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

The
**HILDRENS
 RECORD.**



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

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Sabbath School Lessons.

THE CREATOR REMEMBERED.

June 11.

Les., Eccl. 12 : 1-7, 13, 14. Col. Text, Eccl. 12 : 1. Mem. vs. 13, 14. Catechism Q. 63.

TIME. - About B. C. 977, in the later years of Solomon's life

PLACE. - Writ'n by Solomon at Jerusalem

1. *Remember*—keep him in mind; love, honor and obey him. *The days of thy youth*—the best days, not the dregs of them. Prov. 8 : 17 ; 22 : 6. *Evil days*—of old age as compared with youth. 2. *While the sun*.—The memory, the understanding, the will, the affections, all fail in old age. *The clouds return*—in youth, after the short rain of trial, there is a long sunshine of joy; but in old age the clouds quickly return and the rain constantly falls, as in the winter season of Palestine. 3. *Keepers of the house*—the old man is here compared to a decaying house and household—a once rich and beautiful palace now in ruins. *The keepers*—the guards; the hands and arms. *The strong men*—the laborers; the feet and legs. *The grinders*—those who grind corn in the mill for food; the teeth. *Those that look out*—the sight. 4. *The doors*—the lips and ears. 5. *Almond trees shall flourish*—the almond tree flowers on a leafless stock in winter—fit emblem of old age with its silvery hair and its wintry, dry, unfruitful condition. 6. *The silver cord be loosed*—the thread of life broken. 7. The body is material, and returns to the dust; the soul is immaterial and immortal, and returns to God.

1. *The Days of Youth*, v. 1.—What are the young counseled to do? What is to remember our Creator? Why should we remember him in the days of youth?

II. *The Evil Days*, vs. 27.—What is meant by *the evil days*? How is old age compared to winter? To what is it next likened? What is represented by *the keepers of the house*? By *the strong men*? By *the grinders*? By *those that look out of the windows*? How is the description continued? Meaning of verse 6? What becomes of us at death?

III. *The Sum of Duty*, vs. 13, 14.—What is the conclusion of the whole matter? What two parts to the sum of duty? When will all our work be tried? How strict will this judgment be? What reasons does this lesson give for remembering our Creator? For doing it in the days of our youth?

1. We should begin to serve the Lord while we are young.

2. We must expect peculiar trials in old age.

3. Old age is a poor time to seek religion.

4. Fearing and serving God is true wisdom.

5. After death comes the judgment.

June 18. MESSIAH'S KINGDOM.

Lesson, Mal. 3 : 1-12. Col. Text, Mal. 3 : 17. Mem. vs. 8-10. Catechism Q. 64.

TIME.—About B. C. 420. Nehemiah governor of Jerusalem.

PLACE.—Jerusalem after the captivity.

1. *My messenger*—John the Baptist. Matt. 3 : 3. *Me*—Jehovah, who is here the speaker, and who thus appears to be one with Christ. *The Lord*—the Messiah. *The messenger of the covenant*—or the angel of the covenant between God and man. 2. *Refiner's fire*—in which the dross is burned away from gold and silver. 3. *As a refiner*—who keeps his eye on the metal until he knows the dross is completely removed by seeing his own image (Rom. 8 : 29) in the glowing mass. 6. *Therefore*—because of my unchangeable faithfulness to my covenant. 8. *Tithes and offerings*—by appropriating to themselves what belonged to God. 10. *Bring ye all the tithes*—restore what you have withheld. *Open the windows of heaven*—a proverbial expression for great plenty. 11. *The devourer*—all destructive agents.

Introductory.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Preparing the way*, v. 1.—Who is the speaker in verse 1? What does he promise to do? Who is meant by *my messenger*? What will the messenger do? What will then take place? Who is the *messenger of the covenant*?

II. *Coming of the King*, v. 2-6.—What searching questions are asked? What will the Messiah do? How will he refine and purify his people? What effect will this have upon their offerings? How will Messiah come to his enemies? What assurance is given of both judgment and mercy?

III. *Entering the Kingdom*, v. 7-12.—With what sin does the Lord charge the people? What does he exhort them to do? How had they robbed God? What had been the consequence? What did he direct them to do? What did he promise? Whom would the Lord rebuke? What promise of plenty is given? What further said of their prosperity?

1. Messiah the King, is God, equal with the Father.

2. He refines and purifies his people in the furnace of affliction.

3. He will be both a judge and a witness against the wicked.

4. We rob God if we withhold from him our love, our service, our time or anything that we have.

5. If we consecrate all to him, he will abundantly bless us.

✦ ✦ THE ✦ ✦

Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

JUNE.

NO. 6.

A LARGE INDIAN FAMILY.



ABOUT forty children, what a family! Let me tell you about it.

In the North West the Indian children in our school do not live at home and attend school as you do. Those who do attend our schools usually live at the school. It is necessary to get them away from their filthy, dirty camps to train them into better habits, and what are called industrial schools are set up, where the children are taken, fed, clothed and taught to work, in the house, on the farm, or at trades, as well as to read and pray.

The Government helps to support these schools which the Churches are trying to carry on among the Indians, but we need to supply them many things.

Read what Miss McLaren, one of our missionary teachers at Birtle, says in a letter to a friend, about the big family of which she has charge.

"About forty children, an equal number of boys and girls, and ranging from six to sixteen years of age. Let me tell you about one or two of them and then what they need.

"One boy has been with us ever since the school opened, and has made wonderful progress. He has spent the forenoon of every school-day in the printing office in town, for about a year, and has done quite as well as a white boy.

Four of our boys were sent to Regina in Sept. Two right from the school and two who had been here off and on. One of these, from the school, had been apprenticed to a shoemaker in the town, working as the printer did, five forenoons in the week.

Since going to Regina, he has been tried at general work (farming) but it was a failure, he was set to shoemaking, and the result is so satisfactory, that a pair of boots of his own making is being sent to the "World's Fair."

One little girl is the brightest wee mite I ever knew. She has been here nearly two years and speaks English pretty well. Yesterday, at dinner, one of the boys was teasing her about her black eyes, (they are the darkest). She replied, "They are just the two black eyes that God gave me."

To day, one of them, called her a "little monkey." "There are no monkeys here, just children."

