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

The CHILDRENS RECORD.

AGREEMENT
COMMANDEMENTS
KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS
CONSUME THEM
DO NOT MOVE THEM

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Lo I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

By Authority of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Sabbath School Lessons.

ESTHER BEFORE THE KING.

March 12. B.C. 474.

Lesson, Esther 4: 10-5: 3. Gol. Txt. Pro. 31 : 9.

Memory vs. ch. 5 : 1-3 Catechism Q. 51.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Esther 1: 1-22Vashti Divorced.
- T. Esther 2: 1-23Esther made Queen.
- W. Esther 3: 1-15 Haman's Plot.
- Th. Esther 4: 1-17Esther's Resolve.
- F. Esther 5: 1-6: 14The King's Favor.
- S. Esther 7: 1-8: 17The Plot Defeated.
- S. Esther 9: 1-10: 3Esther's Memorial.

Time.—B.C. 474, thirty years before Nehemiah went to Jerusalem; Ahasuerus, the Xerxes of Grecian history, the son and successor of Darius Hystaspes, King of Persia. *Place.*—Shusan, Susa, the winter capital of the Persian Empire.

Who was Ahasuerus? Who was his prime minister and favorite? How did Mordecai offend him? What plot did Haman form? Who was Esther? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Urged to Venture*, vs. 10-14. — What charge did he give the queen? What was Esther's reply? What answer did Mordecai send the queen? What did he further suggest? What did he say about God's providence?

II. *Resolved to Go*, vs. 15-17. — What request did Esther send to Mordecai? What would she and her maidens do? What heroic resolve did she announce? What did Mordecai and the Jews do?

III. *Graciously Received*, vs. 5: 1-3. — What did Esther do on the third day? Where was the king? How did he receive Esther? What did Esther then do? What did the king say to her? How did the whole matter end?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Earnest, humble prayer will always prevail.
2. God exercises a watchful care over his people.
3. He will defeat the plans of their enemies.
4. No fear of danger or of death should keep us from doing our duty.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

March 19. About 1000 B.C.

Lesson, Prov. 23: 15-23. Gol. Text, Eph. 5: 18.

Memory vs. 19-21. Catechism Q. 14.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Prov. 1: 1-19. .A Father's Counsels.
- T. Prov. 1: 0-33. Wisdom's Warnings.
- W. Prov. 4: 14-27. The Two Paths.
- Th. Prov. 23: 15-23. Timely Admonitions.
- F. Eph. 5: 1-20. .Be not Drunk with Wine.
- S. Gal. 6: 1-10. .Sowing and Reaping.
- S. Colos. 3: 1-17. . "All in the name of the L. Jesus."

Who wrote the book of Proverbs? Of what is it a collection? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Reward of Wise Living*, vs. 15-19. — What does the wise man say in verse 15? Meaning of *if thy heart be wise*? What similar saying in Prov. 10: 1? What was the Psalmist's prayer? Psalm 51: 10? How does the heart affect the living? Matt. 15: 18, 19; Luke 6: 45. Why should we not envy sinners? Psalm 63. What counsel in v. 17? What is meant by *the fear of the Lord*? What shall be the reward of wise living? v. 18.

II. *The Curse of Intemperance*, vs. 20, 21. — Whose company and example are we exhorted to shun? Why should we keep out of such company? What curse is pronounced upon the drunkard and the glutton? What further is said of wine-drinkers in verses 29-32? Why should we avoid every kind of intemperance?

III. *The Blessing of Faithfulness*, vs. 22, 23. — What precept is given in verse 22? Which is the fifth commandment? What does it require? What forbid? What is the reason annexed to the fifth commandment? What purchase are we exhorted to make? By what motives are the duties enjoined in this lesson enforced in verses 24-26? What other reasons can you give for their observance?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Wise and good children are a joy to their parents and teachers.
2. Only when the heart is right will the life be right.
3. A right life will receive a gracious reward.
4. Bad company will lead to bad ways.
5. Intemperance leads to poverty, disgrace and ruin.

✦ ✦ THE ✦ ✦

Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

MARCH.

NO. 3.

Good, stout, strong boys; boys **Boys** who can eat heartily and sleep **wanted.** soundly; who can shout, sing and swim, and anything else but sin.

But what are they wanted for? For the ministry. Our own church, the Presbyterian Church in Canada, wants a large number of its very best boys to give their hearts to Jesus and their lives to Him for His service in the Ministry. Boys pray over the matter. There are many congregations that need ministers, there is the great Home Mission Field of the North-West, crying, come over and help us, while louder and louder comes the cry of the heathen world:

Hark, what mean those lamentations

Rolling sadly through the sky?

'Tis the cry of heathen nations,

Come and help us here we die.

At the beginning of last year **How it** a five-cent piece was found on the **grew.** floor of the Sabbath-school room in Erskine Church, Montreal, and handed to the pastor. He asked who would take it and use it for the year for missions. A young girl offered to do so, and at the end of the year she sent to him the following note:—
 "A year has elapsed since you sent me a five-cent piece to use and make all I could with it. By my painting and disposing of articles, I have cleared twenty-two dollars which have been given to missions." Probably she bought paints with the cents and thus it grew. Few can do so much, but all can do something to give the knowledge of salvation to the perishing. Besides all else, you can *live* for Him.

