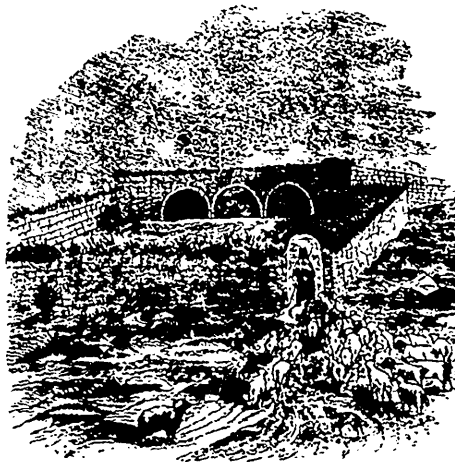


Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.



I am the Good Shepherd.
The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep.

CHILDREN'S DAY AND CENTURY FUND.

The Sabbath Schools are to have the honor of making the first general collection for the Century Fund, on Children's Day, Sabbath, the 24th of September.

The Fund has a two-fold purpose, to mark our gratitude for the good of the century now closing, and to do what we can to make the coming century bring greater good to the world than the past century has done.

The next century will be your century. In it you will live and work.

The older people will soon pass away. Their work will soon be done. You boys and girls will be the men and women of the early part of next century.

What great things that century will do for our world. Long before it comes to an end the whole world should in a sense be Christian, with Christian churches and people in every village, town, and city, and scattered through the country all the world over. The ignorance and cruelty of heathenism should all be in the past. What a grand world that would be!

What is called the Century Fund is to help all our Mission Schemes to do better work than they have ever done before. Every one is expected to help, and the General Assembly has given the children a place of honor in taking a chief part in it.

Years after this, as you realize how much that Fund has helped in the good work of making the world better, you will be thankful for your part in it.

Each one a little, each one what he can, and the whole will be much.

LISTEN to me, young man! It is not a rich father, nor a benevolent uncle, nor a kind grandmother, nor a soft berth, nor any set of circumstances, that you need to coddle you into success and victory. What you need is manhood under your own hat, walking in your shoes, and throbbing in your vest. The only man that can ever harm or help you much is the man who bears your name, and looks through your eyes when you face the mirror.—Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

Always treat dumb animals as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the poor creature's place.

STORIES FROM OUR OWN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

From Trinidad comes a story of

A BOY'S HEAD GROWN HARD.

A boy who had been attending one of our Mission Schools in Princetown, Trinidad, was taken from school by his father two years ago. He has been working in the fields ever since, and was anxious to get back to school. Recently the father consented, and the boy came back, but he had forgotten a great deal, and could not learn well. He came to his teacher, Miss Sinclair, one day, and was very much discouraged. He said his head was "too hard," he could not get the lesson into it. There are many more there like him. This is one of the difficulties that our missionaries have to meet.

LOOKING FOR HER CHILD'S SPIRIT.

A more curious story comes from Honan. One day when Mr. Mitchell, one of our missionaries, was on the road, he met a woman carrying a child's clothes in her hand, and calling to the little one's spirit to return. The child was at home sick, and the mother, supposing that its spirit had got lost, took this plan of going over all the places where the lad had been playing, to try and induce the soul to return. The missionaries you send to these poor people teach them better things.

HOW THEY WERE GOING TO BRING RAIN.

It has been a very dry summer in Honan. Dr. Malcolm, our medical missionary tells how they had decided to induce the gods to send rain. Four men were chosen, and on June 20th, they were to walk the streets of their city, wearing nothing but their trousers, each carrying in his teeth an iron rod about seven feet long, first allowing it to be pierced right through both cheeks. Fortunately for the poor victims there was a thunderstorm on the 19th, and they were saved from the torture. How cruel are the gods of their fancy, that delight in human suffering. How different our God, the living and true God, our Father, who loves His children.

PEOPLE CARRIED ON A POLE.

A missionary writes of the very strange beliefs and great ignorance they meet with. He says that many so-called educated Chinese firmly believe that a Kingdom exists where all the inhabitants are pigmies, one where

all are giants, another where all are women, and still another where every person has a hole through the centre of the body, and that by means of a pole thrust through this hole, they may be carried from one place to another, and in substantiation of this belief they say they have seen pictures of them.

FIGHTING THE DRAGON.

Did you ever see an eclipse of the moon? There was one, a total eclipse, on the 20th of June in China. The medical missionary, wearied after his trying day's work, was resting in his humble home, and not paying much attention to the moon. But he soon heard of the eclipse. "We were made aware of the fact," he writes, "by the incessant and deafening noises from all sides of us, as temple bells, gongs, horns, pans, sticks, fire-crackers, and almost everything else that would make a loud noise, were employed to try and frighten away the dragon of the heavens from swallowing the moon."

"THE WOLF BOY."

He is at the mission compound at Chang Te Fu, one of our mission stations in Honan.

"Some months ago," writes the missionary, "this lad was one day playing with his mates, on the streets of his own village, when suddenly a mountain wolf sprang into their midst and literally tore his face off. He was brought to the hospital, since when his face has undergone remodelling, skin grafting, patching, etc., several times." What a boon to these poor people is the hospital and the medical missionary. And when he helps and heals them he tells of the Great Physician who can heal the disease of sin.

MAKING THE IDOL SEE.

A Chinaman in Honan had made mud gods for idols for the heathen temple in the village, and painted them in highest style of native art.

