

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

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

The

HILDRENS RECORD.



REC-
MEMBER
THE
COMMANDMENTS
CONSUME
THEM

CONTENTS

The Eye Doctor in China.....	49
A Picture of Heathen Cruelty.....	49
Our Largest Mission S. School.....	50
Pictures from Erromanga.....	51
A Young Man's Letter to his Mother.....	51
A Marriage in Trinidad.....	52
The Marthas.....	53
Sitting for his Photograph.....	54
The Young Artist.....	55
Taibai.....	56
The Story of Jerry McAuley's Life.....	58
Oberlin.....	60
Her Recompense.....	
A Favourite Hymn.....	
Sabbath School Lessons.....	

Lo I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

Sabbath School Lessons.

FRUITS OF WISDOM.

May 14.
Lesson, Prov. 12: 1-15.
Memory vs. 10-11. Golden Text, Prov. 11, 30.
Catechism Q. 59.

HOME READINGS.

M. Proverbs 12: 1-15... *Fruits of Wisdom.*
T. Proverbs 12: 16-28... *The Curse of Sloth.*
W. Proverbs 13: 1-25... *Wisdom and Folly.*
Th. Proverbs 14: 1-20... *The Simple Inherit Folly.*
F. 1 Kings 3: 5-15... *Solomon's Choice of Wisdom.*
S. James 3: 1-18... *The Wisdom from Above.*
S. Rev. 3: 14-22... *The Reward of Wisdom.*

Time—B.C. 1000; Solomon king of Israel.
Place—Written by Solomon in Jerusalem.
Opening Words.—In each of the fifteen verses of this lesson the fruits of wisdom, as exhibited in the life and conduct of the righteous, are set in striking contrast with the fruits of folly, as shown in the life of the wicked.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Fruits of Divine Favor*, vs. 1-5.—What are we taught in verse 1? Whom will the Lord favor? Whom will he condemn? How are the wicked and the wise contrasted in verse 3? What is said of the virtuous woman? Meaning of verse 5?

II. *Fruits of Honor*, vs. 6-10.—What is said of the words of the wicked? Of the mouth of the upright? Meaning of verse 7: According to what shall a man be commended? Meaning of verse 9? How are the righteous and the wicked contrasted in verse 10?

III. *Fruits of Righteousness*, vs. 11-15.—What is promised to the industrious man? What do the wicked desire? v. 12. How do the righteous differ from the wicked? Meaning of verse 13? How shall a man be satisfied? Meaning of verse 15?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. They are truly happy that obtain the favor of the Lord.
2. The straight course of truth is safe and easy.
3. The crooked path of falsehood is difficult and tormenting.
4. It is a man's wisdom to follow an honest calling and mind his own business.
5. A good man's wise and loving words will come back to him in blessings.

AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

May 21.
Lesson, Prov. 23: 29-35. Gol. Text, Prov. 20: 1.
Memory vs. 29-32. Catechism Q. 60.

HOME READINGS.

M. Proverbs 23: 29-35. *Against Intemperance.*
T. Daniel 1: 1-20... *A Total Abstinence Hob.*
W. Jer. 35: 1-19... *A Total Abstinence Fervid.*
Th. Isaiah 28: 1-16... *The Drunkards of Ephraim.*
F. Isaiah 5: 11-25... *Judgments denounced.*
S. Hab. 2: 12-20... *Woe to the Drunkard-Maker.*
S. 1 Cor. 8: 1-13... *Make not thy Brother to Offend.*

Time.—About B.C. 1000; Solomon king of all Israel.

Place.—Written by Solomon in Jerusalem.
Opening Words.—Our lesson passage is a vivid picture of what we have all seen again and again. It shows the deadly effects of intemperance, and points out the only way to avoid them. It appeals not to those who have already fallen under the baneful influence of the sin, but to those who are yet free from its snares—to the young especially—and warns them to beware of the very first step in the downward way.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Its Golden Text? What practical lessons did you learn from it? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Sorrow in the Cup*, vs. 29, 30.—What six questions are asked in verse 29? What is the answer to them all? What is mixed wine? What warning against wine is given by Paul? Eph. 5: 18. To whom does the wine-cup bring sorrow?

II. *Poison in the Cup*, vs. 31, 32.—What warning is given in verse 31? How does wine tempt the eye? What will wine do at the last? What effect has wine-drinking on the health? What effect on the mind and the heart? Why is it wicked to risk life or health needlessly?

III. *Delirium in the Cup*, vs. 33-35.—What clause in the lesson describes the horrible fancies of delirium tremens? The drunkard's unreasonableness? His lack of judgment? His unwillingness to receive advice? His weakness of will? His inability to reform? What is the end of intemperance? 1 Cor. 6: 10.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Intemperance is a fearful evil and sin.
2. There is great danger in the use of intoxicating drinks.
3. We should therefore abstain entirely from their use.
4. We should try and keep others from using them.
5. We should use all means to stop their sale.

† † THE † †

Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

MAY.

NO. 5.

THE EYE DOCTOR IN CHINA.

BY ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES IN HONAN.

For *The Children's Record*.

LET me show you the scene as I witnessed it and you will see how much these poor people suffer, in their ignorance, and how they need medical missionaries as well as preachers.

Look at him. He is a rakish looking young man, not belonging to the regular profession, who operates at fairs, where "mostly fools" are his victims.

His patient, who is very brave in suffering, is a young woman with inturned eyelids. The operating room is the inn-yard. The chair in which she sits is a broom lying on the earth.

An elderly woman, probably her mother, supports the patient in trying moments.

The operator begins operations by macerating the eyelids with a wooden tooth-pick. Then he runs this pick up one nostril, punctures the membrane and down comes the blood, and he says "you see it is necessary to let off the inflammation from the eyes."

Next he puts in the eyes a powder called eye clarifier. Then he pulls out his needle, and proceeds to put it up to the head in the eye cavity, close up to the bridge of the nose, thus avoiding the eye ball. As he works the needle in to the depth of one inch, he keeps turning it round, saying in a tone of command, "Retire, evil humor."

At this point, one, at least, of the bystanders felt like knocking him down with a club.

The final operation is the puckering of the

upper eyelid and the binding of it between two parallel needles as in a vise. These needles are to be worn until the protruding part of the lid decays and drops off.

The patient with her upper eyelids adorned with four bright foreign needles was a striking object.

The doctor says that she must not be alarmed if in a few days her eyes should have sores on them, or if she should find them very painful.