She has got as far as, "What is sin?" in the catechism, and when she stands up and says, "Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God," I just have to laugh, the words seem bigger than she is herself.

"Ralph?" Well, he is here and just the dearest little fellow, and he is growing in goodness as well as beauty and is just as bright and clean as can be, and the hardest boy. 60 degrees below zero never frightens him. He is off up the hill with his little sleigh, never thinking of the cold.

The white people are growing jealous of my children, they are better singers and have their Sunday School lessons up better than their's, and this year at the Christmas tree, they eclipsed them altogether. They sang Tennyson's "Sweet and Low", and some children's Christmas Carols, which brought down the house.

Mr. Frew, our minister, has a service specially for them in the school room, every

Monday evening. He is going over the Commandments and also the S. S. lessons with them. They sing a good deal at these services, one of the children playing the organ and a friend of Mr. Frew's the violin. "Onward Christian Soldiers" is the last hymn they have learned.

They sing them very heartily and I do hope and pray it is not with the lips merely. Catechism and singing are both good. The seed that is being sown is falling, not so much by the wayside, nor upon stony ground, for their childish hearts are not hardened, but it is falling among thorns, the thorns of superstition. My dear friend, pray for us, that the thorns may not spring up and choke it. May some grow and bear fruit.

NOW FOR SOME OF OUR NEEDS

We will begin with boots, good strong broad-soled, low-heeled boots, two pairs each for the year.

Some mits and stockings for emergencies and a great deal of yarn to knit more for themselves.

Unbleached cotton for girls underwear, for summer, and grey flannel for winter, for both girls and boys, and good strong shirting for summer, and if you could just get a web of home-made fulled cloth for pants for boys.

Trousers, trousers, without end and limit, you cannot send too many.

I just notice with a very heavy heart, that the good supply that Toronto sent, is getting low, but I have got a whole web to fall back on.

We are not so hard on coats. Perhaps your boys out grow their coats before they are badly worn. I gather overcoats from year to year. I have at least a dozen good ones now, and I will not require to make them down, as in former years. So they are stock in hand.

Caps, hoods and mufflers, send all you can gather. A fur cap is a great find here and never mind if it is faded or worn at the edges, it is fur, and that is everything in this cold country. You cannot send too many mufflers, faded ones will do,

Hats too for the girls, for you know when they began to get a little civilized they need hats too. We don't care about fine fashions, plain sailor hats that you can get for twenty five cents, with nothing on them but a band. Then I'd like a few cloth caps too, and if your M. B. girls would hunt up their last year's ones and send them on, we would be very grateful. They are just the thing for spring and fall. Send all the soft felt hats you can get hold of, for the boys.

Flannel for winter dresses, a piece or odd pieces of navy blue, brown, grey, or something becoming for Sunday wear, it need not be light material.

Girls' jackets, ulsters are the best, the heavier the better. We want in winter warm jackets, but do not reject lighter ones. Occasionally the mercury is seen to creep up above zero, even here, through last winter during a few weeks it stayed down among the forties and fifties.

I would ask specially for a web, or pieces of shirting; it is the best for aprons as well as dresses.

And now my dear friend, what more shall I say? I am leaving thanks to you for many things, till another time, and yet I have not told you half what you wished to know. I have let the fire go out—all are asleep an hour ago, and I hear one of the bairns crying, so I must close."

A CHRISTIAN HOME IN A HEATHEN VILLAGE.

LETTER FROM REV. J. FRAZER SMITH.

Hsin chen, Feb. 12, 1893.

DEAR CHILDREN:—

I AM sure you will be pleased to hear something about the home of the Christian Chous, and also about a visit to their village on a recent Sabbath. You remember that Mr. Chou and his son were baptized last June; you have also heard that several others in their village were interested in the gospel through the efforts of these two men.

Notable among these is a nephew of the old

man who is also named Chou. This man although thirty-eight years of age is still unmarried, which is not a very common thing in China, so, for the sake of distinction, we will speak of him as the 'Bachelor.' This is the young man who threw the mud idol into the well, in order to prove to the people that the said mud god had no power to help himself. Our visit to the village was for the purpose of baptizing the 'Bachelor,' whose year of probation was completed about the first of January.

About two years ago he came to me in the inn at Hsiin Hsien and was notable to read, although he said he was anxious to learn if he had the opportunity, but that he was too poor and besides had no time to study. After a little talk and persuasion he promised to learn one new character or letter word, each day, and went away quite happy at the thought. To day he can read the four gospels with considerable ease, which means that he must recognize well on to fifteen hundred different characters.

We remained in an inn in a village not far away, and on Sunday morning drove over in our cart and halted at the gate of the compound where the Uncle, old Chou and his son live, together with two other families, who are as yet opposed to the gospel.

A large number of people were assembled at the gate to witness our arrival, but very few of the big folk ventured to followed us inside. The children, however, took advantage of the opportunity and several dozen of them found their way into the compound during the day. The village itself is not very large, but it contains quite a number of people.

Mr. Chou's compound does not occupy much more ground than would be required for an ordinary sized house at home, not to speak of the ground necessary for a yard, and as I said above, four distinct families find accommodation within the compound walls.

The houses in the village are all rather small and built of mud, and nearly all houses have mud floors. The room in which we had the meeting was very small and yet it served

for bedroom, living room, general storeroom, and granary. There was room for a table, a couple of chairs, and two benches; and the children, about a dozen in all, either squatted on the floor, or stood in some wee corner not otherwise occupied. The 'Bachelor' lives with his elder brother, who has quite a large family.

At first his brother's wife was bitterly opposed to the doctrine, and more especially after her husband also became interested. The two brothers submitted to her outbursts of temper and kept on praying for her. About three months ago a change came over the woman and once she was caught alone praying, and since that time she has been anxious to learn all she can about the gospel.

We had two services, one in the forenoon at which the young man was baptized, and again in the afternoon when we sat down in that humble abode to commemorate the love of Jesus, in which several in that heathen village now rejoice. It was a day long to be remembered by all those present.

Old Mrs. Chou was so glad to see us, and never seemed to tire telling us about her little nephew some twelve years of age who died a few months ago. I knew the little fellow well and loved him too; he was so bright and so willing to learn. The last time I saw him he repeated several portions of scripture and two or three hymns and the whole of a little tract setting forth the chief truths of the gospel.

