

Vol. 7. Aug., 1892. No. 8.

Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature
So I am with you alway!

THE

YOUNG

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BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF
The Presbyterian Church in Canada,
Offices; Dominion Square, Montreal.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Sabbath School Lessons.

Aug. 14. ANANIAS AND SAPHIRA.

Lesson, Acts 5 : 1-11. Golden Text, Gal. 6 : 7.
Memory vs. 9-11. Catechism Q. 89.

Time.—Quite a time, some three or four years, is supposed to have passed away after the Day of Pentecost, when the events of this lesson took place. Barnabas who afterwards became Paul's fellow-worker, together with others, sold their property, and gave to the poor. Ananias wanted to get credit for being a good man, and he and his wife planned to deceive the apostles. Their sin was not in keeping the money, but in pretending to give all.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? How did the apostles show their confidence in God? For what did they pray? How was their prayer answered? How did the apostles preach? How did the disciples feel toward each other? How did they show their brotherly love? What example of their liberality is recorded? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Sin Committed.*, vs. 1, 2, 7, 8.—What did Ananias do? Why did he sell his property? What did he do with the price? What was there wrong in this act? What happened three hours later? vs. 7, 8. Did Sapphira know the truth about the sale? About what did they both willfully lie? In what did his lie differ from hers?

II. *The Sin Detected*, vs. 3, 4, 9.—Who detected their sin? What four questions did Peter ask Ananias? How can Satan fill one's heart? Luke 22 : 3. To whom was this lie told? What is their sin called in verse 9? How did Peter know so much about their sin?

III. *The Sin Punished*, vs. 5, 6, 10, 11.—What terrible punishment fell upon Ananias? Why was he punished so severely? What was done with his body? What sentence did Peter pronounce upon Sapphira? How was this sentence executed? Why was she so terribly treated? What does every sin deserve? What effect did this event produce on the Church? What upon all who heard of it?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should never speak or act a lie.
2. Our most secret sins are known to God.
3. Sin under pretence of serving God is very heinous.
4. Sincerity and purity of motive are the first requisites to acceptable service.
5. Sometimes the greatest severity is the greatest mercy.

Aug. 21. THE APOSTLES PERSECUTED.

Time, soon after last lesson.

Lesson, Acts 5 : 25-41.

Golden Text, Acts 3 : 29.

Memory vs. 29-22. Catechism Q. 90.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What miracles were wrought by the apostles? What success attended their ministry? What roused the wrath of the rulers? What did they do with the apostles? Who opened the prison doors? What did the released apostles do? What report was brought to the rulers? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Forbidden to Preach*, vs. 25-28.—What further report was brought to the rulers? What was then done? Why did they not use violence? What did the high priest ask the apostles? Of what did he accuse them? What had the counsel before said about this? Matt. 27 : 25.

II. *Witnessing for Christ*, vs. 29-32.—Who answered for the apostles? What was his reply? How had the rulers rejected Jesus? How had God exalted him? How doth Christ execute the office of a king? How does Jesus give repentance and forgiveness? Who need these gifts? What did the apostles claim to be? How did the Holy Ghost bear witness to these things?

III. *Threatened and Beaten*, vs. 33-41.—How was this reply received by the rulers? Who was Gamaliel? What counsel did he give? What reasons did he give for his advice? How was it received? What did the council then do? Did the apostles obey the rulers? v. 42. In what did they rejoice? Meaning of *for his name*? Why is this a real cause for rejoicing?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God is ever ready to defend and deliver his people.
2. He is wiser and stronger than all our enemies.
3. The Gospel offers mercy and forgiveness even to those who hate and persecute Christ.
4. We must do what God commands, whatever trouble or danger it may bring upon us.
5. We should be witnesses for Christ though we suffer shame for his name.

If any man shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, * * * of him also shall the sin of man be ashamed when He shall in the glory of His Father, with the Holy Angels.

Children's Record.

VOL. 7.

AUGUST.

NO. 8.

A NAME FOR YOUR PAPER.

LAST month I asked you young people and you older friends to help me with a name for your paper. A few replies have come in, but I would like to get more. Please write on a post card whatever you think about it.

The opinions thus far expressed vary considerably. One says "I am glad you have a name for the young people's paper that has not any suggestion of childishness about it." Another, in exactly the opposite line says "Children that are worth anything are not ashamed to be called children. The old name is the best you can get."

Another says the new name sounds a little incomplete, but it will be all right when people get used to it. Others like the old name for what it has been.

A lady writes, "For my part I felt well pleased with the old name. I have been getting the RECORD for some years now. I like it very much and always long for it to come. I would feel in want of something without it. I am married now but still I get it just the same. I think there is something interesting in it for old and young. I would like "The Young" very well. "For all Ages" would suit.

There are some who think they are too old to attend Sabbath School, so when they see "Children's Record" they say it is for children to read. Several have said so to me when they saw me reading it, but if I get them started at reading it, they say it suits all ages."

Another writes "If there is any objection to the new name I think "Seed-time" would be a nice one, for you are truly scattering rich,

plump seed which will spring up and bring forth, in some thirty, in some sixty and in some an hundred fold."

Another says, "What do you think of 'The Junior's Record' or the 'Junior Record.' I must say I like the name Record. That, I think should remain unchanged."

A suggestion has been made of "The Day-spring" in memory of our old mission vessel that used to sail the Southern Seas, carrying missionaries and supplies to the New Hebrides, before the steamship did that work.

A lady writes: "The children always have my warm sympathy. THE CHILDREN'S RECORD is their very own paper, the name implies that. They do not object to some of its pages being devoted to reading matter suited to older people; but, give their elders who have *The Presbyterian Record*, and many another paper, a share in theirs, by changing its name, and, for the children, the paper will lose one half of its charm and interest.

The paper is a splendid one and I sincerely hope that the familiar name "THE CHILDREN'S RECORD" may be the one that you decide to use. God bless "THE CHILDREN'S RECORD."

A minister sends a card, very short, but with a good deal in it. He says "We took a vote of our Sabbath School yesterday on the matter of changing the name of the CHILDREN'S RECORD, and decided *unanimously* for the *old* name. There were 126 present."

