

Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord,
And, filled with true devotion,
Obey thy sovereign word,
Our prairies and our mountains
Forest and fertile field,
Our rivers, lakes, and fountains
To Thee shall tribute yield.

Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with thy message send us
Thy love and light to show;
Till fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord.

Last month you had on the title page of your Record, our National hymn,

"God Save our Gracious Queen."

This month on the same page you have two verses of hymn 506 in our Book of Praise, which makes a good Canadian National hymn, and which tells us how our country can be truly great and good, by having for its Sovereign, not only good Queen Victoria, but Jesus the King of Kings.

Canadian boys like to have Victoria as their Queen. How much more should we wish to have Christ our King.

No Canadian boy who has any manliness would speak disrespectfully of our Queen, how much more careful should we be to speak with respect of our Saviour King.

No Canadian boy would be ashamed to have it known that he is a subject of Victoria; what a strange thing that any should be ashamed to have it known that they are subjects of King Jesus.

Canadian boys would stand up to defend their Queen, how ready should we be to take our part in all that concerns the honor of Christ our King.

Some Canadian boys like to be soldiers of the Queen. All can be soldiers of Jesus Christ.

OUR GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

Question. What is it?

Answer. The Supreme Court of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Q. How often does it meet?

A. Once yearly, the second Wednesday in June, for a little more than a week.

Q. Where did it meet this year?

A. In the city of Hamilton, Ont.

Q. Of how many members does it consist?

A. About three hundred ministers and three hundred elders.

Q. How is the membership of Assembly chosen?

A. Each Presbytery appoints every year one-fourth of its ministers and an equal number of elders, as representatives to Assembly.

Q. How many Presbyteries are there in our Church in Canada?

A. There are now fifty-two, one for each week in the year.

Q. Has our church any Presbyteries outside of Canada?

A. Yes, in our foreign fields, one each in Trinidad, Central India, and Honan.

Q. Do all the members attend that are appointed by Presbyteries.

A. No, usually a little more than half, or about three hundred, are able to attend.

Q. What is the work of Assembly?

A. Reviewing the past and planning for the future of the Great Schemes of the Church, such as missions of all kinds at home and abroad, the Sabbath school work of the church, young people's work, and all else of all kinds that the church has to do.

FROM OUR OWN MISSION FIELDS.

"DO YOU DRINK RUM?"

In our Tunapuna school lately, writes Mrs. Morton, of Trinidad,—I asked a number of the heathen children, "Do you drink rum," and got for answer, "Yes." Some of them were mere babies.

So you see these poor heathen children need the missionary, to save them from drunkenness as well as to tell them of the true God, and our mission work in getting them into Bands of Hope saves many of them from drunkards' lives and deaths.

Our Blue Ribbon Band has pledged 723 people. Our Christian Indians are largely total abstainers, but still the evil goes on, and poverty, misery, and crime go along with it.

SOMETHING BETTER TO DRINK, GIFT OF A WELL.

A brighter picture from Trinidad is given in a letter by Dr. Morton.—

"We directed our course to the centre of a new settlement, where we were to meet one of the chief proprietors at his well. This well is twenty-seven feet deep, and walled up and walled over, except the opening, with brick. The water is sweet and good.

The master Jahari, who lives and does business in Couva eighteen miles away, met us by the well to tell why he had sent for me, and this is what passed:—

"I do not want this well ever to be sold by my heirs. I want to give it to you for the people of this place. I want to give you also an acre of that wooded land for a graveyard, and no poor man, Christian, Hindi, or Mohammedan, is to be denied a free grave.

"I give you also for school or church purposes a lot at the Western corner. This is my mind and will."

And so the gift of a well to drink from, a site for a school and church, where they may learn

of the "Water of Life," and a place for burial when they die, was made by this generous Indian to Dr. Morton and others, as trustees for the Presbyterian Church in Canada and her mission work in Trinidad.

ALL ABOUT A YOUNG GIRL GETTING MARRIED.

When Rev. J. W. MacKenzie, our missionary in Efate, New Hebrides, came home from attending the Mission Synod on another island, a few months ago, he found that bad feeling had arisen between two of the villages, Mele and Erakor, and this was how it came about:

A young man from Mele wished to marry an Erakor girl and she gave her consent without consulting her friends. In heathen times she would have been given away without her consent, but now they have gone to the opposite extreme.