Soon afterwards he was converted and became an earnest Christian and appealed to the villagers for whom he had done the work, to leave off worshipping the work of his hands.

When the day of opening the temple came, the people were in very great fear lest he should be unwilling to retouch the eyes of the god with his brush, and so the god would be blind forever. and they came with gifts to secure the artist's favor.

To please them he touched up the eyes, and they were ignorant and foolish enough to believe

that after he had done so, light was put into those sightless eyes, and the gods could then give blessings to their worshippers."

HEATHEN CRUELTY.

"A man of the street," writes our missionary in Hsin Chen, one of the Honan cities, "is known to have coaxed his twenty-two-year-old half-witted son out to the field and then make him dig a big pit, on a false pretense, in which he afterwards buried him alive."

You are weary of hearing the sad story of ignorance and wrong in heathen lands. The same sad scenes are found more or less in all our mission fields. How trying it must be for the missionaries who see so many sad scenes.

Pray for them, that God, by the power of His Holy Spirit, may so bless their teaching that many heathen may be won to truth and righteousness.

QUEER WAY OF COUNTING BIRTHDAYS.

Far away in Northeast Greenland, where life is so cold and cheerless that people can hardly be said to live, but simply exist, the people have an odd way of keeping the family record. They have no written language nor method of making such rude chronicles as we find even among many uncivilized people.

One bit of history is carefully preserved, however, and this is the way it is done: Each baby at its birth is provided with a fur bag, which is kept as his most precious possession. When, after the long Arctic winter, the sun makes his appearance, the bag is opened and a bone is put into it to mark a year of baby's life.

So, each succeeding year, as the sun makes his yearly four months' visit, another bone is added. This bag is regarded as something so very sacred that it never seems to enter into the head of the most impatient little Esquimo to add a bone to his collection "between times" to hurry himself into his "teens."—Sel.

"A young Christian always has an advantage over older ones, because he can train himself so much more easily than they can. Therefore, he ought to be hard at work, and spend no time criticising the faults of his elders."



A Scene from India.

BROWNIE IN UNDERLAND.

A missionary in Honan pictures in this funny way, or the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD, a journey to China on the other side of the world and what would be seen and heard there.



OT' long, long ago, our funny Canadian Brownie used to wonder what it was like away down under the earth. He would stand for hours beside the spring, where the little boys came with their tin pails for water, and watch the bubbles coming up from Underland.

So, when his mamma was not looking he slipped down into the water. Oh! how cool it felt, and into the spot where the bubbles came from, and down, down, down, he kept slipping, and the farther he slipped down the faster he went.

He now began to feel hungry and put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out three marbles, a piece of string, a pencil, a pocket-knife, and a crumpet! The rest he speedily replaced, but the crumpet was soon lost to sight.

On he sped, in fact, he soon began to go as fast and as round as a whirlwind.

By-and-bye, he passed the Torrid Zone, and luckily for him, he began to slow up. And you will soon see why it was lucky. He struck a spring on the other side of the earth, and before he could say the Capitals of Europe, bump! and his head hit a bucket, into which he scrambled with all haste and was pulled up to the top of the well. He had reached Underland, and he had come by the well, but he was not welcome.

The Chinese boy who had pulled him up was not looking for Brownies just then, and dropping the bucket, took to his heels, his hair on end, shouting, "Foreign Devil!" And what hair, in a long tail so curious, but there were curioler things yet to be met with in Underland.

Well, now, thought Brownie, this will never do, the folks will all be so afraid of me that I cannot get a good look at them. So he put his hand into his left hand trouser pocket and pulled out the ring, called Gyges.

As soon as he put it on his right hand middle finger (that is why he always kept it in his left hand trouser pocket, so that he would not forget which hand to put the ring on), lo! and behold! you could not lo him or behold him either.

That was handy, he could see people and they could not see him, it was a mutual advantage. The people would not be scared out of what little wits they had, and our traveller could take notes with his foreign lead pencil, without anyone making a fuss, and accusing him of acting as a spy.

On the boy giving the alarm, the villagers at once made for the well. The small fry headed the procession.

The women hop along as fast as their crippled feet allow, they are afraid lest they lose the sight, for only the other day a "foreign devil" on a bicycle had passed through, and before they could say "prodigious!" he was gone.

The men scurry along to the scene, some armed with hoes, for they are just back from the fields, but they really did not intend to hoe Brownie down. Others are armed with chopsticks, so that they might chop down the beanstalk in case Brownie had climbed up the great foreign bean.

Some of my readers will say this is all make-believe, and likely they are right, for I have heard that the sticks are used to polish off the bowls they eat out of, and they answer the purpose admirably,

Here they come, helter skelter, pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, topsy-turvy, but no Brownie is to be seen, high or low!

How he enjoyed their puzzlement! this was sight unseen, as the boys say at school when they are arranging a blind trade. He was unseen and yet he had a good sight of them. They were non-plussed, because Brownie was minus.

They stood some time speechless, looking somewhat blanker than your new copy book, which you bought yesterday. And still they looked, and still the wonder grew, and they might all have been standing there yet, if the oldest inhabitant had not put on his spectacles and his wisest air, and said, it must have been a brownie, to which remark there was at once a chorus of assent: "Of course, of course!" whereupon they brought some incense and paper money, and kneeling, they burned them in honor of the Brownie.