Thanks to those who have kindly written. Thus far the prevailing opinion seems decidedly against any change. Please send your opinion on a post card as soon as you can.

A YOUNG BRAHMIN CONVERT.

REV. KENNETH GRANT, one of our missionaries in Trinidad, tells a most interesting story of a young Brahmin, one of the highest caste. He is about 24 years of age and was not long since converted to Christ.

At the meeting where he was baptized a Brahmin friend was outside the door, and called to him several times to come out, but he paid no attention.

When he went back to his work on the estate some of his Hindoo countrymen were very angry, and there was such an outburst of hate that it was feared his life might not be safe and he was removed to another plantation.

Here he did his work faithfully as a laborer, and on Sabbath, did all he could, for two years, to tell his fellow countrymen about Christ. But I must let Mr. Grant tell the story in his own words.

"Early in this year, on Mondays, Monday is the market day for estate laborers, as wages are paid on Saturday, he took up his position under a large tree where two roads met, and where his countrymen rest by the way, that he might preach Christ to them. He seemed to be ever on the watch, that opportunities of doing something for Christ and for souls might not be lost. Two months ago, I inquired of the manager of the estate as to his general conduct. His reply was, 'He is my watchman and I have never had a better. During his service the estate has not lost a sixpence worth, but I fear the man is going mad. He is on duty all night, and he should sleep in the day, but he does not appear to take any rest. He goes from house to house with his book, reading and exhorting. Some listen, some abuse, but he holds on his way. If he persists he will be sure to break down and as a humane act, unless he takes rest, I will have to send him to the field to work, instead of continuing him as watchman.'

Soon after I learned that he was no longer watchman. Finding that he availed himself of any and every opportunity of going out to exhort, and fearing that we might be accused

of drawing him away from the duties expected of him as a laborer, Lal Behari and I went to the attorney, a Roman Catholic gentleman, and said to him that this man appeared to be intensely anxious to lead his countrymen to Christ. After consideration, this gentleman said, 'it is a pity where instruction is so much needed and so few to give it, to keep such a man at the hoe,' and then agreed to transfer him to us.

On his own estate and amongst his old friends, he is now engaged in Christian work. He gathers the children for school, gives instruction in Hindostani and then turns to the older people. He gives bright promise of being a useful man. His soul glows with ardour, an ardour which we believe is begotten and sustained through the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

A STORY OF POINT-AUX-TREMBLES SCHOOL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—A young woman, a child of Roman Catholic parents, was converted at the school and became a sincere Christian.

When she went home to her parents she was full of hope that she could easily bring them to a knowledge of the truth, which she herself had found, but she had said but a few words when their anger was aroused, and, though she was over twenty-one years of age, she was locked up in their house, kept as a prisoner, and even beaten because she refused to give up her Bible.

All this cruel treatment she repaid only by kindness and devotion toward those who had become her persecutors.

Delivered from their hands by a Protestant friend she came again to us and continued to write home from time to time.

Two months ago her father came to Pointe-aux-Trembles on foot and from a long distance. He said to me,—“you must be surprised to see me here, sir, after what has taken place a year ago, but I hope you will not refuse me the privilege of seeing my daughter. She has changed her faith, and has become a Protestant, but after all she is the best of our children.”

Tears were flowing from his eyes as he said this. His heart was broken and the light of the truth was beginning to penetrate his soul.

Thus it is that the conversion of one pupil is often followed by the conversion of the whole family. Be encouraged, my dear young friends. Your work that you are doing for Pointe aux-Trembles schools is a great work. It reaches very much further than you dream of. But God knows all about it. He uses your work to bring these French parents to Christ, and to make among them happy Christian homes.

Your Friend
J. W. BOURGEOIN.

OTHER INCIDENTS OF THE WORK.

LAST Session two or three of the pupils were from Roman Catholic homes in Chambly, in the Province of Quebec. They went home in the end of April and took with them the Gospel, and made it known to friends and neighbours. A few weeks since an application came from the people for a Missionary and within the past fortnight a Mission Day School has been opened by the Missionary, with an attendance of about twenty French Roman Catholic boys and girls.

The Pointe aux Trembles Schools are closed during the Summer months. One of the teachers immediately on the close of the Schools in May opened a school in St. Johns, where there never before was a French Protestant School, and already he has upwards of twenty pupils.

In connection with the Rev. R. P. Duclos' Church in the East end of Montreal there is a School building with desks &c. for forty scholars. Such is the desire on the part of many of the people to have their children educated that the School is filled to overflowing, the average attendance in June being fifty. Thus the work progresses among the young.

Our young people can see from these incidents that when they asked to aid the Pointe aux Trembles Schools, it is for a good work.

DEATH OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

REV. HUGH MACKAY, one of our missionaries in the North West, tells of a small band of Indians that are very degraded. They live in great poverty, no stoves, no chairs, no tables, no beds.

The chief had a long strange name,—Oochapooase. He died last fall. Mr. Mackay says: I visited him several times during his illness, and spoke to him again and again of the way of redemption through Christ.

During my last visit I asked him, "What shall I say to all your kind friends far away, who have been praying for your conversion?" He said, "Tell all my kind friends that this poor chief dies with love in his heart to the Great Spirit. Take my boy," he said, "and educate him in your school. I have not much to leave. I am not able to give you money to pay for his education—only that black horse—I give you that."

It was sad to witness the sorrow of the poor widow. Look at her. She lives in a little Indian village, sheltered from the north wind, and from the storm from the east and west by a forest? It is winter, and as you come near, you see now and then a shower of sparks from the little chimneys as some Indian woman stirs her fire or supplies new fuel.

You enter a humble abode, and upon the ground is seated the poor widow. Soon she begins to cry as if her heart would break.

She is soon able to talk a little about her loss, but before long she gathers her blanket about her and goes out. She follows a well-marked path through the forest and the dark, and the keen frosty air. She comes to a little hill, and on this hill is pitched the old tent, and in the tent is the grave of the Chief. The widow walks about the tent, and you may hear her voice far as she repeats over and over again, full of sadness, the words, "My tent companion—my tent companion."

