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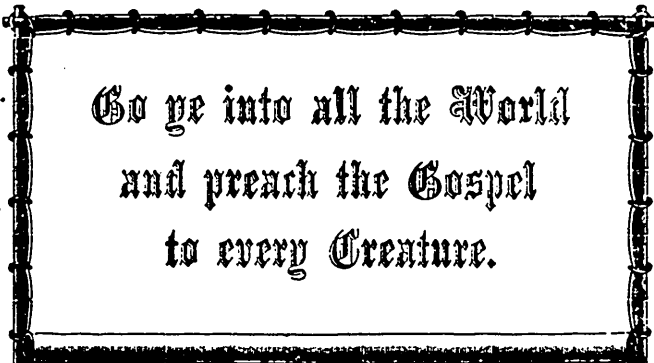
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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



Go ye into all the World
and preach the Gospel
to every Creature.

VOL. 4. APRIL 1883. No. 4.

The Children's Record.

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Rev. E. Scott, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

THE SOUTH SEAS.

The latest letters from the far off islands of the South Seas tell that our missionaries there are well. Mr. and Mrs. Robertson have gone from their field in Erromanga to Australia for a little rest. Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie in Efate, and Mr. and Mrs. Ammand in Tangoa are much encouraged by the success that God is giving them.

THE MISSION TO HONAN.

Most of our young readers have heard of our mission to Honan in China. Let me tell you a few facts about it worth remembering.

How the people are suffering. Honan is a province in North Central China with about three times as many people in it as in all the Dominion of Canada. A great river called the Yellow River runs through this province and carries down a great deal of mud from the mountains. This mud fills up the bed of the river and makes the water spread over the surrounding country. Banks or dykes of earth have been built up from time to time to keep the river within its channel, and in this way the river is higher than the surrounding country. Some months ago these banks broke away and the great river poured out over the country drowning thousands of people, driving thousands more from their homes and covering the fertile plains with sand, so that now there are multitudes suffering from cold and hunger. The missionaries not only take

to them the gospel, the Bread of Life, but are doing what they can to get food for them to keep them from starving to death.

A second fact. About a year ago we had no missionaries there. now we have six, viz. Rev. Jonathan Goforth and his wife, Rev. James Smith, M. D. and his wife, Rev. Dr. McGillivray and Dr. McClure.

A third fact worth remembering. These missionaries are entirely supported outside the Foreign Mission Fund of the Church. Mr. Goforth by the Student's Missionary Society of Knox College, Toronto. Dr. Smith by the Student's Missionary Society of Queens College, Kingston. Mr. McGillivray by a congregation in Toronto, and Dr. McClure by a gentleman living in London.

Remember these facts and pray that the Mission to Honan may be very successful.

THE PROGRESS LAST YEAR.

Never in the history of our mission work did so many missionaries go out from our Church as during the past year. I have told you of six who went to China. Besides these four went to India. Dr. Buchanan, Miss Dr. Mackay, Miss Scott and Miss Sinclair. One of these, Dr. Buchanan is supported by a congregation in Toronto, the three ladies, by the Foreign Mission Committee.

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

Why send medical missionaries? Is it not the gospel that these poor people want? Yes but one of the best ways to get them to listen to the gospel is to do good to their bodies.

When the missionaries first go to a new country, the people will not trust them. They think that it is some selfish object that takes them. Sometimes they think that our missionaries want to get their eyes to make medicine. Hard hearted and cruel themselves, they cannot understand how white people could love them so much as to go to them simply for their good. But when they get sick and their own ignorant doctors can do them no good

the medical missionary often cures them. This wins their confidence, and thus a door is opened for the gospel that could be opened in no other way.

TRINIDAD.

A prosperous year was last year in this mission field. Near two thousand children are being taught in schools connected with our mission, and many of those who have passed through these schools are filling places of usefulness in society and the church. One of the parts of our Foreign Mission work that God has richly blessed is that of the Mission schools in Trinidad.

THE CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

What are we doing for the Chinese who are coming to our own country? In British Columbia there are nearly ten thousand of these people working on railways and in other employment. About a year ago the Foreign Mission Committee decided to send a missionary to these people, but have not been able to carry out their plan because they have not the money to support one. Come on young people, all that is needed to have a missionary among these heathen in our own land is more of your cents and dimes given to the Lord to carry on this work. Is it not a pity to have them worshipping their false gods, and building their Joss houses in our country, and our church having no missionary among them.

TREE HOUSES ON ONE OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

NEW GLASGOW, March 1st, 1889.

Dear Mr. Scott :—

When Papa was reading the "Life of Bishop Patteson" he showed me a piece about tree houses. I read it with so much interest that I thought perhaps some other boys might be glad to see it too. So I have copied it out for the CHILDREN'S

RECORD if you should think it worth printing.

Yours respectfully,
RAYMOND McCURDY.

