

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

The **HILDRENS RECORD.**



CONTENTS

A Great Meeting.....	114
Father, Forgive them.....	115
Funny Chinese Customs.....	115
A Sunday-School Gathering.....	116
Climbing the Height.....	117
The Way to Learn the Lesson.....	118
How to Read the Bible.....	119
A Long Tramp for a Bible.....	120
Parable of the Lie and the Truth.....	120
Hindoo Girls.....	121
His Last Battle.....	122
A Boy's Faith.....	123
How the Apostles Died.....	124
Tom's Battle; A Boy's Manner.....	125
Spines Wanted; White Lies.....	128
International S.S. Lessons.....	126

LO I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

A GREAT MEETING.



FEW weeks ago, I went to the General Assembly of our church which met in London, Ontario, and tried to get something there for the young people.

1. I found that we have a London and its Thames in Canada, just as they have in England. Although our river is smaller, it is a great deal clearer and purer than old Father Thames; and while our London is so small that it would take four or five hundred of it to make up Old London, yet it has far more happiness and less care and sin and sorrow, in proportion to its size than has the larger London. So the first thing I got for the young is the wholesome lesson, that big things do not give happiness. People may live as useful and happy lives in a small house as in a large one. Humble lives are free from many of the cares and temptations of those that have greater wealth or higher place.

2. Though the Assembly was made up of over three hundred ministers and elders, and lasted for eight days, from the 12th to the 20th June, it was by no means a dull meeting. Old men sometimes seemed as if they were boys again, and grey heads as merry as when they were tow heads at school long ago, and so I learned a second thing for the young; that religion never gives anyone the blues, that if they are Christians they will be happy whether young or old and often happier as they get older.

3. The first night, after the opening sermon, came the roll call; and members of Assembly from Newfoundland to British Columbia, four thousand miles apart, and from all along between, answered to their names.

Here was a third thing for the young. What hosts of them there must be growing up in such a large Church. How much they can do as they grow up to make that Church as pure and good as she is great; and what a power our Church will be for good in the land and what a happy and prosperous country Canada will be, if all this glad young host give their lives to God.

4. On the second day of meeting the work of our Colleges, in Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, and Winnipeg, was talked about and planned for. As the 229 students for the ministry, now attending them will soon be passing out, their places must be filled by the boys of to-day, and here was a fourth thing for the boys, viz:

As the work of seeking to save men and women from sin and misery, is the greatest, grandest work in the world; and as that is the one thing the ministry should have in view: the strongest, manliest, and best, of the boys are wanted for that work.

5. On the evening of the second day, as one after another told of the great Home Mission work of our Church, of more than a thousand mission stations in new and scattered settlements in our own land, where there is no settled minister, and where students and missionaries are sent to preach; and how soon these settlements become wicked if there is no religious service, I found something more for the young.

If we wish our country to be Christian when it becomes older, these new settlements must be made Christian now when they are young.

So the young people of to-day must become Christian in their youth, if the men and women of a few years hence are to be the noble men and women that they may be and ought to be.

Another thing from that Home Mission work, is this:—How thankful the young should be that our Home Missionaries are doing so much to make our country a good one to live in, and how faithfully they should give and pray for the success of Home Missions.

6. There was a great meeting on Foreign Mission night. There were missionaries there from Trinidad, India, Formosa, and China; telling of the sad and hopeless lives of the heathen and what wonderful success the Gospel is having among them; and here was something more for the young:—

What a noble aim in life to give oneself to telling these poor people of Jesus who gave

Himself to uplift them from their sin and misery and make them good and happy! Who of our young readers will be missionaries?

7. I saw a picture, strange but true. Some of the aged men were giving up their work. I looked into the future and saw in fancy an Assembly a few years after this, and I saw it made up largely of the boys of to-day. Boys, make it an Assembly of even better ministers and elders than the workers of to-day.

8. But I must not forget the girls. Here is something for them. There was a lady present, Mrs. Morton from Trinidad, who with her husband has been longer in the mission field than any other of our large staff of workers. She had the honor of being the oldest missionary at the Assembly.

But the girls have their work in the Home Church also. Let it be your aim to be helpers with Christ by being faithful wherever you are, and then He will say, "She hath done what she could."

There is a grand work before the young people, to make Canada, and the Presbyterian Church in Canada, what they ought to be, righteous, God-fearing, holy, pure, and true.

FATHER FORGIVE THEM.

A native of New Zealand, who had, as a convert and professing Christian, come to the Lord's Supper, suddenly rose, leaving the communicants just before the taking of the bread, and took his seat in a distant part of the chapel, but almost immediately, as if a new thought darted into his mind, came back again to his former place, and received the bread and wine.

When the missionary inquired the cause of this strange conduct, the heathen convert said, "When I went to the Lord's table I had no idea with whom I was going to partake; but when suddenly I observed who was next to me, I saw a man whom but few short years ago I had sworn to kill the very next time he crossed my path, for he had killed my father, and had drank his blood. Now, can you imagine what I felt when thus unexpectedly I found him close beside me? An awful dread

took possession of me, so that I could not stay, and felt compelled to go to a seat away from him; but when I got there, the heavens seemed to open before me, and I saw the last great Supper of the Lamb, and I heard a voice saying, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do,' and then I returned to my place with all my dread gone and peace in my heart." Thus he felt and acted on the constraining influence of the love of Christ.—*Sel.*

FUNNY CHINESE CUSTOMS.