The only redeeming feature was the ridiculously small fee, say ten cents, but the amount in China depends on the patient not on the operator. In this case there was some wrangling over it and promises to pay more later on.

A PICTURE OF HEATHEN CRUELTY.

DR. MARGARET M'KELLAR, one of our missionaries in India, in the city of Neemuch, tells of one sad scene, among the many that come before her, which shows how the idolatry of these people makes them heartless and cruel. She says:

The caretaker of our church, a young Brahmin, told me his little sister was very ill. When he told me what her sickness was like, I said I would like to see her. He said, "Yes you may come, but you can do nothing for her, as you have no disease in your country like her's. She is possessed with an evil spirit."

I went and after walking along a number of dirty streets, came to a house, which is just like its neighbour, made of mud, and having neither window nor furniture.

Crouching low, I passed through the door and found the sick girl lying on the floor, and no one paying any attention to her.

I found on examination that she was suffering from lockjaw. When the convulsions came on, the friends said it was the evil spirit working in her. The mother would not allow me to do anything for her, saying "If I allow you to treat her, the God, who sent the spirit will be angry with me."

I went back the following morning, thinking that the mother-heart would be touched at seeing the child suffering. But no. Entreaties were all in vain. I left, saying to the mother if she changed her mind I would gladly come and do all that can be done in such cases. Days passed but no word came so I thought that the child was dead, as the brother was absent from his work for a couple of days. I learned afterwards that he had gone to worship an idol at some distance, thinking to appease the God who had sent the evil spirit into his sister.

Ten days passed, then he came to call me, saying that his sister was still living. I said I knew I could do nothing for her now, but seeing his look of distress I went with him.

What I saw is sad beyond describing. The little wasted form lay as if unconscious, the mother shouting to her at the top of her voice and making her sit upright. At length she opened her eyes and her mouth too, and although I knew no power on earth could save her, I said, "give her a little milk."

At the very mention of this, the mother, waxed hot in her wrath and a war of words passed between her and her son; she saying that the milk would not be given, while he made preparations to get some, saying that he would give it if I would promise to come back in the morning. It would appear that the young man, for the time at least, had lost faith in their own gods. Ere morning came the little spark of life had gone out. On inquiring I was told that the milk had not been given. Poor benighted people!

Were sticktoitiveness in any belief sufficient to obtain salvation, then surely this woman would gain a free entrance into heaven.

OUR LARGEST MISSION S. SCHOOL.

WHERE IS IT? HOW LARGE IS IT? WHAT IS IT LIKE?

IT must be in China where there are so many millions of people and the scholars are little almond eyed, olive skinned, Chinese, with a queer braid of hair down their backs called a pig tail; No, not there.

Well, is it not in India, where so many millions live, and where the villages and towns are so plentiful? No, not there. Where can it be?

Come with me to New York, then we take a steamer and sail away South West, touching at many of the beautiful Islands of the West Indies, until we come to Trinidad, lying off the coast of South America, and there we find some eighty thousand people from India, amongst whom some of our missionaries have been working for twenty-five years.

Let us go to one of the towns, San Fernando, where Mr. Grant has been working for twenty-two years, and visit his Sabbath School. What do we find? Let a lady who visited it a few months since, tell us what it is like.

On review Sunday in Mr. Grant's S. School, there were present 175 pupils, and 19 teachers, Fifty-four pupils and two teachers recited the golden texts and the lesson titles for the quarter.

Next Sabbath, Dec. 25th, was the general review for the year. There must have been 200 present. Twelve little girls and boys, some of them very small, went up to the platform and recited the golden texts and lesson titles for the whole year. Some of the teachers were prepared to give them, but the time was too short. Each one who recited got a pretty text to hang on the wall. Quite a number of prizes had been given for good attendance. Some had been present every day in the year.

How many of our young people could do what these little folks did!

We have some Sabbath schools in the New Hebrides, in India, and Formosa, and hope, ere long, to have some in China, but St. Fernando is the largest in all our mission history. Let such good success cheer us to do yet more for the heathen children over the sea.

PICTURES FROM ERROMANGA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY REV. H. A. ROBERTSON.

Erromanga, New Hebrides, Jan, 1893.

WHAT a warlike tribe the people of Numpunorowa were; the last war or battle fought on this Island, in 1882, was begun by them. It was their old and fearless Chief *Noroua* that a few years ago led me by the hand through the bush to an open space, where to my delight there was a neat grass Church and actually a rude pulpit, and that, still keeping hold of my hand, asked for a missionary, and if I could not get a missionary to send him a teacher at once. I need not tell you how overwhelming his appeal was. I think almost any man would have been melted had he seen and heard what I saw and heard that day.

Not long thereafter I again stood before this chief, but this time with a teacher and his wife. After a short service, during which I asked them to be kind to the teachers, and that some of the young men should engage, before I left, to act as true friends to them and attend their day school, as well as Sabbath services, another and more encouraging sight awaited me, outside, in the *antemne*, or dancing ground.

It was this; the old chief with about two hundred people about him placed on the ground at my feet all his heathen relics in which he trusted.

Well it was in this same district, Numpunorowa, that the sacrament was dispensed in Feb'y last, and, among others, baptized before communion that morning, were three old blind men, led into the Church by little boys. There were 450 people at the service, of whom 120 were church members, including 7 elders and 25 teachers.

What a glorious day we had, making us forget for the time all our years of toil and sorrow, many of them spent with life itself in danger, among this same people.

Behold the contrast! A sea of up-turned faces many of them bright as the picture of happiness because they had, with all their sin and ignorance, given themselves to *Christ*.

They were all nicely clothed, and the women, and girls with their bright and gay Birmingham print-calico dresses, and the men and boys in their colored shirts and white trousers, produced the most pleasing picture. squatting as they were upon the green cocoanut-leaf mats in their large rustic church, open at the sides for fresh air. All around were waving cocoanut branches, the younger leaves moving as gracefully as a lady's fan; wild flowers covering the ground, the river flowing past us not twenty feet from the Church; canoes carelessly pulled up on its banks, grass huts on both sides of the stream, and the white curling rollers from the broad Pacific throwing themselves constantly on the bold rocks which gave each succeeding roller the cold shoulder as they met.

They came from many different villages in different parts of the Island, but the teachers and people of the nearer districts provided bountifully for the visitors, building huts for them, as well as a larger one for us, and besides large quantities of yam, taro, banana, and sugar, these Numpunorowa people gave the strangers ninety five large hogs.

What a change from years gone by, when, if men dared to venture beyond their own district they were killed and eaten.

What wonders the gospel can work.