We pity the poor pagan woman as she weeps for her loved ones—no bright star of hope to light up the gloom for she does not know the Saviour

THE HINDOO GIRLS AT SCHOOL.

MISS SINCLAIR, one of our missionaries tells how the girls live and work in their boarding school at Indore, India. There are at present fourteen girls in the school. The days' programme is as follows:—

In the morning the girls roll up their bedding according to native fashion, sweep the dormitories, school room, and verandahs, scour their brass plate and cup. From eight to a quarter to nine I have prayers and a Bible lesson with the children. At nine they eat their morning meal. From 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. the classes are held—one of the teachers from the Mission High School giving me two hours' help daily. After fifteen minutes recess we have an hour's sewing. From four to five is study hour. At five they eat the second and largest meal of the day, and after that are free for play. At seven we have evening prayers. There is a woman-cook; but the girls take their turn at helping her. They also make the most of their own clothes, which consist of a skirt and jacket with the chaddar to be worn over the head when they go out. They look very nice when they go to church; there are print skirts of many colours, but all the chaddars are white.

Two poor boys, the children of Hindoo parents, were brought to Rev. Dr. Buchanan, one of our missionaries in India, to be cared for and taught. The elder of the two, Ganguddhar, a lad of about ten years, paid very marked attention to religious instruction and declared himself to be a christian.

Shortly after during the cholera epidemic he took the disease. As is usual with cholera patients his mind was clear. When his little body was racked by pain and cramps, one of the native christians told him not to be afraid. His reply was, "No, I will not be afraid, Jesus is my friend." After a few hours' illness he passed away to be forever with his new and tried friend.

Youth is life's seed time; age, and the life to come, is the reaping time; and "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

A GIRL IN MRS. MORTON SCHOOL.

Mrs. Morton of Trinidad tells of a Hindoo girl that she has in her girls "home," and says concerning her:

"She was of Brahmin caste, one who had escaped from ill treatment in India to come to Trinidad as an emigrant.

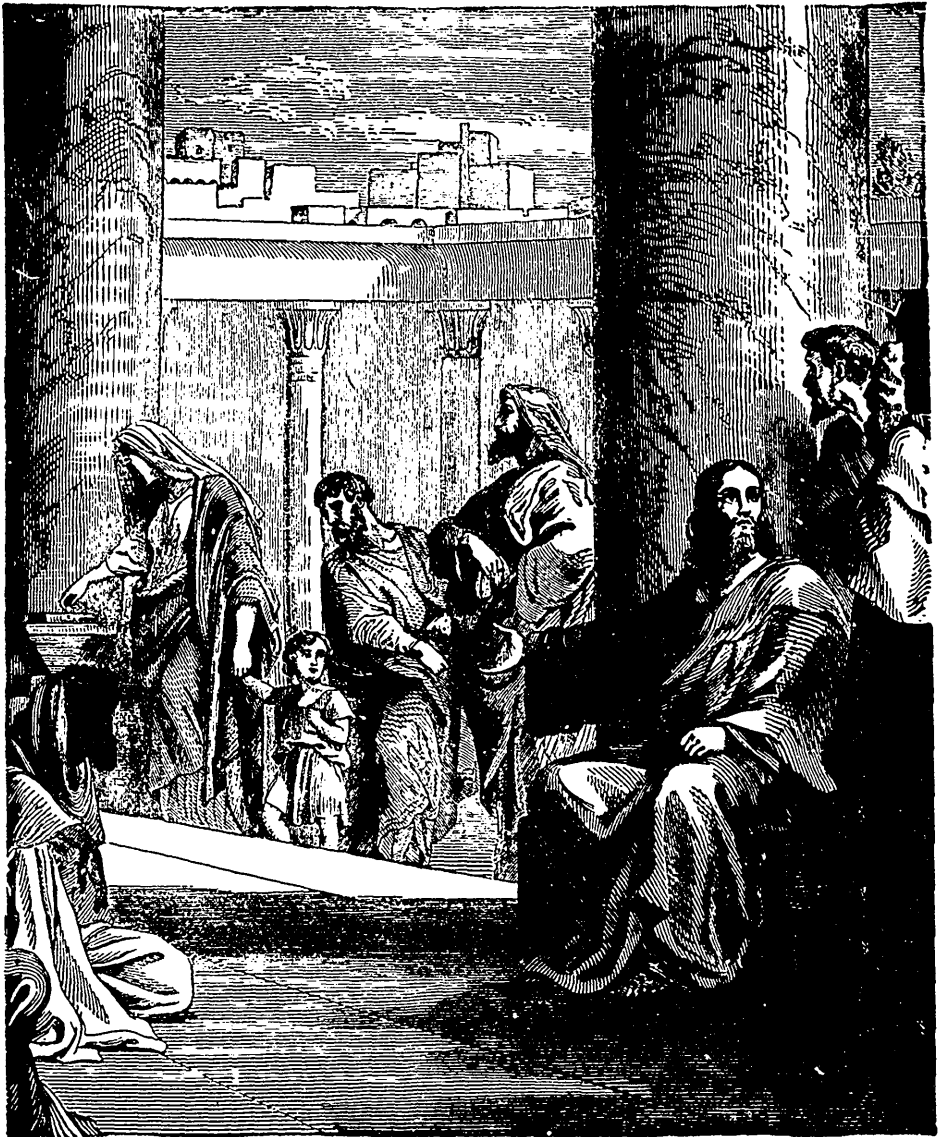
Being young and rather refined looking the gentlemen of the immigration department had too much regard for her moral and physical welfare to indenture her to a sugar estate. She became nurse in the family of one of them, but proved so unmanageable that they were glad to send her to us.

This girl's history is an interesting one, but it would take too long to tell it all. I will merely mention that she could read and write Hindi. Having been denied books and slates in India, she took lessons in secret from some school children by making the letters on the mud floor of her home till her finger nails were worn away with the exercise.

She gave me so much trouble and anxiety in the "Home" as almost to affect my health, twice leaving us for a short time rather than submit to rules.