"And the least you do for Jesus
 Will be precious in his right."

A letter received from a village in Quebec, says:—"We **How they** think very highly of **like it.** THE CHILDREN'S RECORD." It also says:

"A mother told us lately that her boy, nine years old, was reading his RECORD, and, touched with a sense of the need of our missions, took a warm quilt off his bed and asked her to send that to them." It further says:

"Our village Sunday-school was over thirteen dollars short of the amount raised for missions the previous year. When the December collection was drawing near, I told the scholars this, and asked them to earn money to make it up. The result was that we had fifteen dollars on the first Sabbath of December: One little girl, five years old, earned over forty cents to make this up. The children could not have been more pleased if they had each got a present of fifteen dollars, than they seemed to be when I told them the result of the collection."

Mr. Wilkie tells of a curious **A Curious** way in which Bible truth is **Missionary.** being spread in India. A native merchant, a Mohammedan, happened to see some bright illuminated scripture texts such as some of you have in your Sabbath-school rooms. He thought they would sell well and sent away and bought a lot of them. Being something new they went off rapidly in the holiday season, and thus many a home in India has on its walls Scripture texts. The Mohammedan did not care for the truth, but thought he could make a little money. But God uses strange means for furthering His own work. Let us hope that the truth of some of the texts may find its way to his own heart.

The young people who are reading these lines are to be the **Present** and **Future** of the Presbyterian Church in Canada a few years hence; its members, its elders, its ministers, its missionaries. You are now fitting yourselves for that work. Do it well and that church will be a grand one. Love your church and seek so to live, that it may be more than ever a church of Jesus Christ.

The young people who to-day are being trained in young people's missionary societies and mission bands will surely grow up to be mission workers, and many of you will perhaps go to heathen lands to tell the story of a Saviour from sin and death.

But wherever your life may lie let it be a life for Christ, and He will say of it. "Well done good and faithful."

HOW THEY BURIED THE BABY.



FEW few days before Christmas, Rev. Dr. Buchanan and his wife, our missionaries in Ujjain, Central India, were called to part with the little baby girl, a year and a half old.

She was ill for four weeks, her father and mother were both physicians, who had studied medicine that they might the better do Christ's work among the heathen, and all that loving care could do, they did for their little one, but Jesus wanted her for service in a better place than India, so after brightening the mission home for a little while she was taken away.

The father had then to superintend the making of the coffin, for the natives know nothing of our mode of burial.

Next morning two of the missionaries from another station not far away came to the funeral. They held a short service. The little remains were then placed upon a bullock cart for a hearse, and a sad little procession followed as it moved slowly along.

Away from the city a mile and a half, on a quiet knoll by the root of a palm tree, they lay the little body for its last long sleep, and to-day a missionary home in India is very lonely because the baby is gone.

Pray for our missionaries far off among the heathen.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH SEAS.

BY OUR MISSIONARY ON EFATE.

To St. John's Ch. Mission Band, Toronto.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Our Island of Efate or Sandwich, as it is often called by Europeans, is about 80 miles around. It lies about the centre of the New Hebrides group, and is the fifth island as we come north. Erromanga is the nearest island to the south of us and is about 70 miles distant. Some of the islands to the north of us, however, are only a few miles distant.

Efate has been more resorted to by Europeans than has any other island of the group. It has two fine harbors, Fila and Havanna. At the former we have our out station.

Erakor, our principal station, is about two miles from Fila Harbor. It is a small island lying in a lagoon and is considered a healthy spot. About 130 natives live on the islet and cross over in canoes to their plantations on the mainland.

Mr. McDonald, supported by the Presbyterian Church of Victoria, is settled at Havanna Harbor on the opposite side of the island.

Fila Harbor is the most important place in the New Hebrides. There are quite a number of settlers there, British, French, and other nationalities. They are growing coffee and maize and are engaged in making copra, the dried kernel of the cocoanut.

There are one or two stores and an agent of a steamship company resides there. Men-of-war, English and French, are often in the harbor, so that it is by no means a lonely place. The S.S. Rockton, a fine large steamer, calls there monthly on her way to Fiji, and it is the headquarters of our little inter-island steamer, the Croydon.

I may here mention that we are very anxious about the steam service, lest it should be withdrawn, as this colony, New South Wales, is likely to withdraw its subsidy of £1,200. The S.S. Co. say that without this they cannot keep the Croydon in the group. We now get a monthly mail, but it will be a great disappointment to us if we have to employ a sail-

ing vessel as before and only receive two mails in a year.

The soil of Efate is very rich, and all the tropical fruits that have been introduced flourish. Pine apples, custard apples, oranges, limes, lemons, mangoes, guavas, papua apples, etc., thrive well.

It is hoped that in the near future the banana trade will be a profitable one. At present it is one of the chief industries of the Fiji Islands. Two steamers bring from forty thousand to fifty bunches monthly to Sydney. Large quantities are also shipped to New Zealand and Melbourne. As our island is 600 miles nearer Sydney, bananas could be taken up in a better condition from the New Hebrides than from Fiji.

