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The . . .

CHILDREN'S

RECORD

* OF THE *

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

VOL. 7.

OCTOBER.

No. 10.

Sabbath School Lessons.

Oct. 16. PETER'S VISION.

Lesson, Acts 10:1-20. Golden Text, Acts 10:34. Memory vs. 1-4. Catechism: Q. 99.

Time.—A. D. 50; Caligula emperor of Rome; Marcellus governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa I, king of Galilee and Perca.

Places.—Caesarea, the Roman capital of Judea, on the Mediterranean Sea, forty-seven miles north-west of Jerusalem; Joppa, a seaport of the Mediterranean, thirty-five miles south of Caesarea.

QUESTIONS.

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

I. Peter Chosen. vs. 1-8.—Who was Cornelius? Where did he live? What kind of a man was he? What is said of his prayers? Who appeared to Cornelius! How was he affected by the vision? What was he directed to do? What was promised him? How did he show his faith and obedience?

II. Peter Instructed. vs. 9-16.—Where was Peter at this time? How long would it take the messengers to reach him? At what time did they arrive? What was Peter doing at this hour? Describe his vision? What was it intended to teach him?

III. Peter Called. vs. 17-20.—What was the impression made upon Peter? What then took place? What did the messengers ask? What direction did the Spirit give to Peter?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The Lord reveals himself to all people, in all countries, if they seek after him.
2. God will send greater light and privilege to those who improve what they have.
3. The coming of Christ fulfilled and abolished the ceremonial law.
4. God prepares his servants for special duties by special means.
5. When men are found praying, God is near in answer and blessing.
6. Think no man hopeless or God forsaken.
7. How wondrously God works to bring Cornelius and Peter together, as he had not long before brought Phillip and the Eunuch together.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm.

Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

Oct. 23. PETER AT CAESAREA.

Lesson, Acts 10:30-48. Golden Text, Acts 10:13. Memory vs. 39-43. Catechism Q. 100.

Time.—A. D. 40, Caligula emperor of Rome; Marcellus governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa I, King of Galilee and Perca.

Place.—Caesarea, the Roman capital of Judea, on the Mediterranean, forty-seven miles north-west of Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? For what purpose was this vision given to Peter? What did he do on the arrival of the messengers of Cornelius? What did he find when he came into the house of Cornelius? What did Peter say to him? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. Waiting for the Word. vs. 30-33.—What reason did Cornelius give for sending for Peter? What did he expect to hear from Peter? Why did he assemble his friends? What may we learn from his example?

II. Preaching the Word. vs. 34-43.—What did Peter then say? Who are accepted of God? How had the gospel been preached to ancient Israel? How to the Jews of that day? What was Christ's life-work? What special witness were the apostles to give? How had the Jews treated Jesus? How had God exalted him? What command had he given to the apostles? What witness did all the prophets give to Jesus?

III. Blessing on the Word. vs. 44-48.—What happened while Peter was speaking? What effect had this on the Jewish disciples who were present? Why were they astonished? How did the Jews regard the Gentiles? What outward proof was given of the descent of the Holy Ghost? When had the Holy Ghost been poured out in like manner on the Jewish disciples? What questions did Peter ask? What did he command? To whom is baptism to be administered? What did these new converts ask Peter to do?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world.
2. All of every nation who believe in him shall be saved.
3. This gospel should be preached to all nations.
4. We must hear it as the word of God, with earnest desire to learn all that God has commanded.
5. "All who possess Christ should profess Christ."

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Children's Record.

VOL. 7.

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NO. 10

THE PICTURES OF THIS ISSUE.

INSTEAD of Scripture scenes, you will find in this issue two pictures drawn from nature, and of widely different character. One is of a ship in the frozen Arctic seas, in cold, dark, dreary solitudes; the other is that of the ship of the desert, which carries man across barren seas of burning sand in the torrid zone where the sun instead of the frost king reigns and where there is drouth and desert, instead of, water, water, liquid or frozen, everywhere.

But both pictures tell of God's goodness. He fits all His creatures to their surroundings and circumstances. The seals that the sailors are hunting among the ice are fatted and furred to enjoy the cold, the camel that sways its weary miles across the desert has its feet padded by nature for its toilsome march and its stomach so arranged for carrying a supply of water that it can go for days without drinking. Thy tender mercies are over all Thy works.

HEATHEN CRUELTY.

SCENES IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.



YOUNG missionary writing from the New Hebrides to a paper in New Zealand says:—"We have just been hearing horrid stories of heathen cruelty from all around us. A young mother, in a neighboring village, about a fortnight ago, buried alive her infant son. The wee thing had not been well, I suppose, and cried a good deal, and so the youngsters of the village said they did not want it and told her to kill it.

So they made a hole and buried the wee thing alive, not heeding its cries.

Last week, when speaking to a man and his wife about their children, they quietly and unblushingly confessed to having buried one alive, adding as a reason that it was a girl-- 'It was a girl you know.'

Our immediate outlook is not bright just now, as it is the *sing-sing time*. One has been running its tedious length and doing vast harm fully three months, and has at least two months more to go. This keeps away most of our scholars, still a few come; and one at least has *professedly* given up heathenism. He is a nice boy, and we trust God will guide his feet into the truth, the light. Pray for us."

When you think of the love and care that has blessed your lives and the safety and peace and joy that you have had, then thank the giver of all good for the difference between you and these heathen children.

Not more than others I deserve,
But God has given me more.

Then remember, that you can all *do* something to make their lot happy like your own. It is to save little children from such deaths, and their fathers and mothers from such sin, their whole life here from the misery that shadows it, and the life to come from a darker misery, that our missionaries go to heathen lands and that you give your cents and dimes and dollars to send them, and your prayers to God to help and bless them in their work.

