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

The

HILDRENS RECORD.



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

Why she, a woman came the other day—
 was lame, writes Rev. F. H. Russell, one of
 our missionaries in India, with a lameness in
 her knee. It was from a thorn which had
 become imbedded there. When we suggested
 that she have the thorn removed, she objected,
 on the ground that her means of living would
 be gone, as she made her lameness an excuse
 for begging. She had herself stuck the thorn in,
 for the express purpose of making her
 appear more helpless, and a greater object of
 charity.

A STORY FROM INDIA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY MARGARET O'HARA, M.D.

THAT you may understand the fol-
 lowing interesting story, let me
 say that Rev. Frank H. Russell,
 and his wife, and Miss Margaret
 O'Hara, M. D., are our missionaries at a new
 station called Dhar, in Central India, where
 all around them are heathen, and they have
 scarcely any Christian converts as yet. They
 have only been there a few months, and the
 new bungalow of which she speaks is a house
 they are getting built to live in. The poor
 woman was carrying bricks for the builder
 and had laid her little child on the floor while
 she was at work, just as you may have seen
 your mother lay the baby on the carpet while
 she was doing some work. The "Dak bung-
 a-low" is a shelter for travellers, at which the
 missionaries are staying until their house is
 built.—Ed.

DHAR, INDIA, 16 April, '96.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

On the 18th of last month Mr. and Mrs.
 Russell and I went over to see how our mis-
 sion bungalow was progressing.

Lying on the wet floor of one of the rooms,
 was a little, half clad, emaciated baby, whom
 we had often before noticed during the
 months the building has been in the course
 of erection.

Attracted by its needs rather than its
 beauty, I went over and began to amuse the
 little thing. The mother passing at the time
 with a basket of bricks on her head, stopped,
 and asked me to adopt her baby.

Not knowing whether she meant it or not,
 I replied that if she brought the baby, accom-
 panied by a legally stamped paper on which
 was written her willingness to give up all
 claim to the little one, that I would take it.

The day following she came to the Dak
 bungalow, bringing the stamped paper and
 the baby. In the presence of four witnesses
 she made the sign of her bracelet, as she can-
 not write. The witnesses all signed, the
 paper testifying to her willingness to give up
 the baby. This done the little mother
 handed both baby and paper to me, and went
 away.

Four days later we again were over at the
 new building, when the little mother came
 and asked us to take her also, saying she was
 willing to do whatever work we gave her, if
 we would only save her from her present life.
 This was a more difficult problem than the
 adopting of the baby.

Long, earnestly and with grateful hearts
 did Mrs. Russell and I talk the matter over,
 and finally decided to take the mother also.
 She followed us to the bungalow bringing
 nothing but what she wore. Mrs. Russell
 had some food prepared. This she ate read-
 ily, and went to sleep beside my bed.

Next morning before sunrise her parents
 and caste people came and demanded that
 she be driven out of the bungalow. This we
 refused to do; but said she might go if she
 wished, or that they might talk with her
 where she was.

The parents then asked if we had com-
 pelled their daughter to come to us. The
 poor frightened little girl had hidden behind
 a chair and looked like a hunted bird, but
 immediately she replied, "I came of my own
 pleasure and I have eaten their food."

This statement proclaimed to them the fact
 that she had given up her old religion and
 that she was now separated from her caste.

For a moment the people were silent, but
 they soon found their tongues, and abused
 the poor girl as only Hindus can.

She has been with us now for almost a
 month, and is bright and happy and shows
 no desire to return to her people although

they have come several times to try to secure her.

Her parents demanded her jewellery. This she removed from her ears, fingers, and wrists and gave to them. This must have been a very great trial to her, as native girls think it a great shame to be seen without jewellery.

In eleven days she had mastered the Hindi alphabet, besides doing other work.

The Sabbath after they came the baby was baptized by the Rev. F. H. Russell. I took the responsibility assumed by parents. Never before did this sacrament mean so much to me as when I presented that little Hindu baby to Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me."

The little child's name is "Hira" which means "a diamond." Will you not pray that Hira may grow up to be a good and useful woman and be numbered as one of Christ's jewels.

Her mother's name is "Soni" which means gold. We are teaching her, and soon we hope that she will publicly confess Christ.

She is just about fifteen or sixteen years of age, but this little girl has been married, is a mother, was forced to leave her husband, and now is an outcaste from her home and people. The persecution she had to bear compelled her to seek work on our building, as a coolie, and in this way she was brought to us.

Surely the tender loving Jesus has led her here, and He will perfect his work already begun.

Trusting the story of Soni and Hira may increase an interest in our work,

I am yours,

Very sincerely,

MARGARET O'HARA.

THE STORY OF A WELL.

BY OUR MISSIONARY REV. N. H. RUSSELL.
FOR THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Parlia is a place down below the mountains or high table-land on which Mhow is situated. Here some of our Christian workers have settled, and as they would get no place to live we had to build them some small houses.

One of the first difficulties met with was that of getting water. In the Native States our Christians are often prevented from drinking at the wells where Hindus and even Mahomedans drink. As the chief man in the village volunteered to furnish the cost we decided to dig a well in the corner of the little lot on which the houses are built, that the Christians might have no trouble in seasons when the river is dry.

After prayer, the spot for digging was chosen. It was certainly not the most likely place for water, as it was higher than the rest of the lot, and gave indications of being stony, but Mr. Drew, who was superintending the matter, felt it had been pointed out in answer to prayer. So the work was begun.

So soon as the villagers heard that the Christians were to dig a well, they all gathered round to see how it would be begun. When the Hindus dig a well there is a great ceremony performed by a Brahmin priest, in which coconuts, flour, etc., are offered to the gods.