The Efatese, in physique, compare favorably with the natives of any other island of the group. Especially is this the case with the natives of Fila and Mali, two small islands in Pango Bay on the S. W. side of Efate, who speak a language altogether different from that spoken on the main island. Fortunately, however, they have now constant intercourse with the natives on the mainland, and understand the Efatese language so that we are not obliged to prepare separate books for them.

Their huts are oblong in shape, with a long, low entrance at one side. The frame is fastened together with creeping vines or the bark of trees, and thatched with long grass. In the shore villages the floor of the huts and a space in front of the entrance is covered with coral, bleached white in the sun, and broken fine and worn smooth by the action of the waves. This gives the hut a clean, neat appearance. Over the coral they spread mats, made either from the leaf of the cocoanut or of the pandanus, leaving a small space near the entrance for their oven.

Their food consists chiefly of yams, tars, and bananas, which they either roast on the embers, or grate down into puddings on large leaves, over which they squeeze out the grated kernel of the cocoanut. It is then wrapped up, laid on heated stones in the oven, and covered up with leaves and earth. Food cooked in this way is generally tender.

As you enter the hut the first object to attract your attention is a long bundle of mats fastened up to the roof. These are for trade and constitute a large part of a native's property. You may also see a box or two, especially if the owner of the hut has been away in Queensland, and as a rule in the Christian villages, you may see saucepans, basins, tubs and buckets.

War and cannibalism, for which they were once notorious, are now things of the past. With the exception of two or three villages they have all renounced heathenism, and are under Christian instruction.

Teachers have been trained and settled at the various villages, by whom the Sabbath services are conducted, also the weekly prayer-meeting and daily school. A number more have been trained and sent out to assist missionaries in carrying on the work on heathen islands.

A substantial lime church, 58 feet x 26 feet, has been built at the head station, the frame is of colonial wood, and was nearly all paid for by the natives themselves, as well as the seats, and the work was all performed gratis.

The New Testament, a Primer, and the Peep o' Day have been translated into their language, and they have defrayed the cost of printing.

Since coming to Sydney, I have translated a Scripture History, which, along with a new edition of our Hymn Book, containing upwards of eighty hymns, is now in the printer's hands. The cost of these books will be about \$500, but they have money enough on hand from the sale of arrowroot to meet this.

I intended to write some more about the progress of the work, but shall not be able to do so at present.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. MACKENZIE.

Of the eighteen million girls of the school-going age, in India, only one in every sixty-one is receiving education of any kind. The other sixty are left to grow up in ignorance, heathenism and superstition.

LETTER FROM MR. JAMIESON.

THE WONDERFUL CAVE.

Neemuch, Central India,
January 12, 1883.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME,—I can scarcely realize that two years have gone since I came here, but so it is. We have just been down in Bombay at a Conference of missionaries which is held every ten years. There were 500 missionaries present from all parts of India to take counsel together of their work.

It was a grand meeting. I need not describe it fully as I am sending you papers which tell of it, but I will give you some other incidents in connection with the visit.

When there in Bombay we lived in tents by the sea shore, and I enjoyed it as a boy does his first knife or watch. I used to walk up and down beside it in the evenings. I could not go to bed all the time I was there without walking up and down several times. I felt when I saw the sea, that I was so near to all I love, and yet I knew that I was so far away, 11,000 miles away from home.

On Thursday, January 5th, we, *i. e.* we Presbyterians of America and Scotland, took a holiday, hired a steam launch and sailed to the Elephanta Caves, about one hour's sail from Bombay. We took lunch and spent the day there, getting back about 6 p. m.

I think it was one of the days I shall not forget while in the body. Thirty-five of us, men and women, Presbyterian missionaries from all parts of India, enjoying the sea and each other's companionship, was grand.

The caves were most strange and interesting. They were cut out of solid rock perhaps before the time of Christ. The walls inside are covered with figures cut out in the stone, figures of Brahma, Vishnu and all the gods of the Hindoos. It is said that there is not a passion in the human breast that is not personified here in some form.

To hear the hundredth Psalm and other pieces sung right in this shrine of the gods was romantic, and then to think of what their old worshippers would have thought could they have heard us. Yet we sang, all

of us, the songs of our King. We came home much refreshed both by the company of the missionaries and by the day's rest among the breezes of the sea.

We are back now at our work in Neemuch. I am busy with my school examinations. Our hope is in the young and we seek to win them and train them for Christ.

Next week I hope to go again out to visit the cities and large villages around within twelve miles of Neemuch.

Then on Sabbath, January 22nd, I expect to have Communion service here. It will be my first Communion service in Hindostani.

I can now preach and conduct all the services myself. Of course I cannot preach very well in the language yet, but can talk, and it feels good to be able to do that and tell them in their own tongue of a Savior from their misery and sin.

A MISSIONARY TO THE JEWS.

It seems strange to be sending from Canada a missionary to Palestine, to tell the Jews living there that Jesus, their long looked for Messiah, has come. But it is true. Dr. Webster has been sent there and will perhaps be settled at Tiberias, on the shore of the Sea of Gallilee, where Jesus taught so long ago, or perhaps in some other town of that old land.