The Chinese do everything backward. Their compass points to the south instead of the north. The men wear skirts and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil theirs in a knot. The dress-makers are men; the women carry burdens. The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backward, and any notes are inserted at the top. White is used for mourning, and the bridesmaids wear black—instead of being maidens, these functionaries are old women. The Chinese surname comes first, and they shake their own hands instead of one whom they would greet. Vessels are launched sideways, and horses are mounted from the off-side. They commence their dinner with dessert, and end up with soup and fish. In shaving, the barber operates on the head, cutting the hair upwards, then downward, and then polishes it off with a small knife, which is passed over the eyebrows and into the nose to remove any superfluous hairs; and the performance is completed by removing the wax from the ears with a piece of cotton wool on a wire.—*Sel.*

God wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys.

God wants the boys, with all their joys
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure;
His heroes brave He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth and purity.

God wants the boys, God wants the boys.

✓ A SUNDAY SCHOOL GATHERING.

Letter from Rev. N. Russell, our Missionary.

CANADIAN MISSION, MHOW,

For the RECORD.

May 16th, 1895.

IN THE hot season in India with the thermometer at times up to 115° in the shade, few things are likely to occur in the way of happenings.

It was not so much to break this monotony, however, as because all other seasons have been too much occupied, that we decided to hold a meeting for all our Sunday Schools, which are near to Mhow. These number eight and contain nearly 500 children. A committee had been busy examining the different schools for a week beforehand in their knowledge of the life of Christ, the Ten Commandments, etc.

Last Thursday afternoon in spite of the heat, the little ones and some big ones, too, came trooping in from all quarters, led by their teachers. There were a good many absentees also, as many are away at this season in the fields. Swings and a merry-go-round had been erected for the amusement of the children on the Mission compound. And a jolly time they had of it for a couple of hours, for Indian children enjoy their play just as much as English children, though they may not enter into it always so keenly.

After the swings we adjourned to the Church where recitations were delivered and some hymns sung, followed by two bright and telling addresses from Mr. Johory, of Indore, and the Rev. Mr. Fitch, of Ujjain, both officers of our S. S. Auxiliary Association. After this about 50 prizes were distributed to those who had passed a good examination or proceed regular in attendance.

The best prize was a very nice clock, presented by the Superintendent, Mr. Drew, to the boy who had done best in the large Sunday School. How grand it was to see so many of these non-Christian boys and girls coming forward to receive prizes for efficiency in their knowledge of the Bible. What hope there is for their future in such weekly teaching of the Bible. I am glad to say that many grown

up people also attend our Sunday Schools and learn the weekly lesson.

After the distribution of prizes a large supply of sweet-meats was brought out, and two or three of our Brahmin friends undertook to distribute them as all classes of people will take from the hands of a Brahmin. So with their hands and handkerchiefs full, the little fellows trotted off home well pleased with their afternoon treat.

In the evening the teachers assembled and we held a convention on Sunday School work. A fit closing for such a day.

How pleased the Sunday School children at home will be to hear that in far off India we sometimes have a day when the boys put on their clean clothes and come to the Mission to have, if not a picnic or a tea-meeting, something that is a mixture of both, and which, though quite Oriental is none the less enjoyable and long to be remembered. Perhaps some of you would like to send out some presents to be distributed to our Sunday Schools next year, if so you will have a share in making the children happy at their next gathering. Now would not that be worth trying?

NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

Cruel How children suffer from strong **Fathers.** drink through their parent's sin. Mr. Thompson, our missionary in Couva, Trinidad, writing of a boy in the school of our lady missionary there, Miss Fisher, says:

"The father of one of Miss Fisher's boys spent all his wages last pay day in a rum shop that is just opposite our manse. He even tried to force his little son, eight years old, to drink with him.

On an estate in this district, on a certain pay day not long ago, a father was drinking and making merry with friends, and made a mixture of several kinds of intoxicants with spices, &c., and gave his little son to drink, and all laughed at the spectacle of the little fellow staggering. These are a few of the pay day scenes here."

How many hindrances our missionaries have! You can help them by your prayers.

CLIMBING THE HEIGHT.

I REMEMBER, said the old schoolmaster, a summer morning, when I stood in the square of the town of Chamouni, where two parties of travellers were preparing for the ascent of Mount Blanc. One young Englishman disregarded all the directions of the guides, and loaded himself with things which he declared were absolutely necessary for the journey.

He carried a small case of wine and delicate food to pamper his appetite; a camera, with which he purposed to photograph himself and his companions at different stages of the ascent; note-books in which to record his impressions, and a picturesque plumed cap and gay Indian blanket which he wore to win admiration from possible beholders of his triumphs.

The guides, after a protest, whispered together and allowed him to have his own way.

Six hours after his party started, ours followed. At the little chalet where the first night is spent we found his food and wine. The guide laughed.

"Herr Englander has found that he cannot stop to humor his stomach, if he would climb Mount Blanc," he said.

A few miles further on we found the note books and camera. He had given up the hope of winning fame by recording his pro-

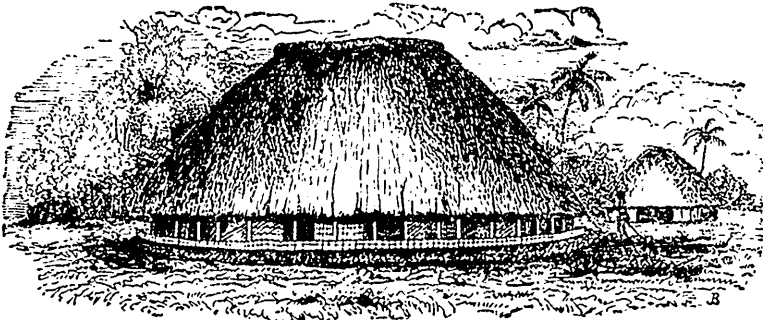
gress in the actual hard struggle of the ascent

Still higher he had thrown off the gay robe and plumed hat.