"Hear the cry of heathen nations
Come and help us ere we die."

SHOWERS IN TRINIDAD.

NOT wholly showers of blessing, but pouring rains. Dr. Morton, our Missionary, writes: "For the last two months we would gladly have enjoyed a little Canadian sunshine. In the month of June we had only two fine days. Official reports show that several places had a rainfall of from thirty to thirty-four inches. July reports are not yet out, but the month was a duplicate of June.

"In going to my college work one week, I and other passengers had to be transferred for over a mile on trollies pushed with poles—the railway being so washed out that even that was a risky thing to do. Miles of country have been under water, which was several times from two to three feet deep under two of my school houses.

"One of my schoolboys was swept away and drowned when going to school. It reminds one not of paradise, but of another less pleasant Bible story. What story is that, boys?"

Miss Blackadder, another of our Missionaries there, says:

"We have just had such a shower, or rather downpour. Thunder rolled, little brooks have turned into rushing torrents, and our clear St. Mary's River has turned muddy and wild. Logs, trees, clothes, baskets and goats have taken a sudden and rapid journey from their quiet homes; if not fished out they go to the Caroni, then to the sea."

Does that remind you of another downpour? "Then will I pour out My spirit upon all flesh." An outpouring that brings gladness into the heart and home, into the school and playground, into the Sabbath School and Church, into every life where He comes.

Pray that such a gift with its gladness may be yours, and that the showers in Trinidad may in their plenty be types of showers of blessing upon our Mission there.

—
 Showers of blessing we need,
 Mercy drops round us are falling,
 But for the showers we plead.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN HONAN.

BY REV. DONALD MCGILLIVRAY

TWO of our missionaries in Honan, Mr. Goforth and Mr. McGillivray, went on a preaching tour through the towns and villages, just as the Apostles used to do whom you read about in the Acts. They preached on the streets, at fairs, or wherever they could get people to listen to them. Much of the journey was on foot, while a Chinese servant, called a barrow-man, wheeled their things, such as clothing and some food, on a large wheelbarrow. Part of the way, Mr. McGillivray tells us, he himself rode on a barrow, his things on one side of it, himself on the other. This is quite a common way of travelling in China. Still another part of the journey was made on donkeys or asses, which also reminds us of New Testament times. But I must let Mr. McGillivray tell, almost in his own words, some things about the twenty-four days' journey.

On Saturday, February 6th, Goforth and I started walking. Our things were on a barrow. G. is a natural walker and much prefers that way of going. I thought I would try it also. The cheapness of the plan is a great advantage. The weather of course is winter, cold, and therefore no heat to interfere with the wisdom of walking. Presently it would be unwise, owing to fears of prostration and sun-stroke.

A curious custom among the Chinese prevented our starting as early as we wished. For a few days after their New Year they will give no accommodation. Every one closes his shop, and the inn-keepers, while they may not shut the door against you, will not undertake to give you anything. This state of things continues for fifteen days after the first of the Chinese year. As it was we started rather early for comfort, for we came to inns where we had frequently to buy our own fuel, make a little stove out of a few bricks, and heat water for our meals.

On this trip I had made preparations for pasting tracts. I got a tin for paste and a brush. We pasted up a considerable number

of tracts in different places. No doubt our enemies will soon tear them down, but some will read them before this fate overtakes them. At Hin Lung, our first halting place, I witnessed my first instance of tract tearing before our face. Two young fellows were very saucy and tried to interrupt our preaching, but were "sat upon" so heavily that they took this method of revenge.

During the trips we read Acts aloud, and our daily experiences gave new freshness and force to the familiar narrative. By the time we left Hsun Hsien we had read through.

As we travelled along we noticed a great many pits in the earth. These are used by men who live by gambling; gambling hells or dives, they might be most appropriately called.

We passed a brick-kiln, of course deserted, but carefully bricked up to prevent beggars making their home in it, and the house near by usually occupied by workmen was also roofless. The roof had been taken off lest thieves should steal it for firewood during this cold weather.

It appears that the monkey is prayed to for rain in Honan. We saw several temples where the monkey was a prominent figure.

By the road side we saw a little mound in the side of which was a hole adorned with a red cloth, indicating the seat of some spirit, the fox fairy, very commonly worshipped here. The people near by fully believed in it. Prayer to it would be answered. "Is it efficacious?" we asked. "Why would anyone have hung up that red cloth if it were not?" was the reply.

In Hsun Hsien city a few years ago, some children were playing in the dirt and scraped out a hole. Soon after a passer-by observing it, concluded it was the home of a spirit, and communicating his views to others, induced them to array this hole with red cloth, and now all believe in it. Probably the above fox hole had a similar origin. The children of Canada, with their love for digging and burrowing in sand and mud banks, might thus give birth to many spirits.

At Lin Chang Hsien we happened on good

times. A theatre to the god of fire was being given, and posting ourselves near by we had many hearers. The people listened with great earnestness. We spent a day and a half preaching in this city. We told them the god of fire cannot save from the fire of hell. One old man hearing me speak of heaven and hell, told the crowd how the Chinese Emperor keeps so many Buddhist priests, and to break open the gate of hell and let his mother out! Horrible belief!

They believe that all go to hell to suffer for longer or shorter periods; are transmigrated, and begin over again in some new body. Such is the common belief we meet with everywhere in our travels.

We reached Chang Te crossing the river at the same old spot where Dr. McClure and I moored our boat when I visited the place for the first time two years ago.

