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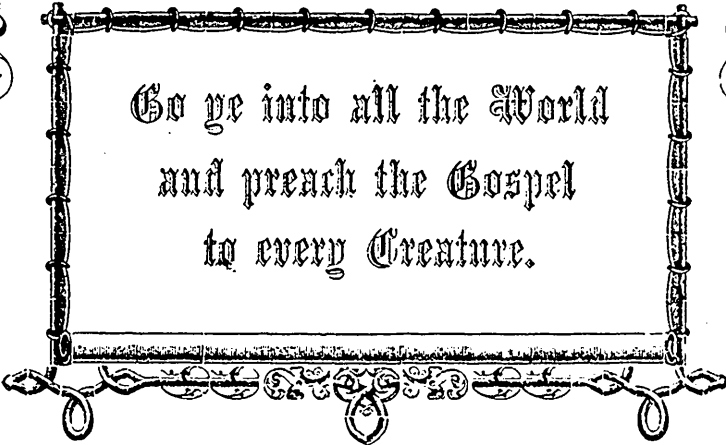
THE

CHILDREN'S

—

RECORD

—



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

Vol. 2. AUG., 1887. No. 8.

~~THE~~ The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels of 5 and upwards, to one address. Single copies 30 cents.

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All communications to be addressed to

Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

A LETTER TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

My Dear Young Friends:

I have the pleasure of sending you a Record every month and now I want to say* something to you that I think I had better put in the form of a letter.

Live at one end of the Church, in the far East, and you live in different parts of it, from the East to the far West, and as I have just had a ride over the whole length of the Church from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island I wish to tell you something about it.

The reason that I took the first part of the journey was that the General Assembly of our Church met at Winnipeg which as you will see by your geographies is more than half-way across the Continent. It was a long but pleasant journey of more than 2200 miles to Winnipeg.

At the Assembly there was a number of ministers and elders, about 300 in all, and they had meetings for more than a week, looking over the work of the past year and laying plans for the year that is to come. There were a great many subjects before the Assembly about the work of the church, that you will know more about when you get older and some things that you now know.

There was the subject of

FOREIGN MISSIONS

for which your Mission Bands are working. The work of the missionaries and teachers in the New Hebrides, in Trinidad, in India, in Formosa, and among the Indians of the North West, was considered, and plans made for carrying it on. Then there was .

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

You know something about that, for some of the Sabbath-schools give money to support pupils at the Point aux Trembles schools. There was the subject of

SABBATH-SCHOOLS,

in which you are all interested, and there were many other things that I will not speak of now.

After the work of the Assembly was over a number of those who were present thought they would like to see the Church and country still further West, and so they went all the way to the Pacific Coast and came back, some of them travelling in all between seven and eight thousand miles.

Now I wish to tell you about some of the things that I saw. One was

AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

Near the town of Portage la Prairie in Manitoba is a small band of Sioux Indians. They are heathen, and know nothing of Jesus. A young woman named Miss Wight is trying to teach them. It is slow work and needs much patience and faith. She tries to get the little girls to come and live with her that she may keep them away from the others and teach them sewing and house-keeping as well as other kinds of knowledge. One trouble that she has is to get them to attend school. Like some boys and girls that you know, some of them do not care much about going to school and in such a case their parents do not care enough about it to send them. The day I saw the school there were two men there. They had long hair, which hung down in two heavy braids, with a strip of fur braided in, and they no doubt thought it was very fine. They were sit-

ting, working very patiently with slate and pencil. The girls were smart and had some very neat needle work. The boys were restless but not disobedient. Miss Wight seems very well fitted for her difficult work. She is very patient with them, very kind, and yet firm. Will you not pray that some of these poor heathen children may be led to the Saviour by her teaching.

Other strange people that I saw were

THE CHINESE.

There are about three thousand of them in Victoria. Very funny they look with their hair braided in a long queue behind reaching nearly to the ground. Nearly all of these people are yet heathen and very little has as yet been done for them. I hope that ere long our church will have a missionary among them. There are very few boys and girls there. They are nearly all men who have come from China to work, and expect to go back again, though some of them never will do so.

Another sight far removed both in distance and appearance from the poor Indians and Chinese was a large body of

CHILDREN IN MONTREAL.

As I passed along the street one Wednesday morning I stepped into the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame, and there, seated in the centre of that great church was a large number of children, I should think there were several hundreds. They sang very sweetly some hymns, in French. Then the priest talked to them for a time. They were preparing for their first communion which was to be held the following Sabbath.

Poor children! In a grand cathedral, surrounded by glitter and show, they were almost as far removed from the light of the gospel as the Indians and Chinese. How little they know of Jesus. They are not allowed to read the Bible as you are. They are kept in darkness and ignorance and are taught to confess their sins to a priest and trust the care of their souls to him.

One great work that our Church has to do, a work just as important as sending

missionaries to the heathen, is to send the gospel to the French Roman Catholic children of the Province of Quebec.

Among the sights that to me were wonderful was

THE GREAT PRAIRIE.

