, scarcely realizing what he did, and they parted. Mr. Murray had got home; prayers had been said, when the door-bell rang.

"As he was in the hall he opened the door himself; there was the young man to whom he had spoken that day.

What is the matter now, my friend? Can I do anything more for you?" he asked.

Holding up the little slip of paper, and trembling perceptibly, the young fellow said: "Oh, Mr. Murray, I want to talk this over with you. It will not hold water. When I look at it in black and white I see it will not do for me to reject the Lord Jesus Christ for such a paltry excuse. I cannot continue to do it; is there no help for me?"

Very kindly he was drawn into the house, and the clergyman asked: Is this excuse of twenty years' standing not sufficient for you?"

"No it is not."

"Then we will throw it in the fire;" and suiting the action to the word, the paper was cast into the flames.

Together they knelt down, and after praying to God to save the poor sinner who knelt before him, they arose and gave praise to the Lord for all his goodness; and the man went away renewed in heart, resolving to serve the Lord from that time onward.

NEW THINGS.

A little sermon preached to the S. S. children of Erskine Church, Montreal, on May day just past, by the pastor, Rev. A. J. Mowatt. It has been kindly given at the request of the "Children's Record," for our bigger congregation of little folk. The text was from Rev. 21: 5.

"Behold I make all things new."

Suppose, children, we have a little talk to-day about new things. New things are in season just now—new leaves coming on the trees, new flowers in the garden, new birdies in the nest, new lambs in the fold, new babies in the cradle. Yes, you like new things, and so that is what we will talk about this new May morning.

I was in a house the other day, and the children came in to see me before they went out to their play. And the little boy had something to tell me, and I could not make out what it was. It was very stupid in me, I know. Well his mother said "He wants to tell you he has his new boots on." And very nice little boots they were. And then the little girl had something to say about her new things. Sweet children! They gave me a text for my children's sermon. I said, "Children like new things."

Now here you are to-day, children, and you look so nice. I think it must be because you have your new things on—new boots on your feet, new hats on your heads with bright new trimmings, new dresses on, new little coats and pants for the boys, and pockets in them, new smiles in your faces, such lots of new things. And that is all right.

GOD LIKES NEW THINGS.

You go up to the mountain there, and you do not find God gathering up the best of last year's leaves lying around, the ones that are not so torn and faded and worn out, and patching them up a little bit where they are torn, and brightening them up a little bit where they are faded, sticking them on

the trees and bushes, saying: "These old things will have to go another season. We cannot afford to have new leaves and new flowers every spring." I tell you the mountain would not look like itself, with all the trees and plants in their old dresses. Would it, children?

No. And God does not do that. When May-day comes with its warmth and sunshine, I hear Him saying to the trees and shrubs: "Children of the woods, it is time you had your new things on—new leaves, new flowers. Let the robin build a new nest, Chipmunk, hurry up and dig yourself a new hole. Old oak-tree, what is the matter with you? Why don't you make haste, and turn over a new leaf?"

Yes, children, God likes new things. He does not like to see His trees with their old leaves still on them. There is something wrong if that is the case. Let not the apple-tree say: "I cannot afford new blossoms every season." Nor let the rose-bush say: "It is really too much to expect of me a new crop of roses; I cannot afford such extravagance." And robin red-breast, let not him say: "The old nest will have to do." Ah! that is not the way with the birds and bushes. It is "all things new" with them. New leaves for the trees! New flowers for the woodland! New nests for the birds, and new birdies in them! All things new!

I tell you, there is something wrong somewhere, if children are running about the streets in their old things, their clothes in rags, their faces as if they never saw soap and water, their lives as if they never knew a mother's love and a father's care. God does not like to see that. He who gives new leaves to clothe the trees, wants the children to be neat and clean. Is every creature to have new things, the birds new feathers for their wings, the lamb a new coat of wool for its back, and the children in their old things? No! No! That is all wrong. God likes new things, and children like new things, and so they have them on to-day.

THE NEW HEART.