What a flood of recollections arose in our minds! The people in the village seemed to recognize me. We went in to the same old inn that we occupied that memorable twelve days.

A native circus was stopping at the same inn. I had never seen these before. They had a considerable number of horses. They were waiting here until the date of a temple (church) opening, when their performances on horseback and the pole would be the main attraction. This is a little like our modern church bazaars, etc.

Next day we went into the city and preached both morning and afternoon. We had attentive audiences everywhere during our two days stay. Every visit to this city makes us more anxious to advance to it as a permanent station, but our plan is to visit frequently and never stay long until we feel strong enough to rent a place in it.

Where the people in the great city get used to our coming and going they will soon lose their fears of us. Beginning to comprehend that our designs are for their good they will rent or sell. No doubt the Lord has surprises in store for us, surprises of grace.

The magistrate had out a proclamation appointing three days prayer for snow and forbidding also the slaughter of animals. This

is the jugglery of China. The Gods will be appeased by a three days cessation of taking life, such taking of life according to their theory being always wrong, according to the religious canons. Some twelve days after this a little snow had fallen but the wheat is suffering greatly for the want of moisture, which in winter here is snow, and unless snow or rain comes the wheat cannot possibly be good.

In the evening, rockets in considerable abundance were sent up. The circus people fired off a great quantity of crackers and rockets on their own account in the inn yard. They had also built a little hut of mats. This is meant for the worship of heaven and earth, which is conducted at least once a year at the New Year.

Many natives say this is the same as worshipping God, that heaven is God. They seem to have some notion of a supreme being, but it is very hazy.

On Sabbath, February 14th, we were wakened from sleep about 3 a.m., by tremendous cannonading of fire crackers, etc. We discovered that the people were going south to meet the god of joy and escort him back.

That day we preached in front of certain gods of hell, to whom the people believe they go after death. We told them that even these objects of terror were gods of mud, and also pointed out that joy was the gift of the true God and not of any fiction of their own brain.

At length we reached Hsun Hsien where there was a great fair lasting fifteen days; imagine our opportunities for preaching. We spent eleven days there morning and afternoon, and had no crowding or opposition. We selected a spot at the base of the hill past which the worshippers must pass on their way to and from the temple, hired the ground so that no others could occupy it, rented two tables, one for continuous preaching and one for selling books. In this way we were never interrupted in our preaching by persons asking the price of books, etc.

The priests did not venture to debate with us although there were so many of them near by, nor did any one else. There seemed a general consent given to our words, a consent

which was apparently sincere at the time whatever may be the effect on their future actions. The absence of opposition was remarkable, especially as we were fearless in our denunciations of idolatry every day.

We had as a helper, old Mr. Chou, whom Dr. Smith cured of blindness. He was a tower of strength. He lives three miles away, and was there every day preaching with tremendous energy and zeal. You may imagine the effect of his testimony, He was known to all as once an official, then blind for six years, then a Christian, boldly testifying to the truth against the tens of thousands who came believing in the divinity of the goddess. His testimony was more effective than the words of helpers from afar.

Sabbath before we came away we all went to his house and had worship, three of the family engaging in prayer. If you have read the letters you have seen the name of this family before. They are, I believe, the first fruits unto Christ in Honan. One of them was so zealous that he went into the village temple at night and carried off the principal god and dumped it into the well. When discovered his godship had sunken into his original mud, nothing being left but the wooden frame upon which his flesh was built.

The old man when speaking very earnestly told a little boy to mark his words, saying that if he lived fifty years longer he would see his prophecy true, that in fifty years more none would be worshipping the present mud goddess!

Dear young people, what a work is before us to send and tell China's millions of the Saviour from sin and death. What are you doing? What will you do to bring about this old man's grand prophecy?

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny.

Salvation, O Salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.



"TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE."

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

THIS was a favorite phrase with Fred Ellis. It was on his lips whenever he was asked to do a good turn for a needy friend or comrade. "I would like to help, but it is all I can do to take care of number one." If it was a case of undue advantage in favor of himself, Fred Ellis, and to the disadvantage of the person with whom he was dealing, he would say in excuse, "Well, it is my business to take care of number one; other folks must do the same."

The phrase was so constantly in use that at last it happened that his comrades pretty generally nicknamed him "Number One."

It was in midsummer that rather an exasperating instance happened of Fred's fondness for himself. John Archer, who was a great favorite with the entire neighborhood, both old and young, had the misfortune to fall from a tree, and break his arm. The fracture was a very serious one, and the boy was confined to the house many weeks.

His friends took it upon themselves to visit him in turn, so that no day passed without the pleasure of companionship. The boys carried books and games to John's sick-room, told him all the news, and cheered him so constantly and faithfully that the period of his imprisonment could be called almost a happy time.

There was to be a large temperance meeting in a grove a couple of miles from the place our boys lived. They all wished to go, as several distinguished men were to speak, and refreshments, including ice-cream and lemonade, were to be served on the grounds.

"Now, Fred Ellis," said half a dozen of John Archer's friends, "it is your turn to stay with John. You've shirked going to see him long enough."

"Don't like being shut up in a hot, stuffy room," said Fred. "That isn't what this kind of weather is for. I guess John can stay alone one day."

"He sha'n't stay alone," said a chorus of voices. "He expects one of us, and he sha'n't be disappointed."

"Oh, very well! Do as you like. I shall look out for number one."

Arthur Gerrish offered to stay with John and so the matter was settled.

