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

The  
**HILDRENS  
RECORD.**



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Go I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

## TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

**W**HAT a rattling and rustling I hear. It is a little like what one sometimes hears in a large Sabbath school or church, where people use their books, when they are finding the hymn, or chapter, or text, only it is so much louder, and from all over the land, from the Maritime Provinces of the Pacific, to those of the Atlantic Coast. What can it be? It is the young people "turning over a new leaf," at the New Year.

Our old page is just about filled. As we look back over the copy we have written, we see that many of the letters are very poorly shaped. Much of our work was not done so well as it should have been. Some of us went to school with lessons poorly learned, and in school did not learn as we should have done. Some of the work that father and mother gave us to do was not done so well as it ought to have been. Our work for masters or mistresses was sometimes slighted. We could have written a good deal better copy, could we not?

And then the blots! Big blots, and little blots, dark, deep, black blots, and others not so dark, where an inky finger just touched the page, and those blots upon the copy of the past year; unkind, hateful, impure, thoughts; careless, sneering, unkind, slandering, deceiving words; disobedient, unkind, wrong, bad acts. Some of the blots our neighbors cannot see, but we can see them; and some that we do not notice, God sees.

And as with a copy book the blots are our own fault. Even the best of writers cannot shape the letters as well as they would like, but with care they can keep the page free from blots, and so the best of young people and old, see many shortcomings in their work in life. But these big ugly blots of temper and selfishness and hate and sin, are because we are not careful in following Christ, and looking to Him for help to keep our copy clean.

How we would like to have that page look

better. We are sorry for the blots. What shall we do about them?

One thing we can do is to ask Christ to forgive them. They are there. We can't take them away. But how kind He is, ever ready to forgive if we honestly seek to turn from sin, and keep a cleaner page.

Another thing we may do; we may take warning by it as we turn over a "new leaf," and, looking to Him for help, strive with all our might and care, to have a cleaner, fairer sheet in the year that is coming.

Dear young friends, please take with you, as with high resolve and earnest purpose you "turn over a new leaf," this one verse, "Without me ye can do nothing." But listen to what Paul said: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Yes, with His help, and only in that way, we may keep clean the "new leaf" we are turning over, keep it clear of those ugly blots.

But then we would like to have the writing better also. How can this be done? By looking carefully at the Copy.

When you write the first line on a new page you sometimes look at the copy, and then forget to look at it again until you get to the bottom. You will never learn to write that way. People become good writers by looking at the copy carefully, as they write each word or letter; looking at the copy before they write, making it as nearly like that copy as possible; then comparing it with the copy to see where it is not right, and thus, very quickly, they learn to write a beautiful hand.

So is it with our life copy. Sometimes when we turn a "new leaf" at the New Year, we resolve that we will make better writing than ever before, and we take a look at the Copy, at Christ, and we resolve that we will live more like Him, do more as He would do, but how soon we forget and go on the old way. And the "new leaf" when finished, is almost as poorly written as the old one.

If we would write this "new leaf" well, let us look at the Copy, at Christ, before doing anything. Then looking to Him for help, try to do it as He would. Then when a thing has been said or done, compare it with the Copy

and see how nearly it comes to that Copy; and thus living, day by day, the "new leaf" will be written fairly and well.

There is another thing about this writing, viz : that to do it well, one must learn when young. You never saw a good writer that waited until grown up before he began to learn. And if we would have life's leaves fairly penned, we must begin in youth.

Yet again, if careless habits of writing are formed in youth, these careless writers will likely continue all through life. And if the "new leaves" that boys and girls now turn over, are written with little care to follow the Great Copy, the leaves of these same people when they are men and women, will almost certainly be carelessly written also. Their lives will not be good lives.

Then what a pleasant thing it is to look back over a clean well written page when it is finished; and how gladsome, when the term is ended and the book written through, to have it clean and well written to be handed around on examination day.

And what a pleasant thing to look back with thankfulness and not with shame over the old leaf of an old year when it is ended; and what a gladsome thing when all the leaves of life are filled, and the Great Examination day comes, and the copy "books are opened," what a gladsome thing it will be, although our book will be far from what we would like it to be, to hear our Great Teacher then say; "Well done, good and faithful."

How pleasant, too, it then will be to have others there, young and old, from the New Hebrides and Trinidad, from India and Honan and Formosa, and from our own North West, with fair clean life leaves instead of the dark blots and sins of heathenism, and hear the Great Teacher say "well done" to them, and to feel that we have had a part, by our gifts to missions, in helping to bring them there.

And more gladsome still in the bright life beyond, to have, not our leaves but our endless life roll, written just like the Copy with goodness, and gladness, and peace, for "we shall be like Him," when we shall see Him as He is.

### THREE INDIAN PUPILS DROWNED.

A SAD STORY FROM THE NORTH-WEST.



ONE of our mission schools among the Indians of the North-West is at a place called Birtle. Here for the past three years a school has been carried on in a rented room, but a fine new building, erected with money given by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, has just been completed and would accommodate about forty pupils, and the prospects of the school were very bright. But soon they were shadowed by a very sad event, the drowning of three Indian boys who were pupils.

Mr. George G. McLaren, the principal, was absent at the time. He had gone to an Indian reserve near by to get some more pupils for the school. His sister, Miss McLaren, and Miss McLeod, her assistant, from Parkdale, Ont., were present, and the teachers as well as the poor parents feel the loss very much for the school is like a big family. Miss McLaren, in a letter to Prof. Baird, tells the sad story as follows:

"Thank you so much for your kind sympathetic letter. It is too true, though we cannot realize it yet. Three were drowned and a fourth was restored only after a great deal of work.

