

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

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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By Authority of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

OUR JANUARY CATECHISM.

Question. Whence do the different churches get their names?

Answer. Some from their teachings, some from their mode of church government, etc.

Q. Why is the Roman Catholic Church so named?

A. Catholic, because it claims to be universal, and Roman, because its centre of authority is in Rome.

Q. Why is the Episcopal Church so called?

A. Because it is governed by *Episcopoi*, or Overseers, called Bishops.

Q. Why is it sometimes called "The Church of England?"

A. Because it is the church established by law in England.

Q. Why are Methodists so named?

A. When they started they were nicknamed "Methodists" by worldly people, because they were careful and methodical in the duties of their worship. They made the reproach a term of honor, and kept it.

Q. Why are Baptists so called?

A. Because of their mode of baptism and the importance they attach to it.

Q. Why are Congregationalists so named?

A. Because each separate congregation rules its own affairs, all the members of the congregation having a part.

Q. Why are we called Presbyterians?

A. Because our mode of church government is by *Presbyters*, or elders.

Q. Whence do we get this system of church government by Presbyters?

A. From the New Testament.

Q. What are the names of the church courts in the Presbyterian Church?

A. The Session, the Presbytery, the Synod, and the General Assembly.

Q. What is the Session?

A. A band of elders chosen by a congregation, who, together with the minister, manage the matters connected with its government and worship.

Q. What is a Presbytery?

A. It is made up of the ministers and an elder from each congregation in a given dis-

trict, and usually contains from ten to thirty congregations.

Q. What is the Synod?

A. It is made up of a number of Presbyteries, usually from six to twelve.

Q. What is the General Assembly?

A. It is made up of one-fourth of the ministers in each Presbytery and an equal number of elders. It has supervision over the whole church.

Q. How many Synods are there in the Presbyterian Church in Canada?

A. Six.

Q. Beginning in the East, what are their names?

A. 1. *Synod of the Maritime Provinces*, with ten Presbyteries, viz.:—Truro, Sydney, Inverness, Halifax, Wallace, Pictou, P. E. Island, Lunenburg and Shelburne, St. John and Miramichi.

There used to be a Presbytery of Newfoundland, but it is now united with that of Halifax.

2. *Synod of Montreal and Ottawa*, with six Presbyteries, viz.:—Quebec, Montreal, Glengarry, Ottawa, Lanark and Renfrew, and Brockville.

3. *Synod of Toronto and Kingston*, with seven Presbyteries, viz.:—Kingston, Peterboro, Orangeville, Barrie, Algoma, Owen Sound, Saugeen, and Guelph.

4. *Synod of Hamilton and London*, with nine Presbyteries, viz.:—Hamilton, Paris, London, Chatham, Stratford, Huron, Maitland, Bruce, and Sarnia.

5. *Synod of Manitoba and the North-West*, with nine Presbyteries, viz.:—Superior, Winnipeg, Rock Lake, Glenboro, Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Minnedosa, Melita, and Regina.

6. *Synod of British Columbia*, with four Presbyteries, viz.:—Calgary, Kamloops, Westminster, and Victoria.

Q. How many Presbyteries are there in our church?

A. Forty-nine in Canada, besides the mission Presbyteries of Trinidad, Indore, and Honan, in all fifty-two.

THE XMAS GIFT FOR CHRIST.

It was the Christmas Sunday,
And round the teacher's chair
A happy group was gathered
Of children young and fair.

They spake of God's great mercy
To sinful, helpless man,
And talked about the wonders
Of God's redemption plan.

They spake of Christ, the Saviour,
Who in this world was born
A little helpless infant
On that first Christmas morn.

They spake of costly offerings
The wise men brought their King,
And then they stopped and wondered,
What could *the children* bring?

'The children have no presents
Of gold and incense rare;
And yet they want to offer
Their young heart's tribute there.

"What can I give to Jesus?"
Said little Gracie Lee,
"I'd like to give Him something
For what He's done for me.

"Dear teacher, I've a shilling
I saved to buy a book;
Dad gave it me for Christmas,
It's here, dear teacher—look!

"It's new, and bright, and shiny,
I've not had one before;
But though I like the shilling
I love the Saviour more.

"So take it, dearest teacher,
I give it up to Him."
The teacher took the shilling,
And her kind eyes were dim.

"He sees your gift, dear Gracie,
And you will always prove
That, giving up for Jesus,
You gain his smile of love."

"What can I give to Jesus?"
Said blue-eyed Nannie Wray;
"This penny, dearest teacher,
I'll give Him if I may.

"It's all I've got, for mother
Is very very poor,
I earned this penny sweeping
The snow from Simpson's do

"But O, I love the Saviour
Who gave Himself for all;
I'd like to give this penny
If it is not too small."

"The pennies make the shillings,"
The teacher said, and smiled;
"And He who loves the childre
Accepts your gift, my child.

"'Tis not too small for Jesus,
Who blessed the widow's mite,
The humblest gift that's offered
Is precious in His sight."

Then, kissing her dear teacher,
Away ran little Nan;
"O, Jesus Christ," she whispered,
"I've given all I can."

"What can I give to Jesus?"
Said sad-faced little Jim:
"I love Him, but I've nothing
That I can give to Him."

"Then, give yourself," said teacher,
"'Tis that will please Him most;
He gave Himself for sinners
To seek and save the lost

"So give yourself to Jesus,
Give all your heart to Him."
"I will"—and now so happy
Is pale-faced little Jim.

"What can I give to Jesus?"
Said smiling Harry King;
"Why, teacher dear, this morning
I gave Him everything.