If they had loaned our hero some real pocket money he would have felt better, for he had quite forgotten to take any when he slipped away from Upperland.

He was now looking down upon the crowd from the bottom of an upturned pot as his throne. The rich man had adorned the roof of his gate with a whole menagerie of gaping crakens, hippo

griffs, chimeras, and dragons, whose awful aspects were meant to scare all vampires, ghouls, gnomes, jinns, and hobgoblins whatsoever, who might have designs upon the peace and happiness of the family.

But there is always another way of looking at things, for there are two sides to every street, and the opposite neighbor's hens were not laying eggs as well-regulated hens should be.

The reason of this unreasonable conduct appeared to the wise woman who was consulted, to be that the hens did not enjoy the peace of mind which they had once enjoyed. They were anxious lest the crakens, hippogriffs, chimeras, and dragons should swallow up the eggs.

With all haste, therefore, pots were procured and placed on the heads of the monsters. Being intentionally several sizes too large, these pots sank down and covered their faces as completely as your grandfather's chimney-pot would cover your face, my little boy.

Brownie felt sorry for the poor folks who knew no better than worship a brownie. They are heathen, he thought, I will come and teach them some day so they will worship God. These were pious thoughts, but being a brownie another thought occurred to him: "I will give them pot-luck," said he, and with that he flung the pot right into their midst.

He was careful, however, to avoid the bald pates of the old men, or the tender little skulls of the children, so it lit on the kerbing of the well, and split into a few hundred pieces.

At this new mishap, the crowd speedily took to its heels, scattering to their homes and barring the front doors after them for safety sake. Thus, Brownie was left alone to view the situation, and take now measures for his own and the public safety.

The streets were very narrow, how could the carriages pass each other? He thought he would like to buy some taffy, but couldn't see any candy shop. The houses too were shouldering and hustling one another, like the crowd that had just gone, there did not seem to be quite room enough for them all.

The roofs were made of tiles in rows. What a fine country to play Anti-Over in, the ball would run straight down one of the grooves of the tiles, for these tiles are not flat but grooved, and the roof looks like the waves of the sea that you draw when you first try, up and down quite too regular for the "many twinkling smile of ocean."

By-and-bye, the folks got over their fright and

opened their doors again. When the crowd ran away, the dogs also were thrown into a high state of excitement, and seeing no beggar about at whom to bark, they barked away on general principles.

Finally, it occurred to some of them that they might settle up a few old scores with the other dogs which had offended them. Several battles were fought, but challenge and threats to chew each other up more often ended in terrific growls, but no bloodshed.

But, as was usual in the case of their masters, these coldnesses were of short duration, and in a little while each dog was reposing on his own midden in the happy consciousness of having done his duty to the community.

Outside on the street was a donkey turning a stone, poor, patient, little mouse-colored fellow, why must they blindfold you as you walk round and round? In that respect you resemble Samson, whose eyes the Philistines put out and then he turned the mill for them! You will not be tempted at any rate to turn your head and take a mouthful of the meal which is being ground by your efforts.

Brownie came down from his perch and walked in by the front gate like a young gentleman. Of course, no one saw him but the old idol in the wall, and he winked, as much as to say: "Go in little boy, don't be afraid."

The old fellow is still sitting there, but is getting much the worse for wear. In fact, the folks don't worship him now, for they know he is an old fraud. I think they have since taken him out of his niche and buried him. The family now know that an idol is nothing at all, and that there is only one true God, whom we ought to worship.

Inside, everything and everybody looked as if they needed a bath and a scrubbing. Oh, the dirt! They have never heard that cleanliness is next to godliness. In fact, they have neither godliness nor its next door neighbor.

But what Brownie saw there when he went in will be told you in the next CHILDREN'S RECORD.

It is a wholesome thing for a young man to feel, what is undoubtedly the truth, that his future depends, not on somebody to open the way for him and back him up and help him to success, but more than anything else it depends upon what he is going to be himself. Nothing can stand in the way of a genuine man's steady perseverance and clean-hearted earnestness into the battle.—Dr. Louis Albert Banks.

A STRANGE WAY TO TRAVEL.

Two miles from the city of Lucknow is an ancient village of Aligunj, once the home of many the scene of a great annual Hindu festival. In the centre of the village, surrounded by tumble-down buildings fast falling into ruins, stands a wretched, filthy, little shrine dedicated to Hanuman, the monkey-god.

To this shrine at the time of the festival held some time in May, thousands travel greater or less distances, some as much as fifty or even one hundred miles, measuring their length upon the

round all the way. Taking a small stone in his hand the pilgrim stands in the attitude of prayer, with hands folded on his breast, and mutters words of prayer and praise.

Then, lying full length on the ground, he places the stone as far forward as he can. Standing up by the stone, the pilgrim goes through the same action, length by length, making slow progress to this village shrine. His mother, wife, or daughter, walks by the roadside, carrying water for the thirsty devotee to drink, and at night, when he stops for rest, cooks his evening meal.—The Gleaner.



A Canal in China.

A CULTIVATED HEART.

Two girls were talking one day. They were young and eager and ambitious, and their talk was of people who had "succeeded." Finally, one exclaimed, enthusiastically :

"Oh, is there anything in the world finer than

a cultivated brain?"

Her friend was silent a moment; then she answered, slowly :

"Yes, one thing—a cultivated heart!"