What, then, was their astonishment to find that the Christians were beginning to dig their well without any ceremony but the offering of prayer. "You will never get water," "You've not appeased the gods," "What have you done to get water?" were the common exclamations. And day by day, as the well was being dug, they would come and watch its progress.

"What are you doing?" they would ask. "Digging a well," old Ragbir, our Christian, would answer.

"Why, this is stony ground. You'll never get water here."

"This is the place God chose for us."

"Wah! a lot of water you'll get. Who is going to give you water?"

So the Christians went on digging, sometimes tempted to doubt, for everyone said it was the wrong place, but still steadfast in their faith in Christ and His answer.

When they reached the rocky soil they found that, instead of being hard, it was quite soft and would come out with the pick and shovel. This was the beginning of the

answer. When they reached about 20 to 22 ft. depth, there was still little sign of water, and the Hindus were beginning to laugh.

But one day when one of the men struck his pick deep into the soft rock, there gushed out a regular fountain such as had not been known in that part before. The water was clear and sweet. You can imagine what a burst of gratitude arose in their hearts to God for so bountifully answering their prayer. After giving thanks, they threw down their tools and went off into the village to tell the good news.

"We've got water."

What a stir it made. Everyone, even from the villages for miles around, came to see the "Jesus Christ" well. And certainly it is a wonderful well. To have so much water in the driest part of one of the driest hot seasons I have experienced in India means a well that will, we trust, never be empty.

It is also a sermon in wells. Its fame has gone far and near, and everywhere tells the story of faith in the Lord Jesus.

When Ragbir wrote us the good news that they had found water, he asked that we should join with them in thanks to God for His gifts, and in the prayer that they would be spared for many years to drink of it and become strong in the Master's service. Will you not, my dear young friends, join with us in this prayer.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ON AFRICA.

What is the area of Africa?

About eleven and a half million square miles.

What is the estimated population?

From 175,000,000 to 200,000,000.

By what name is Africa known in the Bible?

Ethiopia.

Is Africa thus often mentioned?

Yes; more than twenty times.

Are there promises in the Bible that Africa (Ethiopia) shall be turned to god?

Yes; such as Zep. iii. 10; Psa. lxxxvii. 4; but especially Psa. lxxviii. 31.

Repeat the last verse named?

"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

What are the religions of Africa?

Mohammedanism and Fetishism.

Where are the followers of Mohammed chiefly found?

In North Africa, Egypt, the Soudan, and eastern equatorial Africa.

What is a fetish?

Something a savage may worship, and in which a supernatural spirit is supposed to live.

Of what are they made?

Of anything—a piece of wood, bark, broken pottery, stone, etc.

Is a fetish just the same as an idol?

No; for, while the savage may indeed worship it, he also believes he has power over it to make it do as he pleases.

Is this the lowest form of idolatry?

Yes; and the most debasing.

Is all of Africa mission ground, and is it all open to missionaries?

Yes; unless we except extreme South Africa, which has become Christian, as a colony of England, Abyssinia, and parts of the Sudan.

Is there a nominal Christian church in Abyssinia?

Yes; the Coptic, established there in the fourth century, but now very corrupt.

What is the condition of the millions of Africa?

One of ignorance, wickedness, and unnumbered woes.

Are many churches working for the redemption of Africa?

Yes; all the leading churches in the world.

Name some of the great missionaries who have given their lives for Africa?

Robert and Mary Moffat, David Livingston, Bishop Hannington, Alexander MacKay.—*The Children's Missionary.*

Can we, whose souls are lighted

With wisdom from on high;

Can we, to men benighted,

The Lamp of Life deny?



A Scene from Africa—Lions and other Animals Disturbed by Hunters.

THE HEATHEN CHILD.*Written by a Girl twelve years old.*

Far away in a heathen city,
 Once there dwelt a little child
 Who had never heard of Jesus,
 'So lowly, meek, and mild;
 She had never learned to pray,
 Or ask her sins forgiven;
 She had never learned the way
 To the beautiful home in heaven.

But, one day, she sat with her idols,
 And a call came 'cross the sea,
 Saying: "Little one, I love thee;
 Oh, won't you come unto me?"
 She knew not of the after-life,
 And she heeded not the voice,
 Till Jesus sent His workers,
 And made her soul rejoice.

So, cannot our band, though little,
 With willing hearts and hands,
 Do something for the heathen
 In those great, dark, far-off lands?
 We may not sail the ocean,
 There is work at home, right here,
 To teach the little children
 Who know nothing of Christian cheer.

But cannot we do something,
 We, crowned with Christ's love and light,
 For the poor little heathen children
 Whose homes are as dark as night?
 Don't you hear the pleading, crying,
 As in ignorance they die?
 Oh, won't you send them Bibles,
 That tell of the Home on high?

*—Over Sea and Land.***OFF THE RIGHT COURSE.**

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of possible danger to their good ship; but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass. "You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at

the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker on, "when only half a point is so much thought of." "Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

"So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering right for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to the summit at one bound, but goes the little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

A PNEUMATIC BOY.

WHAT is that,' asked Ned's father, looking up from the newspaper, 'that you are saying about Tom Roderick's safety?

'Why, you see,' answered Ned, edging up to his father so as to get into short-distance communication with him, 'it has a pneumatic'—

'Didn't I get you the latest pattern of tire that was made?' the father broke in upon this explanation. 'I cannot afford to throw away a brand-new wheel just because some inventor has come out with some improvement on it.'

'It is not the tire, papa,' broke in Ned, eagerly. 'My tire is all right. She is double-lined with fibre rubber, and I ain't a bit afraid of puncturing her; but, you see, it's a pneumatic seat that Tom Roderick has on his, and that's ever so much better than the old fashioned steel-spring leather seat.