When her friends heard of it, they at once put a stop to it, which gave offence to the man's friends. Unfriendly messages passed between the two villages, increasing the ill-feeling.

Then one day an Erakor young man said he was not afraid of any one at Mele. This remark was carried, and was taken as a challenge to fight, and it aroused their old nature, for they had always been a fighting people, afraid of no other tribe on the Island.

They came up towards Erakor in a body, many of them armed, and finding an Erakor man on the path, a friend of the girl gave him a severe bruising.

A party of Erakor people then, headed by their chief, went up to them, and instead of trying to have any revenge, began in a kindly manner to reason with them about their conduct.

This quite disarmed the Mela people and made them feel ashamed of what they had done, and the following day, the day we arrived home, they came up again, but this time with a present of mats and figs for the Erakor people as a peace-offering.

A few years ago there would have been fighting and killing. The Gospel has made the change.

CHANG AND THE WOLF.

A sad story comes from Honan, sad because of the wounds and suffering of a Chinese boy, but glad because one of our medical missionaries was there to help and heal, and to lead the boy and his mother to the Great Physician who can heal from sin.

"Last winter," writes the missionary, "a boy,

Chang, thirteen years of age, in a town not far from here, was away from home and was attacked on the street one night by a wolf, which bit him three times on the face before it was driven off.

For three months he had no help, as the ignorant native doctors could do nothing for him.

Then they heard of the foreign doctor and brought him to our dispensary. It was a sad sight. From brow to mouth, from ear to ear, the face was torn off.

He was operated on, a new lip built up, and though badly disfigured, he can hear and see. Both he and his mother have become Christians while they have been here.

AT NEEMUCH.

To help you see how much your missionaries are doing for the children in India, think of what is doing at just one of five stations, and this not the largest.

At Neemuch, there are eleven day schools, with an average attendance of 160 children, and of these eleven schools, two of our good missionaries, Miss Duncan and Miss Campbell have charge, with native helpers assisting them.

In these schools the children learn to read the Bible.

Besides these there are twelve Sabbath Schools, and there, too, they learn what will make them better men and women for this world, and guide them to life and happiness in the next.

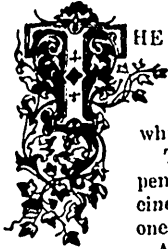
THE REAL QUESTION FOR BOYS.

My boy if you are poor, thank God and take courage; for he intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the text-books? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things that a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business with you.—
Dr. J. G. HOLLAND.

"I'd rather win a smile than wear a diamond," said a sweet girl, who had carried hope and cheer into many a lonely, despairing life. Think of it, girls. Which will have the more lasting sparkle, the smile or the stone?

IGNORANCE AND SUFFERING IN INDIA.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.



HE other day I visited the Mission Hospital at Dhar. It is a picturesque group of buildings, enclosed within a neat white-washed wall.

The centre building is a dispensary, where, day after day, medicine is distributed to the needy ones who flock there for aid.

Around this are grouped several sets of wards, all built in native style, but strong and well raised off the ground to ensure perfect dryness and healthfulness.

"They like these," says our good friend, Miss O'Hara, who is the lady doctor in charge, "because with their clean and newly lipped floors, they are less unlike their own homes than they might otherwise be."

And then, the groups of wards being separated, the caste difficulty is overcome, and the whole family is able to visit their sick one if necessary.

One little fellow, whose sore wee body was shown to me, excited my deepest sympathy. He had been taken with some simple trouble, to cure which his body had been seared with red hot irons, which burned and lacerated him so terribly that it brought on the dreaded tetanus. Then, when nearly dead and beyond all hope of native means, he was brought to the Mission Hospital.

Miss O'Hara had not despaired of him, though for days his poor body was rent with terrible spasms. Even when I saw him, though his tetanus was cured, the sores looked cruel and pitiable.

I asked his father how it happened, and at first he seemed unwilling to explain. He finally said, however, that burning was their native method of cure (?), and he only followed the custom.

I thought as I looked at him, "you were saved because a Mission Hospital was near, but how about the hundreds and thousands who have no such help at hand, and yet who suffer the same such ignorantly-applied agony?"