"Take me," I said to Jesus,
'Dear Christ. Thine may I live';
And so you see, dear teacher,
I've nothing left to give;

"For if I am the Saviour's,
Then He has all my store;
My purse and all my money
Belong to me no more."

“What can I give to Jesus?”

The teacher said, with tears;

“Take all my goods and talents,
Take all my future years.

“Let them be spent in service
For Thee, my God, and thine;
And so with these dear children
Thy blessing shall be mine!”

—Sel.

GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR!

The bells ring low in muffled tone,
The chilling wind makes sadder moan,
The flowers are dead, and all must die,—
Good-by, Old Year, good-by!

The laughing streams run coldly now;
Stern Winter reigns with ice-crowned brow;
Fair Summer is dead, and you must die,—
Good-by, Old Year, Good-by!

Once you were young, but now you're old;
Our youth can ne'er be bought with gold;
Your youth is dead; all youth must die,—
Good-by Old Year, good-by!

Your glory came; your glory's gone;
All glory fades time breathes upon;
Grandeur and pride shall surely die,—
Good-by, Old Year, good-by!

You brought us many glittering joys
That cloyed and broke like children's toys;
Our joys you've killed, now you must die,—
Good-by, Old Year, good-by!

You brought us much of galling grief,
But like our joys, its smart was brief,
If joys must go, then grief must die,—
Good-by, Old Year, good-by!

Thou wast a year of hundred years,
Of glorious triumph that endears;
But ah! as others, thou must die,—
Good-by, Old Year, Good-by!

Though husk must die, the kernel lives;
So doth the truth each year e'er give,
Thou brought'st us much that will not die,—
Good-by, Old Year, good-by!

THE NOBLER CONQUEST.

Young Alexander of Macedon lay asleep and dreaming, in his palace on the western shore of the *Ægean*. He was in doubt and perplexity about the future. The invasion and conquest of Persia was on his mind; but his army was small, his means were limited, and the prize seemed beyond his grasp. Suddenly out of the night, from across the Hellespont, “a man of Judæa” appeared to him in a vision of the night, beckoning him to come over and begin his career of conquest.

The dream decided him, according to the legend; and, like Caesar, he went, and saw, and conquered.

Years afterwards, when Tyre had been captured and Palestine had come under his sceptre, the Jewish High Priest, clad in his robes of office, met the conqueror on his way to Jerusalem and persuaded him to spare the city. Alexander at once acceded to his request, declaring at the same time, according to Josephus, that this was the very man who had appeared to him in the vision and encouraged him to enter on the campaign.

About 400 years later, in another dream, a vision of the night, “a man of Macedonia” from across the *Ægean* appeared to Paul (the little), inviting him to come over and conquer *the West!* The dream decided him, and he went, and saw, and conquered. He began with Alexander's country.

As far to the West, as Alexander had penetrated to the East, the Apostle carried the banner of the cross. He, too, marched from victory to victory. “His weapons were not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.” His mission was salvation, not destruction. After ten years of conflict Alexander turned back from India; after ten years of spiritual warfare St. Paul returned from Spain. Alexander, after conquering the East, died at Babylon a victim to intemperance; he had failed to conquer himself. St. Paul, after conquering the West, died at Rome, winning a nobler conflict.

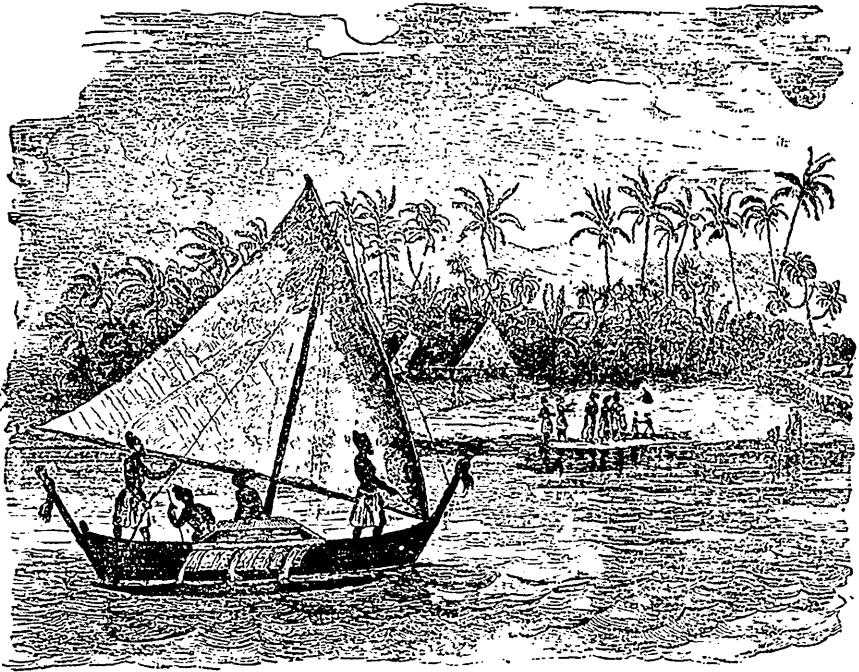
Let us enlist under Christ's banner, and follow him as Captain of our Salvation, and we, too, shall be “more than conquerors.”—Sel.

OUR PICTURES THIS MONTH.

The illustrations for this month carry us away to the sunny islands of the Southern seas. One of them is a picture of family life, another a picture of village life, and another shews boating and island life.

The pictures are all peaceful. The boat

ones, or the killing and eating of human victims. There is yet on some of these islands that dark side of life which only the Gospel can make bright; and on the other hand, in many an isle of the ocean that brightness has come, and "every prospect pleases." Not even man is vile.