'A pneumatic seat!' echoed Mr. Wilson, 'Well, I wonder what in the world is coming next. There is just one thing more somebody ought to invent,' he mused, with a half-smile upon his lips, 'and that is a pneumatic boy to ride the pneumatic tired safety with a pneumatic seat. I think in this age of the world, when every everybody seems to be trying to avoid jars and shakes in every other

way, that it would be a fine thing to have a boy about the house built on that plan. I'll see about the pneumatic seat for your safety after we have some evidences that there is a pneumatic boy to sit on it. I don't think it's fair that one member of the family should have all the smooth riding, and his baby, brother, mother, and the rest, be continually jolted and jarred by his ill temper and poor memory.'

Ned knew it was of no use to argue the matter, and so went away doubtful as to whether his appeal had done any good, yet with a half formed idea in his mind that his father had meant that he could swap a pneumatic seat for his safety for a pneumatic boy, whatever that meant. The more he thought about it, the plainer it became to his mind that that was the situation of affairs. The figure of speech, in which his father had likened him to a safety, stuck in his fancy.

'I guess I am a little rough and crusty sometimes,' he admitted to himself in undertone. 'Maybe I do make some jolts about the house. I guess papa must have heard me snapping at baby Dick this morning for scratching my school slate. I did make it pretty rough riding for the little fellow, that's a fact. And mamma says I come home from school every night as cross as a bear.'

Ned sat still on the porch settee for five minutes without even whistling or whittling at a stick, and that was something for him. Presently he heard steps coming through the library. He pricked up his ears in an instant, and then said to himself:—

'There's mamma coming to remind me about that errand down the street, I'll slip right off before she gets a chance to tell me a second time. I suppose it does worry her to keep jogging my memory.' And with an 'I'm going mamma, I don't forget'—he scampered off as fast as his feet could carry him.

His mother thrust her head through the partly opened door, and watched him disappear in a half-surprised way, and then remarked aside to Mr. Wilson:

That's encouraging. I didn't suppose Ned could possibly remember to do anything from being told once.

'Oh! responded Ned's father': 'maybe he's trying to relieve your mind of some of the jolting his forgetfulness gives it. I shouldn't be surprised if he'd taken the hint I gave him, and you had pretty easy times, for a day or two at least.'

Mrs. Wilson didn't understand, and so she had further occasion to be mystified over Ned's unusual thoughtfulness and generosity before the day was gone.

He came home bringing a stick of candy.

'Here,' he said, holding out the larger half to baby Dick.

This was quite an innovation on his usual procedure. Ordinarily, the baby teased and the mother coaxed, and finally conintended; and he then acquiesced in a division by grasping three-fourths of the stick in his hand, and requiring baby to break the short end off.

'That's a great deal nicer,' approved his mother, 'than letting your brother worry and cry over it.'

'I guess it does ride smoother than the other way,' agreed Ned within himself. 'I'm going to see how still I can go upstairs now, and hang up the clothes. I left scattered around my room.'

He started off, tiptoeing up the stairway as carefully as he could, muttering to himself, 'I guess papa'll think this is pretty smooth riding. He always says I make as much noise as a whole livery stable going up and down stairs. And then grandma won't have to tell me about hanging up my things, either; and that'll save her some jolting. She's always jolting over something I do; and I guess I ought to be ashamed, because her bones are old, and she had plenty of trouble with her own children.'

Down in the library Ned's papa smiled to himself as he noted the whole proceeding, even though he kept busily at work. 'I think,' he said, casting his eye over a catalogue of bicycle dealers' supplies which Ned had with a good deal of fore-thought left at his elbow, 'that the price of that pneumatic seat may prove one of the best investments ever made.'

Something in his father's face scanning the catalogue encouraged Ned wonderfully; and it was not long before he mustered up courage enough to approach his father's elbow, and demurely suggest, 'I guess it's been a little smoother round here lately, hasn't it papa?'

'Don't know but it has,' answered his father. 'It seems to me that I haven't heard Dick fretting quite so much as usual; and I know that your mother has been saved quite a number of steps and your grandmother a great deal of worry, while I haven't been'—

'Jolted,' prompted Ned. 'That's what I call it. You see I have been saying to myself that I am a pneumatic boy, and it was my business to keep this house from being jolted. That's what a pneumatic seat is for,' he shrewdly concluded.

'I see,' answered his father. 'You've shown me how much easier riding with a pneumatic seat is, and I guess we'll have to order one to-day with your safety. We're willing to be partners with you in this matter of smooth riding. That's a great deal fairer than to have all the smooth riding on one side, don't you think so?'

'Course,' assented Ned.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE CHILDREN IN THE CHURCH.

How in the world would the Church go on if the children gave up coming? You see what would happen: the grown people, being the only ones left in the church, would grow older and older, and sadder and sadder, without any children to brighten them up, and one by one the grown people would die, and leave empty places, for there would be no one to fill their places if the children stopped coming.

So you see the Church cannot do without the children. Without you my little friends, the Church would be a failure. Perhaps you never thought before that the Church needs you. Well, realize it now, for it is a very grand thought. It shows you how important your lives are. And do not think that the only reason you are needed here is to fill up the empty places left by the older friends who go away into the other life. You are needed in the Church for what you *are* now.

By coming to the Church you make everyone happier, you strengthen and gladden the whole place and the whole service; and as for him who is speaking these words to you, he *could* not go on without you. The minister's courage would just give out altogether if he could not see your faces here and feel that you are growing up in the spirit of the place.

You, children, can no more do without the Church than the Church can do without you. Children who grow up without coming to Church, if they are well enough to come, are as incomplete as children who grow up without a home.

