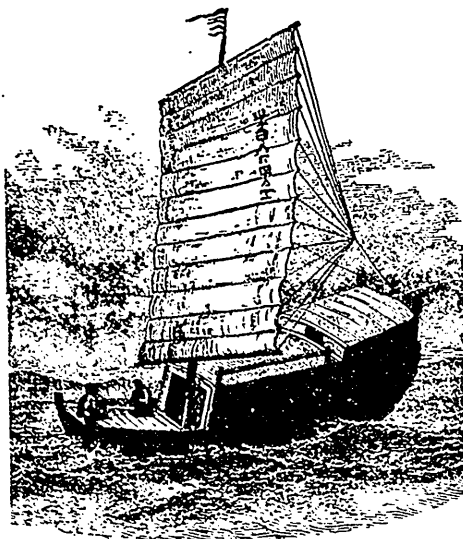


Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.



A CHINESE JUNK.

MY OLD COPY BOOK.

It had three hundred and sixty-five leaves, God gave it to me fresh and fair and clean.

Upon each leaf I wrote my daily copy. Some of the words and lines were made almost as well as I could make them; others were written very badly.

Some of the pages have blots upon them, blotted by ill temper, deceit, indulgence, hate, falsehood. Some are bright and fair with love and unselfishness.

As I look back over it there are some blots I would like removed. There are some pages I wish I had written better, but I cannot write them over again now.

God has come for my old copy book and taken it to see how I have improved in my writing. There may be some pages I would like He should not see, but they cannot be hidden.

But why should I wish to hide them from Him? He is kinder than any other could be, and all I can do is to ask Him to forgive and tell Him that with His help I will try and write the next book better, without the blots that so spoil the old one.

Farewell, old copy book. I had both pleasure and pain in writing your pages. Now God takes you back to Himself. I wish He had something better to take, but I cannot write you over again now.

OUR NEW COPY BOOK.

The same as the old, three hundred and sixty-five pages—if we are spared to write them all. How fair they are! Not a spot or blot upon them yet!

May I keep them clean and fair, and may the writing on each page be better than the preceding, so that when God comes to take it back when we are done writing in it, He may say as He looks over it, "Well done, my child, well done."

Your teacher sometimes comes to your seat in school where you are trying to make your letters and words, and helps you, shews you how to hold the pen, and shape the letters.

Our Heavenly Father is ready to help the boys and girls who wish to write well the beautiful

new copy book that He has sent us for a New Year's gift. Will you ask Him to help you?

A JANUARY CATECHISM.

Question.—What is meant by the Schemes of the Church?

Answer.—They are Schemes or plans by which our Church tries to do God's work in the world.

Q.—What are the five main Schemes of our Church?

A.—The five main Schemes of our Church are Colleges, Home Missions, Augmentation, French Evangelization, Foreign Missions.

Q.—What is done for the world by our Colleges?

A.—Ministers are trained in them to preach the Gospel at home and abroad.

Q.—What is meant by "Home Missions?"

A.—It is a Scheme or plan for sending missionaries to the newer and more scattered settlements in our country and supporting them there.

Q.—What is Augmentation?

A.—It is a Scheme or plan by which small and scattered congregations that are unable to give enough for the minister who labors for them to live upon, are helped to do so, and thus have the Gospel regularly preached among them.

Q.—What is French Evangelization?

A.—It is a Scheme or plan for sending missionaries and colporteurs to sell Bibles and teach Bible truth among the hundreds of thousands of our French-Canadian fellow-countrymen who do not have the Bible, and who know little or nothing of its teachings.

Q.—What are Foreign Missions?

I will leave the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD to answer that question themselves.

Q.—In how many different parts of the world is our Church doing Foreign Mission work?

A.—In New Hebrides, Trinidad, Demarara, India, China, Formosa, and Korea.

Look up these places on the map, and see how many of our missionaries you can name who are laboring in each place.

A PUZZLE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Can any of you tell me why it is that Colleges, Home Missions, Augmentation, and French Evangelization, should have a special interest for our young people. even more than for the old ?

Before you read farther try and tell. Stop and think.

Do you give it up ?

It is because all these things are intended to make a good country for these boys and girls to live in when they grow up.

By the time that Home Missions, and Augmentation, and French Evangelization, have done very much good work, the older people will have passed away, these boys and girls will be men and women, enjoying the peace and prosperity and safety that there is in a good Christian country.

If there were no such work done, many parts of our country would become very bad, and would not be safe to live in.

Thus it is that boys and girls in helping these schemes are helping to make a good country for themselves to live in when they grow up.

 A MAP OF THE WORLD.

A map of the world on a postage stamp ! It is the new postage stamp that is to carry a letter to any part of the British Empire, and on it is a map of the world, with the different parts of the British Empire shewn in red color, (black in cut).



See how large a country Canada is, larger than any other part of the great British Empire.

That country is yours. you will soon be the men and women who do its work and manage its affairs. Labor and pray that it may be good as well as great.

Thank God for such a country to live in, and seek to make it the best country in the world.

SOME HIDDEN THINGS.



LETTY was just starting out of the house when Aunt Nora called her back.

"Did you know, child, that there was a rip in the sleeve of your jacket?"

"Why, no," the girl said in dismay. "Is it much of a rip and does it show?"

"Of course it shows, dear, or I couldn't have seen it."

"That's too bad. Have you a safety-pin, Aunt Nora?"

The required article was brought forth, and Letty took off her jacket and pinned the open place. Then putting the jacket on again, she asked, "Does it show now?"

"No, dear, it doesn't show."

Letty failed to notice the accent on the word show, she was in such a hurry to be off. A few moments afterwards, however, she returned to the house.

"What now, child!" Aunt Nora said, in surprise.

"It's that rip again. I can't bear to go out with anything the matter with my clothing; and even though other folks couldn't see that rip; I knew that it was there, and I couldn't stand the thought, so I have come back to sew it."

"That reminds me of other things," Aunt Nora quietly remarked as Letty found the needle, thread, and thimble, and proceeded to sew up the rip.

"What other things, auntie?" the girl said, curiously. Aunt Nora had such a queer way of talking.

"Why, some other things that are hidden from folks, but that we always know are there. A little bit of deceit, perhaps; we may hide it, but it makes us uncomfortable just the same.

