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1892

The . . .

CHILDREN'S

RECORD

OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

VOL. 7.

MARCH.

NO. 3.

## A TRIP TO HONAN, III.

BY REV. J. MCGILLIVRAY.

**W**ELL, boys, if I remember aright I promised to take you on this trip to see how the missionaries do their work—I should say some of their work, for a great deal of it cannot be seen.

Let us set out at once with the missionary to a preaching chapel or church. It is an old vacant building in one of the busiest streets, once used as a store. As we come up, the old caretaker, who has been lazily sipping tea on the shop steps of a neighbour, swaggers across the street and begins to take off his shutters. You see there is no congregation inside ready to hear the minister preach, as with us.

By and by, out of curiosity, a few Chinese stroll into the room, sit down on the benches, and smoke away.

Now, how does the missionary begin the service? Give out a hymn? Offer up a prayer? No, for then they would only laugh and sneer at him. Well, how? The old caretaker fishes out of a corner an old tea-pot, goes out to a tea shop, and brings it back full of hot tea. The missionary, then waves the tea pot aloft and asks them to drink with him. After that, they are ready to listen to him for a little. He tries to draw them into chats about religion, their own or his; but they dodge his questions and are ready to talk on any other subject but that.

Then, too, the congregation, if it can be called by that name, changes every few minutes. They are coming and going. There is no time to get down to real work. As a missionary put it recently "We must do what we can and pray that God's Holy Spirit, like a lightning flash, will reveal the truth."

Again, think of the interruptions. Look there is a man at the meeting with a little pig whose squealing music is too much for the missionary's ear and so the happy owner has to leave. There goes a boy with a small fox dangling by the nose from a long pole? Just think what a difference at home, with us, old and young, quietly seated listening to the sermon. Very seldom do we even hear a

snore from a weary sleeper on the back pews; but in Honan, the congregation is talking, laughing, smoking, singing, and yelling, while the patient missionary is trying so hard to get them to listen to his glad news. But, day and day, he works away, hoping and praying that God's true light may enter some dark heart.

When the work is beginning in a new field, the missionaries do most of their work outside. They go in pairs, two and two like the disciples of Jesus, and travel from village to village. Let us away with them on one of these trips.

But, first, let me tell you that 'fairs' are very common in China. The people come from long distances to one central place to buy and sell. These fairs seem to be so fixed that the fair of one town does not come at the same time as at another town. Every thing that can be sold is there, from a kite to a donkey. It is real fun to watch the big crowds moving back and forth, swaying like the waves of the sea, driven along by a red-hot desire to make 'cash' (the smallest Chinese coin).

Well, the missionaries see their chance and go to these fairs to sell Testaments, single gospels, tracts, and other books—not, of course, to make money, but to win souls for Jesus.

First of all, they pick out a shady spot under some tree, if they can get it, and rent it as long as they want it. Then, putting a board down before them on the ground, (if they cannot rent a table) and spreading out their books upon it, they begin to shout their wares till a crowd gathers around; when they begin by explaining why they are there. They come to tell them of a great and good religious teacher—called Jesus.

They are not talking long when some one in the crowd will shout out, "We, too, have a great religious teacher—Confucius". The missionaries will, then, speak of Confucius, and say that he was great, indeed, but that he could not tell them how to become good, nor, could he tell them any thing about Death and what was beyond Death. For he used to say "I know not life and, how then, can I know Death".

In some such way, the missionaries point out the great difference between Confucius and Jesus, the Son of God. But he has a hard time of it. For, right along as he talks the crowd keeps up a running fire of questions at him, some of them very funny and absurd.

Here are some of the most common:—"How many wives have you?" "What did you pay for your shoes?" "Have you the same moon in your country as we have?" O what loving patience must be in the missionary heart to keep good natured and calm through it all.

Look, here is a fellow carefully examining one of the books. He seems interested, and so he is the sly rogue, for soon he asks the missionary if he might take the book aside for a little, just to look at it more fully. He does so and conveniently forgets to bring it back. But, still, some do buy the books. If they only read them they may be saved.

As you leave the fair, the missionaries you see, stick up several gospel-texts on the wall by the town gate. Thus, they try every plan to catch the eye and heart of these unsaved people.

Even from this brief trip, you will see, how hard it is to preach in Honan, and how foolish it is for the good folk at home, old and young, to be disappointed unless they hear, in a year or two about converts. The work at the start is very very slow, but is always sure in the end. You and I, young friend, seeing now and again a letter from a missionary, know nothing of the real hard trying work he is doing, for he cares not to write about that, but be sure, he is doing it all the same.

Now, after leaving the fair let us come back to the inn where we lodge at times. Here, too, the work goes on. The preacher in one room talking with those who will, and selling his books and tracts, and the doctor in another room dealing with all kinds of sick folk and healing all he can.

Sometimes the doctor has a very busy time of it. The crowd who want to see him is so big and pressing, that one of the missionaries must stand at the door to keep them back, and let them in by twos and threes, or the doctor will have no room to work.

All their own doctors in China are quacks. They know little or nothing about medicine or surgery. They use a great many plasters. If the pain is in the back of your head, they slap a big plaster on your forehead—always opposite the sore spot, never upon it. If you are weak, they give you something to take that they say is a mixture of lions milk and tigers claws! That, they think, I suppose will make you as strong as a lion and as nimble as a tiger. Often they stick needles into the suffering patient wherever the pain is, thinking thereby to probe away the bad spirit who is at work in that spot.

Bad diseases are given beautiful names. For example, they call small-pox "heavenly flowers." They think the speediest way to drive away such diseases is to give them nice names. So, you see, how much need there is for good well-trained doctors to go out to Honan, and help these poor sufferers.

The doctors see many sad sights. Not long ago, three aged blind men came to one of our doctors in Honan; but he could do nothing for them, and as they rode away they were a sad picture, for their souls were blind too. Perhaps, some of you, boys and girls, are thinking of being doctors, and that by and by we will hear of you being in China healing and blessing the boys and girls in that sad land.