It is nice to have a new hat. I think God likes to see you with your new hat on. But there is something far nicer than a new hat, and it is the new heart. I think He is looking now to see if you have the new heart. It is not merely some things new—new hats, new shoes and stockings, new dresses, and so on, and so on, but "all things new." I think I hear Him saying: "Here is a little girl, and she looks very pretty in her new hat, but, poor, thing, she is here without the new heart, and I do not like to see it.

You sometimes see a very young face under a very old hat, and you you don't like to see it. They don't match. But it is still worse to see a little girl, or a little boy, with all things new on them, but nothing new in them—their hat of the newest fashion, but their heart all battered out of shape with sin and hard usage. I tell you, little friends, God does not like that.

Now, you can have the new heart. I see you with your new things on—your nice new hats, and new dresses, and new other things. Where did you get them? I think I know. They were given to you. Now that is the way to get the new heart. Ask the one who has it where he got it, and he will say: "It was given me. I asked Him for it, and He gave it to me. Wasn't it kind of Him.

Does it take long to get a new heart? No, not any longer than to get a new hat, not as long in fact. If I am not mistaken I met a little girl yesterday, and it was her old hat she had on. But if I could see her to-day, for I think she is here somewhere, she has a new hat on. An old hat yesterday, a new hat to-day! An old heart yesterday, a new heart to-day! Blessed Jesus, Thou givest the new heart, and so these children may all have to-day the best of new things—the new heart! That makes everything else new.

NEW TONGUES.

The Bible has lots to say about new things. I cannot begin to tell you all the

new things we read of here. But let me tell you of the gift of tongues—new tongues.

What a funny gift to get? Think of somebody coming to you, and asking you to open your mouth. You wonder at it. But you do it. And then he says perhaps: "Little boy, little girl, you need a new tongue."

And is it not so true? The tongue that tell lies, that carries tales, that is free in the use of cross words, and bad words, and swear words—that tongue should be pulled out by the roots. It is the old tongue, and it is too old for such young lips as yours, and so you want the gift of the new tongue.

Long ago a lot of people came up to Jerusalem, and they came up with their old tongues and all the way up they were jabbering to one another in the old way—scolding, swearing, lying, and all the rest of it. Well, there was a wonderful meeting, and a great many of them went to that meeting. God's spirit was there, and do you know, He blessed them with a strange beautiful gift—The new tongue? Instead of telling lies as they used to do, they told the truth. Praise-words were on their lips instead of swear-words, good words instead of bad words. When they went home to their people, the men and the boys, they began talking to those who had not been there, and the people said: "Why these men and boys have come home with new tongues, and wonderful things they have to tell us, things we never heard of before, new things, and they sing new songs."

Yes, children, among the other things, be sure to ask the Lord to give you the new tongue. If we had all new tongues, it would be so much better at home, so much better in the play-ground, so much better everywhere. Instead of cross words and bad talk and lies, it would be holy words, sweetness, kindness, truth, the new song.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

That is the last new thing I want to tell you about to-day, for I must not keep you too long.

The new Jerusalem is a wonderful city. John tells us about it. It is wonderful for its size. You have heard of London, and some of you have seen that great city where our good Queen lives and reigns. But the new Jerusalem is larger than twenty Londons put together.

It is wonderful too for its wealth. Its walls are of jasper, and its gates of pearl. Its streets are paved with gold. The most costly and precious things are there in rich abundance. Through the midst of this city flows a great river, called the River of Life, and its waters are as clear as crystal. Along its streets are planted rows of trees, wonderful trees. Both the leaves and the fruits of the trees are wonderful. It is the Tree of Life.

And then the city is lighted as no city is lighted. They have no such thing as night there. It is light all the time.

The city is full of people, millions and millions, and they are as happy as they are many. *Nobody sick there! Nobody feeble! Nobody poor! Nobody disappointed and unhappy! Nobody friendless and forgotten!* Its streets are full of boys and girls at play, and such sweet bright faced children. The people all dress in white, and they sing beautifully, and some of them have golden harps.

The King of that City—you know Him well—is Jesus, and all the children there are in love with Him, and all the people there think there is no king like Him, never has been, never will be. And they are right. Their favorite hymn all over the great City is something like this: "Worthy the Lamb slain to redeem us out of all lands, and tongues and nations! He found us sinners, and he saved us. He found us filthy and fallen, and He lifted us up, and washed us in His blood, and now we walk in white. Worthy is He to reign over us forever and forever!"