"Maybe we are asked to give a contribution for some purpose. It is so arranged that nobody knows how much we give, and we are apt on that account to give less than we would if the whole world, or at least our part of it, knew. Nobody does find it out, but we feel mean ourselves.

"Perhaps we have neglected a duty; nobody knows about it, but we are not comfortable.

Our hearts must be right in the sight of God, to have peace."—*Child's Paper.*

THE PLAN OF STUDY.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Conducted by Rev. R. D. Fraser,

Topic for week beginning Feb. 12.

THE MARKS OF A GOOD HYMN.

Rev. 5; 9-14.

Perhaps, children, you sing, as the birds sing, without ever thinking of how you do it, or of why the words you sing and the music fill your hearts with such joy; for it is mostly joyous hymns that are your favorites.

In the article that follows, Rev. Mr. Thomson points out what the marks of a good hymn are. You can remember these six marks which he gives by thinking that each one of the six begin with the letter P.

Very likely you may not be able to understand the reasons for all that he says just yet; you will come to understand by and by. But I am quite sure you will sing the hymns he mentions the more heartily because he has shown you what makes them so dear to Christian people.

Mr. Thomson, I may tell you, is a great lover of music, and would dearly enjoy singing the hymns with you. I hope that in many homes and in many junior Societies and Sabbath Schools as well, these hymns may be sung when this paper is read, and I feel certain that it will be with the better relish on account of his explanations.

I trust, too, that this talk about hymns, and another which is to follow later in the year, may encourage you to take your part heartily in the singing in the church.

It is sweet to hear your clear fresh voices mingling with those of the older people in the praises of God in His own House. How Jesus rejoiced in the Hosannas of the children in the Temple!

Six Ps, Six Marks of a Good Hymn.

BY REV. JOHN THOMSON, AYR, ONT.

First Mark: Praise.

As in the Psalms there should, first of all, be the mark of *Praise*. The praise must not be faint, but fitting and full as He whom we praise is "God over all blessed forever." Read Paul's

brief but very intense outburst in Romans 11 : 33, and compare with it the fine echo which we have in hymn No. 7 in the Book of Praise :—

My God how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright !
How beautiful Thy mercy seat,
In depths of burning light.

Second Mark: Prayer.

The kind of praise we want is that which says first: "How beautiful the treasure!" and second: "O let it be mine."

Sing them over again to me
Wonderful words of life ;
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life.

Compare Song of Solomon 3 : 4, and Psalm 63 : 8, with hymn 418, vs. 4 and 5.

Third Mark: Penitence.

Our hymns are for men on earth, and not for angels in heaven; and it is therefore to be expected that we will prize that which we praise if we have not discovered our unworthiness to obtain it. Expressed or understood, there should be in every hymn the sentiment of the 51st Psalm; and is it not true that our Hymn book has richly responded to this requirement? See the closing verse of 197 and the last verse of 344.

Fourth Mark: Personality.

As in the Psalms, the first personal pronoun should always be understood, and sometimes, though not too often, expressed.

Following the Psalmist in these words,
When Thou saidst, seek ye my face,
My heart said unto Thee,
Thy face Lord will I seek;

we have

"Just as I am "No. 151;—and—"Weary of wandering from my God" No. 172,—and every hymn that expresses consent to God's invitation.

Fifth Mark: Plurality.

As a rule the experiences we celebrate in song are not to be those of the individual man, but those of the whole body of worshippers. Our hymns are the hymns of an assembly, and they may well be the hymns of the whole creation when in such songs as the 148th Psalm all nature

as well as all ranks and ages of mankind are called upon to praise the Lord in concert.

This mark stands out boldly from the surface of such hymns as; "Now thank we all our Lord:" No. 485;—"At even ere the sun was set" No. 366;—and, "The Church's one foundation,"—No. 464.

Sixth Mark: Progression.

As in a good tune we make a journey from the first note to the last, so in a good hymn we make a journey from the first to the last of the marks already mentioned.

Has not our Book of Praise these marks, in large measure, in its Hymns? We think it has.

IF WE WERE CHINESE CHILDREN.

A Dialogue for Two Boys and Two Girls.

FIRST BOY.

If you were a Chinese boy,
How would you dress and wear your hair,
And what would you do to make us stare,
If you were a Chinese boy?

SECOND BOY.

If I were a Chinese boy,
I'd dress in a blouse with wooden shoes,
And wear my hair in the cutest of cues;
I'd play with a kite like a dragon queer,
And eat things you never heard of here,
If I were a Chinese boy,

FIRST GIRL.

If you were a Chinese girl,
What would you do through the long, long day
What would you wear, and what would you say,
If you were a Chinese girl?

SECOND GIRL.

If I were a Chinese girl,
I'd wear a dress like my mother's own,
And the smallest shoes that ever were known;
For my poor little feet would be squeezed, you
know,
And bandaged tight, so they couldn't grow.
When cold the day, on the bed I'd sit—
The queer brick bed, with a fire 'neath it.
I'd cut queer figures in paper red,
And burn them, too, when my prayers I said
And incense sticks I would burn before
The idol gods I would have to adore,

While mumbling prayer words o'er and o'er,
Those things I'd do—yes, and many more—
If I were a Chinese girl.

FIRST BOY.

If you were a Chinese boy,
What would you do when you grew a man?
Tell me now, for I think you can,
How would you like it, if you could plan
To turn to a Chinese boy?

SECOND BOY.

If I were a Chinese boy,
I'd have to study the hardest books,
And learn queer letters with curves and crooks.
And then, when a man, I'd have to do
Whatever the emperor told me to,
And maybe never learn anything new,
But still go on in the old, old ways,
And the idol worship all my days,
If I were a Chinese boy.

FIRST GIRL.

If you were a Chinese girl,
Would you live very happily, do you think?
Would you know much more than to eat and
drink,
If you were a Chinese girl?

SECOND GIRL.

If I were a Chinese girl,
I'd often be taught in the way I know,
And day by day I should older grow,
With none to care if I nothing learned,
While my daily rice with pains I earned.
And so I might live in the darkness sad,
With nothing at all to make me glad,
If I were a Chinese girl.

FIRST BOY AND GIRL (together.)