But now we have had a long day together, and you must be tired out. Take a good night's rest, and some other day, we will go and see some of the temples and gods of Honan.

Your fellow-traveller,

J. MACGILLIVRAY.

The years of childhood and youth are like the precious morning hour. If you would have a well-spent day, you must be up betimes. They are like the sweet springtime. If the gardener or husbandman neglects his work in spring he will rue his folly, but cannot repair it, when rosy Summer comes with her fruit-basket, and sunburnt Autumn with his golden sickle. The Germans have a proverb, "Well begun is half-way won," and this is true of life. The voice of Heavenly Wisdom says, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

## LETTER FROM MISS BLACKADDAR.

TACARIGUA, TRINIDAD,

Jan. 24th. 1892.

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—This is such a beautiful morning, a sweet wind blowing, flowers in bloom, birds flying about, people going to the river to bathe, all this on the 24th of January—while over all comes the sound of the bells of the Presbyterian church in Arouca some two miles away.

The village where I live is a very large one. The houses are mostly made of mud, not lofty but well ventilated, often the cow or donkey or sprightly goat live in peace and harmony with the members of the household. Little brown children play in a very scanty costume or none at all. The mothers are carrying water on their heads, just as gracefully as did Rebecca long ago.

You would not think it was the day of rest, people are washing, bathing and selling. Shops are open till nine o'clock in the morning, and I imagine the back doors are open all day.

Saturday afternoon, our market is held, fruits and vegetables are sold, in the evening nearly everyone gets drunk.

A week ago two Coolie men had a fight. One was so badly injured that he died next day. A Coolie man came home one afternoon, had reasons to think his wife was untrue to him, took up a cutlass, and, in sight of people commenced cutting up the unhappy woman; her head and hands were severed from the body and before he could be stopped seventeen wounds had been inflicted. This dreadful deed took place on the estate just back of us.

Another painful thing occurred. A Coolie went out in the country to buy vegetables. The owner of the garden, a negro, took the Coolie to a lonely part of the place and fired at him point blank. One eye was destroyed and the nose partly shot away, then the negro robbed the wounded man and calmly walked away, leaving the victim to bleed to death. Some one hearing the shot, was impelled to go and see what had taken place, called for

aid and had the wounded man taken to the hospital where I saw him. I think the poor fellow is still alive.

But you must not think such dreadful things are always going on here. If you consider our mixed population we really are a law abiding people.

I did not tell you we carry on temperance work. At a meeting held in Tunapuna lately where Dr. Morton is settled, a man who was accustomed to drink, attended, at the request of a friend. He was so impressed on hearing the speeches and learning how dangerous rum is, that he decided then and there *never to drink* again, and so far he has kept it.

Our boys and girls do very well indeed. They sing and recite, make speeches, and some do more, they keep their pledge.

One day one of our Band of Hope boys missed the train and was walking in company with a man. They had walked some miles in the heat and dust. When they reached a shop the man said, "Yousef, will you drink some rum?" "No," was the answer—"the school boys do not drink." "Well, will you take a cigar?" "No, I do not smoke." "Ah," said the man—"you boys are fools and stupid, you do not like this or that, Miss Blackadder is spoiling you." "Well," said Yousef, perhaps what you say is true, but I will tell you what, "all we boys like too much good bread and butter." The man took the hint and gave the brave little Band of Hope boy a big loaf of bread and plenty of butter. Now would not that Hindoo boy's plan work well in New Brunswick, or any where else. If people want to treat others, why not treat them to things they like to eat as well as to force them to take things that they do not like and that will lead to danger.

This same Yousef came in laughing one day and on being asked the cause of so much levity, answered, a Coolie man on the street was vexed and made the rude remark, "All women this country are like dogs." A woman jumped up and said, "all man this country are like donkeys." The crowd roared with delight. The woman had won. So you see even the mild Hindoo woman will sometimes assert her rights.

Speaking of temperance, I have a little white pony. One day he got out and went down the road to a rum shop, took up his place at the door and poked in his mild, white face. A black man caught him, brought him home, and remarked in a shocked tone:—"Miss Blackaddar, I found your pony in the rum shop.!!!" "Well," I answered, "the poor dumb beast was sorry to see you there and went to get you out, or perhaps he wanted to find out for himself what took so many people in." "No," said the man, "when a white horse looks at you in a rum shop, you will be sure to die.!!" I told him not to go in drinking or the warning would be sure to come true. Little did the pony know the consternation he caused by his visit to the rum shop."

One of our best boys was baptized a few Sabbaths since. We called him, Clarence Carmichael, after Miss Carmichael of New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. He is so bright and clever, that we hope he will do good for himself, and the church which has done so much for his people.

A little brother of his was baptized the same day. Next Sabbath, another dear child will be baptized. So the work goes on, here one, there a family, there a number.

What a gathering, when all the redeemed gather around the Throne. May many jewels be added to the crown of the Saviour from our own dear Island of Trinidad.

Yours sincerely,  
ANNIE L. M. BLACKADDAR.

#### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

LOUISE Parr, a young girl of sixteen, offered to take a class in the mission school, and was given seven ragged, unkempt boys, of ten or twelve years of age. She began early to teach them to spell, and continued to do this for two or three Sabbaths. After studying the alphabet she would read to them a chapter of the Bible and try to explain it. But one Sunday Dr. Storrs, the old pastor, saw that the boys were whispering and scuffling, while Louise sat indifferent, silent and despondent. As she walked home he joined her.

"What was the matter?" he asked.

"They know nothing. I know little more. When I thought of the months, possibly

years, it would take to teach them to read the Bible, and of all the doctrines and wisdom and divine meaning in it which I do not understand, I concluded to give it up. It is of no use to try! It is the learned doctors and great saints who must help the world. I am nothing but a stupid, weak child."