A YOUNG MAN'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

FROM ONE OF OUR MISSIONARIES IN TRINIDAD.

DON'T you think, boys, it makes a mother glad to get such a letter as the following from her boy in a foreign land. It is always a ray of sunshine to a mother's heart to get letters that tell of her boy's well doing. When you leave home don't forget either the well doing or the letters.--*Ed.*

San Fernando, Trinidad.

MY DEAR MOTHER.

I often think of you and wonder how you are. I think I never lie down to rest without my thoughts wandering away home to you

and the friends there, though I find it hard to write letters, generally busy all day and weary when night comes.

I have had a severe cold but am better now. It seems strange perhaps to speak of colds in this hot climate, but such are very frequent here, caused by the excessive heat and sudden showers coming on almost without any warning.

was out one day not long ago, and it was very hot, and in a few minutes after I was drenched with a tropical shower. It pours here as we never see it in P. E. Island, even the heaviest thunder showers.

The climate is very trying, so hot all the time, never cool. How I often wish for a cool day, but it never comes: the same continuous heat day by day.

But we are here to work, and God's cause needs workers here, and so long as health is given we should not complain. We have much to encourage us, and even if not, we have the promise "I will be with you always."

There has been a great change here during the twenty five years of our mission work here, but still there is only, as it were, a beginning made. There are more than 70000 heathen in Trinidad to-day, not outside of the reach of the Gospel, but not accepting of its blessings. The old heathenism still has vigor even in this Western world.

A STRANGE CONTRAST.

A few days ago when visiting our schools, my attention was called to a large gathering of people some distance from the school. On inquiry I found it was a feast to a Hindu goddess, called Kali, whose duty it is to protect her worshippers from sickness, and is ardently worshipped by the people when any disease threatens.

The object of the worship and feast on this occasion was to ward off the cholera which was so bad in some places of the old world last summer, and which some fear on this side of the water during the coming summer.

Fruits and sweetmeats are offered to the ugly image and then eaten

"Meats offered to idols" the Apostle speaks of.

The school children inside were singing Christian hymns and offering their evening prayer to the Lord of all the earth. Their fathers and mothers, outside, were invoking the aid of blocks of wood and stone.

How little many at home prize the blessings of Christianity, and return thanks that their lot is cast in a Christian land and amid the light of the Gospel.

With love, your affectionate Son,
FULTON.

A MARRIAGE IN TRINIDAD.

BY REV. LAL. BIHARI.

THIS interesting story is by Rev. Lal Bihari, one of our Indian ministers in Trinidad, who was himself once a heathen, but who has been for many years a faithful preacher of the gospel.

"On Saturday a young couple were married in our church here. All marriages in this Island have to be celebrated in a church duly licensed.

The families are labourers but in fairly good circumstances. Friends were invited and amongst them Mr. Grant and myself.

The marriage was kept at the bride's house about five miles distant. Most of the guests, about 90, all christians, went with the newly married couple. Food, sufficient for all, was prepared for night and morning.

The whole night was passed in hymn singing, reading, talking, chatting, exhorting, in a word these gatherings are usually pleasant and profitable without either dance or strong drink.

Mr. Grant could not go in the morning, but I went to spend the day among them. The whole party met me at our La Fortune place of worship.

After my discourse I asked others to speak. Raj Kumar Lal the local catechist urged that our religion was defective if it did not make us good livers, it had a power to save us from sin, as well as from its punishment.

Another, Redai Ram, said "Jesus Christ is our mukht-data or the giver of salvation,

Jesus had nothing to give, he was very poor. He had only one thing to give, and that was Himself, and He gave Himself.

We then have to do with Christ. He Himself is the gift offered. We must take Him or live without salvation. Many of us did not believe this a few years ago, and we reproached the very name that we now honour, but God should be praised for it all, by the grace of God we are what we are.

A story (said he) is told of a monkey, a water fowl, and a hare, that lived together in friendly relations. To test the genuineness of their kindness, a traveller came to their quarters seeking rest, and being hungry and faint he asked for a little food. The monkey hastened up a tree and soon brought a fruit, the waterfowl went to its element and brought a fish, but the hare laid down itself to be prepared for the refreshment of the traveller. Which gave the most? Surely the one that gave himself. So Christ gave himself for us." Redai Ram then prayed.

Another followed, in the course of his address he said the Hindoo books teach us that if we steal a horse in this life, we will be born lame, in the next life; if we steal grain; we will re-appear in the form of a rat; if we steal oil we will return a cockroach; if we steal fruit we will be a monkey; and if we steal a lamp, we will be born blind. To the truth of all the preceding, I will say nothing, but as to the last, if we, like thieves, hide away the light of Christ, we will surely be blind in the next world. Let your light so shine, that others seeing your good works, may glorify your Father, who is in Heaven.

Another spoke on the power of the tongue, both in well doing and ill-doing. That whilst there were few quarrels amongst christians yet the tongue of many others moved too fast. He then directed attention to the manifestations of the spirit on the day of Pentecost, tongues of fire, not swords or sticks, or guns, or gibbets, or shackles of fire, but tongues, as if God meant that we should use argument, and not force to turn people's minds to himself.

After morning service we all went to the bride's mother's house to breakfast, and later we scattered, some went to their homes, and others of us went to make known the secret of our unity and happiness.

THE MARTHAS.

Once over the hills of Judea
The Saviour was taking his way,
He came to that part of the country
Where the town of Bethany lay.
Tired, and footsore, and hungry,
Longing for food and rest,
He reached the peaceful dwelling
His presence so often had blest.

He came to the house of Martha,
And sacred chroniclers tell

That out of the whole fair village
He loved that household well.

And Martha, the "household ruler,"
Brought water to bathe his feet.
And Martha made him a supper,
And served as he sat at meat.
She loved her Lord and Master
And thought no service small,
And heart and hand were busy,
Whenever she heard *Him* call.

And *we* are the "little Marthas,"
We want to do *our* part,

And *we* are the "bigger Marthas,"
We work with willing heart.

We'd like to *serve*, like the Martha,
We read of in ancient lore,
And to sit at the feet of Jesus
As Mary did of yore.
But we read in the sweet, sweet gospel,
With joy that's ever new,
The "inasmuch" of our Savior,
The "cup of water" too.

So, though we're the "little Marthas,"
We'll work for Jesus still.

And *we*, the "bigger Marthas,"
Will *serve* with right good will.

We'll work with busy fingers,
They're little efforts may be,
But we've heard of the coral insect,
That labors beneath the sea.
And when our church was builded,
'Twas brick by brick it rose;
And so we'll work, though certain
Impatience may oppose.