For hundreds of miles it stretches away, away. Sometimes there are lonely settlers living far apart and the boys and girls have not school or church so near as you have and sometimes they have none at all and grow up in ignorance. In many cases there is school and church within reach, but often the people have far to go to attend them.

Another sight no less wonderful was

THE GREAT MOUNTAINS.

For five hundred miles we were passing through them. Their sides in many cases rising bare and rocky, their tops white with snow. Great as they are how great must be that One who "weigheth the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." That one who created all these things and at whose word they shall consume away.

Of one sight more I must tell you. It was the best of all. It was the bright and happy looking

CHILDREN IN THE SABBATH-SCHOOLS

that I visited, their voices sweet, their faces bright, as they sang their hymns or learned from faithful teachers the story of Jesus and His love. How many such good and pleasant sights there are throughout our land, where the young are taught that blessed book which guides to life and peace.

SHORT GRAVES.

Once a young prince asked his teacher to tell him how to prepare to die.

"Plenty of time for that when you are older," answered the teacher.

"No!" answered the prince. "I have been to the church-yard and measured the graves; and many of them are shorter than I am."

If religion has done nothing for your temper it has done nothing for your soul.
—Clayton.

HERE AND THERE.

[IN CHRISTIAN LANDS]

Out among the roses, in the summer air,
Merry little children, laughing everywhere;
Playing by the seashore, climbing moun-
tains high.

Happy little children 'neath the summer
sky.

God His love is showing through the trees
and flowers,

Filling hearts with gladness through the
summer hours;

Waking sweet hosannas bright with thank-
ful praise,

Guiding little footsteps into holy ways.

[IN HEATHEN LANDS.]

Shut in closed zenanas, gloomy everywhere,
In from God's sweet sunshine and the
summer air;

Thrown upon the hillsides, there to pine
and die,

Sad and lonely children 'neath the sum-
mer sky.

Idols grim and ugly waken childish fears,
Cruel, hard, unlovely, they heed not hu-
man tears;

Loving, sweet hosannas their dead ears
never know,

They never bless the children as did Jesus
long ago. —*Sel.*

THE POWER OF HABIT.

The passers-by on a country road used to pause sometimes and wonder to see an old white horse in the pasture travelling round and round in a circle. Hour after hour he kept up his tramp, though entirely free to go and come as he pleased. This shows the power of habit. For twenty years he had been daily harnessed to the end of a long sweep, and travelled in just such a circle, until too stiff and blind for further service; then a kind master gave him his time and a good pasture. Twenty years of steady industry had made work a necessity. When life was all holiday, there was no holiday; so he kept on, from choice, in his old round.

Habits, good or bad, cling to us. I remember what a blustering winter morning it was when Allen resolutely buttoned his overcoat up to his chin and drew on his fleecy gloves.

"You are not going to church such a morning as this, Allen?" said a brother medical student.

"To be sure I am," said the other decidedly. "I was brought up to attend church, and I should as soon think of going without my breakfast as of staying at home." It is one of the best habits a youth can form, and a great safeguard amidst the temptations of a city, to attend the house of God.

The habit of patient industry is a grand one to form very early, for all of one's success in life must hinge upon it. "The idle soul shall suffer hunger."

There are bad habits, too, which seem to blend into one another as naturally as the waters of the brook mingle with those of the river. Idlers love the saloons and the shady porches of old tavern-stands, and the company they meet there. They fall an easy prey to the rumseller; and when the habit of tasting his samples is once formed, it is not often broken. All manhood goes down with it, as into an awful whirlpool.

How happy a boy should be who finds a good habit of any kind growing stronger every day! It is easy for one to tell for himself just how he stands, if he will only look sharply at his goings and comings, and see with what feelings he goes about his daily duties. "He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." One cannot have his hands clean from sin unless the thoughts flow in right channels. They do make channels for themselves, in which they habitually flow just as surely as the water-courses. — *Youth's World.*

In one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a minister asked the poor children before him "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor little Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said "Please, your reverence, it's to be clean inside." Could anything be truer?

A CENTRAL AMERICAN BOY.

Childhood is the happy spring-time of life. But the condition of children in different lands is vastly different. In heathen and savage lands it is one of misery and degradation, with but few pleasures. In half-civilized lands, like the Central and most of the South American countries, their condition is but little better. For the most part, scantily and raggedly clad, lacking home comforts, and knowing little or nothing of tenderness and affection from parents or others, their life is anything but pleasant. How different the life of children in our own land and under the softening and tender influences of Christianity! Even the poorest street "gamin" has his pleasures after his own way and is protected in all his natural rights.

And yet, under all these favoring circumstances, we do not unfrequently meet with young people who do not seem to know the secret of "How to be happy." Here is a little story we once read which reveals the secret how any one who will can lead a happy life.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved dearly. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row boat on a lake, and lots of servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great. But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. One day a magician came to the court. He saw the boy and said to the king, "I can make your son happy, but you must pay me a great price for telling the secret." "Well," said the king, "whatever you ask I will give." So the price was paid. Then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away. The boy did as he had been told, when

the white letters turned into a beautiful blue, forming these words:

DO A KINDNESS TO SOME ONE EVERY DAY!