It seems like doing over again the work that Jesus himself and His disciples did when on earth. And what Christ-like work it is, doing just what He did. He came first to the Jews. They rejected His message, but we can take it back to them again.

Our missionary is a medical doctor as well as a preacher, and though he will not raise the dead he will help to heal the sick while he tells them of Christ, and thus he will be doing the very work that Christ did.

Dr. Webster reached Palestine some weeks ago, but has not yet chosen the place for his mission. He says in a letter: "All the way down from Troas we were following Paul in his journeyings over the same course."

The familiar names and places of Dr. Webster's work will give an added interest to the letters which you will get in your RECORD from time to time.

THE ROD TURNED TO A SERPENT.

This was the first miracle of the Exodus, a miracle that hurt nobody, and if Pharaoh had obeyed, all would have been well.

Moses and Aaron went in to ask that Israel should be let go, that God had commanded it. Pharaoh asked them to prove by a miracle that He did. Aaron threw down his rod and

it became a serpent. The king was startled, but he did not want to yield to God, so he said it was only a trick, that his jugglers could do that, too. He called them in, and since he seemed determined to disobey, God allowed the same thing to be done by them, and Pharaoh was confirmed in his disobedience.



Then came miracle after miracle, not harmless ones like the first, but sore plagues until he had to yield.

Can we not learn some lessons from the picture.

1. If men are determined to disobey God he may permit them their own way, but they only bring upon themselves greater evil.

2. If we do not listen when God calls by his

word He may send loss and trial, and suffering as His messengers to bring us to our duty.

3. The potsherd's may strive with the potsherd's of the earth, but woe to him that striveth with his Maker.

4. God has called to you, young people, as He did to Pharaoh, are you listening and obeying, or are you disobeying His call and resisting His will.

STORIES OF OUR N. W. INDIAN WORK

BY REV. J. M'ARTHUR.

BEULAH, Manitoba, Nov. 1892.



T the heathen Indian dances here, it is customary for the braves in turn to relate their past exploits, and, to prove that they are still brave, they will throw away or give away something that they possess, and the greater the value of what is thus given away, the more brave is the giver supposed to be. If a man gives away a horse he is supposed to be more than an ordinary brave, but if he gives away his wife he is considered to be extraordinarily brave.

At these dances last winter two of the principal leaders each put away his wife. One of the woman who was thus put away, went back to her home shortly afterwards and broke everything in the house she could lay her hands on except the stove. After that, the brave Indian who put her away, took her back again.

Seeing the folly of their heathen practices after this trouble, he and his wife came for the first time to church, and he especially has been coming somewhat regularly ever since. (His name is Shunkaho, meaning "howling dog.") After a few days the other Indian, whose name is Sioux Jack, took back his wife and they have lived peacefully together ever since then. Sioux Jack made some profession of Christianity a number of years ago, but wandered back to his old ways. During the past summer he has been led, I believe, to consider seriously his spiritual condition.

At a general gathering of the Indians on this reserve last summer Sioux Jack made a speech in which he reviewed Mission work on the reserve from the beginning. He called their attention to what the Presbyterian Church had done for them and concluded by saying, "We have taken the Queen to be our chief, let us take the Queen's God to be our God." For a few years back he has been suffering a little from a gun shot wound received accidentally in a drinking carousal with other Indians more than thirty years ago.

For the last three months he has been very ill and is not now expected to live but a very short time. He gives good evidence as far as we can see, that he has come to realize his sinful condition by nature and practice, and that he is now exercising saving faith in the Saviour.

In my last visit to him he said, "I know

that I have been a very bad man. I loved what was bad and hated what was good. I am like a pig in the mud, dirty all over, but I believe that the blood of Jesus can cleanse me and I am looking to Him for that cleaning. When you are not here I think about what you have been saying, and I tell it to those here with me." Then taking the Bible in his hand, he said, "I read the Bible for myself." then quoted some of the comforting passages he had been reading.—*Leaflet.*

LETTER FROM MISS SINCLAIR.

OUR SCHOOL WORK IN INDIA.

INDORE, Oct. 20, 1892.

NOTHING I can tell you will let you see these bright, eager, loveable, little girls as they really are. One of the most encouraging features of this work is that we are able to keep the children so long. While many come and go yet there are not a few who have been regular pupils both at the day and Sunday school during the whole four years I have been in India. Who can say what may be the fruit of this seed sowing in their young hearts? Some there are among them who do not hesitate to say that they love Jesus and want to be His followers.

The Hindoos have a custom of writing the name of their particular god at the beginning of letters, &c.

One wee bairn, a solemn, sweet faced child of four years, came to school a short time ago, and after having made friends with her and procured slate and pencil, I found she could write the first four letters of the alphabet and "Shri Ganesh" the name of a god!! I suppose it is not possible to get the children into school before they have been taught of the gods that are no gods, for I have often seen mothers take the hands of a little baby and clasp them in the attitude of worship to the gods, in the same way that a Christian mother would teach a little child to fold its hands and hush the evening prayer.