The townspeople had been skating for two weeks or more, but George (the principal) had never taken the children down to the river. The warm rain and sun of Thursday had made the ice very unsafe, though several were out on Friday.

George started for the Lizard Point a little after two on Saturday afternoon, the boys going out to the fence with him. His last words to them were not to go near the river.

They had been with him all forenoon, and, I suppose, feeling lonely, soon wandered in that direction.

Miss McLeod, the girls, and six of the boys, were out at the stable filling the beds with hay; I was upstairs arranging them as they were brought in.

Before long the cry was raised 'the boys are in the river.' I heard it, ran down, got a rope,

and reached the river. I saw the two boys—Odessa perfectly still, lying on his face, just the top of his head out of the water. Willie lay on his back and although almost exhausted, kept himself afloat. I could throw the rope straight to him, but when I pulled his hands were so cold he could not hold on.

Miss McLeod walked right out to the edge of the ice and reached his hand, but broke in at once.

I throw the rope to her and pulled her out and tied it round her waist. Again she broke in.

The children all this time seemed paralyzed, though I implored them to run and call, they were dumb. I pulled her out again and we both called.

The men at the mill came and brought poles and both the boys were carried out to us. How a child of ten, as Willie was, managed to keep up all that time I cannot understand.

A crowd soon gathered and both were taken to the house.

Some time after, when Willie was safe in bed some one told me that Alick and Fred were in too. I tried to make myself believe that it was a mistake, but I do not remember much of what happened after that. I sent for my brother and he reached here at five in the morning. The bodies of the other two boys were brought in about ten.

Shortly after, the Sioux began to arrive. Any one who has ever heard an Indian mother lament her dead will never forget it. If I could only shut out that awful wail, but it still rings in my ears.

Towards evening the other parents arrived. They went into the room where the bodies lay: the father took one in his arms and the mother the other.

The Rev. Mr. Frew held service that evening, and the Rev. Mr. McArthur held another on Monday morning before they all left the house.

George went up to the Lizard Point and buried the brothers, one seven, the other eight. Miss McLeod went to the Sioux Reserve. All were buried on Tuesday afternoon.

The Indians never even looked reproach-

fully at us, though they are crushed beneath the trouble.

Miss McLeod seemed none the worse till to-night when she is a little hoarse."

Pray for the missionaries amid their discouragements, and for the poor bereaved Indian parents, that they may learn and know a Saviour's sympathy and help in their time of trial.

#### HOW THEY PUNISH BOYS IN ONE SCHOOL.

Another interesting story comes from the North-West, sad in what it tells of wrong, but rather amusing in what it tells of punishment. When your teachers correct you for wrong doing, your parents usually support them in their effort to keep you right. Not so in the Indian schools. The parent does not discipline his own child, and if a teacher should punish the child, the parent would in almost every case take the child's part, and perhaps keep him away from school.

Rev. A. G. McLeod, of Regina, is trying the plan of having a boy, when he is charged with any wrong doing, tried by a jury, composed of the other boys.

A little "written" paper, such as some of you boys have got up sometimes, is published by the school, and it gives an account of such a trial as follows:

"Court was held in the boys' dormitory, Saturday evening week, at 8.45, the Principal on the bench. There were two cases on the docket, that of George Bill Cote (No. 25), having three charges against him, for fighting; and Edward Cote for stealing."

Mr. Dinsmore ably conducted the prosecution in both cases, the 'editor' being the counsel for the defence. In the first case, No. 25 was reprimanded and let off on his promising to do better.

The second case was a little more serious, but judgment was finally rendered, to the effect that the accused receive two days at the 'disgrace table,' on bread and table. The jurors were: Senior monitor, Jos. Coté (foreman); junior monitor, John Cook; Captain Charles Cote, Francis Favel, Angus Bone, and John Seivereight."

## IS CHINA OUR NEIGHBOR.

RECITATION.

Can China be our neighbor.  
 And yet receive no care?  
 Shall Christians cease their labor  
 And leave her to despair?  
 Her children, sunk in sorrow  
 Are sick with many ills,  
 To-day is sad—to-morrow  
 A deeper shadow fills.  
 And bowed in tribulation,  
 No light athwart the gloom,  
 That old and haughty nation  
 Seems hastening to her doom;  
 The cup of woe is tasted,  
 And must she 'neath war's frown,  
 Like Babylon be wasted?  
 Like Egypt trodden down.  
 As gentle dews, distilling,  
 Caused withered plants to live,  
 So love, her work fulfilling,  
 Her alms and prayers must give  
 'Till China's millions, breaking  
 From sin's dark bonds, arise,  
 Like death to life awaking,  
 When Christ descends the skies!

—Sel.

## ILL WORDS FLY FAR.

A minister, who lived more than three hundred years ago, was anxious to show a lady in his congregation the evil of slandering others. So he asked her to do a very strange thing—to go to the market, buy a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers, and walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as she went

The lady did as she was directed, and returned anxious to know the meaning of the injunction.

"Retrace your steps," said the minister, "and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered."

"I cast the feathers carelessly away," said the woman, "and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my daughter," the minister replied, "so is it with your words of slander; like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted, in many directions, Call them back, now, if you can. Go, sin no more."

How much easier it is to tell others how they ought to walk, than it is to keep in the middle of the road yourself.