We found him at the summit in leathe jerkin, exhausted and panting for breath. He had encountered heavy storms and reached the top of the mountain at the risk of his life; but he had reached it. Clothes, food and the comments of the people below did not come into his thoughts. He had reached the summit.

"When I was a boy," the schoolmaster said suddenly, leaning over his desk and looking at his pupils, "I used to plan out my life just as he planned his climb. Fine, fashionable clothes would be a necessity in it I felt, and good things to eat, and plenty of notice and applause from the public, as I marched along, and a record of my progress to be kept forever by the world.

"But at forty I cared only for clothes that kept me warm, and at fifty only for food that kept me strong; and so steep was the height above me that at sixty I care little for the opinion of people below if I could only reach it. And if I ever safely do reach that height, looking upward, I shall not care whether the world keeps any record of my climbing; or not for I shall know that God has it.—*Youth's Companion*.



When you bury an evil habit, do not visit the grave too often.

Cheerfulness, the more we dispense of it, the greater our possession.

ONE WAY TO LEARN THE LESSON.

CHARLOTTE was standing at the counter waiting for her parcel to come to her. Suddenly the girl behind the counter spoke up sharply.

"Sam," she said, "there was a lady sick in here just now; they sent for water for her, and the cooler was empty."

The slouching, good-natured negro looked guilty.

"That was too bad. I'm sorry."

"The lady was sick," repeated the girl, with still greater emphasis, "and she needed a glass of water, and there wasn't any."

By this time the bundle was ready. As Charlotte made her way along the crowded aisles out of the great establishment, she was thinking of the little scene which she had just left.

"It reminds me of the cup of cold water," she said to herself when she reached the street, "and throws a new light on it. I always thought this just meant that every little helps, but, if this is a good illustration, it means more. I shall tell my Sunday-school class about it. Maybe this morning, or yesterday, or some time last week, somebody in God's big world was sick—heart-sick—tired, maybe, or lonely or discouraged, and needed a cup of cold water (the children understand that), and could not get any. Perhaps it was one of my own little girls who ought to have had it ready for her and didn't. Yes, I will certainly put 'Sam' in the lesson next Sunday."

She turned the idea over in her mind for a square or two further, and then another thought came.

"And meantime I might put him into my own daily walk and conversation. I could teach it better then probably."

Charlotte was nearly home when she met a tall, thin young woman, carrying several books under her arm.

"She is a typical school-mistress," thought Charlotte, as she bowed and smiled—"more typical than usual this afternoon; her eyes look more owlish behind her gold-trimmed spectacles. She must lead a dreadful life with that mob of boys."

Charlotte walked on a few steps, then wheeled around, and, dodging a woman with a big market basket, hurried after the school-teacher.

"Miss Gardner," she said, "what have you done to my small brothers?"

"I beg pardon!" was the stiff response. But Charlotte knew that she had heard.

"Harry and Jack are getting on so splendidly with their lessons this winter; they really enjoy studying. You seem to have a genius for keeping them interested. I heard father tell the boys last night that he hoped they realized what an uncommon teacher they had. And they said, of course they did; she was all right all round—the fellows all thought so."

"Your father is satisfied with their progress, is he?" asked Miss Gardner, trying not to seem too eager.

"Satisfied! he is beamingly delighted, and is never tired of talking about it. All the family feel themselves very much in your debt."

"You are very kind to say so," said Miss Gardner. Then, losing some of her primness, she added, "I was needing a cheering word this afternoon. It has been a hard day, and as I walked home I was thinking that perhaps my work was a failure after all."

"Oh no. Never think that when you teach those growing boys so much every week, and teach it with a moral, too, which they respect and will remember."

"It helped her; she was thirsty," Charlotte told herself when they had parted; but she did not know how much it helped, how often the solitary, hardworked woman thought of her words of praise when the pranks of "those growing boys" had brought her spirits to the lowest ebb, and how it rested her.

Charlotte's room at home was the next to the nursery. When she was putting her hat and coat away she heard Katie the nursemaid through the half-open door say coaxingly,—

"Now, Daisy'll be a good little girl and sit quiet a while, and let Katie get her letter done, won't she? It's a poor writer that Katie is; and what with the rushin' and hurryin' we've

gone through with, I ain't found a bit o' time to attend to it, and my mother'll be waiting a week to hear from me. I fear she'll go to worryin'. So you'll just look over all your beautiful pictures here and leave Katie to herself, won't you?"

But Daisy clamorously objected to any such arrangement.

"Write your letter, Katie," said Charlotte, appearing suddenly on the scene; "I will take care of this small nuisance for a while."

"Oh no, miss," said Katie, flushing and deprecatory; "I can do it to-night just as well when she gets asleep."

"You will be asleep then yourself. You must go to bed early to-night, for you are tired.—Come on, Daisy, into sister's room and make her a visit.—And, Katie, tell your mother that if everybody were as good-natured and helpful when a rush of work comes as her daughter is, the world would be very much better off."

You may be sure that Katie delivered the message faithfully, her smiling lips working as laboriously over the construction of the words as did the pen in her slow, cramped fingers. When it was complete, she added this somewhat Irish comment, "I guess more of us gurls would be willing to oblige if the ladys would only take more notis of it."

