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

The
HILDRENS
RECORD.



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Go I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

A Pleasant Gathering

IT was in the city of St. John, a few weeks ago, and lasted several days. Ministers and elders were there from all over Canada. It was the General Assembly of our church.

Perhaps you would think the opening of Assembly a little dry, for it always opens with a sermon by the minister who was chosen to preside at last year's meeting and whom they call a "Moderator." But the sermon is always a good one. When he has preached his sermon he has finished his duties and another man is chosen to preside for the following year.

But it is not all sober and solemn and grave. There were parts of the Assembly this year that all the young people would have enjoyed very much.

One of these was the Saturday half holiday and a beautiful sail on the St. John river for a whole afternoon. Another treat was a pleasant social gathering in the evening in a large hall, where, among other things there was ice cream in plenty, and by the way they enjoyed it, the older people had not forgotten how to be young so far as ice cream is concerned.

Then on Sunday afternoon instead of the usual Sabbath Schools, there was a mass meeting of all the Sunday School children of the Presbyterian Churches. The singing by the hundreds of young people was grand, and the addresses by the different missionaries were very interesting.

But to come back to the Assembly.

The one they chose this year as Moderator, was a name you know well. You had his picture not long since; Dr. Mackay of Formosa, our missionary.

There were a great many things to talk about and plan about. I can only mention a few of them.

One was, a "New Hymn Book." We are to have a Hymn Book for old people and young, for Church and for Sabbath School, so that the young people will feel that they are a part of the church. It will have a good many selections from the Psalms, and about six hundred hymns besides.

There is another thing in which you would be interested. There are a great many young people living in new settlements, and scattered far apart where they cannot easily gather to Sabbath School and church, and yet it would not do to leave them without church and Sabbath School; so those who can do so try and give something to help support ministers to preach to these people, and to take them good papers to read. This is called Home Mission work. It is a grand work. It is giving the Gospel to those who have it not and it helps to make our country a better country for people to live in. This took up a good deal of thought and time at Assembly. There were nearly a thousand such places throughout our country where our Home Missionaries used to preach during the past year.

Then there was Foreign Missions.

I saw some young people at the meeting on Foreign Mission night. There were four missionaries present, Dr. Mackay from Formosa, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Wilkie, from India, and Mr. McVicar from Honan. There were idols too in plenty showing what kinds of gods some of the heathen worship, but the pleasing thing about the idols was that they were all gods that had been given up by their worshippers.

We heard the story too about numbers of people in our own land, young French people, to whom our church is trying to give the Gospel; 884 of these young people we had last year in our Mission Schools.

One thing more I must tell you about, the Sabbath School. The Report to Assembly told us that there are in our church, the Presbyterian Church in Canada, 2,100 Sunday Schools, with 17,700 officers and teachers, and 143,162 scholars. What a host! And they gave last year \$85,037, to spread the Gospel.

In connection with the Sabbath School was mentioned the boy's brigade, where the boys meet and drill like soldiers, learn to obey orders and discipline themselves, where, best of all, they learn to be soldiers of Jesus Christ.

I must not weary you with Assembly. I wish just to remind the boys in closing that in a few years the older people will have

passed away, and the young people will be missionaries and ministers, and elders, and will be doing the work of the Assembly and of the Church. Learn about it now and you will do it well then.

A Formosa Story.



LONG the east coast of Formosa, between mountains and the sea, there is a low, flat country, a great part of which is not much more than two feet above the level of the sea. It is plain that floods are much to be dreaded in such a region. They are often the cause of serious loss both of life and property, sometimes from the rolling in of one of the terrible tidal waves, and sometimes from heavy rains among the mountains, quickly flooding the streams over their low banks. It is besides subject to almost incessant rains; even in what may be called the dry season in other parts of the island, seldom enjoying more than a week or two of uninterrupted sunshine.

This plain is occupied mostly by aborigines, that means those natives who possessed the island before the Chinese came into it. Those who lived on the east coast seem to have submitted to the pig-tailed strangers instead of either fighting or running away from them, they live there still, with Chinese amongst them, one Chinese town occupying the centre of the plain. They are not savages like the aborigines among the mountains, but have many of the civilized ways of the people who have taken possession along with them. They are mostly poor, living in miserable mud huts with soft-damp mud floors.

Up to the time of Dr. Mackay's last visit to Canada, thirteen years ago, he had not attempted missionary work in this plain. But soon after going back he with his band of students climbed over the mountain separating the north-east coast from the eastern and came down to search a place for the Gospel among the 34 villages of this plain.

As they came down the plain and sought among the villagers for some hearing ear or even some polite or kindly conduct from the

people, they found instead dislike and mocking. Nobody wanted them. Nobody would even give them shelter at night, which was rather a serious matter in a region so abundant in rain above and mud below.

Their usual resting-place at night was a hurriedly-constructed reed tent. This was made by taking the long reeds as they grew in the ground, tying them together at the top so as to form a peaked roof. These sloping reeds were then plastered with mud that was seldom far to seek. If the rain and the wind would have left this mud plastering alone it would have been more satisfactory, but it was often loosened by the rain during the night, and then the wind was apt to shake the most of it off, and the drops from the reed roof were more numerous than pleasant. Sometimes the windward side of a rice stack gave a better shelter. The rice stacks here are made just as the stacks here.

The missionary tells the story in words something like the following. 'We came in at the north, and travelled all down that low steep plain, seeking an entrance for the Gospel at every one of the 34 villages dotted over its surface. But when we got to the southern end we had just to turn round and go back north again and away home. Not one open door could we find,—nothing but hatred or indifference all through. Discouraged? Did you say discouraged? All we have to do is to obey orders, to "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." While he who gave that order lives we have no right to discouragement.'