But suppose, as children, we do not come to church; suppose we get in the habit of spending our Sundays at home, idly or foolishly—by so doing we are forming a habit which will slowly rise like a great wall of stone, higher and higher, to keep us away from the sanctuary of our Father.

You have something in yourselves which you can give by coming, that adds to the strength and beauty of the Church, and the Church has something to give you which you cannot find anywhere else in the earth except in the sanctuary of God.—*From The Children and The Church, by Charles Cuthbert Hall.*

A FIVE-MINUTE SERMON ON HABIT.

Isaiah i: 17, "Learn to do well."

Boys and girls, you can obey this text by trying to do well to-day, and to-morrow, and the next day. It is the same as learning to skate. You fall, and rise again. You fall, but try again. After a little you can stand, and then can push out one foot, and by and by the other, until at last away you go, gliding away over the ice like the wind.

Learning to do well is like learning to swim. You wade into the water, but not very far, for fear you will drown. You try to swim, but sink. You try again, and do a little better. You swallow a good deal of water. It gets into your ears and eyes and nose; but you keep on splashing, and finally you can swim. So you must keep on doing well until you learn how, and it has become a habit. A habit is something which we have. That is what the word means. It often becomes something which has us.

A habit is formed the same way that paths or roads are. You often see people "cutting across lots." Where they do this, a narrow strip of grass about a foot, or fourteen inches wide, will be trodden hard; and that is a path. It is made by being walked over again and again and again. You can soon get into the habit of doing a thing if you will do it over and over many times. The more you do it the easier it will become, just as a path grows wider and plainer the more it is travelled.

It is hard to keep people from going across lots after a path is once made; and so it is hard to stop doing what we have fallen into the habit of doing. It will not be easy for you to "do well" after you have once learned to do wrong. Bad habits are like the ruts made by carriage wheels in country roads—they hold people fast. I once read of an old man who had crooked fingers. When a boy, his hand was as limber as yours. He could open it easily, but for fifty years he drove a stage, and his fingers got so in the habit of shutting down on the lines that they finally stayed shut. The old man can never open his hand again.

Boys, if you do not wish to fall into the habit of swearing, refuse to swear at all. If you do not wish to become the slave of tobacco, let cigarettes alone. If you do not wish to die drunkards, never begin to tippie. If you do these things only a few times, they may become habits and hold you fast. You would then smoke, and swear and drink almost without knowing it, or knowing why. "Learn to do well," but "abhor that which is evil."—*Christian Advocate.*

THE INFIDEL BANKER.

A story, which shows even infidels do not believe their own sneers about the Bible, and that they know that Christianity makes people better, is told in *Fireside Readings* :—

"A Virginia banker, who was the chairman of a noted infidel club, was once travelling through Kentucky, having with him bank bills to the amount of \$25,000. When he came to a lonely forest, where robberies and murders were said to be frequent, he was soon lost, through taking the wrong road. The darkness of the night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatened danger he knew not.

"In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, and, urging his horse onward, he at length came to a wretched-looking cabin. He knocked; the door was opened by a woman who said that her husband was out hunting, but would soon return, and she was sure he would cheerfully give him shelter for the night. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can better be imagined than described. Here he was with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of the robber whose name was a terror to the country.

"In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer-skin shirt, a bear-skin cap, and seemed much fatigued, and in no talking mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pockets, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more he urged the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that it was his last night on earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fear grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?"

"At length the backwoodsman arose, and reaching to a wooden shelf, took down an old book and said:

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is always my custom to read a chapter of the Holy Scripture before I go to bed."

"What a change did these words produce! Alarm was at once removed from the skeptic's mind. And, though an avowed infidel, he had now more confidence in the Bible. He felt safe. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knees in prayer, was no robber or murderer. He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, and at once dismissed his fears, and laid down and slept as calmly in that cabin as he did under his father's roof. From that night

he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of his eventful journey to prevent the folly of infidelity."

A TEMPERANCE BOY.

Two grave, quiet-looking men stood on the steps of a big house in Washington some years ago. They were watching four bright children get into a cart and drive down the street, throwing back kisses and "goodbyes" to "papa" and "papa's friend, the General."

The younger man, and the father, was General Phil Sheridan, "Fighting Phil," as he was called in those days. Another general, an old friend, said: "Phil, how do you manage your little army of four?"

"Don't manage; they are mischievous soldiers, but what good comrades! All the good there is in me they bring out! Their little mother is a most wonderful woman, and worth a regiment of officers! John, I often think what pitfalls are in waiting for my small, brave soldiers, all through life. I wish I could always help them over."

"Phil, if you would choose for your little son, from all the temptations which will beset him, the one most to be feared, what would it be?"

General Sheridan leaned his head against the doorway, and said, soberly: "It would be the curse of strong drink! Boys are not saints. We are all self-willed, strong-willed, maybe full of courage and thrift and push and kindness and charity, but woe be to the man or boy who becomes a slave to liquor. Oh I had rather see my little son die to-day than see him carried in to his mother *drunk*."

"One of my brave soldier-boys, on the field, said just before a battle, when he gave me his message to his mother, if he should be killed: 'Tell her I have kept my promise to her. Not one "drink" have I ever tasted.' The boy was killed. I carried the message with my own lips to his mother. She said: 'General, that is more glory for my boy than if he had taken a city.'"

General Sheridan and the other brave man lie in historic Arlington. A great white monument marks the place.

The "little brave soldier, Phil Junior," is growing tall every year. He, with his mother and three pretty sisters, keep their soldier's grave beautiful with sweet flowers, and still more beautiful is the character of the small soldier, who scorns "strong drink" and declares himself to be a "temperance boy—*Temperance Banner*."

A LITTLE BUILDER.