The day of the mass-meeting dawned in perfect beauty, to the great pleasure of hundreds of people. From all over the town folk on foot and on farm wagons or handsome carriages made their way to the beautiful, maple grove. There was a great rustling of stiffly-starched frocks among the little maidens, and a fine display of pretty gowns and bonnets by the young girls. The child-

ren clustered like bees around the lemonade-barrel and the candy-stands, while the young men talked in groups of high license and prohibition.

"I wish Arthur and John could be here," said Allen Peabody to Henry Morrill. "But where in the world is Fred Ellis? I expected to see him the first thing when I got here."

"He started an hour before we did," said she. "He told me, as he went out, that he was going to stop at Mr. Morrill's."

"I haven't seen him to-day," said Henry Morrill, upon which the mother went back to her own family group.

The principal speaker of the day now came forward, and the boys forgot every outside interest in his eloquence and logic.

After speaking was over there was singing by the great congregation. The good old rallying temperance songs rang out grandly on the pure sparkling air. The fresh young voices, joining with the fathers and mothers, soared above the waving maples far toward the blue heaven, as so many pledges, from hearts filled with a pure enthusiasm. In that beautiful place, with the vast sky over-reaching them, and all around them the harmonious expressions of infinite love and infinite loveliness, goodness, and purity, seemed not only the better part, but the easier part.

Allen Peabody exchanged meaning glances with his friends, and, between the songs, such expressions as these passed between the boys:

"Let's stand up to these sentiments, fellows, all our lives."

"I mean to for one."

"I for another."

The mass-meeting was over at last, the lemonade-tub had been filled and emptied many times, barrels of candy had been consumed, and as for crackers and cheese, the quantities eaten were beyond belief. The people dispersed, carrying on their faces the bright looks born of noble emotions. Their higher natures had been touched, and they went home with new resolves and a keener sense of responsibility.

One group of boys made their way along the pleasant country road, enjoying their outing in their own way, talking, whistling, poking fun at each other, and now and then catching a "tag," and starting off for a chase. As they came in sight of a deserted farmhouse, standing in its green level enclosure, one of them said, stopping suddenly,

"What is that?"

"Why, it's a voice—a boy's voice! Hark! It is calling for help."

"Listen!" said the third speaker.

The boys held their breath, and listened.

"That's Fred Ellis's voice," said Allen Peabody.

"So it is!" exclaimed Tom Porter. "See

here, boys. Keep perfectly quiet. I know where he is."

The boys all looked an interrogation. "There's a well belonging to that old house. I have drank water from it many a time—good water, too. But it's perfectly dry now. I tried to get a drink there day before yesterday."

"Well, what of it?" asked Henry Morrill.

"What of it? Fred Ellis has fallen into it."

This conversation had been carried on in whispers, and all the time the mysterious voice was calling lustily for help.

The boys had guessed correctly. Fred Ellis was in the dry well, a safe prisoner, with nothing to do but look out for number one. On his way to the grove he had looked for water, and, seeing a frog on a jutting stone far down the mossy enclosure, he had amused himself by trying to poke the creature with a long willow switch. Reaching too far, he pitched head over heels into the well, and had, for some hours, been exercising his lungs in the attempt to make himself heard by a chance traveller.

"Now, listen to me, boys," said Allen Peabody. "We won't leave him there too long. But we will give him a good scare, and make him promise a few things before we haul him up to a level with his betters. Wonder what he thinks now about number one?"

In pursuance of this plan the boys went to the edge of the well, and peered into it with their bright eyes.

"Halloo!" called out one. "Who's there?"

"It's me," came in response.

"Bad grammar," said Tom Porter. "Boys, this can't be one of our acquaintances."

"Pretty time to talk about grammar!" growled poor Fred. "How'd you like to be down here?"

"Who are you, any way?" asked Allen Peabody.

"Fred Ellis, you stupid! Climb down to that jutting stone, and give me a hand. Be quick about it. I've been in this hole long enough."

"No, you haven't. If you had been there long enough, you would be more polite. We are all perfectly astonished to hear you ask for help."

"I should like to know why," said Fred, sullenly.

"Because you believe in taking care of number one," was the reply. "There's a good chance down there to practice what you preach."

"Oh, come, now! What's the use of bothering? You know you mean to help me out."

"Indeed, we couldn't think of depriving you of such a good chance to reflect on your sins."

"What have I done?" asked Fred in tones that began to falter.

"It isn't so much what you've done as what you haven't done," said Tom Porter. "But then that is none of our business. Come on, boys. Let's go home."

"All right," said Allen. "Arthur will be glad to be let off, and we promised to tell John all about the mass-meeting."

A sob came from the frightened boy in the well. He had never cared to help other people. Why should the boys help him? They had all been so good to John Archer! And he had laughed at them, and talked that stuff about number one.

"Yes, it is stuff," he reflected there in the twilight of his prison. "'Tisn't possible to live that way. Everybody has got to have help one time or another."

"Henry! Allen! don't leave me," he called out, in a much humbler tone than he had used at first. "If you won't help me, will you tell 'em at home the fix I'm in."

"Well take that into consideration," said Allen Peabody.

"You won't ever hear me talking about number one again," said Fred. "I see what a shirk I've been."

"Oh, you do!" said Tom Porter. "Boys, suppose we haul him up. No use in frightening his mother; she's nervous enough, any way."

"That's just like you," said Fred, "to think of mother. Her heart's bad, you know, and a fright wouldn't help her any. I promise you I will try to think of other folks, and what they'd like."

"Hurrah!" The boys gave a shout of approval. Then long-legged Tom let himself down to the "jutting stone," got a firm foothold, gave his hand to Fred, and soon "landed him," none the worse for his four hours in the well.