At length she became so far changed that we have reason to believe she is a true Christian. She was baptized by the name of Elizabeth Burns, and after eighteen months in the "Home," married to one of our trusty teachers, and is very helpful among the women, also teaches sewing in her husband's school, and plays organ accompaniments to the hymns. All of which she learned with us. She is an attractive and lady like girl and will do good.

Some people think that when they do wrong and are sorry for it that that is repentance. One can be sorry and not repent; that is, a man can be very sorry for an act, and go and be the same thing over. If he repents he will be sorry, but will also turn away from his sin. Luther said, "To do so no more, is the truest repentance;" and Dr. Cuyler has said that "repentance is not mere feeling bad—it is doing better."—*Young Men's Era.*



JESUS AND THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A HEATHEN PROCESSION IN A CHRISTIAN CITY.

YES, that is just what some San Francisco girls saw one bright October day, from the windows of the Mission Chapel in Chinatown.

The occasion of the fete was the removal of the great "Joss," or Chinese god, from his old temple to a new one, but the removal could not be accomplished, much as the people wished to honor him, until the "Joss" gave a sign to his priest that he would enjoy a little change of scene.

Early in the morning the priest entered the temple, saluting with great reverence to the great idol, and after burning "punk" sticks and spicy-smelling incense, the "Joss" shook his ugly body slowly from side to side; that is, the priest said so, though unfortunately there was no other witness present. I wonder if the wind happened to shake the rickety building just then?

However, the priest was satisfied, and rushed out joyfully to announce to the other faithful that the great "Joss" was pleased with the attentions of his followers, so the preparations went on rapidly, and by ten o'clock that morning, the procession was ready to move.

It was announced to the expectant crowds by a clash of cymbals and the squeak of the ear-splitting flutes, and around a corner came a most wonderful sight. Young and old Chinese priests, dressed in the gayest manner, with beautiful silken scarfs of rainbow tints, tied around their waists, followed by other companies dressed in even gayer costumes, until, looking down the narrow street, could be seen a stream of color waving to and fro, like the pretty forms of a kaleidoscope. Now comes a wagon with such a sight in it!

Seated on movable boards are two little Chinese children about five or six years old, one dressed to represent a gorgeously-attired lady, with her cheeks painted such a fiery red that it gives to her face a wild, grotesque expression. "She," however, is a little boy disguised in a little lady's dress, for girls are not allowed to appear on public occasions.

Opposite the "lady" sits a boy who looks like a dwarfed Chinese mandarin. His little face is covered with heavy whiskers; a big, queer-shaped hat is on his head, and his little eyes are hidden behind huge round "goggles." Altogether he makes a very fierce appearance for such a small gentleman. Two Chinamen sit in the wagon to hold the children in their seats, or they would surely fall off, going down the steep hill. Every few minutes they push the boy's seat over to the "girl's" and he touches her cheek with his tiny hand, while she pats his in return like a little coquette. The poor little things are very much be wil-

dered and frightened, and would indulge in a good cry if they dared.

After the little mandarin and lady come more children, but these are mounted on horses, and are decked out gorgeously, with their little feet in the big stirrups, looking very much like dolls riding horseback.

And now appears a curious object which several men are carrying on poles. It is a sort of pagoda made entirely of real Chinese flowers, principally of their small chrysanthemums, and if we watch closely, it will be seen that a large part of the parade is made up of floral pieces, representing banners, flags, etc., most creditably and ingeniously constructed.

Another clash of cymbals and along comes a sort of sedan chair, with gongs and musical (?) instruments hanging inside, but instead of walking after the fashion of civilized musicians, these queer fellows march sideways as the "chair" is carried along, and beat on the gongs as they walk.

Ah! here is something worth waiting for. The great "Joss" approaches, and condescends to stare ahead of him with his glaring eyes, as if he thought his subjects could not give him too much homage. With the crash of the music and the explosion of firecrackers all along the path of the august image, we can scarcely make ourselves heard—but, what is that!

Such shrieks as we hear from around the corner! We must wait however, until it nears us, for the crowd is so great that we cannot see anything but a sea of heads—Chinese and American. Surely it is something terrible, for the poor yellow babies in the crowd on the sidewalk, are shrieking with terror, and clinging to their mothers necks.

There is a sudden rush around the corner, and such a tumult that you can hardly tell what it is all about, but a Chinaman, dressed gayly, is hopping on one leg and whirling around as if he had gone quite crazy, and every now and then he rushes back and brandishes a pole at something we cannot see. Ah! here it comes, and behold! the most hideous head you ever imagined. It is a serpent worshipped by the Chinese and of which they stand in mortal awe, for they say he wants to swallow all the people on the street, and is only kept from it by the Chinaman with the long pole, which is tipped or baited with fruits and other food of which the creature is very fond, and just as it is about to gobble a fat little Chinese boy on the sidewalk, the dancer pokes the serpent's mouth, and saves his countryman just in time. Then he hops off on one leg again and gets himself out of the way, only to repeat his queer actions.

This enormous head, with its horrible eyes

and long, wagging tongue, is only a part of the strange creature, for his body has just begun to turn the corner, and does not get entirely around until the head is nearly three quarters of a square away.

Do you ask how the serpent travels so fast? Why, the simplest way in the world. Under his head, which is held up with a pole, is—a *Chinaman*, who makes it dart forward in pursuit of a hasty lunch; and under each joint in the scales of the ugly thing is—a *Chinaman* and holding his tail is—a *Chinaman*! So, as their heads are covered up with a blue and white cloth, hanging from the monster's sides, one is vividly reminded of a "thousand-leg."

On rushes the great serpent which the yellow-faced people dread so much, in spite of the fact that they have been engaged for weeks in his manufacture, in a store in Chinatown.

Now that all danger of being devoured is past, we begin to breathe more freely, and are watching the Chinese "soldier companies," armed with long spears and, actually, muskets! when the "riderless horse" of the "Joss" was led sedately by. The animal has an apologetic look about him, as if he would rather be out of this heathenish parade.