NED had been to a missionary meeting at which he heard a great deal about the churches which were needed out West. It was something quite new to Ned; he had always supposed that there were churches in plenty, if only people would take the trouble to look for them. And as he listened he began to wonder if there was anything that he could do to help along, and came to the conclusion that there wasn't. No, the pleasure of giving was for those who had money.

But somehow, after the meeting was over and Ned went swinging down the pretty village street with his hands in his pockets and a little tune whistling itself from between his lips, he could not get rid of the thoughts of those churchless congregations.

It was the early springtime and everything was green and beautiful, and, as Ned, hardly thinking what he did, walked out of the village and along the road past a pleasant farm, thinking and thinking, he suddenly heard his name called. He looked up then with a start, and found a man in one of the fields waving to him as he called. Ned stopped and leaned on the fence. "Well, Mr. Watkins, what is it?" he called back.

"Come over here, will you?" came the answer. So laying his hand on the top rail of the fence, Ned vaulted over and was soon at the farmer's side.

"Any spare time, these days, Ned?" he asked.

"No, sir;" Ned answered with a shake of his head; "why?"

"Thought you might like job Saturday mornings till school was out, and two or three times a week during the vacation, I'd give you fifty cents each time you come. But if you haven't the time—"

"Thank you;" said Ned, "but vacation's awful precious, you know; goes before you know it, anyway."

"Yes, I know;" said the farmer good-naturedly. "Well, that's all; but I'm sorry, for I saw you several times cleaning away the snow from your mother's front door yard last winter, and the way you did it made me wish I could get you at my weeds now and then. 'Tisn't every boy I'd trust at my weeds. What's going on in town to-day."

"The ladies are having a missionary meeting at the church—" and then Ned stopped so suddenly that the farmer looked up from his work, to which he had returned when the

matter of the weeding was settled, and asked him what "had took him."

But Ned was too busy thinking to answer; too busy fighting, I might say. And he looked it, too, with his clenched fists and tightened lips; so much so, indeed, that the farmer rested his hands on the top of his hoe and stood looking at him. I suppose it wasn't such a long time, but it seemed so to him, before Ned gave a deep breath, squared his shoulders, and lifting his head said: "I've changed my mind, Mr. Watkins; I will come on Saturdays and as often as you want me during the vacation."

"You will," exclaimed the farmer in surprise. "Well I'm right glad of that. But what changed you? Want the money more'n the vacation?"

"Yes," said Ned, with a deep breath, "that's it." But there was something more behind that, farmer Watkins saw, so he asked again: "Mind telling me what you want of the money? I've been a boy myself and know what giving up holidays means."

Yes, Ned did mind telling very much; boys don't like talking about such things; they'd rather not, bless their dear hearts! But the farmer was waiting, and he had no good excuse to offer. So digging into the soft, dark earth with the toe of his shoe, he told his reason in as few words as possible. "Oh!" was all the farmer said as he finished. "that's it, is it?" And then he let Ned go with the injunction to be on time on Saturday.

"Like as not he won't keep it up, and I won't blame him much if he doesn't. But if he does—"

The spring passed away and the summer followed suit, and day after day, when requested, Ned was found in his place. Many were the excursions he was obliged to forego; many the plans to give up, but he did it. "I told myself that I'd give money if he had it," he used to say now and then, "and it would be as good as telling a lie if I didn't take it when I could get it. And so the weeks went on and at the last the weeding came to an end, and for the last time Ned stood, with thrilling, happy heart, to take his well-earned money.

Farmer Watkins laid it in his hand; but as Ned was turning from him with a "thank you, sir," he detained him. "I've been watching you, young fellow, all summer long;" he said, "and you've taught me something. Here, take this to the ladies, and tell them if they send out many more such builders as you, it won't take long to get all the churches that they need."

"This," was a bill of fifty dollars; and it was the first cent that Farmer Watkins had ever given to Home Missions.—*The Mission Field.*

A VERY SCANTY DINNER.

The following fact is recorded of a man who was in the habit of too often spending his days and nights lounging about grog-shops gambling and indulging in the various gross amusements that pertain to such a life. One day while he and his cronies were employed as usual, his wife entered the tap-room bearing in her hands a dish. He looked up with surprise while she said :

"Dear husband, I hope you will enjoy your dinner. It is of the same kind as your wife and children have at home."

The discomfiture of the husband may be imagined. The subject was too grim for mirth. The hungry wife and suffering children stood in vivid relief before the idle and shiftless man.

How many men there are throughout the length and breadth of our land who are daily



A Picture that Tells its Own Story.

"I thought, husband, that as you were so busy, and had no time to come to dinner, I would bring your dinner to you;" and setting the dish upon the table she quietly retired.

Calling his associates around him, he invited them to partake with him of the repast. Lifting the cover from the dish he found in it simply a piece of paper, on which was written :

pursuing the same wretched course! Oh, that the voice of God speaking within their souls may awaken them to their obligations and their sins, and turn their feet into the right way! How many weary hearts and desolate homes would thus be made glad! How many sad and tearful wives would sing for joy! How many children would rejoice in comfort and plenty, who are now oppressed with poverty, want and woe.—*Ec.*

TEENY AND TECK.

VIOLETS, lady, only have one bunch left and a blessin' goes with it!" Sarah Hepburn was in a great hurry, but the pleading face of the little bootblack and "a blessin' goes with it" was more than she could resist, and she hurriedly took from her purse ten cents, dropped it into his dirty little palm, and passed on.

When she reached home, she threw herself on a couch in the library, where her mother was sitting doing the week's mending.

"O, I am so tired"

"What makes you tired, dear?" said her mother.

"I walked all the way from the station, two long miles."

"Why did you do that?"