Yes, we're the "little Marthas,"
Right patiently, we'll work.

And we're the "bigger Marthas,"
'Twill never do to shirk.

So, working with busy fingers
 We'll try to do our part;
 The Master will bless small efforts,
 If wrought with willing heart.
 The springs run into the rivers,
 The rivers run into the sea;
 Our pennies will grow to quarters,
 Our quarters, to dollars, may be.

Yes we are the "little Marthas"
 We want to do our part,

And we are the "bigger Marthas,"
 We work with willing heart.

SITTING FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

MOST people at one time or other sit for a photograph; and they are usually anxious to be properly dressed, and so posed as to secure a respectable looking picture.

But there are nowadays flash-light and snap-shot contrivances by which persons are liable to have their pictures taken in very unlikely and unexpected ways. Persons are sometimes found in positions and conditions in which they would not be willing to be photographed; and it is possible that if some of them could really see themselves as others see them, they would very soon change their course and conduct.

One woman determined that her husband should know how he looked when he was drunk. She knew how he looked well enough, and needed not that any man should tell her. Her children also knew by sad experience; but the man himself had a very imperfect idea of the state of the case.

So once when he came home and fell into a maudlin slumber, she sent for the photographer to come forthwith, and on his arrival she set before him his task.

The photographer did his work, and did it well, and when the photograph was finished and laid beside the husband's plate at break-fast, it was a revelation; and the sobered gentleman experienced a decidedly new sensation. There was no need of explanation, the thing explained itself. There was no chance for contradiction; the sun tells no

lies. There was no room for argument, there was only one thing to do, and that was to quit; and it is very fortunate that the man had courage and sense enough to do it.

How many there are who, if they could only get one view of themselves in their tipsy, maudlin idiocy, would once and forever change their course in life.

When Hugh Miller, the Scotch stone-cutter, after indulging in strong drink with his fellow-workmen, found that the letters in his book were running together, and that with all his mental ability he was *unable to read his mother tongue*, one such lesson was sufficient for him, and he abandoned the cup, retained his intellect, and wrote his name on high amid the thinkers of his age.

How many a man to-day is debasing himself and drifting downward into darkness, who, if he could but take a good look at himself in his maudlin condition, would turn about forthwith, and yet be a man among men.

And if a man does not wish to sit for his likeness in a state of intoxication, he has only to walk up and down the streets of some of our cities, and he can see the whole performance at a glance. There are plenty of specimens of men sober, of men drunk, and of men half way between, in all stages of intoxication, and in all conditions to which strong drink reduces men.

The man who is just entering upon a course of dissipation can see one man who has taken the next step, and so has gone on further than he has.

If he will haunt the streets, the police courts, the prisons, he can see the whole problem of intemperance worked out from first to last. He can see the men young, daring, reckless, and gay; he can see them excited, bewildered, debased, besotted. He can trace their course on and on through paths of sorrow, degradation, and crime, until at last they end in dark, dishonored graves, over which love may weep in anguish, but where hope plants no flowers, and sorrow has no consolation.

Let the moderate drinker, let the man who has taken the first glass, walk up and down among the saloons, groggeries, dance halls and dens, in the slums of our great cities, and he can see the picture of himself after one year's drinking, after two years, five years, and ten years, if he lives so long; and if he is a wise man he will be content and quit the cup without waiting to sit for his own photograph.

Let the young remember that the only safe way is never to begin.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

All our young readers are copying life pictures: good or bad. Try and copy the best.
Copy from Christ day by day and your life picture will be beautiful.

TAIBAI.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE CONVERSION OF A PROUD BRAHMIN WOMAN, TAIBAI, (PRO-
NOUNCED TYEBY), AND OF HER TWO SONS.

TAIBAI was a Brahmin widow. Looking upon her as she stood, dressed in the dingy red serge robe of widows, with shaven head, without necklace, bangles or ornament of any kind, indispensable to her countrywoman of happier lot, small and spare after the manner of Hindu woman, you would scarcely have guessed the pride and devotion dwelling in that slender frame. And the chief objects of that pride and devotion were her religion and her two sons.

Hurripunt and Narayan were sons of whom any mother might justly be proud. Remarkable for shrewdness and intelligence, even among that race so noted for brilliance and keenness of intellect, they had fair to occupy an honored place among Brahmins. Their father, a rich banker, learned in the sacred books of the Hindus and strict in performing all the duties they required, left his boys, at his death, a large inheritance, which was lost through the dishonesty of guardians, but a devoted friend of the father had supplied every want until now, the young men were of age to support themselves. After a time both were engaged as teachers in some of the mission schools at Ahmednagar, and thus gradually they became familiar with religious truths. The younger one began to read the Bible daily with the missionary in charge, and showed a marked interest and a real seriousness, and later both determined to come out as Christians.

Then followed a continued conflict. They were urged, besought and entreated not to leave their own religion. The mother came to the missionary's house and pleaded with the younger son, Hurripunt, who was the more decided of the two. She begged him to spare her, a widow, the sorrow of losing one to whom she had given life. And by all that she had done for him, she urged him to come back to her. She beat her head upon the stone steps of the house, and declared that she would knock out her brains before his feet, if he would not yield. At last, upon a promise that he should be required to do nothing against his conscience, he consented to return home once more.

Meanwhile, by God's blessing, the faith of Narayan; the older son, had grown stronger, and both brothers decided to join the Christians, as by remaining at home they found their liberties were restricted, little by little, and idolatrous rites were being performed for them in which they were also urged to take part.

The mother's keen eye read their resolve. Like the Spartan mother, she preferred death to dishonor. Sooner should her boys, the pride of her life, even Narayan, her pet, be laid in the grave than that either of them should become that outcast, that disgrace, a Christian! So with her own hands, she put poison into a savory dish, which she put before them.

Hurripunt, being more cautious of the two, and suspecting his mother's design, abstained from food, and slipped away by night to his Christian friends, never again to live under his mother's roof.

Narayan could not suspect his fond mother, and so partook freely of the food set before him, which, though it did not destroy life, caused a sickness threatening his reason, from which he never entirely recovered, his brain ever after showing marks of weakness. Still, even in his delirium, the name of Jesus was often on his lips, and when health returned, he, too, left his mother's house forever. His wife, taking his only child, a son, returned to her father's house, never to see her husband again.