Are you glad you are not Chinese!

SECOND BOY AND GIRL (together.)

O, yes! we are glad in our hearts to-day
That we live where the Gospel's bright'ning ray
Gives life forever, and hope, and joy;
And we're sorry indeed for each girl and boy
Who live in China, or any place
Where nothing is known of light and grace;
And we'll try to do, as we ponder thus,
What we would wish them to do for us
If we were heathen and they were here
In this favored land of light and cheer.

LITTLE SARAH'S MISSIONARY CAT.



SARAH said to the cat as she lifted her by her forepaws and rocked back and forth in the library, "There's is one thing of which I am just truly glad, nobody wants you, my dear old cat. They are giving away their things, and selling them, and making money with them, for the missionaries; but nobody will buy my cat.

"Flora has sold every one of her chickens. I don't see how she can do it, and Trudie Burns went eat a single egg, because she wants to sell them for missionary money, and her brother Tom sells his strawberries, and Fanny raises little bits of cucumbers and sells them; and it seems as if there wasn't anything to keep and have a good time with, only my dear cat.

"I don't know how I am going to make my missionary money, I must find some way, but I am just as glad as I can be that there is nothing that can possibly be done with you, only just to play with you."

Alas for poor little Sarah! The very next day she went with mamma to call on Mrs. Colonel Bates; and while she sat in the front parlor, in an elegant chair, that was high and slippery, and waited for Mrs. Colonel to come, who should come puffing into the back parlor, where a man was waiting to see him, but the old Colonel himself, and what should be the first words he said but these tremendous ones: "I declare I would give five dollars for a good mouser! Such times as we have with mice around these old premises! That's the way with an old place! Old family residences are humbugs!"

"Five dollars for a good mouser!" Mrs. Colonel came soon, and she and mamma talked and talked about a number of subjects which at another time would have pleased little Sarah. Just then her heart was too full of that one sentence to attend to anything else. "Five dollars for a good mouser." And there was no hope of Colonel Bates giving that five dollars, or any other, to the missionary cause, on his own account.

There was not in all the town a better mouser than Tabby, and little Sarah knew it. And five whole dollars! It made her heart beat fast, and tears come in her eyes. It took her two days to

decide the matter, during which time she had so little appetite, and moped around so sadly, that her mother feared she was coming down with the mousles.

One morning little Sarah knew, by the way her heart beat while she was dressing, that she had decided. Tabby was to be put in the willow basket and taken to Colonel Bates' by her own sad little self. She hurried now; she wanted not to change her mind. Tabby was easily coaxed from her perch in the grape arbor, and swiftly little Sarah's feet flew over the ground, and she was at the Colonel's house just as that gentleman was going through the hall on his way to breakfast. He opened the door for her himself.

"If you please, sir," said little Sarah, holding up the basket and speaking fast, "I have brought Tabby; she is a good mouser, and I know the missionaries ought to have the five dollars; but I love her very much, and would you please hurry and give it to me, so I won't hear her mew again?"

"What! what! what?" sputtered Colonel Bates. "What have we here? Who are you, little one, and what am I to give you?"

"The five dollars, if you please. You said you would, you know, for a good mouser, and Tabby is the best one that ever was; and mamma says so, and the missionaries need the money—the heathen people do, you know—and I mustn't be selfish and keep Tabby. Will you be very good to her?" And a great tear, hot from little Sarah's blue eyes, splashed on the colonel's hand.

"Bless my body!" he said, and stood dazed for a moment; then he threw back his great head and laughed so loud that little Sarah was amazed; then he took out his pocketbook. "So I promised five dollars for a mouser, did I? Who told you?"

"Nobody did, sir; I heard you say it the other day when you talked with a man."

"Just so, my tongue is always getting me into scrapes. Well, here goes! Colonel Bates is a man who always keep his word. Here's your five dollars; and if it doesn't do the heathen good, it ought for your sake."

Now, as all this only happened last week, of course I can't tell you how Tabby behaved, nor what the effect of her society was on Colonel Bates, nor what the children of the mission band said when little Sarah brought her five dollars.—*The Pansy.*

PRIEST'S HOME AND TEMPLE.

Study the picture. See the water, the little vessel on the left, the great rock rising steep and so high. See the temple on the top of the rock and the buildings where the priests make their home, a little further down, on the side of it. Probably the little vessel belongs to them. It is their way of getting to the shore. It is their carriage and is lying moored at the foot of the rock.



The water is the great river Yang-tse Kiang, China's joy. It is one of the largest rivers in the world, and its great rich valley of 750,000 square miles, is one of the richest and most fertile tracts of country in the world. One thing that makes it of interest to us is that Britain has now some rights in that great rich valley, and perhaps before many years pass, she may have more rights there.

But rich as the valley is it has not the best riches, except in little spots where missionaries have been at work.

The picture shows the way in which their heathen priests like to get away and live by themselves. Perhaps it is just as well for them to do so, for they have not truth to teach to the people,

but the missionaries whom we send have their work in telling the people the glad news of a Saviour from sin. That is what Jesus commanded:—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel" to every creature.

By our little gifts we obey that command, and teach these people not to look up to these rocks and the so-called holy men who live there by themselves, but to Jesus Christ who died for their sins, to our heavenly Father who loves his wandering children in China and wishes them to know of Him and to come to Him for forgiveness.

There came a little child to earth

Long ago ;

And the angels of God proclaimed His birth
High and low.

Out on the night so calm and still

Their song was heard ;

For they knew that the child on Bethlehem's hill
Was Christ the Lord.

Far away in a goodly land,

Fair and bright,

Children with crowns of glory stand,
Robed in white.

They sing how the Lord of that world so fair

A child was born ;

And that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorns.

And forevermore, in their robes most fair

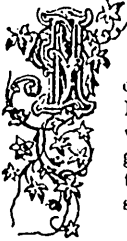
And undefiled,

These ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a child.

Little Charles R—— had listened very attentively while his father read at family worship the third chapter of Revelation. But when he repeated that beautiful verse, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me," he could not wait until his father had finished, but ran up to him with the anxious inquiry:—"Father, did He get in?"

I would ask the same question of every young person. Has the Saviour got into your heart? He has knocked again and again—is knocking now. Open your heart and bid Him welcome, and this will be the happiest day of your life.