But it was not long till they were back, missionary and faithful band of young men. It was the same thing over again. They went on as before till they reached the middle of the plain. Here one day an old man came near with his cheek all swelled up with toothache. He asked to have the tooth taken out, and, after the pain was relieved, he seemed willing both to listen and to talk. He stayed with them some time and went away.

Next morning, three men from the old man's village came and told them that if they would come back with them they should

have a place to preach in and listeners too. The village they mentioned was on the coast, well up to the north, but with glad hearts the missionary band turned round and followed their new guides to the place they named.

They were kindly received; and soon saw tokens of uncommon bustle about the place. There were men busy planting long poles in the ground and fastening other long poles across the top. There were workers among the fish-boats too. The sails of several of these were taken down off the yards, carried to the structure of poles and stretched over so as to form a very respectable tent. Another detachment were manufacturing torches for the day was wearing away, and the first preaching was evidently going to be a night service.

It was dusk before everything was ready, and it was by the glare of the torch-light that the villagers gathered into that strange chapel for their first service.

The meeting began at dusk, but it never closed till morning light. Missionary and young students, one after another, in short, clear addresses, told of the "Daysman betwixt us." Jesus, the Son of God, who has "loved us and given Himself for us" that He might indeed "bring us to God"—might be a great and effectual "Middleman" between us sinners and the God of Heaven and earth. This is one idea it seems that the Chinese understand very quickly.

Then there was singing, strange sweet words of love and peace such as these poor people had never heard nor had "ever entered into their heart to conceive" before. Question and answer, explanations and testimony followed each other in quick succession. There was no stopping and no wearying. The living God stretched out His hand there. "The earth brought forth in one day," and a village if not a nation, "was born at once." They were not baptized then. That would have been too quick work on man's part; but they believed and confessed

The psalms and hymns taught them gave special delight to these young converts. Fish-

ermen might be heard pulling out to sea singing with heart and voice of "Jesus and Him crucified." Old women going about their work would be crooning away, "There is a happy land." The boys and girls were particularly earnest committing them to memory; some learned as many as fifteen or sixteen during that first visit. And remember children, they had no books then. They could only learn from the lips of their teachers.

News soon spread that the "foreign devil" and his religion had been welcomed in this village. The very next thing was, the three men who had come and invited them were arrested and thrown into prison. A prison is a terrible place in Formosa. But the missionary went at once to the Chinese city, and before the mandarin there he so pleaded his own rights as a British subject that the three men were set at liberty.

Other villages round about heard what was going on. Soon a company came from one of these asking the new teacher to come over to them. There was no delay in granting that request. A Hoa, Dr. Mackay's first convert, was put at the head, missionary and students followed two and two, the whole population of the Christian village joined in the same order, and so, a long procession, they marched off to the new village, singing sweet hymns as they went. Dear Boys and Girls, would you not have liked to be among them? or at least to have watched them as they passed?

Arrived at their destination, the missionary said it was most interesting to see how the spirit of the early Christians was strong in these young converts. Just as Andrew hunted up his brother Peter and told him of the new-found Messiah, and Philip gave the good news to Nathanael, so the Christian villagers tried to lead others to the Saviour. You would see old men talking to old men, old women telling the strange good news to old women, and boys with boys would be talking as only boys can about Jesus Christ the Creator who died that they might live.

And so the work went on. Before the missionary band climbed again the mountain on their homeward journey, five villages had

received Christ, and fifteen more have been added since.

Discouragement! What had they to do with discouragement? And what have we to do with discouragement either? Are we seeking to conquer a giant fault? or to break down the unkindness of our enemies? or to win a soul to Christ? Ours is the same arm of Omnipotence to rejoice in, let discouragement, or discouragements, frown as they will, Let us "thank God and take courage."

—Anna Ross.

A Modern Miracle.

A STORY FROM FIJI.

YEARS ago a girl in the Fiji Islands had been weakly for a long time. The custom of the Islands was that when any were sick and were likely to remain so, they were put out of the way, often being buried alive. The chief, thinking that the girl would not get better and would only be a burden, had a grave dug.

The young girl knew nothing of it. To get her out of the house easily, there were loud shouts. She went out to see what was the matter. On reaching the door she was seized and thrown into the grave. She shrieked with horror and cried out, "Do not bury me, I am quite well now." Two men kept her down, while others threw in the soil upon her until she was heard no more.

The story is but a picture of every-day happenings there at that time.

Slaves were killed when their masters died, to go and serve them in the other world. Widows were killed at the death of their husbands or buried alive in the grave with them. Sick and aged fathers and mothers were killed, often buried alive, to get them out of the way. When a chief built a house he would have big holes dug in the ground for the posts, and sometimes put young women in the holes alive, with their arms around the posts, and then pack in the earth and bury them. When a large canoe was to be launched, men would be tied hand and foot, laid in the grass and the canoe launched over

them, crushing them to death, and then they were cooked and eaten. And so on, with their every-day life of cruelty and wickedness in horrible continuance.

But where or when was the miracle? Let me tell you. Fifty-nine years ago two missionaries, with their wives and children, landed there. Terrible cruelties were carried on day by day in sight of the missionaries. Their own lives were often in danger, but they would not leave.

What happened? Come and see. We visit the Fiji Islands years later, and what do we find? In the eighty inhabited islands of the Fijis there are 900 churches and 1,400 schools, built by the people themselves, and where they are taught by carefully trained native ministers and teachers.