The prince very wisely made use of the secret and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.—*Sel.*

SUNNY-BROW AND FROWNIE-FACE.

Dear Sunny-brow is a winsome elf,
Sweet-natured all day long;
She always greets you with a smile
Or snatches of a song.
She whispers in the children's ear
Bright things to make them glad,
And always has some pleasant thought
To woo them when they're sad.
She helps them when they're cross and bad
To smother naughty words,
And murmurs "Sing instead of fret,"
And points them to the birds.
She loves her Master, Christ, you know,
And always tries to take
The "Whisper Motto" for her guide,
Which says "For Jesus' sake."

Now Frownie-face is a wicked sprite
Who loves to pout and fret,
Who says the summers are "too hot,"
The winters are "too wet."
There's not a thing that suits his mood;
He pines for "something more,"
And claps his hands when children fight
And pout and slam the door.
He tells them things to make them cry,
And frets them all day long;
And never yet one saw him smile,
Or heard him sing a song.

Dear little pansies (girls and boys),
Now tell me, frank and true,
Is Sunny-brow or Frownie-face
The elf that stays with you?
If Frownie-face, pray, bid him go.
And on him shut the door;
If Sunny-brow, O hold her fast,
And love her more and more.

—*The Pansy.*

LETTER FROM INDIA.

Dear young people. The following letter was written by Mrs. Murray, wife of Rev. R. C. Murray, one of our missionaries in India, to the Sabbath-school class that she used to teach in Pictou, Nova Scotia. I think that other boys and girls would like to read it and will enjoy it. Look at your maps and see where Indore is, before reading the letter. —Ed.

INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA,
Feb'y 16th, 1887.

My Dear Boys :

I have been going to write you a letter for some time, but I think I have more to tell you about now than if I had written you sooner, because I have been travelling about a good deal and seeing many strange things.

The city that we expect to live in is a native one, all natives, only one white family in it. The natives are very dark skinned, almost as dark as our negroes, only they differ from the negroes in that they have straight hair, while the negro's hair is curly. This city Ujjain (oojine) has had a high stone wall all around it, but being very, very old, it is broken down in a good many places.

One enters the city by large iron gates. We rode through it perched away up on an elephant's back. While riding along I thought of so many places in the bible were the walls and gates were spoken of: Babylon, Jericho, Nineveh, etc. You all remember about the walls of Jericho, don't you? The inside of the city is not a bit like anything we have at home; no churches, no Sunday-schools, no schools to speak of, but there are lots of temples, lots of idols. You will see these poor people bowing down and worshipping such hideous looking pieces of stone which you will find placed along the road side, in the woods, under a tree, or in the temples, anywhere and everywhere. But they are not all so ignorant. A goodly number in this city are now believers in Jesus and have stopped worshipping idols.

Mr. Wilkie, in the mission work here,

has a fine school, some of his pupils getting as far as any in Pictou Academy. In the school they study English, and a great many who will not listen to the preaching will gladly go to the school. When they commence to learn they are always anxious for more. Our cool weather is just over and we will have our summer from March until June. Then the rain comes on and lasts for three months more; then the cool weather, which is like September at home.

One meets large flocks of sheep and goats here, and the other evening I saw a shepherd carrying one little lamb in his arms. One also sees a great many camels, and the people drive oxen more than horses; for every horse you see there are two or three dozen oxen. Then we have cows and buffaloes (lama). The buffalo's milk we use for butter mostly, and the cow's for drinking purposes.

When driving through the country, or jungle, as they call it, we have seen some very fine deer scampering over the mountain sides, and lots of monkeys, jackals, mungoose, etc. There are also bears, tigers, and snakes, but one does not meet many of them.

Some of the heathen temples are very fine stone buildings. There is one just behind our bungalow, and the people go there to worship their idols, and take them flowers and offer incense to them, and they ring the bell very often through the night to wake up the gods (so they say) but images of stone can't hear and won't waken up. Yet these poor people go on crying to them. It made me think how thankful we should be that we have been born in a Christian land where the Gospel is preached and from our earliest days are taught of the one, the *only true God*, the Father of all believers, who cares for and watches over his children in love. See Psalm 121st.

One sometimes sees very wretched looking men sitting by the road side, covered over with ashes, and their hair grown long and tangled. You ask why? and are told they are doing penance for sin; and some are attached to a pole by means of a hook

through their back, and then they swing in the air, suffering fearful pain, thinking this will save them from their sins. Now, boys, perhaps you have heard some of this before, but if you were really here it would impress itself more deeply on your minds and you would want very much that they would know of Jesus our loving Saviour, who was, once for all, offered up as the great sacrifice for sin, theirs as well as ours.

Now, boys, I know you won't forget to pray for these poor people, and help along as much as you can. I often think of you all and the nice little talks we had together. Are you studying well?

Your loving friend,
C. MURRAY.

A BOY AND A BIRD.

A dear little boy with a nice little dog
Was having a frolic, one day,
When mamma came out with a very long
face

And called him away from his play.
"The chickens to feed, and some wood to
bring in!