Hinduism was ahead of Christianity in this case, but a few days later, I was paying my weekly visit to a woman in the city, whose niece is one of my pupils. There's a baby between two and three years of age in the house. She and I are very good friends, and that day she sat on my knee and repeated the First Commandment and a shortened form of the second, and I thought that if the Truth were not abiding in the heart of my little pupil, she would not have carried the teaching to the baby. Such things encourage one to withhold not the hand from sowing the seed.—*Leaflet.*

HARD TO KEEP THE SABBATH.

It sometimes seems hard to keep the Sabbath just as we should like to in our country, especially in large cities, but think how much harder it is for young Christians in heathen lands, where the people about them, and even their own relatives and friends, know nothing and care nothing for the day. In China when a new convert closes his shop on Sunday, his customers think his business must be running down, and they desert him altogether.

In Japan school picnics are usually appointed on Sunday, as well as special exhibitions and examinations. But in Okayama three brave Christian girls succeeded in breaking up this custom, as far as picnics were concerned, in their grammar-school. In the case of the poorer people the Sabbath question becomes sometimes almost a matter of life and death. In the silk districts the feeding of the silkworms during the season demands the full time of all hands. It is the habit of silkworms, however, to rest one day in seven. A large silk farmer, a member of one of the mission churches, reports that last year his worms considerably chose Sunday as their rest day; but he thinks this matter cannot be controlled. All honor to those who amid so many difficulties are letting their lights shine brightly!

"ONLY MY MOTHER."

A heathen woman said that the Bible must have been written by a woman, for it says so many kind things of women, while their sacred books say nothing of the kind. The degradation of womanhood throughout the East is well known, and is as marked as is their exaltation where the light of the Gospel shines. Especially among Mohammedans is this contempt for womanhood noticeable. A Mohammedan apologizes with an expression of contempt when speaking to his wife.

A Mohammedan's scorn of women is the logical outcome of his religion, which refuses to recognize their claim as human beings deserving of respect. As they are of use to man, they are worth food and shelter, but they are not in the least entitled to standing, ground at his side. The Countess Cowper, in "A Month in Palestine," gives an instance far more telling than any sermon, of this dreadful state of things: "I was told by a Christian in Cairo that he was once walking with a well-to-do Mohammedan with whom he was intimate, and who had often discussed with him the different positions of women in their respective sects. As they passed an old veiled figure in the street, who shrank on one side out of their way, the follower of the prophet delivered a passing kick at her.

"There," said the Christian, 'that is what I complain of. You kick a woman as we would not kick even a dog.'

"That said the Mohammedan, with a look of astonishment—'why, *that is only my mother!*'"

And yet infidels will say smooth words of the Mohammedans who despise womanhood, and of the heathen who murder their parents and children; and blaspheme Moses, who said, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" and speak with contempt of Jesus, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

A young man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An old friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong.

"O, there's no danger; it's a mere notion. I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there's no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter; "have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other one. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I fear that I shall be before I shall have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it effect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again.—*Ohio Church Life.*"

"MADE UP MY MIND."

God help me ever more to keep
This promise now I make;
I will not chew, nor smoke, nor swear,
Nor poisonous liquors drink.

I'll try to get all my young friends
To make the promise too;
And every day I'll try to find
Some temperance work to do.

—Selected.

HOW A POOR BOY SUCCEEDED.

BOYS sometimes think they cannot afford to be manly and faithful to the little things. A story is told of a boy of the right stamp, and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in New York city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who provided to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the advertiser said, "Can't take him: places all full; besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered this youthful protegee busy scribbling labels.

"What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something. In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he is willing."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and very naturally all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, he replied:

"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more: "Double that boy's wages: he is willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is a member of the firm.

He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.

Diligent in business, fervent in spirit—serving the Lord.

THE JUNGLE BOY.

BY J. L. PHILLIPS, M.D.



BRIGHT had of fourteen, fresh from the jungles, came into Midnapore and entered a missionary training school. Quick to learn, he soon caught the spirit of the school, and made rapid progress in study. A deep feeling of truly intelligent concern for their soul's welfare was increasing among these Santal lads, and this one began to share it. His clear and pointed questions, his honest and humbling confessions, his very hearty and touchingly earnest prayers, all drew my attention to him, and impressed me that he was to become a chosen vessel for the Master's use. He was one of the first boys to be converted. His heart was filled with light and flooded with love: his joy was calm and deep and constant.

One morning, just a few days after his conversion, he came to me and asked for leave to go home. Fancying it was but a fickle notion, a mere whim or fit of home sickness, such as jungle lads often have, I answered that I could not think of letting him off now, for the term had just begun, and that when vacation came he should go home like all the other boys. He quietly stepped out of my room, and I thought he was gone, but presently I found him standing on the veranda. Coming up to me again, his voice tremulous with emotion, he said, "Do let me go home now." The reason for his request occurred to me at once, but to test him I said: "Why do you wish to go home now? Tell me freely, and I'll think of it."

The big tears began to fall, and for full five minutes he could not speak. Recovering his calmness, he said so heartily: "Jesus has pardoned me; my heart is so happy I want to tell my friends about Jesus. My father and mother have never heard His name. Let me go home to tell them now." It was impossible to refuse this earnest request, so I said: "Go home and we shall pray for you and for your friends." He went, and was gone several days. The journey to his jungle home occupied two days, it being forty miles away. This Santal lad came back to us with such a happy heart, having told his friends what Jesus had done for him. And the ripe, rich fruit of his seed-sowing came as, one by one—first the mother, then the father, then three brothers and two sisters—all came into the light and into the Church of Christ.—*The Missionary Link.*

Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

How shall they preach except they be sent.