I see the children assembled before Him. It is a great day in the new Jerusalem. The

King gives prizes. Do I not see some from Erskine Church Sunday-school? I think I do. To some He gives beautiful palms. He does it in token of their devotion to Him when they were here where we are. They were so brave and true, doing the right for Him when others around them were doing the wrong. And all Heaven rejoices with a great joy. To others He gives beautiful golden harps. They sung so well for Him. Their lips when they were here were full of praises for Him. They sung in the Sunday school. They sung in the home. They made music wherever they were. Sweet singers, how honored in Heaven for their beautiful happy service for Him. To each of them is given a golden harp.

To others again are given special honors. Here is a little girl, she is arrayed in spotless white. The King calls her to Him. He takes her by the hand. He tells the story of her love and faith, how amid great trials she was true, making the home bright with her light and love where she lived, and winning others to be what she was—little followers of Jesus. And then he puts a bright crown on her head, and she looks so radiant and sweet. Thus it goes on, now a little boy, now a little girl.

Children, will we be there to receive our prize—our palm, our harp, our crown? Not all will be there. Outside the gate are the lips that liked lies better than the truth, the gay one's to whom the world's folly was more than the King's service, the godless and profane. They cannot enter in. I do not think they would want to enter in, for the light of that city is no place for those who love the darkness. But may we be there in the new Jerusalem with our new things—our new hearts, our new tongues, our new songs, all things new!



THE HEATHEN BOY.

Not many years ago, as a lady was sitting in the verandah of her house in Burmah, a jungle boy came through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and approaching her, inquired with eagerness:

"Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy of about twelve years of age, his hair matted with filth and bristling in every direction, like the quills of a porcupine, and a dirty cloth of cotton was wrap-



Tamil boys going to school.

ped in a most slovenly manner about his person.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" he asked, as he hastened up the steps of the verandah.

"What do you want with Jesus Christ?" asked the lady.

"I want to see Him and confess to Him."

"Why, what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"Doing? Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do

everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loogyees (missionaries) say that He can save us from hell. Does he live here? Tell me where I can find Him."

"But He does not save people from hell if they continue to do wickedly."

"I want to stop doing wickedly," said the boy, "but I can't; I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing but come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly replied; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant look.

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now," she added, and was answered by a sharp, quick cry of disappointment "But I am His friend and follower," said the lady, at which the face of the listener brightened, and she continued, "He has told me in His Word to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so."

The joyful eagerness depicted in the boy's countenance was beyond description. "Tell me, oh, tell me! Only ask your Master to save me, and I will be your servant for life. Do not be angry. I want to be saved!"

The next day the little boy was introduced to the little bamboo school-house in the character of "the wild Karen boy;" and such a greedy seeker after truth and holiness had been seldom seen. Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus and the way of salvation: and every day his eagerness increased and his face lost its indescribable look of stupidity. He was at length baptised, and commemorated the love of that Saviour he had so earnestly sought. He lived awhile to testify his sincerity, and then died in a joyful hope. The lady has also since died, and she and the wild Karen boy have met in the presence of their common Redeemer.—Christian Work,

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

"Good-bye, dears. I hope you'll have a good time this afternoon."

It was mother who said it. Nobody ever went away from mother, so the boys declared, without having a good wish as they started.

"But I hope you won't stay late. I mean very late. The days are so long, and it's good to have you come home."

It was Hetty who said this.

"Poor little Het," said Frank, as he turned for a farewell smile at the two faces at the window. "It's too bad this race on the ice came just to-day."

"Yes, it is," assented Rob.

"When she's been shut up in the house so long, and this is the first day she could get out."

"Yes," said Rob again.

"Look here," said Frank, stopping short after they were out of reach of the eyes inside of the window. "Suppose we give this up, and give Hetty her frolic."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Rob, half angrily. "All the boys are going to be out, and it'll be a regular tiptop time. Give it up just to take out a little girl!"