A Micronesian Island.

gliding in the waters, the waving palms, the quiet landscape.

Even man does not seem so vile in these pictures. There is peace and quiet.

But this is only a partial picture. There is a dark and cruel side not given in these views. We do not here see the vile and filthy lives, the murdering of infants, or of aged helpless

On three of those beautiful islands in the South Seas, our own missionaries are laboring: the Mackenzies on Efate, the Robertsons on Erromanga, and the Annands on Santo; and they have been the means of bringing many a dark heart and life to the light and hope of the Gospel.

Pray for them and their work.

THE LITTLE FOX, "BY-AND-BY."

THERE is a beautiful old song in the Bible about Love. It is called 'The Song of Solomon,' who was the wisest of the kings of Israel. It tells about the heart, and how the love that is in it may be kept pure and holy, or made impure and bad.

One verse in that song—Solomon's Song ii. 15—says, 'Take as the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.'

The old Jewish vine-dressers used to be greatly troubled by the foxes, which had a way of stealing in among the tender vines, and gnawing the roots and eating off the fresh green shoots, and doing a great deal of damage. They had to watch very carefully for them; and they had a song which they used to sing as they were going out to work in their vineyards. A part of it was :

'Destroy the pests of the vineyards
Catch the foxes every one?
By all means take the little foxes,
For they are the ones that spoil the vines?'

Now, our hearts, you know, are spoken of as vineyards. God has planted them and watered them, and He wants them to bear fruit for Him. Do you know what fruits they may bear? There is love, and purity, and patience, and gentleness, and kindness, and mercy, and faith. There are good deeds and kind words and pure thoughts. All of these our Heavenly Father has made it possible for our hearts to bear, and He expects them to do it.

But there are a great many things that help to spoil the vines in God's vineyard. They are like little foxes, and they get into our hearts and nibble off the grape clusters, and break the tender twigs, and trample out the delicate roots. They are unkind thoughts, bad habits, cross dispositions, love of self, and a great many more. Let me tell you the names of some of these little foxes. There is 'By and By,' a lazy fox; and 'I Can't,' a shiftless fox; and 'I Won't,' an obstinate fox; and 'I'll do as I please,' a selfish fox; and 'Cover up,' a sly fox, and a whole pack more.

Sometimes good things begin to grow in children's hearts, like buds on a vine. There is the bud of patience, and the bud of love, and the bud of obedience, and the bud of modesty, and the bud of helpfulness. Then something comes and nips off the little bud, and it stops growing. It is a sly little fox that has been on the watch for it, and you cannot think how much mischief he does.

I should like to speak about several of these little foxes, but there is time for only one to-day.

He is a mischievous little fellow; but so lazy that you can easily catch him if you wish to.

'Among my garden vines I spy
A little fox, named "By-and-By."'

Have you never seen him? By-and-By has a great many brothers and sisters, and they are all very much alike.

There is 'Put-off,' and 'Pretty-soon,' and 'Wait-a-bit,' and 'To-morrow;' and what I say about one of them I could say about them all.

By-and-By is a sly little fox. He looks innocent, and is a great pet with children. Whenever there is anything which you ought to do, he whispers in your ear, 'Oh, you don't need to do it now! Some other time it will be very much easier. There is no hurry.'

Do you know that one of the great-great-grandfathers of this little fox lived twenty-five hundred years ago, in the days of the good Prophet Isaiah? He used to get into people's hearts then just as his descendants do now, and made them say, '*To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant.*' You may call that the text of this little sermon, put right here in the middle.

By-and-By prowls about everywhere. He persuades you to lie in bed late in the morning. When you are dressing he makes you dawdle and look out of the window, and be a long while buttoning up your shoes. When you are in school he makes you slow in learning your lessons. He calls off your mind to play, and to other things that you want to do. When you are sent on errands, he makes you loiter on the street, or stop to play, or to look in at the shop windows. When your parents

have told you to do something for them he suggests that you wait till afternoon, or put it off till to-morrow; and so he does a great deal of mischief.

He nips off the buds of promptness and energy, and makes you idle and good-for-nothing. He starts you on a downhill road that leads you to the pit of disobedience. Do you see how? First, By-and-By makes you put off duty, then neglect it, then forget it, and so you disobey a plain command. You try to excuse it by saying, 'I didn't mean to,' or 'I forgot;' but the real reason was you listened to By-and-By, who whispered in your ear, 'Wait a while. Don't do it now.'

This little fox is a great thief. He steals time—minutes and hours and days and years.

If, on a beautiful holiday, a thief could get into your home and steal three hours out of the clock, so that instead of being three o'clock it should suddenly be six, you would feel that you had been robbed, wouldn't you? By-and-By does just that. There is a long name that grown-up people call him by sometimes, and that is procrastination, and some poet has said :—

'Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year he steals, till all are fled.'

The good spirit within us urges us to do some good thing. Then By-and-By, like an evil spirit, says, 'Not now Put it off;' and so, very likely, we never do it

One of these little foxes once got into the heart of a Roman Governor, Felix, who was listening to the Apostle Paul as he told about Jesus and the good way of life, and made him say, 'When I have a convenient season I will call for thee.' But we do not know that that convenient season ever came. Probably Jesus never stood at the door of Felix's heart again, and he was driven away by this naughty little fox. Just so By-and-By has robbed many a man and woman of their souls—just by whispering to them when they were boys and girls, 'It is just as well to put off loving Jesus and being His disciple until you are grown up: and when they were grown up they didn't want to do it any more.