## CONVERSION OF A WITCH DOCTOR.

A STORY FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

SOME thirteen years ago, meetings were being conducted in a village not far from the mission station at Masi-tisi in South Africa. Many people attended, among them a man of keen glance, clothed in an ox-skin on which were sown patches of many colours and shapes. Around his neck were hung a number of charms which told his calling, that of witch-doctor, and small horns containing ointment were suspended on his chest, whilst tied to his cloak were sprigs of medicinal herbs and packets of powder. Mathabatha became a regular attendant, and was at last laid under deep conviction by the Holy Spirit. One day, after being more impressed than usual with what he had heard in church, he had the following conversation with the missionary:

Missionary: "When are you going to give your heart to the Lord?"

Mathabatha: "Well, I am astonished that God has not had mercy upon me already."

Missionary: "Why?"

Mathabatha: "You told me to give up drinking and heathen customs, divining, witchcraft, and dancing, and to come to church. I have done so. You told me to pray to the Lord, and so I have. Why has the Lord not had mercy upon me?"

Missionary: "Look at me—straight in the face: let me see your eyes. Where are your *litaola*?" (divine bones).

Mathabatha: "I never use them."

Missionary: "That is not my question. Where are they?"

Mathabatha: "They are all in the skin bag, lying on the wall in my hut."

Missionary: "Listen to me. When Jacob sought the blessing of the Lord he buried all his heathen objects under an oak, and the Lord blessed him. Now, there is no oak here for you to bury your *litaola* under, but there is a river. Go and throw them into the river to prove to the Lord that you have done with them, and take my word, when you do that you will find that God will have mercy upon you."

Mathabatha returned home, and taking his divining bones from the wall, and the charms, threw them into the river. "As soon as I threw them into the river," said he, afterwards, "joy and light and peace flooded my heart. I knew then—I felt it—that God had heard my prayer, and that mercy was granted unto me."

This old man, after eighteen months' probation, was admitted into the church by baptism, and has maintained his Christian testimony down to this day.—From *The Switzerland of South Africa*.

## THE BRAVE YOUNG ISLANDER.

A STORY TOLD BY REV. DR. PATON.

**M**RS. ANNA ROSS, of Brucefield, Ont., sends you the following story which she had from Dr. Paton, of a young man on a heathen island in the New Hebrides :-

Autas was the sacred young chief of the land of Malo. For this he had been set apart from his infancy. Even as a little child he was treated as different from others. He must not eat food cooked over a common fire or mix with other boys in their play.

A few years ago a young Scottish missionary came to the island. Love for the Lord Jesus burned strong in his heart, and besides, pity for the poor heathen. From him the solitary lad heard words of gentleness and truth that touched his heart as nothing had ever done before. In his quiet life he had time to ponder them over. He did not long "halt between two opinions," but soon went boldly to his father and declared his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ of whom the white missionary spoke, and his determination to cast in his lot with Him. The old chief, most naturally, was very angry. He stormed and threatened, but Autas did not flinch. Then he aimed his rifle at the young man's breast, and told him to choose, *death or a return to his father's gods*. Autas answered, "If you shoot me, you will only send me sooner to Jesus." The father gazed on him for a minute, threw down his rifle and rushed away. The boy took refuge with the missionary, and deliberately broke his caste by eating food prepared over the white man's fire.

But his father was not done yet. He gathered an assembly of chiefs and others. They surrounded the mission house and demanded an interview. Here again the old bursts of cruel words and threats were hurled at the young Christian, but he would not yield. His father disowned him, degraded him from his rank as sacred chief, took away from him all right to the plantations he had counted his own, and then cursed him in the name of the gods before whom he had once trembled. The boy stood it all, calm and steady "for Jesus

sake." But he had one more earthly possession. Though still in his teens, he was married, and it may well be imagined that one so systematically kept from ordinary boyish friends and sports, the little wife would be more than to most others. When he still refused to yield, his father said, "Now, I will take your wife from you." "I love my little wife," he answered, "but I love Jesus better," and he gave her up.

Do you think, dear children, that was all that the enemy could do? No, there was one weapon left, sharper than any of the rest, and nearly too much for poor Autas. The young men of that assembly now took him in hand. They mocked him, laughed at him, and made all manner of game of him, till the boy spirit in him could stand it no longer. He rushed into the house to the missionary. "O Missi," he said, "I shall go mad, I don't know what to do." "I don't know what to do either," he replied, "but we will tell Jesus about it," and together they kneeled before the Lord, and "poured out their heart before Him." When they rose the young martyr was calm. "I can stand it now," he said, and so he did.

In that savage assembly was another young chief named Bane. As he watched the firmness of the young Christian in the midst of curses and jeers, something whispered in his soul that the God who could enable him to act thus must be unspeakably greater and nearer than his own gods of word and stone. He, too, listened to the eager young missionary who spoke of Jesus Christ, and made up his mind what to do. He went to his father and people, and this was his testimony :

"The words of Jesus are very powerful. The words of no earthly chief ever had such power as the words of Jesus. They fix firmly in a man's heart and make everything new. The words of Jesus are good. I am resolved also to worship Jesus, the God man who died for sinners."

His father stormed and threatened, and did what he could to turn his son from being a Christian, and when he failed, ran at him furiously to strike him down dead. But the lad avoided the blow, and the father, missing

him, fell headlong to the ground, receiving a wound on his own head that was at first thought to be fatal. Bane ran to the mission house, and cast in his lot with Autas. "Now," he said, we shall live and die together in the service of Jesus Christ."

The brave conduct of these two had a thrilling effect on the other young men, especially those of their own rank. It was not long before six other young chiefs had joined them as Christians, and put themselves under the daily teachings of the missionary.

As may well be supposed, eight healthy young appetites added to the family must make a serious drain upon supplies. Matters began to look grim for them all when the surrounding chiefs deprived the young guests of all their plantations, and daily watched the mission premises that none should get out to look for supplies of native food, and that no supplies should be brought in to them.