Is not this, however, only a sample of the terrible fruits of ignorance and superstition in all lands where God's light has not entered, and the sweet influences of His Gospel?

I was pleased to learn afterwards that our little friend had fully recovered, much to the joy of his

parents, who had only acted ignorantly, and did not mean to be cruel.

His recovery was the means of bringing quite a number more of his relatives and friends to the Mission Hospital. Thus the good work spreads and the blessed Gospel story is told in deeds of loving kindness.

I am glad to be able to tell you that a woman who some time ago came to this hospital for help, found, with her physical healing, help also for her sin-sick soul, and is now rejoicing in being numbered among the followers of Jesus.

NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

STORY OF AN AFRICAN BOY.



WAY in the heart of the great Ijebu forest, in Western equatorial Africa, stood a hut. Immediately in front of it stood five well-grown orange trees—and what oranges!

The hut itself consisted of mud walls, and a leaf roof, which came within two feet of the ground.

On one side of the entrance a mud god had been erected. It was built in the form of a man and was about five feet in height; this was an object of worship. On the other side was a small fetish tree, upon which hung a dead goat, the most recent sacrifice. This was called the devil tree, because of the evil spirit which was supposed to dwell in it.

The inside of the hut consisted of three dark rooms, in which were a few grass mats upon which the inhabitants slept, a clay cooking-pot, a calabash, a basket of cowries and the household gods. Such was the home of the boy Ifagbemiro, so named in honor of their god Ifa.

His father was a slave-raider. He bought and sold his fellows. In the lonely parts of the forest he captured free people—mostly women and children—forced them to the Ilorin market and sold them as slaves. He belonged to a band of bloodthirsty and cruel raiders who kidnapped children, carried them off, and disposed of them at the slave market. Following in their tracks, women could be seen tearing their hair, and crying, "Omode kekeri mi o ti lo, lo;" that is, "My child is gone! She is gone!"

His mother, an ignorant, superstitious woman,

cared for him. She watched him as he rolled about in the sands like a little black dog, and carried him, strapped on her back, when she went to the market or to the farm.

His mother was his teacher; and, oh, what teaching! He was taught to kneel before the household gods and pray to them. He was instructed as to the worship of the mud image at the entrance of the hut. He was told how, by sacrifices of goats, pigs, dogs, chickens, etc., to appease the wrath of the evil spirit which was supposed to exist in the fetish tree close by. Iron rings and beads were placed upon his legs, arms and around his neck, as charms to protect his body. In this world of superstition and heathenism he was brought up. There were no schools or books; they did not know what a book was.

It was when Ifagbemiro was about twelve years old that the missionary established a school in that neighborhood. At first he had no slates, pencils or blackboards, but arranged the children before a mud wall upon which he wrote the letters of the Yoruba alphabet, and thus gave them their first lesson in the knowledge of their own language.

Ifagbemiro was one of the first to attend. He went out of curiosity, of course, but a love for school grew upon him. His mother became alarmed, and remonstrated with him, and shut him up in a dark room; but as soon as he secured his liberty, he went to school again. Three times he was beaten nearly to death with the slave whip by his old grandmother, but nothing would keep him from school.

Under the faithful teaching of the missionary he soon learned to love the Lord Jesus Christ. He was baptized, and a new name given to him. "Josiah" took the place of "Ifagbemiro."

One day when going home from school, he noticed blood upon the mud image at the entrance to the hut. He knew there had been a sacrifice, and that the meat cooking for the noon meal was that which had been sacrificed to idols, and so he refused to eat it, saying, "I shall abstain from everything that is heathen."

One of the first things Josiah learned was the Lord's Prayer; this he thought very wonderful, and was never tired of repeating the first sentence, "Baba wa" — "Our Father."

Josiah was the first to be able to read the Bible in his own language. He would go with the missionary to the preaching service in the market-place, where a thousand people would be

gathered, and, standing upon a biscuit-box, would read to them the Word of Life.

Some people look upon the child of the Dark Continent as not being capable of learning. The facts about Josiah speak for themselves. He is still in school, being trained and prepared to join the noble army of native ministers who shall carry the light of the glorious Gospel to every part of the Dark Continent.—*Selected.*



SHIP was far away upon the Atlantic Ocean, a storm came on. The captain was below, the mate upon watch, when the cry arose, "a man overboard!"