"Yes," said the old minister, thoughtfully, "God has put a great store of truth here in the world to feed our souls; in the Bible, in nature, in the thoughts and lives of men.

"Suppose," he said suddenly, "that you should see piled up here in the field all the bread and meat which you will eat in the course of your life. It would appal you. You would turn from it in horror. But you gladly receive it, a mouthful at a time, and it gives strength and nourishment to your blood and brain.

"Your soul will be fed by God in the same way. You are weak and feel your need of greater knowledge. He does not expect you to become as wise and holy as an apostle or martyr in an hour, but slowly—as the body grows.

"Human beings do not reach mountain heights by one mighty leap, but foot by foot, tramp, tramp, through the thorny brush and over rocks, and through pleasant places, too; by hard labour and happy rests. But they reach it at last, and stand in the sunshine above the clouds."

"I can understand that," said Louise. "But it certainly seems to be folly for me to try to help these boys. They are so ignorant, so indifferent and so vicious. And they are but two or three out of the hundreds like them in our town. And our town is one out of many millions in the world, with ignorance and vice in all. There does not seem to be any use in trying."

The old pastor was silent for a long time as they walked along the path through the fields. He said at last: "What a terrible drought we have had this summer! The ground has been baked with the heat, and the vegetation scorched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

"When the rain came last week, suppose each little drop of water, as it left the cloud, could have thought and said:—

"Why should I fall upon the vast, arid plain? What good could I do? It needs countless drops to freshen the ground and bring it to life again."

"But the rain-drop did not know what God knows, that one drop may wet the earth above a buried acorn, and help it to become a great tree which shall give shade and comfort to man for centuries."

Louise made no answer to the doctor's parables, but when she reached her home she held out her hand, saying:—

"I suppose all teachers sometimes get discouraged. I will try again."—*Scl.*

## "READY FOR ANYTHING."

THE BOY MARTYRS OF UGANDA.

*For the CHILDREN'S RECORD :*

SIX years ago, three Christian boys, Bugalama, Suramanga and Kakumba, belonging to the mission at Uganda, were seized by order of the king and doomed to death. On their way to the place of execution their captors jeered and mocked them and the leader tried to intimidate them with threats, but their only reply was, "we are ready for anything."

After praying they lifted up their young voices in a hymn of praise. Though bound they were free in God's love and they rejoiced in this freedom. Only one in the throng was a friend, but others were convinced by their fearlessness and faith that the religion of Jesus Christ was true.

In a lonely spot, near a swamp, their enemies collected a heap of dry sticks and over it placed a platform.

Suramanga was the first to suffer. His arms were torn from his body, and he was flung writhing upon the platform, but with a courage born from above, he never uttered a cry.

When Kakumba was seized, he begged for mercy, but in vain, and his armless body soon rested beside his companion. Bugalama, a beautiful boy was next taken. He stood perfectly erect, and apparently fearless. He asked as a last request that he might be thrown on the pile without being mutilated. This was denied, so with noble courage he shared the fate of his comrades. A torch applied to the pile brought more agony, but with it a blessed release, and a glorious entering in among the blood-washed throng who have come out of great tribulation.

Do the annals of martyrdom furnish a more touching picture than this, drawn in darkest Africa! Is a nation which brings forth such heroes to be allowed to perish from rum and ignorance! God forbid!

Boys and girls of Canada what are you doing to help save the heathen from their suffering and sin?

HELEN M. CLARKE.

## ANGELS' WORK.

**I** WONDER if you have seen that pathetic little story of the poor tired mother who took her three little children into a parlor car by mistake, and was rudely driven into another car in a way that brought smiles to some faces, but a great pity into the tender heart of one of the passengers, a little boy. He showed his sympathy in true boy fashion by taking some of his own fruit and luncheon to the abashed little group in the common car.

So sweet and gentle was the ministry of the bright-faced, beautiful boy that one of the children, watching his retreating form, asked: "Was he an angel, mamma?"

"No, dear; but he was doing an angel's work, bless him!" answered the mother.

And it is this answer that rings in my ears so persistently that I pass it on to you: "Doing an angel's work."

Is there not a little bit of an angel's work for each one of us, every day, no matter how common-place the day may be? Perhaps you are not quite sure just what an angel's work is, but a little searching of the Scriptures will make it quite clear. And having found what the work is like, suppose we each one, just for one week, watch diligently for such pieces of it as may lie in our path?—*Ex.*

## OUR MEN OF THE FUTURE.

Boys should not consider it manly to use profane language.

They ought not to hold up others to ridicule anywhere.

They should not indulge their propensity of playing tricks.

They ought not to read dangerous books and papers.

They ought not to interrupt others in their conversation.

Neither ought they to deceive their teachers or their parents.

Boys ought not to smoke, for it injures their nervous system.

Boys should not backbite others. It is mean to do so.

Boys should have the greatest possible horror for intoxicating drinks.

Boys should shun evil companions as they would demons from below.

Boys should ever bear in mind that God's eye is upon them always.

Boys should continually struggle to overcome their special bad habits.

Boys, cultivate self-respect, you are our men of the future.—*Ex.*



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

WHO of the young people can tell the story of the picture?

A man and woman and a little babe are in a quiet village. They are poor and lowly, but strong in each other's love, and in love to the little one and to God, they are happy. But there is something more than this. Some strange things have been said concerning that child, of the wondrous being that He has, and of what He is to be, and they are specially happy in the hopes that centre in Him.

But one night the man dreams a strange fearsome dream, and in the dream, a voice tells him that the young life around which so many hopes are clustered is in danger, that the king who lives in a city about six miles distant will seek to kill the little one. What shall he do? How can he escape? Where can he get beyond the king's power and who can help if the king wishes to kill?

Then as in his dream he wonders and fears, the voice says again, "Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt." How his heart bounds at the thought of safety! The king cannot touch him there.