It was an echo of the old word :

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."—Forward.

OUR QUEEN AS A LITTLE GIRL.



SOME seventy years ago, a little blue-eyed girl, called by her friends the "Little Mayflower"

because she came with the May blossoms, might have been seen playing in the garden of the old Kensington Palace, or driving in her little pony carriage, or running in the long halls if the day was too wet for outdoor exercise.

Before this fatherless little English maid lay a great future; for some day the Princess Alexandra Victoria would become Queen of England.

But as yet she knew nothing of this. And though the heiress of a throne and kingdom, it was a most quiet and simple life that the little princess lived at Kensington with her widowed mother, her older half sister, Feodora, and her teachers. A life full of hard study as well as healthful pleasure; for, while she was taught German and French, Latin and Italian, music, drawing, singing, and mathematics, a chapter of the Bible formed part of each day's study.

At this time her mother's brother, Leopold, afterwards king of Belgium, was living in England. Although the princess was happy at Kensington, the happiest days of her childhood, as she has since said, were her holiday visits to her uncle.

While there once, and at church one summer Sunday morning, just as the sermon was beginning, a wasp flew in at the open window. and after sailing round, anxiously watched by nearly every one, made for the little princess, buzzed about her, and finally settled on her bonnet. But she sat perfectly still, with her eyes fixed on the minister, and so absorbed in listening to him that she never saw the wasp, and to the great relief of every one, it finally flew away without offering to sting her.

It was well that she loved her uncle Leopold so dearly, for daily records of her progress and behavior were always kept by her governess and sent to him once a month. So, in a way, his eye was constantly on her, both as a stimulus and a restraint.

Her father, the Duke of Kent, had left to his family a high rank and many debts. And partly because her mother's income was not large, but more to teach her little daughter to use money wisely, Princess Victoria was trained in a strict and regular economy, such as the children of far

humbler parents seldom know; and taught, especially, that she must never spend more than her income, even though that was but a child's pocket money.

This story has been told more than once of the time when she was buying presents. After she had spent her last shilling, she remembered one cousin more, and selected for him a box, priced half a crown—about sixty cents. The shopman was putting this with her other purchases, when her governess said, "No, you see the princess has not the money; therefore, of course, she cannot buy the box."

"Then we will lay it aside till she can buy it," was the offer.

"Oh, if you will be so good as to do that!"

So the box was laid aside, and the day her next allowance was given her, the princess came on her donkey, before seven o'clock in the morning, to pay for and claim her purchase.

Holiday visits were sometimes made to the Isle of Wight, always, as now, a favorite residence, and to other seaside resorts. At the Isle of Wight there were often delightful yacht excursions. On one of these Princess Victoria had a most narrow escape. The yacht struck a sunken wreck with such force as to loosen the mast. The pilot instantly sprang to where she was standing, unconscious of her danger, lifted her in his arms and ran to a place of safety. A moment later the topmast and sail fell on the spot where she had stood.

For the moment she was quite calm, but when she saw how narrowly she had missed being crushed to death, she burst into tears, while thanking the seaman for his presence of mind. Nor was this his only reward. He was soon made master instead of pilot. When the little lady whose life he had saved became queen, she invited him to court, and on his death provided for his wife and family.

Till she was twelve the princess had been kept in ignorance of the destiny that awaited her. Then it was thought best she should know. Her governess, Madame Lehzen, who informed her, has described her reception of this astonishing news, and her first remark:

"Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility. The princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand as she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying: 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn Latin. My cou-

sins Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it, but I understaud all better now ;' and the little princess gave me her hand, repenting, 'I will be good !' "

Many years after the queen wrote of this, "I cried much on hearing it."

For over sixty years the little Princess Victoria has been "Our Gracious Queen." As in the child days at Kensington, she still loves and takes her morning ride. But it is an old lady who sits to-day in the pony carriage, with a groom at the pony's head, while her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, often walks beside her.

But wherever that modest turnout is seen, whether at Osborne House, at Balmoral, or in the stately grounds of Windsor Castle, it carries the beautiful personality of the woman who has won the love of the world ; and who has won it by remembering through the splendor and care and sorrow of these many years, the promise she made as a little girl—a promise equally fitting for any life, for every station. "I will be good."—Sel.

THE POWER OF FORGIVENESS.

THE power of forgiveness even for an offence against human law is well illustrated in the following incident :

A soldier was about to be brought before his commanding officer for some offence. He was an old offender, and had often been punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned ; "flogging, disgrace, solitary confinement, everything has been tried with him." Whereupon the sergeant stepped forward and apologizing for the liberty, said, "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."

"What is that ?" said the officer.

"Well, sir," said the sergeant, "he has never been forgiven."

"Forgiven !" exclaimed the colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected a few minutes, ordered the culprit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to say to the charge.

"Nothing, sir," was the reply ; "only I am sorry for what I have done."

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than that his punishment would be increased with the repetition of his offense, the colonel addressed him saying :

"Well, we have tried everything with you and now we have resolved to—forgive you."

The soldier was struck dumb with amazement ; the tears started in his eyes and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust, and thanking his officer he retired—to be the old refractory, incorrigible man ? No ! from that day forward he was a new man. He who told the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the queen's colors.

PETER'S SIN.