'The House of Never.'

'The house of Never is built, they say,
Just over the hills of the By-and-By ;
Its gates are reached by a devious way,
Hidden from all but an angel's eye :
It winds about and in and out
The hills and dales to sever.
Once over the hills of the By-and-By
And you're lost in the house of Never.

'The house of Never is filled with waits,
With just-in-a-minutes and pretty-soons ;
The noise of their wings, as they beat the gates,
Comes back to earth in the afternoons,
When shadows fly across the sky
And rush in rude endeavour
To question the hills of the By-and-By
As they ask for the house of Never.

'The house of Never was built with tears ;
And lost in the hills of the By-and-By
Are a million hopes and million fears—
A baby's smiles and a woman's cry.
The winding way seems bright to-day,
Then darkness falls for ever,
For over the hills of the By-and-By
Sorrow waits in the house of Never.'

The special hunter who is always on the watch for By-and-By is called 'Right-now !' He is just like his name.

He catches the sly little fox just as soon as he sees him prowling around the vines of duty, and keeps him from nipping off the buds and causing the vines to wither and be fruitless.

The favourite weapons which this good hunter uses in fighting By-and-By are two texts. One is in 2nd Cor. vi. 2, which says, 'Behold, now is the accepted time;' and the other is in Eccles. ix. 10, which says, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' This last text he chose twenty-nine hundred years ago, and the other one a thousand years later; but they are good ones yet.

Here are some verses that I found the other day about a twin brother of By-and-By, whose name is 'Pretty-Soon':—

'The Land of "Pretty-Soon."'

'I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve;
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty-Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mould and rust.
And oh, this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon;
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
To the land of "Pretty-Soon."

'The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks,
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,
And farther at night than at noon,
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty-Soon."'

Rev. C. A. S. in The Independent.

BOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble, Christian boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the kingly boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and beloved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful, Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the Church and Sunday School. Be true to every friendship. Help others to be and do good.—*Sel.*

HIS MOTHER'S MEMORY.

A city missionary was taking some boys to the country to find homes. One boy who had a new hat given him went into the corner with his old hat and tore the lining out of it. The missionary said, "What are you doing with that hat? You don't want that old lining." "Oh," said the boy, "that was made out of my mother's dress. She loved me very much before she died, and I have nothing to remember her by but this lining," and the boy tore it out and put it in his pocket

PILLAR OF RHEIMS.

The famous trembling pillar of Rheims presents a curious problem to architects. The church of Saint Nicaise is surrounded with pillars constructed to prevent the walls from straining. At the entrance of the church is a bell tower. On one of the bells in this tower the phenomenon of the trembling pillar depends. When this bell is rung or even touched the top of this pillar sways.

It goes and returns about seven inches on each side, although the base of the pillar is immovable, and the stones are so firmly cemented that it seems like a solid piece of stone.

An authority who states that no satisfactory solution of this peculiarity has been given, writes: "What is very singular to that although the four bells are about the same distance from the trembling pillar only one of them has any effect on it. The others may be rung singly or all together without moving it.

In 1775 a little window was made in the roof of the church opposite the pillar. A board was placed on top of the pillar, and on it were put two glasses of water. Then the bell was rung. Immediately the pillar began to sway, and at the fifth stroke of the bell, the two glasses were thrown off.

The ringing of this bell has no effect on the pillars between the phenomenal one and the tower, nor on any of the others. But formerly it was the first pillar which swayed, then it became immovable, and some years ago the one next to it became the eccentric one.—*Youths Companion.*

A NEW HEBRIDES CHIEF.

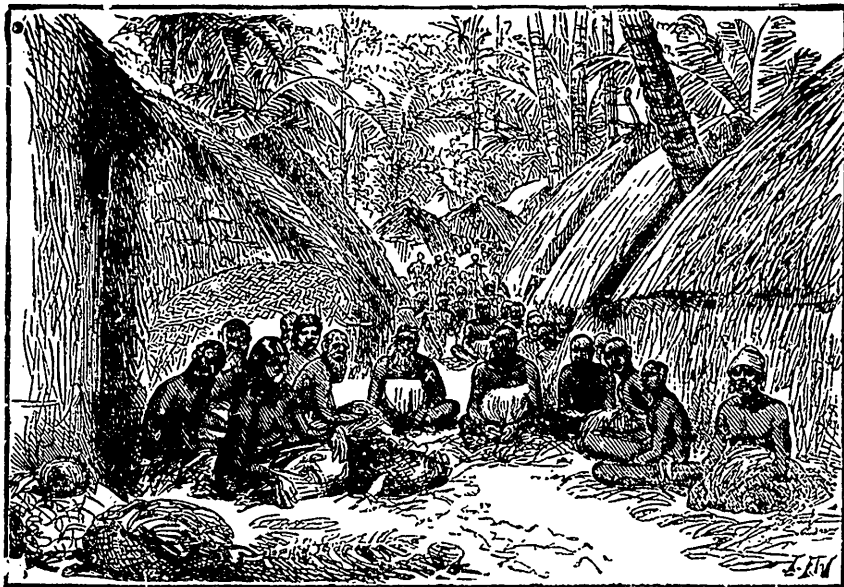
Mr. Landels, missionary in Malo, one of the New Hebrides Islands, writes :—

Our old Moli (high chief) was very ill with fever and a type of influenza, which threatened to carry him away; in fact, so near death was he that crowds were assembled outside his house in the square, waiting to make the funeral arrangements, whilst inside his house

child of them to their homes and plantations until such time as they heard from me.