Mr. Landels, the missionary, with actual starvation staring them all in the face, wrote a letter to Dr. Paton to Sydney, telling of their peril, and urging supplies of some kind, if there should be any possibility of their being sent.

"By God's good providence," said the veteran missionary, "I was in Sydney when that letter came in. I went right down, was guided to find a ship by which I could send, and soon had several bags of rice and barrels of sea-biscuit sailing over the sea for the island of Malo." Then he added, "I would have liked to have watched these heathen when they saw such stores landed for the men they were trying to starve to death."

When Autas was baptised, the whole of the inhabitants of the island gathered to see. The Lord's supper followed, and after that was over, the noble young chief, with tears of joy, urged them all to give their hearts to Jesus. He spoke effectively, for his heart was full.

One chief standing by said, Our religion is tottering. If this goes on it will fall. This must be stopped." The other replied, "We have been fighting against Jesus Christ in the

dark. I will not fight in the dark any longer. I shall get a teacher for myself who will tell me the words of Jesus. If they are better than the words of the sacred men, I will be a Christian too." The first chief was very angry, but the second chief had will enough and power enough to take his own way in spite of his neighbors, and so the work grew and is now growing.

Here is the latest word we have of Autas. Just lately Mr. Landels visited Sydney and took the young man with him. He spoke for his islands before many meetings, and touched the hearts of many who saw and heard him, by his genuine earnestness and Christian character.

Before going on board the ship that was to carry them back to Malo, he told the missionary he wanted to buy something. I wonder if you children could ever guess which of the beautiful things he had seen in that wonderful white world, he had set his heart upon. I am sure you never would. He wanted very much to buy a box of American kerosene and a coal oil lamp, "so that I may gather in by night the young people who dare not come by day to learn about Jesus Christ."

Of that dear young Christian, Dr. Paton writes, "He now preaches the gospel, and leaves himself and all that concerns him to Jesus. He is a bright young light shining in a dark land, leading all he can to Jesus." The other young chiefs are firm in the faith too.

## LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

REV. DR. CHALMERS.

Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year; you will never be forgotten—your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.



REV. JOHN WILKIE AND MRS. WILKIE.  
TWO OF OUR MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

**Y**our oldest missionaries in Central India are Rev. James Frazer Campbell and his wife, and I would like to introduce you first to them, but their picture cannot be given this month owing to an accident which befel the cuts just as your RECORD was about ready for the press. So this time we have the pleasure

Afterwards he studied in the University of Toronto and in Knox College, Toronto, and then studied medicine for some months to fit him the better for his work as a missionary, and was ready to go to India in the autumn of 1879, when he was 23 years old.

But some young people and old ones also do not like to go into the dark alone, and Mr. Wilkie did not care to go in that way into the darkness of India. Besides, the geo!



REV. JOHN WILKIE.

of introducing to you from India, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie.

Most of our missionaries are Canadians. Mr. Wilkie is a Scotchman by birth, but none the worse for that. He was born in Dunfermline, Scotland, in 1851, so that he is now forty-one years old.

But his birth is about all that Scotland can claim of him, for his parents came with him to Canada when he was only three years old. They settled first at Hamilton, then at Ingersoll, and finally at Guelph, and at the Guelph High School he was fitted for College.

book says that it is not good for man to be alone, and so he had Scripture authority for asking Miss Neilson, a young lady of Almonte, Ontario, to go with him. And she went.

For fourteen years they have labored in the city of Indore, and by God's blessing, have seen a great change, in different ways. Let me mention some of them.

1. When they went there, although it was in the British Empire, and although the viceroy of India was in favor of full liberty, yet some of the under officers were bitterly opposed to Christianity, and from the rulers,

the missionaries met with the most persistent opposition. For a time it seemed as if they were not to be allowed to preach or teach, and many would have given up and gone elsewhere.

But Mr. Wilkie was not easily stopped. He had a good deal of what the boys call "pluck." He knew there was liberty and he was determined to have it. He fought his case from court to court and from ruler to ruler until success crowned his efforts, and now, such a change is there, that not only is the mission

money, and is asking people to help him with it.

5. They have Sabbath Schools there too, ten of them, with 300 scholars in them. What a change. These 300 children, instead of growing up in heathenism are learning of Christ.

4. One of the most wonderful things about this field is the deep interest in the Gospel which is shown by many people of the very lowest caste, called "Mangs" and that too in the face of a bitter persecution from their own people. It was thought that the Gospel



Mrs. WILKIE.

high in favor with the authorities but some valuable gifts of land have been bestowed by them for mission premises, burying ground, &c, as well as money to aid in carrying on the work. What hath God wrought!

2. Another great change is in education. Mr. Wilkie saw the need not only of teaching the young to read but of giving them higher training, fitting them to be teachers, and so he has schools, boarding schools, and a college, and to finish this college he still needs some

would not take much hold of them, so low were they, but they are showing a deeper interest in it than are any others. Down-trodden and poor as they are, it is glad news to them and in hundreds they are thronging to hear it, while many have professed to take Christ as their Saviour.

Some other day you shall hear about the other workers in Indore, the lady teachers and medical missionaries.

Meantime let us unite in prayer that Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie and their fellow laborers may long be spared to their loved work and that the wonderful changes of the past may be followed by yet better things to come,

## TELL THE TRUTH AT ANY COST.

A TRUE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S YOUTH.