Indeed, he was much the better, as his future actions proved. When he showed a tendency to backslide, the boys recalled him to his better self by using the old nickname, Number One.—*S. S. Times.*

THE ONLY FATHER.

"My father is very rich," said little Earl, as he walked by the side of his nurse. "All this land is his, and this house, and stable, and the lake."

"My father is also rich," said the girl, as she looked up towards the sky and away over the fields and woods. "The green fields and meadows are all his, the blue sky and the golden sun, the cattle on a thousand hills—all these are his."

"And who is your father?" asked Earl.

"He is God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth," was the good and gentle answer.

A LETTER FROM MR. SPURGEON.

SOME time ago that great and good minister Charles H. Spurgeon, whom the world knew and loved so well, and who has since gone home to heaven, wrote a letter to a child friend of his. It will suit our young readers just as well as it did that young girl, and I know that his great loving heart had the same good wish for all children that is written here for her. This is the letter :—

O Lord, bless this letter !

“My dear Mabelle.—I was, a little while ago, at a meeting for prayer where a large number of ministers were gathered together; The subject of the prayer was ‘Our Children.’ It soon brought tears to my eyes to hear those good fathers pleading with God for their sons and daughters. As they went on entreating the Lord to save their families, my heart seemed ready to burst with strong desire that it might be even so. Then, I thought I will write to those sons and daughters, and remind them of their parents’ prayers.

“Dear Mabelle, you are highly privileged in having parents who pray for you. Your name is known in the courts of heaven. Your case has been laid before the throne of God. Do you not pray for yourself? If you do not do so, why not? If other people value your soul, can it be right for you to neglect it? All the entreaties and wrestlings of your father will not save you if you never seek the Lord yourself. You know this. You do not intend to cause grief to your dear mother and father; but you do. So long as you are not saved they can never rest however obedient and sweet and kind you may be. They will never feel happy about you until you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and so find everlasting salvation.

“Think of this. Remember how much you have already sinned, and none can change your nature and make you holy but the Lord Jesus, through his Spirit. You need what father and mother seeks for you, and you need it now. Why not seek it at once? I heard a father pray, ‘Lord save our children; and save them young.’ It is never too soon to be saved; never too soon to be happy; never too soon to be holy. Jesus loves to receive the very young ones. You cannot save yourself, but the Lord Jesus Christ can save you. Ask him to do it. ‘He that asketh, receiveth.’ Then trust in Jesus to save you. He can do it for he died and rose again that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.

“Come and tell Jesus you have sinned; seek forgiveness; trust in him for it, and be

sure that you are saved. Then imitate our Lord. Be at home what Jesus was at Nazareth. Yours will be a happy home, and your dear father and mother will feel that the dearest wish of their hearts has been granted them. I pray you to think of heaven and hell; for in one of these places you will live forever. Meet me in heaven! Meet me at once at the mercy seat. Run up-stairs and pray to the great Father through Jesus Christ.

Yours very lovingly,

C H. SPURGEON.”

ONE GIRL'S WORK.



A FEW years ago a little girl applied to a pastor in one of our large cities for admission into his Sunday-school. She was told that the classes were so full there was no room for her, and that the church was so small that no more classes could be organized. Much disappointed the little girl began to save pennies—her family was poor—for the purpose of enlarging the church in order that she and other children like her might be accommodated. She told no one of her ambitious purpose, however, so that when the pastor of this church was called to her bedside a few months later, to comfort her in her severe illness, he saw nothing unusual, only a frail child of six and a half years. The little sufferer died, and a week later there were found in her battered red pocket-book, which had been her savings bank, fifty-seven pennies, and a scrap of paper that told, in childish print, the story of her ambition, and the purpose of her self-denial.

The story of that little red pocket-book and its contents, and of the unflinching faith of its little owner, got abroad. Her inspiration became a prophecy, and men labored and women sang and children saved to aid in its fulfillment. These fifty-seven pennies grew to \$250,000, and to-day this heroine's picture, life size, hangs conspicuously in the hallway of a college building at which 1,400 students attend, and connected with which there is a church capable of seating 8,000, a hospital for children named for the Good Samaritan, and a Sunday-school room large enough to accommodate all the boys and girls who have yet asked to enter it. A fairy story? It reads like one, but happily it is not one. The little girl's name was Hattie May Wiatt, and the splendid institutions described are located in Philadelphia.—*Harper's Young People.*

It is quite easy to sin, and yet is equally easy to resist the temptations that surround us by a strong will and determined purpose.



THE STORY OF A LETTER.



FF work so early?"

James stopped in passing a boy who, like himself, was one of the workers on a large ranch. Caleb's stumpy figure was bending over a table in the rough back porch, and his face was drawn into a pucker which told that his task was no easy one.

"Yes; it's early, I know, but it's mail day to-morrow, and I thought I'd send a letter."

"Folks back east?" asked James,

"Well I haven't got many folks. Ain't so well off as you are. It's my stepmother, but she's a good woman, and she likes to hear from me, and I think I ought to."

No one ever thought of taking Caleb for an exemplar in anything. He was slow and clumsy in his movements, and never dreamed of presuming to make a suggestion of duty to any one. But it had come to be observed that Caleb was to be relied on.

"If you look for him where he belongs he is sure to be there," his employer had been heard to say. And some of the boys had noticed that Caleb's quiet "I think I ought to," always referred to something he was sure to do.

James had intended calling upon Caleb for assistance in the turning of water into the irrigating ditch upon which the crops so largely depended; but he now turned away and went by himself, with a weight at his heart.