He wakens the mother, and tells his dream. Up they rise, not waiting for the day lest mischief befall them, and their escape be prevented. Away down through the hills below Bethlehem they hurry along, the mother clasping her child tighter at every sound and casting glances backward to see if any are following.

Wearied and worn they press on, and at length they reach Egypt, where their forefathers had been so long in bondage, but which to them now means safety, and in the picture we see Joseph pointing with glad, eager looks, to the palm trees by the Nile. Now they are safe, and Mary is bowing her head in loving tenderness over the babe and lifting her heart in gratitude to God, while the little one, all unconscious, looks and smiles at them both.

What a picture of helplessness. The infant Saviour escaping for life from a bold, bad man. But He was safe. The Almighty God was watching over Him. And if you are a follower of that same Saviour, that same God will keep you when you are weak, and protect you when you are in danger.



## BURIED SUNSHINE.

**OUTSIDE**, in the darkness, the winter wind sent the snow and dead leaves flying past the window. Inside, the coal-fire warmed the air and lighted the room for our evening talk.

We children sat in comfortable chairs around the fire, wondering what our dear story-teller would have for us to-night,—our gray-haired uncle, who knew so much, and had seen so many strange countries. We—Harold, Elsie and Bess—watched him anxiously, trying to be patient. By and by he began:

"Ages ago, before any children were here, and before Adam lived in Eden, long before the great elephants and birds and reptiles, which have left their skeletons for us, were on the earth, my story begins. No flowers bloomed, and no fruit-trees grew. There were only tall trees, like our pines, and great ferns. Deep mosses covered the swampy ground, and everything grew very fast in the hot, moist air."

"Wasn't there anything then like what we can see now, uncle?"

"Yes; the same sun shone, and for long years these plants lived on the lonely earth, and drank in the sunshine and moisture, growing great in every way."

"And how big were the ferns?" asked Bess.

"Oh! so big that, if we could have been there, they would have towered above our heads as trees do now. Their leaves would have made beautiful tracery against the sky. They were as the ferns now are to the little ants which run along the ground. Well, though these plants and trees were so great, they could not always live, and, after their death, others like them grew up and died. So, as time went on, the swampy ground was packed so heavily that some of it sank into the sea."

"With the green things all growing on it?"

"Yes; and the sand settled upon this drowned land, pushing it farther down, where it lay for long years."

"Sometimes the earth seems weary, and draws a long breath. Her breast heaves, and the land and water change places."

"Is that an earthquake?"

"Yes, Elsie. So it was then, and the ground under the water came up into the air again; and upon the hidden ferns and trees more of the same kind grew. They too in time weighed down the soft ground, until it sank, as it had before. Imagine, children, the first trees and ferns and mosses sinking down, down, and becoming harder and blacker! Of what use were all the years of life in the sunshine, when the ages were crowding them farther out of the way? Up above, the birds,

the flowers, and giant beasts had come. Then man came too, and the old earth seemed to be young again, and to be really alive. Did the ferns ever dream of such days?"

"Uncle, what was it all for?" asked Harold.

"Can you guess, children?"

"We were all silent."

"Let your thoughts jump over the long, long time before man found, down in the earth, a hard, black, shiny something,—found that it would burn, and named it—"

"Coal!" shouted two voices.

"Yes; the ferns are at last free, and the sunshine they stored away ages ago is given to us. Our rooms are lighted and warmed with something which was once green and growing."

We children thought over the wonderful story, and uncle looked thoughtfully into the fire. By and by he said: "I like to think that we can learn patience and hope from the story of the coal. We too grow through the sunshine of happy days and the pressure of sad times, until our lives are made happier than we ever dreamed they could be."

We were too young to fully understand this, but we longed to be good, and we watched the glowing coals, while we made in our hearts many resolutions about loving our homes and being patient under trials.—*E. c.*

## MY FATHER KNOWS.

**IN** one of the public schools of a large city, while the school was in session, a transom window fell out with a crash. By some means the cry of "fire" was raised, and a terrible panic ensued. The scholars rushed into the street, shrieking with wild dismay. The alarm extended to the teachers, also, one of whom, a young lady, actually jumped from the window. Among hundreds of children with whom the building was crowded was one girl, among the best in the school, who, through all the frightful scene, maintained entire composure. The color, indeed, forsook her cheeks; her lips quivered; the tears stood in her eyes; but she moved not. After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, the question was asked her how she came to sit so still, without apparent alarm, when everybody else was in such a fright. "My father," she said, "is a fireman, and knows what to do in such a case, and he told me if there is an alarm of fire in the school, I must just sit still." What a beautiful illustration of faith! "My father told me so, and my father knows!"

This is the gist of the whole matter—imperturbable, unflinching trust in our heavenly Father.—*Lutheran Observer.*

## TO BOYS COMMENCING BUSINESS.

**B**E on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty. Be respectful to your employers and to all in authority over you, and be polite to every one; politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting along in the world. And above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body, who falls into no bad habits, who is honest, truthful and industrious, who remembers with grateful love his father and mother, and who does not grow away from church and Sunday-school, has qualities of mind and heart that will ensure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honor, truth and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it. Shun billiard saloons, and be careful how you spend the evenings. Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold and forsake you, but books are always the same. And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty and industry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part; there all the honor lies.—*Sol.*

## THE SINS OF ONE'S YOUTH.

**T**HERE is something very sad as well as instructive in David's prayer, "Remember not the sins of my youth." Zophar, in the Book of Job, says: "His bones are full of the sins of his youth." Not only can bodily diseases be traced to the indiscretions and disobedience of youth, but also confirmed habits and overmastering sins and hardened guilt.

It is a fateful truth that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Sow a thought and reap a desire; sow a desire and reap an act; sow an act and reap a habit; sow a habit and reap a life; sow a life and reap an eternity. The reaping must be the same in kind and manifold in degree.