**I**T WAS on a bright autumn evening, more than three score years ago, that Abraham Lincoln, then a great awkward boy of sixteen or seventeen, looked in at the door of a little log cabin, on the edge of one of the Western prairies, and said pleasantly: "I'm going off into the woods to chop to-morrow, mother; I've got a job over at Laird's, and as I have to start by daybreak, I quit work early this evening so I could attend to any chores you might like to have done."

"You are a good boy, Abram, to be always thinking of helping me," said the woman addressed as mother. "If I was your own mother, you could not be better to me, and you will be rewarded for all your kindness in the end, I am sure."

"I have a right to be good to you, mother; for have you not tried most faithfully to take my own dead mother's place?" insisted Abraham. "No one who has been blessed with two such mothers as I have had could ever be any thing but good to women folks. But you have not told me how I can help you yet, and it is almost dark," he insisted, rubbing the moisture from his eyes with his coarse sleeve.

"Well, as I am going to wash to-morrow, I would be ever so thankful if you would bring me a few buckets of water from the spring, and call the cow up for me to milk. It is hard telling how far out over the prairie she may have strayed," was the woman's reply: "I have not set eyes on her since morning."

"Trust me for finding her," answered Abraham. "What's the use of my long legs if they can't out travel a cow? But I reckon I'd best bring the water, first. And here is Sally waiting for a ride," he added, placing upon his shoulder his little step sister, who had come running out the moment she heard the water buckets begin to jingle.

Back and forth, the tall, gaunt, prairie boy hurried, until all the tubs and kettles about the cabin were full to the brim with clear, sparkling water.

"You see, sis, I am going to chop myself out a suit of clothes," he said in answer to a question from the little girl perched so comfortably upon his shoulder.

"Chop yourself a suit?" laughed the child. "Whoever heard of wooden clothes?"

"We shall see," Abraham replied as he set down his bucket of water and deposited Sally on the steps, and then started off in search of the missing cow.

"Bless the boy! I could not get along without him," said his mother, stopping her work for a minute to gaze fondly after him

"There is no call for you getting along without him, at least, for many a year to come," remarked her husband, who had entered the back door in time to catch her words.

"He'll not stay here always, you may set that down. Abraham Lincoln was born for something better than he'll ever find in the life we are living. You may live to see the day that you'll be proud to call him son," was the earnest reply.

"Abraham is a good boy, wife, but your ideas about him are somewhat visionary," returned his father with a smile. "It is not good for boys to get high notions about themselves into their heads, and I hope Abraham will always be content to make an honest living as his father has done."

Early in the morning before it was clearly light Abraham was ready to set off for the place where the rails were to be split, but early as it was, Sally was up too, determined to keep her big brother company during his long walk across the country.

"Can't I go, Abraham?" she begged after her mother had refused the desired permission. "Can't I go? Say yes, quick," demanded the impulsive child.

"Just as mother says," replied the big brother, pausing to give the little girl an opportunity to consult her mother. But Sally had no intention of saying anything more to her mother on the subject, and tried to hurry him off down the path before her absence would be noticed. Abraham would not move a foot, however, until he knew his mother's wishes, which soon came in a positive command for Sally to come back into the house. It was a very reluctant obedience that Sally accorded, and as soon as her brother was out of sight she determined to follow him, and at once cut across the field, intending to reach the ravine before him and give him a genuine surprise by jumping out unannounced in the path as he came up. She carried out her plan successfully, and when she heard his merry whistle in the distance she climbed up on the bank to be ready to make the spring for his shoulders when the proper moment should arrive. But the poor child had forgotten all about the sharp axe which he carried, and although she gained her coveted seat on his broad shoulders, her little bare foot received a gash from the cruel axe, which changed her merry laugh to a bitter cry without a moment's warning.

"Why, Sally! How did you get here?" was all the boy could say as he placed her tenderly on the bank and began an examination of the wounded foot. Finding it to be a deep cut, he gathered some broad plantain leaves which grew near, and by their aid soon succeeded in staunching the flow of blood, which had at

first frightened both himself and Sally. This accomplished, he tore the sleeve from his shirt, and in his clumsy way bandaged the injured foot as well as he knew how. Then as he carried the little girl home he drew from her the story of her disobedience. She would have been willing to evade the truth in order to screen herself from her mother's displeasure, but honest, truthful Abraham would not permit this.

"Tell the truth, Sally, no matter what the consequences may be," he insisted. "Better suffer punishment than lie about it. I do not think mother will be hard on you when she sees how sorely punished you are already, but never tell a lie to shield yourself—never."

Sally took his advice, and her mother was very willing to forgive her when she saw how really sorry she was, and from that day forth Sally never forgot how sacred a thing perfect honesty is.—*Christian at Work.*

#### "ME DIE FOR MISSIONARY."

**W**HEN I went to Ambrim three years ago (1890) — at that side of the island where there is no missionary—we saw the people on the shore all lying under arms. We hesitated to go near, and whenever we approached them, they would rush to the shore and draw up their canoes. For hours they continued doing this. At last two lads came off in canoes, with shaking and trembling limbs, and one called out: "You missionary?"—"Yes, I am a missionary."—"You true missionary?"—"Yes."—"You no got revolver?"

I bared my body and showed that I had none. "You no come steal boys or woman?"—"No, we have come to tell you about God."....

The people laid aside their weapons and we soon landed—the natives rushing into the surf and taking the boat up on the beach. As soon as I got out, I saw a painted, forbidding-looking savage making towards me. I kept my eye on him, for I did not know what he was after. He seized me by the arm, exclaiming in burning broken accent: "Me die for missionary. Me want a missionary. Me no got a missionary. Me die for missionary.".... I said: "We cannot give you a missionary."—"Do, do, do!" he said, looking appealingly at the young men with us. I said they were for another Island. "No. You stop long o' me. Me die; me die; me want a missionary to teach me."