Hindus never eat the flesh of animals, and think it a great wickedness to take the life of any creature, even the most troublesome insect. A class of Hindu boys was one day reading a chapter in one of the Gospels in which is recorded the miracle of the great draught of fishes, caught by Peter. "Why did Peter cry out, 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord' ?" was asked. There was a little time of silence and thought. At last a bright lad held up his hand as signal for an answer. "Well, why was it ?" "Because," said the youth, "he had caught so many fishes."

THE CHEERING WORD.

LITTLE CHARLEY was the dull boy of his school. All the rest either laughed at him or pitied him. Even his master sometimes made fun of him.

He became sullen and indifferent and took no pains to get on.

One day a gentleman who was visiting the school looked over some boys who were making their first attempt to write. There was a general burst of amusement at poor Charlie's efforts. He colored, but was silent.

"Never mind, my lad," said the gentleman, cheerfully, "don't be discouraged. Just do your very best and you'll be a brave writer some day. I recollect when I first began to write being quite as awkward as you are ; but I kept on, and now look here."

He took a pen and wrote his name on a piece of paper in good, plain writing. "See what I can do now," he added.

Many years afterwards that gentleman met Charley again. He had turned out to be one of the most celebrated men of his day and he told him that he owed his success in life, under God's blessing, to his encouraging words.—*Scottish Reformer.*

KIN KONDO, THE JAPANESE DAUGHTER.



IN the day when Kin Kondo's baby brother was just one month old the nurse fastened him on her back and all the family went to the temple, where they worshipped Buddha, to get a name for him.

His father handed the old priest three slips of paper, on each of which he had written a name that he thought would be nice for his son. The priest took the slips of paper, and while the family watched every motion, he threw the bits high in the air, repeating a prayer to the idol in a very loud voice.

They all held their breath as the bits of paper fluttered to the ground. The priest seized the first slip that touched the ground, and read from it the name Kita as that which the god of the temple had chosen for the boy.

Baby Kita slept soundly in his warm bed on the nurse's back while the priest wrote his name in a holy book, and then slipped into his pocket the handful of money Kita's father gave him.

Five years later the sleepy Kita had grown into a chubby, noisy boy, who dressed and looked exactly like his sisters.

But, after a while, there came another boy into the family, and master Kita was no longer the most important member, although, to be sure, he was the eldest son, and, therefore, deserving of much honor, for as all the women and girls in Japan must obey their fathers and sons, even Kita's mother would have to do as he said.

Kin and Hide, the sisters, went to the kindergarten as soon as they were three years old, and later on they were sent to the elementary school. Kita also went to school, and his father talked about the time when he should go to the great university and become very learned. But Kin and Hide would know enough, their father thought, when they could read and write, and had learned all about etiquette and ceremonies.

Kin was a quiet, thoughtful girl and soon began to want to know more than she found in the elementary school.

About this time there came into the town where the Kondos lived a young woman foreigner. Kin stared at her with all her might, the first time she saw her. She thought she had never seen anyone so beautiful, with eyes that must have come from the blue sky. Kin would not have spoken to the

young foreigner for the world. She had heard many horrible things of foreigners: how they nail little children to crosses and cut off their ears, and do many unspeakable things.

One day they met in the narrow street. Kin was so frightened she almost ran away, but the young foreigner smiled so beautifully that before she knew what she was doing Kin was bowing and smiling back.

Not long after that, the beautiful foreigner herself came to see Kin's mother. Before she left, the young missionary asked that Kin might come to the little school that she taught, that was very near them.

Kin's mother bowed and said: "You do me great honor, most heavenly one," although she never dreamed of allowing Kin to go. But, when she spoke to Kin's father about it, he said he could not see that it could do her any harm, and the foreigners might teach her something. His word was law, so happy Kin went to the little mission school.

Kin had not been in the school long before she began to sing little songs and learn verses about one whom they called "Yasu" (Jesus). She learned that he was very different from the gods her parents had taught her to worship.

She soon began to love this "Yasu" who was so gentle and good to everyone. She talked often to her mother about him, and told the other children of the baby "Yasu." And then she would tell with serious voice of the cruel people who killed him, and that he died to make them good.

When the children in the neighborhood shouted after her in derision, "Yasu, Yasu!" she only smiled, saying to herself, "I can show Him I don't mind it."

When Kin's grandmothers and aunts and cousins heard of all this, they made a great talk about it and went to her father and told him that Kin would disgrace them all. After that her father told her she could go to the mission school no longer. That almost made her cry, but she was comforted by the missionary's assurance:

"Jesus will help you bear it."

Then Kin's father told her she must give up all thought of this "Yasu," and must go to the temple and worship the idols there, with the rest of the family. When Kin heard that she looked up into her father's stern face with tears in her dark eyes. A Japanese daughter dares not disobey her father. What was she to do? Could she give up the dear "Yasu" and go to the temple to pray to the ugly bronze idol that could neither see, nor

hear, nor love, nor help her? But Kin was fifteen now, and brave and womanly, so she said in her low, gentle voice, "I can never worship in the temple."

Her father was furious. Who had ever heard of such a daughter! Her mother looked coldly at her; even her ten-year-old brother scowled, while her sister Hide ran away to cry.

After that she was shut up alone for days with only rice and water. Finally her father told her she was to go away to relatives in another town. She was hurriedly got ready and the coolies trotted off with her in the jinrikisha.