Hetty had had a long illness, and was just able to go out. For several days it had been arranged that on this Saturday afternoon she was to be wrapped up and the boys were to take her on a sled over to the house of Uncle Harry, half a mile away.

The little girl had looked forward to it with such delight as those know who have spent many weary weeks in the house.

Then had come the regatta.

Of course, all the boys in the country around would expect to be there; and equally, of course, Hetty, being an unselfish little girl, said at once that she would remain at home, so that her brothers might go.

"I wouldn't care a bit," went on Frank to his brother as they walked on; "if Hetty wasn't so nice about it. If she cried and made a fuss, as most girls would, I'd have

just told her to shut up. But she didn't."

Rob remembered, though, the tremble of the lip with which his little sister had insisted that the boys should not give up their sport for her sake. So he didn't make any reply, except to quicken his steps, which had slowed as Frank hesitated.

"You don't mean," said Rob presently, "that you would really go back now."

"I will, if you will," said Frank stopping short. "I don't mean but what I want to see the regatta awfully, but—"

"Well, that's just my fix," said Rob, stepping on with a resolute face. "I want to see it awfully, and I am going to see it. Hurry up now."

With one or two swift runs to vary the fast walking the mile was soon covered. They were early. It was scarcely past noon, yet there were already numbers of people gathered on the lakeside.

What a gay scene it was! The ice boats stood decked with bright ribbons, which whirled and danced in the breeze. The ice was alive with skaters, flying this way and that, while on the bank sleighs and cutters, with merry parties and jingling bells, drove up and down. But notwithstanding all, there was a weight at the hearts of our two boys. Rob was by no means inclined to be unkind to his sister. Take them as a family, they were most united in loving care and thought for each other. A large sleigh full of little girls drove by. They were Hetty's friends, and how Rob would have rejoiced in seeing her face among them; but it was inside the room in which she had been a prisoner so long, probably still looking from the window from which she had waved them a farewell.

Then before him arose the day on which the dear face had lain on a pillow, and no one knew whether it would ever be lifted to to gladden those who loved it.

Rob skated up to his brother.

"Say," he said, "do you believe mother'd let us bring Hetty down here? We'd scoot her down in no time at all."

"No," said Frank, "I don't believe she would."

Rob hadn't believed it either. It was simply his way of getting at what he now fully intended doing.

He took another turn around the skating course. It was pleasant to be there, hard to think of turning one's back upon it. He was again at Frank's side.

"We've," he began, "seen how things are now. They say the boats won't go for an hour yet, and who wants to wait so long? It's early. What do you say?"

"I say yes," said Frank.

Skates were taken off, and the distance home soon left behind.

"What's that at the gate?" asked Rob, as they drew near.

A sleigh stood beside it, inside of which was a delightful mixture of furry wraps and bright faces. Strings of bells pealed out jerky chimes with every movement of the restless horses.

"Hello," cried voices, mingling with the bells. "We have come for you. Hurry up. We must get there before the regatta begins."

It was Uncle Harry's family, and within the house was an equally exciting condition of things. Hetty was being wrapped for the ride. She was to see it all.

"Why, boys, why are you back so soon?"

"We came to take Hetty out."

"Now, boys!" How her face beamed and shone as she heard it! "You really gave it up to come for me? Why, you dear, dear brothers, that'll be the very best part of it all."

It may be easily guessed that it was the best part of it for each of them. Surely, no one on that bright day could be more light-hearted than the boys who had been willing to give up their own pleasure to do a kindness.

"We should have been glad to do it even if it hadn't turned out so," said Rob, as they talked of it in the evening.

"Yes, dears," said mother "your self-

denial was as perfect as if it had not met with such quick reward."

"Pshaw!" said Frank, with a little swagger, walking around the room with his hands in his pockets. "It wasn't such a big thing to do."

"Perhaps not," said mother, "but you know that in our every day routine we are not often called on to do big things. It is the smallest kindnesses, given out of loving self-denial which make up the sweetness of home life!"—Herald and Presbyterian.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

"Children, obey your parents." The Bible is full of admonitions of obedience to parents. The best and wisest men of all ages have counseled this obedience. It is counted as one of the sweetest and most graceful attributes of childhood and youth, and yet there are those who are fearful that this virtue is on the decline and that the children of our day are far from being as obedient to those in authority over them as the children of other days have been.