A GIRL IN MADAGASCAR.



AM a Malagasy girl. We Malagasy children are much happier than many other children who live in heathen lands. Father and mother do not mind very much whether we are boys or girls when we first come to them, they generally like to have a boy to start with.

People are very fond of us, and very kind to us while we are little, but we are not cared for in the way that English children are.

We don't have to wear any clothes while we are babies, and mother carries us about on her back nearly all the time.

As soon as we can sit and crawl we are put down anywhere, on a mat or in the dust, and we can get as dirty as we like.

But nobody is careful about what we eat; very often we have cooked rice, mixed with water, poured down our throats while we are quite tiny; and we are given pieces of meat or fruit, or roots to eat, and are often very ill indeed afterwards.

When we are ill there are no clever doctors to look after us—unless we are near a missionary—and numbers of babies and children die every year.

As soon as they can trot about nicely the little boys go off with bigger ones to follow the cattle on the hill-side, and they enjoy that very much.

Early in the morning the boys wake up, wrap their little bit of coarse cloth round them, drive the oxen out of the pit where they are kept during the night, and off they go to spend the whole day on the hillsides.

They dig up some sweet potatoes or manioc in a field by the way, and when they feel hungry they light a bonfire and roast these, and there is always plenty of water in the streams if they are thirsty.

If it is a hot day they bathe and play about in water. If it is cold they light a bonfire and warm themselves by it. When the sun sets they drive the oxen home again and then play about the village until the rice is cooked for supper, after which they lie down on a mat and go to sleep.

We girls have a much busier life. We are taught to cook the rice, to make earthen pots and plates, to plait mats and baskets, to spin and even to weave cloth. We like to go with mother

down to the spring to fetch water. Mother carries a large earthen jar on her head, and we have smaller ones. We are very proud when we carry a jar that we have made ourselves.

We get time to play games too, and we have some very nice ones. We don't have dolls like you English children, but instead of dolls we have little bits of china or glass or even smooth stones. For these we mark out houses in the dust, and we can spend a long time playing with them, and making up all sorts of stories about them just as you do with your dolls.

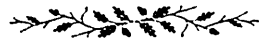
On bright moonlight nights—and we do have lovely ones—a number of us will join hands and go about the village chanting and keeping time with our feet. We enjoy that very much and the people come out to look at us; and because it is so still and quiet we can hear the children in the villages a mile or more off chanting, and they can hear us.

We spend most of our time outside because our houses are so small—many are only one room. You would think them very dirty and dull, but we are quite used to that and don't mind it a bit.

When the missionary first came we did not like going to school at all. It wasn't a bit nice to have to sit in a schoolroom and learn to read and write instead of playing about and doing as we liked.

But the missionaries were so kind and talked to us so gently and played games with us, and at last we got to like the learning very much. And then we get prizes at school—books and work-bags and dolls—such lovely dolls. We try so hard to win them, and how delighted we are when our names are called out and we are given a real doll!

Then, best of all, we learn to read the Testament and get to know all about Jesus Christ who loved little children. And the missionary tells us that Jesus loves us too, and has died to save us, though we have got brown skins and not white like yours, and that He wants us to try to be gentle and obedient and good. Many of us have learned to love Jesus and are trying to serve Him, and we try to tell others about him, because we have found how happy He can make us.—*News from Afar.*



WHAT A TREE DID.



WILLIE lay on the floor kicking his heels in the air. His lips were drawn up in a pout, and altogether he looked the picture of misery. The reason for all this was that he had just asked his mother for permission to go and play with the Smith boys. Now Willie's mother knew that the Smith

boys were not the kind of boys which she wished Willie to be. So she had wisely refused to grant his request.

Just then Uncle Harry, who, unknown to Willie, had observed all that was going on, laid down his magazine and asked Willie to come out into the orchard with him. The frown on Willie's face rapidly began to disappear, for he was very fond of his uncle and liked to be with him.

First Uncle Harry went into the wood-shed and Willie watched him pick out a long, stout post, and then picking up a few pieces of rope he led the way to the orchard. "What are these things for, Uncle," Willie asked. "Just wait a little while and you shall see," was his uncle's answer. So Willie waited as patiently as he could to see what was going to be done.

Close beside a young tree, which had just been planted the fall before, Uncle Harry began to drive in the post, until it was so firmly planted that he could not move it in the least. Then he took the pieces of rope and bound the young tree fast to the post.

Willie watched this with a great deal of interest and when it was done he asked his uncle why he had fastened the tree to the post. "So that the tree shall grow straight; as it grows, the post will keep it from bending over," was the reply. "But," said Willie, "the tree is straight now, won't it keep on growing straight?"

"That is hard to tell," replied Uncle Harry, "it may, but you can't be sure about it. If I bind this tree to the post for a while then when I take the post away the tree is sure to keep on growing straight. This tree is like a small boy when he is young, it is hard to tell whether or not he will grow up to be a good man. So God has put it into the hands of his parents to start him right. If they do so, he is pretty sure to turn out good in the end."

"I see what you mean," said Willie "you

mean that mamma tells me not to do things because she don't want me to grow up crooked."

"Yes," replied Uncle Harry with a smile, "that is about it."

"Then," said Willie, "I'm going to try and remember that when mamma tells me not to do things that I want to do."

And he did remember it. After that day whenever he began to feel cross because he was forbidden to do something he would go out and look at his tree, as he called it, and come in with his face full of smiles.—*Selected.*

 "GIVEUPPITY."

TWO little sisters, Daisy and Bess, had been given a parasol which was to be held and shared in common. It was a dainty bit of blue satin, with such glory of ribbons and lace as well might charm the most exacting little girl. They were to take turns carrying it; but mamma noticed at the end of the week that Bessie's "time" never seemed to come, although the unselfish little girl made no complaint.

One day, as they started for a walk, Miss Daisy, as usual, appropriated the coveted treasure, and gentle Bess was moved to remonstrance: "Sister, it's my time to carry it!"

"No, it's not; it's my time! I haven't had it hardly a bit," retorted little Miss Temper, with a flash of her brown eyes as she grasped the parasol more tightly.