Since then I have visited him twice daily, giving him medicine which has caused him to recover very much. To-day his pulse is about 84° only, temperature normal, and no fever.

I told him that he badly needed a wash, which he has consented to have the day after to-morrow.



A Micronesian Village.

scores of women sat ready to set up the death wail.

I heard of this, and could not see how he could possibly be so ill, as I had seen him some three days before, well.

Accompanied by Antás and Tacé, I went to see him, and found him in a burning fever, with a quick pulse and a temperature just over 100°.

It was quietness he wanted if he was to get better. So I ordered every man, woman and

The other day he asked me to cut off all the finely-plaited cord which was wound round his waist, and which must have cost months of labor to those who plaited it. There must have been from 30 to 50 yards of it.

When he found himself getting better, he asked me to listen, and told me the startling news that he wished when he died that I would take his place. Just fancy your humble servant transformed into a Maloese chief!

A LITTLE BOY'S DREAM OF THE NEW YEAR.

BLOW! blow! blow! You would have thought the wind meant to tear everything to pieces.

That was what Harry Richards thought as he listened to it.

Harry was playing keep house with his little sister Annie. Christmas was over, and Santa Claus had brought them so many playthings that they were kept busy and happy all day long. Out in the hall his papa was getting ready to go down town, and mamma was helping him.

"Just hear!" said papa: "The Old Year is going to give us a pretty stormy good-bye to night."

"I wonder," said Harry to himself, pausing in his play, "who the Old Year is, and where he is going."

So when his mamma came in, a few minutes afterward, he asked: "Who is the Old Year, mamma, and where is he going? Did papa mean the wind?"

His mamma laughed, and taking both little children upon her lap, she told them about the Old Year; how that night was the last night of the year, and so people called the past year the Old Year; and to-morrow would be the first day of the New Year.

"And now," she said, "how is my little boy going to treat this beautiful New Year which begins to-morrow? Isn't he going to treat it better than he did the Old Year?"

"How can I, mamma?" asked Harry.

"By being a better boy," replied mamma; "by being kind to Annie and to all your playmates; by not hurting Rover or Pussy."

"Does it hurt the Old Year if I do that?" asked Harry.

"Yes," replied mamma; "and you want to be better to the New Year than you were to the Old Year. And now it is time two little children were in bed." But before she tucked Harry up for the night, he asked "When does the New Year come, mamma?"

"To-night, when the clock strikes twelve. Now good-night!"

"I wish," thought Harry, "I could see the

New Year come in. I guess I'll stay awake and see what he looks like."

But before he knew it he dropped off to sleep. When he awakened it was still dark, and he sat up in bed, saying, "I wonder if the New Year has come yet. I haven't heard the clock strike. I guess I'll go down and see."

So down he slipped to the parlor, and went in, when what did he see? He rubbed his eyes, and looked again. There, right before the fire, sat an old man. He was shivering as he bent over the few hot coals, and Harry could see that he looked very old and feeble.

He had on a dark coat which was very much worn.

"Oh!" thought Harry, "I wonder if that is the Old Year."

"Please, sir," said he, stepping up to the old man, "are you the Old Year, and are you going away to night?"

The old man turned slowly and looked at the child, and Harry could see that he had a very kind face, though it was all scarred and wrinkled.

"Yes," said the old man, in a pleasant voice, "I'm the Old Year, and I'm waiting for my son, the New Year. When he comes, I'm going away."

"But can't you stay here?" asked the little boy. "We'll be very good to you and take care of you."

"Oh, no," said the Old Year, smiling; "I can't stay now. You should have been good to me and taken care of me while I was with you. I have been with you for a whole year; but I must go now, and make room for the New Year."

"Why!" exclaimed Harry, in astonishment, "have you been here a year? I never saw you?"

"And yet," said the Old Year, "you have helped to make me old. I came here a year ago, young, and in just a year have grown this old."

"How did I help?" asked Harry. "I didn't mean to."

"Do you see this scar on my face?" asked the Old Year. "That is where you pushed your little sister down and hurt her. And

these bumps on my head are where you threw stones at birds. You pulled the cat's tail; you tripped your little playmate and hurt him; and those all left their scars on me, and helped to make me old. You cried and frowned when your mamma asked you to do something you didn't want to, that is what makes my face so wrinkled."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" cried Harry. "I didn't know I was hurting you. Did I make your clothes so torn and ragged, too?"

"Yes," answered the Old Year. "Every time you tore your clothes, you tore mine."

"Do all the naughty things I do really hurt you?"

"Yes," replied the Old year, "but I shall be satisfied if you are sorry, and if you will promise to treat the New Year better."

"Indeed I will," promised Harry, eagerly.

Just then he heard a cheery voice behind him say: "Well, here I am, father!"

Harry turned, and saw standing in the doorway a handsome young man, dressed in a beautiful snow-white robe.

"So this is the little boy I am to take care of, is it?" asked the New Year, holding out his hand to Harry.

Harry took it. The New Year seemed so kind and jovial, he could but like him.

"I'm sure we shall be good friends," continued the New Year, smiling, "shall we not, Harry?"

"Remember your promise," said the Old Year.

Oh, indeed I will," cried Harry; "I will be good to the New Year."

"Of course you will," said the New Year, laughing. "Every one is good to the New Year."

"Well, good-bye, my son," said the Old Year, rising feebly.

The New Year knelt down, and the Old Year placed his hands on his head in blessing.

Then he turned to go.

"Oh, are you going away now, Old Year?" cried Harry, reaching out his hands.

But the New Year caught him up, and, setting him on his shoulder, danced through the rooms with him, and finally up-stairs, where he laid him on his own bed.