"Well, you know I went down this morning to help our Sunday-school superintendent, Mr. Hall, send off the 'fresh air' children."

After we had arranged places for the hundred whose names were on the list, and had them all ready to step on the cars, we saw the funniest-looking little pair, a boy and girl, standing by themselves holding each other by the hand.

The little girl had on a great big bonnet, that her great grandmother had evidently worn, a clean but faded dress, three sizes too large, shoes with bare toes sticking out, and a white handkerchief crossed on her breast.

In her arms she held an old rag doll. She was about eight years old, and her brother two years her senior.

The boy had on a hat that looked as if it had been worn by the Pilgrim Fathers, a big cutaway coat with a curious looking vest beneath it, and trousers too long for him.

It was the most comical, at the same time most pathetic, sight I ever saw. It makes a lump come into my throat when I think of it.

We walked over to them, and Mr. Hall said, "Well, children, what are you doing here?"

"We are going to the country, sir," said the little boy.

"Are you? I don't think your names are on my list."

"Our names are on God's list," he replied.

"What are your names?"

"This is my sister Teeny, and I'm called Teck," he replied.

"Teck is rather an odd name. Will you tell me who gave it to you?"

"It came about this way, sir. Father died, and before mother died she told me I was always to protect Teeny and not let her go to the workhouse. I had to tell Teeny very often that I would protect her, so she called me Teck."

"And are you going to take Teeny to the country?"

"Yes sir."

"Have you tickets or money?"

"No, sir."

"Then I'm afraid my little man, you and Teeny cannot go the country to-day."

All this time we had been unable to see any thing but Teeny's little chin protruding from under her bonnet. Now she lifted her head, and we saw a pair of sweet brown eyes filled with tears, and a very white little face surrounded by little golden curls.

"Don't cry, Teeny, you will go to the country for sure to-day," said Teck.

"Why are you so sure of going, Teck, when you have neither tickets nor money?"

"Cause Teeny has been sick, and the doctor said he could do nothin' else for her. All she needs is plenty to eat and country air, and I didn't know what to do, for I hadn't money to take her, and I just had to protect her, 'cause I promised mother I would."

"Day before yesterday we 'sweeps' heard singing as we passed the mission; the others went on, but I stopped to listen, and when I went home I sang what I heard to granny."

"Who is granny?" asked Mr. Hall.

"She is the lady that looks after Teeny and me, and she is awful kind to us."

"She has rheumatiz so bad she can't walk, so I sing to her every new thing I hear."

"And what did you hear new at the mission?" I asked. "Will you sing it for us?"

The sweetest voice I ever heard sang:

"Ask your Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through."

"That's all I know of it. Granny said: 'There is your way to take Teeny to the country, Teck; ask your Saviour to help you, and he'll carry you clear through to the green fields and flowers.'"

"And you took granny's advice did you?" asked Mr. Hall; "and asked the Lord to take you to the country to-day?"

"Yes, sir; granny and Teeny and I all asked him. Granny said we must believe that he will answer us, and we do."

"Where did you get your clothes?" I ventured to ask.

"When we knew we could go, then we hadn't any clothes, and granny said she hadn't any but hers and her husband's weddin' clothes that had been put away in a box for years. She said they didn't look very stylish, but it was the best she could do. Chimney sweeps can't keep their clothes clean, and mine weren't fit to wear to the country. These do first-class, if they are a little big. It's most time for the train isn't it?"

Mr. Hall and I moved away from them to make up our minds what to do.

"We must send them some place," Mr. Hall said.

"Yes, but how are we to do it; we have spent all our funds?"

"I thought of the money father gave me this morning for my dress."

"If I furnish the money, can you find a place for them?"

"Yes, this morning I received a letter from a lady asking for two children for two weeks. It will be an excellent place for them."

"I kept ten cents for car fare and gave Mr. Hall the remainder of my money and asked him to buy their tickets. Then I gave Teck a card with my address on it, and told him to ask the lady to write to me, and just as the cars came steaming into the station, Mr. Hall returned with the tickets. He found a place for them in the car, and I wish, mother, you could have seen their beaming faces as we saw them from the car window. I walked two squares and was going to take a car when a little bootblack asked me to buy his last bunch of violets and said 'a blessing goes with it!' Wasn't it an odd thing for him to say?"

Mrs. Hepburn cut with her scissors the string that was tied around the violets and, as they fell apart, a little piece of paper dropped out, on which had been printed by a child in very irregular letters:

"Be you strong, therefore, and let not your hands be weak; for your work shall be rewarded."

"It is a 'blessing' surely, Sarah, and sounds like a benediction after your kindness to those children. I am glad you gave your money, dear, but I am afraid you will need your dress."

"It gives me more pleasure to give them happiness than a new dress would give me, and I am going to look after them when they return to the city, and I'll try to find the little bootblack, and see what we can do for him. Dr. Chalmers said, 'The grand essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for,' and I agree with him."

Sarah Hepburn was a young lady possessing sterling qualities, and when she made up her mind to do a thing she did it.

Two weeks after saying good-bye to Teeny and Teck, she received a letter from Mrs. Stanley, the lady who had so kindly opened her heart and home to the little orphans, saying she had decided to keep them always as her own little boy and girl had died, and asked her to go and see "granny" and tell her she had a little cottage near her that she would let her live in, if she cared to come and be near the children.

Granny cried for very joy when Sarah told her the good news, and said with tears streaming down her face, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

"It has been my dream for years, Miss, to live in the country in just such a cottage and to think of being near the blessed bairns! Many a time I have done without food myself that they might have bread to eat, and glad I was to do it, for they were the lovingest little things and always so good to old granny. I've just been counting the hours till they would come home."