The relatives were not at all kind to her. They mocked at her new religion, and tried to force her to go to Buddha's shrine and worship with them. But nothing moved her. It seemed that all these things but made her "Yasu" more dear.

The relatives sent her back to her father, saying she was a stubborn child. Then there was a furious scene in her home, which ended in her parents driving Kin out into the street, an outcast and penniless. She fled to the missionary, who received her lovingly.

After she had gone her father found among her things a little book on which he had often seen Kin writing. He picked it up and carelessly turned its pages, on every one of which he found something like the following:

"9 a.m. At daylight this morning I prayed for my dear parents."

"6 p.m. I went by myself to pray that dear "Yasu" will soon bring my dear parents to him."

"8 a.m. Prayed a long time last night for my dear father and mother.

"3 p.m. I have been praying to-day especially for my father. 'Yasu,' hear my cry."

Many of these entries had been made while Kin was shut up alone, or while she was among unfriendly relatives away from home.

Her father was touched and astonished. What was there in a religion that made one willing to suffer so much for it? He talked it over with Kin's mother. They both decided to go to the missionary and learn something more about it.

It was not long until they were convinced of its truth. When they came to this conclusion, they went to Kin, knelt before her, striking their heads on the ground in humiliation, and begged her to forgive them and return to her home. And Kin put her arms around them, with streaming eyes, saying:

"It breaks my heart to see my dear parent

kneeling at my feet; but oh, it fills me with joy to know that my dear 'Yasu' has heard my prayers."

That was quite a while ago. Now Kin Kondo and her family, Kita, Hide, and all, go no longer to the temple, but are a Christian family, loving and serving the dear "Yasu" of whom Kin has told them all so much. And they are all the devoted admirers of the blue-eyed missionary of whom Kin was once afraid, and who is happy in seeing the results of her patient work.

SKIMMING IT.

IF you're going to give a pan of milk, don't skim it first," the old grandmother used to say, meaning: If you are going to do a favor, don't spoil it be an ungracious word or manner. Haven't we noticed how much of this "skimming" goes on in ordinary family intercourse?

"Another errand? I never can go down town without half a dozen commissions!" complains Rob, when his sister asks him to bring a book from the library. He never refuses to oblige her; he does not really count it an inconvenience; he only takes the cream off his kindness.

"Those gloves ripped again!" exclaims Mary, when John wants her to take a few stitches. "It seems to me they always need mending when I am in a hurry with something else." She would be shocked at his going shabby, and distressed if anyone thought her unwilling to render such offices, but she makes it a little unpleasant to ask the favor.

The children follow the fashion. Tommy shuts the door at Bridget's request, but he grumbles at having to leave his top. Susie goes to the door when she is sent, but she departs with a protest that "It is Tommy's turn." Thus all day long, people who love one another, and who at heart are glad to help one another, skim the sweetness from every service they render.—*Christian Look*.

I wish I could make clear to you, boys, the great value that comes from a steady following out of our undertakings. Whatever we begin we should finish, if for no other reason than the habit we thus help to form. Learn to follow out all your beginnings to their end—unless, indeed, your judgment bids you abandon them. This is a pretty safe rule: Never give up an undertaking unless your common sense tells you to do so.



What does the Bible say of "A Cup of Cold Water."

PITY THE HINDU WIDOWS.

TOLD BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.



HERE are four principal castes among Hindus, and of them all I think the third class, the Kaites to which I belong, make their widows suffer most.

Nearly all widows are treated badly enough, but our customs are much worse than those of others. In the Punjab they are not always strict in enforcing their customs with widows ; but though we live in the Punjab, our family comes from the North-West, and as we are rich and well-to-do, our customs are kept up scrupulously.

When a husband dies his wife suffers as much as if the death angel had come to her also. She must not be approached by any of her relations, but several women, from three to six, (wives of barbers, a class who are kept up for this object), are in waiting, and as soon as the husband's last breath is drawn they rush at the new-made widow and tear off her ornaments.

Ear and nose-rings are drawn off, often tearing the cartilage ; ornaments plaited in with the hair are torn away, and if the arms are covered with gold and silver bracelets they do not take the time to draw them off one by one, but holding her arm on the ground they hammer with a stone until the metal, often solid and heavy, breaks in two.

It matters not to them how many wounds they inflict ; they have no pity, not even if the widow is but a child of six or seven, who does not know what a husband means.

GOING TO THE BURNING PLACE.

At that time two sorrows come upon every widow, one from God, and one from her own people, who should cherish and support her, but who desert and execrate her. If the husband dies away from home, then, on the arrival of the fatal news, all this is done.

At the funeral all the relatives, men as well as women, have to accompany the corpse to the burning ghat. If they are rich and have carriages they must not use them, but all go on foot. The men follow the corpse, the women (all the ladies well covered from sight) come after, and last the widow, led along by the barbers' wives.

They take care that at least two hundred feet

intervene between her and any other women, for it is supposed that if her shadow fell on any (her tormentors excepted), she also would become a widow ; therefore, no relative, however much sympathy she may feel in secret, dare look on her face.

One of the rough women goes in front and shouts aloud to any passer-by to get out of the way of the accursed thing, as if the poor widow were a wild beast ; and others drag her along.

Arrived at the river, tank, or well, where the body is to be burned, they push her into the water, and as she falls so she must lie, with her clothes on, until the body has been burned, and all the company have bathed, washed their clothes and dried them.