"The tree-houses six in number, were upon the tops of trees of great height, 50 feet round at the base, and all branches cleared off till near the summit, where two or three grew out at right angles, something after the manner of an Italian stone pine :—

From the top of the wall the ladder that led to one of these houses was 60 feet long, but it was not quite upright, and the tree was growing at some little distance from the bottom of the rock, and the distance by a plumb line from the floor of the verandah to the ground on the lower side of the tree was 94 feet. The floor of the house, which is made first, was 23 feet long and about 11 broad ; a narrow verandah is left at each end, and the inside length of the house is 18 feet, the breadth 10 feet, the height to the ridge pole 6 feet. The floor was of bamboo matted, the roof and sides of palm-leaf thatch. The ladders were remarkable contrivances, a pole in the centre, from 4 to 6 inches in diameter, to which were lashed by vines cross pieces of wood, about two feet long. To steady these and hold on by were double shrouds of supple-jacks. The rungs of the ladders were at unequal distances, 42 upon the 50 feet ladder.

The Bishop and Pasvorang, who had gone to shore together, beheld men, women, and children running up and down the ladders, and walking about the bare branches, trusting entirely to their feet and not touching with their hands. The Bishop, in his wet slippery shoes, did not think it right to run the risk of an accident, and though Pasvorang, who was as much at home as a sailor among the ropes of the 'Southern Cross,' made the ascent, he came down saying, 'I was so afraid my legs shook. Don't you go, going aloft is nothing to it,' but the people could not understand any dread ; and when the Bishop said, 'I can't go up there, I am neither bird or bat, and I have no wings if

I fall,' they thought him joking. At the same time he saw a woman with a load on her back, quietly walking up a ladder to another tree, not indeed so lofty as that Paavorang had tried, but as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and without attempting to catch hold with her hands.

At night, says the Bishop, as I lay ignominiously on the ground in a hut, I heard the songs of the women aloft as voices from the clouds, while the loud croaking of the frogs, the shrill noise of the countless cicadas, the scream of the cockatoos and parrots and cries of birds of many kinds all combined to keep me awake."

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL WAS THE MEANS OF DOING.

[For the *Children's Record*.

Last summer a home missionary was visiting some of our congregations in Ontario, and addressing them on the subject of missions. He tells the following touching story of a young girl whom he visited whilst on her dying bed. For a long time she had suffered from consumption. One evening she asked that her missionary box should be brought and she began to count her savings for missions during the month and it amounted to forty cents. She placed her little savings in the usual envelope for missions, and two hours later went to be with her Saviour.

The missionary having known this child personally whose life had been a wonderful stimulus to him in his work, and whose death he says he will never forget, asked her mother for this forty cents for missions. It was gladly given, and inclosed in a little purse to organize a work in China.

He began to tell about her life, and at the first meeting he addressed after her death \$14.00 was added to the little purse.

The simple story of the little girl's life and death has since been told, and as a result of repeating it to others God has increased the amount to \$117.

D.

"THAR!"

Mr. Murchison was mowing on the ice. Several neighbors stood by watching his scythe and laughing. Mr. Murchison was always doing something queer, they said; and now he was actually getting a winter crop of hay from his meadow. Near by stood his old white mare blanketed and patient.

The fact was the cold snap had come much earlier than usual, and had frozen the meadow before the second crop of grass was cut. The water in the swamp was lower than usual and enough hay could be secured above the ice to "bed down" a cow for all winter.

"Say, fellows," chuckled Jim Sloan, an ugly, cowardly boy from the village, "just shy a rock at the old mare, and she'll go down on the ice like a load o' bricks!"

There was a laugh at the idea, and two or three of Jim's idle companions began digging in the frozen grounds with their heels for stones to throw.

"O, say!" cried a little fellow, who had heard the suggestion of cruel mischief, "I wouldn't do that! It might hurt the horse real bad."

"Re-al ba-ad," repeated Jim, mockingly. Then, with a change of tone, "You hush up, Bob White, or you'll get the rock instead of the mare."

For answer Bob started on a run toward the farmer, who was striding on, making a broad swathe in the thin grass.

The crowd of rude boys called after Bob angrily, and Jim, catching up a stone which he had rejected as too large to throw at the mare, sent it skimming over the ice at the retreating figure.

The stone reached its mark. It struck Bob on his right ankle, and brought him down like a nine-pin.

"Hi-yi!" screamed the boys on shore, derisively. Then they turned and ran with all their might. "Jim's crowd" was not popular in that quarter and they noticed one or two stout men looking in their direction in an unpleasantly personal manner. In two minutes they were out of sight.

Bob struck his head on the ice as he went down, and lay still a moment, half stunned. Then he staggered to his feet, remembering his errand.

"Mr. Murchison!" he called; "Mr. Murchison!"

"Wal, what's up? Why, ye're hurt, ain't ye?"

"Not much, sir. The boys were going to stone your horse—O, they're gone!"

"What boys?"

Bob set his lips together. He was no tale-bearer, and now that the danger was over he had nothing to say about it.

"I guess I'll be goin'," he remarked, ending up with an involuntary moan as a twinge of pain shot through his ankle.

"You come home with me," said the farmer, grimly, noticing a red spot on the ice near Bob's right foot. "My wife'll tie up your leg for ye, so't will be all right to-morrow."

On the way to Mr. Murchison's, in the rickety old wagon, Bob happened to glance up suddenly, and, to his dismay, surprised a tear in his companion's eye.

Mr. Murchison wiped it away hastily with a ragged sleeve. It was very cold, and he had no overcoat. Now, Bob's mother was not rich, but he never knew what it was to suffer for want of food or clothing.

"What's the matter, Mr. Murchison?" he asked simply.