If God's dear people could have heard and seen him with their own ears and eyes then—how soon his desire would have been fulfilled! At length we went to the boat; and he said, "When you come with missionary?" I said, "We cannot for a year."—"Oh!" he

pleaded, "not say twelve months. Me want missionary; me die for missionary; not say year."

Three weary years have passed, and we have not one for them yet. Such is the desire on many islands. Oh! to enter with the Gospel and see its blessed effects.

JOHN G. PATON.

#### THE UNPAID BILL.

##### A SAD STORY.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on by his pastor one evening, and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted suicide.

They found the man in a wretched house, in an alley not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobbler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker, with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered around him.

"These people are starving!" exclaimed the banker, as soon as he caught sight of their pinched, wan faces; and while the doctor was busy sewing up the cobbler's wounds he hurried away to procure fuel and food.

"We have been without food for days," said the woman, when he returned. "It's not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. But he could neither get work nor pay for that which he had done. To-day he went, for the last time, to collect a debt due to him from a rich family; but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way."—turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All the large debts were promptly met; but he was apt to be careless about the accounts for milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, ten dollars. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation; while at the very same time the banker had been giving away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered, and will never want a friend while the banker lives; nor will a small unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

May heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness till it has taught him how to bear it well by previous pain.—*Young.*

## A CHILD'S HYMN.

I cannot do great things for Him  
 Who did so much for me ;  
 But I should like to show my love  
 Dear Jesus, unto thee ;  
 Faithful in very little things,  
 O Saviour, may I be !

There are small things in daily life.  
 In which I may obey,  
 And thus may show my love to thee ;  
 And always, every day,  
 There are some little loving words  
 Which I for thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,  
 Small burdens I may bear,  
 Small acts of faith and deeds of love,  
 Some sorrows I may share,  
 And little bits of work for thee  
 I may do everywhere.

So I ask thee to give me grace  
 My little place to fill,  
 That I may ever walk with thee  
 And ever do thy will :  
 That in each duty, great or small,  
 I may be faithful still.

*Exchange.*

## HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold on to the power that will help you to hold on to the following characteristics, remembering the words, "Without me ye can do nothing."

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places. Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth. Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do an improper act.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company, and invite you to join their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

## A PUZZLE.

## HOW TO GET THINGS OUT OF A BOTTLE.

A poor under-sized boy named Tim, sitting by a bottle, and looking in, said "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it." He wanted to go to a Sunday School picnic, but he had no shoes. His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him, until a voice said :

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father:

"Who broke my bottle?" he said.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why mother said so; I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone into the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things; and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it!" And Tim sat down again and cried harder than ever. His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard, and remained quiet for so long a time, that Tim at last looked cautiously up.

"I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted. "O father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."

Many a poor boy's shoes will go into a bottle this holiday time; and this story, though told before, may help some boy to determine that he will keep clean of the bottle for life.

## Sabbath School Lessons

Jan. 14.

### ADAM'S SIN AND GOD'S GRACE.

Les. Gen. 3: 1-15. Gol. Text, 1 Cor. 15: 22.  
Mem. vs. 13-15. Catechism Q. 82, 83.

How fair the world was in your last lesson; so fair that when God looked at it He saw nothing wrong, and said that it was all "very good."

In this lesson everything changes and even our first parents see themselves "very bad." What made the change? It is a sad story:

Satan, the chief of evil spirits, mad to see such happiness while he was so sinful and wretched, thought he would make them wretched too.

Now in the garden where Adam and Eve had been placed there were trees with choicest fruit, and God told them they could have as much of it as they wished. But to test whether they would obey Him, God said to them, you may eat from all the trees but that one. If you eat of it you will die. He meant that they would not any longer have His favor, and "in His favor is life." There was no harm in the fruit itself, if God had not forbidden it, but when He did, the eating was disobedience, and that meant, spiritual death.

As Satan was looking for some way of leading them into sin, he thought of this tree, and if he could only get them to eat of it he would be satisfied.

Looking around among the animals to find one suitable for his purpose, he chose a serpent, and entered into it as did the evil spirits into the Gadarene swine in New Testament time, and made it do as he wished.

Gliding along, as Eve stood near the tree, he spoke to her. She knew but little of animals and it was no great surprise to her to hear one speak. He told her how good this particular tree was, and what it would do for her, and told her that the reason that God did not wish them to eat of it was not kindness but jealousy, because it would make her equal to himself.

The poor silly woman believed the serpent, ate some of it, found that it did not hurt her, and persuaded Adam to eat it too.

And now as they began to think what they had done they felt guilty. They had disobeyed a kind father.

God, perhaps in human appearance, used to come and talk with them, and now when they heard his voice as He came for an evening talk, instead of hastening to welcome Him, they were afraid and hid away among the trees. God called, Adam, where are you?

They saw that they could not hide, and as they came out from their hiding place they tried to excuse themselves. O how unhappy they were! "Why did you want to hide" said God, have you eaten of that tree. Then Adam blamed the woman and the woman blamed the serpent.

But Satan did not gain his end, for in the very act of punishing them, God told the woman that one should come of her children who would bruise the serpent's head. Eve did not know what it meant, but we know that God meant that though Satan had triumphed now, Christ would come and triumph over Satan.

### LESSONS.

1. Satan in this lesson told the first lie in the world's history, hence he is well called the father of lies.
2. It is that same Satan who tries to get people to do wrong yet.
3. Listening to and obeying him makes men wretched.
4. Trust in Christ and keep near to Him, and he will help you to resist the evil one.

Jan. 21.