The moon was bright, but the sea was running so high, and the danger so great, that the mate could not bring himself to order out a boat and risk the men's lives in such a sea. He offered, however, to go himself, if two others would go with him.

Two at once offered, and a boat was let down into that terrible sea, but with small hope of saving the drowning man. Struggling through the great waves, they reached him just when sinking, and drew him helpless into the boat. After another struggle they again reached the ship, and got all safe on board.

They were all exhausted. The saved man could neither walk nor speak. But he was sensible of his deliverance. "He clasped our feet," said the mate, as he told the story, "and began to kiss them."

We disengaged ourselves from him. He then crawled after us, and as we stepped back he followed us, looking up with smiles and tears, and then, patting our wet footprints with his hand, he kissed them with eager fondness.

I never saw such a scene in my life. He was a passenger in the ship. During the rest of the voyage he showed the deepest gratitude, and when he reached the port he loaded us with presents."

Such is the love of man to man for kindness received; a man's heart is touched when a fellow-man loves him and shows his love by risking his own life.

Far beyond this ought to be our love to Him who came down to this world to live and to die for us. For who has loved us as Jesus has loved us? Who has done for us what Jesus has done? —Christian Age.

THE PLAN OF STUDY

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Conducted by Rev. R. Douglas Fraser.

Topic for Week beginning Aug. 13.

A GREAT SCOTTISH HYMN-WRITER.

Horatius Bonar and His Hymns in the Book of Praise.

The Rev. James Bonar, of Greenock, Scotland, nephew of Dr. Horatius Bonar, the Hymn writer, gives an account in the older people's RECORD of his uncle, and of the many tender and beautiful hymns that he wrote. Please read it, as well as the following article written for your own RECORD.

Bonar and His Hymns.

BY REV. J. B. FRASER, M.D., ANNAN, ONT.

Horatius Bonar was born at Edinburgh, more than ninety years ago. He was ordained a minister at Kelso in 1837, and continued there for twenty-eight years, when he was called to the Chalmers' Memorial Church in Edinburgh, where remained to the end of his long life, a few years since.

A visitor to his Church, about twenty years ago, has given us a pen-portrait of him, which only makes us want to know more of such a rare and beautiful soul.

"The first thought on seeing him was, He is just like his hymns,—not great, but tender, sweet and tranquil.' His prayer was simple as a child's, his voice was low, quiet, and impressive. His power over his hearers was complete. Even the children looked steadily in his face.

"Once he paused in his sermon and spoke especially to the Sabbath School children, who sat by themselves on one side of the pulpit. I am sure the little ones never heard the Good Shepherd's call more tenderly given. With one of the most winning faces I ever saw, he closed with, 'Who-soever,—that includes you; whosoever will,—does that include you?'"

Wouldn't you like to have seen and heard that gentle, earnest, loving post-pastor? Perhaps some day our good friend, the Editor, may give us his portrait in the CHILDREN'S RECORD, with something more about him and his hymns. For, though he wrote books, and good books, that have done a great deal of good, it is as a hymn-

writer that he is best known, and no one, for the last 100 years, has written nearly so many really good hymns.

If you search the Book of Praise you will find fifteen of his hymns, and though you may find others as good in it, you will find none better. You may not be able to sing all of them yet, but I am sure, after what you have read, you will want to, and will learn them as soon as you can.

There are only two of the fifteen, among "Hymns for the Young," but many of the others are just as great favorites with the young as those two. The little ones are sometimes as good judges of hymns as those who are older.

I know a bright little girlie, only seven, who, when her father asks her at family worship sometimes, which hymn she would like, nearly always says, "The Sands of Time are Sinking." Of course there's a great deal in it she doesn't understand yet, but she knows enough to like it, and the more she understands of it, the better she'll like it. That is one of the marks of a good hymn; it wears well.

Now, you must look for Bonar's hymns in the Book of Praise. You will find his name at the end of all he wrote. Note them down and see if my count is right—fifteen. The two which are found among "Hymns for the Young" have been great favorites ever since I was a Sabbath School scholar, which is a good while ago.