When they are all ready to start for home, but not before, they drag her out, and in her wet clothes she must trudge home. It matters not what the weather is, in a burning sun, or with an icy wind blowing from the Himalays. They care not if she dies. Oh, I would rather choose the suttee with the husband !

Many are happy enough to die in consequence of these sorrows, for however ill they may become no care is taken of them, or medicine given.

DYING WITH THIRST.

I once went to a funeral (before I was myself a widow), where the burning-place was three kos (about six miles) from the city. It was the hottest month of the year, and though we started at sunrise, we did not reach the house again till 3 p.m.

I shall never forget how much the woman suffered from the hot blasting wind that blew on us like fire, and the blazing sun. We were almost worn out with heat and thirst, though we had stopped often to rest and drink.

The poor widow dared not ask for a drink, or she would have lost her character ; the women with her might have given her water if they had liked, but they would not.

At last she fell, but they pulled her up again and dragged her on, told her not to give way, she was not the only widow, and taunted her when she wept, with wanting a husband. When she had no strength left even to crawl, they dragged her along like a bundle of clothes.

On arrival at the house she was flung on the floor in the little room ; still, though they knew she was almost dead with thirst, they did not give her a drop of water, and she dared not ask for any.

She was a relative of mine; but none of us dared go near her, for it would have brought down maledictions on the head of any who tried it.

At last one young woman, after watching a long while, saw her opportunity, and slipped in with a vessel of water. The widow ran at her like a wild creature. I cannot describe how she behaved: at first she did not recognize her friend—she drank, and drank, till life and sense came back to her. Then she fell down at the feet of her who had brought the water, and embracing them said:

"Oh, sister! I will never forget what you have done for me! You are my God--my second Creator! But go away quickly, I pray, that no one may ever find out what you have done, or we shall both suffer. I promise I will never tell of you."—Daybreak.

NEEDED—A SENTRY.

THE sentry made me take off my shoes and leave my cane and the contents of my pockets outside." Rob's uncle was relating of his visit to a United States arsenal, where armunitions of war are made.

"What was that for?" Rob wanted to know.

"To be sure that nothing went in that ought not to go. Great mischief might result from the presence of something which would set off the powder or dynamite. By the way, what's that you're putting in your mouth, Rob!"

"Oh, nothing; just some root that Tom Scott gave me."

"Let me see. Why, that piece of root is a drug which no one but a doctor ought to prescribe! See here, young man, there is another door which needs guarding as well as that of the arsenal. There's a great deal more danger in stuffing all sorts of things into your stomach, whence they will go into your blood and brain and muscle. What else have you in your pockets? Why, here are some coffee berries, a package of chewing gum, and a bit of alum! You can't put a guard at the door of that chemical laboratory inside you too soon. It's a great deal more dangerous to be mixing all sorts of things together there than in a powder magazine. Halt everything that wants to go in, and keep it out, unless you are absolutely sure it will make you a stronger, purer boy."—Sel.

SINGING AWAY THE PAIN.



PARTY of tourists were driving along the country road leading to Killarney, that fine old town among the Irish lakes.

As they came within the sight of a cottage standing back from the road, with a lovely garden of flowers in front, there reached them the sound of singing.

The voice was full of sweetness, rich and strong, now and then rising into such lofty strains it seemed like an angel's song, droppng to the mellow softness of a mother soothing her babe to sleep.

The little company were entranced. What genius in obscurity was here! Some one surely born to win fame and fortune when brought forward and trained by suitable teachers.

"If I could ever hope to sing like that!" exclaimed the young man who was driving, himself a student of music; and then stopping the horses he said: "Let us find who he is, perhaps I might be of help;" but here he paused as a young girl came out of the garden gate toward them. She had a basket on her arm as if going to market. As she was passing, dropping a slight courtesy as she did so, he asked, "Will you please tell us who is singing so sweetly in the cottage?"

"Yes, indeed," said the girl, turning a bright face toward them. "It is only my Uncle Tim, sir; he's after having a bad turn with his leg, and so he's just singing the pain away the while."

For an instant the little company were speechless; then the young man asked, "Is he young? Can he ever get over the trouble? Tell these ladies about it, please."

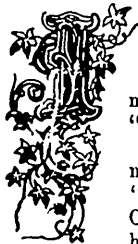
"Oh, he is getting a bit old now," was the answer, "No, the doctors say he'll never be the better of it in this world, but" and her voice dropped into tender pathos, "he's that heavenly good, it would come nigh to making you cry sometimes to see him, with the tears running down his cheeks with the pain, and then it is that he sings the loudest."

"Amen," said the young man reverently, and with a "Thank you, dear," from the ladies, they drove slowly on.

"And there shall be no more pain, and all tears shall be wiped away," said Aunt Myra softly.—Christian Life.

One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme—
A good one to live by:
A day at a time.

THE STOLEN MONEY.



"T'S no use," said a young man, kneeling in an inquiry room ;
 "I can't get the feeling that my sins are forgiven. I must have it.
 "O God, help me !"

"God will help you," said the man who kneeling by his side.
 "Come, Dick, I've proved Jesus Christ to be a loving Saviour. You haven't to pray God into a willing to

save you."

"I know, I know," was the reply ; "but I can't get converted." And the beads of perspiration burst out upon his brow. He groaned in agony.