"O nothin', nothin', boy, we're havin' a putty tight squeeze at home to get through the winter. Wife, she's poorly, and the two children, they're kind o' poorly, too. Like's not because they can't keep warm this weather. I'm warm enough now!"—and he turned a shiver into a kind of desperate laugh. "Fact is," he went on after a minute, "I'm goin' to sell the mare to-morrer. Reely she's sold already, an' the man's comin' after her in the mornin', an' pay down fifteen dollars for her. That'll carry us along quite a spell. Ef we only had some wood now! But, some-how, I can't"—he interrupted himself with a hollow cough that told its own story. "I was jest thinkin'," he concluded, "how un-

fort'nit 'twould 'a' been if them boys had lamed the mare to-night. Thar ain't a dollar—no, not ten cents—in the house."

Half an hour later, Bob White said good-by to his friends, and, with his ankle nicely bandaged and already feeling better, he limped away toward the village.

Straight to a certain low, corner grocery he went, and entered the close atmosphere of the place without quailing. There, as he had expected, he found Jim Sloan and his cronies.

Their minds evidently were not easy; for they started nervously, and stared in silence, when they saw who the new-comer was. Perhaps the sheriff was at his heels to arrest them for assault!

But Bob's errand was quite different. Limping to where Jim sat on the dirty counter, his feet dangling over, he looked up into the rough fellow's hardened face with a bright smile, and confidently told the story, which included that of Mr. Murchison and his mare.

"I thought," he finished, "that perhaps we could help them somehow; they are so awfully cold, you know. I thought you could, perhaps."

Away down in Jim's heart there was a bit of naanliness, of the true knighthood that sleeps or wakes in every man and boy. Into this corner Bob's sunny smile and touching story penetrated.

He leaped down from the counter, and straightened himself out.

"Come on, fellers!" said he, briefly. And they went into the forest, a mile away, where fallen limbs lay in all directions, and cumbered the ground. The land was owned by rich men in a far-off city, and any-body who was strong could help himself to the refuse timber.

Astonishing sight—"Jim's crowd" carrying wood to the Murchison homestead! Still more—every lad of them, eight in all, sawing and splitting as if for life.

Beyond dark a big pile loomed up in the Murchison wood-shed, to that gentleman's speechless amazement. Away went the visitors, at silent as he. Next they returned to the grocery.

"Haul out yer cash," demanded the leader. "That's right—lemme see—a quarter—half—seventy-five—eighty-five—no, you don't, Bill. Gimme the whole, or—"

Bill sheepishly handed over the coin he had kept back, and gave a good-natured laugh.

"Five dollars and a half. H'm; guess we c'n git some sort of a coat." It being a country store, there was, of course, an assortment of clothes, including an overcoat, which the storekeeper consented to part with for five dollars. The remaining fifty cents Jim invested in five glasses of grape jelly, which he vaguely remembered was good for invalids.

The whole crowd, accompanied by the delighted Bob, marched to Mr. Murchison's house, deposited the coat and the jelly in Mrs. Murchison's arms, and turned away in dignified silence, broken only, on the way back to the village, by one word from Jim, as he left Bob for the night:

"Thar!"—*Sel.*

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

Is this my Minnie? "Surely not!" cried old grandpa, as he looked on the fretful face of a little girl who sat on a stool holding a torn picture book in her hand. Only a little before, her merry laugh had filled the room as she and Harry looked over it together; but angry words had come, then angry blows, and now she sat gloomily gazing upon her disfigured treasure.

"Never mind," said the old gentleman; "come to grandpapa and he will make pictures on the wall for you."

It was a new idea to Minnie, and she watched the dancing shadows with delight, until all traces of the late disaster had disappeared. Harry, too, came stealthily behind, that he might discover Grandpapa's trick. Now Harry was a great big school boy, who should have been ashamed of teasing his half-baby sister.

"What makes a shadow, Harry?" asked his grandfather.

"It is something coming between us and the light."

"And what can take it away?"

"Moving away that something, I suppose," said Harry: "If you put away your hand there will be no shadow."

"Ay, just so," said the old gentleman.

"But all shadows are not like this: there are dark enough ones in this world—dark ones sent by God, and darker still brought by man's own sinful passion." Then recollecting that the children could not understand his words, he added, "I like to see the sunshine of good humor on my little Minnie's brow; but there was a dark shadow on it a while ago—who put it there, Harry?"

Harry did not answer. That night he lay thinking about the shadow on the wall until he fell asleep and dreamed a dream. He thought he saw a long road before him basking in sunshine, which seemed to lead to a beautiful palace beyond, and his heart rejoiced to think of the pleasant journey before him. Presently, however, he became perplexed by a number of flitting shadows that followed and surrounded him on all sides. In vain he looked around and behind to discover whence they came. At last, in despair, he called out, "Shadows, shadows, tell me what you are!" and many voices began to speak to him at once.

"I," said a little dimpling shadow upon stilts, "I am Discontent and I have followed you from the cradle."

"I," said a gigantic shadow in front, "I am Passion, and you must follow me."

"I," cried a little creeping one, "am Envy, and I am going to follow you now."

"I," cried a huge broad shadow, "I am Indolence, and I think of following you too."