"A happy New Year!" he cried. Harry opened his eyes, and, looking up, saw his mother.

"Why, where is the New Year?" he asked, sitting up in bed.

"The New Year is here," replied mamma. "This is the New Year."

"But I mean the New Year who brought me up-stairs. I was down-stairs, mamma, and I saw the New Year come in; and, oh! he is so nice. I like him ever so much."

"You saw the New Year come in!" cried mamma, in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Harry; "and I saw the Old Year, too; and he looked so old. He showed me where I hurt him, but I didn't mean to; and I'm going to be good to the New Year."

Mamma began to see that her little boy had been dreaming. So she sat down, and said; "Now tell me all about it, Harry."

So Harry told her what he had seen in the night; and she explained to him that it was a dream, but that it really meant something; and that he must be a good boy this year, and he would make it a happy New Year for everyone.

And afterward, when Harry was tempted to do wrong, he remembered his promise to the Old Year.—*Pres. Banner.*

CIGARETTE SMOKING.

A good deal has been said about the evils of cigarette smoking, but one-half the truth has never been told. Cigarette smoking blunts the whole moral nature. It has an appalling effect upon the system. It first stimulates, and then stupefies the nerves. It sends boys into consumption. It gives them enlargement of the heart, and it sends them to the insane asylum.

I am physician to several boys' schools, and I am often called in to prescribe for palpitation of the heart. In nine cases out of ten it is caused by the cigarette habit. I have seen bright boys turned into dunces, and straight-forward, honest boys made into miserable cowards by cigarette smoking. I am speaking the truth, that every physician and nearly every teacher knows."—*L. A. Clinton, M.D., San Francisco Board of Education.*

FROM SANTO, NEW HEBRIDES.

From a South Sea Island, Mrs. Annand writes to Miss McCurdy, W. F. M. S. East:

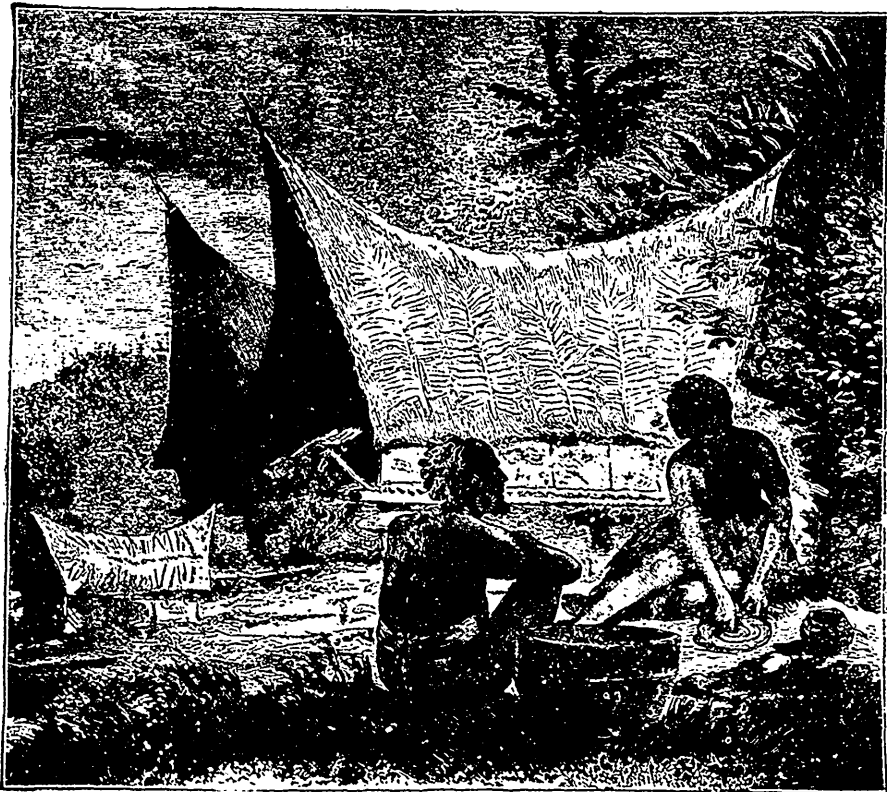
"I was thinking to-day that if some of the young people could come and see our classes, they would be amused and interested.

We have our school on the back verandah,

which is a fine large one, and we get plenty of fresh air, which is a great benefit where there are a number of natives assembled.

Two of the women come and sit down to be taught with their babies tied on their backs, and one bright little tot keeps holding out its hands to shake hands.

One old woman if she thinks we are giving



Native Hut in Polynesia.

another one a larger reading lesson than she has had, gives Mrs. Lang (our assistant's wife) a gentle tap to say that she wishes another lesson.

One middle-aged woman and her little daughter of four or five years old are learning to read off the same books.

This same little girl was delighted with

some dolls which came in the mission box. I gave her one of the calico ones and she danced with joy, and goes about quite sedately with it tied on her back.

I offered one to another little girl, but she screamed with fear and would not look at it. Some small tin trumpets are affording some small boys a good deal of pleasure."

A GOOD NEW YEAR.

Good-bye old year! You have been a good year to us, better than any of us have been to you. You gave us good things that some of us abused. You gave us our life, health, opportunities, that we might grow better ourselves and help others to be better and happier; and we have not done as much of that good work as we might have done.

Good-bye old year, but not forever. We must meet you again to give an account of the way we have used your gifts.

Welcome, New Year! You will be a good year, too; for all God's gifts are good.

Last year we did not use as we might have done, but God is sparing us and giving us another, to see if we will do better with it. How kind and patient He is!