The grandmother misses him so much, because he taught her to read and she so often said in a sorrowful tone, "I have no one to teach me now." She told us how bright he was as the end drew near and how he asked them to sing his favorite hymn, and afterwards said "If Jesus wants me I am glad to go to live with Him."

A little girl nine years of age belonging to the family where the 'Bachelor' lives is very eager to know all about the gospel. She has committed to memory quite a long prayer and takes the lead at family worship repeating this prayer together with the Lord's Prayer.

This little girl's father brought a little four years' old boy to the meeting, and requested me to ask the boy what he knew. I did so, and was surprised when the wee chap came forward, and without hesitating once, repeated two hymns and the Lord's Prayer.

Dear children I ask you to remember the Chou children in all your prayers. Pray also for the families in their village who have as yet, no desire to know about the Saviour Jesus. Your sincerely,

J. FRAZER SMITH.

FROM UJJAIN, AN ANCIENT CITY.



ONE of our Missionaries, Rev. Dr. Buchanan, writes a very interesting letter to his sister, and she has kindly allowed the use of it for your Record.

Three things you may notice about it. (1) How much our missionaries have to do, (2) how the Hindoos in their pride are like the Pharisees of Christ's time, and (3) how the poor, low caste people are like the publicans and sinners, seeking to hear of Christ.

UJJAIN, 1883.

My Dear Sister:

I cannot write you a long letter for I have already had, to-day, fifty patients, preached once, talked to many, given directions to the people about the bungalow, and am now going to see some of the low caste people who are asking to come to the prayer meeting.

We are having some very interesting times just now with the "lowest caste" "mothers." Some of them have been coming to the dispensary and on Sunday at my invitation. A lot of them came to the service on Sunday last. I found one or two of them in the dispensary that seemed to be glad that I took a little notice of them.

Then I asked one to come to the Sunday service. He said, "O I am a *Bangi*" the term "bangi" describes their caste as to their dirty work and is a debasing term. I told him of the Love of Jesus for him and for all "Bangias" as well as I could and that he and all his people would be very welcome at our meetings, that Christ said "come unto me" that the Lord who made the heavens and the earth said come, and who would dare to say them "no don't come!" that Jesus loved them and gave His life for them. The man then said "the Hindoos will leave the school if we come into the building." I said "you will always be very welcome."

I was much moved on Sunday to see a number of them present, at first standing afar off as if they were some unclean beasts.

I called to them to come in, they then came to the next room, and the head master wanted that I should let them stop there; but paying no attention to his words I called to them to come right in and there they got before me listening, in a church service, to the word of God.

Some Hindoos of high caste came in. One of them put his feet up carefully upon the bench that even his feet might not touch the mat upon which these despised ones were sitting. Another came and put his head in the door, then fled as if a most deadly plague were in the room.

Some of the christians became very much alarmed lest it would break up our school, for the room had been defiled. Thus far, though there has been some talk, nothing else has occurred, and so we thank God and take courage.

Some of them have been hanging about every day and I have been trying, by giving medicine, to bring them to some idea of what Christ is. May God help us all to be faithful.

Your loving brother,

JOHN.

A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A little lass with golden hair,
A little lass with brown,
A little lass with raven locks,
Went tripping off to town.
"I like the golden hair the best,"
"And I prefer the brown."
"And I the black."
Three sparrows said,
Three sparrows of the town.
"Tu-whit! Tu-who!" an old owl cried
From the belfry in the town,
Glad hearted lassies need not mind
If locks be gold, black, brown.
Tu-whit! Tu-who! so fast, so fast,
The sands of life run down,
And soon, so soon, three white-haired dames
Will totter through the town.
Gone then for aye the raven locks,
The golden hair, the whose face
And she will fairest be whose face
Has never worn a frown.

—Sel.

ABRAHAM AND THE ANGELS.

You will find the story of this picture in Genesis, 18 : 25-36. Abraham is entertaining the angel visitors, and they are telling him the wondrous things that are to come, some of them good and some evil.

Please turn up the story and read it, and then turn up the references from it, and read them.

Two stories now from the picture.

1. A Russian story. A woman heard that the Christ was to come to her home that night for shelter. She prepared a grand supper. A poor beggar came and asked for shelter. She could not trouble with him, as she was to have so grand a guest, and sent him away. As she waited and wondered, she was told that the Christ had come in the person of the beggar, and she had lost her opportunity for ever.



2. A German story. A family was told that the Christ was coming to their home that night. They spread a place at table. They waited and still he came not. A poor boy came by and asked for food and shelter. How could they take him when they were expecting such a distinguished visitor. "Perhaps," said one of the children, "he could not come

himself and sent this poor boy in his place," so they gave the boy the place at the table.

They had done it to Christ. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Be not forgetful to entertain strangers for thereby some have entertained angels un-
 aware."

THE BLOCKING OF THE RAILROAD BY THE WINTER STORM.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

THE Conductor, lantern in hand, came into the car. It was not necessary to ask him if a heavy snow-storm were in progress. The windows that looked as if boys had been pelting them with handfuls of soft snow, told Ralph Cutler that this was winter's hour. The train's suspicious slowness of movement had raised the question whether the snow might not be so accumulating upon the track as to threaten to stop the train altogether, and information was very desirable.

"Conductor, please!" called out Charlie Swan, Ralph's companion in the journey. "Shall we be snowed in?"

The conductor hugged his lantern up to his breast, grinned, nodded his head, and replied concisely, "Looks so!"

Then he passed on.

Soon the train came to a significant stop. The locomotive rumbled its iron head against the drifted snow in a deep cut, panted and squirmed, backed, went ahead—stuck!

"And, Charlie, the conductor says," remarked Ralph, "that we may stop two hours. He has telegraphed from the station we have just passed, and hopes to hear from a snow plough on the other side of that drift. Yes, disappointed!"

The two young men were on their way to a district convention of church leagues, and Ralph had been set down as a speaker, on the subject of "Our Opportunities."