"I," said another in front, "am Pride, and this is Ambition my brother, and we two are leading you."

"I," cried the most distorted of all, "am Selfishness, and you know me well;" and as he spoke he crept closer and closer, until his shadow and Harry's seemed to become almost one.

"I," and "I," and "I," resounded on all sides, but Harry turned to three silent shadows on his right hand. "And who

are you?" he asked, with a trembling voice.

"I" said the first, "am Sickness; but I come from God that I may draw you nearer to Him, and further away from these your tormentors."

"I," said the second, "am Sorrow, and I come from God, and I too will lead to Him."

And Harry did not need to ask the name of the third, for he knew that it was Death.

"Do not fear me," said that great, great solemn shadow. "I too come from God, and can bring you to a land where the shadows flee away."

Then Harry awoke and found it was a dream. And Harry did not speak about his dream, but if any one had asked him why that morning he did not, as usual, try to get the best of all that was upon the breakfast table, perhaps he would have told that he had seen a creeping shadow called Selfishness, and wished to hold no brotherhood with him.

PREACHING TO CHILDREN.

Nearly fifty years ago I was a boy; and I remember that it was announced one Sunday morning at church that a certain preacher would preach to the children that afternoon. I had never heard of a preacher preaching a whole sermon to children before, and I was very anxious to hear him. He was a tall, thin, sickly-looking man, for he had consumption; but he loved children, and wanted to do them good. When the hour came, the little church was pretty well filled; and after the preacher had sung and prayed he took his text, and it was, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

It has been a long time since then. I do not remember the preacher's name, nor where he came from, nor what became of him: but that text and the impression it made upon my young heart has never been forgotten. He showed us what the text meant. He told us that it was natural for children to get angry with each other at times; but, however great the provocation,

we must never keep anger in our hearts—we must be sure and get it all out before night. To sleep with anger in our hearts was an awful sin against God.

I remember the sun was getting low, and as that pale preacher stood before us he turned and pointed with his long bony finger at the sinking sun, and said: "Children, look yonder at the sun going down. This morning he was away over yonder in the east, but he's been going all day toward the west, and these long shadows admonish us that he will soon go down. Hear God speaking to you, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.' Make haste and get it all out. You've no time to lose; he will not wait for you. The command is positive. Give up your anger, or you will stir the anger of God against you for not obeying him."

I felt like I would have forgiven the worst enemy in the world, and never has the effect of that sermon faded from my mind.—*S. S. Magazine.*

SUE'S TITHE.

"A penny for your thoughts, sis," said Will Preston, laughingly. "You haven't so much as winked for fifteen minutes at least. What weighty matter is it you are so intently considering?"

Sue laughed a little, and roused herself from her thoughts.

"I'm in a sort of a fix," she said, "and can't for the life of me see my way out. You know Mr. Long said to-day that the Sunday-school would take up a collection next Sunday for Miss Harper's school in Japan, and I have but fifty cents to my name. I shall have to spend part of that for car tickets to-morrow, and it's two weeks before I have my next allowance. What am I going to do? I can't give just twenty-five cents, I'd feel too mean for anything."

"How much do you want?" asked Will; "perhaps I can lend it to you."

"Thank you for your offer; but you see I promised papa when he began giving me an allowance that I wouldn't borrow, under any consideration, of any one. It is too provoking! They never take up

a collection for anything the first of the month, when I have some money, but just as I get to my last cent all the missionaries and poor folks put in their appearance."

"If that's the case," said Will, "I should think you would profit by past experience and put aside a certain proportion of your allowance when you get it; then you will be ready for any emergency. I've heard of folks tithing their possessions, why don't you?"

"I would, I believe, if I had more, but it seems a good deal to take a tenth right out of the little I have, and how can I tell how much I am going to need for myself?"

Will laughed outright.

"You remind me of a proverb I've heard, 'What the Abbot of Bamba cannot eat he gives away for the good of his soul.' If you happen to have a little left after you've gratified all your own wishes you'll bestow it in charity; that's your principle, is it? Strikes me it proves rather more beneficial to you than to charity, inasmuch as the charity seems from your own account, begging your pardon for the expression, to 'get left' most of the time."

Sue's face colored with vexation.

"It's a very easy matter for you to sit there and tell me what I ought to do," she said. "Why don't you practise what you preach?"

"I fully agree with you, my dear sister, it's the easiest, most comfortable sort of thing in the world to tell any body else just what he or she ought to do. As for my practising my own advice in this line, I'm only telling you what I should consider it my duty to do if I were a professing Christian like unto yourself. I don't profess to be living for anything special but my own pleasure, you know; and, if I understand it aright, you do."

The color on Sue's face grew deeper than ever, but this time she did not answer, and Will, feeling half ashamed of himself, betook himself elsewhere.

Yes, Sue thought, she did profess to be living for Christ, but was she? Did she serve him or self—which claim was

first and paramount with her? Why didn't she put aside a tenth of her ample allowance for Christ's cause?

Simply because she was afraid she should not have enough left to gratify all her own wishes.

Let me see—yes, she had been to three concerts this month, into the art-gallery once, bought two pounds of caramels already this month, and had ridden on the horse-cars several times when she might just as well have walked. O dear, it was no wonder she had no money left!