Nine hundred churches, with crowded congregations and devout family worship in almost every home, and a kind, loving, industrious, peaceful people everywhere! Did you ever hear of a greater miracle? None could work such a wonder but the power of the Spirit of God. Pray that that Spirit may work mightily in our own mission fields.

Sabbath School An unheard of thing among in Honan.

the children of Honan, was a Sabbath School, until a few months ago, when Mrs. Goforth, the wife of one of our missionaries, started a small one. She says:

"It is very encouraging to see the delight which boys and girls take in the learning and singing of our Christian Hymns. The progress which some of them have made may be seen from a few of the answers given to the following questions asked them last Sabbath:

Question. "How can we displease Jesus?"

Ans. No. 1. "If we worship the false Gods in the temple."

Ans. No. 2. "By our not doing what our parents tell us to do."

Ans. No. 3. "If we do not ask Jesus to wash our hearts clean."

Ans. No. 4. "If we say impure words and revile people."

ONLY A LITTLE PENNY

Only a little penny !
 Yet with assurance sweet,
 Fearing no scorn we lay it
 Down at our Saviour's feet ;
 Saving for Him a portion
 Out of our slender store,
 Joyfully giving our pennies,
 If we can do no more.

Only a little penny !
 Poor in itself we know,
 Yet if we patiently gather,
 Pennies to pounds may grow ;
 Little by little increasing
 Until a goodly sum,
 Just as the tiny streamlets
 Rivers and lakes become.

Only a little minute !
 Gone like some sweet-winged bird,
 The sweep of whose airy pinions
 The silence scarcely has stirred.
 Only a little minute !
 Yet 'tis a priceless gem
 Which the dear Lord hath lent us
 That we may use it for Him.

Only a little minute !
 Yet there is time to list
 A whispered prayer to Jesus,
 Winning the Spirit's gift :
 Time for a word of comfort,
 Time for a kindly deed,
 Time by the way to scatter
 Many a precious seed.

Only ten little fingers !
 Not very strong, it is true,
 Yet there is work for Jesus
 Such little hands may do.
 What though it be but humble,
 Winning no word of praise ?
 We are but little children,
 Working in little ways.

Only ten little fingers !
 But little things may grow,
 And little hands, now helpless,
 Will not be always so ;
 And if we train them early,
 Unto His work alone,
 They will do greater service
 When they are stronger grown.

Only a band of children,
 Sitting at Jesus' feet,
 Fitting ourselves to enter
 Into more service sweet.
 Softly His voice is calling—
 " Little one come unto me !
 Stay not, though weak and helpless :
 Child, I have need of thee !"

Take us, dear Saviour, take us
 Into Thy heavenly fold !
 Keep our young feet from straying
 Out in the dark and cold.
 Call us Thy " Little Helpers,"
 Make us Thine own dear children,
 Worthy Thy name to bear.

Only a band of children,
 Sitting at Jesus' feet,
 Fitting ourselves to enter
 Into His service sweet ;
 Seeking His light to guide us
 Wherever the way is dim ;
 Learning His beautiful lessons,
 Longing to be like Him.

Oh, with pure hearts and lowly,
 Help us, dear Lord, to go ;
 Bearing the glad, sweet story
 Unto sad hearts below ;
 And reaching the pearly portals,
 May the welcome sweet be given—
 " Pass through the gates, my children,
 Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
 — *From Children's Work for Children.*

WHAT MOTHER LEFT.

When mother died she left some things
 here and they have made us rich.

Let me tell you, dear reader, what they
 were. She left her crutch here ; for seven
 years it helped her walk, but they don't have
 crutches in heaven. Think that out.

She could not see very well, and hence,
 wore glasses—but she left them here. No
 use for eye-helpers there. No dim visions in
 heaven. Think of it.

She left her Bible here. It was her chart
 and compass on the sea of life. It brought
 her safe home to God. She has no need of it
 now. We little think of love letters when
 the lover is near by.

She left her property here. It would have
 made a poor showing there in the King's
 palace in the city of gold. What earthly use
 of carrying aught to heaven when homes are
 furnished free ?

But, best of all, she left us the example of
 piety and prayer. I prefer it to a clean
 million.

What will you take with you, and what
 leave here ? — *Young Men's Era.*

NATIVES OF AFRICA.



From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand ;
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand :
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 From many a deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

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 heard Messiah's name

SHYNESS.

A shy disposition is a misfortune to its possessor. It causes him to shrink from meeting others, and when he cannot help meeting them, it makes him stiff in manner and awkward in speech.

Archbishop Whately was very shy in his early life. His friends counselled him to imitate the example of polite men. He tried, but the effort made him think so much of himself that he became more shy than ever. After a time he said to himself, "I am, and perhaps I must continue to be, as awkward as a bear. Well, I will try and not think much about it, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured."

Acting on this resolve, he says, "I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also of those faults of manner which shyness produces, and acquired an easy and natural manner."

In saying this, the Archbishop told me secret by which all shy people may conquer their shyness, at least in part. It is, forget yourself. Self-forgetfulness is the cure for shyness.—*Our "outh."*

INFIDELITY IN A COAL MINE.

The well-known evangelist, Richard Weaver, tells the following story of his early days:

"When I was a working collier, I remember working alongside a great boastful skeptic, who was engaged removing the supports from certain parts of the workings. It sometimes happens as on this occasion, that a stone gets loose, and comes crashing down upon the miner. This particular stone was only on a small one, but quite large enough to frighten my brave skeptic. I was not a Christian myself then, yet I always abhorred his braggart skepticism. When I went up to him he was lying under the stone and moaning, 'Lord, help me.' Putting my hand upon the stone I pressed it down so as to make it appear heavier. 'What are you going to do?' I asked; but his only answer was, 'The Lord help me.' As I pressed heavier and heavier, his fear increased, and he redoubled his cries to the Lord whom he had affected to despise. At length I took off my hand, and showed him the size of the stone, saying, 'See there! What is the worth of all your infidelity, when a stone that size can drive it all out of you in half a minute?' Atheism cannot stand the approach of death."