### CAIN AND ABEL.

Les. Gen. 4: 3-13 Gol. Text, Heb. 11: 4.  
Mem vs. 3-5. Catechism Q. 84, 85.

A lonely place we would think it. There was just one family, no neighbors near, none far away. There were no roads leading anywhere, no newspapers or letters coming in to tell of what was going on in the busy world beyond, for there was no busy world beyond.

Our first parents had been taught to worship by sacrifice, to remind them that sin must be atoned for by the shedding of blood, that is, by the giving up of life. These sacrifices could not take away sin, but they pointed forward, though the people did not know it, to Christ who was to give up His life in place of sinners.

There were two boys in the family, the first two boys that ever were born. They had no neighbors or playmates. They grew to manhood. One of them took to keeping sheep and the other to a kind of farming with such poor tools as he could make. They lived on in this manner until they were what we would call old men, for they were probably more than a hundred years old when the story of this lesson took place.

One day, when they offered sacrifice, Abel brought a lamb. Although they had probably been instructed to offer animals in sacrifice, Cain scorned to get a lamb from Abel, and took some of the fruits of his own work. He thought it was just as good as Abel's.

Even if his sacrifice had been all right, the spirit in which he came was a very bad one, and in some way God showed him disfavor. Perhaps fire came down from heaven and burned Abel's sacrifice.

Cain was angry. Instead of looking within and trying to do better, he got angry with Abel, and left the place of worship with a scowl on his face and hate in his heart. Abel was very sorry for the change that had come over Cain and tried to be as pleasant as he could, but it only seemed to make Cain worse.

One day, let us suppose Cain digging in his field, Abel is over in the pasture. The sheep are quietly feeding, and Abel sits on a rock watching them. At length, satisfied, they lie down to rest, and Abel, knowing that there is no danger of their straying away for a little, goes over into the field where Cain is working. Cain sees him and his hate gets more bitter. Abel comes along and speaks civilly to him, but Cain gives him a very short surly answer. At length the bitterness bursts out beyond control. In his passion he attacks his brother with savage fierceness, and now Abel lies dead at his feet. It is the first death in the human race; that death is a murder, and that murder is by a brother's hand.

And now, just as God appeared to Adam and Eve when they had sinned, and they tried to excuse themselves, so He comes to Cain, who also tries to excuse himself. God says to him, "Cain where is your brother." And he says "I do not know, am I my brother's keeper."

But he could not hide his sin from God, and then follows his doom. His conscience would trouble him so that he would ever be a wanderer. He could not settle down contentedly at anything, and as a result his fields would be unson. He could not stay long enough in one place to raise a crop. No rest. No peace. A bitter, lonely, self-accusing life.

#### LESSONS.

Let us now learn some lessons from this sad story.

1. God will not accept our worship if our hearts are wrong.
2. The terrible results that hate leads to if we allow it to stay in our hearts.
3. Sin brings sorrow. Cain made his own life wretched by his sin. If we do wrong our sin will bring sorrow.
4. If we come with our sin to Christ. He is ready to forgive.

"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

God be merciful to me a sinner.

Jan. 28.

#### GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH,

Les. Gen. 9: 8-17. Gol. Text, Gen. 9: 13.  
Mem vs. 11-13. Catechism Q. 86, 87.

Fifteen hundred years had passed away since the scene in Eden. There were multitudes of people upon the earth and they had become very wicked, all except the family of Noah. God saw that each generation was worse than the one that went before it, that there was no hope of the world being any better while such a race lived, and said He would wash them from the earth by a flood, and save the family of Noah, so that from them a better people might fill the world.

But he first gave them an opportunity to repent, and for one hundred and twenty years, Noah preached to them of the coming flood, as he builded at the ark, and warned them to turn from evil and be saved.

They would not heed. At length Noah and his family entered into the ark. No others would go. The flood came. Too late the people saw their awful mistake. They ran for safety to hill top after hill top, but still the waters gained. One after another went down beneath the wave until all were gone but the family who were floating safely in their ark.

At length the water began to pass away. The ark grounded on a mountain top. Noah and his family came forth very thankful to God for preserving their lives.

Then comes the beautiful story of the lesson, how God made a covenant or agreement with Noah and his family something like that which he had made with our first parents fifteen hundred years before, telling them not to be afraid, promising that there should never be another flood, and as a sign or token of this promise, pointing to the rainbow.

This had been seen before, just as afterward, but now God took it for a sign, so that whenever they looked upon it they could remember His promise.

What a beautiful token. When you see a rainbow and love its beauty remember that it was pointed out by God as a token of His agreement with man as long as the world shall last, and that in it God speaks to us.

#### LESSONS.

1. When men love sin they are sure to get worse and worse.
2. God has great patience with men in their sin, and warns them to turn from it.
3. When all that God does for men seems in vain, and all influences useless, then He lets come upon them the ruin they have invited.

4. There is ruin coming for sin. God has provided a Refuge, even Jesus. He bears along with men, pleading with them to turn from sin. If they do they may be saved. If not, they must share in the destruction that is coming upon sin.

5. Even the men who worked for Noah, helping to build the ark, perished with the others because they would not take advantage of it. Let us not be like them, giving the gospel to others and neglecting it ourselves.

#### Feb. 4.

### BEGINNING OF THE HEBREW NATION.

Les. Gen. 12: 1-4. Gol. Text., Gen. 12: 2.  
Mem. vs. 1-3. Catechism Q. 87-88.

Five hundred years had passed since the flood. The family of Noah had greatly multiplied. But they too began to go astray. They forgot God and set about to build the great tower of Babel to make themselves a name. But their language was confounded, they were scattered and their plan came to nought. God's plan for having the world filled with a good race of people seemed to have failed.