"It's a perfect shame. Will's proverb fits my case about right. I'm too mean and small and miserable for any thing, to give only the poor little bits of leavings as I have. I'm going to reckon up my expenses, and decide on a certain sum to be set apart for charitable purposes."

So Sue, procuring a pencil and paper, set to work at once and was surprised to find how much was left of her monthly allowance after she had reckoned up all her actual expenses and made liberal margin for extras. She would certainly set aside a tenth hereafter, and in the meantime she would go to papa, state the case, and ask him for once to advance a little that she might be able to meet next Sunday's demand.

Papa heard her through and granted her request. But somehow he did not seem as pleased with her resolution as she had expected he would be.

"You say," he asked, "that you think you can surely give a tenth?"

"O yes," replied Sue. "I shall have plenty left for all that I need by calculating ahead a little, and some for what I don't need, I expect you would say if you saw my memorandum."

"Do you remember what David said about his sacrifice once?" was papa's next question.

"Why, no," answered Sue, wondering what anything David said or did could have to do with her tenth.

"Neither will I offer unto the Lord that which cost me nothing," quoted papa, gravely. "Think about it prayerfully, Sue, before you decide what you will do."

Sue went slowly up stairs to her own room. "Neither will I offer unto the Lord that which cost me nothing—that which cost me nothing." How the words rang in her ears! Yes, that was just what she wanted to do. A tenth was better than nothing, of course, but she was not really going to deny herself anything of any amount, why not set apart one-fifth and deny herself candy and concerts, for instance?

But the other girls all had them; she was so used to doing as they did. It would be hard—

"Neither will I offer unto the Lord that which cost me nothing."

Like a solemn warning the words repeated themselves again to Sue, and she broke down.

"Neither will I," she sobbed. "I have everything to be thankful for, and I will offer no more offerings to my kind Heavenly father which cost me nothing, God helping me."

"How is it, Sue!" asked papa that night.

"Two tenths, anyway: more if possible."

"Whew!" exclaimed Will, who happened to overhear. "I say, sis, I beg your pardon for speaking to you as I did. You're a trump, after all, and if it's any consolation, I'll add that I don't really think there's any reason why I shouldn't practise what I preached as well as you."
—*Our Youth.*

A PENNY AND A PRAYER TOO.

"Was that your penny on the table, Susie?" asked grandma, as the children came in from Sabbath school. "I saw it after you went out, and I was afraid you had quite forgotten it."

"Oh, no, grandma; mine went into the box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking surprised. "I hadn't anything to put in.

You know I earn my penny every week

by getting up early and going for milk."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you care?"

"Oh, indeed I do, a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then, every Sabbath, when you drop your penny in, drop a prayer in too, that your penny may be blessed in its work and do good service for God? Don't you think if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do a wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out, some across the ocean, some way off among the Indians."

"I never thought of that, grandma. The prayer would do as much good as the penny, if it was a real true prayer, wouldn't it. I'm going to remember, and not let my penny go alone again."

A CRY FOR LIGHT.

BY FANNY CROSBY.

There comes a wail of anguish
Across the ocean wave—
It pleads for help, O Christians,
Poor, dying souls to save;
Those far off heathen nations
Who sit in darkest night,
Now stretch their hands imploring,
And cry to us for light.

We have the blessed Gospel;
We know its priceless worth;
We read the grand old story
Of Christ, the Saviour's, birth;
O haste, ye faithful workers,
To them the tidings bear—
Glad tidings of salvation
That they our light may share.

Go plant the cross of Jesus
On each benighted shore;
Go wave the Gospel standard
Till darkness reign no more;
And while the seed you scatter,
Far o'er the ocean foam,
We'll pray for you and labour
In mission fields at home.

PLAIN TALK TO BOYS.

A boy's position in a commercial house is usually at the foot of the ladder. His duties are plain, his place is insignificant, and his salary is small.

He is expected to familiarize himself with the business, and as he becomes more intelligent in regard to it he is advanced to a more responsible position.

His first duty, then, is to work. He must cultivate, day by day, habits of fidelity, accuracy, neatness and despatch, and these qualities will tell in his favor as surely as the world revolves. Though he may work unnoticed and uncommended for months, such conduct always meets its reward.

I once knew a boy who was clerk in a large mercantile house, which employed as entry clerks, shipping clerks, buyers, bookkeepers and salesmen, eighty young men, besides a small army of porters, packers and truckmen; and this boy of seventeen felt that amid such a crowd as this he was lost to notice, and that any efforts he might make would be quite unregarded.

Nevertheless, he did his duty; every morning at eight o'clock he was promptly in his place, and every power he possessed was brought to bear upon his work.

After he had been there a year he had occasion to ask a week's absence during the busy season.

"That," was the response, "is an unusual request, and one which it is somewhat inconvenient for us to grant; but for the purpose of showing you that we appreciate the efforts you have made since you have been with us, we take pleasure in giving you the leave of absence for which you now ask."

"I didn't think," said the boy, when he came home that night and related his success, "that they knew a thing about me, but it seems they have watched me ever since I have been with them."

They had, indeed, watched him, and had selected him for advancement, too shortly after he was promoted to a position

of trust with appropriate increase of salary.

It must be so sooner or later, for there is nearly always a demand for excellent work.