Another chorus of piercing shrieks from the sidewalk, and behold! the serpent apparently returning for another meal. When it comes nearer, we see that it is not "His Terrific Majesty," but a smaller one—a sea-serpent, which evidently has no appetite for the delicacies of the land, or else thinks that his predecessor has helped himself to all the dainties, for it does not make the desperate efforts of the first one. However, to make sure, a Chinaman runs before him, holding a pole with a golden ball to distract his attention from the toothsome morsels in the street.

All of a sudden, a rush is made, and the crowd follows the monster, who brings up the rear of the parade, down the hill, to see the grand procession over again, in all the dirty alleys of Chinatown, and we are left alone, finding it hard to believe that we have not been dreaming, as a walk of one square brings us to civilization and the cable car, which we board for our homes.—EDITH K. LATHAM, in *Children's Work for Children*.

A GOOD REFERENCE.

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer, who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, despondently; "however, I'll try

and appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand, and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well brushed hair, and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly; another glance, however, showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment: "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added, aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name.

"Very well, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now what references have you?"

The dreaded question, at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

"I haven't any," he said, slowly. "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without reference," was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any references," he said, with hesitation, "but here's a letter from mother I just received. I wish you would read it."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter.

MY DEAR JOHN.—I want to remind you that wherever you find work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer, that he will never let you go.

"You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time, "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice? I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him five years, and last spring was admitted to the Bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend, lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer heartily.

And John always says, the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.

A STORY OF GENERAL GRANT.

WHILE General Grant was President he was at one time the guest of Marshall Jewell, at Hartford, Conn. At a reception tendered him by the Governor, where all the prominent men of the State had gathered, a roughly pencilled note, in a common envelope, signed by a woman, was handed him. It was put into his hands by a young politician, who thought it a good joke that "an old woman in tatters" should presume to intrude upon the President at such a time. "You need not bother about her; I sent her away—told her you were not here to be bored," the young man said to Grant.

The President's answer much surprised the politician. "Where is the woman; where can I find her?" he inquired, hurrying from the room. The letter he held in his hand, written poorly in pencil, told a sorrowful story. It said in substance: "My son fought in your army, and he was killed by rebel bullets while fighting for you. Before he died he wrote me a letter which told how noble a man you were, and said you would look out for his mother. I am poor, and I haven't had money or influence to get anybody interested in me to get a pension. Dear General, will you please help me for my dead boy's sake?"

Sadly the woman had turned away from the mansion, her last hope dead. A servant pointed her out to President Grant, walking slowly up the street. The old soldier overtook her quickly. She was weeping, and turned toward him a puzzled face as he stopped her and stood bareheaded in the moonlight beside her. The few words the great kind man spoke turned her tears into laughter, her sorrow into joy. The pension before refused her came to her speedily, and her last days were spent in comfort.

The truly great are the really kind.—*Sci.*

WHAT A POWER.

It is said that "one pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend around the globe." So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into eternity.

What one good deed clothed with such influence! Yes, a deed that the humblest Christian, even a little child, can perform, may set a wave of influence in motion that will go careering through time, touching many lands, and sweeping over the boundary line of earth, pour the wealth of its accumulations into the realm eternal.

You need not perform any great achievement, such as will hold the world in mute

astonishment; one little act, a word fitly spoken, or even the glance of a loving eye, may roll many sheaves into the garner of the Lord, and swell the anthems of immortality. The thing is to do the little deed at the right time, in the right spirit, and with the grip of faith upon the omnific arm. You must have the eye to discern the opportunity and the hand be stretched forth to obey the call. If you cannot be a pound of gold drawn into a wire to girdle the globe, what there is of you let it be pure gold, contributing to the glory of Christ's kingdom.—*Christian Standard.*

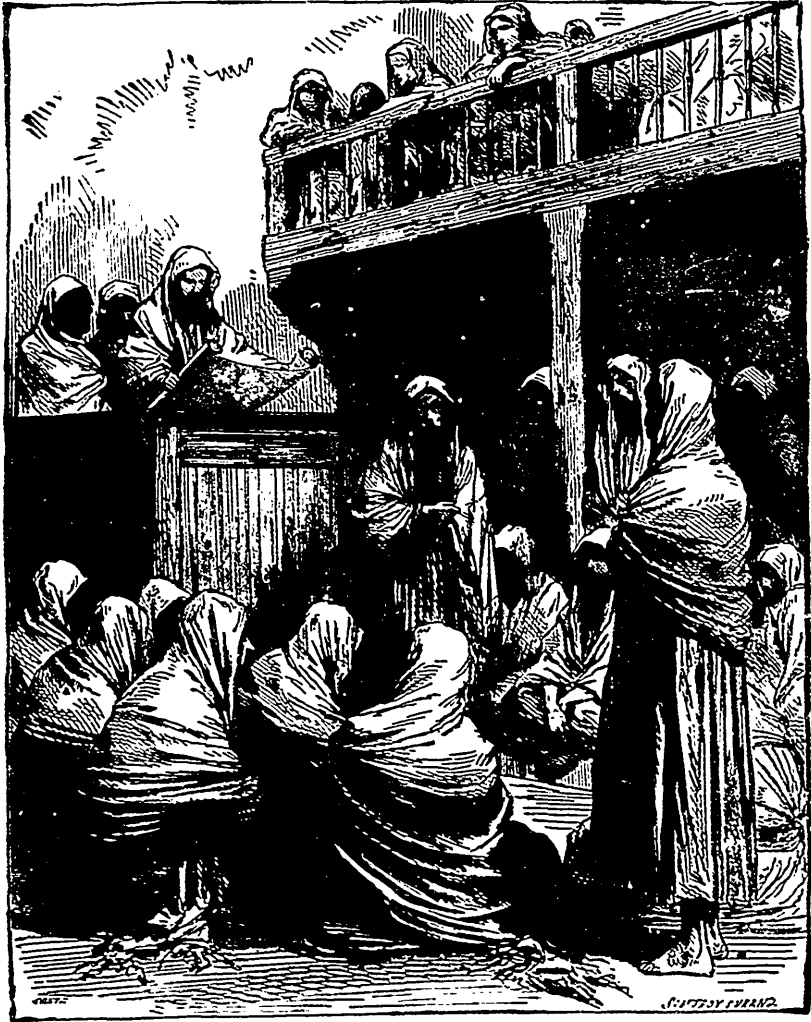
A LIFE ENDED IN SMOKE.