Welcome, New Year! We will try and prove by our lives that His patience has not been in vain. We will try with His help to use each passing year so that when years are ended, we may hear a Blessed voice saying to us, "Well done, good and faithful, enter into the joy of your Lord."

STONE BY STONE.

Tom and Robert were walking through the woods. They came to a stream of water; both stopped, deliberating what was best to be done.

"I am going to leap it," said Tom.

"I am going to make my way over, stone by stone," said the more prudent Robert.

Tom leaped, and, missing his footing, fell into the stream, whilst Robert, working his way carefully from one stone to another, landed safe and dry on the other side.

Boys, learn the lesson while yet young; the shortest way often appears the longest. Do not try to leap across the stream of difficulties that separates you from the shores of success. Perseverance, diligence, and determination are all stones cast across the stream of life. A leap will bring you down among them, wounded and bruised. But, conquer them, stone by stone, and ultimately you will reach the other shore—the coveted land of success. Remember, do not leap; work your way across the stream, stone by stone.

International S. S. Lessons.

TWENTY-FOUR PICTURES.

The lessons for the next six months are twenty-four pictures. And the young people are asked to fill in between the pictures by studying the passages between the lessons, that thus they may get a very complete view of the life of Christ.

The first picture is

THE FORERUNNER OF CHRIST,

5th January.

Les. Luke 1: 5-17. Gol. Text, Luke 1-76.
Mem. vs. 15-16. Catechism, Q. 39, 40.

Study the whole first chapter of Luke:

QUESTIONS.

- Who was now King of Judea?
What priest is mentioned?
How many sets or courses of priests were there? 24.
To which course did this one belong?
What was his wife's name?
What was the character of this couple?
What was this priest doing at the temple?
What is meant by "the order of his course?"
What were the people doing?
Who appeared to the priest?
What effect did it have upon the priest?
What did the Angel say?
What was their son to be called?
What kind of a man was he to be?
In what particular can we follow him now?
What was he to do to the children of Israel?
What Old Test. prophet was he to be like?
What did Zacharias do when he came out of the temple?
When was his speech restored? Verse 64.
What the first use he made of his restored speech?
What song did he sing? Vs. 67-70.
Where was the boy's youth chiefly spent?
What is meant by "his shewing unto Israel?"

LESSONS.

1. Each one may be a forerunner of Christ and be a means of introducing Christ to others. Better still, we may take Him with us wherever we go.
2. John did not sow any wild oats for after-reaping, and no boy who does so is as good a man as he might have been.
3. John was a teetotaler. Every boy must be who would make the best of himself.
4. John had a good father and mother, and they never were pained by him nor ashamed of him. Are all the young readers of the RECORD doing the same?

THE BOY JESUS.

12 Jan.

Les. Luke 2 : 40-52. Gol. Text, Lu. 2 : 52.
Mem. vs. 51-52. Catechism Q. 41-42.

Study the whole second chapter of Luke, and also the story in Matthew and John.

This lesson covers the whole life of Jesus from His infancy to the beginning of His ministry, thirty years. Try and get a view of the whole of it, with its central point, the visit to Jerusalem, as told in this lesson.

QUESTIONS.

What was John called with regard to Christ?

In what city was Christ born?

Where had Joseph and Mary lived?

What brought them to Bethlehem? Where did they lodge there?

Who came singing with joy?

What was the song?

To whom did the Angels appear?

To what other city was Jesus first taken?

For what was he taken?

How far from Bethlehem to Jerusalem?

For what was he brought to the temple?

What offering was made for Him? What aged man knew Him? What did he say?

Did any other know him?

Who came from a distance to see Him?

Why did they come?

Where did they first come to inquire about Him?

Who was king in Jerusalem?

What did Herod say when asked about the king of the Jews? How did the wise men return to their own country?

Why did they not return to Herod?

What did Herod do when he found that they had not obeyed him?

How did the child Jesus escape?

How long did He remain in Egypt?

Why did He come back?

What new cause of fear was there?

Where did they go for safety?

When did Jesus next visit Jerusalem?

How old was He?

Why did He go to Jerusalem at this time?

What place in Jerusalem did the boy Jesus like best?

What did He do when Joseph and Mary started homewards?

How far did they go without missing Him?

What did they do?

How long before they found Him?

What was He doing?

What did they say to Him?

What was his answer?

Where did He go with them?

How did He act towards them?

How many years before we meet Him again?

What is said of these years

LESSONS

1. Wicked men seek in vain to destroy those whom God protects.

2. Young people who follow Christ will be obedient.

3. Young people who follow Christ will love God's house and His worship.

4. Christ enabled all honest work, for He was a worker.

5. Christ prepared for doing His great work in public in after life by being faithful at home when a boy. So yet.

MINISTRY OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

19 January.

Les. Luke 3 : 15-22. Gol. Text. John 1 : 29.
Mem. vs. 21, 22. Catechism Q., 43.

This is the third of the twenty-four picture lessons of the Life of Christ. Read all the 3rd Chap. of Luke.

QUESTIONS.

What strange preacher now appears?

Where had he been living?

Where did he appear?

What was his food?

What clothes did he wear?

What was the subject of his preaching?

Who came to Him?

What was the effect of his preaching?

What did he do besides preaching?

Who did he baptize?

What happened when he baptized Christ?

How long did he preach?

What did people think of John?

What did John say of Jesus at the Jordan?

What did he say when he heard that people were flocking to Jesus?

Who did not like John?

Why did she not like him?

What did she want to do to him?

What did Herod do to him?

Why would not Herod permit her to kill him?