GAMBLING AND DRINKING.

THE practice of gambling—so fatal to character and often destructive to the soul—commonly begins just as drunkenness begins. At the bottom of the first glass of wine or other intoxicant lies the adder; and underneath the first dollar staked on a game of chance, or a horse-race, or a ball-match is concealed a serpent. When a young man puts up his first wager at a card-table, or lottery, or any game of chance, or race, he puts a coal of fire into his bosom; and such coals often kindle into conflagrations which "will burn unto the lowest hell!" Gambling for a time is as really a sin as gambling for a thousand dollars. There is always a first inch at the top of every precipice.

We do not declare that everyone who plays a game of whist is a gambler, any more than that everyone who drinks a glass of wine is a tippler. Yet cards are dangerous articles, just as wine-glasses are; and it is the path of absolute safety to let them both severely alone. All games of chance have a strange fascination. Archdeacon Farrar truly remarks that "there is a gambling element in human nature," and it must be kept under watch in the same way as inborn sensual appetites are watched.

With the excitement of a game of hazard comes a strong temptation to risk a stake on the game; as soon as the stake is laid, conscience is apt to go with it, and the devil takes a hand in the game. A winner increases his stakes; a loser plays on to make up losses; and the only safe way therefore is to stop before you begin.

Card-tables and pool-rooms are not the only places where gambling is practised. Tens of thousands are tempted to take a small risk in mining stocks or some other volatile "securities" that are playing up and down on 'Change. I have known a half-dozen boys—of respectable families—to "pool their pocket-money" in a venture on a share or two of stock.

It is time that every young man ban that heathenish word "luck" out of his vocabulary. Life is never a game of chance; and God never intended this world to be a vast "pool-room" in which success or failure turns on a throw of the dice. Let us not only aim to put race-tracks and pool-rooms under the ban of prohibitory law, but let us teach our young men that every dollar gained except by honest industry is, in the end, a loss, and will eat into the soul like fire!—*Rev. Dr. Cuyler, in Evangelist.*

HOW THE WHEELBARROW WORKED.

CHARLIE Acre had the misfortune to be an only child. During the eight years of his life he had never known what it was to share his possessions with any one. The almost inevitable result, selfishness, was being developed in him to an alarming extent. So thought his mother, at least, as she tried to make plain to him the meaning of the golden text for the following Sabbath, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Don't believe it," said Charlie flatly, eyeing the new red wheelbarrow his father had just given him.

"Suppose you try it" suggested mother softly

"What! Give away something that really is my own?" he queried, taken aback at the mere thought.

Mother nodded "Yes."

Five minutes of silence followed, broken at last by a voice saying dubiously:

"Well, ma, there's my old wheelbarrow; course, it isn't like my new one, 'cause the paint is off some, and one side smashed. Still, Dave Machree would like it, I know. He could carry the clams in it, for his father, from the pier to the house. I'll try it just this once, but, if I'm sorry this time, I never shall again."

"You won't be, I'm sure," said mother, with an inward prayer to the Blessor of little children that he would lay his hands on her boy, and so expel the demon of selfishness.

A half hour later, and a pair of red stockings were coming slowly back home from Dave Machree's. Very sober was the face of their owner as he sat down to his bread and milk. Silently mother watched the cloud settle deeper and deeper on the face of the practical experimenter with the golden text. Bedtime, and he turned to his mother, the tears very near the surface of the brown eyes, and said positively, but with a doleful ring in the voice:

"Mamma, it isn't true, and I knew it wasn't. That was a very good wheelbarrow, after all. I could have used it rainy days. I don't feel now so good as I did before."

"You will pretty soon," said mother cheerfully. "Don't you remember, when you were vaccinated, you had to wait three days before it began to work? This may be something of the same nature but it is sure to work sooner or later."

Upstairs went the red stockings, and down they came again in the morning, with the elasticity apparently permanently gone from the feet they encased.

At four o'clock that afternoon, Charley looked longingly after the troop of children leaving the school yard, then stared antagonistically at the spelling book on whose account he was compelled to spend this extra half hour of imprisonment. Supposing he had spelled "wheel" for "seal," and "barrow" for "sorrow," was that any reason why he should be cooped up a long half hour?

Half past four, and he started on his homeward way, only to see Dave Machree loom up in the distance, trundling the wheelbarrow filled with clams, from the pier to the house. How red the paint looked in the sun, and how little the broken side showed! Back started Dave from the house, this time with little Pete Machree on board as load. Charley drew nearer. The little crippled sunshiney Pete always smuggled his way into the warmest corner of every one's heart. How delightedly he was holding on to both sides with his chubby fists! What was that he was shouting between the "jounces" of the wheelbarrow?

"I—love 'oo, love, Dod—love ev'y one, 'cause—I'm in—dis here barrer."

Charley stopped short in the road. What was this strange new sensation that thrilled and glowed within him? Could it be he was glad he had given them the wheelbarrow? One good long look at the little figures, from whose throats a shout of delight issued in unison as Dave started full run down the pier, and Charley made up his mind then and there that the golden text for next Sunday was true. Home, then, to proclaim that at last it had worked!