It was wonderful how many Katies and Miss Gardners showed themselves in the course of the next few days. Charlotte was kept busy. On Saturday afternoon, on her way home from the Mission Band, she was joined by Miss Lansing, an eminently stylish young person, who chatted about her many social engagements at a rate that took Charlotte's breath away. Presently, however, she broke off with a sigh.

"But what a bore it all gets to be after a year or so! I feel about a thousand already at the very lowest. I am sick and tired of everything, myself in particular. Yet I'm not really any older than you are, and you are as fresh as a rose. What is your fountain of perpetual youth?"

It came so close to what had been uppermost in Charlotte's mind all those past days

that involuntarily she spoke out her thought with unsmiling earnestness,—

"The river of the water of life."

There was an awkward pause. Charlotte, painfully startled and embarrassed at what she had done, did not know how to break it, and Miss Lansing was silent until they reached her corner, which was near. There she stopped.

"Do you know," she said, "those five or six words are the first such that have been spoken to me in years? I often long for somebody to talk religion to me, but nobody does. It is a great mistake to suppose that butterflies never think, and would scoff at the person who tried to make them. It isn't by any means only in the highways and hedges that people are waiting for an invitation to come in."

The little girls in Charlotte's class were unusually quiet and attentive the next day.

"It was a lovely lesson, wasn't it?" said one of them to the other afterward. "Miss Charlotte made it so plain, and as if we really could live that way ourselves, not just as if all the things were done by make-believe girls out of the Lesson Helps."

And Charlotte said, "It was a good way. Personal experience is about the best commentary on the Bible I know."—*Sel.*

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

I read the Bible, said a devout man, as I eat fish. In eating fish I do not try to swallow the bones for fear that I may get choked, but I lay them under my plate and thus I relish and enjoy the fish.

In like manner, in reading the Bible, I do not perplex myself in trying to find the solution of insoluble problems and mysteries, or to answer inquiries that cannot be answered this side of eternity, but I feed upon the Divine promises, am instructed by precepts and examples, am animated by inspiring hopes, and thus the Bible becomes a lamp to my feet and a light to my path and precious food for my soul.

"Thou, God, seest me."

A LONG TRAMP FOR A BIBLE.



STORY is told in *Northfield Echoes* by Rev. E. R. Young of Toronto, of his experience as a missionary among the Cree Indians in the North-West.

He says:—

Often have I been made ashamed of the littleness of my love by the devotion of these Indians and by their love for the Bible. Let me give you an incident.

"One of our Indians with his son came away down from the distant hunting-grounds to fish on the shores of our great lakes.

We catch our winter's supply there in October and November. My good wife and I have lived chiefly on fish twenty-one times a week, for six months, fish and salt with a cup of tea, at times no bread or vegetables at all. We lived six months on fish, and the other six months on reindeer and muskrats, gulls and owls, anything we could get, sometimes glad to have two meals a day. I have been in your penitentiaries—not unwillingly—and I have seen the food provided for the worst criminals. My wife and I would have been glad to have had anything approaching what you give to your murderers and house-breakers. I have been for three days without a mouthful.

To go on with my story. This man and his son came down to fish, and they made splendid fisheries, put up the whitefish on a staging where the foxes and wolves could not reach them, and one night the father said, 'My son we leave to-morrow morning early; put the book of heaven in your pack; we go one hundred and forty miles to our distant hunting-ground to join the mother and the others in the wigwam home.' So the young man put his Bible in his pack that they might take it home.

Later on, along came an uncle and said to the young man, 'Nephew, lend me the book of heaven that I may read a little; I have loaned mine.' So the pack was opened and the Bible was taken out, and the man read for a time and then threw the Bible back among the blankets and went out.

The next morning the father and son start-

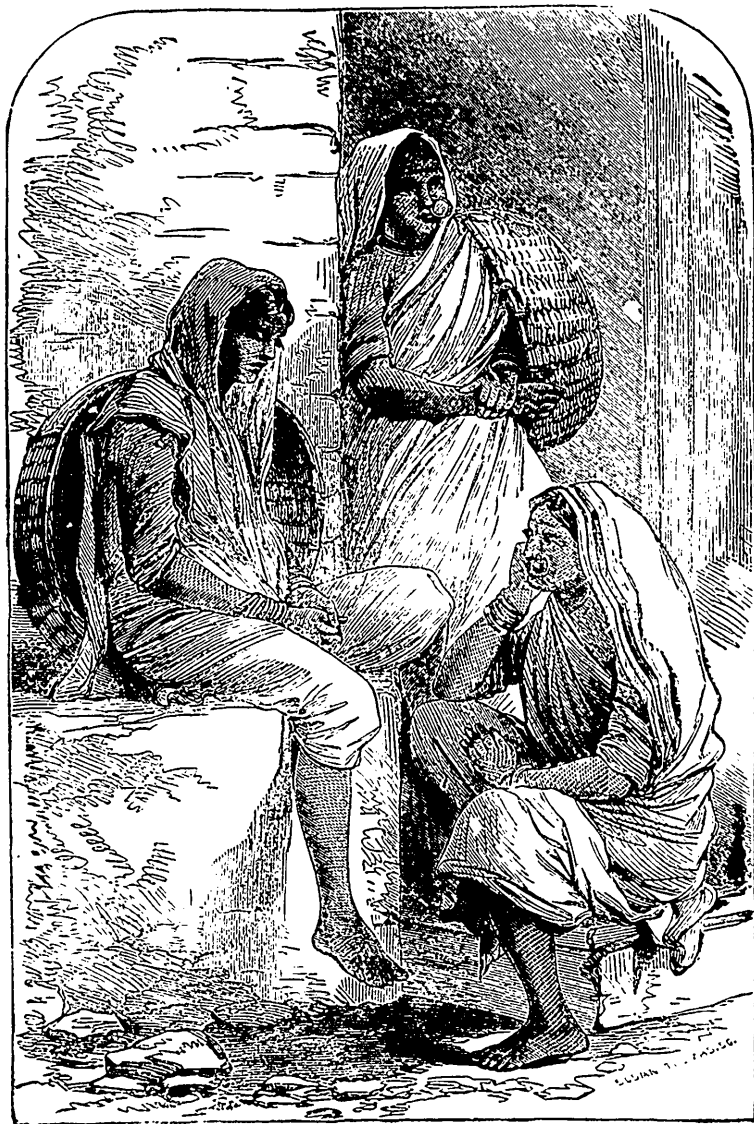
ed very early on their homeward journey. They strapped on their overshoes and waded seventy miles, dug a hole in the snow at night, where they cooked some rabbits, and had prayers and lay down and slept. The next morning bright and early after prayers they pushed on and made seventy miles more and reached home. That night the father said to his son, 'Give me the book of heaven that the mother and the rest may read the Word and have prayers.' As the son opened the pack, he said, 'Uncle asked for the book two nights ago and it was not put back.'