O dear! it is horrid to work!
I wish, yes, I wish I could live like the
birds!"

He said, with a half-mind to shirk.

A mocking-bird, perched on some branches
near by,

Poured out a melodious song;
This dear little boy with a very dark frown
Stood listening; the song was not long.
The bird flew away with a trill and a chirp,
As busy as busy could be;
"He's building a nest, and how happy he
seems!

I'll work and be jolly as he."

So the dear little boy, with a gay little
song,

Fed chickens and brought in the wood,
Then went for some water, thus trying to
learn

A lesson but half understood.
A song with our work is a very good thing,
And happy the lass and the lad
Who learn it as early as this little boy.
Who sings where he used to be "mad."

SENDING LOVE.

The little Indian girls in some of the northern tribes of America have a pretty custom. When a little friend dies the children set snares and catch birds. A little girl, holding the pretty bird tenderly in her hand, will talk to it in this way:

"O, little bird, our dear Laughing Eyes has gone away at the call of the Great Spirit. She can no longer see our faces or hear our voices. We are sad and lonely without her, and we want you to fly away and tell her that we love her, and our hearts are sad because she has gone. Go, dear little bird, and bear our message to Laughing Eyes."

And then they set the bird free, and it flies away.

It is very sweet to send love, but it is even sweeter to give it. While our dear friends are still with us, while they can look into our eyes, and hear our words of love, let us speak them freely. Some day mother, sister, brother, all will be gone beyond our reach. Let us speak the tender, thoughtful, loving word while we have them with us. -- *Little Missionary*.

A PERSIAN proverb says: "Do the little things now; so shall big things come to thee by and by, asking to be done." So often we lose the opportunities of doing little things, and little acts of kindness, because we are waiting for the opportunities to do great or grand things; or while wishing to do what So-and-So does, we forget to do what it really lies in our power to do.

A pretty parable from nature tells us that a puddle by the roadside said to a little raindrop as it splashed into it one morning, "What an insignificant little thing you are!"

"Perhaps so," answered the rain-drop, cheerfully, "but I reflect as much of the sky as I have room for, and the bosom of the largest lake can say no more!"

That is just the point. As an old man said to a fellow-workman, "God never asks us to do what we can't do—only what we can."

IDOLS.

[A recitation given at the Children's Missionary May Festival.]

SINGLE VOICE.

Children, do you the story know
Of idols gods? And can you show
Where they are like, and by whose hands
Are formed the gods of heathen lands?

*Recitation by the Band, of Psalm cxx.
2-8, with motions.*

FIRST CHILD.

King David in his Psalms hath told
Their idols silver are, and gold;
Only the work of human hands,
These gods of far-off heathen lands.

CHORUS.

Our God is in the heavens above;
We'll praise him with full hearts of love;
We'll shout hosannahs to his name,
While heaven and earth his power proclaim

SECOND CHILD.

They all have mouths, but cannot talk;
They all have feet, but cannot walk;
Two eyes that cannot see have they;
A tongue that not a word can say.

Cho. Our God is in the heaven above, etc.

THIRD CHILD.

Two ears that ne'er a sound have heard;
Hands that for work have never stirred;
Each has a nose that cannot smell,
A throat through which no note doth swell.

Cho. Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

FOURTH CHILD.

So every one that trusteth them,
These worthless idols wrought by men—
They, too, who make them with their hands
Are like these gods of heathen lands.

Cho. Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

*Recitations with motions of Isaiah xlii:
12-20.*

SINGLE VOICE.

Now folded be your little hands,
Then, altogether, you may tell
How unlike gods of heathen lands
Is our great God we love so well.

Cho.—Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

CLASS.

If we our love to him confess
He will be mindful us to bless.
He has enough to spare for all,
Holds wide his arms to great and small.

Cho.—Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

What priceless blessings thus are given
By Him who made both earth and heaven!
The earth for man to dwell on, gave;
In heaven He waits our souls to save.

Cho.—Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

Oh, let us praise Him with each breath,
Before our eyelids close in death;
E'en now begin to sing His praise,
E'en now to Him glad songs we'll raise.

Cho.—Our God is in the heavens above, etc.

THE BICYCLE.

At playtime Jim had an important matter to talk over with Louis Green.

"I heard Dick say that he would do anything to help his mother; now will be the time to get that bicycle cheap," he said.

"Yes," replied Louis. "I daresay he would sell it for about half what he asked last week. I am very sorry for him, though," he added.

"Nonsense, Louis! Look out for bargains."

The boys had set their hearts on that bicycle. Two weeks before, Dick had refused to sell it at their price. Since then his mother, a widow, had lost the few shares in the bank, upon the interest of which they had lived. Jim was sure now that Dick would want to help his mother.

"No football for us to-day," Jim said. Away they went to "make a bargain."

They found Dick looking serious over his family troubles, yet keeping a brave heart to help his mother. He did not want to sell his bicycle, he felt like running away to hide when he saw the boys coming, so sure was he of their errand. Second thought showed him the cowardice of such a course. They offered him just half the true value of his prized bicycle.