These sins of youth will have their revenge in bodily ailments and mental associations and spiritual temptations. Grace does not affect them, nor can one grow out of them. The stains and scars and crooks remain through all the growth. God may have forgiven them, but one cannot forget them, nor cease to blush at their remembrance. Most of the sins of age are but the outbursts of the pent-up sins

of youth. It is found that the large majority of criminals become such before twenty-one years of age. At that age one becomes cautious and takes fewer risks. So also do the large majority of those who become Christians follow Christ in youth.

The only explanation of the sudden fall of some Christians, is that they were overcome by the accumulated force of the hidden sins of youth. The psalmist made God his portion from his youth, and became "a man after God's own heart." Yet the sins of youth overcame him at times of great temptation, and brought forth such bitter fruit in his sons, that the heart-broken cry was forced from him concerning Absalom:—"Is the young man safe?"

Nothing is more blessed than to be able to say of a young man, "He is safe," sound in growth. One does not care to ask so much, "Does he inherit wealth?" "Is he well educated?" "Is he smart?" as "Is he safe?" "Can he be trusted?" Trusted with himself and his future, as well as with property and confidence. A merchant could find any number of boys who were said to be smart, but only one who was faithful.

To be able to say that a young man is safe, he must have formed a character for manliness and godliness, which promises a fixed course of right thought and action and life with corresponding growth.

And nothing except the regenerating grace of God can so change and fix the character and life. No young man can save himself, nor can it be said of him that he is safe, until he is saved in Jesus Christ. The sins of youth will bring forth a harvest of sins in after-life, unless the grace of God intervenes.—*New York Evangelist.*

## THE VALUE OF THE SABBATH.

**Y**OUNG man, write on your creed as with a diamond pen, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and whenever you are tempted to swerve from the path it prescribes, repeat it with all the courage of a true man. How much easier to keep than to violate this great law! What stores of evidence does the Sabbath-breaker lay up for coming years! What a sterile old age awaits him, even if he survives his transgressions to that period, when the memory of his crimes will sicken his soul. What is the little self-denial that obedience costs contrasted with the sad recollections of a life all polluted with sin! Shall your life end in joyous hopes or black despair? "The way of the transgressor is hard," but his wages are sure.—*Christian Index.*

It is much better to be troubled for sin than by sin.

## A PRISONER FOUND IN JAIL.

A REQUEST came through an officer to visit a prisoner in the jail. This is no unusual thing, and signifies generally nothing more than an urgent appeal for money to pay the fine or to furnish bail. And so while the summons was heeded it was not with any sanguine expectation of fruit. Inquiring at the office of the jail as to who the prisoner might be, the record was read off to us from the books: "John Kennedy *alias* Canfield, breaking and entering, cell No. 115." An old jail-bird, we thought to ourselves, whose last device is to light on an impressible minister and make a prey of him.

But, as we stood face to face with the captive looking through the iron bars, he surprised us by saying: "I have sent for you, reverend, because you have several times helped my poor wife in her trouble, and it seems like I knew you. What I want, reverend, is to confess my crime. I lied about it when they arrested me, said I didn't do it, and was determined to plead not guilty and stick it out. But, reverend, my mind has been totally changed since I came in here, and now I am determined to make a clean breast of it, sentence or no sentence, prison or no prison."

"And what has changed your mind?" I asked.

With a vehemence of manner which I cannot describe, he turned about, and seizing a Bible which lay on the table of his cell he held it out, exclaiming: "That is what did the business for me, reverend. I never knewed there was such things into that book before. I have read it about all the time since I came in here. I tell you, reverend, it is wonderful; and if I had knowed that book before I shouldn't have been here now."

Thinking that all this might be a shrewd attempt of the culprit to impress me with his religiousness, I questioned him further.

"What have you found in this book which seems so wonderful?"

He then began searching through the pages of the Bible, many leaves of which I could see he had turned down, till finding the first Psalm, he put his finger on the first verse and exclaimed:

"Look at that, sir. That tells the story of my life exactly. I had a praying mother in the old country. She tried to bring me up well, but I very soon got with bad companions and went steadily down in sin, till I became one of the wickedest men living. But look, sir, how this book describes it." And then he read with great deliberation and strong emphasis: "Walketh in the counsel of the ungodly, standeth in the way of sinners, sitteth in the seat of the scornful." That's my history exactly, reverend. I tell you I never

dreamed there was such things into this book."

"But haven't you found anything in the book to give you help?" I asked.

Searching through the turned-down leaves again, he suddenly paused at the 18th Psalm and read: "'He sent from above, He took me and drew me out of many waters. He delivered me from my strong enemy.'" I tell you, sir," he continued, "that fits my case. Rum has been my strong enemy all my life. I have tried to get away from it, and sometimes have thought I had done so, but before I thought, it had me down again; and for months I would not see a sober day. But I was brought up to believe the Bible, and though I haven't looked into it since I was a boy in the old country, I know it is God's word, and when last night I read these words: 'He delivered me from my strong enemy,' I got down in my cell and cried half the night, 'O God! deliver me from my strong enemy; and I believe he has heard me, and that hereafter I shall be a changed man.'"

"But," I replied, "you will not be able to stand unless your trust is solely in Jesus Christ, and not in any good resolutions of your own."

"I know it, reverend," he replied; and then with his open Bible we went into the blessed third of John, and read together its golden text: "He that believeth on the Son," all of which he drank in as good news from a far country. I cannot detail the entire interview. Enough to say that when prayer was proposed there was not the stolid mechanical response which is so often found in such cases. After I had prayed outside the grating, John Kennedy took up the strain inside. It was literally a prayer with strong crying and tears unto Him that is able to save, a lost sinner laying hold of a mighty Saviour. The interview was a prolonged one; and with the best judgment I am able to exercise, I have a strong conviction that whether in prison or out of prison, for the next years, John Kennedy will prove to be a regenerated man. The lesson from this experience is a rich one. How the Word of God finds the sinner! "I know the Bible is God's book," said the lamented Arthur Hallam, "because I find that it is man's book, because it fits into every turn and fold of the human heart."—*Dr. A. J. Gordon, in the Watchman.*

The duties one doesn't want to do he can't find time to do.