The father was disappointed, but said little. The next morning he rose early, put a few cooked rabbits in his pack and away he started. He walked that day seventy miles and reached the camp where he and his son had stopped two nights before. The next day he had made the other seventy miles and reached the lake and found his Bible in his brother's wigwam. The next morning he started again, and walking, in the two days, one hundred and forty miles, was back home once more.

That Indian walked on snowshoes two hundred and eighty miles through the wild forests of the Northwest to regain his copy of the Word of God? Would we do that much to regain our Bibles? O the power of the Gospel! It can go down very low and reach men deeply smitten in sin and can save them grandly, and make them devout students and great lovers of the Blessed Book.

PARABLE OF THE LIE AND THE TRUTH.

One day a Lie broke out of its enclosure and started to travel; and the man who owned the premises saw it after it had started, and was sorry that he had not made the enclosure lie-tight. So he called his swiftest Truth and said, "A Lie has gone loose, and will do much mischief if it is not stopped. I want you to go after it and bring it back it, or kill it." So the swift Truth started out after the Lie. But the Lie had one hour's start. At the end of the first day the Truth was a long way behind, and was getting tired. It has not yet caught up, and never will.—*Scl.*



HINDU GIRLS.

HIS LAST BATTLE.

THE November wind whistled shrilly through the streets, driving the leaves in frightened crowds before it. On the corner of a city park stood an old man, surrounded by a group of laughing boys. His gray, tangled hair was covered by a hat as worn and battered as its owner. His eyes were bleared and dim, his face flushed, his voice thick and hoarse.

"It's a glorious country, boys," said the old soldier, with an all-embracing sweep of his right arm. "We must fight for her. 'Land of the free and home of the brave,' you know. Mustn't have no more Bull Run, boys. March to victory. Grant's the boy for me. We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." And he attempted a feeble "hooray."

The boys cheered. "Give us a speech Billy," cried one. "Sing us a song," suggested another.

"What ails your regimentals?" asked a third, suddenly catching at a fluttering portion of the old man's coat. And then the laughing group shouted together, "Come, Billy. A song! A song!"

The old man smiled, violently cleared his throat, and sang in a cracked and trembling voice the song over which strong men wept and women sobbed in anguish thirty years ago.

"It's just before the battle, mother
And I'm thinking now, of you,
While upon the field we're lying
With the enemy in view."

It was a strange scene the jeering boys, the drunken soldier in his shabby coat, singing a song of a past generation.

"Farewell mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again."

groaned the old man in the sad refrain.

What tender memories from the past stole across his heated brain with their soothing spell it is impossible to say, but the singer paused, choked, buried his face in his hands and wept. The laughing boys grew very still.

"Come, I say, don't do this," said one awk-

wardly at last, touching the shabby sleeve. "It won't do any good to cry."

"You're right," said the soldier, turning fiercely around. "It won't. It's too late for that or anything else. But when I marched away in my blue uniform at the very first of the war I didn't expect that some day I'd be hooted at by the town boys. I was nothing but a boy myself, and I dreamed of glory and honor and a nation's gratitude. I done my duty, boys. I never flinched in a fight yet. I tramped through rain and slush and mud, and never give up. I ate my rations and drank bad water and bad whiskey, and made the best of it. Three months in a hospital and six months in Libby most finished me, and I pulled through. I never thought the folks I was fighting for would forget all about it, and that the boys would call me names if I got a glass too much.

"O, I know it's the liquor done it. But tramp all day through the mud, with the rain drizzling down and chilling you through and through, and perhaps you'll want something to warm you, and if there's nothing *but* whiskey perhaps you'll take that, though you'd a thousand times better die and be done with it.

"I know I ain't respectable, but if a man had saved my life and risked his own by doing it, seems to me I shouldn't say, 'O, he's nothing but a seedy old tramp. I don't owe him anything.'

"I don't want any of your pensions. The war didn't do nothing but make me a drunkard, boys. I hain't lost no limb, nor got a bullet in me. So hoot away. If it does you any good I guess I can stand it. But sometime, if you happen to be old and friendless and wicked, just think of the old soldier.

"Well, I've made my speech, boys, and it ain't the Fourth of July, either. But I love the old flag, and I'd do what I've done right over again, I believe." And with that he limped away.