"You know, boys, last week I said you could not have it for that price; but now my mother needs money so much that, well, I suppose I must let it go."

"I told you so," whispered Jim, quite overjoyed.

Louis felt sorry for Dick. He would like to have offered a larger price, only he felt afraid of Jim. The bargain was closed, and away went the boys, joint owners of the coveted possession.

"It is as good as new, and worth double what we gave for it," said Jim. "I say, Louis, let us try it near your house the first thing after school."

"All right," said Louis.

Louis' home-folks were all in the garden after tea, to see and hear about the fine new bicycle. They knew that Louis had been saving his money to get one.

"It was a real bargain, too, Mr. Green," began Jim, who soon told the story of the purchase. Mr. Green looked grave.

"Why, it was all fair, father," said Louis. "Dick need not have sold it, you know."

"All fair as things go in this world," said Mr. Green. "But not just the way I would like my son to do business. Let me tell you a story about the Duke of Wellington.

"One day his steward begged him to buy a farm next to his estate. 'Buy it,' said the Duke, who believed in the wisdom of his steward. When the purchase was made, the steward said: 'The best of it is, that your Grace has got such a cheap bargain.' 'What do you mean by a cheap bargain?' asked the Duke. 'The real worth was £1,100, but you got it for £800, because the owner was in great want of money, and obliged to sell.' 'Go at once, then, and hand him the remaining £300, and never again talk to me about cheap bargains," said the Duke."

"Good for the Duke," said Louis.

"So say I," added Mr. Green.

Louis saw the application at once. "Look here, Jim," he said, "I don't feel comfortable about this; suppose we go back and tell Dick we will pay him full price!"

"Not I," said Jim, decidedly.

"I will," said Louis, boldly. "I shall feel then that my half, at least, is fully paid for."

Louis was as good as his word; not a penny did he spend till he had enough to offer Dick as much again as he paid in the first place.

Unless they change very much, it is not hard to predict which one of the two will grow up to be the true, magnanimous Christian man of business.

DANGER.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning, a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-fluttering. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened. Presently an elder-tree said: "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything. Bad children those.

The elder said: "If you don't they'll gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, and she said to herself: "O, that's a beauty! I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her, and called: "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But" said the rose, "look at his brown-and-crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on her tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy or girl.—*Christian Weekly.*

HAL'S EYES OPENED.

"No, Daisy, you cannot have my roller skates, so there!"

"I mean when you don't want them, Hallie," and Daisy's blue eyes pleaded anxiously as she looked at Hallie.

"I want to clean them whenever I'm done with them, and hang them up in the bag Aunt Alice is making for me."

"You might let me have them just a few minutes, Hallie."

"You don't know how to use them."

"I could learn. Please, Hallie, just let me try. I know I could learn."

"Learn on your own, then," answered Hal, crossly, as he walked away, muttering, "I earned the skates with my own money. I'm not going to let Daisy spoil them."

He did not stop to see Aunt Alice on the stoop.

Hallie Brown was not an ugly boy, but he was inclined to be selfish. He would have been very indignant if any one had told him he made his cousin, Daisy Holt, unhappy. He really loved her; but she was so gentle that she did not resent many of the ungenerous, ungracious things he did.

When Hallie left Daisy she walked slowly home with a very sorrowful heart. She could not understand how Hallie could refuse so small a favor. She could not conceive of refusing Hallie any enjoyment that depended on loaning anything she possessed.

After tea he sat in the sitting-room with the family, when he suddenly thought of a new illustrated set of Irving that Aunt Alice had received at Christmas. He said: "This is a free evening, Aunt Alice; may I have your Irving to look at?"

"No, Hal. I've made up my mind to be very careful of my Irving, and keep it in the box when not using it."

A surprised, angry look came into Hal's face. Aunt Alice, sweet Aunt Alice, had never refused him anything before. Daisy, who had come in with her mamma, was as much surprised and puzzled as Hal was.

No one else seemed to notice Aunt

Alice's answer but the children. Hal took down Bancroft from the shelves, but he could not interest himself, or overcome the unpleasant effects of the refusal to his simple request.

"I'll sharpen my new pencils, and have them ready for Monday," he thought. "Papa's knife is sharper than mine; I'll borrow it."

"Papa," he said, aloud, "please lend me your knife. I want to sharpen my new pencils."

"No! I've made up my mind not to lend my knife. When I'm done using it, I am going to wipe it off, and keep it in my pocket. No, I cannot lend my knife, earn one yourself."

"Papa!" and Hal almost burst into tears. Never in his life had he received such an answer from his father. Hurt, mortified, and angry, he buried his face in his hands for some minutes. A soft, gentle touch roused him, and Daisy said: "Hallie, I brought over my new game. Do you not want to see it?"

He looked at the gentle little girl, whose face was full of sympathy. Just beyond was his father's full of reproach, and Aunt Alice, sorrowful, and saying so plainly, "Do you deserve her kindness?"

A blush covered Hal's face as he remembered the scene of the afternoon, and his refusal to grant a favor to the little girl who was always so ready to share every pleasure, every gift. The lesson was not forgotten. —*Christian Union.*

TINY'S ALARM-CLOCK.