One section of his address he had mapped as follows:—

If we wait for special opportunities for Christian work, and take only those that come all adapted to our present condition, we may wait long. The soldier who goes out to fight only when he is in the best possible trim, and his enemy in the worst, when he can see nothing but victory ahead, may never win one. We must be willing to improve every kind of an opportunity that comes along. We must be looking up to God all the time, and be armed with that ready weapon, the sword of the Spirit, and so move out promptly."

"There," said Ralph to himself, "I was going to bring that in, and hoped it would do some good when I said it."

"Can't you act it?" a voice within quickly asked.

"What! here?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Sing something."

"Never thought of that."

"You and Charlie are both good singers."

"Charlie," said Ralph, "let us go to the back of the car—getting out of the way of the crowd—and we will sing something."

"I'm ready, Ralph."

Charlie was one of the singers reputed to be able "to keep it up all night."

They began with "Auld Lang Syne." People were interested at once.

"That makes you feel sober," said one man to another.

"Home Again," was the next attempt.

"Ha-ha!" cried a young fellow a few seats ahead, wearing a glossy silk hat. "That is appropriate for folks snowed in and not expecting to see home for six months—ha-ha!"

A general laugh greeted his. It seemed to Ralph as if the train of his efforts had been hopelessly derailed, the car quickly becoming so boisterous.

"Don't stop," said a man encouragingly.

"Something patriotic," whispered Charlie nudging Ralph. In a clear, rich voice he started "America."

That took. People all over the car joined in the singing.

"There'll be no more sorrow there," he whispered to Ralph. So the time quickly passed by.

They were singing. "What a friend we have in Jesus," and had reached the line, "Have we trials and temptations," when a brakeman passed. He stopped near the door, looked very sober, and went out of the car."

Soon a sharp, wakening shriek from a locomotive whistle was heard.

"Snow plough's a-comin,' ladies and gentlemen," said the conductor, hurrying along, hugging his faithful lantern. "We shall soon be out of this. Much obliged for the singing."

"Yes, yes; that's so," said several.

"They ought to have kept 'Home Again' till now," observed the young man who wore the tall, glossy hat. People again laughed.

"He thinks he is a wit," said Ralph to Charlie. "I noticed that people, while we sang, paid good attention—all but that man, and he was as uneasy as a fish out of water."

"Sweet Home," Ralph. Now," whispered Charlie, giving Ralph's ribs an extra poke.

Clear and sweet, and rich and plaintive was the last singing.

Soon after the train was hurrying past the obstacles that had detained it, a stalwart snow plough going ahead and scattering the hindering flakes to right and left.

"Well, Charlie, our trip is over, and we lost our meeting. We will go to a hotel and put up, and return home in the morning," said Ralph. "Next time I shall be prepared to speak on 'lost opportunities.'"

"Have you trials and temptations?" was Charlie's answer, sung low and sweet.

"Oh!" said a voice at Ralph's elbow. "One moment!"

It was the brakeman,

He hesitated, and then spoke: "When we were stopping back there, they were handing a lot of drink round—among some of the train men—you didn't see it—and your singing about 'temptations' helped me—"

"Come, hurry up, John," sang out the conductor to the brakeman, and the latter left at once.

About a week later Ralph received a letter which ran thus: "You don't know me, but I was on that snowed up train and heard you sing. A man who knew you gave me your address, and I wanted to say I was the one who sat near you, wearing a new silk hat and spoke and laughed about 'Home Again.' But that touched me and I could not get round it—no, I couldn't, though I did try to throw it off. And 'Sweet Home,' too! It made me think of my home and my sister who died, who is in a better home. And I am going to try to meet her."

"Thank you!" said Ralph. "I'll tell Charlie. I'll have more courage another time, and when the other time comes, may I have somebody like Charlie to back me up."—*Epworth Herald.*

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.

A TRUE STORY.

NELLIE lived in a town in one of the southern counties of Kansas. She was the only girl in the family, but she had four romping, healthy brothers. Her father was a farmer and it took every cent he could make to find food and clothing for his large family.

In some way Nellie became very much interested in foreign missions. There was no "Children's Band" in the church which the family attended, so Nellie joined the "Young Ladies' Circle," and proved herself one of its most zealous members. Nellie lived over four miles from town, but although the monthly meeting was at the very inconvenient hour of six o'clock in the evening, she always managed, by making her plans a long time beforehand, to be at the meeting.

As hinted before, Nellie's father was poor, and besides, she did not think she would be giving anything to the cause she loved so well if she went to him for the money, so she set her mind at work to plan how she could earn something.

God never sees such a desire in a heart without showing a way for its accomplishment, so one day in spring she asked her father if she might have a little piece of ground for a missionary garden. He not only said she could, but he also spaded it up and prepared the ground for the seeds and plants.

Nellie put in the seeds, and you may be sure that little patch of ground was well cared for. No weed was allowed to more than put its head above ground, consequently the vegetables in Nellie's garden were ready for use before any others in the neighborhood, and she found ready market for all she could raise.

One day when some of her tomatoes were ripe, she was standing by the window and saw her father, as he went past her garden, put out his hand and pick one and eat it. Now Nellie was not a selfish little girl, and she loved her father dearly, but she felt troubled, and when he came in she said, "Papa, if those were my tomatoes, I'd just as 'lieve you'd eat them as not, but they aren't mine; they are the *Lord's* tomatoes, and I don't want anybody to take them. After that if any one took a tomato, he paid the market price for it.

Nellie had an uncle, a young man, who became much interested in her plans to raise money, and suddenly needed many little things that she knew how to make, and paid her generously for making them, so that her little hoard of money grew amazingly. A fair was to be held in their town in September, and Nellie was making her plans to go to that, and to the annual meeting of her loved missionary society, which was to be held the same week.

She needed a new dress, but her father could not afford to get her one. Her mother turned and sponged an old dress, and "made a new one out of an old one," as these mothers know so well how to do. When it was done it looked very nice, but Nellie and her mother both felt that it needed a sash to set it off, but there was no money to spare for this. At last some one suggested: "Nellie, God does not require us to give *all* our money to Him; can't you take enough of the money you have earned to buy a sash and ribbon for your hair?" Nellie turned an astonished look upon her adviser and said, "Why, that is the *Lord's* money; I can't take *that*!" Her mother said no more, and Nellie went and looked her treasures over, and found an old sash, that by dipping into some dye, would do nicely.