With Sarah's help, granny and her few worldly possessions were placed on the cars the next day, and sent to Englewood, where granny was lovingly cared for all the rest of her life. Teck never grew too old to sing his last new song to her, even after he had graduated at college with honors, and never failed to end with,

"He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through."

Mrs. Stanley wrote to Sarah frequently, and one day when she came to the city, called to see her, and ever after that they were the warmest friends and often visited each other.

Teeny and Teck rewarded these kind friends by being good and true Christians, and were to them, as Mrs. Stanley expressed it, "a joy forever." Sarah searched faithfully, but in vain, for her little "violet bootblack," as she called him. The little scrap of paper with the "blessin'" on it, she kept always among her treasures.—*Presbyterian*.

FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER.

"Mamma," said Charley, "now when I have a new sled, what shall I do with the old one? Mamma, there is a chance to do some real good, too."

"How, Charley?"

"Well, mamma, if there is any boy I hate, that boy is Sim Tyson. He is always plaguing and teasing me and all the other little boys. It never does any good to get cross, for that is just what he likes. But better even than this, Sim does so like a sled, and—well, maybe it is foolish, but I've have a notion to give that old sled to him. It might make him think, and so do him good; mightn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, it might," said the mother.

So Sim received Charley's sled, and they say he is kinder not only to the little boy, but to everybody, than he was before.—*Ex.*

If thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

International S. S. Lessons.

DAVID'S VICTORIES.

August 9.

Les. 2 Sam. 10: 8-19. Gol. Text, Ps. 27: 1.
Mem. vs. 11-12. Catechism, Q. 72.

Time.—About 1040-1030.

Places.—Vs. 8-14, probably the plain of Medeba, south of Heshbon; vs. 15-19, Helam, near and west of the Euphrates.

LESSON OUTLINE.

- I. Preparing for Battle. vs. 8-12.
- II. Making the Attack. vs. 13-16.
- III. Winning the Victory, vs. 17-19.

QUESTIONS.

What was David's first conquest after becoming king of all Israel?

Whom did he subdue on the west?

On the east?

Whom did he conquer on the northeast?

How far did he extend his dominion in that direction?

Whom did he overcome on the south?

What occasioned his war with the Ammonites? 2. Sam. 10: 1-7.

Whom did they engage as their allies?

What was the result of the battle?

What did the Syrians then do?

With what result?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. We all have our battles to fight with enemies.
2. We should help each other in life's battles.
3. We should be of good courage, trusting God for help.
4. Our souls' enemies are hard to conquer.
5. If we are faithful we shall be more than conquerors.

DAVID'S CONFESSION AND FORGIVENESS.

August 10.

Les. Ps. 32: 1-11. Gol. Text, Ps. 51: 10.
Mem. vs. 1-5. Catechism, Q. 73, 74.

Time. B. C. 1034.

Place.—Written by David at Jerusalem.

LESSON OUTLINE.

- I. The Burden of Unconfessed Sin. vs. 1-4.
- II. The Blessing of Confession. vs. 5-7.
- III. The Joy of Forgiveness. vs. 8-11.

QUESTIONS.

Who was the author of this psalm?

On what occasion was it written?

What other psalm was written at this time?

Whom does David declare blessed?

What is repentance unto life?

What is justification?

What was David's experience while he concealed his sin?

How did he obtain relief?

What must we do if we would be forgiven?

How does David express his safety in God's forgiveness?

What is threatened against the wicked?

What is promised to him that trusteth in the Lord?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. The blessed man is not the sinless but the forgiven man.
2. Sin unconfessed is an awful burden on the heart.
3. We must confess our sins if we hope for forgiveness.
4. God is a refuge for all who will flee to him for shelter.
5. The forgiven life should be one of gladness and joy.

ABSALOM'S REBELLION.

August 23.

Les. 2 Sam. 15: 1-12. Gol. Text, Ex. 20: 12.
Mem. vs. 4-6. Catechism, Q. 75.

Time.—B. C. 1023.

Places.—Jerusalem; Hebron, twenty miles south of Jerusalem, Absalom's birthplace.

LESSON OUTLINE.

- I. Fostering Discontent. vs. 1-3.
- II. Stealing the People's Hearts. vs. 4-6.
- III. Organizing Rebellion. vs. 7-12.

QUESTIONS.

Who was Absalom?

What crime had he committed?

What did he then do?

How was he brought back to Jerusalem and finally to his father's favor?

What did he afterwards conspire to do?

How did he flatter those who came with complaints?

What else did he do to gain favor?

What was the effect upon the people?

On what false pretence did he go to Hebron?

What did he do there?

For whom did he send?

Who was Ahithophel?

What is said of the conspiracy?

What gave it strength?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. It is easy to sow discontent and to poison others' minds.
2. It is a great sin to make another's friends disloyal to him.
3. It makes a sin more sinful to disguise it in a religious garb.
4. Worst of all treasons is treason against a father.
5. We should never rebel against our King.

ABSALOM'S DEFEAT AND DEATH.

August 30.

Les. 2 Sam. 18: 9-17, 32, 33. Gol. Text, Ps. 1: 6.
Mem. vs. 32, 33 Catechism, Q. 76, 77.*Time.*—B. C. 1023, shortly after the last lesson.*Places.*—Mahanaim, east of the Jordan (vs. 32, 33); the wood of Ephraim, south of Mahanaim (vs. 9-17.)**LESSON OUTLINE.**

- I. Caught in the Oak. vs. 9-13.
- II. Slain by Joab. vs. 14-17.
- III. Mourned by His Father. vs. 32, 33.

QUESTIONS.