Tiny looked up from her slate as her big brother Kent came in, one snowy day, with an odd-shaped paper bundle in his hands. Tiny ran to meet him. "O Kent, what is it?" she asked curiously. "Anything for me?"

"No," said Kent. "Such a wide-awake puss as you are doesn't need aids to early rising;" and he untied the strings and opened the package.

"Why, it's a clock," said Tiny, disappointed.

"We've got three clocks, now, Kent.

What made you bring another?"

Kent began winding the little clock. "You just listen," he said.

Whir-r-r! Rattle, rattle, rattle! Whir-r-r! What a way for a clock to strike!

"It is an alarm-clock," exclaimed Kent, smiling at Tiny's wonder.

"We can set it so that the alarm will strike at any time of night and wake us. You know I have to leave home before light sometimes;" for Kent was a railroad engineer.

"How very, very, funny!" said Tiny, with sparkling eyes, "Goes off all itself, without any one's touching it. Oh, how I wish I had one!"

"There's another funny thing about it," went on Kent. "If people don't mind the alarm when it strikes, but think they will sleep a little longer, they grow less and less liable to be waked by it, and soon it doesn't make any impression at all, and is no use."

Tiny considered. "I wish I could have one all my own," she said again. "It must be such fun to hear it go off."

"You have one," said Kent, gravely.

"I? An alarm-clock?"

Kent nodded.

"Where?"

"Right in there," said Kent, with a hand over Tiny's heart.

"Well, I don't believe it ever went off," laughed Tiny.

"Yes, I'm sure it has. Wait till you feel like doing something wrong. That little clock will say: 'Whir! Tiny, don't!' You see if it doesn't."

Tiny laughed and went back to her examples. Soon a call came from the kitchen—"Tiny, dear, I want you."

Tiny's mouth began to pout, but she suddenly called out cheerily, "Yes, mamma," and danced out of the room, looking back to say, "It went off then, Kent, good and loud."

Kent nodded and smiled. "I thought it would," he said.

And all you little folks with alarm-clocks wait to be sure you answer the first call, or they will ring and ring in vain,

and turn you out good-for-nothing men and women.--*Sel.*

THE BRIDLE OF THE TONGUE.

"My son, how have you prospered today?" said Mrs. Stone.

"First rate, mother; because I remembered the verse you gave Sadie and me this morning. We were playing blind man's buff, and the boys would peep. I wanted to speak sharp, but I could see that verse, 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city,' and I did not say a word. It was hard work though, to keep from speaking."

"I do not doubt it Willie; but I am glad my boy was so brave. It often requires more true courage to hold the bridle of the tongue than that of a horse."

"That verse helped me, too," said Sadie. "I was hurrying to call on Julia Howard before school; but Mrs. Lane asked me if I would go to Mr. Pinkham's store and get a bundle. I was so disappointed that I wanted to say no, but the verse came into my mind. I said 'Yes'm,' and ran along."

"You did right my children, and have each gained a victory that is better than taking a city."

AUNT ABBIE'S ADVICE.

Never utter a word of slang,
Never shut the door with a bang.

Never say once that you "don't care,"
Never exaggerate, never swear.

Never lose your temper much;
Never glass of liquor touch.

Never wickedly play the spy;
Never, O never, tell a lie!

Never your parents disobey,
Never neglect at night to pay.

Remember these maxims

Through all the day,

And you will be happy

At work or play.

—*Christian at Work.*

SABBATH SCHOOLS IN ANEITYUM

Mr. Laurie, Free Church missionary in Aneityum, tells us that Sabbath-schools are an institution of only three years' standing on this island. There had always been held Sabbath afternoon Bible classes for old and young but no special gathering for the young.

It will interest you to know that Sabbath-schools in Aneityum owe their beginning to a little girl in Scotland. She was only four years of age, and a few years ago sent some handkerchiefs and pretty cards for Mr. Laurie's best Sabbath-scholars. He found that really he had none, and scarcely knew what to do with the little girl's gifts.

Soon, however, steps were taken to organize a Sabbath-school. The first one was opened at Anane and now there are seven at different stations on the island.

One little girl's gifts, though small, yet have accomplished a great deal. God is ready to employ you all in his service. He will not despise your efforts in His cause, but will own and bless them. Who can tell what grand results may follow your work. The little lad we read of in Scripture story had only five loaves and two fishes in his basket. Christ used this small amount of food to feed 5000 people.

Work for Jesus, and eternity alone will tell what your little services have done.

Your friend, D.

A RECEIPT IN FULL.

Do you remember the story of Martin Luther when Satan came to him, as he thought, with a long black roll of his sins, which truly might make a swaddling band for the round world? To the arch-enemy Luther said:

"Yes, I must own to them all. Have you any more?"

So the foul fiend went his way, and brought another long roll, and Martin Luther said:

"Yes, I must own to them all. Have you any more?"

The answer of the brethren, being ex-

pert at the business, soon supplied him with a further length of charges, till there seemed to be no end to it.

Martin waited till no more were forthcoming; and then he cried:

"Have you any more?"