And now another plan was tried. Most of these people had forgotten Him, but there was one family that was very faithful, and God chose Abram, as he had chosen Noah five centuries before. But he did not destroy the others. He simply left them to take their own course and called to Abram to come out to another land away from old companions and there start a new nation who should be God's own people.

It would be a great trial to Abram to leave home and friends and country and go away to a strange land where he did not know the people, nor their customs, nor language, but to encourage him God made him a great promise, and told him that he would become a great nation and that one of his children in the future days should be a blessing to the whole world.

We do not know in what way God told him this, but Abram believed what God said and obeyed him, and when seventy five years old, he left the old land in the valley of the Euphrates, taking with him his possessions, and in time he reached Canaan.

He would feel lonely and homesick, for he could get no letters from the old home and there were no newspapers. And no doubt he had a good deal to discourage him, but he builded an altar and worshipped; he did not forget to worship wherever he went, and then God sent an angel to cheer him again with the promise that the land in which he now was should be given to his children.

This was the beginning of the Hebrew nation, which was for so many centuries God's own peculiar people, and of whom, in the fulness of time, Christ came.

#### LESSONS.

1. It was a trial for Abram to leave home and friends, and go to a strange land among strange people, but he obeyed. Where duty calls we should obey.

2. Abram had no doubt many difficulties in following the path of duty, but God was with him. So God will be with us in all duty.

3. God makes promises to us of a "better land" and wants us to turn our backs upon all sin that we may gain that land.

4. We can be a blessing to others just as Abraham was, and we will, if we trust and follow Christ.

5. All nations can be blest in Christ only as they hear of Him. What are you doing to make Him known to them?

#### Feb. 11.

### GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAM.

Les. Gen. 17: 1-9. Gol. Text., Gen. 15: 6.  
Mem. vs. 7-8. Catechism, Q. 89-90.

The story of Abram, between last lesson and this one, is told in Chapters 13-17. Tell what you know about that story.

You remember that God made a covenant with Adam, when the human race started, then with Noah, when the race started once more, and now with Abram, who was to be the father of a new chosen people.

Thirty years had passed since God called him, and twenty-five years since he had entered Canaan, and his prospects did not seem very bright, but God came to him when he was ninety-nine years old and cheered him by greater promises than before, telling him again that he should be a father of many nations.

This promise, God called a covenant or agreement, and, just as men, when they make an agreement, affix a seal to it to make it binding, so God, when he made this agreement with Abraham gave him a seal called circumcision, that was to be an outward sign that God was pledged to him, and he to God.

One great thing that young people should remember about this covenant is that they have a direct part in it, and for the following reasons:

1. Abraham's children were to be included in that covenant, and so Isaac was circumcised when he was eight days old. This was an outward sign that God was pledged to him and that he was pledged to God, as well as his father was.



## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

2. That covenant was meant for all Christian parents, for in Galatians 3: 21, we read "If ye be *Christ's*, then are ye Abraham's seed and heirs according to the promise," that is, all Christian parents are God's covenant people, having a part in that covenant which God made with Abraham.

3. The outward sign of the covenant has been changed from circumcision to baptism, but the privilege of Christian parents to bring their children and have them receive the seal of that covenant has never been done away.

4. Remember that your baptism is a seal of a covenant, meaning that you are pledged to God to be His and that he is pledged to you to be yours. In your childhood your parents fulfilled your vows for you, by leading you in the right way and teaching you. When you come to think and act for yourselves you are then bound to fulfil your side of the covenant, if you do not, you are breaking a solemn covenant which your parents have made in your behalf. They had a right to do this, to do all that was best for you.

### AN INCIDENT.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother and a little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother's. The friend was only going from one way-station to the next, while the others were on a long journey. There happened to be but one vacant double-seat in the car; and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend. "No, I won't; because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already at the windows."

"But, darling, only for ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the window now."

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleasure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk to her friend, and you can sit by the window the whole day?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis. And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, and good-natured urging from the friend, that home-nurtured bit of selfishness kept his place, the mother never dreaming of insisting on the right and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so enjoy looking out the window." When seven-year-old Bobby becomes Robert the husband, his sad little wife will wonder, "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives?" (Century.)

### KINDNESS REWARDED.

Last winter the story was told of an old man who lost his pocketbook in Pittsburg. He met a young farmer on Fifth Avenue, to whom he told his misfortune. The young man kindly got the old gentleman his supper, and then bought for him a railroad ticket to his home at Wheeling, West Virginia. In a few days the young farmer received a letter from a Wheeling attorney telling him that the old gentleman was dead, and that in his will was found a codicil bequeathing him \$10,000 in recognition of his kindness to a stranger in a strange city.

Here is a story showing how the kindness of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, was once rewarded:

A compositor on the *Ledger* fell into the habit of neglecting his work on account of intoxication, and was discharged. His wife came and pleaded with the philanthropist to give him another trial, but Mr. Childs said that it was business, not sentiment, and he could not take him back. When she had gone, however, he sent a man to learn the circumstances of the family, and found that she was a hard working milliner struggling to keep up appearances. The next day a millinery establishment was offered for sale, and Mr. Childs bought it, presented it to the compositor's wife, and told her that although he could not employ her husband he could give her the means of living. The husband was so overwhelmed that he signed a pledge, and has kept it ever since, and is once more a faithful workman.

Kindness in words, deeds, looks, pays. It makes friends, it wins favors, it leads men to better living. It is a mighty force for good, Kindness wins and blesses, while severity repels and curses.—*Sel.*

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