"Just a stepmother. If Caleb thinks it's a matter of 'ought to' write to her about every mail day, I wonder what he'd do if he had a mother and a father and a sister. Heigho! I didn't expect to be gone three years when I got mad and quit."

In the early spring-time James had been seized with a spasm of remorse at his long, cruel neglect of those who loved him, to whom he was so much, and to whom he realized he owed it to be such comfort.

"I'll write. And some day I'll go back and do my best by 'em."

He did write, his letter carrying all the joy which may be imagined into the old farmhouse. Father and mother had answered, the sight of their poor cramped handwriting bringing tears to the eyes of the wandering son. And Susan had written:—

"Father says he'll never miss driving in to the post-office on the days that a letter could get here after your mail day. And mother stands at the gate watching for him to get back."

It had reached his heart, and spurred him up to writing quite regularly for a while. Then the intervals between his letters had grown longer, and now for weeks he had not written.

Passing later again near Caleb's rough

library, he paused with half a smile. The sun-tanned, freckled face was now, in the throes of an effort to accomplish a fine-looking address to his letter, drawn into a series of knots and wrinkles astonishing to behold. All of a sudden they relaxed into a smile of pride and delight as he held up and contemplated the scraggy result of his efforts.

"I'd rather plough all day," he said, meeting James's gaze with a beaming eye. "Yes, I would. I always feel as though I'd tackled a big job and got the better of it when I've wrote a letter. I feel as light as a feather. When I used to let it slip, sometimes I felt as though I had a stone to carry. I feel that way now when writin' time's comin'. But I've found the best way to get rid of that feelin's just to get right at it and do it. I think that's the way with most things when you think you ought to, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said James, as he went on towards the stables. "And when you *know* you ought to, as I do," he added to himself.

Caleb followed him with a shout bemoaning his unburdened condition of mind, and leading out one of the shaggy ponies used in herding the cattle, was soon galloping the four miles to the point at which the weekly mail was gathered. Scant and irregular it was; and who can tell how many anxious hearts watched for its news of loved ones, or waited in the weariness of hope deferred for tidings which did not come.

The full moon arose over the wide expanse of rolling mountainous scenery as the rider's form was lost in the distance. James leaned against a rough cart and gazed half mechanically about him.

"I wish I had written too. I didn't mean to get into loose ways about it again—as sure as I live I didn't. Mother watching at the gate, Susy said. I s'pose it's the same old gate—the one I used to swing on when I was little and get scolded for it. Next Tuesday'll be the day mother'll be watching."

In the hush of the glorious light his thoughts wandered over years gone by. Far back almost to infancy, did his memory stray, bringing up scenes vague and misty, incidents only dimly recalled; yet in all his mother's face, gentle and tender, seemed to stand out distinctly. Sometimes it bent over him in sickness, sometimes he saw it as in church, with the grave expression put on for the day. Sometimes it bore a smile of sympathy with some of his small delights; again, perhaps, a frown or a grieved look over his shortcomings.

"Yes, and I remember exactly how she looked when she whipped me, and how she would come to me ten minutes afterwards crying and begging me never to make her do it again. Poor mother."

"I wonder how she looks now." The

thought came with a sharp pang. It had never before occurred to him to wonder whether his mother had changed in these years in which he had not seen her. The line of thought once struck seemed to lead on without his own volition. It must be that the anguish of his abrupt leave-taking, the anxiety for his welfare, and the longing for a sight of him during this weary time, had written deep lines upon the patient face.

"There's Caleb back." James sprang up as if in glad escape from the heavy thoughts as the distant beat of hoofs smote upon his ear. "She is only his stepmother, and yet he walks right up to the business like a soldier, hating it as he does. Caleb has the making of a soldier in him, I believe."

James was many years older before he fully recognized the fact that there is nothing more heroic than the persistent standing by the duties, small or great, of every-day life.

"Hallo, Caleb," he cried, "you've made a quick trip."

"Yes," said Caleb, still with the beaming face belonging to the finished letter. "Shag hasn't been at work to day, and he's as full of jump as if—as if—he'd got a letter off himself."

James could not help joining in the boy's gleeful laugh.

"I wish I felt as good as you do, Caleb," he said.

"I'll tell you what," said Caleb, with the air of one telling a great secret, "I don't believe there's anything makes you feel half so good as doing something you think you ought to do."

"Not going to turn in?" he asked, returning from the stable, after giving his little nag faithful care.

"No, I'm going to write a letter."

"I'm glad 'tisn't me," with an expressive shake of his head. "I'm tired enough to sleep for a week."

Mother was not watching at the gate on the Tuesday on which a letter might be expected from James. Indeed, there sometimes crept over father and Susan a cold chill of fear that she might never stand there or anywhere else again.

For the feet which had taken so many steps in loving ministering, which had so patiently held to the round of small duties laid out by Him who orders all our ways, were at last taking a rest. She had been suffering with a low fever, and the doctor shook his head with a discouraged face as day followed day, to be lengthened into week following week, and still the pulse grew weaker and the faded eyes dimmer.

"If there was anything to rouse her," the old doctor had said, sorely perplexed at the utter lack of result to all his applied remedies.

"There isn't so much the matter with her; only a lack of vitality. Nothing seems to touch it."

He sat with a helpless, baffled look. During the latter weeks Susan had stolen out on Tuesday for a little season of wistful watching for the longed-for letter which had never come. But to-day she sat still, weighed down by the burden of dread of what might be, scarcely hearing the slow rumble of the wagon as father drove along the lane. A few moments later he appeared at the door, and held up a letter before Susan's eyes. She forgot her caution in a glad spring towards him.

"A letter! A letter from James!"