As for Hurripunt's young wife, a wonderful Providence kept her from remaining with her heathen friends. When brought before the English magistrate, too timid to look upon him, she stood behind a screen, and when asked if she wished to stay with her husband, influenced by her friends, had expected to say *no*, but to her own surprise, as she afterwards confessed, she answered *yes*, where upon the magistrate gave her over to Hurripunt's care, forbidding the friends, under heavy penalty, to molest her. Although very girlish and ignorant at first, she made him a faithful and loving wife, and became a devoted Christian, and together they brought up a large and interesting family of sons and daughters.

Hurripunt decided to defer his baptism until his wife could join him. In 1820 both brothers stood up and received the rites of baptism--the first fruits of Christianity from among the Brahmins of Western India.

Hurripunt studied theology and became a preacher of the gospel among his countrymen. With another Brahmin, converted shortly after himself, he was set apart for the work of the ministry--the first ordained ministers of the gospel in Western India, from among the proud Brahmins.

After a few years of faithful work he was cut off by consumption, being greatly mourned by all. His wife, with two or three of her daughters, worked for many years most acceptably among the women of the higher classes in and around Bombay, and in places still farther away. Only a few months ago

the wife, after long years of service, went to her rest and reward.

Narayan was for many years the head teacher in the large girl's school at Ahmednagar, under the care of one of the missionary ladies.

His life was not so consistent as his brother's, but the missionaries could not judge him by the same rules which they applied to those of sound intellect, always remembering, too, that it was his devotion to his Saviour which had brought upon him this misfortune. They felt sure that that Saviour looked upon him more with tender, pitying love, than with condemnation, and the more, as in all his vagaries, he never forgot that devotion, which was the strongest feeling of his heart.

After her sons had been baptized, Taibai called her Hindu friends together and performed their funeral rites. They were dead to her, not only disappointing every fond hope she had had for their future, but also her cherished expectations of being cared for by them in her old age.

So for years she lived as one childless, but natural affection at last triumphed, and one evening she stole into the missionary's yard to see her eldest son, Narayan, who was now married to a noble Christian woman. This visit being often repeated, and the son longing to lead his mother to a knowledge of the Saviour, so precious to him, proposed after a time to teach her to read.

She readily fell in with the plan, but when by great perseverance she had succeeded, she set herself to reading her own sacred books, in order to disappoint her son. With her newly obtained learning she even went so far as to open a small school. Mrs. Ballantine, the missionary lady, took a warm interest in her, an interest which Taibai repaid with sincere love.

And so some years passed. Taibai, secure in her reputation for orthodoxy, and having many privileges accorded her as an aged mother among the Hindus, boldly visited her son at all hours. (Murripunt, the younger son, having moved to another city), often coming also into the missionary's house to see the "Madam Sahib," as the foreign ladies are called by the natives, and even shaking hands without a scruple.

But at last there came a sad day when the missionary family must leave their home and work and return to their native land to seek health and strength. As the news spread through the city and among the villages about, a procession of sorrowing natives filed through the house from morning till night to say their loving farewells.

But of all that great number, mourning lest they should see their dear friends no more, none showed greater affection and sorrow

than Taibai. She kissed Mrs. Ballantine's cheeks and hands, while tears ran uninterruptedly down her face as she said: "O Madam Sahib, I shall never see you again! Never!" Her grief was so deep that both Mrs. Ballantine and the daughter standing by could not control their tears, but with great effort the former said: "O yes, Bai (pronounced *Bye*, meaning *woman*), you will; you know Jesus, and you love Him, and I shall meet you in heaven." "No, Madam Sahib," she said, with sad but quiet decision, "I do know Jesus, and I love him, but I love *caste* better than Jesus." And with those words ringing in the ears of those she left behind, she passed out.

Perhaps two years after, Narayan received word one morning that his mother was ill and had sent for him. Hastening to her home, he found her in bed in her little dark lonely room. "Anna," (a as in father), she said, calling him by his pet name, "I want you to go home and prepare a room for me in your house. That I may come to you and be cared for in my few remaining days."

"Why mother," said Narayan, greatly surprised, "I would most gladly do so, I assure you, but I don't know of any one who could cook your food for you, and you would, of course, lose caste to eat ours."

"Anna," said his mother, "Jesus has conquered, and I love Jesus now better than caste; I want to come to you and confess myself a Christian before I die."

Can any of us doubt the joy with which that son set about his task! She lived two years longer, wholly the Lord's, and with her dying lips sent the message over the sea: "Tell Ballantine, Madam Sahib, I shall meet her in Heaven."

Narayan did not long survive her, and now together, the mother and her sons, with the missionaries they loved so well, stand before the throne of Him whose right it is to triumph over all religions and over all hearts.—*Miss. Sl.*

As I was taking a walk early in December, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one stumbled and fell, and though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way, not a regular roaring, boy-cry, as though he were half killed, but a little, cross whine. The older boy took his hand in a kind fatherly way and said:

"O, never mind, Jimmy; don't whine; it's a great deal better to whistle."

And he began, in the merriest way, a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he. "My lips won't pucker up good."

"O, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie. "But try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

THE STORY OF JERRY MCAULEY'S LIFE

ME father was a counterfeiter, an' ran away from justice before ever I can remember him. There was a lot of us, an' they put me with me grandmother. She was old and a devout Romanist, an' many's the time when she was tellin' her beads and kissing the floor for penance, I'd shy things at her just to hear her curse an' swear at me, an' then she'd back to her knees. I'd got well beyond her or anybody by the time I was thirteen. They let me run loose. I'd no schoolin', an' got blows for meat an' drink till I wished meself dead many a time.

I thought could I only get to me sister in America I'd be near the same as in Paradise, when all at once they sent me to her, an' for a while I ran errands an' helped me brother-in-law. But I was tall o' my years an' strong, an' had no fear for any man livin', an' a born thief as well, that stealin' came nateral an' easy; an' soon I was in a den on Water street, learnin' to be a prize-fighter, an' with a boat on the river for thievin' at night.

By this time I was nineteen, an' I don't suppose a bigger nuisance an' loafer ever stepped above ground. I made good hauls, for the river police didn't amount to much in them days, an' it was pretty easy to board a vessel an' take what you pleased. The fourth ward belonged to my kind. It's bad enough now, but it's heaven to what it was then.

Now, I'd enough to send me to prison forty times over, an' I knew it, but that didn't make it any easier to go there for something I hadn't done. A crime was sworn on me by some that hated me bad an' wanted me out o' the way. Fifteen years in prison! That was the sentence I got, an' I not twenty years old.