There is reason for fearing that this is true. So many boys and girls are inclined to rebel against authority or discipline of any kind, not knowing that no one can ever hope to be free from discipline and authority.

The strongest and greatest and the wisest men in the world feel themselves to be under authority, and they yield a childlike obedience to all of the laws that contribute to their well-being. They recognize the value of discipline and are not impatient to be free from authority. We must all yield to authority of some kind. We must all recognize the existence and necessity of a law higher than our own will and desires.

Obedience to parents is something under which children should not chafe and rebel. It is a duty and a necessity, and when complied with cheerfully is sure to bring happiness. Do not be in any hurry to be free from the authority of your parents. They hold you in loving bonds, and the time will come when you will be glad that you obeyed father and mother. It is true that "No principle is more essential, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience."—Ex.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT JAPAN.

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

Twice a year the adherents of the Shinto faith in Japan cut small figures out of paper

and throw them in the river, the idea being that with the immersion of these figures their own sins are washed away.

The Shinto priests of Japan scrupulously practice cleanliness in their religious service. Their garments are always spotless, and they even bind a slip of paper over their mouths so that their breath may not pollute the offering.

Japan claims the oldest wooden building in the world. It is a log storehouse in Yara, that is now used to shelter some of the mikado's art treasures. An age of one thousand two hundred years is claimed for it. Some of the logs are nearly worn away by weather.



Chinese Salutations, bowing and shaking their own hands.

A STORY OF THE BLACK FOREST.

Many years ago a worthy old pastor lived in a village near to the Black Forest. His life had been spent in doing good amongst his people, and now he was calmly waiting for the summons to come from his Master to enter upon his reward.

He was, however, anxious once more to see his sister, and place in her hands a small sum of money he had saved for her. He accordingly set out one bright autumn morning, hoping to reach her home by easy stages before nightfall. His path lay through a portion of the forest.

As he drew near to the end of his journey he was startled and alarmed on seeing himself suddenly surrounded by a band of fierce-looking men, who immediately demanded his money.

At once he gave up his travelling bag: telling them to take all he had. The chief of the band asked him roughly if he had anything more with him, and he answered, "No." On hearing this they let him go on his way, and he soon found himself on the outskirts of the wood, and near to his sister's cottage.

He had almost reached the door, when a

thought struck him. He remembered now that he had taken the precaution before he started to sew the money for his sister inside the lining of his black velvet cap. What should he do? His conscience was very tender, and he was always accustomed to tell the truth; but here he had told a lie, for he and said he had nothing on his person.

The thought troubled him. He began to reason with himself in his own simple fashion—"It is a sin to steal; true, but it is also a sin to lie. What should I say to God if He called me now to stand before Him. I had better lose my money than defile my conscience."

And so he determined to make a clean breast of it—go back to the robbers and explain to them that he had forgotten this money when he said he had none.

The moon had now risen, and he could see to retrace his steps. He quickly came upon the men, most of whom were sitting on the ground smoking their pipes, and laughing over the contents of his bag, which were scattered about. One of them had just then in his hand a prayer-book with a silver clasp, an old family relic.

At that moment the robbers looked up and saw the old man approaching. He came towards them and said, "I have come back to tell you that I am guilty of a lie. I said I had no other property on me, but I had these few coins which I have saved for my poor sister. In my fear I had forgotten them. Take them all; I could not face my God with a lie on my conscience." So saying he held out the coins to them.

As they looked at him in the moonlight he seemed to them almost like a being from another world, and not one of them dared to take the coins. Then the leader, in a moment or two, told him to keep them for himself.

Seeing the impression his action had made upon them, the old man in a solemn manner spoke to them of the evil of their ways, and begged them to turn a better life.

Not one of them answered him, but silently returned to him his bag, and every article they had taken. Then the old man lost his fear, and standing in the midst of them in the moonlight, he looked up towards heaven and prayed aloud, then gave them his blessing and left them.

His heart was filled with joy. The very forest seemed to be flooded with a light from heaven as he walked once more towards his sister's cottage.