"Daisy," interposed mamma, "give it to your sister. She has let you have it every day and you must learn to give up."

"Oh, mamma. I can't! There is no giveuppity in me," sobbed the little girl, dropping the parasol and hiding her flushed face in her apron.

Ah, little one! You spoke more wisely than you knew—"no giveuppity in me!" How many of us must learn, through our tears, that we cannot stily do the Father's will without "giveuppity" in our hearts!—*Selected.*

God keeps a school for his children here on earth, and one of His best teachers is named Disappointment. He is a rough teacher, severe in tone and harsh in his handling sometimes; but his tuition is worth all it costs. Many of our best lessons through life have been taught us by that same stern old schoolmaster, Disappointment.—THEODORE L. CUYLER.

A SUCCESSFUL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.



YOU would have supposed she would cry; but she was curled up under the old willow sobbing woefully when her four sisters entered the gate from school.

"What can be the matter?" they cried, and all swooped down upon her, telling her how they were sorry, and asking her what could be the trouble.

"It's all because of that bad, wicked old grandma," came the tearful answer.

"W-h-a-t!" in varying tones of astonishment.

"It's about a wicked old grandma who threw a little baby girl out for the dogs to eat."

"Avis Sweet, what are you talking about?"

Avis sat up and dried her tears to tell them.

"A letter just came from Miss Ellis, telling mamma about a cruel old China grandma who took a little baby just as soon as God sent it and threw it out for the dogs; and one of the mission people found it and brought it in. And mamma is going to ask our church to adopt it."

"Well, they won't," said Violet, grimly. "If there is anything this church is absolutely hardened upon, it is the subject of foreign missions."

Violet was right. To all Mrs. Sweet's pleading they turned a deaf ear.

Deacon Coldstream was most emphatically against it; and he was the most influential man in the church except Mr. Grace, who was very wealthy and well liked. But he was a very quiet man, so Deacon Coldstream usually had his way.

"Oh—oh—oh!" wailed Avis, to whom the little waif seemed strangely near and dear. I am just going to take care of her myself."

"So you shall, darling, and we will all help you," said Dot, hugging their pet.

After a great deal of planning with father and mother, the five girls actually assumed the responsibility of providing for the little "China baby," as Avis called her.

Violet was seventeen. Dot fifteen, the twins, Ruth and Rose, thirteen, and Avis eight.

Quite an undertaking, truly.

"Another begging society," said Deacon Coldstream.

Dot shut her teeth with a little click to keep the funny, saucy answer that rose to her lips from flying out.

"We will not beg one cent," she said.

"No," said Violet, "we will save what little we can, the rest we will earn; but how?"

* * * * *

A year rolled swiftly by. One Sabbath morning Mr. Rushton preached a missionary sermon to his hearers. At the close he said, "I think there has been a feeling of interest in Foreign Missions growing among us, and I thought I would speak on the subject and ask you if you would not like to organize a society."

Deacon Coldstream sprang up to reply, and everyone felt the cause was about to receive its death-blow.

He began by telling what a terrible time they had raising the minister's salary, and enlarged upon the subject until Mr. Rushton felt he was a worm of the dust, unworthy of his hire.

Then he went on saying how hard the times were, etc., until everyone felt as if he were well started toward the poorhouse when he sat down.

To everyone's amazement Mr. Grace immediately arose.

I am going to tell you of a Missionary Society already in our midst. I hope the young members will forgive me telling of their brave efforts and entire success. Most of you know that Mr. Sweet's girls are taking care of a Chinese baby; but I am sure you do not know how they have done it. Violet has been every Saturday into a neighbor's kitchen and done her cooking. Dot has done plain sewing for anyone who wished it. Rose has washed her aunt's dishes all the year when required, and Ruth has made a day-nursery of her mother's sitting room and taken care of babies at five cents an hour. And little Avis has run errands for a lazy old neighbor and earned her full share."

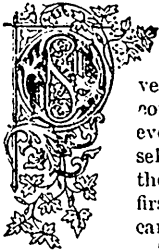
Everyone knew Mr. Grace meant himself, but they did not know he had actually lain awake nights thinking up errands suitable for an eight-year old.

"When I tell you these girls have neither neglected school or home duties, you will understand how faithful and unselfish they have been; and Avis says, 'We are going to do it again next year, we are so happy helping Jesus.' My friends, how many of you want to organize a Church Missionary Society and share this happiness?"

Almost the entire congregation arose to their feet, signifying their desire to do so.

Oh, those dear girls! They builded better than they knew.—*Children's Missionary Friend.*

THE GOOD FAIRY.



ONCE upon a time, as most fairy stories begin, there lived in a large city a little girl who was very much dissatisfied because she could not have her own way in everything. And she was very selfish, too, giving no thought to the comfort of others until she was first attended to. One day she came to her mother and said:

"Mamma, I want a new cloak, for you see it is getting cold and the snow will be here before you know it."

"But I cannot afford to buy you a cloak," said the mother.

"Why not?" asked the little girl, pettishly.

"Because I haven't the money to spare; besides, your brother needs an overcoat. Wear your old cloak for a little while longer, my dear."

"Well, I won't, and so there!"

The little girl had no sooner uttered these words than she slammed the door and went upstairs to her room. For a long time she lay on the bed crying with vexation. Finally she arose and went to the closet where she kept her clothes and took down the old cloak.

"Hateful old thing!" she exclaimed, flinging the garment across the room. "I'll never wear you again."

At that moment she caught sight of her own reflection in the looking glass over her bureau, and she was so startled at beholding such a face that she did not recognize herself at all.

"Keep on, keep on," said a tiny voice. "You'll soon make yourself old and ugly."

The little girl was surprised, but not frightened, for the voice did not sound harsh.

"Speak again please," she begged "and let me see you."

"Not until you smile," said the mysterious voice.

"I don't feel like smile, for I am very much vexed," said the little girl. "Are you a fairy?"

"Yes."

"O, come quickly, and let me see you."

Then she smiled very sweetly, and the fairy showed herself—a tiny creature, all dressed in white—and she stood on a pin cushion.

"Pick up the cloak, little girl, and hang it on this hook."

The little girl obeyed.

"Now, then, listen to me," went on the fairy.

"Remember that the cloak you so much despise has given you much comfort."