One hour later a small boy, well flushed as to face, very tumbled as to hair, and very excited as to speech, burst into the room crying gaspingly:

"I was just—starting, ma, to tell you—it was all—all true when Dave w-went too fast and stubbed his wheel—I mean his t—e—and Pete fell off the edge of—the—the pier into the wheelbar—I mean the water, and his father—said if Dave didn't have the pier that had got caught on the edge of the wheelbarrow, to hold—on to, he couldn't have kept Peter's head out of his fath—I mean water till he came."

Mother seemed to understand all about it, even if it was mixed—others most generally do, you know. That night, as she tucked a very sleepy little boy into bed, he murmured drowsily:

"You see—I shall—try it—again, because I—felt"—And he was off to the land of Nod.—
Sunday-School Times

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

"A little five-year-old boy bounded into the house one day, and exclaimed, as he hung his hat up in the entry:

"This is my home! This is my home!"

A lady said, "Willie, the house next door is just the same as this one. Suppose you should hang your hat up in that entry, wouldn't that be home as much as this?"

"No, ma'am," said Willie, "it would not."

"Why not?" asked the lady. "What makes this house your home more than that one?"

"Because my mother lives here," said Willie.

A little Sunday-school boy lay dying.

"I'm going home to heaven," he said to his teacher.

"Why do you call heaven your home?" asked the teacher.

"Because Jesus is there."

"But suppose that Jesus should go out of Heaven?"

"Then I would go out with him," said the dying child.

Heaven is where Jesus is, just as home is where mother is. -*Ec.*

THE SOFT ANSWER.

The following incident in his life is told by a gentleman who knows the advantage of a soft answer:

When I was a boy, I, and a number of my playmates had rambled through the woods and fields, till, quite forgetful of the fading light, we found ourselves far from home; we found we had lost our way. It did so happen that we were nearer home than we thought; but how to get to it was the question. By the edge of the field we saw a man coming along, and we ran to ask him to tell us. Whether he was in trouble or not, I do not know, but he gave us some very surly answers. Just then there came along another man, a near neighbour, and with a merry smile on his face. "Jim," said he, "a man's tongue is like a cat's; it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sandpaper, just as he likes to use it and to make it; and I declare you always use your tongue for sandpaper. Try the velvet, man, try the velvet principle."

AN ARAB TENT AND FAMILY



When you read in the Bible of the patriarch's pitching their tents, they were not pretty, white, canvas tents such as you see to-day, but large sheets of coarse, dark, rough goat's hair cloth thrown over a rough frame work of sticks to form an awning. How thankful we should be for all the comforts of our homes.

FOUR LITTLE WIDOWS.



HELPER in Pandita Ramabai's Widows' Home at Poona overheard the following conversation between four of these children, for, though called widows, they are only from ten to twelve years of age.

Remember too that though they are now in a happy home and receiving a good education under a kind and clever Indian Christian lady, millions of these little widows are being cruelly treated still. Will you not pray that God will raise up friends for them? Will you not do what you can to help them?

The lady had been asleep and was awakened by the voices of these children, and this is what she heard them say :

Vitto :—"I was a mere baby when I was married. We do not look like wives, do we? Yet people call me a 'widow,' 'unlucky,' and say I have killed my husband."

Chanda :—"I am also a widow, because my parents say so; but what is the meaning of it I do not understand. They say I shall have to suffer much as I grow older. No one will love me because I killed and swallowed my husband; but I never saw him; I do not know who he was. Since I am come to this school all the teachers love me; they try to make me happy, and they never say unkind words to me or think I am unlucky."

Vitto :—"Prya, tell us something about yourself."

Prya :—"What shall I say? I can say one thing, that is, I was miserable, sad, and now I am happy since I came to this school."

Sundri :—"Prya, let us hear your history, and I will tell mine."

Prya :—"My father knew I would be a widow, but he purposely gave me in marriage."

All the Girls :—"Prya, Prya, do not say so! How could he know what was in the future?"

Vitto :—"Well, sometimes parents do it for the sake of money. Do you know the story of one girl who was here in the school, and was obliged to leave it for her ignorant people's sake? The poor thing was married when she was five years old. She was given to a man of fifty for 100 rupees. She went to her mother-in-law's house. Within a year the miserable man died, leaving behind him a widow six years old! Don't you think her parents must have had sense enough to know that such a small child given to an old man would become a widow? But they want money, or they do it when they are tired of their daughter."

Chanda :—"And also you must have heard of her sufferings; her mother-in-law, brother-in-law, and sister-in-law made her work the whole day. The poor girl was abused all the time, and was pinched and thrashed if she

made a slight mistake, and was even burnt on her hands, feet, and face with a red-hot iron. When she was ten or twelve years old the cruel people shaved her head and disfigured her."

Sundri :—"Did they really shave her? Then her intense sufferings must have begun at an early age."

Chanda :—"Yes, it did commence. Once she told me that she used to work and cook from five in the morning till ten or twelve at night. She had no bed to sleep on, a coarse dress, and got food only once a day; often she was starved and tired, but no one noticed her. She shed bitter tears as she told it."

Prya :—"You will get thousands of cases like that. I will tell you my history. My mother died when I was nine months old; one of her friends took care of me after her death. When I was only two years and six months old my father wanted me to be married. Then he asked a fortune teller (a Hindoo custom), who said that if I was to be married now I should be a widow. I ought not to be married till I was ten.

But my father gave me in marriage to a little boy, who died six months after, when I was three. My mother's friend took care of me till I was six years old, then my father brought me to Bombay. I lived with him four years, cooked for myself, and was very unhappy. My father was a strict Hindu, and did not love me because I was a widow,

My mother's uncle, seeing my miserable state, put me in this school. My father did not like it, so came to Poona to fetch me out, but was taken ill. I went to see him; he said he wanted to see my head shaved and disfigured [after which the intense suffering always begins]. I began to cry; he would have done it and ruined me, but he died soon and I was free."