The boys watched him in silence. "Well, I never felt quite so mean in my life," said Fred Jones at last. "I don't see what we've been thinking about."

"And I don't see what our fathers have been thinking about not to thrash us for such actions," said Will Brown, fiercely. "If I ever catch a boy of mine"—and he made a significant motion with his right hand.

"I am as ashamed as any of you," said Paul Weeks, earnestly. "And, I say, boys, let's go and tell him so. I don't want him to think we don't know enough to be grateful now."

An hour later the same boys stood bashfully before the old soldier in the bare little room where he ate, slept and lived. In a blundering fashion they expressed their sorrow, and begged him to forgive them. And in a broken voice he answered them and bade them a kind good-by.

"I say, boys," said one, as they lingered at the crossing, "let's do all we can to make it pleasant for the poor old fellow." And the suggestion found a welcome in every heart.

And so the good work began. The elders soon caught the spirit. Little kindnesses, respectful greetings, and even invitations reached the lonely soldier. Bright young faces looked in upon him. Fresh young voices spoke kind words to him. It was curious to watch the effect. He walked straighter, grew more cleanly and tidy in his habits, and at last electrified his young friends by the announcement that, "live or die, not another drop of liquor would he drink."

And he kept his word. The battle that was fought in that bare little room was fiercer than the conflict of the Wilderness. It was more than a seven days' fight. But out of it at last came an old man victorious, though white and haggard and weak.

And when, a few years later, his marching orders came, strong young arms bore him tenderly to his last resting place, and young eyes were not ashamed to weep for the soldier who had fought and won the victory.—*Congregationalist*.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and true,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

A BOY'S FAITH.

A noble example of childish faith in God's Word is related by the *Pacific Christian Advocate* :

At a certain Presbyterian Church among others, a boy of ten years of age was examined for church membership. After he had spoken of his sense of guilt came the question, "What did you do when you felt yourself so great a sinner?" and the eyes of the examiner brightened as he answered :

"I just went to Jesus and told him how sinful I was, and how sorry I was, and asked him to forgive me."

"And do you hope at times that Jesus heard you and forgave your sins?"

"I don't only hope so, sir. I know he did." There was a confidence in the tone with which the word "know" was uttered that startled the hearers. The oldest of them raised his glasses and peered into the face of the little candidate, and said :

"You say you 'know' that Jesus forgave your sins?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt, unhesitating answer.

"You mean, my son, that you hope Jesus has pardoned your sins?"

"I hope he has, and I know it, too," said the boy, with a bright smile on his manly face.

"How do you know it, my son?" every eye being intent on the little respondent.

"He said he would," said the boy, with a look of astonishment, as if amazed that anyone should doubt it.

"He said he would do what?"

"He said that if I confessed my sins he was faithful and just, and would forgive them; and I did confess them to him, and I know he forgave them, because he said he would."

The old Scotch elder took off his glasses to wipe the moisture from his eyes, and, turning to the minister, said :

"He's got hold of the right end of it, sir. 'Flesh and blood have not revealed it unto him, but our Father which is in heaven.'"

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

HOW THE APOSTLES DIED.

THE deaths of the Apostles are only known to us by early tradition; but in many cases there is good reason to believe it fully true, and in all it is probably founded on fact.

Andrew was crucified at Patrae, in Achaia, on a cross of peculiar shape (X), always known since as St. Andrew's Cross.

Barnabas was preaching in a synagogue in Salamis, when a party of enraged Jews dragged him out, stoned him to death, and burned his mangled body.

Bartholomew is said to have suffered crucifixion at Albonopolis in Armenia.

James, beheaded by order of King Herod Agrippa was the first martyr among the apostles. Clement of Alexandria relates that the accuser of James, on the way to the place of execution stung him by remorse, confessed faith in Christ and asked to be forgiven. James gave him an affectionate kiss, and said to him: "Peace be with thee." He was beheaded with James.

James the Less was thrown from a high pinnacle of the temple and then stoned; he was finally killed by a blow from a club.

John, aged and honoured, died a natural death. One of the beautiful stories told of him is that when he was too old to preach he used to say to the congregation the characteristic words: "Little children, love one another," and when asked why he always repeated this sentence only, he replied: "Because it is the commandment of the Lord, and enough is done if this one command be obeyed."

Judas, in a frenzy of despair, hanged himself. The rope breaking, he was dashed to pieces on the rocks. Aceldama, where he committed suicide, is still shown on the southern slope of the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem. The money for which he had betrayed "innocent blood" was used to purchase a burial place for the poor.

Luke, the author of the Acts, was hanged in Greece.

Mark, according to Kitto, died in Alexandria in the reign of Nero.

The story of Matthew's martyrdom in Ethiopia is legendary. Kitto says that he did not suffer martyrdom.

Paul, according to ancient tradition, died by the sword in Rome at the command of Nero, and the place of his execution is still pointed out a little distance from the city. He himself alludes to his martyrdom in these noble words: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. 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; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." (2 Tim. iv. 6-8).

Peter, so Origen tells us, suffered martyrdom in Rome in the same terrible persecution under Nero. Deeming himself unworthy to meet death as did his Master, he was, at his own request, crucified with his head downward.

Phillip, who preached in Phrygia, was hanged at Hierapolis.