"Were these not enough?"

"Ay, that they were. But," said Martin Luther, "write at the bottom of the whole account, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

THE DOLLARS GO, BUT THE LIE STAYS.

"Would you tell a lie for five cents?" asked a Sabbath-school teacher.

"No, ma'am."

"For ten cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a dollar?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a hundred dollars?"

"No, ma'am; not even for a hundred dollars."

"For a thousand dollars?"

Henry hesitated. He could buy many things with a thousand dollars? While he was thinking Charlie answered, "No, ma'am," very positively.

"Why not?"

"Because, when the thousand dollars are gone the lie is the same."

Which of these boys was the stouter, morally. Ten cents would have measured the moral strength of some boys.

Mr. C. S. Salmon, in *The Scotsman*, says that owing to the abominable drink supplied them, two of the four races inhabiting the Gaboon district, Africa, are rapidly dying out.

Bad as the devil is he has one good quality, that he will flee if we resist him; though cowardly in him, it is safety for us.—*Tryon Edwards*.

He that despiseth small things shall fall by little and little.—*Ecclesiasticus*.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Aug. 7.—Matt. 4: 17-25. Memory vs. 18-20.
Jesus in Galilee.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 4: 16. CATECHISM. Q. 33.
Introductory.

What was the subject of our last lesson?
When and how was Jesus tempted?
How long before the events of this lesson?

Where have we an account of his life during this time?

When did Jesus go to Galilee?

Who had imprisoned John? Why?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Jesus Preaching. vs. 17.

What did Jesus begin to do?

What did he say in his preaching?

Who besides Jesus had uttered this call?

Why were the people called to repent?

What is repentance?

What is meant by the *kingdom of heaven*?

How was it then at hand?

How doth Christ execute the office of a prophet?

II. Jesus Calling Disciples. vs. 18-22.

Whom did Jesus see as he walked by the Sea of Galilee?

What were they doing?

What was their trade?

Where had Jesus met them before?
John 1: 35-42.

What command did he now give them?

What did they do?

Whom did Jesus next see?

What were they doing?

Who was in the ship with them?

What did they do in answer to the call of Jesus?

III. Jesus Healing Diseases. vs. 23-25.

Where did Jesus now go?

For what purpose?

What did he do besides preaching?

Who were brought to him from all Syria?

What did he do for them?

What did his wonderful power to heal prove him to be?

What was the effect of his preaching and healing?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we are called upon to repent, to follow Christ and to obey his commands.

2. That we should listen to these calls and obey them at once.

3. That we are not only to follow Christ, but also to serve him, to work for him.

4. That the work of saving souls is more important than any earthly aim.

5. That Jesus will heal all our spiritual diseases if we ask him.

Aug. 14.—Matt. 5: 1-16. Memory vs. 3-11.

The Beatitudes.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 1: 17. CATECHISM. Q. 34.

Introductory.

What was the title of the last lesson?

What did Jesus preach?

Whom did he call to be his disciples?

What did he do besides preaching?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Who are the Blessed. vs. 1-12.

What is the first beatitude?

Meaning of *poor in spirit*?

What is promised to them?

What is the second beatitude?

Who will comfort the mourner? Isa. 51: 12; Ps. 30: 11.

What is the third beatitude?

Who is our great Example of meekness? Matt. 11: 29.

What is the fourth beatitude?

Meaning of *hunger and thirst after righteousness*?

What is the fifth beatitude? The sixth?

How may we become pure in heart?

Meaning of *shall see God*?

What is the seventh beatitude?

Who is the great Peacemaker? Eph. 2: 14, 15.

What is the eighth beatitude?

How can it be blessed to be persecuted?

Why do such inherit the kingdom of heaven?

II. Who are the Useful. vs. 13-16.

What did Jesus say of his disciples?
How are Christians *the salt of the earth*?
What if the salt loses its savor?
What if Christians lose their savor?
How are Christians *the light of the world*?
What is it their duty to do?
How can you let your light shine?
How can our good deeds glorify God?

What Have I Learned?

1. That Christ honors and rewards the humble and the faithful.
2. That true happiness depends on what we are, not on what we have.
3. That our sinful hearts must be made holy.
4. That we should be willing to bear reproach for the sake of Christ.
5. That we may do good by a good example.

Aug. 21.—Matt. 5: 17-26. Mem. vs. 17-19.

Jesus and the Law.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT. 5: 17. CATECHISM Q. 35.

Introductory.

What was the title of the last lesson?
Of what sermon was it a part?
To whom was it delivered?
What did you learn from it?
What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?
Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Jesus honors the Law. vs. 17-20.

What did Jesus warn his disciples not to think he would do?
For what purpose had he come?
What is meant by *the law*?
By the *prophets*?
What did Jesus say of the law?
Who shall be called least in Christ's kingdom?
Who shall be called great?
How may we be great in Christ's kingdom?
Who were the *Scribes*? The *Pharisees*?
What kind of righteousness had they?
Matt. 23: 4-6, 26, 28.

Why cannot such enter heaven? Rev. 21: 27.