Christ shed tears three times, but he dried them hundreds of times.

The cruellest sentence in the English language is, "I don't care."

THE  
LORD  
GOD  
SON and  
FIELD.



C. CHIRE

## HOW HE GOT HIS PLACE.

THE boy who does just as little as possible for an employer sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business house in which he is employed, when a less brilliant companion who works for another establishment is advanced very rapidly. The reason probably is that the less brilliant companion is more faithful, and works conscientiously, always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work, and when the opportunity comes a better place is given him, which he fills with equal faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident:

A boy about sixteen years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for two weeks, and was well-nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when, one afternoon, he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question, "Can you give me any thing to do?"

Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered, "No; full now." Then, happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, said, "If you want to work half an hour or so, go down stairs and pile up that kindling wood. Do it well and I'll give you twenty-five cents."

"All right, thank you, sir," answered the young man, and he went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon he came up stairs and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ah, yes," said that gentleman, somewhat hastily. "Piled the wood? Well, here's your money."

"No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and thought no more of the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and recollecting the wood pile, glanced into the coal and wood room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal bin.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Stone. "I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad; "but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work than not. But I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without further comment. Half an hour later the young man presented himself, clean and well brushed, for his pay.

Mr. Stone passed him his quarter.

"Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone. "Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me. Here's writing something on a slip of paper, "take this to that gentleman standing by the counter there; he will tell you what to do. I'll give you six dollars a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that down stairs, and that's all," and Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large as it was then, and its superintendent is the young man who began by piling kindling wood for twenty-five cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has been advanced, step by step, and has not yet by any means reached the topmost round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day, either with his employer or in some other business house.

## A WONDERFUL LIFE.

IN the year 1865, on a bright April day, there landed in Boston from one of the ships of Alpheus Hardy, a Christian merchant, a solitary Japanese lad. He had been born in the house of Prince Itakura, where his father had been a secretary, and was now twenty-two years of age.

His early history had been strange. From boyhood it had been his supreme desire to understand religious truth, and to live for the soul. He had been led to see that spiritual education was the highest attainment of life, and, hungry for this knowledge, had left the palace to seek instruction, wherever it might be found.

He heard of the missionaries from the West, who taught that God was a universal Father, and he secured an historical geography of the United States and some Christian books published at Shanghai and Hongkong. His thoughts now turned continually to the lands of the West.

"I desired," he said, "to visit the lands from which these teachers came."

The conviction grew that he must go to the West for spiritual light. His friends opposed his purpose, but the inward voice seemed to make his duty clear.

"I said," he tells us, "that I was not my own, nor my friends', but God's." Having adopted this view, he says: "A strong cord that had bound me to my father's home was broken asunder in a moment. I felt that I must forsake my Prince, leave my home, and follow my convictions." He resolved to visit America, and so took passage on one of Mr. Hardy's ships.

His subsequent life in America is well known to many New England people. When

Mr. Hardy learned that the youth had come to this country as an inquirer after Christian truth, he became father to him, and sent him to Phillips Andover Academy and to Amherst College. The young man professed Christianity, and his progress as a student was wonderful. On the arrival of the Japanese Embassy in this country he said, "I will go to Washington to preach the truth to them."

His name was Neesima. He took the name of Joseph Hardy Neesima. He died in 1890, at Oiso, Japan, and was mourned by all classes as a prophetic soul, and one of the foremost and most enlightened men of the kingdom.

Japan is a country of schools, but Neesima founded there one of the most remarkable universities of the age, the Doshisha of Kyoto. It comprises twenty buildings, with accommodations for seven hundred students. It has become one of the most powerful Christian institutions of the East.

The story of Neesima seems almost like the star-led journey of the Magi. It shows the mysterious leadings of a soul bent upon a high purpose. Multitudes of men and women have been led by an inward conviction of duty to go to heathen lands as Christian teachers, but in Neesima we have the singular case of a heathen who was led by a conviction of duty to seek instruction in Christian lands on this side of the sea.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### THE POWER OF GOD'S WORD.

**I** HAVE a friend, said the speaker, who was converted under very peculiar circumstances. He was a soldier in the late war. His arm was shot off in a battle, he was taken prisoner and placed in the officers' hospital in Richmond. In his knapsack was a New Testament placed there by his mother. It had been with him through all his campaigns, but, alas, unopened. Now, as he lay on his comfortable cot, with his arm gone, and the painful wound troubling him, he thought of his little book. He took it out and read it. He read it through, and then began and read it over. He had nothing else. He was shut up to God's Word. The truth made its appeal to him, and not in vain. He decided that he would be a Christian, but had not arrived at the point of surrendering himself to God, when one night an attendant in the hospital came to his couch and said, "I wish you would get up at once and come to a young man who is dying; he wants some one to pray for him."

"You are mistaken," was the reply, "I am not a praying man."

"Why, I saw you reading your Testament all the time, I thought you were. But come anyway," begged the attendant, "I am a wicked man myself, and the nurses are not used to this kind of thing; do come, for I

I can't stand the pleading of that poor boy. For God's sake come and say something to him."