"Yes, but it's old now," said the little girl.

"True, but not too old to give you still more warmth. Would you have your little brother go out without an overcoat and freeze?"

"O, dear, no!"

"Then have patience. Think of your mother and your brother, and not of yourself. Above all things, don't get angry again."

"Why not?" asked the little girl.

"Anger brings wrinkles and unhappiness. Shall I come again?"

"Yes, indeed. Come often. And, dear little fairy, forgive me for acting so, won't you?"

"I will. Good bye."

"Good bye," answered the little girl in a happy voice.

She began to sing very softly to herself. When she went downstairs again, she took the cloak, and said as she entered the room:

"Mamma, why my cloak isn't so old as I thought. I'm not going to get angry again, because I don't want to be naughty and have wrinkles before I get old—truly old, you know."

And the little girl kept her promise and was very happy, because she thought more of others than she did of herself.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

HOW THEY TRIED TO CURE HIM.

UNFANAFILE was an African boy. He listened to the missionary and learned to love his message and the Saviour of whom this missionary spoke.

His parents and friends were not pleased. They chided, scolded, raged, and at last invited the attention of a "learned" professional gentleman of their sort of religion.

This "doctor" examined the lad critically and pronounced the seat of his faith to be in his stomach. He therefore administered a huge dose of emetic.

The medicine worked well, and so did the doctor. He held the boy up by the heels, while assistants spanked, punched and squeezed, till with all forces combined the insides of the luckless youth were pretty much out. Then they rested and the boy revived.

After several days of careful observation the parents discovered that the Christians did not keep their faith in their stomach, nor could it be dislodged by even severe medication in that local-

ity. The lad prayed earnestly, and even for his persecutors.

So the "learned" gentleman was recalled and the case reconsidered from earliest symptoms. For his previous services the doctor received a goat, but this time it required an ox; for on the previous occasion the pay was not sufficient to enable the "doctor" to rightly discover the hidden "disease."

This time the incorrigible faith of the patient was located in his bowels. He was accordingly faithfully physicked, and, as before, all hands joined in to assist the physic.

Still the patient "believed," and they could not physic it out of him. His God was certainly not located in his abdominal cavity.

After this charms were put in his path, in his food, over his door, etc., and every art known to the "profession" was faithfully employed, and still the young man "believed."

Then his tribe cast him off as one dead.

To-day Unfanatile has a fine home, and a large family well educated and well clad. A volume will be written some day on the work of this man.—Illus. Africa.



A SAILOR BOY.

"ESSENGER boy!"

"Sir"

"Go below and tell the executive officer it's 'all hands furl sail.'"

"Aye, aye, sir!" and away scurries the lad with his message.

On a big man-of-war there are no more useful members of the crew than the boys. They are usually homeless street arabs who are picked up by kind-hearted officers or sailors and offered a home in the navy. And a home it is indeed for them. They have good, comfortable clothes, plenty to eat, the finest bed in the world to sleep in (a hammock), and get paid besides.

One boy I knew in the navy was the son of a widow; his father had been a Lutheran minister in Washington, D.C., and had died, leaving a large family with but little to support them, and when the chance was offered for a home in the navy it was gratefully accepted by both the boy and his mother. He was about fourteen years old,

small for his age. He had been nurtured in a home of culture and refinement, and when he came among the great, burly, rough men, where there was no mother to hear him say his prayers and tuck him away at night, his timid heart sank, his lip curled, and his eyes brimmed with tears more than once. But he was a brave, manly little chap, and the men all soon learned to respect and love him.

On a man-of-war instant and unquestioned obedience is the first lesson taught. Eddie Lukowitz had no trouble in learning this lesson, so he got along well with the officers. The captain kept his eye on him, and seeing that he was "good timber," as they say at sea, appointed an intelligent seaman to be schoolmaster, and Eddie went to school on the ship and learned as fast as any boy. Every advantage was given him to become proficient in the lower branches of scholarship. At the same time, young as he was, he was drilled in seamanship, small arms, and gunnery.

It was not all work and no play by any means, for he went ashore at every port with some steady companion, and on board the ship he had the free use of the library, which was full of books dear to a boy's heart. He went with me up the Nile, and a happier boy I never knew than when he was on that trip.

He never forgot his mother, and every week sent her a loving letter, and scarcely a mail-bag reached the ship that did not bring a letter to him from her. His hammock swung in a quiet corner, and every night before he went to bed he read a chapter in his Testament and said his good night prayer. It was an effort for him to do that at first, but the men soon saw that his devotions were sincere, and they respected and honored him all the more for the stand he took. He was truthful, prompt, honest, and cheerful, at all times and under all circumstances. He improved faithfully his opportunities, and it was not long before he was advanced competent, and when I left the ship, three years afterward, he was captain of the mizzentop, in charge of that part of the ship. All his duties were executed with fidelity and zeal. That was the reason he got along so well, and it made his diversions from duty a fourfold pleasure.

The early training of a conscientious Christian father, and the prayers of a loving mother were a great comfort and help to the forlorn little boy as he grew into young manhood. His was a shining example of the value of a Christian life in a place where it was very hard to profess and maintain it.—*Morning Star.*



ONLY A BIBLE AND TWO ALMANACS.



YOUNG intelligent Russian, in the time of Nicholas I., got mixed up with a revolutionary society. He was arrested and shut up in a fortress in one of the cells of which he spent the next thirty years of his life. His jailer was not allowed to utter a word to him.

He was fast sinking into the madness of despair, when, providentially, he discovered at the farther corner of his cell a German calendar and a German Bible, left there probably by a former unhappy inmate.

He knew no German, but a Russian calendar had been left in his coat pocket when he was incarcerated, and by comparing it with the German, he obtained a key to the German language, at which he worked simply for occupation, and to save himself from going mad. He was at last able to read the Bible, which he did because he had no other book.

At last, after three years, the message of the Gospel became clear to him. He received it as from the faithful Promiser, and found in him his Almighty Saviour. His dungeon lost its gloom, and he became a happy man. The entrance of the Word gave him, even in his desperate state, light and grace.

The amnesty, on the accession of Alexander II., unexpectedly opened his prison, but he was banished to a town in the interior. He found himself hardly less lonely out of prison than in it. His only companion was the old German Bible which he had taken with him from his cell.