A boy who means to build up for himself a successful business will find it a long and difficult task, even if he brings to bear efforts both of body and mind; but he who thinks to win without doing his very best, will find himself a loser of the race.

Therefore, boys, be honest in work as well as in word. — *Sel.*

WAS IT WORTH CLIMBING FOR?

A boy at play struck the ball awkwardly, so that it fell upon the roof of a high barn. He immediately scrambled up the rugged door, and clinging by the hole in the brickwork, reached the top of the barn, rubbing the skin from his fingers, tearing his clothes, and running the risk of breaking his neck. He gained the ball, but was it worth climbing for?

A man climbed up a greasy pole, on the top of which was stuck a hat for any one who chose to take it. The man had great difficulty to climb up the pole, for it was greasy, so that he had to take sand from his pockets to rub upon it, that it might be less slippery. At last, he reached the top; but the hat being nailed fast there, was spoiled in being torn away. The man obtained the hat; but was it worth climbing for?

The boy and the man were climbers after things of little value; but all earthly things are of little value compared with things which are eternal. A peasant boy may climb after a bird's nest, and a prince may climb after a kingly crown. Both the bird's nest and the crown will fade away. Well would it be for us to put to ourselves the question, concerning many an object of our arduous pursuit, *Is it worth climbing for?*

STOP AND THINK.

My boy, when they ask you to drink,

Stop and think !

Just think of the danger ahead,
Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled
O'er hopes that were drowned in the bowl,
Filled with death for the body and soul !

When you hear a man asking for drink,

Stop and think !

The draught that he drinks will destroy
High hopes and ambitions, my boy,
And the man who a leader might be
Is a slave that no man's hand can free.

O this terrible demon of drink !

Stop and think

Of the graves where its victims are laid,
Of the ruin and woe it has made,
Of the wives and the mothers who pray
For the curse to be taken away !

Yes, when you are tempted to drink,

Stop and think

Of the danger that lurks in the bowl.
The death that it brings to the soul,
The harvest of sin and of woe,
And spurn back the tempter with "No !"

Temperance Banner.

WHAT MISSIONS HAVE DONE.

I often wish that some of the scorners who are forever sneering at Christian missions could see something of their results in the Fiji Islands. But first they would have to recall the Fiji of years ago, when every man's hand was against his neighbor, and the land had no rest from intertribal wars, in which the foe, without respect of age or sex, were looked upon only in the light of so much beef; the prisoners deliberately fattened for slaughter; limbs cut off from living men and women, and cooked and eaten in the presence of the victims, who had previously been compelled to dig the oven and cut the firewood for the purpose; and this not only in time of war, when such atrocity may be deemed less inexcusable, but in time of

peace, to gratify the caprice or fancy of the moment.

Then, further, think of the sick buried alive; the array of widows who were deliberately strangled on the death of any great man; the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief's new house, and must needs stand clasping it while the earth was heaped over their devoted heads; or those who were bound hand and foot and laid on the ground to act as rollers when the chief launched a new canoe, and thus doomed to a death of excruciating agony—a time when there was not the slightest security for life or property, and no man knew how quickly his hour of doom might come; when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply the neighborhood with fresh meat.

Just think of all this, and of the change that has been wrought, and then just imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work in the way they do. Now you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy little church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended and that the first sound that greets your ear at dawn, and the last at night, is that of hymn singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?—*Sunday Magazine.*

GIVING THE HEART TO GOD.

The girl in the Sunday-school class were one morning asked, How soon should a child give its heart to God? One little girl said, when thirteen years old; another, ten; another, six. At length, the least child in the class spoke, "Just as soon as we know who God is," was her reply.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I am Jesus' little lamb,
 Ever glad at heart I am ;
 Jesus loves me, Jesus knows me,
 All things fair and good He shows me,
 Even calls me by my name ;
 Every day he is the same.

Safely in and out I go :
 Jesus loves and keeps me so ;
 When I hunger, Jesus feeds me,
 When I thirst, my Shepherd leads me
 Where the waters softly flow,
 Where the sweetest pastures grow.

Should I not be always glad ?
 None whom Jesus loves are sad ;
 And when this short life is ended,
 Those whom the Good Shepherd tended
 Will be taken to the skies.
 There to dwell in Paradise.
From the German by Dr. Flemming Sterenson.

THE POWER OF GRACE UPON
THE HEART.

Shortly before his visit to England the missionary, Mr. Taylor, assembled the New Zealanders who had become believers through his means. The farewell service, held in the closely-packed church, closed with the communion of the Lord's Supper. When the first row were kneeling in a semi-circle round the table of the Lord, a man suddenly rose and went back through the whole length of the church to his seat. After some time he returned, and partook of the bread and wine.