But God had better things in store for Nellie, and just about the time when she would have gone to the society if her plans had been carried out, they laid her body in the grave, but her soul had gone to God who gave it. Soon after her death, her mother brought to the president of the society ten dollars and twenty-five cents. That is the amount in dollars and cents, but the influence of her zeal and example can never be counted until we all appear before the judgment seat of God.—*Children's Work for Children*

MARION'S EXTRACT.

Everything had gone wrong with Marion Douglas that Monday morning. In the first place breakfast was late, and she had spoken unkindly to the cook, and had been reproved by her mother. Then her little sister Allie had accidentally upset her cup of coffee and spilled it all over her new plaid merino. She rose from the table very angry and rushed upstairs to change her dress. Some word which her Sabbath-school teacher had said to her only the morning before crossed her memory.

"It is of no use," she said aloud, "for me to try to be a Christian. I might as well give up."

As she stood, a few moments later, with her hat and coat on, ready for school, she remembered that it was her turn to learn and repeat four lines of a poem from some author. She caught up her book of extracts and opened it.

What was it that caused the tears to flow from her eyes, and her lips to move in prayer?

She stood a moment committing the lines to memory, then went down and spoke pleasantly to the cook, and kissed her mother and Allie good-bye, and went away to school. And when it was her turn to give an extract, she rose, and with a bright, unclouded face, repeated slowly:

The little worries which we meet each day,
May lie as stumbling blocks across our way,
Or we may make them stepping stones to be,
Of grace, O Christ, to Thee.

A METHODICAL MAN.

A methodical man died in Berlin recently at the age of seventy-three. When eighteen years old he began keeping a record which he continued for fifty-two years, which is the best commentary we have seen on the life of a mere worldling. His life was not consecrated to a high ideal. The book shows that in fifty-two years this "natural man" had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 44,642 as presents, while for the remaining 584,073 he had paid about \$10,433. In fifty-two years, according to his book-keeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer and 36,086 glasses of spirits, for all of which he spent \$5,310. The diary closes with these words: "I have tried all things, I have seen many, I have accomplished nothing."

A stronger sermon could not be preached than to put this testimony against that of the first missionary, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

GOUGH AND THE CIGARS.

THE least meddling with liquor or tobacco should be avoided. A famous temperance lecturer, who once in a while indulged in a cigar, tells us that, on one occasion, he had engaged to attend a meeting of children. Before he went, a friend said to him.

"I have some first-rate cigars; will you take a few?"

"No, thank you."

"Do, take half-a-dozen."

"I have nowhere to put them."

"You can put half-a-dozen in your cap."

I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors, I kept my cap on, for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars. Towards the close of my speech, I became much in earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits and the saloons, I said—

"Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance and cold water. Now then, three cheers. Hurrah!"

And taking off my cap, I waved it most vigorously, when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up to the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying, "Here's one of your cigars, sir."

It is hardly possible to taste liquor or have anything to do with it without being found out; indeed, all secret sins sooner or later come to light. *Set.*

BURDETTE ON SMOKING.

Don't smoke, my boy. It makes you stupid, so it doesn't help you in your studies. It is bad for the heart, so it doesn't advance you in athletic sports. It makes you nervous, so it doesn't make you a better shot. It makes you smell like a tap-room, so it doesn't make you pleasant company. It doesn't do you one particle of good: it makes you appear silly and ridiculous: it is as disagreeable and offensive to yourself as it is to anybody else: you don't get a bit of comfort out of it, and you know it, so don't smoke.

COLUMBUS AND QUEEN ISABELLA.

You are hearing much of the great Exposition now held in Chicago, to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, and of Christopher Columbus who made the discovery : and a picture about him will interest you.

Here he is with his map spread out before him trying to interest the King and Queen of Spain in the great project which he has in view.

You remember the story of the long and weary years that he spent, trying to get help to carry on the work. He believed in the success of it himself, but he had no money to furnish vessels and men for the expedition, and he travelled from court to court, trying, often in vain to win the support of sovereigns to his cause.

At length, Isabella, the Queen of Spain, pledged her jewels, to raise money, the ships were fitted out and Columbus sailed away on his voyage of discovery.



There were four proud, glad, happy, thankful times in his life : when the Queen decided to support him, when he set sail, when he sighted the new world, and when he landed in triumph in Spain on his return, having made his great discovery. But sorrow came later. Other men were envious of him and sought to injure him by falsehood, and the very success of that great discovery gave bitterness to his later life.

You cannot win the worldly honors that a Columbus is now receiving, but you can learn some lessons from his life.

1. When you undertake a thing, stick to it. Perseverance wins.

2. If he so persevered to win an earthly country, how much more should you to win a better country.

3. He had a great deal of trouble and sorrow in later years from this very discovery, owing to the enmity of others who envied his honor, but the triumph that you win over evil only brings gladness continually.

4. Do what you can to win others to Christ and if you are the means of leading even one to a better life, it will bring gladness for ever.

JOE'S WORK.

FARMER DUNLAP arose from the rocking chair where he was resting after a hard day's work, and waiting for supper to be ready. Mrs. Dunlap hurried in from the kitchen, leaving the potatoes she was warming to burn fast to spider if they wanted to, and both stood with dismay on their faces, and anxiety in their eyes, listening and exclaiming, while Susie read the letter about Joe.

Poor Joe, the only son of the Dunlap family, who had gone but a few months before to the city to earn his living; for Farmer Dunlap was sick and unable to run the farm, and it had been rented for the next year. The little family was going to move into town for the winter, so there was no work at home for Joe to do; for which, truth to tell, he was secretly glad.

Joe was not fond of farm work, and had a chance to begin as errand boy in a store in New York, and he had ambitions which reached even to the ownership of that store, or some other one quite as large and grand.

A faithful boy had Joe been, and good accounts had come back to them during the very few weeks of his experience; but now here was a letter which filled them all with dismay. Joe was sick and in the hospital. A great stick had fallen upon him from the scaffolding of a half-finished building, as he was hurrying along intent upon his duties. The result was that he was carried to the hospital, and had been quite sick for several days, so the surgeon wrote, but was better now, and they apprehended no danger and looked for a speedy recovery. He wrote because Joe was anxious lest his mother should worry about not receiving her usual letters; and he was to say from Joe that there was no cause for worry at all. He was "getting along tip-top," and would be back in the store in another week. It wasn't a bad hurt, just a mere scratch; he wondered that it made him sick at all. As soon as he was well enough he would write all about it. That was the substance of the letter.