That hour goin' up the river was the toughest I'd ever come to. I was mad with rage, but handcuffed an' forced to keep quiet. It was in me mind to kill me keeper, an' I marked him then. "Wait," said I to meself. "I'll be even with you some day if I have to hang for it." An' when I put on the prison dress an' they shut me in, I knocked me head agin the wall, an' if I dared I would a killed meself.

At last I made up my mind I'd obey rules an' see if I couldn't get pardoned out, or may be there'd come a chance of escape, an' I set me mind toward that.

I tried it for two years; learned to read, an' had a pile o' cheap novels they let us buy; an' I learned carpet weavin', and no one had a word to say agin me. But then I grew weakly. I'd been used to the open air always, an' a shut-in-life told upon me. Then I got ugly an' thought it was no use, an' then they punished me. Do you know what that is? It's the leather collar that holds an' galls you.

an' you strapped up by the arms with your toes just touchin' the floor, an' it's the shower bath that leaves you in a dead faint till an other dash brings you out. I've stood it all an' cursed God while I did. I was that desperate I would have killed the keeper, but I saw no chance out even if I did.

It was one Sunday morning. I'd been in prison five years. I dragged meself into the chapel an' sat down; then I heard a voice I knew, an' I looked up. There by the chaplain was a man I'd been on a spree with many an' many a time—Orville Gardner. He stepped down off the platform. "My men," says he. "I've no right anywhere but among you, for I've been one of you in sin," an' then he prayed till there wasn't a dry eye there but mine; I was that 'shamed to be seen cryin', but I looked at him an' wondered what had come to him to make him so different. He said a verse that struck me, an' when I got into me cell again I took down the Bible an' began to hunt for it.

I read a while till I found somethin' that hit the Catholics, I thought, an' I pitched me Bible down an' kicked it all 'round the cell. "The vile hereties," I says. "That's the way they show up the Catholics, is it?" It was the verse that says: "Now the Spirit speak eth expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; having their conscience seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth."

"I'll have a Catholic Bible," says I, "an' not this thing that no decent Catholic would touch with a ten-foot pole." So I got me a Catholic Bible from the library, but it was pretty much the same, only more lumbered up with notes. I read 'em both, an' the more I read the more miserable I was.

I wanted to be different. I thought about the new look in Gardner's face. "What makes it," says I, "an' if he's different, why can't I be? Now if I send for the priest, he'll set me to doin' penance an' sayin' so many prayers, an' all such like. The chaplain says I'm to be sorry for me sins an' ask God to forgive me. Which is the way, I wonder?"

You wouldn't think I'd a minded, but if ten thousand people had been in my cell, I couldn't a felt worse about prayin'. I kneeled down, blushin' that hot as I'd never done in my life before, an' then I'd up again, an' that's the way it was for three or four weeks, till I was just desperate.

Then there come a night when I said I'd pray till some sense come to me, an' if it didn't I'd never pray again. I was that weak an' trembly I seemed as if I could die

easy enough. I knelt there an' waited between the times I prayed. I wouldn't stir from me knees. Me eyes were shut I was in an agony, an' the sweat rollin' from me face in big drops, an' "God be merciful to me a sinner" came from me lips. Then, in a minute, something seemed to be by me. I heard a voice, or felt I heard one plain enough. It said, "My son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven."

To the day o' my death, I'll think I saw a light about me an' smelled somethin' sweet as flowers in the cell. I didn't know if I was alive or not. I shouted out, "Oh, praise God! praise God!"

"Shut your noise," the guard said, going by. "What's the matter with you?"

"I've found Christ," I says. "Me sins are all forgiven me."

"I'll report you," says he, an' he took me number, but he didn't report me.

Well, then, seein's how it had come to me, I began to pray for others. I was quiet an' content all the time, and I believed if it was good for me, God'd find a way to let me out o' prison. I didn't pray for it for two years, but just worked there to save others, an' many a one turned to a new life and stuck to it.

Then at last come a pardon when I'd been in seven years an' six months just, an' I came back down the river to New York. There never was a lonesome man alive. I wouldn't go back to the fourth ward, for fear I'd be tempted, an' so I wandered round tryin' for work, till one day I met a friend, an' he took me to a lager beer saloon. Lager beer had come up since I went up the river. I didn't know it was any more hurt than root beer; they said it wasn't. But that first night did for me. Me head got in a buzz, an' in a week or two I wanted somethin' stronger.

I got work in a hat shop, an' had good wages, but a strike come, an' I led it an' lost the place. It was war time, an' I went into the bounty business—a rascally business, too. Then I had a boat on the river again. I'd buy stolen goods of the sailors, an' then make them enlist for fear o' bein' arrested, an' I took the bounty.

The end of the war stopped this, an' then I stuck to the river, buyin' an' sellin' smuggled goods an' payin' all I could in counterfeit money. Do you remember when the Idaho burned in the East River? Me an' my partners rowed out—not to save life, but to rob; but when we saw 'em screamin' in the water we turned to an' helped 'em though one o' me partners in the boat said we'd make a pile pickin' up coats an' hats.

Often an' often I was shot at. Do you think I didn't remember what I'd had given

me, an' how I'd lost it? I didn't pray, I didn't dare to. I kept under liquor all the time to head off thinkin', for I said God was done with me, an' I was bound for hell sure an' certain.

About this time, one night I'd gone over to Brooklyn very drunk—too drunk to do me share o' the work we'd laid out for that night, an' as me partner boarded the ship we were after, I slipped an' fell overboard an' went under like a shot. An eddy carried me off, and the boat went another way. I knew I was drownin', for I went down twice, an' in me extremity I called on God, though I felt too mean to do it. It seemed as if I was lifted up an' the boat brought to me. I got hold of it somehow. I don't just know how. The water had sobered me. When I was in it, I heard, plain as if a voice spoke to me. "Jerry, you've been saved for the last time. Go out on that river agin, an' you'll never have another chance."

I was mad. I went home an' drank an' drank an' drank. I was sodden with drink, an' as awful lookin' a case—more so, than you've ever laid eyes on. An' oh, the misery o' me thoughts. It was the John Allen excitement then, an' I heard the singin' an' was sick with rememberin', an' yet drinkin' day an' night to drown it all.

A city missionary come in one day to the house on Cherry street where I boarded. He shied a bit when he saw me at the top o' the stairs—a head like a mop, an' an old red shirt. He'd been pitched down stairs by fellers like me, an' I'd a done it myself once.