One day, however, he recognized in a newspaper the name of one who had been his bosom friend in early years, and who had become Minister of State. He obtained permission to visit him, to whom he told his strange story, and in whom he found a fellow-believer and unflinching helper.

This friend's daughter, who married a German baron, published the story in a Kreuznach Church paper, from which it was translated to me by a fellow-inmate of the Klinik.

"It is God's miracle," said the Russian to the friend of his youth, "that you see me a healthy, reasonable being. And the victory I gained in my horrible dungeon over despair and madness, I owe entirely to the Word of God." What a com-

mentary on the great affirmation of the solitary and victorious warrior in the prophet's vision, which might well be written across the whole Bible: "I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." - *Our Missions*.

A STRANGE BURIAL CUSTOM.

A returned missionary from Madagascars tells of the first native funeral that he saw there. And of their strange burial customs. He says that if an inhabitant dies whilst the moon is waxing—that is to say growing older, larger,—he or she is buried after the moon is dead; if the decessate shall have taken place during the period when the moon is waning—the funeral takes place after the date of the following moon.

The corpse is wrapped in a hide, and every day the natives (presumably the relatives) lift it up and bind it to a post, taking it down morning and evening. When they take it down they bind the hide more securely and tightly round the body, so that at last all corruption goes to the ground, and nothing is left save the bones.

Then they take a canoe and cut off the two ends, so as to form a coffin, in which they place the skeleton, which they carry off to a fixed spot upon the seashore, each tribe having its own special graveyard, and different families taking it in turn to visit the coffins and to renew them as they wear out.—*Sel*.

SURE SIGNS IN A BOY.

SOME folks don't believe in signs, but the wisest man in the world believed in them. Solomon said, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

When I see a little boy slow to go to school, and glad of every excuse to neglect his books, I think it is a sure sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy or girl looking out for "No. 1," and disliking to share good things with others, I think it is a sign that the child will grow up a selfish person.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it is a sign of great future blessing from Almighty God.

When I see a boy fond of the Bible, and knowing it well, I think it is a sign that he will be a good and happy man.

OUR DUTY.



UNCLE ALEX came out on the back piazza with his newspaper, and was just going to seat himself in one of the arm chairs when a very large spider, weaving its web among the vines, attracted his attention.

He went closer to look at it, and presently called to Neddie, who was playing in the yard. "Neddie, come and see this huge spider."

"I can't come now, Uncle Alex," replied Neddie. "I am on duty."

Uncle Alex stopped looking at the spider, and looked at Neddie. He had a paper soldier-cap on, and, carrying his toy gun, was gravely pacing up and down before his tent, which was pitched on the grass under the big cherry-tree. Will Ramsay and two or three other boys were in the adjoining meadow, galloping along on sticks, and flourishing wooden swords. There was probably a battle going on; though the cows, chewing their cud under the trees, didn't seem to be frightened.

"What are you doing?" asked Uncle Alex.

"I'm a sentinel on guard," said Neddie.

"Can't you come over here just a minute, if I watch the tent?"

"No, indeed!" answered Neddie, decidedly. "Soldiers mustn't go away a second when they are on duty."

"Well, well!" said Uncle Alex, seeming quite amused, as he sat down to his paper.

Toward the close of the afternoon, when the tent was deserted and the boys were playing something else at the other side of the house, Neddie's mother came out on the porch from the kitchen, carrying a small basket.

She looked hastily around, and then called, "Neddie, Neddie, where are you?"

"Here, mamma!" he shouted, bounding around the corner of the house and up the steps.

"I want you to go over to the store and get me two pounds of sugar and a half-pound of raisins," said the mother, adding, as she gave him the basket and some money: "Now don't be gone long. I am making something good for supper, and I want those things as soon as possible."

About ten minutes after Neddie was gone, Uncle Alex started to the postoffice. When he reached the little brook which had to be crossed to get to the village, he saw Neddie sitting on the bridge, throwing pebbles into the

"Hallo, Neddie!" he said. "I thought you were on duty."

"No, sir," replied the boy, looking in surprise. "We're not playing soldier any more. Mamma sent me on an errand."

"Did she send you here to throw pebbles in the brook?"

"No, sir; she sent me to the store."

"I thought I heard her giving you a commission which was to be executed with promptness and despatch; and, knowing you to be such a soldierly fellow, who could not be tempted away from duty a moment, I wonder, rather, to see you standing here." And Uncle Alex stroked his whiskers meditatively and knit his brow, as though he was trying to study the matter out.

Neddie, with a puzzled expression, looked steadily in his uncle's face for a moment or two, and then, turning his steps toward the village, was off like a flash.

Uncle Alex was standing on the postoffice steps, reading a letter, when he happened to see Neddie come out of the grocery store with his basket, and walk rapidly homeward. Some little boys on the other side of the street also spied him, and, running over, surrounded him, evidently wanting him to stop with them a little while. But he declined their invitation, and kept on his way. He realized that he was on duty.—Sel.

HE CAN DO IT NOW.

A POOR, ignorant, old, colored man, who had been a slave, came to Miss M. Waterbury, a lady missionary among the freedmen, and asked to be taught to pray. She began to teach him the Lord's Prayer, sentence by sentence, explaining it to his entire satisfaction until she came to the one on forgiveness.

"What dat mean?" said he. "That you must forgive everybody or God will not forgive you."

"Stop, teacher, can't do that," and he went away. After vacation he appeared again, saying: "Now go on wid de prayer. I dun forgive him. Ole massa once gib me five hundred lashes, and hit me wid a crowbar, an' t'row me out fur dead, and I met him on the street, and wouldn't speak at him, but to-day I met him an' said, How'd ye? Now go on wid that prayer."