JERICHO'S WALLS THROWN DOWN.

THIS is among the last miracles of the Exodus, or perhaps rather the first in Canaan. It is easy to fancy the soldiers sitting on the walls and towers, laughing at the curious, ragged crowd from the desert as it marches around the city day after day blowing rams horns.

One day the travellers seem in a great hurry. They do not go off to their camp after marching round the city as in former times. They keep on round and round seven times, and the sport and laughter and jeering from the top of the wall is longer and louder,

But look, listen, the walls are shaking. Pale and terror-stricken they rush for safety. but it is too late. Some are buried in the



ruins, others perish with the sword and Jericho is destroyed.

What lessons and thoughts does the picture suggest.

1. What Jerichos stand in the way of the Church of God occupying our land to-day?

2. In what way do their defenders ridicule the efforts of the Church of God to overthrow them?

3. What can you do to destroy these Jerichos?

4. Use whatever means God has put into your hand for overturning evil and helping on His cause, even if you can do no more than blow a ram's horn. God can make small agencies do great works.

5. The mightiest powers of evil must finally go down before the Church of God. If God be for us who can be against us?

FAITHFULNESS IN HUMBLE PLACES.

JEAN INGELOW tells the following story of faithfulness in humble places:—

It was in one of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the North of Scotland, on the coast of this island there stood out a rock, called the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to navigators.

One night, long ago, there sat in a fisherman's hut ashore, a young young girl, toiling at her spinning wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the wind and sea.

At last the morning came, and one boat, that should have been riding on the waves, was missing. It was her father's boat and half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found, washed up upon the shore. He had been wrecked against this Lonely Rock.

That was more than fifty years ago. The girl watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people till it was laid in the grave: then she lay down on the bed and slept. When the night came she arose and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. All night long she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun.

So many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one hank over for her nightly candle. And from that time to the time of the telling of this story (for fifty years, through youth, maturity, into old age) she has turned night into day. And in the snowstorms of winter, in the serene calms of summer, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of that small candle. However far the fisherman might be standing out at sea, he had only to hear down straight for that lighted window, and he was sure of a safe entrance into the harbor. And so for all these fifty years that tiny light, flaming thus out of devotion and self-sacrifice, has helped and cheered and saved.

Surely this was finding chance for service in a humble place: surely this was lowliness glorified by faithfulness: surely the smile of the Lord Jesus must have followed along the beams of that poor candle, gleaming from that humble window, as they went wandering forth to bless and guide the fishermen tossing in their little boats upon the sea.

ANGELS' WORK.

In a palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman, with three children. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down on one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled. A smile of amusement

was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I'm going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car."

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered, "I had a good breakfast. She looked hungry, auntie; and so tired, too. I'll be back in a minute, auntie; I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to them."

About five minutes later, the lady saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they never had done before. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said, "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, "but he's doing an angel's work, bless his dear heart."

THE MISSIONARY VIOLIN.

The Rev. E. P. Scott, a missionary in India, saw one day in the street of the city where he was working, a queer-looking man, who had come down from some mountain village. Upon inquiry, Mr. Scott found that the people of that place had never heard the Gospel, and he made up his mind to carry it to them. His friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose, and told him that he would never come back. But he took his violin and started bravely off.

As he entered the village, he was at once surrounded by natives, and a dozen spears were pointed at his heart. Still he did not quail, but closing his eyes, lest the cruel faces so near his own should shake his courage, he began to play upon his violin the old hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." As the sweet notes fell upon the air, there was a sudden hush about him, and he wondered what had happened to his savage companions, but he did not pause until his arm was too tired to move the bow any longer.

Then glancing up, he saw that the men were standing motionless around him, and that tears were on many of the dusky cheeks. The power of that wonderful Name had made itself felt through the music, and awed them into silence. There was no further opposition to the messenger of good tidings.

Mr. Scott lived with these people for two years and a half, teaching them from the Bible and helping them in many ways. At the end of that time he was obliged to leave them, because his health was failing, but the inhabitants of the village went as far as possible with him on his journey, saying over and over, "Oh, missionary, do come back to us soon; there are tribes beyond us who must hear your story, too."

A MORNING PRAYER.

Jesus, keep me all this day,
When at school and when at play ;
When I work and when I rest,
Bless me, and I shall be blest.

May I do all things I ought,
May I hate each evil thought ;
Let no false or angry word
From my lips be this day heard.

Sunbeam.

GET IN SOMEWHERE.

I ONCE heard of a little child who had recently been converted. She was one day talking to her grandfather, who was questioning her about her new faith, and no doubt giving her some very good advice. Finally she said, "Grandpa, are you a Christian?"

"Yes, my dear, I hope I am."

"What Church do you belong to, grandpapa?"

"Oh, I belong to the Church of Christ."

"But what is that? Are you a member of the same Church that mamma and I are—the Episcopal Church?"

"No, my dear, I am not an Episcopalian."