Vitto :—"I will not call myself a widow, because my husband did not die a natural death; he fell into a well and died."

The others :—"We also are not widows, though our husbands fell sick and died; we did not see them, so after our studies are over, if we wish we shall marry again."

Prya :—"Now, Sundri, do tell us your story; let us hear it."

Sundri :—"I was married when I was five years old. Now and then I used to go to my mother-in-law's house, but my mother's house was far away, so I do not go very often. When I was ten my husband died, and I was called widow and unlucky. My mother cried bitterly. My good brother, who used to love me very much, sent me to this school at once, and says he will let me stay till I pass my examination."

Then they all began saying how nice that this school was; at home they used to suffer,

but now they are happy and everyone loves them, and then the happy group began to laugh and dance, and run away to play.—*Bombay Guardian.*

RAGGLES.

Raggles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie to shift for himself.

He was a sorry looking little fellow as he stood one morning at the gate to Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, in Western Kansas, shivering in the wind, and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek, fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him, and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said: "Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate, and the pony walked in, just if it were his home.

Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him; and as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles, on account of his long tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him, and could often be seen cantering over the prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs, which are very plentiful in Western Kansas.

When the next spring came Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place.

By the next fall the neighborhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go Raggles found he had regular duty every day.

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the school house, which was two miles away, then tie up his bridle and send him home. At about half past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time, and if he was a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1885, when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon, and the weather grew steadily colder.

The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck, and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand, and started out with his shambling trot for the school-house.

One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back, bundled up from head to foot.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride except being thoroughly chilled.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

SUCCESSFUL OFFICE BOYS.

An editor of a great city daily was speaking a few days ago about the services of his office boy.

"I don't believe there is a person in the building who has anything against the boy," said he. "Arthur is always on time, always ready, and quiet, and thoroughly reliable."

"Is it really true that a boy who is responsible and willing is always noticed?"

"O! yes!" said the editor. "Noticed at most at once, and all over the office."

"But what are his chances about being promoted? In a large office I should think there would be really little chance, yet one continually sees it stated that reliable boys are sure to be promoted."

The editor answered with decision.

"The chances are almost certain. I should say they were certain. A boy who is reliable, and willing to work, and who shows a disposition to do his best, is sure to be promoted as fast as he deserves to be. Of course, in our office we have all sorts of boys—boys who are shiftless, and have no interest in their work, who stay a short time and drift away.

That sort of boy doesn't count. But now Arthur has been with us two years. In all that time he has been keen and business-like, ready to do any thing, always pleasant, and prompt, and capable. The boy before Arthur was much the same sort of boy. He grew interested in the typewriter. He stayed after hours and practiced on it till he became thoroughly skillful with it. That boy is now the business manager's stenographer.

"The two boys before him are clerks in the count-room. Still others are at work in the building in good places.

"It is entirely true that a boy who means to make the most of himself can do it. We're looking for just those boys.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

The Hare and the Tiger.

THIS cut pictures an Indian fable. A tiger was killing and destroying the animals of the forest. He laid them under tribute to supply one of themselves for each meal.

In their sore distress they met to talk over their sad condition. At length the hare offered to deliver them. Very foolish seemed the proposal, coming from such a weak, timid creature as the hare; but there was no other hope, and she was asked to try her plan.



She then offered to take her turn the next morning to be the tiger's breakfast. Next morning she waited until two or three hours after breakfast time, and then made her appearance. The tiger was very hungry and angry, and in a rage wanted to know why she was so late.

She said that she was sorry to have kept him waiting, but that she had been hindered by another tiger and could not come.

Show me the animal that dared to hinder you, said the tiger in a rage. The hare led the tiger to a deep pit with water in the bottom, and said that it was in there. The tiger looked in, and seeing his own reflection in the water, thought it was the strange animal,

jumped at it and was drowned. Thus the hare delivered the forest from its scourge.

The fable is intended to teach that wisdom and skill are more mighty than blind brute force, no matter how great it may be.

Why they could not quarrel.

Two hermit monks had lived together in closest friendship for years, with no thought of envy or selfish rivalry in the mind of either.

At last it occurred to them to try the experiment of a quarrel after the common fashion of the world. "How can we quarrel?" asked one. "O," said the other, "we can take this brick and put it between us and each can claim it. Then we'll quarrel over it." "This brick is mine," said the one. "I hope it is mine," said the other gently. "Well, if it is yours, take it," said the other, who could never hear his companion express a wish for anything without having a desire to get it for him. So the quarrel failed through the unselfishness of both.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Total Abstinence.

A patient was arguing with his doctor the necessity of taking a stimulant. He urged that he was weak, and needed it. Said he: "But, doctor, I *must* have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold, and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here, this stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire; now it is warm; but is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke and then burst into flame, and replied, "Of course not; it is burning itself!"

"And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain!"

Oh, yes! alcohol will warm you up; but who finds the *fuel*? When you take food, that is fuel, and as it burns out you keep warm. But when you take alcohol to warm you, you are like a man who sets his house on fire and warms his fingers by it.—*The Well-Spring.*

International S. S. Lessons.

12 Aug.

The Temptation of Jesus.

Les. Matt. 4:1-11.
Mem. vs. 1-4.

Gol. Text, Heb 4:15.
Catechism Q. 88.