Nevertheless, no words can tell how Joe's mother's heart ached, or how many times she had to pick up her neat work apron to wipe away the tears as she went about putting the finishing touches to the supper that night.

As for Farmer Dunlap, he leaned back in his big rocker, put his feet up on a chair in front of him, shut his eyes, and drew from time to time long, weary sighs. Life looked very hard to Farmer Dunlap. Right in his prime, or when he ought to have been in his prime, and when the little farm which he had worked so hard to secure needed him most,

he had been laid aside by that long illness, and must give up any thought of hard work—so the doctors said—for months to come.

No wonder he sighed, poor man. It was hard to understand. Here were he and his wife and Susie and Joe, all honest and earnest servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, trying every day to do their work in the world. Why should they be so afflicted?

Why, for instance, should poor Joe, who was trying to his best to help along, be knocked down in the midst of his career, and be shut up in a hospital for nobody knew how long? "It isn't as if he was a hard fellow, and had got into mischief through his evil ways," thought the poor father. And then came one of his heaviest sighs. He did not understand.

Neither did Joe. He lay on one of the white beds in the hospital and thought about it.

There were rows and rows of beds all down the ward; people groaning and suffering and unhappy. "I seem to have the best of the bargain," said Joe to himself, looking all about him, seeing signs of pain on nearly all the faces; "I am getting along first-rate, the surgeon says; but I don't see why in the world I'm here. A whole week wasted; mother and Susie have cried I don't know how many times about it, and father has sighed and looked sorrowful. It's real queer. I wanted to do my work, I am sure, and do it the best I knew how. I cannot understand how I came to be sent up here."

There was a sudden change in the current of his thoughts. The nurse and the physician passed near his bed. The physician's tones were low, but Joe's keen ear caught the words: "No," said the nurse, "I don't think he can. It seems hard; he's all alone, and so hopelessly ignorant."

Joe's breath came in quick gasps. Could they possibly mean him? He was alone, and he was ignorant enough, certainly. "Not last till morning!" Was he going to die?

"If they mean me," said Joe to himself, catching his breath, and turning white in spite of his effort at self control. "they ought to have told me. Mother and father and Susie ought to have known. I am not afraid to die, but it is hard on them. Doctor!"

The doctor turned at the sound of his voice. "I heard what you said, sir. Do you mean me?" "Mean you? I don't understand, my boy. What did you hear?"

Joe repeated the words.

"O, no!" said the doctor, with a cheery smile. "I didn't mean you in the least. Why, my dear fellow, you'll be at work again in a few days more. Didn't I tell you so? I was talking about the little fellow next to you," lowering his tones. "Poor little Timmy, he is going. I hardly think he will last till morn-

ing. You have spoken to him, haven't you? Poor little chap! he has no friends, and has been utterly neglected all his life. I suppose the best thing he can do is to die." The doctor sighed, and moved on.

Joe lay still, almost as much shocked as he had been when he imagined the words were about himself. He had not dreamed that Timmy was going to die. He thought he was getting better.

It was very quiet in the ward soon after that: the gas was turned low and shaded, and the night nurse had taken her place at the farther end of the long room. Most of the patients were asleep. Joe raised himself on his pillow and looked at the neighbor so close to him.

"Timmy," he said softly, "are you asleep?"

"No," came from the bed next to him; "I ain't asleep."

"Timmy, did you ever pray?"

"No," said Timmy; don't know now."

"Why, it's just talking, Timmy; talking to Jesus Christ, you know. Don't you want to talk to him, and ask him to take care of you?"

"It wouldn't do no good," said Timmy. "He don't know nothing about me. Nobody does."

"O, yes, He does, Timmy! He knows all about everybody; and if you want his help, or want Him to make you well, you know, or to take care of you, all you've got to do is to ask to Him."

"I ain't a-goin' to get well," said Timmy, in a listless voice; "I heard the doctor say so. He thought I didn't hear, but I did. I am a-goin' to die."

"O, Timmy! then you want Jesus Christ surely. He is the only one to take care of people who are going to die."

"I don't know nothing about him, and He don't care nothing about me, else He would a-took care of me."

"Timmy, that isn't true. He does know about you, and he does care about you; but you say yourself that you haven't asked him to do anything for you. Timmy, don't you want to go to heaven? It is a beautiful place, and they don't have any troubles there of any kind; and are never hungry nor cold, nor anything that is bad; and Jesus Christ is the one who can take you there. Don't you want to go?"

"What's the use?" said Timmy; it ain't no place for me. There don't nobody care nothing for me."

"Timmy," said Joe, growing more earnest every minute, with a solemn remembrance that his time was short. "I wish you'd listen to me and understand. That honestly isn't true. I'd tell you the truth, wouldn't I? It says in the Bible—God's book—that you can go to Heaven if you want to."

Timmy turned wondering eyes on his neighbor. "Is my name in the Bible? Did you ever see it there?"

"Yes," said Joe eagerly, "I saw a good deal better than your name. I'll tell you the word I saw; it said 'whosoever.' Listen, Timmy: 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.'"

"Once there was a man who preached a sermon on that text; and he said he thought that verse was better than though it had had his own name in it. His name was Simpson—Matthew Simpson—and he said, 'If the verse had read, "If Matthew Simpson shall call on the name of the Lord he shall be saved," he should have thought it might mean some other Matthew Simpson, but when it said "whosoever" it must mean him.'"

"That's so," said Timmy thoughtfully. "There was a Timmy Wilcox, a little black boy, a boot-black, who was on the same beat where I sold papers; it might a-meant him. 'Whosoever' well, that is better than a name."

"Of course it is," said Joe eagerly. "Now, Timmy, won't you do it?"

"I don't know how."

"Why, yes, you do; you know how to call. Say 'O, Lord Jesus! forgive my sins, and take me to Heaven.' That would be calling on him. Don't you want to do it, Timmy?"