That night, and every night to the day of his death, he prayed for that robber-band. Who shall say what might be the answer?

It will very likely seem to you that the old pastor in this story went beyond what was his duty in thus turning back; but he, at any rate, kept a clear conscience and did good to others.

There is one thing, however, which we should always try to do, and which this story may help to fix in our minds—that is, always speak the exact truth whatever it may cost. When anything is told respecting a person or an event which has happened, we have no right to add to it any discolouring of our own, nor take from it by any desire to lessen its importance. Facts are facts, and should be told just as they happened.

If we fail to do this, we injure first of all ourselves, and then we injure others. And oh! the misery there is in the world through this one cause—people putting their own feelings into things they tell of others. Remember always truth is truth, and all else is wrong.—Free Ch. Monthly.

TWO FRIENDS.

"In a minute," is a bad friend: he makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets you into a great deal of trouble.

"Right Away" is a good friend: he helps you to do what you ought to do, pleasantly and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.

"GUMPTION" AND A FILE.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," if it comes handy to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature—"gumption" it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well, as it served a man who tells his story in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

When I was fourteen years old, he says, it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, "Boy Wanted."

I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk.

"Back office," he said.

I walked back to the little den with a partition around it, and pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped in.

It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk.

I turned around quickly.

"At home, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

"O!" said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. "Sit down," he added, "I'm busy."

I looked back at the door.

"If you don't mind," said I, "and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting."

"Eh," he said quickly. "All right. Go ahead."

I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all right. When I put my file back in my pocket and turned round, the man at the desk was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked.

"Mother," I answered.

"Have her come in here with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

At twenty-five I was partner in the house; at thirty-five I had half-interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file.—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

We bring our hearts to Jesus
To have them freed from sin;
His precious blood will cleanse them,
His Spirit dwell within;
Then ready for His service,
We can go forth with prayer,
To do the work he gives us
And serve him everywhere.

We bring our hands to Jesus
That he may make them strong,
To fight the daily battle
With sin and every wrong;
We're soldiers in his army
And pledged to serve our King.
Then let us lift His banner
With faith unwavering.

We bring our seed to Jesus,
The seed we want to sow,
That He may give His blessing
And cause each grain to grow;
We're sowing for the harvest
And pray for precious corn
To fill the Master's garner,
Upon the happy morn.

We want to glean for Jesus
In fields both far and near,
To gather in the lost ones,
The gospel news to hear;
Although He may not send us
To work in distant lands,
We know he also serveth
Who by his Master stands.

But if the voice of Jesus
Should say—"Go, work today,"
We want to follow gladly
To dark lands far away
O Saviour, take us, use us,
And make us all thine own,
Thy weak and faltering children,
But Thine, Lord—Thine alone!

Children's World.

ONE GLASS A DAY.

I knew a young man who was in the Liverpool Customs, and who had for many years been a total abstainer. On one occasion he said to a friend of mine, "I think it's a stupid thing to be a total abstainer, and tie one's self down so much. I don't see why a man can't make himself a definite allowance from day to day. It would be no harm. Now I am going to alter my system and take one glass a day and no more."

"Well," said my friend, "you are perfectly well without it."

"Oh, yes, I'm very well in health."

"Then, why not let it alone?"

"Oh, one glass a day won't hurt."

"But you are a great deal better without it."

"Well, I don't know; I shall just try one glass a day and keep to it."

For twelve months that man did keep to his one glass a day. That indicates that he was a man of very considerable natural self-control. But at the end of twelve months he said, "I think it's a foolish thing for a man to lay down any hard and fast line for himself. A man ought to be able to say, 'I will take as much as is good for me. I will restrict myself to what my requirements need.'"

He aimed at that.

Six months afterwards that young man was picked up reeling drunk, in the street, his employers forgave him the first offence, as he had borne an excellent character up to that time; but that first offence was followed by a second, and he was eventually dismissed from the Customs and became an outcast from society. He then plunged into a life of intemperance, and within a few short years of that first fall delirium tremens hurried him into eternity! This is how the fatal habit of drunkenness grows, little by little.—Sel.