Thus importuned the officer arose and followed the man to a cot in a corner of the hospital. There, stretched out on his dying bed, he saw a blue-eyed, fair-haired young lad of seventeen. He looked up as they approached, and said, "I have a good mother, I had good training and instruction at home and Sunday-school, but when I joined the army I fell into bad company; I learned to swear, drink, gamble, and do what the worst did. Now I am dying. I am not fit to die and meet God. Won't you pray for me?" The officer hesitated but a moment, and then the voice of God seemed to say, "You must give up some day, why not now? Get down on your knees and pray for forgiveness for yourself, and then pray for this poor boy." He obeyed. He pleaded the merits of the Crucified in his own behalf and then for the dying lad. When he rose from his knees, he clasped the hand of the dead. The spirit had fled. "But," said the officer, "I know God answered one part of my prayer, and I believe, when I get to heaven, I shall find he answered the other."—*Sel.*

#### A MORNING'S OUTING IN GUATEMALA.

**A** BRIGHT morning in early November, the most charming time imaginable for a little journey in Guatemala, finds us ready to start, and what is very remarkable, at the hour appointed, the coach or diligencia is at the door. We stow ourselves away in one little corner, for there is always sure to be one more than the vehicle can well carry. With a shout from the driver, a grand flourish of a long whip, our team of two horses and three mules finally move the great lumbering, old-fashioned coach, and we are off. The air is exhilarating, and once outside the city, we speed along, all too fast to see one-half of the interesting sights.

At this early hour we meet groups of Indians and *Ladinos* from the little villages, going to the city market. They carry fruit, corn, vegetables, charcoal and the like, on mule-back, put up in *redes* or twine-bags made something like fish-nets. One wonders why the coal and smaller fruits do not fall through the meshes, but the secret lies in the packing just right, and every Indian understands that. Those who do business on a smaller scale, carry their loads on their backs. When this load is a great bundle of hay, completely hiding the Indian, as often happens, one seems to see the hay walking all by itself!

The women are not exempt from carrying heavy loads, but they carry them on their heads in large, flat baskets. Perhaps this is because there is generally a baby to be carried

on the back. Although these poor little babies look very uncomfortable, they seldom cry, but perhaps it is this discomfort which gives to the faces of so many of the little children such a sad and weary look.

We are amused by the ingenious way in which an Indian is taking a pig to market. A rope is tied to its hind leg, the rope is pulled, and the result is motion in the right direction, for the pig is persuaded that it is going in the direction opposite to the one desired!

There is not time to even mention the interesting things we see—an orange grove, a large field of pineapples, some bananas just ripening, the beautiful dark green leaves and the bright red berries of the coffee plantation, and the curious nopal or prickly-pear cactus, on which the little cochineal insect lives,—but now we must stop for breakfast. We are very fortunate to find ourselves at a little rustic hotel, set in a garden of rare and beautiful plants. The breakfast consists of coffee without milk, black beans or *frijoles*, fried eggs, and *tortillas* or corn-cakes—a very satisfactory bill of fare, if one is accustomed to it!

When we resume our journey the sun is high in the heavens, and the day has grown very warm. Some of our enthusiasm has worn away, so that after several hours more of riding up-hill-and-down, over good roads and bad, but always at the same breakneck speed, we are glad to reach our destination. We are hospitably received by our native friends, and we shall, no doubt, have many strange and agreeable experiences while learning to eat, sleep, and do everything *à la Guatemalteco*.—*Children's Work for Children.*

#### FRUITFUL SEED.

Years ago a French Testament was given to a little girl of Romanist parents, who was for four months at the school founded by Madame Feller at Grande Ligne, Canada. She went home still a Romanist. Her father asked her if she had a Bible. She said she had. "You must give it to me or put it away, never to take it out." She put it in the bottom of her trunk, and the treasure remained hidden for ten or twelve years. Then she was married and had more liberty. She began to read the Testament in the family; she and her husband were converted. Their zeal led them to labor for one of her brothers who was at her father's house. After many months of labor and prayer the brother was converted. The three united in labor for a sister. She was led to Christ, and so on until the whole family of sixteen children besides the parents were converted. A brother wrote in '86. "Through that little Testament, given to Julia at Grande Ligne thirty-five years ago, and in answer to the prayers of Madame Feller that followed it, our families, numbering eighty-five souls, are all in the light."

#### A LOST CHANCE.

BY BELLE SPARR LUCKETT.

I KNOW a dear boy who is sweet and good and generous most of time, but sometimes he gets into a bad way, like most people. Everything gets wrong at such times, but most of all is the dear little heart.

One day, not long ago, a dirty-faced ragged, ugly little fellow came up the back walk and asked, "Can I haul out the ashes?"

Henry—that is not his real name, but I shall not tell that—Henry was standing in the back yard, in a bad humor.

"No!" he snapped out as cross as he could. "Don't want 'em taken out."

The dirty-faced little ash-boy stood still a moment, almost afraid to say another word to such an ill-natured child; but finally he ventured timidly: "Say, would you please give me a drink?"

"No, I won't said the cross Henry with an angry frown.

The little ash-boy climbed over the fence, thinking, no doubt, "What a funny boy, not to give a fellow even a drink of water!"

And Henry's conscience within began to speak so sadly to him: "Such a little thing, Henry, so easy to do. Such a poor little ragged fellow gets little enough in this world. What a chance to do a bit of good!"

And then there arose in his mind the words of his teacher the Sunday before as she talked of the beauty of doing little acts of kindness for those we meet every day, and how she had held up a glass of water, and repeated:

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." "And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"And I didn't do it," said Henry.

Then he went into the house and told his other conscience, which was his mother. She looked down at him with such sad, disappointed eyes, and just said:

"Why, Henry!"

Then Henry felt so miserable he could not do anything. So he went out on the front steps and watched ash-carts all the rest of the afternoon. But there was no dirty-faced little boy thirsting for a cup of cold water passed that way.

His mother came to the door presently and said:

"He's got a drink by this time," for she knew what Henry was watching for.

"Some one else gave it to him then," said Henry.

"And received what you lost, the blessing of a kind act," said his mother. —*S.S. Times.*

## Sabbath School Lessons.

### Mar. 6. THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH.

Lesson, Jer. 39:1-10. Golden text, Matt. 22:38.  
Memory vs. 6-8. Catechism Q. 63.

Time, Jerusalem was destroyed, 586 b.c.