"I might try it," said Timmy, turning a pair of great hungry eyes thoughtfully upon Joe's face. "Twouldn't do a fellow no harm."

"No, it wouldn't; it would do him good. That's what 'calling' means. There's the verse, you know: 'Whosoever shall call shall be saved,' and He always tell the truth."

"I'll try it," said Timmy, still in that slow, grave tone.

In the stillness of the night how strange it sounded to Joe to hear the words. The voice was low—Timmy was very weak—but it sounded distinctly to Joe.

"O, Lord Jesus! forgive my sins, and take me to Heaven."

Not once, nor twice, but many times during the early part of that night were those words whispered near to Joe's bed.

There was no more talking between them, for the nurse had come forward and reminded them that they must be quiet and try to sleep, and let others sleep.

Joe turned on his pillow, and wet it with tears which were not for himself. It seemed very hard that Timmy, so close to him, was going to die, and was all alone. He didn't think he should go to sleep that night; but he did, and when he awoke sunlight was in the ward. He raised up eagerly and looked about him, but the bed next to him was vacant, smoothly spread in white. Timmy was gone.

"He died just at daybreak," explained the nurse. "He was very quiet and peaceful, and was whispering a prayer with his last breath. Poor little fellow! I didn't know he knew how to pray. I guess he's better off now than he ever was before."

And Joe, when he wrote his long letter home, which reached them by the next Tuesday's mail, finished this hospital story with the sentence: "I didn't see why I was stopped in my work and sent to the hospital, but I guess may be I went there to find my work. I think perhaps the Lord Jesus Christ had picked me out to show Timmy the way to heaven. Wasn't it nice, mother, that I was there in time?"

"I guess," said Farmer Dunlap, with a smile on his face, as he put up his hand to brush away the tears. "I guess, mother, the Lord knows best. He knows all about us—what work we ought to do, and when. I guess we'll all try to trust him, won't we?"—*The Pansy*.

DON'T BE COWARDS.

I WON'T tell a lie! I won't be such a coward!" said a fine little fellow, when he had broken a little statuette of his father's in showing it to his playmate, and they were telling him how he could deceive his father and escape a scolding. He was right. So was Charlie Mann right, and he was rewarded for it, as the following story will show:

"A young offender, whose name was Charlie Mann, smashed a large pane of glass in a chemist's shop, and ran away at first; but he quickly thought, 'Why am I running? It was an accident; why not tell the truth?'"

"No sooner thought than done. Charlie was a brave boy. He told the whole truth; how the ball with which he was playing slipped out of his hand; how frightened he was; how sorry, too, at the mischief done, and how willing to pay if he had the money.

"Charlie did not have the money, but he could work, and to work he went at once, in the very shop where he broke the glass. It took him a long time to pay for the large and expensive pane he had shattered; but when he was done he had endeared himself so much to the shopkeeper by his fidelity and truthfulness, that he could not hear of his going away, and Charlie became his partner.

"Ah, what a lucky day that was when I broke that window," he used to say.

"Charlie," his mother would respond; "what a lucky day it was when you were not afraid to tell the truth."

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord, but they that deal truly are his delight."—*The Ensign*.

THE LITTLE HERO.

HERE is an example of true heroism. A little drummer-boy, who had become a great favorite with the officers, was asked by the captain to drink a glass of rum. But he declined, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said the captain, "you have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and you must not refuse. I insist upon it." But still the boy stood firm and held fast to his integrity.

The captain then turned to the major and said: "Our little drummer-boy is afraid to drink. He will never make a soldier." "How is this?" said the major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey the orders of your captain?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey the captain's orders, and I have tried to do my duty as a soldier faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, because I know it will do me an injury."

"Then," said the major in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders!"

The little hero, fixing his clear blue eyes on the face of the officer, said: "Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army I promised my dear mother that I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey orders, sir, but would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge." Was not that boy a hero?

The officers approved of the conduct of the noble boy, and told him that so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duty faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them regard and protection.

Any boy who will stand up for the right, stick up for the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero.

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

June 25.

REVIEW.

Lessons in Job, Prov. Eccl. Mal.
Gol. Text. Pro. 3 : 6.

July 2. PAUL CALLED TO EUROPE.

Les. Acts 16 : 6-15. Gol. Text Matt 28 : 19.
Mem. vs. 14 : 15. Catechism Q 65.

9. *Macedonia*—a country of Europe, north of Greece. *Help us*—with the gospel. 10. *We-Luke*, who wrote this book, probably joined the apostle at Troas. *Neapolis*—a seaport on the Macedonian coast. 12. *Philippi*—an important city about ten miles north-west from Neapolis. *Colony*—a place inhabited by Roman citizens, with all the rights and privileges of Rome itself. 13. *Where prayer was wont to be made* perhaps a roofless enclosure. 14. *A seller of purple*—either of the dye itself or of cloth purple dyed. *Thyatira*—a city on the northern border of Lydia. *Worshipped God*—a Gentile proselyte to the Jewish faith. *Whose heart the Lord opened*—inclined by his Spirit to listen to the truth.

Introductory.—What did Paul propose to Barnabas? Whom did Barnabas wish to take with them? Why did Paul object to this? What was the result? What did Barnabas do? Whom did Paul choose? Where did they go? Whom did Paul take with him from Lystra? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Shutting of Doors.* vs. 6-8.—Through what districts did Paul pass? Why did he not preach in *Asia*? Why did he not visit Bithynia? To what place did he come?

II. *The Call to Macedonia.* vs. 9-12.—How was Paul called to Macedonia? How did he respond to the call? What besides the vision convinced Paul that God had called him to preach in Macedonia? To what place did Paul go from Troas? From Neapolis? Where was Philippi? Meaning of a colony?

III. *The First Convert in Europe.* vs. 13-15.—What did the missionaries do on the Sabbath? What woman is mentioned by name? What is said about her? How did she profess her faith in Christ? Who were baptised with her? What is baptism? To whom is baptism to be administered? What did Lydia then request?

1. We should seek and follow God's guidance in all our work for him.

2. We should heed the cry of heathen lands, "Come over and help us."

3. The Lord must open the heart before it will receive the truth.

4. Household baptism is a Christian duty and privilege.

July 9. PAUL AT PHILIPPI.