The first of them, "Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer hath come," tells the story in song, of the Christ, from His cradle to His coming again in glory, and the chorus is one that thrills every heart that loves Him—

"Sound His praises, tell the story of Him who was slain;
Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liveth again."

The second, Hymn 576, is a most beautiful prayer to Him who is the Light of the World. It would do you good to sing it from the heart every day, and the tune is one that will catch your ear, and linger in it. I think it must surely have been made for it. It fits it so perfectly.

Among the other thirteen, you will find several favorites, but there are three that I want you all to learn, without fail, if you don't already know them. If you do, I am sure you will agree with me that they are all well worth learning, and the tunes are very easy.

Hymn 181, "O love that casts out fear," is a prayer for the love of God to fill the heart.

Hymn 230, "Beloved, let us love; love is of God," is a spiritual song of the love we all ought to have for one another, without which we cannot be the Children of God.

Hymn 287, "Thy Way, not mine, O Lord," is the prayer "Thy Will be done," in verse.

But, unfortunately, if you try to sing this last to the second tune, which is the one most of you will like best, you will have to leave out one of the verses—perhaps the 5th or 6th would be least missed, or repeat the last verse to make the hymn fit the tune. The last verse is well worth repeating, however. There is not a finer prayer in song anywhere, or one we all have oftener need to offer.

I hope all who read this are learning to sing. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me," is what God says to us in His Word, and there is no way in which we can offer praise more delightful or more acceptable than in the singing of Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs with grace in the heart.

Even though you cannot sing, you should love to read these beautiful hymns of Bonar's, and if you learn them by heart when you are young, they will be a treasure to you as long as you live.

WHY HE WAS BRAVE.

On a snowy cot in one of the wards of the hospital lay the emaciated form of a boy of twelve or fourteen. On his pain-drawn face was stamped the history of terrible and long-continued suffering, but from the large blue eyes shone a spirit of patient, uncomplaining endurance.

A lady visitor, passing through the hospital, chanced to witness one of his spasms of pain, and exclaimed involuntarily, "What remarkable fortitude! Why, he seems scarcely more than a child, yet he behaves like a hero!" The boy heard, and whispered something to his nurse.

"He desires to speak to you," she said, turning to the lady.

"What is it, my brave boy?" she asked, gently, bending low over the cot to catch the faint whisper that came from the pallid lips.

"I want to tell you why I am brave; it is because Jesus helps me. When the pain comes He seems to take hold of my hand and say, 'Don't be afraid, I am here; I will help you bear it.' So, you see, it's not me at all, but Jesus helping me."
—Christian Standard.

CRUMBS.

'T was only a crumb, last evening,
In the form of a kindly word,
That I spoke to a weary companion;
Only he and the dear Lord heard.

'T was only a pleasant "Good-morning"
To one whose life is dear,
But he understood its meaning,
And knew that I meant to cheer.

'T was only a crumb at noonday,
In the coin I gave to a child;
But I gave for the sake of Jesus,
And he understood and smiled.

'T was only a crumb at evening,
When after a tiresome day
I gave up my seat in the street-car
To a woman old and gray.

'T was only a crumb at nightfall
When instead of the concert hall,
I went to the house of mourning
To comfort and help them all.

They're only crumbs, but without them
There could not be any bread,
And the bread shall be returned to us,
For so the dear Lord has said.

—The Christian Observer.

ONLY ONE OF MANY.

As I was seated in my tent one quiet morning, suddenly the sound of bitter weeping, as of one in heart-breaking trouble, set my own heart beating faster. Who could it be? Evidently, the voice was that of a child, and it came nearer.

I went outside to inquire and saw a small group of persons passing along the beaten track across the plain where our little encampment was. On a small pony rode an elderly woman and a girl of ten years, gaily dressed and laden with jewelry.

From this girl the sound of weeping came. Or if the crying stopped, between her sobs would still come the exclamation *Umma!* (mother)

I found she was a little bride who had been home for a few weeks and was now returning to husband's relatives.

Poor child! she was only one of millions of India's little daughters for whom there is no childhood's innocence, no happy home where the love of father and mother shield her from the evil of the world.—Selected.

THAT SUNDAY BALL GAME.



ELMER MINSON was determined to attend the ball game. He knew quite well that it was wrong for him to go, and, as a professed Christian, as a member of the church, he was not only committing a sin himself, but his actions might lead others to sin as well.