A strange thing had taken place at the Jordan. Jesus stepped up out of the edge of the stream where he had been standing with John, when John dipped up the water and poured it upon him in baptism. An appearance as of a dove lighted upon Him. A voice was heard. "This is My Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

The great work that was before Jesus came home to Him with new power. He saw rejection and disappointment and death.

He slipped quietly out of the crowd, travelled five or six miles west to the lonely hills that rise just above Jericho, and there, alone, not in the woods, for there was no forest, but among the lonely desolate hills, called wilderness, he thought over the great work on which He was entering, and there He was tempted.

How would He be tempted? We read in Hebrews iv, 15, that He was in all points tempted like as we are." How are we tempted? Thoughts come into our minds, put there by the evil one. So with Jesus.

It would be in this way. When He went to that lonely place, thinking of the work before Him, the suffering and death, the thought would come into His mind, The Jews are expecting a king to deliver them from their enemies. If I were to work a few miracles in their favor, lead them to victory, they would rally around me and make me king, or, perhaps the thought would come in this way; Why not give up this work and go back Home? Why should I suffer and die for those who will hate and reject me?

So strongly did these thoughts come into His mind that for forty days He was there thinking it over, these thoughts forcing themselves into His mind, and He was so agitated about it that He forgot His bodily needs, and for forty days did not eat nor hunger.

But he would not yield, and the devil finding he could not prevail, ceased putting such thoughts into Christ's mind. Then came peace and rest, and then came a feeling of His bodily needs, He was hungry.

Then the devil thought he would try another plan. So this thought came into Christ's mind, "I am the Son of God, I have all power, Why should I hunger? I will turn these stones into bread, and eat the bread." But then came the thought, "It is not God's will. He led me here, and He will provide for me in His own way." and Christ would not do that.

It might seem to us that there would be no sin in turning the stones into bread, but He saw that it would be wrong for Him, and He would not do it.

Then He came out of the lonely hills, got food at some village, and travelled up to Jerusalem, some twenty miles. When He got there, He still wanted to be alone. He went to the temple, His Father's house. To get by Himself, He went up some stairway that led to the roof, and there He looked down into the court-yard with its throng of worshippers.

Then the thought came to His mind, put there by the devil, "I am the Son of God. It is written of me, "He shall give His angels charge to keep thee, in their hands they shall bear thee up, &c. If I jump down I will not be hurt, the Jews will receive me as their king sent from heaven, and all will be so easy."

Then came the thought "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. I would be tempting Providence to do that." So Satan failed.

Coming down from the temple roof, still wishing to be alone, Jesus took a walk out into the country, perhaps to Mizpah, a mountain top some six miles distant, and there, as He sat looking around over the country, He could see all the kingdom of Judah, which was all the world to a Jew, and which it would be like the Eastern way of speaking, to call "all the kingdoms of the world." The thought came to Him, "If I would only be such a king as the Jews want, all this that I see would be mine." But then came the thought "that would be serving Satan and worshipping him rather than God" "Get thee behind me Satan."

Satan found that there was no use putting bad thoughts into the mind of Christ, and he left Him for a time.

1. When bad thoughts come into your mind, it is Satan that puts them there. When bad thoughts come to your minds do you resist them or yield to them.

2. Christ knew the Scriptures and when tempted, verses came to mind to help Him. Learn much of the Bible.

19 Aug.

First Disciples of Jesus.

Les. John 1:35-49.

Gol. Text, John 1-41

Mem. vs. 40-42

Catechism Q. 89.

After the temptation Jesus went back to the Jordan. John was still in the neighborhood, on the East side of the river, and the people were still coming to hear his preaching; and to be baptized.

The priests and rulers at Jerusalem had heard of John's preaching, and sent some men to ask him if he were the Messiah. So said John, but there is one standing among the people here who is the Great One. There

would be curiosity to see this One, but John did not tell them.

The next day Jesus was walking among the people just as a carpenter from Nazareth, and John pointed to Him and said "Look!" Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

Two men who had been attending John's preaching started and walked after Jesus. He saw them and turned and asked them who they were looking for. Speaking to Him as a teacher, calling Him Rabbi, they asked Him where He lived.

He invited them to come with Him and see. Perhaps He had a little booth or camp of boughs, perhaps He was boarding at some house. They went with Him, and talked with Him a good while. How they would wonder as they listened! This was the first teaching of Jesus after he had begun His ministry, and these two men, whose names were John and Andrew, were his first scholars or disciples. What a wonderful day it would be for them.

Andrew in his gladness went and looked for his brother Simon, who had come from Galilee with him. The two brothers had heard that John the Baptist was holding revival meetings away down at Jordan, and they had taken a few holidays from their fishing and gone down, and now that Andrew had found not only the forerunner, but the great, the promised Messiah, his first care is to find his brother and tell him.

Jesus now thought he would go away back north to Galilee, where His Home had been. And He met with another man from Galilee named Philip, and asked him to come with Him. Philip soon met another old acquaintance, Nathaniel, and told him the good news. "We have found the One of whom John the Baptist has been telling us, the One for whom Israel has looked so long, Jesus of Nazareth."

Nathaniel was surprised. He knew Nazareth, knew that it had not a very good name, and he said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Philip did not attempt to argue with Nathaniel as to what kind of a place Nazareth was. He felt that the best proof he could give Nathaniel would be to let him see and hear Jesus; so he merely answered, "Come and see."