A telegram from Chattanooga, Tennessee, speaks of the death of Mr. R—, one of the richest men in the South, esteemed to be worth two million dollars. The telegram states that he was "a victim to cigarettes." He was an inveterate cigarette smoker, having the cigarette in his mouth the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, in his office and wherever he went. His life was insured for \$100,000 and the companies are out that amount through smoke. So it appears that although the fools are not all dead they are dying fast, and the cigarette is helping to kill them. Well, perhaps they might as well die as to live and fill the air with stench and poison, and sicken other people who are compelled to inhale their stale smoke.

But it does seem sad that a man possessed of health, wealth, and all the opportunities which they afford, should blast his prospects and destroy his life for the pleasure of puffing away at a contemptible pipe, cigar, or cigarette.—*The Christian.*

A BIBLE-LOVING ARAB.

Mr. Mercadier, a Bible colporteur, of Southern Tunis, writes in his journal: "One day I saw a miserably-dressed man amongst those who surrounded me in the market-place. Seeing several buying from me, he wanted me to sell him all I had in my bag. 'What will you do with so many holy books?' I asked. 'Take them home with me,' he said, 'to make them known to many people who can read very well.' Thinking he was unable to pay, I refused: but he begged so hard, and seemed so desirous of obtaining them that I felt that I must try to satisfy him, so I gave him a Bible, two New Testaments, and five Gospels. He asked me how much, and then sat down, covered his head with his dirty torn burnous, and drew from an old snuff-box the five franc piece I asked from him. May God abundantly use that man to carry the Gospel into a place where it is not known."



A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

FATHER TAYLOR AND THE WHISKEY
CASK.

ONE Sunday afternoon, preaching on the "Long Wharf," in San Francisco, and wishing to illustrate the distinction between a decent, well-behaved sinner, outwardly, and a violent, out-breaking sinner, I remarked, after stating the point,

"Gentlemen, I stand on what I suppose to be a cask of brandy. Keep it tightly bunged and spiled, and it is entirely harmless, and answers some very good purposes; it even makes a very good pulpit. But draw that spile, and fifty men will lie down here, and drink up its spirit, and then wallow in the gutter, and before ten o'clock to-night will carry sorrow and desolation to the hearts of fifty families. So that man there, trying to urge his horse through the audience," all eyes turned from the cask to the man,

"If He Had Kept His Mouth Shut, we might have supposed him a very decent fellow; but finding the street blocked up with this living mass of humanity, he drew the spile, and out gurgled the most profane oaths and curses. But, while there is now all the difference between outwardly moral and out-breaking sinners, as between a tightly bunged and an open cask of brandy, I would invite your attention to a time when there will be no material difference between them.

"Should you attempt to get this harmless cask of brandy through the custom-house in Portland, Maine, the inspector would pay no regard to the outside appearance, or separate value of the cask; he would extract the bung, let down his phial, draw out and smell its contents; then shake his head, and mark it 'contraband.'

My friends, God has a Great Custom House through which every man has to pass for inspection, before he can be admitted into His Kingdom. When you are entered for examination, do you imagine that the great omniscient Inspector will pay any regard to your outside appearance or conduct? Nay, my dear sirs, he will sound the inner depths of your souls. All who are 'filled with the spirit' of Christ will be passed, and treasured up as meet for the Master's use; but all who have not the love of God shed abroad in their hearts, will be pronounced 'contraband,' and branded eternally with, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.'—*Wm. Taylor, Bishop of Africa.*

A holy life has a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attractor or a perpetual reproof.

A LION STORY.

THE hot night was over, and it was just time to rise for the day's work. A black figure might have been seen running across the parched ground to a house rather neater and better than the mud-huts which formed the African village. This was the home of a missionary, and the African was urgent that the white man should come with him quickly. He said he lived on a hill called Mlima wa Riali, and wanted the missionary to go back with him at once to his home. A prowling lion had pushed his head through a hole close to the ground in the wall of the man's hut, and had seized his wife's leg. What might have happened no one knows had not her husband been there. A fire was burning (as is usual in these countries) to keep off the white ants, which will destroy anything of wood; and the man caught up a burning log, and beat the lion's face until he ran away. It was then that he flew off for help. In those days (1885-86) there were no doctors in the East African Mission, but the African heard that the missionary at Rabai knew how to cure sick and wounded people, and he begged him to come and see his wife.

No time was lost, not even to wait for breakfast. The white and the black man were soon hurrying side by side to the spot.

A sad scene met their eyes at the hut. The ground was red and the poor woman faint from loss of blood. There was fear that, even if she lived, she might never walk again. All that could be done for her was done; the blood vessels that had been torn were tied, and the wounds sewn up.

The woman, whom the missionary had to visit day after day, in order to dress her wounds, used to lie quietly and listen to the story of the Good Physician, who binds up the broken hearts, and heals the souls that are sick and wounded. She heard how the Good Shepherd is seeking the lost; how He has vanquished Satan, the roaring lion, and delivers His sheep.

Before the wounds had properly healed, so as to allow of the woman walking about again, the missionary had to go to quite another country. After some years he returned and found both husband and wife very grateful, and very ready to hear more of the beautiful story of God's love.—*The Children's World.*

—The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it fall as it leans. And the great question every one should ask himself: "Does my soul with all its affections and powers lean toward God or away from him.—*Gurney.*

GOOD ENOUGH BOYS.

I MADE a bob-sled according to the directions given in my paper, said Fred Carroll, petulently, "and it wouldn't run." "So I believe," said his friend, George Lennon. "You also made a box telephone, and that didn't work." "How do you account for it?" asked Fred, curiously.

George smiled as he answered quietly: "You did not make them according to directions."

"Didn't I put in everything required? What did I omit?"

"You omitted exactness. When you made the telephone you did not draw the wire tight, as directed. You left it hanging slack, and when I spoke to you about it you said it was 'good enough.'"