After the close of the service, the missionary questioned the islander respecting his singular behaviour, and received the following answer : " When I approached the table, I did not know beside whom I should have to kneel. Then I suddenly saw that I was beside the man who, some years ago slew my father and drank his blood ; and whom I then swore I would kill the first time that I should see him. Now, think what I felt when I suddenly knelt beside him ! It came upon me with terrible

power, and I could not prevent it, so I went back to my seat. Arrived there, I saw in the spirit the upper sanctuary, and seemed to hear a voice : ' Thereby shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another. ' That made a deep impression upon me, and at the same time I thought that I saw another sight—a cross and a man nailed thereon—and I heard Him say, ' Father forgive them ; they know not what they do. ' Then I went back to the table."—*From Modern Missions and Culture.*

THE AFRICAN'S TALK

Some years ago, a missionary, returning from South Africa, gave a description of the work which had been accomplished there through the preaching of the Gospel. Among other things, he pictured the following incident, of which he had been an eye-witness:—

One morning he saw a converted African chief sitting under a palm tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued, alternately to look down on the Scripture, and to turn his eyes upwards towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply : " I looked down to the Book, and God speaks to me. Then I looked up in prayer, and I speak to the Lord. So we keep up, in this way, a holy talk with each other."

As I read the account of this touching little scene, the words of Psalm xxviii. 8 flashed over me. This picture is but a mirror to reflect the eighth verse of the twenty-seventh Psalm : " When Thou saidst, Seek ye My face ; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

First, God talking to us ; and then, our talking to God.

The Sabbath School Lessons.

April 7.—Mark 11: 1-11. Memory vs. 8-10.

The Triumphal Entry.

GOLDEN TEXT.—ZECH. 9: 9. CATECHISM. Q. 15.

Introductory.

When did Jesus arrive at Bethany?
 What took place there?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Borrowed Colt. vs. 1-6.

On what errand did Jesus send two of his disciples?
 What directions did he give them?
 How did he know all these things?
 What did the disciples do?
 What was said to them?
 What was their reply?
 What was the result?
 What right has Jesus to our possessions?

II. The Joyous Procession. vs. 7-10.

What was done with the colt?
 How did the multitude honor Jesus?
 Of what was the palm an emblem?
 How did they show their joy?
 What words did they chant?
 Where are these words found?
 What is their meaning?
 What prophecy did these events fulfill?
 Isa. 62: 11; Zech. 9: 9.

Why did the multitude thus honor Jesus?

What did they cry a few days later?
 John 19: 15.

Why did Jesus weep in the midst of this joyous procession? Luke 19: 41-44.

III. The Entrance into Jerusalem. v. 11.

Whither did Jesus now come?
 What did he do?
 What prophecy did this fulfil? Mal. 9:1.
 Where did Jesus go for the night?
 Who went with him?
 What friends had he there?
 What did Jesus intend by this triumphal entrance into Jerusalem?

How doth Christ execute the office of a king.

What Have I Learned?

1. That Jesus sees and knows all things.
2. That when he commands we should obey at once.
3. That we should receive and honor him as our King.
4. That we should serve him with gladness and joy.
5. That we should enthrone him in our hearts and give him our supreme love.

April 14.—Mark, 12: 1-12. Memory vs. 6-8.

The Son Rejected.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 1: 11. CATECHISM, Q. 16.

Introductory.

What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Treatment of the Servants. vs. 1-5.

What is a vineyard?
 What did Jesus represent by the vineyard?
 Whom by the man that planted it?
 How did he furnish his vineyard?
 To whom did he let it?
 What had God done for the Jews?
 For what purpose did he send his servants?
 How were they treated?
 Can you mention any of the prophets who were thus treated?
 What fruit does God require?

II. The Killing of the Son. vs. 6-8.

Whom did the Lord of the vineyard send last?
 Who is the Redeemer of God's elect?
 Why should the husbandmen have revered the Son?
 How did they treat him?
 How do men now treat Christ?

III. The Punishment of the Rejectors. vs. 9-11.

What question did Jesus ask?

How did he answer it?
 How was this fulfilled in the Jews?
 How will all rejectors of the Son be punished?
 Who is meant by the rejected stone?
 How has Jesus become the head of the corner?
 Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?
 His exaltation?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God has distinguished us with many privileges and blessings.
2. That he expects from us the return of obedience and love.
3. That if we abuse or neglect his gifts they may be taken from us.
4. That those who reject the Saviour and despise his grace must perish.

April 21.—Mark 12:28-34. Memory vs. 30, 31.

The Two Great Commandments.

GOLDEN TEXT.—ROM. 13 : 10. CATECHISM Q 17.

Introductory.

How did our Lord's teachings in the temple affect the Pharisees?
 What did they do?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. An Inquirer Answered. vs. 28-31.

What question did one of the scribes ask Jesus?
 What did Jesus give as the great commandment?
 What is the second commandment?
 Who is our neighbor?
 What does love to God require?
 What does love to man require?
 Why do these commandments include all others?

II. Not Far From the Kingdom. vs. 32-34.

What did the scribes answer?
 What is better than sacrifice? Mic. 6:7,8.
 What did Jesus say to the scribe?

What is it to be not far from the kingdom of God?

What is better than such a state?

What Have I Learned?

1. That we should love God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourselves.
2. That love to God and love to man is the sum of the commandments.
3. That honest, earnest inquiry after truth is the first step toward the kingdom.
4. That we may be very near the kingdom, and not in it.

April 28.—Mark 13:1-13. Memory vs. 1, 2.

Destruction of the Temple Foretold.

GOLDEN TEXT.—MATT 12 : 6. CATECHISM. Q. 18.

Introductory.

What was the subject of the last lesson?
 What was the scribe's question?
 What was our Lord's answer?
 What is the title of this lesson?
 Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
 Place?
 Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Calamities Foretold. vs. 1-3.