I hung round while he went in a room, thinkin' may be he could get me a job of honest work, and when he come out I told him so. He asked me to step out on the pavement. He said afterward I was that evil lookin' he was afraid o' me, an' he didn't know what I might do. So out on the street I went, and he took me straight to the Howard Mission, an' there we had a long talk, an' a gentleman wanted me to sign the pledge. "It's no use," says I; "I shall break it." "Ask God to keep you from breaking it," he said. I thought a minute, an' then I signed it and went home.

My partner was there, an' he laughed himself hoarse when I told him. He had a bottle o' gin in his hand that very minute. "You," he says. "Here, drink!" I took the glass an' drank. "That's the last glass I'll ever take," says I. "Yes," says he, "till the next one."

I'd hardly swallowed it when who should come in but the missionary. We went out together, an' I told him I was dead broke an' hungry, an' I would have to go on the river again once more anyhow. "Jerry," says he, "before you shall ever do that again, I'll take

off this coat an' pawn it." The coat was thin an' old. I knew he was poor, an' it went to me heart that he'd do such a thing as that.

He went away a minute, an' when he come back he brought me fifty cents. An' he kept on helpin'. He followed me up day after day, an' at last one night at his house, where he had me to tea, and there was singin', an' prayin' afterwards, I prayed meself once more, an' believed I should be forgiven. There wasn't any shoutin' this time, but there was quiet and peace.

It was a hard pull. I got work now an' then, but more often not, an' then everybody thought I was shammin' for what I could get out of it. I didn't wonder, an' I helped it along by doing what you'd never believe I caved in again.

Three times I was drunk, an' do you know what did it? Tobacco. That's why I'm so down on tobacco now. Chew an' smoke, an' there'll be a steady cravin' for somethin', an' mostly it ends in whiskey. A man that honestly wants the Spirit of God in him has got to be clean, I tell you, inside an' out. He's got to shut down on all his old dirty tricks, or he's gone. That's the way I found it.

I was married by this time to Maria, an' she's been God's help from that day to this, an' often we talked about some way to get at the poor souls in the fourth ward. We were doin' day's work, both of us, an' poor as poor could be. But we said, "Why have we both been used to filth an' nastiness, an' all else, if not so's to know how to help some others out of it?"

An' one day I had a sort o' vision. I thought we had a house in the fourth ward an' a big bath, an' a stream o' people comin' in. I washed 'em outside an' the Lord washed 'em inside, an' I cried as I thought, "Oh, if I could only do that for Jesus' sake." "Do it for one if you can't for more," said Maria, an' that's the way we begun in an old rookery of a house, in one room, an' a little sign hung out.

"THE HELPING HAND FOR MEN."

You'd never believe how many that sign drew in. We did what we could, an' when Thanksgiving day came, friends gave us a good dinner for all. Afterwards there was a meetin', an' it was so blessed we were moved to say that they should all come the next night. From that day to this first in the old buildin', an' then in this, the new one—there's been a meetin' every night in the year, an' now it's hundreds—yes, thousands—that can say the Water Street Mission was their help to a new life.

Day an' night we work—you know how. My life is slowly but surely goin' from me. I feel it, but livin' or dyin' it's the Lord's. All these years he has held me, but I don't

know now but that I'd have fallen again if I hadn't been so busy holdin' onto others. An' that's the way to keep men—set 'em to work. The minute they say they're sick o' the old ways, start 'em to pull in somebody else. You see when your soul is just on fire, longin' to get at every wretch an' bring him into the fold, there's no time for your old tricks, an' no wantin' to try 'em again.

I could talk a month tellin' of one an' another that's been here. Oh, there's stories, if one but knew 'em! An' not a day that you don't know there ain't a bummer in the fourth ward so low down but what the Lord can pick him out o' the gutter an' set him on his feet. That's why I tell me story an' everythin' right out an' plain.

There's times I'm dead sick o' rememberin' it, but I have to do it, an' them very times seem the ones that help the most. An' as long as tongue can move, may I never be ashamed to tell what I've been saved from.

OVERLIN.

About a hundred years ago there lived in Strasburg a boy who, at the age of nineteen, wrote this solemn covenant with God:

"Holy God, to thee I resign myself this day most solemnly. Hear, ye heavens, give ear thou earth! To-day I profess that the Lord is my God. Accept, O Lord, my word, and write it down in thy book, that henceforth I may be thine. In the name of the Lord of hosts, I resign all other masters who have heretofore ruled over me, the desires of the flesh which dwell within me. I resign every transient thing, that God may be my all in all. To thee I devote all that I am and have, the powers of my soul, the members of my body, my time and my possessions. Help thou me, O Father, that I may employ everything to thy glory, using all in obedience to thy command. Grant me grace, O my God, to continue this covenant."

This, kept and renewed in later years, gave to the world a John Frederick Oberlin, and made him instrumental in banishing ignorance, poverty and immorality from the wild mountain parish where he labored.

Published by Authority of the General Assembly of
The Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The Children's Record.

30c. yearly, in advance. In parcels of 5 or more, 15c.

Subscriptions may begin at any time, but must not run beyond December.

Please order direct from this office, and remit by P.O. order or registered letter.

EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT,
Office, Y.M.C.A. Building, Montreal.

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.

May 28.
Lesson, Prov 31 : 10-31.
Golden Text, Prov. 31 : 30.
Memory vs. 26-29 Catechism Q. 61.

HOME READINGS.

M. Prov. 31 : 10-31.... *The Excellent Woman.*
T. Ruth 1 : 1-22 *Ruth.*
W. John 12 : 1-9 *Mary.*
Th. Matt. 27 : 55-66 ... *The Women at the Cross.*
F. J hn 20 : 1-18 *The Woman at the Sepulchre.*
S. Acts 9 : 36-42..... *Dorcas.*
S. Acts 16 : 8-15 *Lydia.*

Time.—About B.C. 700; Hezekiah king of Judah, by whom the last six chapters of Proverbs were collected.

Opening Words.—This passage is in the Hebrew an alphabetical poem, the verses beginning with the letters of the Hebrew alphabet in order. It describes and commends a prudent, wise and industrious woman, and holds her up an example to all girls who would be noble and true and good.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Against what great sin did our last lesson warn us? What six evils of intemperance are there mentioned? To what is the poison of the cup likened? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Her Industry.* vs. 10-19.—What is said of the excellent woman? Who trusts her safely? What will she do for him? How is her industry shown? How does she attend to her household?

II. *Her Unselfishness.* vs. 20-26.—What does she do for the poor? How do her words show her unselfishness? How is it shown by her actions? How is she further described?