Thomas also suffered martyrdom, either in Persia or India.—*Messenger for the Children.*

ONE SOLDIER

A Southern newspaper tells the story of a soldier going into battle who heard the cry of a little kitten. He stopped a moment, found that the kitten was over the fence, just where the shot and shell were falling thickest, but he sprang over the fence, got the kitten, and put it in his pocket, saving it from death. The kitten became the pet of the battery, and took its afternoon naps, in times of peace, on top of the cannon. The bravest are the most tender hearted. It is the bully who is cruel, and the bully is usually a coward. He hurts flies and little kittens, and steps on ant-hills and pulls off butterflies' wings. He thinks it fun to whip the horse, and trip up small boys. He never interferes with anything big enough to hit back.

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the darest."

TOM'S BATTLE.

THERE isn't any use in trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter one Sabbath afternoon. "I've tried this week so hard, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time I never will again, but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts.

"Now your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you; but if, like David, you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again tomorrow, Tom; ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight not alone with God's promised help and strength."

"Well," promised Tom; "I'll try; but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until play hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser, but the angry words died on his lips.

His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom that night; "but my giant isn't dead if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother: "but every victory makes you stronger and him weaker, and when the warfare is over there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."—*Scl.*

A BOY'S MANNER.

HIS manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far off city. Among other things he had been thought to be friendly and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit in the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger, recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of it. A little later the boy came into the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled up the collar, and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the braggartest or the poorest.

The boy has not been in society a great deal. He has not learned orthodox selfishness. He positively can't be easy at the table until his neighbors are waited on; a chair is torture if he thinks any one else is less comfortably seated. He wouldn't interrupt to let loose the wittest or most timely remark ever thought of. He may learn to do so some day—after he has earned his hundred thousand—but it is doubtful. The expression of his kindness may become conformed to popular usage, modified, refined, but the spirit which prompts the expression will only grow with his years.

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may be truly unselfish and yet not have this boy's prize. You may wish to do things for others, and yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness or awkwardness, but to put into direct and an instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you.—*Congregationalist.*

International S. S. Lessons.

(Adapted from the Westminster Ques. Book.)

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

II August.

Les. Num. 21 : 4-9. Gol. Text, John 3 : 14.
Mem. vs. 8, 9. Catechism Q. 32.

Study the Lesson in the *Presbyterian Record*, and answer the following

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—How many years between this lesson and the last? Give the principal events of this interval. What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Plague of the Serpents.* vs. 4-6.—Where is Mount Hor? Who died there? How did the Israelites journey from this place? Why did they not go through the land of Edom? Num. 20 : 14-21. Why did the way discourage the people? Why were their complaints unjust? How did the Lord punish their sin?

II. *The Confession of Sin.* v. 7. What effect had the plague of serpents on the people? Why was Moses' prayer of more avail than their own? James 5 : 16. What kind of spirit did Moses show?

III. *The Way of Cure.* vs. 8, 9.—What did the Lord command Moses to do? What were the bitten people to do? What happened to those who looked at the brazen serpent? What cure has been provided for sin? Golden Text. What are we required to do?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Sin brings death—God has provided a remedy.

2. Both the mercies and the judgments of God should lead us to repentance.

3. Faith in Christ is the only way of salvation.

4. All who look to Christ shall live; none need perish.

5. Each one must look and believe for himself.

THE NEW HOME IN CANAAN.

18 August.

Les. Dent 6 : 3-15. Gol. Text, Dent 8 : 10.
Mem. vs. 3 5. Catechism Q. 33.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Why did the Lord send fiery serpents? How was this judgment removed when the Israelites repented? In what direction did the Israelites now march? What kings did they overcome? Where did they encamp? What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *God to be Loved.* vs. 3-5.—What duty did Moses enjoin upon the people? By what motives did he enforce it? On what were the Lord's promises conditioned? What great truth did Moses declare? What command did he give? What did Jesus say of this command? What is the sum of the ten commandments?

II. *God's Word to be Honored.* vs. 6-9.—What further duty did Moses enjoin? To whom was God's word to be taught? When? How was God's word to be honored? What rule hath God given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him? What do the Scriptures principally teach? How is the word made effectual to salvation? How is the word to be read and heard, that it may become effectual to salvation?

III. *God's Goodness to be Remembered.* vs. 10-15.—What great goodness had the Lord already shown to the Israelites? What further goodness was he about to show them? Of what did Moses charge them to beware? What duty did he command? What sin did he forbid? What judgment would follow their disobedience? What is our duty in return for all God's goodness to us?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. The Lord condescends to intimate relations with us. He permits us to call him *our* God.

2. He requires our undivided love and obedience. Nothing must be allowed to take the place of God in our affections.

3. His word must be our rule of life. We should love and constantly study it.

4. The Bible must be honored and taught in the family.

5. God's goodness and mercy are to be remembered with thankful obedience.

CROSSING THE JORDAN.

25 August.

Les. John 3 : 5-17. Gol. Text, Isaiah 43 : 2.
Mem. vs. V. 17. Catechism Q. 34.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—Where and when did Moses die? By whom was he buried? Why was he not permitted to enter Canaan? Num. 20 : 12. Who was called to succeed him? What did the Lord now call Joshua to do? What did he promise? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *Preparation for Crossing.* vs. 5-8.—What did Joshua say to the people? How were they to *Sanctify* themselves? What in-

struct ons were given to the priests? What was the ark of the covenant? What did the Lord promise Joshua? How would the crossing *magnify* Joshua? Where was the ark to be carried?

II. *Promise of an Open Way.* vs. 9-13.—What did Joshua say to the people? How were they to be assured of God's presence among them? Which is the first commandment? What does it require? What forbid? For what purpose were twelve men chosen? Josh. 4: 2-7.