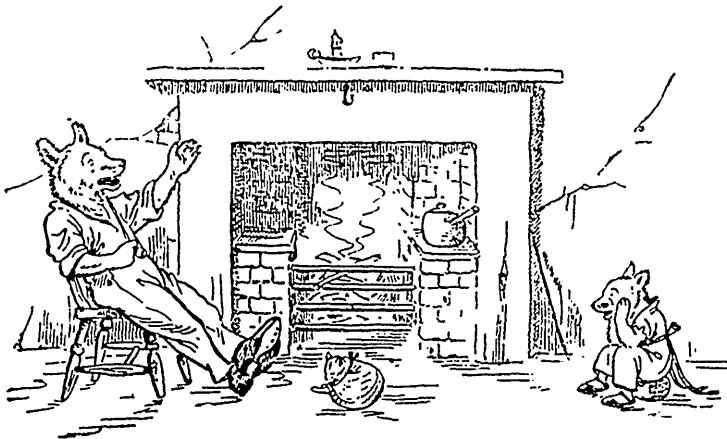
It might be well for many another besides the colored man to think very seriously of those whom they refuse to forgive before they go on "wid dat prayer."—Brethren Evangelist.

HOW IT LOOKS TO THEM, A FABLE.

BOYS who like the fun of frightening or hurting animals may learn a little lesson from the following funny fable. It is all right to shoot the bear if you can, but many a smaller animal might say with the frogs of another fable: "It is fun for you, but death for us."

"I've seen such a terrible beast, papa,
When out in the woods at play,

With never a nose and never a claw!"
Said the Baby-Bear one day.



"It walked on its hind
legs all the time,
And its face was as
white as white!
It carried a stick that
banged and smoked,
And I hid in a bush in
fright.

"But when it had gone
and I could come out,
You'd better believe I
ran!"

The old bear laughed
till the chimney
shook,
"That beast, my son,
was a man!"

—Selected.

OPPORTUNITY.

A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of gods. One was very curious. The face was concealed by being covered with hair, and there were wings on his feet.

"What is his name?" said the spectator.

"Opportunity," was the reply.

"Why is his face hidden?"

"Because men seldom know when he comes to them."

"Why has he wings on his feet?"

"Because he is soon gone; and once gone, can never be overtaken."

NOTICE.

Order Topic Cards, Booklets and S. S. Helps from Rev. R. D. Fraser, Toronto, and order all three RECORDS DIRECT from Rev. E. Scott, Montreal.

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Published by Authority of

The General Assembly.

The Presbyterian Record, 50c. yearly. Five or more to one address 25c. each. Payment in advance.

Youth's Record, 30c. yearly. Five or more to one address 15c. each. Payment in advance.

The Children's Record, 30c. yearly. Five or more to one address 15c. each. Payment in advance.

Please do not send postage stamps larger than one and two cents; nor in quantities more than twenty-five cents.

Subscriptions at a proportionate rate may begin at any time, not to run beyond December.

Address: Rev. E. Scott,

Presbyterian Offices.

MONTREAL.

A BRAVE NOVA SCOTIA WOMAN.

IT was a still, sultry night in June, and very dark. Mr. McKay, one of the early settlers in the backwoods of Nova Scotia, was away on a salmon-spearer expedition, and his young wife was keeping his supper hot on the brands of the great fireplace in their little log cabin. Not a sound was to be heard save the buzzing of June bugs against the window.

Suddenly a wild, shrill, bleat of terror from a calf, which was fastened by a rope to the cabin, caused Mrs. McKay to start up and rush to the doorway. Seizing a brand from the fireplace, she saw by its light a huge bear hugging the calf, and without an instant's hesitation, she thrust the brand into the bear's face. He loosened his hold of the calf and jumped toward the woman; she ran inside the little log hut, closely followed by the bear.

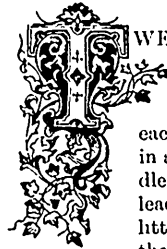
The baby's cradle was overturned, but the brave woman, snatching a blazing brand from the fire, confronted the bear. His bearship coming too near, his long fur was singed, and with a roar of terror, he ran outside and made off for the woods.

Mrs. McKay picked up the baby, brought the frightened calf into the cabin, rebuilt the fire, and then sat down calmly to await her husband's return.—*Our Animal Friends.*

A BRIGHT POLLY.

AN amusing story is told of a parrot which was brought from abroad by a sailor, and was bought from him. It was soon found to be an impossible companion on account of its atrocious language, no doubt learned on shipboard. The cook undertook to reclaim it from its bad ways, and her course of education was at once simple and efficacious. Whenever the bird made an unseemly remark she dashed a cup of water at it saying, "That is for saying naughty words." The parrot became a reformed character, and in time was admitted to the dining-room, where it delighted every one with its sayings and doings. One day a large cat sprang upon the outside sill of the happily closed window, and, the wood-work below being narrow, he miscalculated his distance, and fell back with a loud splash into the water-butt below. The parrot cocked his head on one side at the familiar sound, and exclaimed in triumph, "That's for saying naughty words!"

OUR INFLUENCE AND WHAT IT WILL DO.—AN OBJECT LESSON.



TWELVE small colored candles represent twelve children, and are stood upright in a row on the table or desk. (If each candle is warmed and placed in an individual butter plate, candle-sticks will not be needed.) The leader of the meeting holds up one little candle, which he lights, and then says: "This represents selfish little boy who wants to shine just for himself." He then places the lighted candle apart from the others and covers it with a two-quart glass fruit jar.

"We will leave him shining for himself and will see what this little girl will do," the leader says, lighting a pretty pink candle.

"This little girl wants to live for others," the leader continues, "so she begins by lighting all the other candles from her own light," and, suiting the action to the word, all the candles are lighted by the pink candle.

All in a row are now brightly burning, and the leader turns his attention to the selfish little boy: "Why, what is the matter with him?" the leader asks. The children look and answer at once, "His light is gone out." This exercise teaches its own lesson, a lesson that children will not soon forget.

Mrs. Powell's illustration from a plant teaches another important lesson in connection with our topic. A sickly-looking geranium plant in a pot is brought into the meeting. Its leaves are few and small, it makes no pretensions to blossoms or even beauty.

"What is the matter with the plant?" the leader asks.

"It needs water," one child may say. "It has been out in the cold," another guesses; but the leader says: "It is dying for want of sunshine. It has been put away under a bench in the greenhouse and the influence it needed for its life and growth has been lacking. It would soon die unless it had been brought out into the sunlight."

So we see by these two object lessons that our mission in the world is to shine, and that we cannot shine until we have first been shined upon.—*The Epworth Herald.*