He had reasoned his mother into silence, if not consent. It was time, he told her, that he had a little liberty. The

Surely, he was old enough to do right, wasn't he?

Mrs. Minson answered, with a sigh, that he was. Well then, he was going to see that game—and that was all there was about it. Elmer did not intend to be bluff, or cause his mother to grieve.

"But it isn't the place for a nice boy like my brother," said his sister Minnie. "They sell beer, smoke awful cigars, swear and tell stories."

"I wish you wouldn't go," continued his mother, taking heart from Minnie's boldness. "When you first joined the church, you seemed to want to do what was right. You used to go to Sunday-school in the afternoons, then. Now you never go, unless your teacher meets you and makes you promise to come."

"O, mother, that was before I went to work. You ought to know that a fellow can't go to Sunday-school all his life. Why I'm seventeen, and I think it is time I graduated. Well, mother," after a pause, and with his voice more conciliatory, "I'm off. Good-bye and don't worry." He fondly kissed her and Minnie, and then rapidly walked down the street, trying to forget that his mother had wiped away a tear, while his sister looked quite down-hearted.

He didn't like to make them worry; they were both so kind to him; but, well a fellow can't always remain at home and be a boy!

"Hello, Minson," exclaimed a youth, one Dan Reagan, as he entered the park gate, "glad to see you out. Have a cigar—don't smoke, eh; well, you must learn. Put it in your pocket."

Elmer meekly put the cigar in his coat, while the youth rattled on in a most entertaining way:

"I didn't know you went to Sunday ball games—thought you were too good. I remember when you joined the church. At the time I said to Mike Kelly, 'there's a fellow who don't know what he's about.' Let's find a seat and keep together."

After the first innings, a man scrambled in among the men and boys and began selling beer.

"Have a drink on me," said Dan graciously.

"No, thank you, I don't drink," answered Elmer, wondering why he had ever allowed himself to attend a Sunday ball game. There was a mighty roar all about him. The people laughed and jeered; told coarse jests and freely bantered each other and the players; they smoked and drank and expectorated to their heart's content, evidently quite satisfied with themselves and the way the Sabbath had degenerated.



An Indian Prince.

church was all right; he had no fault to find with it, but there was such a thing as a fellow—giving himself an unconscious swagger—wanting something beside praying and singing on Sunday. Why shouldn't he go out in the air, and have a change, and ball games, too, if he wanted to, on Sunday? What other time did he have to go?

The pleasure of the afternoon had long since passed for Elmer. He realized that he was among the ungodly; among a class of people who were not servants of Christ, who lived for pleasure and the joys of the world. A man on the bench above him was relating an unclean narrative; several people were also intoxicated; boys and men alike were chewing and smoking, and all talking, without regard to age or condition.

And far away in the distance, Elmer could see the cross on the steeple silently pointing towards the blue vault above—a solemn warning of the all-seeing Eye that was looking down upon the children of men.



An Indian Princess.

Acting on a sudden resolve, and while the players were coming in from the field, he slipped off the bench and quickly made his way out of the park. Dan called to him in amazement, but he did not look back.

As he reached the gate, he saw his teacher passing down the opposite side of the street. He carried a Bible under his arm and had evidently just taught his class. Elmer ran up a side street,

he didn't want that kind young man to know how he had spent the afternoon.

When near home, he saw his pastor come out of a house. On the door was a fluttering of white ribbon; a death—a child. While others were going about trying to do good, he, a Christian young man, one who had called upon the name of Christ, had been among the scoffers, the Sabbath breakers, endeavoring to find pleasure in their company.

Mrs. Minson was resting in her darkened room. Elmer entered. He walked up to her and threw his arms about her as he used to do when a school-boy.

"Mother, dear," he said, "I am sorry I went to the game. But when I got there I could not enjoy it. I knew it was not the place for me, and I'm not going any more. Did I worry you, mother? I'm so sorry."

The mother looked into her boy's eyes and saw the light of true manliness; she kissed him and was happy, knowing that her prayer had followed him as he strode away early in the afternoon.—Sel.

A TRUE DOG STORY.