"I thought it would do,"

"Of course you did? Then, in making the sled, you made two mistakes in your measurement. You nailed the forward cross cleat about six inches from the end, thus interfering with the play of the front bob; and the guards were so low that a fellow's knuckles scraped the ground. The consequence was, that there was no satisfaction in riding on the sled. It was a 'good enough' sled. Instead of being careful to have every measurement exact, you guessed at some, and made mistakes in others; and to every objection you replied that it was 'good enough.' That generally means no good at all."

How many "good enough" boys are reading these lines? The boy who sweeps his employer's store, and neglects the corners and dark places, is sweeping "good enough." So is the boy that skims his lessons, or does the home chores in a careless fashion.—*Ec.*

A LAMP WITHOUT OIL.



A N old lady about eighty-three years of age gives the following account of the way she received her first impression:—She was at the time about sixteen years of age and was at a gospel meeting where the preacher had taken for his text the parable of the ten virgins (Matt. xxv.). Towards the end of his discourse he said that at one time having heard of a young man who was very sick he went to visit him, but he had refused to see him.

Some days after he was asked to come and see the same young man. He responded willingly to the invitation, and as he entered the sick room he was received with these words:

"Friend B—give me a little of your oil, for my lamp is going out."

The preacher replied, "Go to Him who sells and buy for yourself"—but he had hardly uttered the words when the vessel broke and the young man died.

The preacher recounted the incident to the audience to show them the danger of postponing to a future time the important matter of salvation. And I repeat it to you, dear young friends, to press upon you to come to Jesus now, that you may have oil in your lamps, for "TO-DAY is the day of salvation."

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen.

The saddest are these, It might have been."

HOW ONE BOY FACED THE WORLD.

About twelve years ago a soldier's widow with one boy and one girl lived in Chicago. The boy was less than ten years old—a handsome, dark eyed, curly haired young fellow, richly endowed in heart and mind, and having a true, loyal love for his mother. They were very poor, and the boy felt that he ought to work instead of going to public school; but his mother was a very intelligent woman, and could not bear to have him do this.

He thought a great deal upon the subject, and finally begged a penny from his sister, who was a few years older than himself. With this money he bought one copy of the daily paper at wholesale and sold it for two cents. He was then careful to pay back the money he borrowed (make a note of that, boys), and he now had one cent of his own. With that he bought another paper and sold it for two cents, and so on.

He took up his position in front of the Sherman House, opposite the City Hall. This was a favourite place with the newsboys, and they fought the little fellow fiercely; but he stood his ground, won standing room for himself, and went on selling papers. He became one of the most successful newsboys in the city, and at the age of fourteen had laid up money enough, besides helping his mother, so that he could afford to take a course of study in stenography and typewriting. He began in a class of two hundred others. When he graduated from the course only six remained with him.

There is something in this for you to think about. A great many start in the race, but few hold on to the end. They are like boys chasing a butterfly. Pretty flowers along the way attract them, and they hear a bird sing somewhere in the woods or they stop to skip pebbles in the river.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

MICRONESIAN MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY MRS. SARAH L. GARLAND.

I bring you, from my island home,
The children's greeting, "Yokwe-kom!"
In Southern seas my island lies,
Beneath the burning Tropic skies;
My father's thatch-hut, low and dark,
Nestles between the palms, and hark!
Far on the reef the breakers roar,
While wavelets kiss the quiet shore.

Once every year, on some bright day
When on the beach we children play,
A cry rings out from near and far
Of "Sail ho! Sail ho! *Morning Star!*"
And when the joyful cry we hear,
And watch her white sails drawing near,
In grateful songs our hearts we lift,
And thank the children for their gift.

For well we know the joy she brings,
Our "Jesus-ship," with shining wings;
A message of God's love she bears—
The God who for the children cares.
I know He loves both you and me,
And so He sends across the sea
His messenger of joy and light
To teach us what is pure and right.

We pray: "God bless the *Morning Star*,
And keep her as she sails afar;
And bless each child whose loving heart
Holds in God's ship his little part."

Mission Dayspring.

A KIND VOICE.

"THERE is no flower of love so hard to get and keep" writes Elihu Burritt, "as a kind voice. A kind hand is dead and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing which love so much needs as a sweet voice, to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep in the right tone.

One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone which is sharp, and it sticks to him through life, and it stirs up ill-will, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch the voice day by day as a pearl of great

price, for it will be more to you in the day to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is light which sings as well as shines. *Sel.*

A CLOUDY SKY.

Children sometimes complain of clouds and murmur at rain; but they forget that perpetual sunshine makes a desert land. If we are to have fertility, fruitfulness and prosperity, we must have clouds in the natural sky; and so in the spiritual world, much of the blessing which we enjoy comes to us from our clouds and storms, as they alternate with brightness and sunshine.

Do not be afraid of clouds. There may be a cloud over your path, but that cloud may drop down fatness, and make glad your heart and life. Your business, your prospects, your plans may be overclouded. Do not be disturbed; the cloud may have behind it the "sound of abundance of rain." Increased fruitfulness and abundant blessing may come to you through these clouds. Look up. There is a sun behind the clouds, there is sunshine beyond the clouds, and there is blessing in the clouds.—*The Boston Christian.*

PRAYING MACHINES.

A missionary from Japan told us the other day about the praying machines: it is a great circular tower-like structure, with many prayers attached to its machinery, so that when a man takes the crank and walks slowly around pushing the heavy machine before him, he gets the credit for all these prayers. "Absurd," you say. "How can grown men be so silly?"

Take care; when you drop on your knees before going to bed and say a hasty prayer, without putting your heart in it—when you rattle off "Our Father" with the rest of the school, while your mind is on something else, when you stand with the great congregation bowing your head with an appearance of devotion, while you do not follow the praying voice to God's throne along the track of a single earnest petition—you are just turning the praying machine; you are doing exactly what the dark-skinned Jap does, with this difference, this vast difference, that he really thinks he is pleasing his gods, and you know that you are offering an insult to the Lord Almighty.—*Forward.*

God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

THE FIRS' CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

Aug. 28. May, A.D. 37.
Lesson, Acts 7 : 54-60 ; 8 : 1-4.
Golden Text, Acts 7 : 60.
Memory vs. 57-60. Catechism Q. 91.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Who was Stephen? On what charge was he arrested? Before whom was he brought? What false testimony was given against him? How did he defend himself? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Martyr's Vision*, vs. 54-56.—What effect had Stephen's words on the council? How did they show their rage? What vision was granted to Stephen? Why is it said that he was full of the Holy Ghost? Why was Jesus represented as *standing*?