"Are you a Presbyterian, then?"

"No, I am not a Presbyterian."

"Are you a Baptist, then?"

"No."

"Are you a Methodist?"

"No, dear, I do not belong to any of the Churches; I just belong to Christ."

After a pause, in which the little one was thinking it all over, she turned her face up to her grandfather's and said: "Well, grandpapa, if I were you I would try and get in somewhere."

Now, I think the little Christian was right, and the old one was wrong. I know there are many who, from various reasons, stand apart from organized relation to the Church of God. No Church is perfect. No doubt we might all find things in the Churches to which we are allied which we could wish might be changed; and certainly we see things in other bodies which we do not approve; but at the same time I would say that it is better to be in than out. Imperfect as the outward Church is, nevertheless it is the Church of God, and among its members are to be found the true people of God, and within her organization are found the ordinances of God. I repeat the little girl's advice, "Get in somewhere." Find your place in some Christian Church as soon as possible. Do not delay; but go at once to some godly minister and tell him that you are on the Lord's side, and want to get into rank with his people.—*Pentecost.*

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

Who is better fitted to give good advice than the dear old grandmother, who remembers her own mistakes and wants to save the children from learning by sad experience, as she did? Regarding her rules grandmother says: "One is—

Always look at the person you speak to. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this. Another is—

Speak your words plainly; do not mutter nor mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly. A third is—

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say, keep silent.

A fourth is—and O children remember it all your lives—

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Then listen to a wise old grandmother. Do the hard thing first and get it over with. If you have done wrong go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterward. Do the thing you didn't like to do first, and then with a clear conscience try the rest.—*Sel.*

A HANDSOME SOUL.

One day a boy who was taking his first lesson in the art of sliding down hill, found his feet in too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an apology.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry."

"Never mind that," exclaimed the lady, "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined. I thought you would be angry with me for being so careless."

"Oh, no," she replied, "better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed the lad as the lady passed on.

"Who? that lady?" returned his comrade. "If you call her a beauty, you sha'n't choose for me. Why, she is old, and her face is wrinkled!"

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the other, "her soul is handsome, anyhow."

A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he said: "Oh, mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to get mad, I will think of what she said: 'better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.'"

THE TEST.

THE principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college, one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arrived at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift the scholarship entitling a boy to a four years' course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if at the end of the year, one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examinations, the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known of being of unsettled mind, and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence, she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hand a package of papers, which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor to this office, where she was always received with respect, and dismissed with kindly promises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately the chair she selected was broken, and had to be set aside as useless.

The result was, that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide a laugh he could not control.

Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side, and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles' amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door, and she departed.

Then he returned to the boys, and after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark: "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as who he feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest.—*Christian Union*."

ADVICE TO BOYS.

Horace Mann gives this bit of advice to boys:—"You were made to be kind boys—generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game that does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there be a bright boy, be not envious of him, for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before.—*Etc.*"

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

REVIEW.

March 26. Gol. Text, Ps. 119, 105.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ezra 1: 1-11: 3: 1-13..... Lessons I., II.
 T. Unggai 2: 1-9 Lesson III.
 W. Zech. 3: 1-10: 4: 1-10..... Lessons IV., V.
 Th. Ezra 6: 14-22; Neh. 1: 1-11..... Lessons VI., VII.
 F. Neh. 4: 9-21: 8: 1-12..... Lessons VIII., IX.
 S. Neh. 13: 15-22; Esth. 1: 10-5: 3. Lessons X., XI.
 S. Prov. 23: 15-23; Isa. 44: 9-20. Lesson XII, 1, 2.

Review the Lessons as a whole.

THE AFFLICTIONS OF JOB.

April 2.

Lesson, Job 2: 10. Golden Text, Job 1: 21.
 Memory vs. 23. Catechism Q. 53.

HOME READINGS.

M. Job 1: 1-22..... Job's First Trial.
 T. Job 2: 1-10..... Job Smitten with Disease
 W. Ezek. 14: 14-23..... "Noah Daniel and Job."
 Th. Gen. 3: 1-19..... Sat. and our first Parents.
 F. Matt. 4: 1-11..... Satan and our Saviour.
 S. James 5: 7-20..... The Patience of Job.
 S. Luke 22: 1-16: 31-34..... Satan and Judas; Satan
 and Simon.

Who was Job? In what terms did the Lord commend him? Why was Satan permitted to afflict him? What was his first great trial? Job 1: 6-19. How did he stand this trial? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Satan's Sneer*, vs. 1-5.—Who came to present themselves before the Lord? Who came among them? What did the Lord say to Satan? What did Satan answer? What testimony did the Lord give concerning Job? What was Satan's reply?

II. *The Lord's Permission*, vs. 6-8.—What permission did the Lord give Satan? What did Satan then do? With what disease did he smite Job?

III. *Job's Trust*, vs. 9-10.—What did Job's wife say to him? What was his reply? How did this reply show his trust in God? What did Job say in chapter 13: 15?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Satan is still the accuser and persecutor of God's people.
2. When he fails to overcome by one temptation, he prepares a stronger.
3. When God puts any of his servants into Satan's hand, he keeps him in his own hand.
4. To look upon evil as coming from God will enable us to bear it patiently and submissively.