SEVERAL years ago in Wisconsin, before the Indian had retired from the neighborhood of the white man, a mother and her little girl were alone in their cottage on the edge of a great forest. Everything seemed peaceful there was no thought of danger. The mother sat inside the door sewing, while the child was in the bright sunshine playing; their large black dog Cuff was the only other member of the family.

Suddenly half a dozen Indians fresh from a recent raid on whiskey stood in the door-way and demanded more whisky. The lady had no whisky but offered them food and drink.

The Indians, however, were drunk, and before the mother could interfere the roughest seized the little girl and was making off with her, when the dog, which had wandered away a short distance, came bounding back. In an instant he had the savage by the throat and throw him to the ground; the others, having no fire-arms, beat a hasty retreat. The dog kept a tight grip on the Indian until they had all gone, then released him and he also departed.

Now, children, let us remember that other dogs are capable of just such bravery and that they will risk their lives for those they love, and so let us always treat them with the kindness they deserve.—Our Dumb Animals.

SIGHTS IN CANTON.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY.



ET me describe a day that I spent in sight-seeing in Canton, China.

It was the 2nd of December, about nine o'clock, when we set out. You have doubtless seen pictures of the chairs which are carried by means of two long poles resting on the shoulders of coolies, one or two in front and one be-

hind.

There were four of us and we had three coolies to each chair. The swaying up and down motion of the chairs is a little unpleasant at first, but one soon gets accustomed to it.

We went first to see a kind of jewelry, peculiar I think to Canton, made by fastening with a kind of glue, minute pieces of the feathers of the kingfisher to silver or gold brooches, earrings, etc. Only a few feathers on each bird are of just the required tint and quality.

Boys are employed to do this work, and by the time they are forty years old their eyesight is nearly destroyed, so the guide told us.

From the jeweler's shop we proceeded to a shop for the sale of old embroidery. The articles were old robes and hangings which had belonged to mandarins, but they had been so overhauled by other visitors that the ladies found little that they cared for.

Resuming our chairs, we were rapidly carried along by the coolies, who proceed on a trot through the narrow streets, uttering a low-pitched, harsh cry—by which they keep time and warn foot-passengers to get out of the way.

There seems much more bustle and animation in the streets than in Japanese cities, partly, I suppose, because of their narrowness—not more than seven or eight feet.

The shops are open, with floors generally of stone or boards, and a counter, behind which stands the salesman, the commodities being on shelves.

Bright-colored signboards and banners project from the buildings or hang over the streets.

Chinese women of the better class do not appear in the streets, but if they go out at all ride in close covered sedan chairs. We saw a chair for a bride very gorgeously decorated with bright colors.

"Jade street" is a characteristic part of Canton. We looked into shop after shop containing bracelets, earrings, and various other articles of jewelry and ornament, almost all of which were made of jade (a kind of stone)—white, green, mottled, plain or carved.

At a shop not far away we were shown articles made of or ornamented with shark skins, including cases of various kinds.

Some of us, I think, felt some hesitation about visiting the execution-ground—I am sure I did—but there was nothing in the appearance of the place to suggest the awful scenes enacted there.

It is a veritable potter's field, used for exposing to the air and sun jars and other articles of a coarse kind of pottery, with the understanding that all are to be removed when an execution is to take place.

Our guide pointed out to us some crosses of round unhewn timber, three or four inches in diameter, which were lying off at one side; and also some covered crocks in which the heads of those executed are thrown, when the jars are sealed and left until so many accumulate that it is necessary to bury them.

This ground lies on the bank of a canal back of some buildings, apparently dwellings, and is, I should say, about fifty by twenty feet in extent; though it is difficult to judge, as it is not enclosed, nor in any way shut off from the ordinary haunts of men.

Criminals to be beheaded kneel before the executioner. Those guilty of very heinous offences are chopped into forty pieces.

We visited first Examination Hall, where at stated intervals candidates come, hoping to earn degrees which shall entitle them to office under the government.

The Chinese Government holds out to its subjects seven degrees to be competed for in succession by literary examinations. The three lower degrees can be earned in Canton, Nanking and perhaps other of the large cities of China, as well as at the capital. Winning these, the candidate gradually rises in rank and is eligible for the four higher degrees, which are competed for and conferred only in Peking.