II. *The Martyr's Death*, vs. 57-60.—What did they do when they heard Stephen's words? Of what crime did they hold him guilty? How was blasphemy punished? Lev. 24 : 14. Where was Stephen stoned? Why were the witnesses present? Deut. 17 : 6, 7. Who took charge of their clothes? To whom did Stephen pray? What was his first prayer? His second? Who offered similar prayers? How is his death described?

III. *The Martyr's Burial*, ch. 8 : 1-4.—What followed the death of Stephen? What became of the church? Who remained in Jerusalem? Why did they remain? By whom was Stephen buried? Who was active in the persecution? What measures did he take? How was the persecution overruled for good?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The indwelling of the Holy Ghost is the true source of Christian strength and power.
2. Saints on earth sometimes get a glimpse of heaven's glory.
3. Jesus ever watches over his disciples, and is ever ready to help.
4. The Christian never dies, but falls asleep to awake in heaven.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus, O for me,
May such a blissful slumber be ;
Securely shall my ashes lie
Waiting the summons form in high.

PHILIP PREACHING AT SAMARIA.

September 4th. Summer A.D., 37.
Lesson, Acts 8 : 5-25. Golden Text, Acts 8 : 5.
Memory vs. 5-8. Catechism Q. 92-93.

Opening Words.—The disciples, dispersed by the persecution, went everywhere preaching the word. Philip, one of the seven deacons, (ch. 6 : 5), went down to Samaria and preached Christ to them. Multitudes were converted by his preaching and miracles, and there was great joy in that city.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What followed the martyrdom of Stephen? What did the disciples do in their dispersion? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Power of the Gospel*, vs. 5-13.—Who was Philip? Where did he go? What effect did his preaching produce? What signs did he work? What noted person did Philip meet? What influence had Simon with the people? What did the people do when they heard Philip? What did Simon do? How did Simon's faith differ from saving faith in Jesus Christ?

II. *The Gift of the Holy Ghost*, vs. 14-17.—Why were Peter and John sent to Samaria? What did they do on their arrival? What had these Samaritan disciples not yet received? What did the apostles do after prayer? What followed the laying on of hands?

III. *The Sin of Simon*, vs. 18-25.—What did Simon ask of Peter and John? Why did he wish this power? What was Peter's reply? What did Peter urge him to do? How might even Simon be forgiven? What request did Simon now make? What did this request show? What did the apostles do on their way home?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The persecution and dispersion of earnest Christians spread the truth.
2. True saving faith brings joy to the believer.
3. God's gifts cannot be bought.
4. Baptism and church membership cannot save us.
5. We must have a clean heart and a right spirit, or we cannot please God.

All things work together for good to them that love God.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

A two dollar bill came into the hands of a relative of mine, writes a lady in Boston, which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink and the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of the note the following:

" Wife, children, and over \$40,000 all gone! I alone am responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was twenty one I had a fortune. I am not yet thirty five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered our children with neglect. When this bill is gone I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money, and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin."

A STORY FOR BOYS.

An American paper gives the following item from the happenings of the day:

Elmer H—, the nineteen-year-old son of James H—, of New Street, who was on Tuesday night last attacked with convulsions, at first believed to be hydrophobia, is somewhat easier, but is yet in a very precarious state.

Dr. Barber, his physician, now says the young man's trouble is beyond all doubt the result of cigarette smoking. During last night the convulsions grew less frequent, and the sufferer obtained about two hours' sleep. There has been no convulsion since one o'clock this afternoon. Consciousness has returned, but all power of speech is paralyzed, which the physician says is the result of the terrible strain to which the muscles of the tongue and throat have been subjected.

The patient still kept his hands clutched over his heart, indicating that there is trouble in that organ. The later convulsions have not been accompanied by the barking sound and the snapping so marked at first.

Young H— has always been a very steady and well-behaved boy, faithfully attending to his duties in the Janeway & Carpenter Wall-Paper Works. It is now known that as soon as his work was finished the cigarette was never absent from his mouth. Late this afternoon Dr. Barber said that if no unfavourable symptoms set in while the boy's system is weakened from the terrible ordeal through which he has passed, he may yet recover. He does not regard the paralysis of the vocal organs likely to be permanent.

CHARMING A LION WITH MUSIC.

THE *African News* tells a thrilling story of African Mission work and the danger of a missionary's child.

"When Rev. W. J. Davis was living in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, his little son John, a lad of four years, went too near to a chained lion in a neighbor's yard. It was called a pet lion, but was indeed so wild and vicious that no living thing was safe within the radius of his beat. The unsuspecting child stumbled within his reach, and the lion instantly felled him to the ground, and set his great paw on poor little Johnny's head.

There was great consternation among the bystanders, but none were able to deliver the child. Miss Moreland, a young lady, with characteristic colonial presence of mind, seeing the peril of the child, ran up-stairs, and with her accordeon in hand, came to a window looking out upon the tragic scene, and with a shout, to arrest attention, played a tune for the entertainment of the so-called "king of the woods," and he was so delighted with her kind attentions and musical talents, that he released his prey, and went the length of his chain towards his fair charmer, and stood in rapt attention.

Johnny meantime got up, and carried his precious little self off to his mother. He never thought of crying till he entered the house, and saw how they all were excited about him, and then, quite out of danger, he had a good cry on his own account."

There is an old book which tells us of one "who goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." The story tells that John has grown to be a man and has been delivered from him also. Dear young friend, you may never see an African lion, but you need deliverance from Satan. Has Christ yet made you free.

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

The Children's Record.

Price per Year, in advance, 30 cents.
In parcels of five and upwards, to one address, 15 c.

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

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