AFFLICTIONS SANCTIFIED.

April 9.

Lesson, Job 9: 17-27. Gol. Text, Heb. 12: 6.
 Memory vs. 17-19. Catechism Q. 54.

HOME READINGS.

M. Job 5: 6-16 Man Born to Trouble.
 T. Job 5: 17-27..... Afflictions Sanctified.
 W. Heb. 12: 1-13. ... The Peneable Fruit of Righteousness.
 Th. Isa. 43: 1-13. "I am with Thee."
 F. Psalm 119: 66-80. "In Faithfulness hast Afflicted Me."
 S. 1 Peter 1: 1-16.... Faith Tried in the Fire.
 S. Rom. 8: 18-39.... The Christian's Assurance.

Who visited Job in his affliction? What did these friends do when they saw him? How long did they sit in silence? By whom was the silence broken? Give an outline of what was said by Job. Which of the three friends replied to Job? What was the substance of his reply? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Blessing in Chastening*, vs. 17, 18.—Who is pronounced happy? What counsel follows this declaration? With what further reason is this counsel enforced? How Solomon enforce counsel in Proverbs 3: 11, 12? What do we learn about blessing in chastening from the Home Reading for Wednesday?

II. *Deliverance in Troubles*, vs. 19-23. What promise is given in verse 19? From what particular troubles is deliverance promised? How does the Lord deliver those who trust in him from these troubles? What did the Psalmist say of his afflictions? Psalm 119: 67, 71, 75. Of what was the apostle assured? Rom. 8: 28.

III. *Reward at the Last*, vs. 24-27.—What reward is promised in life? In death? What does Paul say of the final reward of afflicted saints? 2 Cor. 4: 17, 18; 5, 1.

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Outward blessings are in themselves fading and perishing.
2. The Lord sends or permits the afflictions of his children for their best spiritual good.
3. He is almighty to support and comfort under every trouble.
4. Like as a father pities his children, even so the Lord pities them that fear him, and chastens them in love.
5. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord — Westminster Question Book.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

A DIALOGUE FOR BOY AND GIRL.

JOHN.

What can a little boy do,
To let the heathen know,
That Jesus died to save them,
Because he loves them so?
I cannot go to teach them,
I am not yet a man;
But when I'm big and older,
I'll help them all I can.

GERTIE.

There's lots of things a boy can do,
You need not wait to grow;
And if you join our Mission Band,
You there will learn to know
The places where the heathen live,
Who bow to idols dumb;
And you can lift your heart to God,
And pray, "Thy kingdom come."

JOHN.

And I can give my pennies, too,
(If silver I have none),
And with Christ's blessing some poor soul
May thus for him be won.
And when I grow to manhood,
Perhaps I'll chosen be,
To carry the glad tidings
To the heathen o'er the sea.

GERTIE.

The boys and girls can all obey
Our Saviour's last command,
And help to send the gospel,
To every heathen land.
And we will pray that Jesus,
Who sees each thing we do,
Will bless and keep our Mission Band,
And make us good and true.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Many little children,
Living far away,
Never heard of Jesus,
Never to Him pray.
And they have no Bible
Of his love to tell,
And the home awaiting
Those who serve him well.

What can little children
In our Mission Bands,
Do to help the heathen
In these far off lands?
We can give our pennies,
And our prayers, in love,
That Christ will save the heathen
For His home above.

G. W. S.

A NOBLE CHOICE.

A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow passenger's coat and asked him in a bantering tone "how much he got" for wearing it.

"That I can't exactly say," replied the other, "but it costs me about twenty thousand pounds a year."

The wearer of the badge was Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's business. He had been convinced of the evil of the ale and beer trade and refused to continue in it, though it would have brought him an income of twenty thousand pounds a year. He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money-making; and his activity soon made him known through the kingdom as a most successful temperance evangelist. His work, organized in the tent meeting on Mile End Road, has grown steadily for twenty years, and now fills "the largest mission hall in the world."

PUTTING HIMSELF IN THE PLATE.

Many years ago in Scotland a little boy went one day to a missionary meeting, where he was so much interested in what he heard about the people in other countries who knew nothing of the Father in heaven and of the message He has sent to the world by His Son, that his heart was deeply stirred, and he determined that if he should live to grow up, he would be a missionary himself, and go to the heathen and tell them about Jesus Christ.

When the meeting was about to close, there was a notice given that a collection would be taken at the door. Now the boy had not a cent in his pocket, and as he was ashamed to go out and not make any contribution, he hung behind the rest of the people, hoping that the collectors would do their work and depart before he should appear.

But as he was stealing towards the door, one of the men heard him, and turning back, held the plate towards him. The boy stood still for a moment and looked at the man, and then said quietly: "Please hold it a little lower, sir." The man complied with the request. "Lower still, sir," said the boy again. Again the man did as requested, half amused, half curious. "You'd better put it on the ground," persisted the boy, and when this direction was followed, he stepped into the plate and glanced up with a smile. "It's all I have to give, sir," he said, "but if God will let me, I will be a missionary some day." And there was nobody in all the church that day who gave so much as the little lad with nothing in his pocket.