What did one of his disciples say to Jesus as he went from the temple?
 What did Jesus reply?
 When and how was this prediction fulfilled?
 Where did Jesus then go?
 Which of the disciples spoke with him?
 What were their questions?
 Against what did he warn them?
 What deceivers would come?
 What calamities did he foretell?
 Why were they not to be troubled?
 How were these things the beginnings of sorrows?

II. Warnings Offered. vs. 9-13.

Of what did Jesus forewarn his disciples?
 Before whom would they be brought?
 How would they be treated?
 What must be done before the end?
 What direction did Jesus give them?
 How would they be helped?
 What domestic trials are foretold?

What would they suffer for Christ's sake?

What promise is given?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God will punish the nations that disobey and dishonor him.
2. That if we neglect our privileges they will be taken from us.
3. That men show their hatred of Christ by their hatred of his people.
4. That God will help his people in time of trouble.
5. That the followers of Jesus shall receive a great and gracious reward.

Westminster Question Book.

TRUSTING IN GOD.

A bold Frenchman, while hunting in the Alps for the mountain goat, fell over a precipice upon a ledge, back of which was a cave. How to get away he knew not. A day and night passed and he was still a prisoner, expecting to be starved to death. But just as his heart began to fail, he saw a tiny tuft of the *blue fringed-gentian*.

That little flower saved his life! How? He knew that wind must have borne the seed from a distance, and that God's sun and rain must have made it grow. He said to himself, "God has cared for that little wild flower which grows where no one can see it but Himself. Shall he not care for me also?"

Filled with this thought he grew happy, and began singing a song. His voice was heard by some shepherds on the mountain-top.

They shouted. He answered Guided by his voice, they lowered ropes down to his prison-house and drew him up. And thus, you see, his life was saved by the little blue fringed-gentian—one of the slender wild flowers which you may find in the woods. For the little flower taught him to trust in the good God who cares for all.

A BOY'S STORY.

"I was out in the garden one day," said a boy, "when a bee came buzzing all around me; and being afraid that I should be stung, I called out 'Mother! oh, Mother!' She quickly came to my help and led me in doors; but the bee came in too, and there it was buzzing about mother and me; so she lifted up her apron and covered my head with it, and the bee could not get near me.

"Well, while I was covered with mother's apron, the bee settled on her arm, and stung her. But it left its sting behind; and she took me from under her apron, showed me the sting still in her arm, and said the bee could never sting any one else, because it had left its sting in mother's arm.

"Then she said that like the way she had borne the sting for me, so Jesus had borne death for me; that he had destroyed the power of Satan, our enemy; and that if I believed that he had really done this for me, all my sins would be gone. I did believe, then, sir; and so I am a Christian boy."

This was a little boy's story; and the gentleman to whom he told it could not say Nay to it; he could only add, "May God bless you, boy," as he bade him good-bye.

SAVIOUR, BLESS A LITTLE CHILD.

Saviour, bless a little child;
Teach my heart the way to thee;
Make it gentle, meek and mild;
Loving Saviour, care for me!

I am young, but thou hast said
All who will may come to thee;
Feed my soul with living bread;
Loving Saviour, care for me!

Jesus, help me, I am weak,
Let me put my trust in thee;
Teach me how and what to speak;
Loving Saviour, care for me!

—*Little Soldier.*

THE RIGHT SORT OF BOY.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

"TRY HIM WI' A TEXT."

"What's wrang wi' ye noo? I thoct ye were a' richt," said one Scotch boy to another, who had recently been converted, but who was still disquieted and desponding. "What's wrang wi' ye noo?"

"Man, I'm no richt yet," replied the other; "for Satan's aye tempting me." "And what dae ye then?" asked his friend.

"I try," said he, "to sing a hymn."

"And does that no' send him awa'?"

"No, I'm as bad as ever."

"Weel," said the other, "when he tempts ye again, try him wi' a text; he canna stann that."

This is the great remedy for temptation; and we can only conquer our adversary the devil by the Word of truth. Friend, "try him wi' a text."

CANNOT RECALL THEM.

There is no hope of recalling bitter words. One may sigh and moan and sob because of sorrow which they have caused, but they are ever beyond us—a will-o-the-wisp always evading.

A woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, made a confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go out and scatter the seeds one by one. She obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports she had circulated about others. A young girl being reproved for saying an unkind thing about a friend, gave this excuse, "They all do"—referring to her associates. And yet we must not drift with the current, even if "they all do"—it is perilous.

PRAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

A little girl who suffered greatly during thunder-storms, was told by her mother to pray when she felt alarmed.

One day, at the close of a fearful storm, she came to her mother with the information that praying during the danger brought her no relief.

"Then," said her mother, "try praying while the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear."

The child did so, and when another storm was raging she said sweetly, "Praying while the sun shines is the best way, for I am not the least bit afraid now."

—Sel.

A WARNING FOR THE BOYS.

[For the Children's Record.]

The last number of the CHILDREN'S RECORD warns the boys against using tobacco, especially smoking cigarettes.

A very loud warning has since been heard which should lead every boy to shun the cigarette. A lad named John Powers, 11 years of age, living in Middletown, New York, has become a raving mainac from excessive cigarette smoking. Boys keep your breaths and hearts clean.

D.