III. *Passage of the River.* vs. 14-17.—What happened when the ark came to the brink of the river? What time of the year was it? What was the state of the river? How far up was the water stopped? Where did the priests remain with the ark? How long? How many people passed over? Num. 26: 51. What similar miracles do you remember? How does this miracle illustrate the Golden Text? Of what was entering the promised land a type?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. The Lord honors his faithful servants.
2. His service requires personal consecration, clean hands, and a pure heart.
3. He opens a way for his people and guards them in it.
4. We should follow Christ though the way seem impassable.
5. He will protect his people and lead them to the heavenly Canaan.

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

1 September.

Les. Josh. 6: 8-20. Gol. Text, Heb. 11: 20.
Mem. vs. 15: 16. Catechism Q. 35.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—How did the Israelites cross the Jordan? Where did they encamp? What took place there? Who now appeared to Joshua? What orders did he give him? What was he assured would then take place? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Besieging of the City.* vs. 8-11.—What did Joshua do? What did his prompt obedience show? What was the order of the procession? Why was the ark borne around the city.

II. *The Marching About the Walls.* vs. 12-16.—How many days did the Israelites march about the walls? What was done as they marched? What did they do on the seventh day.

III. *The Devotement to the Lord.* vs. 17-20.—What doom was pronounced upon the city? What is meant by *accursed*? Who

was excepted? Why? From what were the Israelites commanded to keep themselves? What was to be done with the silver and the gold? What did the people do? What happened? By whose power was this done? Heb. 11: 30.

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. The Lord rewards those who care for his servants.
2. He chooses weak things to confound the mighty.
3. We must reverence Christ as our Leader and Lord, obeying his commands, though we may not understand the reasons for them.
4. Faith in Christ will make us able to pull down the strongholds of sin.

CALEB'S REWARD.

8 September.

Les. Josh. 14: 5-14. Gol. Text, Josh. 14: 14.
Mem. vs. 7, 9. Catechism Q. 36.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—What was the subject of last lesson? What place did Joshua next attack? What caused the defeat at Ai? What followed the punishment of Achan? How long did the war of conquest last? What was then done? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Faithfulness of Caleb.* vs. 5, 8.—Who was Caleb? What report had ten of the spies made? What did Caleb and Joshua report? Of what did Caleb remind Joshua? What is meant by *wholly follow the Lord*?

II. *The Promise of Moses.* vs. 9-12.—How did the Lord punish the Israelites for their sin after the report of the spies? Who were excepted? What was the Lord's promise concerning Caleb? How old was Caleb then? How old now? What did he now ask? What did he expect to do, with the Lord's help.

III. *The Blessing of Joshua.* vs. 13-15.—What did Joshua do? Why was this inheritance given to Caleb? What did he do to the Anakims? Josh. 15: 13-17. What does God promise his servants? 1 John 2: 25; 1 Tim. 4: 8; Rev. 2: 10. What assurances have we of his faithfulness? 2 Cor. 1: 20; Heb. 10: 23.

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. The Lord's promises cannot fall.
2. Blessed are they who follow the Lord fully.
3. Those who serve God in youth may expect comfort and blessing in age.
4. Neither age, sickness, nor sword can cut off those whom the Lord preserves.
5. We may boldly meet the most powerful enemies if we know that we are right.

SPINES WANTED.

A Composer in a printing-office was setting type at this verse of Scripture: "And Daniel had an excellent spirit in him." But he made it read: "And Daniel had an excellent spine in him." Mr. Spurgeon said it was not much of a mistake. All good men now-a-days need an "excellent spine." They require to hold the truth in its integrity, to believe it upon the word of its divine Author, and then stand erect and unflinching whatever opposition befalls them. This was the case with Daniel. His excellent spirit revealed itself in the texture of his backbone. The lion's den confronted him, but he did not yield an inch. And he went into it with far more composure than the king went to his sleepless bed. *Selected.*

TO THE YOUNG.

To the young who are within hearing of my voice let me say: Repel as your deadliest enemy that one, be he companion, friend or aught else, who offers you anything that you must conceal from those about you anything that he lays you under obligation to read or examine in secret. In many cases it would be a kindlier act were that one to administer to you instead a dose of the subtlest poison concealed in tempting confectionery. As you flee from the hissing serpent, flee from those who offer you what you cannot show your mother, or read and exhibit freely in the midst of the family circle.

WHITE LIES.

There are other forms of untruthfulness besides the direct lie. There are those who would not speak an untrue word, who yet color their statements so as to make them really false in the impression they leave; or they would not speak a lie, but they will act one. Their lives are full of small deceptions, concealments, pretences, insincerities, dissimulations, dishonesties. You know how many of these there in society. Oh, be true in your inmost soul—true in every word, act, look, tone and feeling. Never deceive. There are no white lies in God's sight; it is a miserable fiction that thinks there are.—*J. R. Miller.*

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

My boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage, for he intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the text-books? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. *What* can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you.—*Dr. J. G. Holland.*

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

Faithfulness is faithfulness, and unfaithfulness is unfaithfulness, whether in small things or great. "It is only a trifle," men and women are forever saying as an excuse for doing or not doing some little thing. They are scrupulously faithful in all great matters and miserably negligent in small things. It is thus that many lives are full of little sins, all honeycombed with minute faults, and people think it makes no difference because they are good in all great things.

"Aaron's boy would do tip-top if he had a string long enough," said one neighbor.

"I don't see what use he could make of a string," said neighbor number two.

"Well, if he could tie up all the loose ends that he leaves dangling, tie himself down to his work, tie his pocket-book together, and then tie his tongue so it wouldn't wag so busily, he would be as useful a fellow as we have got in town. But it would take considerable string."

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