In what must our own righteousness exceed theirs?

What is justification? Sanctification?
Where in the Bible is Christ called *the Lord our righteousness*?

How did Jesus honor the law?

II. Jesus explains the Law. vs. 21-26.

Which is the sixth commandment?
What is the penalty for breaking it? Gen. 9: 6.

How did Jesus explain this law?

How may we break it without killing any one?

Meaning of *Raca*? Of *thou fool*? The *judgment*? The *council*? *Hell-fire*?

How did the Jews worship?

To what in our own worship do the *gifts* and the *altar* correspond?

What must we do before we can worship acceptably? John 4: 24.

How does love fulfill the law? Rom. 13: 10.

Why do we need to be reconciled to God?

What if we are not?

What Have I Learned.

1. That the moral law is established, not set aside, by the Gospel.
2. That it has regard to the thoughts, feelings, and words, as well as to the outward acts of our lives.
3. That hatred is heart-murder.
4. That we should seek at once to be reconciled with those who are at variance with us.
5. That we should make our peace with God without delay.

Aug. 28.—Matt. 6: 1-15. Mem. vs. 7-15.

Piety Without Display.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 SAM. 16: 7. CATECHISM, Q. 36.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
What did Christ come to do with the law?

How perfectly should it be fulfilled?

What was wanting in the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees?

How must our righteousness exceed theirs?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Way of Almsgiving. vs. 1-4.

With what caution does the lesson begin?

What is said of those who do good merely to be seen?

What should be our motive?

What is a *hypocrite*?

How do hypocrites give alms?

What reward do they have?

Why can they have no reward from God?

How are we to give alms?

How will those who do good in this way be rewarded?

How does this agree with the command to let our light shine? Matt. 5: 16.

II. The Way of Prayer. vs. 5-8.

How do hypocrites pray?

Why is this not true prayer?

What is its reward?

How should we pray?

Why should we pray in secret?

Is all public prayer here forbidden?

How will true prayer be rewarded?

What folly of the heathen should be avoided?

If God knows what we need, why should we pray?

III. The Model Prayer. vs. 9-15.

What rule has God given for our special direction in prayer?

Repeat the Lord's prayer.

How may this prayer be divided?

Ans. Into the preface, six petitions and the conclusion.

What does the preface teach us?

What do we pray for in the first petition? In the second? In the third? In the fourth? In the fifth? In the sixth?

What is the conclusion?

What does it teach us?

What must we do if we would have God forgive us?

What Have I Learned?

1 That the goodness of our deeds de-

pends on the motive from which they are done.

2. That we should not pray to be seen of men, but to be heard of God.

3. That we must be simple, earnest and sincere in our prayers.

4. That if we pray aright God will answer our prayers.

5. That we must forgive others if we would have God forgive us.

—Selected from *Westminster Teacher*.

A BOY'S PROMISE.

The school was out, and down the street

A noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health and gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout,
Of boisterous derision;
But *not* one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the others;
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still:
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who could doubt the future course
Of one who thus had spoken?
Through manhood's struggle, gain and loss,
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother.

—George Cooper.

Your influence, whether good or bad, will last after you leave your school or college. Either a bright glow will follow your school life, or a power for evil will be left which you can not blot out if you would. How will your example have told when seen in the light of the judgment seat of Christ?

HOW OLD MUST I BE.

"Mother," a little child once said, "mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

And the wise mother answered, "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and I always shall," and she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be?"

The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell me what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Then her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to grow older. All you have to do is to love and trust and try to please the one who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered, "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in her prayer she gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his. — *Scl.*

USE OF BEREAVEMENT.

"See," said a lad who was walking with his father, "they are knocking away the props from under the bridge; what are they doing that for? Won't the bridge fall?" "They are knocking them away," said the father, "that the timbers may rest more firmly upon the stone piers, which are now finished." God only takes away our earthly props that we may rest more firmly upon him.

TEACH US TO PRAY.

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And O, accept my prayer:
Thou hearest all the words I say
For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee:
And though I am so young and small,
Thou carest still for me.

Teach me to do what e'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love Thee while I live.

A SHOP PAPERED WITH THE BIBLE.

A correspondent of the Friend of Missions in Japan tells the following interesting story of a lady who went into a cake-shop to buy some cakes for her children. While waiting for the cakes, she saw that the walls were papered with leaves from the Bible. This was so strange that she asked the old woman about it; and she told the lady that one day, passing by a book-shop, she saw a pile of papers thrown away as useless. As her shop needed papering, she thought this was just the thing, and took some of it home and pasted it up over her walls. One evening her grandson came in, and began reading aloud from the paper on the wall. The old woman was so interested in what she heard that she listened eagerly, and got all who would to read it to her. One day a young man came who asked if she understood it, and whether she was a Christian. She told him how much she enjoyed hearing it, but she did not understand it much; so he promised to take her to church the next day. After this she attended regularly and became an earnest Christian. She now keeps a stock of tracts by her, and into every bag of little cakes she drops one. Is not this encouraging? All that good came out of leaves of the Bible thrown away, which were considered of no use. — *Scl.*