III. *Her Motherliness.* vs. 27-31.—How does she bear herself toward her household? Toward her children? What is said of beauty? What is the crowning virtue of the excellent woman? What commendation is addressed to her? How also will she be praised? What "excellent women" are mentioned in the Bible?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Honest industry is of more value than mere accomplishments.
2. Mental and moral graces are of greater importance than personal beauty.
3. True piety will not slacken attention to temporal duties.
4. The fear of the Lord is the condition of all womanly as well as manly excellence.
5. Personal beauty soon fades and perishes; the fear of the Lord is the beauty of the soul; it endures for ever.

REVERENCE AND FIDELITY.

June 4.
Lesson, Eccl. 5 : 1-12.
Golden Text, Rom. 12-13.
Memory vs. 1, 2. Catechism Q. 62.

HOME READINGS.

M. Eccles. 5 : 1-12..... *Reverence and Fidelity.*
T. John 4 : 1-24 *Spiritual Worship.*
W. Psalm 11 : 1-7..... *The Lord in his Temple.*
Th. Prov. 15 : 1-33..... *The Prayer of the Upright.*
F. Rom. 12 : 1-21 *Not Slothful in Business.*
S. Psalm 73 : 1-28 *The Prosperity of the Wicked.*
S. Psalm 62 : 1-12.... *Trust not in Oppression.*

Time.—About B.C. 977, in the later years of Solomon's life.

Place. Written by Solomon in Jerusalem.
Opening Words. The book of Ecclesiastes was probably written by Solomon near the close of his life, when he had repented of his sin and folly and was convinced of the vanity of everything except piety toward God. The word *Ecclesiastes* means Preacher, and by this name the author is designated throughout the book.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Sincerity in Worship.* vs. 1-3.—What counsel is given in verse 1? Against what sin are we warned? By what reason is this warning enforced? What further reason is given in verse 3? What does our Saviour say about acceptable worship? John 4 : 24.

II. *Keeping of Vows.* vs. 4, 7.—What is a vow? What direction is here given about vows? Why is it better not to vow than to vow and not pay? Explain verses 6 and 7.

III. *Dependence on Providence.* vs. 8-12. Why are we not to marvel that God in his providence permits injustice and oppression? What are God's works of providence? What is said of the love of silver? What contrast is made between the contented laborer and the careworn rich man?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Reverence the house of God.
 2. Render to God a sincere heart-worship.
 3. Do not make rash vows.
 4. Pay unto the Lord your vows.
 5. Doubt not that God's providence is noly, wise and powerful; he ruleth over all.
- Westminster Question Book.*

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

HER RECOMPENSE.

OH! It is all very well for you to talk, when you have no one to boss you around."

"Guy Baldwin, how can you say such a thing, when you know how hard I try to make things pleasant for you!"

This conversation took place between Beth Baldwin and her brother, Guy. They were seated on the lawn in front of a beautiful house. The face of the girl wore a troubled look as she made this remark. The boy had a sullen and determined expression, and made an impatient gesture as he rolled over on the grass.

When their mother passed away, Beth had promised to try and take her place. She had tried to gain her brother's confidence, but the more she tried, the harder he seemed to reach. To-day she was persuading him to remember what his mother thought about staying out late at night. He did not cling to home, and went with a rough set of boys.

This was what caused his remark about her being independent, which gave her such pain.

She sat watching him for a few minutes and then said, "Guy, I want to ask you a question. Will you answer me honestly?"

"If I can I will; but I won't promise, and then I won't break my word."

"Well, then, it is this. Would you go out with those Cox boys if mother was living?"

The boy hesitated and then said abruptly, "No, I guess I would not."

"Why do you go with them now then? Oh! Guy if you only knew how I long to make things pleasant at home, for I know with no company but a lot of girls it must be tiresome. How I have prayed that you may become a true Christian, and for myself that I may act wisely; and still it seems to effect nothing!"

She looked downward, and he saw the large tears standing in her eyes. This completely overcame him, and his chest shook with sobs.

He tried to conquer his weakness, but it was in vain.

"Oh, Beth," he exclaimed, "If you only knew how I strive to please you, but those Cox boys seem to drag me down. When I refuse to go with them or do what they do, they call me "Baby Mollie," and say I am tied to my sister's apron strings. I know it is weak, but I yield to show them it is false."

"You poor boy! Had I known what you have had to bear, I would not have been so severe. But now that we understand each other, we can act jointly in trying to make home attractive."

They sat talking until the bell rang for tea. As they walked to the dining room, he whispered to her, "I shall try to remember to go to the right place for help and strength." She gave his arm an affectionate squeeze which gave him added courage.

As she knelt in prayer that night, she did not forget to thank her Heavenly Father for so rich a recompense for her work.—*Pres.*

A FAVORITE HYMN.



AN American lady, writing from Cairo, relates the following touching incident. She was allowed to visit the military hospital soon after some wounded men had been brought in from the skirmish. The following, in substance, is the account she gives:

"The three hours we could stay were full of work for heart and hand. One young soldier from a Highland regiment especially excited my interest. He had lost a limb and could not, the doctor said, live through the night. I stopped at his side to see whether there was anything that I could do for him. He lay with closed eyes, and as his lips moved, I caught the words, 'Mother, mother.' I dipped my handkerchief in a basin of iced water and bathed his forehead where the fever flush burned.

"Oh, that is good!" he said, opening his eyes. Seeing me bending over him, he caught my hand and kissed it. "Thank you, lady," he said; "it minds me o' my mother."

"Can I write to your mother?" I asked.

"No, he said; 'the surgeon had promised to write; but could I, would I, sing to him?'"

"I hesitated a moment, and looked around. The gleam on the yellow water of the Nile, as the western rays slanted down, caught my eye, and suggested the River the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, I began to sing in a low voice the gospel hymn, 'Shall we gather at the river?' Eager heads were raised around us to listen more intently, while bass and tenor voices, weak and tremulous, came in on the chorus.

"Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God."

"When the song was ended, I looked into the face of the boy (for he was not over twenty), and said, 'Shall you be there?'"

"Yes, I'll be there, through what the Lord Jesus has done for me," he answered, his blue eyes shining, while a 'light that never was on sea or land' irradiated his face.

"The tears gathered in my eyes as I thought of the mother in her far-off Scottish home, watching and waiting for tidings of her soldier boy who was breathing away his life in an Egyptian hospital.

"Come again, lady, come again," I heard on all sides as we left the barracks. I shall go; but I shall not find my Scottish laddie, for by to-morrow's reveille he will have crossed the river"—*Golden Rule.*