An experienced evangelist came up at the moment, and, after listening for a few minutes, said, "My friend, is there anything you ought to confess?"

"How—how do you know?" stammered the seeker.

"Then there is?"

"Well, I didn't attach any importance to it, but—"

"If there was a wrong done, and it blocks your salvation, depend upon it, it is not unimportant."

"True, true ; I see it. I will tell you what haunts me. Some years ago, when employed by a provincial firm, I used to extract sums of money from the till—small sums, I grant, but still, there is the fact,"

"Did they not notice the loss?" asked the evangelist.

"No, the manager trusted me absolutely ; how the affair escaped attention, I don't know. Perhaps—as I used to look after the shop while he was away billiard playing—he felt responsible, and made the money right from his own pocket. That I can't say, but—I had the money."

"How much?"

"About five pounds in all. But, though I would pay the money back, I don't see how I can, for the firm has retired from business, and I believe none of the partners are alive."

"Is there no other reason ? Is there not the fear of the police court and the jail ? Be true. Trust the Lord. Commit your way unto Him. The salvation of your soul is the important matter."

"It is, it is," groaned the young man. "I confess you have touched the sore spot. Oh, what

shall I do ? Think of the disgrace of a confession. And to whom shall I confess ?

"Is there no living heir of either of the partners?" queried the evangelist. "If so, write and tell him everything, for your soul's sake."

"Yes, I will," was the reply.

At that very moment he was able to pour out his soul to God in prayer. The Lord answered and saved him. He wrote to the son of one of the late partners, explained the circumstances, returned the money, and begged forgiveness. The reply came in the words of Scripture, "Go in peace, and sin no more."

Truly, he that covereth his sins shall not prosper ; but, "if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—The Family Friend.

 JOHN'S BAD COMPANY.

"Do you know the kind of company that John is associating with?" said Aunt Jane to her married sister. "He spent last evening with some of the most vulgar and profane fellows that I ever heard of."

"Why, what do you mean ? The boy was in his room reading a book that he borrowed from one of his schoolmates. He is a great reader, and I am glad of it."

"Perhaps you would not be so glad if you knew what he was reading. I picked up the story that he was so interested in, when I was doing his room this morning, and it made me sick. The characters in it were from the slums, and their talk was slungy and vile. It was one of the popular realistic novels. Its author thinks it his mission to describe human nature as it is, no matter how degraded, and to make it interesting. For my part, I cannot see much difference between bringing a bookful of thieves and gamblers, of rogues and harlots, into a boy's room, and letting the boy go into their dens. If he enjoys their society at home, he may be tempted to seek them in their homes. If our boys are great readers, we ought to know what they are reading."

And Johnnie's mother said that Aunt Jane was right, and she was.—Senex Smith, in Herald and Presbyter.

THE LIGHT BEARERS' MESSAGE.

A band of little children
 Came tripping by one day,
 Each bearing a wee candle
 And clad in white array.

"Whither go you little pilgrims?"
 Said I as they drew near,
 And their happy voices answered
 In notes so sweet and clear.

"We are the Little Light Bearers,
 With a message from our king
 To the lands where all is darkness,
 And where shadows ever cling.

"But the message to the children
 In those lands far o'er the sea,
 Is to tell them the sweet story—
 How our Christ can set them free.

"How their kind and loving Father
 Saw their sorrow and their woe,
 And sent His own son to save them
 Just because He loved them so.

"We must hasten with our message,
 There's no time to loiter here.
 They are perishing by millions,
 In those lands so dark and drear."

"Speed away, then, little pilgrims!
 Onward speed your willing feet,
 For they hunger for the story:
 'Tis to them most wondrous sweet."

Then they held their candles higher,
 And their voices, in sweet song,
 Floated back as they pressed forward
 In their loving faith so strong.

Then Christ's words, "Suffer the children"
 Came to me in accents low,
 And I said, "God bless their message
 To those lands of sin and woe."
 —In Children's Missionary Friend.

It is the little words you speak, the little thoughts you think, the little things you do or leave undone, the little moments you waste or use wisely, the little temptations which you yield to or overcome—the little things of every day that are making or marring your future life.—Light on the Hidden Way.

JACK'S TENT-BOOK.

HE is the dearest little chap I've ever seen," said Mrs. Ray, who kept the sailors' boarding-house. "As quiet as a grown man, while most of the other boys keep up such a fussing that I'm clean worn out."

Jack, the little sailor, had been staying for a short time at her house before sailing on his second long voyage.

"I'll pack your box for you, my boy," said the kind-hearted woman, when he was going. "I'd like to help such a well-behaved boy as you."

"Ah," said she, as she lifted the cover of the trunk, "is this yours?"

She held a Bible up in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack, "my mother gave it to me, and I promised to read it. She said it would always tell me the right thing to do."

"M'm," said Mrs. Ray, "was it this that taught you to bear it when Jim Pond abused you and tried to quarrel with you?"

"Yes, ma'am; it tells me that a soft answer turns away wrath."

Mrs. Ray silently went on with her packing. She had thought little of the Bible, and knew as little of what its pages contained. But the thoughtful face, good manners, and kindly disposition of the little sailor had drawn her attention.

"If it's the book makes him so different from the others, it must be a book worth looking into," she said to herself.

"Keep it up Jack," she said, as she wished him good-bye; "and I'm going to try it myself. If it's good for boys it must be good for older folks, too."—Sel.

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