She controlled her voice to a whisper, but mother had been stirred from her half-stupor, and had opened her eyes. The doctor was watching her.

"Read it," he said, motioning Susan to the seat at her mother's side.

"DEAR MOTHER.—I've been thinking to-night how long it is since I left home. I never thought it would be so long, really I didn't, when I got into a pet and came off. And if I've wondered once why I did it, I've wondered a thousand times, for I haven't in all these three years seen any place that was quite up to home. And if I was to stay three times three, I'd never find anybody like you, and father and Susy."

"There's another thing I've been wondering, and that's whether you want to see such a good-for-nothing as me there again."

A little sob came from mother, and Susan paused in alarm.

"Go on," motioned the doctor.

"But I'm most sure you would, and I'm coming home, mother. It won't be so very long before you see me. I've learned a lot of lessons since I left, and the one I've learned the best is that any boy who goes around the world hunting for a better place than home is a simpleton. So I'm coming to be your boy again. And if you don't find that I can be a comfort to you and father and Susy, why, all you can do is to send me away again."

"Her fever'll be up again," said Susy, bending over her mother in a flutter of joy and anxiety.

But there was a smile on mother's face, and a light of hope and peace in her eyes, which had long been wanting there.

"Thank God," she whispered. "My boy's coming home."

And when James very soon followed his letter, he held his breath at learning how very near he had come to finding a desolate home, and thankfully rejoiced in the blessed privilege of winning his mother back to health and happiness.

There are many boys who put off the home letters and the home-coming until too late.—*Free Church Monthl.*

THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

How peaceful at night

The sleeping children lie,

Each gentle breath so light,

Escaping like a sigh!

How tranquil seems the room, how fair,
To one who softly enters there!

Whose hands are these, unseen,

That smooth each little bed?

Whose locks are those that lean

Over each pillowed head?

Whose lips caress the boys and girls?

Whose fingers stroke the golden curls?

Whose are these yearning eyes,

And whose this trembling tear?

Whose heart is this that cries

Beseeching God to hear!

Whose but mother's, in whose face

Love finds its sweetest dwelling place!

Here hopes in beauty bloom,

And Heaven descends in light,

And lingers in the room,

Where mother says "Good-night!"

Soft treading by the sleepers there,

Her very presence seems a prayer!

—*The Quiver.*

SUE'S SECRET.

I WONDER how it is that everybody likes Sue Hamilton so," mused her classmate, Katie Lee.

"My recitations are just as good as hers. I try to be pleasant, seldom lose my temper, and yet she is the favorite with every teacher and scholar in the school. She is not pretty, either," Kate continued, as she looked with a slight blush in the mirror that hung opposite. "Yet even brother Tom, who is so fastidious, said last night, 'What a noble girl Sue Hamilton is, Kate. I am glad you are thrown so much in her company.'"

"Sue," cried a chorus of voices at the foot of the stairs, "where are you?"

"There it is," sighed Katie; they cannot do anything without Sue's help, while they never think of coming for me."

She brushed the tears from her eyes and joined the bevy of girls in the hall.

"O, we thought it was Sue," said the leader of the band, in tones of disappointment.

A hot flush covered Katie's cheeks, and angry words rushed to her lips.

"Sue, Sue! I'm sick of the very name," she said, and then paused, for the door opposite suddenly opened, and Sue's curly head was thrust out.

"Here I am, girls, helping Fanny Jones with her examples; just wait five minutes

longer, and I will be through. Katie, dear, won't you come in? I want you to help me settle one or two difficult points!

Katie drew haughtily back, but was persuaded to enter the room, and before she knew it was as much interested in the examples as Sue herself.

"Now let us join the others," said Sue.

"It is you that they want, not me."

"But I want you, Katie," Sue lovingly continued, as she drew Katie on.

"What a happy bevy of girls" said one teacher to another, as they stood together looking out of the hall window five minutes later. "I believe Sue Hamilton carries sunshine everywhere! I wonder what is the secret of her success?"

"She is a Christian, you know," was the quiet answer.

"O, yes, to be sure; and so are Katie Lee and Fanny Brown and a score of the others. Still, you must be ready to admit that there is a difference. I think the child is endowed with much of the spirit of Christ, who pleased not himself. The Golden Rule is the standard of her life. I am sure."

"Sue," said Katie, as they walked together in the now deserted school-yard, "what makes everybody love you so?"

"I don't know," said Sue, blushing, "unless it is because I love everybody."

Tears dimmed Katie's eyes.

"You are so good," she said, "and I find it so hard to serve Christ faithfully."

"O, Katie, I am not good at all. I am very weak and erring, but the dear Lord has said that he will help me, and I am taking him at his word."

"I have learned," said Katie Lee that evening to her brother Tom, "the secret of Sue Hamilton's success."

"Well?" he smilingly answered.

"It is the same spirit as that which prompted the Saviour, who sought not to please himself, but spent his life in self-sacrificing service for others. Sue's life is governed by the Golden Rule."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Oct. 0. THE GOSPEL PREACHED AT ANTIOCH.

Lesson, Acts 11:19-30. Golden Text, Acts 11:21.
Memory vs. 21-24. Catechism Q. 101.

Time.—A. D. 40-44, Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Herod Agrippa I, king of Judea and Samaria.

Place.—Antioch, the capital of Syria, three hundred miles north of Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS

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

I. Believing on Christ. vs. 19-21.—How were the disciples driven from Jerusalem? Where did they go? To whom did they preach? Who went to Antioch? To whom did they preach there? With what success? How is the Word made effectual to salvation?