- What did David do when he heard of Absalom's rebellion?
Where did he flee from Jerusalem?
Who counseled an immediate pursuit of David?
How was this counsel defeated? Wednesday's Reading.
What was the effect of this delay?
Who commanded Absalom's forces?
What three generals commanded David's army?
What charge did David give about Absalom?
Where was the battle fought?
How did it end?
How were the tidings taken to David?
How was he affected?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Filial ingratitude brings curse upon itself.
2. A father's love would guard his child even when he has sinned.
3. Justice seems cruel at times even when right.
4. A father would willingly suffer for his son's sin if he could.
5. Even a father's love cannot save a son from sin's penalties.

DAVID'S LOVE FOR GOD'S HOUSE.

September 6.

Les. 1 Chron. 22: 6-16. Gol. Text, Ps. 84: 4.
Mem. vs. 11-13. Catechism Q. 78.*Time.*—About B.C. 1018-1015, not long before David's death.*Place.*—Jerusalem.**LESSON OUTLINE.**

- I. David's Mind to Build. vs. 6-10.
- II. David's Charge to Solomon. vs. 11-13.
- III. David's Preparation. vs. 14-16.

QUESTIONS.

- What was the condition of David's kingdom after his restoration?

Which of his sons was selected as his successor?

- What did he charge Solomon to do?
Why had the Lord not permitted David to build the temple?
What had the Lord promised respecting Solomon?
What further charge did David give Solomon?
What preparations had David made for building the temple?
What charge did he give to the princes of Israel? v. 17.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. God blesses even our desires to honor and serve him.
2. Each of us has his own part of God's work to do.
3. It is often a son's duty to finish what his father began.
4. God will use us if only we are faithful to him.
5. Much of our work is only preparation for the work of others.—*Westminster Question Book.*

A GOOD HABIT.

Some one asks: Why not form the habit of saying kindly things? Of course the kind words are not to be spoken unless uttered with sincerity, but if a kindly heart-bearing towards others is cultivated, the mouth will then speak out of the abundance of the heart.

The counsel is a good one. The only way to make sure of always saying kindly things is to get the habit wrought into our life so firmly that nothing can ever make us break it. The time to begin forming this habit is just now.

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SEEKING HER BOY.

A New York physician relates the following fact:

A few weeks ago he was called to the help of a man who was mortally wounded in one of the low dance-halls or "dives" of that city. When he had attended his patient the doctor looked curiously about him: The wounded man lay before the bar, against which lounged some drunken old sojers. In the next room a few young men, flushed and bright-eyed, were playing cards, while the gaudily-dressed bar-maids carried about the liquor. But neither the gamblers nor the women nor the drunkards paid any attention to the dying man on the floor. They squabbled and laughed, deaf to his groans. The proprietor of the dive, a burly fellow who had been a prize-fighter in his younger days, having seen the police secure the murderer, had gone back quietly to his work of mixing drinks. Death, apparently, had no interest or terror for these people.

Suddenly a little old woman with white hair, a thin shawl about her, came to the street door. Her appearance produced a startling effect. The besotted old men at the bar put down their glasses and looked uneasy; the card-players hastily shut the door to keep out the sight of her; and the bar-maids huddled together in silence; but the change in the brutal landlord was most striking. He rose hastily and came up to her, an expression of something like terror on his face.

"Is James here?" she asked gently.

"No, no; he is not here. I do not know where he is," he said hurriedly.

She looked around bewildered, and said:

"I was sure he was here. If he comes, will you tell him his mother wants him, sir?"

"Yes, yes," he said—and the man urged her out of the door. The physician soon followed and saw her going into another and another dive and grog-shop along the street. "Who is she?" he asked of a policeman outside. "Is she in no danger?"

The man shook his head significantly.

"They will not harm her, sir. They've done their worst to her. She is the widow of a clergyman, and she had one son, a boy of sixteen years. They lived happy and comfortable enough till he took to going to pool rooms, and then to the variety theaters, and at last to these dives here. He was killed in one of them in a fight three months ago, in that very one you was just in now, and was carried home to her, bloated from drink,

covered with blood, and dead. She knows nothing since. She only remembers that he came to these houses, and she goes about them searching for him every day. They are afraid to see her. They think she brings a curse on them. But they won't harm her; they've done their worst to her."

This is a true story. How many sons of loving mothers are going down like this boy into these dark places to-day?—*Youth's Companion.*

BAD EFFECTS OF BEER-DRINKING.

The patients who exhibit the worst results from accidents in the London hospitals are said to be draymen. Though they are apparent models of health and strength, yet, if one of them receives a serious injury, it is nearly always necessary to amputate the limb, in order to give him the most distant chance of life. The draymen have the unlimited privilege of the brewery cellars, and drink all they please. Sir Ashley Cooper was once called to a drayman, who was a powerful, fresh-colored, healthy-looking man, and had suffered an injury in his finger from a small splinter of a stave. The wound, though trifling, suppurated. He opened the small abscess with his lancet. He found on retiring, he had left his lancet. Returning for it, he found the man in a dying condition. The man died in a short time.

Dr. Gordon says: "The moment beer-drinkers are attacked with acute diseases, they are not able to bear depletion, and die."

Dr. Edwards says of beer-drinkers: "Their diseases are always of a dangerous character; and in case of an accident they never undergo even the most trifling operation with the security of the temperate. They most invariably die under it."

Dr. Buchan says: "Malt liquors render the blood sizy and unfit for circulation. Hence proceeds obstruction and inflammation of the lungs, brought on by glutinous and indigestible nature of ale and porter. . . . These liquors inflame the blood, and tear the tender vessels of the lungs to pieces."

Dr. Maxton says: "Intoxicating drinks, whether taken in the form of fermented or distilled liquors, are very frequent predisposing causes of disease."

The hospitals of New York show an unfavorable record of the intemperate; and private practitioners everywhere have the same experience.—*Sel.*