What message did John send to Jesus from the prison?

How did John die?

What was done with his head?

What with his body?

What did his disciples do after they had buried him?

LESSONS.

1. One who is faithful will be hated by the bad.

2. John's public life was only two years but he did a great work.

3. We cannot be great as John was but we may be faithful to our duty as he was.

4. True repentance is known by its fruits.

5. Better in prison with John with a clear conscience, than on the throne with Herod and his sin.

6. In all troubles we should do what we can for ourselves and go and tell Jesus, and we can do both at the same time.

THE EARLY MINISTRY OF JESUS.

26th January.

Les. Lu. 4 : 14-22.
Mem. vs. 18, 19.

Gol. Text Lu. 4 : 32.
Catechism Q. 44.

This is the fourth of the twenty-four lesson pictures of the Life of Christ in the first six months of this year, and it gives a general view of the kind of work He did.

Study the whole 4th chapter of Luke, also G. 61 : 1-3.

QUESTIONS.

Where did Christ go after His baptism ?

Who was with him ?

For what purpose ?

How long was He there ?

Where did His other temptations take place ?

How long a time is there between the 13th and 14th verses of this chapter ?

About one year, most of which was spent in Judea.

What year of His ministry is mentioned in the beginning of this lesson ?

The beginning of the second year, or His ministry in Gallilee.

What was the result of His coming, v. 14 ?

Where did He teach ?

What special place did He come to ?

Had He been there before ?

What did He do in the synagogue ?

What chapter did He read ?

What did He do when He had finished reading ?

What did He say about what He had read ?

What was the first effect upon the people ?

What change came over them ?

What did they try to do with Him ?

How did He avoid their wrath ?

Where did He go after this ? v. 31.

What miracles were there wrought ? vs. 40, 41.

What was His work after this ? v. 44.

LESSONS.

1. Jesus was tempted, but did not yield. He will help all who are tempted.

2. We cannot resist sin in our own strength, but that is no excuse for sin, for He will help us to overcome.

3. He began His work in Gallilee, in His own village. Young people may live and work for Christ before they leave home.

4. The Nazarenes rejected Christ. He came to them. He has come to you. Have you accepted or rejected Him ?

THE POWER OF JESUS.

2 February.

Les. Lu. 5 : 17-26.

Gol. Text Lu. 5 : 24.

Mem. vs. 22-24.

Catechism Q. 45.

This is the fifth lesson-picture of the life of Christ, and is a sample of the way in which His power was shown. The lesson took place not long after the last one, in the spring of the second year of His ministry.

Read all the 5th Chapter of Luke, and to the 11th verse of the 6th Chapter.

QUESTIONS.

By what two miracles does Jesus shew His power in the first of the fifth chapter ?

What was He doing in the beginning of this lesson ?

Who were sitting by ?

What does this teach was to the way He was moving the people ?

Who was brought for healing ?

How was he brought ?

What difficulties were in the way of getting to Jesus ?

How did they overcome them ?

What did Jesus think of their act ?

What did they say ?

What healing did Christ first give ?

What did the Scribes and Pharisees say ?

How did Christ answer ?

What healing did He then give the man ?

What did the sick man do when healed ?

What effect did the miracle have upon the people ?

LESSONS.

1. We may bring our friends to Jesus with their troubles.

2. Sin is a much worse trouble than sickness.

3. Jesus will do for us that which we need most.

4. Jesus can forgive sin because he is our Saviour.

5. We show we are forgiven, by our new life.

6. Are we ready to confess and forsake sin ?

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Office, Y.M.C.A. Building, Montreal.

HOW BABY WENT HOME.

THE door of Henning's saloon was pushed open by a little hand, and a child ran in, looking eagerly about. "Papa! papa! Where's my papa?" she cried.

A man standing at the counter with a glass raised half way to his lips started at the sound of the plaintive voice, and set down the untasted beer.

"What do you want, Bessie?" he asked.

"Oh, papa, come home!" she exclaimed. "baby's dying!"

"Baby's dying!" he repeated, mechanically, snatching his hat, and taking the hand of the trembling child, they left the saloon together.

Down the street they went, the father and the child, he with bared head and lip trembling with emotion, she clinging to his hand, and sobbing out her grief in a helpless, hopeless manner.

They stopped at a tenement house and ascended the stairs, till they reached the fourth story, where they paused at room No. 8. On a wretched bed, covered by a ragged quilt, lay the tiny form of "baby," so still, so pure, in the midst of the surrounding dirt and distress.

One glance, and a loud, agonized groan burst from the father's lips. "My God! is our little darling to leave us?"

"Oh, George!" sobbed his wife, creeping to his side, and laying her hand timidly on his shoulder. "She called for 'papa' right up to a few minutes ago. Our little baby will soon be with the angels."

Reverently the husband and wife knelt beside the little form. The father took one tiny white hand in his large brown one. The mother took the other little hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.

"George," sobbed the mother, "God is going to take our darling. Don't you think that—to be—the parents—of a baby angel—that we ought—to be good?"

"Yes, Mary, I do, and from this time on, God helping me, I intend to be a different man.

"Amen!" exclaimed Mary.

The baby stirred just then and smiled into the faces of her parents.

"All yight, papa," she murmured, then closed her eyes forever. Baby fulfilled her mission.—*Exchange.*

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and grey
And bent with the chill of the winter's day,
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and grey,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop
The gayest laddie of all the group,
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm
He guides the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old and poor and slow ;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and grey,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her [head
In her home that night, and the prayer she
"May God be kind to the noble boy, [said,
Who's somebody's son and pride and joy?"