The two came along together, Philip and Nathaniel. Jesus saw them coming, and spoke very kindly of the new comers. How do you know me, said Nathaniel, and what do you know about me. I saw you before Philip called you, was the reply, and yet Nathaniel thought he was out of sight of Jesus. He felt that this must indeed be a Divine Being. He did not think of Nazareth now, or of its ill name. The one thing that he felt, and it

swallowed up all else, was that he was now in the presence of the One who for so many hundreds of years Israel had looked for, and their prophets had spoken of, and with joy he exclaimed, "Thou art the Son of God, Thou art the King of Israel."

1. That same Jesus sees us now, though we may not see Him, and He is calling us to follow Him.

2. Andrew and Philip, so soon as they found Christ, went and brought others to Him. Have you ever tried to bring others?

3. Simon and Nathaniel, so soon as they were called, came to Christ. Have you come to Him?

26 Aug.

First Miracle of Jesus.

Les. John 21; 1-11. Gal. Text John 2: 11.
Mem. vs. 1-5. Catechism Q. 90.

Last lesson we saw how four or five men found out who Christ was, just as He was leaving the Jordan to go back to Galilee. This lesson is about four days later, just after He came back.

He had been away perhaps nearly two months. He went to the Jordan, was baptized by John, then into the wilderness and to Jerusalem. Then He had gone back to the Jordan for a few days before coming back to His home.

With the few fishermen from Galilee who had found Him as the Messiah He came north again. I can fancy His mother and Joseph inquiring what kept Him away so long, or asking about John's revival services.

At all events, when He came back He found that there was a great marriage feast in progress at a village near Nazareth among some old friends of the family. His mother was there. When He came along with His friends, they, too, were asked.

There were a good many people present: the feast was long continued; these six or seven new guests would be a drain upon their supplies, and at length the wine gave out. His mother, who was probably an intimate friend of the family, knew of it. The credit of the family for hospitality was at stake. What could be done? She mentioned it to Jesus; perhaps just in confidence, as to her nearest friend; perhaps because His coming with so many friends had been the cause of its running short, and she thought He might in some way aid in the difficulty; perhaps because she had often found Him wise, and thought He might advise what to do. Little did she dream what He would do.

There were standing in the courtyard six large stone water jars, holding perhaps twenty gallons each, four or five barrels in all. Jesus told the servants to fill them with water. They did so. Then He told them to

take out from them and carry to the director of the feast. They did so, and found that it was wine. The hospitable home had now plenty and to spare, but the wonder would be with regard to Him who had wrought the miracle. How all who were there would tell the wonderful story, and how eagerly others would hear it.

But why would Jesus make wine? Remember that wine was the common drink of the country. Not the strong drink of to-day, but the light wine of the country, and they used to mix that with two or three times its bulk of water. There was not drunkenness. There were no open saloons or bars. There was not strong drink on every hand. Did Jesus live in our land and our time, He would have nothing to do with wine, but He just adapted Himself to the innocent practices of the land and time when He was on earth with regard to food and drink.

1. Jesus' first miracle was to make glad a home. He loves the simple, pure joy of home.

2. Jesus should not only be invited to every wedding, but made a constant dweller in every home.

3. Jesus cares for even our tempora. wants, and these should ever be taken to Him.

2 Sept.

Jesus Cleanses the Temple.

Les. John 2: 13-25. Gol. Text John 2: 16. Mem. vs. 13-15. Catechism Q. 91.

Jesus was moving rapidly about. He had come to the Jordan to His baptism and temptation. After two months He had returned to Gallilee and performed the miracle at Cana, as we learned in last lesson.

Only a few days later we find Him, in the present lesson, back at Jerusalem at the Passover feast.

Going to the temple, He found that a great many wrong things were done in this way about the temple. Jews from distant parts of that land, and Jews from foreign lands, could not bring animals for sacrifice. They would have to buy them in Jerusalem. To supply these there sprang up quite a trade in cattle and sheep.

The sellers, like butchers in a market, were anxious to get the best place for selling, and crowded up until they had their stalls in the courtyard of the temple itself.

Again those who came from other countries would not have the Jewish half-shekel to pay their offering at temple, and money changers were a great convenience. These, too, had worked their way in. They were often dishonest, and would take advantage of the ignorance of strangers and charge them more than they ought to, so, a place of worship, this part of it was, as Christ says, "a house of merchandise."

He saw the wrongs and abuses in the temple. He had no doubt often seen them before and mourned over them, but He had not on these other times felt that it was His time to interfere. But now He has begun His public work as the Son of God, and He has a right to drive the wrong out of His Father's house.

He picks up some cords, makes a small light whip, drives out the sheep and oxen. He is but One; the traders are many, but they do not dare resist Him. The cattle go crowding and thronging into the street. The owners follow them. There is something in the young man from Nazareth that makes them afraid. Their consciences, too, tell them they are guilty, and they go out to look after their cattle as best they can in the narrow, crowded streets of the city.

The money tables, too, where the money changers sit and often cheat strangers, these he upsets and the money goes rolling over the stone floor. They quickly gather up their scattered money and slink quietly out, glad to get away from that piercing eye and that accusing voice, that makes them feel so guilty and mean.

The priests and scribes, the rulers of the temple, look on and wonder what strange young man that is that takes so much upon Himself. Then they ask Him why He does this, what authority He has for it, and He says to them in substance: Put me to death, destroy my body, and in three days I will arise again. This will show me to be God, as well as man, and will show my right to do what I am doing. He called His body a temple, and they did not understand what He meant.

The Jews perhaps forgot all about that, but when, two or three years after, He rose from the dead, His disciples remembered these words.

He did a good many other miracles at this passover feast. We are not told what they were, but a good many people believed in Him.

This was at the beginning of His public ministry, and once again at its close, two or three years later, He found that the traders were back again, as bad as before, and again He drove them out.

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