II. Called by Christ's Name. vs. 22-26.—What tidings came to Jerusalem? Whom did they send to Antioch? For what purpose? What did Barnabas do when he came to Antioch? What three things are said about him? What effect followed? Whose help did Barnabas seek? How long did Barnabas and Saul labor together at Antioch? What effects followed their labors? What new name did the disciples there receive?

III. Helping Christ's Brethren. vs. 27-30.—Who came to Antioch in those days? What did one of them foretell? When did this come to pass? What did the Antioch Christians do? On what principle did they give? By whom did they send this relief?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. All efforts to destroy the Gospel only aid in its growth.
2. True Christians always carry their religion with them.
3. Times of revival are times of gladness to all good people.
4. Christians should so live as not to bring reproach upon the name by which they are called.
5. True Christianity will show itself in doing good to the bodies as well as to the souls of men.

—

“If any man see his brother have need and shutteth up the bowels of his compassion from him how dwelleth the love of God in him.”

—

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me.

Nov. 6. PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.

Lesson Acts 12: 1-17. Golden Text Ps 34:7.
Memory vs. 5-8. Catechism Q. 102.

Time.—A. D. 44, Spring; Claudius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Herod Agrippa I, king of all Palestine.

Place.—Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

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

I. Imprisoned by Herod, vs. 1-5.—Who now persecuted the church? Whom did he kill? What did he do with Peter? When did he intend to execute him? How was he guarded meanwhile? What did the church do for him? What is prayer?

II. Delivered by an Angel. vs. 6-11.—By whom was Peter delivered? What did the angel say to him? What became of his chains? What further command did the angel give him? How was the iron gate opened? Where did the angel leave Peter? What did Peter say when he came to himself?

III. Received by Friends. vs 12-17.—Where did Peter go? Who were gathered there? What were they doing? Who came to the door? What did the disciples do? Why were they astonished? What did Peter then declare to them? What directions did he give them? Who was this James? What did Peter then do?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Bad men care more to please men than to please God.
2. The Lord sends his angels to deliver and care for his people.
3. Earnest prayer has real power with God.
 1. God sometimes exceeds our faith in his answers to our prayers.
 2. God always hears and answers prayer, “Sometimes He says yes and sometimes He says no,” but he always says what he sees to be best.
4. How weak and unworthy our faith in the promises of the heavenly Father.
5. Prayer is an unfailing resort for the Christian, even in the darkest hour.

Westminster Question Book.

—

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

JOE'S VICTORY.

JOE Warner was up-stairs in his own room. On his bed were spread out all the books and magazines he owned, and he, with hands in his pockets stood surveying the display, evidently in great perplexity.

The Sunday-school scholars were packing a box to send to a missionary, and Joe's class were going to put in reading-matter.

It seemed to Joe an easy matter to promise something, he had so many books; but when he came to look them over there were none he wanted to part with. This one he should want to read over again; that one he liked best of all, he really believed; and that—why, that would leave such an empty space on his book-shelf!

His bound volumes of St. Nicholas? Why, they were out of the question entirely! he couldn't give one of those away. But wouldn't that poor, forlorn missionary boy enjoy one! It fairly made Joe's mouth water to think what a feast it would be to him. Well, it was too bad, but he could not spare one, and what should he send?

"I just wish they hadn't done a thing about it," he said to himself; "but since they have, I suppose I must give something, and I might as well decide."

So once more Joe went over the whole collection, book by book. When he had finished, the two smallest and least attractive of all lay by themselves; the rest he put back where they belonged.

That afternoon he wrapped up the books he had selected and carried them over to Miss Maynard's.

"Thank you ever so much!" she said. "I hope you have chosen just what you would like to have if you were 'way out there, so far from almost everything. It must be forlorn—mustn't it?—and I am so glad we have the chance to brighten some of the long hours for him! Besides, you know, Joe, Christ has promised to accept our little offerings as though given to himself."

Joe colored and stammered, and got away as quickly as possible.

"I wish they never had done a thing about the mean old box," he muttered. "I never will have anything to do with another, if I can help it. I should like to know why a fellow ought to go and give away something he wants himself? I should just miss one of my books awfully, but that fellow out there won't feel bad if he don't have it, 'cause he won't know anything about it."

Joe did not sleep well that night, and he felt half sick the next morning, but he went to church as usual. He was very glad to go, for somehow at home every book in the house seemed to be crying out "shame!" to him.

He was busy with his own unpleasant thoughts, and did not pay much attention to the opening exercises of the service, but a word in the text caught his ear at once:

"Neither will I offer unto the Lord that which cost me nothing."

Dr. Grant repeated it twice, solemnly and earnestly. Joe dropped his head; it seemed to him he spoke just to him, of all the congregation. That was what he had done—he had offered unto the Lord that which cost him nothing. Miss Maynard had said that Christ would accept their gifts as though made to himself; but he had not been willing to deny himself. O, dear! how mean and selfish he had been! and he had so much to enjoy, but he had not been willing to spare even a little!

After church he hurried home, and once more went up to his book-case. He could not help a bit of a shiver as he picked out the St. Nicholas he liked best of all.

"I've had everything all my life, and that poor boy hasn't had anything, hardly. I ought to be glad to make an offering that will cost me lots. I'll make it, anyway, whether I'm glad or not."

He went back to Sunday-school and handed Miss Maynard his St. Nicholas.

"I wish you would take out those two books I brought you yesterday, and send this instead. They didn't cost me anything, and they weren't a bit as I'd be done by, but I think this is."

"It's funny," he said to his mother afterward, "but when I gave what didn't cost me anything, I felt as horrid as could be; but when I gave what cost me a real ache, I felt good right off."—*Morning Star.*