Les. Acts 16 : 19-34. Gol. Text Acts 16 : 31.
Mem. vs. 29-31. Catechism Q 66.

19. *The hope of their gains*—the damsel ceased to make money for them by her pretended prophecies. *Market-place*—where the courts were held. 20. *Being Jews*—despised and suspected by the Romans. 22. *Their clothes*—those of the prisoners. 23. *Many stripes*—the Jews never inflicted more than thirty-nine, lest they should exceed the limit of the law (Deut. 25 : 3); the Romans had no such law. 24. *Inner prison*—a dark dungeon, secured with strong gates and bolts. *Stocks*—wooden blocks with holes, in which the feet were fastened. 26. *Earthquake*—by divine power, in answer to their prayers. 27. *Would have killed himself*—to avoid the disgrace and punishment of death. (See Acts 12 : 19. 30. *What must I do to be saved?*—from his sins and their consequences. 31. *Believe*—the gospel answer to every penitent enquirer. 33. *Was baptized*—with water brought in a convenient vessel, and sprinkled or poured upon them. All the facts recorded are in conflict with the idea of immersion. *All his*—another instance of household baptism.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Give an account of the conversion of Lydia. What miracle did Paul perform? Title of this lesson? Gol. Text? &c.

I. *Cast into Prison.* vs. 19-24.—What did the masters of the damsel do? Why did they do this? Of what did they accuse Paul and Silas? What did the magistrates do? Where were Paul and Silas put after the scourging? What charge did the jailer receive? How did he obey it? What were the stocks?

II. *Doings in the Prison.* vs. 25-28.—What did Paul and Silas do in the prison? Who heard them? What strange events followed? By whose power were all these things done?

III. *A Conversion in the Prison.* vs. 29-34.—What did the jailer then do? What important question did he ask? What did the apostles answer? What is faith in Jesus Christ? What was then done? Who were baptised with the jailer?

1. Faith in Christ will give songs of praise even amid stripes and imprisonment.

2. God overrules the designs of wicked men, and makes their wrath to praise him.

3. The great question for every one is, "What must I do to be saved?"

4. The gospel answer to every such inquirer is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

5. Saving faith produces joy, and shows itself in good works.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

THE TWO FARMERS.

I CONDUCTED, two months ago, said a clergyman, "the funeral service of one of my parishioners. He had been a farmer. Forty years ago he commenced work with 100 acres of land, and he ended with 100. He was a skilful, industrious working man, but he had laid by no money in bank. I understood the reason, as I listened to the comments of his friends and neighbors.

"It was always a warm, hospitable house," said one. "The poor man was never turned away from the door. His sons and daughters all received the best education which his means could command. One is a clergyman, one a civil engineer, two are teachers all lead useful and happy lives." Said another, "Those children sitting there weeping, are the orphans of a friend. He gave them a home. That crippled girl is his wife's niece. She lived with them for years. That young fellow who is also weeping so bitterly was a wail that he rescued from the slums of the city.

"And so the story went on—not of a miser who had heaped dollar on dollar, but of a servant of God who had helped many lives, and had lifted many of them out of misery and ignorance, into life and joy.

"On my way home from the funeral, I stopped at the farm of another parishioner, who said to me in a shrill, rasping tone: "So poor Gould is dead! He left a poor account not a penny more than he got from his father. Now I started with nothing, and look here," pointing to his broad fields: "I own down to the Creek! D'ye know why? When I started to keep house, I brought this into it, the first thing, taking an iron savings bank in the shape of a wolf out of the closet. 'Every penny I could save went into its jaws. It is surprising how many pennies you can save when you've a purpose. My purpose was to die worth \$100,000. Other folks ate meat; we ate molasses. Other folks dressed their wives in merino, mine wore calico. Other men wasted money on schooling; my boys and girls learned to work early and keep it up late. I wasted no money on churches, sick people, paupers or books. And, he concluded triumphantly; "now I own to the creek; and that land, with the fields yonder, and the stock in the barns, are worth \$100,000! Do you see?"

"And on the thin, sharp lips, was a wretched attempt to laugh. The house was bare and comfortless, his wife, worn out with work, had long ago gone to her grave. Of his children, taught only to make money a god, one daughter, starved in body and mind, was still drudging in the kitchen; one son

had taken to drink, having no other resource, and died in prison. The other, a harder miser than his father, remained at home, to fight with him over every penny wrung out of their fertile fields.

"Yesterday I buried this man. Neither neighbor nor friend, son nor daughter, shed a tear over him. His children were eager to begin to quarrel for the ground he had sacrificed his life to earn. Of it all, he has now only enough to cover his decaying body. Economy for a noble purpose is a virtue; but in the house of some, it is avarice, and, like a wolf, devours intelligence, religion, hope and life itself."—*Ec.*

HOW WILL WAS CURED.

I DON'T know what to do with my little boy, said Willie's mother. "He hasn't been well, and the doctor told me to take him to the seashore, and let him play all day in the sand. But how am I going to make him play, when he does not feel like it? He hides from the merry children, and sits and mopes by himself."

"I know a prescription much better than your doctor's," said a strange lady sitting by. "What is it?" asked Will's mother.

"Call him, and let me try it," said the stranger.

"Will! O, Will! come here a minute, my son," called his mother.

Will got up slowly, leaving his bucket and spade in the sand. "They are just going to tease me about not playing," he grumbled to himself. "I wish everybody would let me alone."

But they didn't say a word to him about playing. "Will," said the strange lady brightly, "if you are not too busy, I wish you would help me a little."

Will pricked up his ears. It had been a long time since he had been allowed to help anybody but himself.

"You see that little yellow cottage way off there?" asked the lady. "It is about a mile up the beach. There is a lame boy in that cottage, and I want to send him an orange; will you take it?"

"Yes, ma'am, certainly," said the small boy. "And, Will," she continued, "if you can do any thing to amuse or cheer him, it would be a good thing, you know; he can't get out of the house by himself, but he might wish you to help him."

Will was done moping now, forever and a day. He forgot all about himself, in doing things for lame Lucien. That strange lady's prescription worked wonders. If you ever feel dull, young readers, I advise you to try it.—*The Sunbeam.*