Places.—Jerusalem.

Riblah, 75 miles N.E. of Jerusalem.  
Babylon.

Kings.—Zedekiah, the last king of Judah.  
Nebuchednezzar, king of Babylon.

Prophets.—Jeremiah in Jerusalem, 627-582 B.C.  
Ezekiel, 400 miles N. of Babylon, 598-573 B.C.

Daniel in Babylon, 606-536 B.C.

Obadiah, 585 B.C.

- I. The siege and capture of the city, vs. 1-3.
- II. The flight and capture of the king, vs. 4-7.
- III. The destruction of the city and temple, v.8.
- IV. The captivity of the people, vs. 9-10.

### Mar. 13. PROMISE OF A NEW HEART.

Lesson, Ezek. 36:25-38. Golden text, Ezek. 36:26.  
Memory vs. 25, 27. Catechism Q. 64

Time of Lesson—Soon after Jerusalem was destroyed, between 586-572 B.C.

Place—River Chebar, about 400 N. of Babylon.  
Read—2 Kings, chap. 24, 25; 2 Chron., chap. 36.  
Prophets who lived at this time: Jeremiah in Jerusalem, and Daniel in Babylon.

Ezekiel was born in or near Jerusalem. When Nebuchednezzar carried Judah captive, 598 B.C., Ezekiel was a young man of 25 years of age. He was taken away and sent to live in Chebar, some 400 miles north of Babylon. Here he preached or prophesied for 22 years.

- I. Promise of a new heart, vs. 25-27.
- II. Outward blessing that would accompany it, vs. 28-30, 33-35, 37, 38.
- III. Humility that accompanies it, vs. 31, 32.
- IV. The effect upon the heathen, v. 36.

So is it to-day, a new heart will bring temporal blessing, penitence and humility, and will make others see that God is with us.

### Mar. 20. REVIEW.

Lesson:—Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel.

Is. 2: 1, 2, 9; 26: 3, 4; 53: 4, 5; 55: 1, 6, 7.  
Jer. 3: 33-34.

Ezekiel. 36: 25-27.

Golden text, Is. 55: 6. Catechism Q. 65.

The centre of all these lessons was the overthrow of Jerusalem.

The sin of the people led to this sad event. The Prophets warned them of their sin, but they heeded not.

In all the warning there was hope held out. So God's word warns us of sin, and offers hope and pardon to all who repent and turn from it.

### Mar. 27. BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL.

Lesson, Is. 40: 1-10. Golden text, Is. 40: .  
Memory vs. 3, 4. Catechism Q. 7 .

This prophecy is spoken to the Jews in Babylon, but was spoken by Isaiah more than two centuries before.

Judah had been carried to Babylon for sin, from 606 to 586 B.C. And now they are penitent, and God will restore them to their own land.

- I. A voice bidding the prophet comfort Israel, vs. 1, 2.
- II. A voice telling others to prepare the way for Israel's return, vs. 3-5.
- III. A voice telling how sure this promise is, as it depends upon the word of the living God, vs. 6-8.
- IV. The prophet bidding Jerusalem to tell the glad news that has come to her, vs. 9, 10.

Have you accepted the gladness of deliverance from the bondage of sin that has come you?

### A TRUE STORY.

"Papa, will you please give me fifty cents for my new spring hat? Most all the academy girls have theirs."

"No, May; I can't spare the money."

The above request was persuasively made by a sixteen year old maiden as she was preparing for school, one fine spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone.

The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and, being hail fellow well met, he invited him into Mac's for a drink. As usual, there were others there, and the man that could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat treated the crowd.

When about to leave, he laid a half-dollar on the counter, which just paid for the drinks.

Just then the saloon-keeper's daughter entered, and, going behind the bar, said, "Papa, I want fifty cents for my new spring hat."

"All right," said the dealer, and taking up the half-dollar from the counter, he handed it over to the girl, who departed smiling.

May's father seemed dazed, walked out alone, and said to himself, "I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own. I'll never drink another drop." And he kept his pledge.—*Philadelphia Methodist.*

I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.



## APRON STRINGS.

"I promised my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings."

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker, with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man, poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut the acquaintance of every person who talked slightingly of his mother's apron strings, and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother I laughed too—God forgive me! There came a time when it was too late"—and now there were tears in the old eyes—"when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it, and when advised to cut loose from her apron strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future, for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and both said "Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture, and they left the ball-ground together, silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked, with a deep-drawn sigh:

"That old man has made me goose-flesh all over."

"O, Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we have both got!"

"Yes; and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right! You'll never hear apron strings out of my mouth again."—*Harper's Young People.*

The opinions of some people need not only ventilating, but disinfecting.

## NO CHILDREN'S GRAVES IN CHINA.

No children's graves in China,  
The missionaries say;  
In cruel haste and silence  
They put those buds away.  
No tombstones mark their resting,  
To keep their memory sweet,  
Their graves, unknown, are trodden  
By many careless feet.

No children's graves in China,  
That land of heathen gloom;  
They deem not that their spirits  
Will live beyond the tomb.  
No little coffin holds them,  
Like to a downy nest,  
No spotless shroud enfolds them,  
Low in their quiet rest.

No children's graves in China,  
No parents ever weep;  
No toy or little relic,  
The thoughtless mothers' keep.  
No mourners e'er assemble  
Around the early dead,  
And flowers of careful planting  
Ne'er mark their lowly bed.

No children's graves in China,  
With sad and lonely ties,  
To make the living humble,  
And point them to the skies;  
No musings pure and holy,  
Of them, when day is done;  
Be faithful, missionary,  
Your work is just begun.

ANDREW J. EDISON.

In the United States of America there are one hundred and seventy-five thousand drink saloons, ten thousand of which are in New York city. It is estimated that no fewer than seventy thousand girls are employed in the public-houses and drinking-bars of Britain. Bad, all bad, bad everywhere.

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