We entered the enclosure by a paved walk; on either side extended a succession of long, low, shed-like buildings, separated by narrow alleys, and each divided by wooden partitions into sixty stalls, similar to those used for cattle shows at home.

We noticed near the entrance huge stacks of boards, five or six feet long, and these, we learned, are slipped into grooves in the walls (two in each stall, one for a seat and the other for a table), when the time for examination approaches.

No other comforts or necessaries are provided. An aperture over the door admits light and air, and here the ambitious young Chinaman is shut in with his topic for three days, no opportunity for communication with any one outside being allowed him.

When the allotted time is up, he hands over the work done to the proper authorities, a fresh task is assigned him and he is shut in for another three days. Accommodations are provided for eleven hundred, and our guide told us that there are usually eight or nine hundred competitors for the eighty-eight diplomas conferred at each examination.

The successful candidates go to Peking, where they are appointed to office under the Government; and at stated times present themselves for the higher examinations.

We went next to see the water clock, which until the introduction of foreign inventions in recent years was the only time-piece known to most of the inhabitants. It consists of four iron jars each holding several gallons, so constructed and placed that the water with which the top one is filled drips at stated intervals from one to the other until it reaches the lowers, in which an indicator attached to a float reveals the hour to the initiated.

A placard announcing the time and changed every hour is hung in a high and conspicuous place outside the building.

Clocks are now common in the houses of the people, but in China old and time honored customs are revered and preserved even when their usefulness is past.

The buildings of Canton are mostly low—the one notable exception being the pawnbrokers' establishments, which rise to a height of five or six stories. Furs are stored in the highest story, jewelry in another, household furniture in another, and so on. These houses are guarded by watchmen day and night.

Taking our chairs again, we went to visit the City of the Dead; an enclosure in which are many small rooms, or stalls, built in rows, where the bodies of strangers dying in Canton are placed, if they are people of wealth or rank, until their relatives can find a "lucky" place for burial and make arrangements for their removal.

In most of these stalls the coffin is concealed by a curtain, in front of which are groups of paper figures representing servants of the deceased in the act of offering to his spirit in the other world rice and other things which he is supposed to need. At the time of burial these figures are burned.

In one chamber we were shown an immense black lacquer coffin worth \$3,000, which a Viceroy of Foochow had had made during his life for himself. The wood of which it is made was carefully selected and is without knots and the lacquer is an inch in thickness.

This Viceroy died in Canton ten years ago, and not yet have his friends found a satisfactory place for burial.

We were struck with the neatness and general appearance of being well cared for which distinguished this City of the dead from all other places in Canton.

We returned to the hotel feeling that we had spent a very interesting day, but with no desire to make our residence in the native city of Canton.

SECRET OF SUCCESS IN LIFE.

HERE are some of the reasons given by distinguished men and women for their having attained success.

"What is your secret?" asked a lady of Turner, the distinguished painter. He replied,—

"I have no secret, madam, but hard work."

Dr. Arnold says,—

"The difference between one man and another—that is, between a man who makes a fortune, and the man who does not—is not so much in talent as in energy."

"Nothing," says Reynolds, "is denied to well-directed labour, and nothing is to be obtained without it."

"Excellence in any department," says Dr. Johnson, "can now be obtained by the labour of a lifetime, but is not to be purchased at a lesser price."

"Nothing," says Mirabeau, "is impossible to the man who can will."

Sir Isaac Newton, one of the greatest men the world ever saw, when asked by what means he had worked out his extraordinary discoveries, modestly replied,—

"By always thinking of them."

A YOUNG MAN'S HEALTH.

Colonel Senn, a surgeon in the Spanish war told why so many applicants for admission into the army were rejected. The principal reason was general debility.

"The cause of this?" Well, I should say, a lack of natural sleep in most cases. It is not so much how a man is occupied during the daytime, but it is the loss of sleep and rest that makes the difference; young men suffer little from overwork but more from underwork. They ought to be asleep hours before midnight. If a man can give a good account of himself in the hours between six and twelve p.m., he will find an improvement in his physical condition."

TESTING THE CABLES.

WHILE the great suspension bridge that unites New York and Brooklyn was being built, a young man, one day, said to the chief engineer, with whom he was acquainted: "How do you know that those cables you are stringing will stand the tremendous strain that will be put upon them?"

"Come with me and I will show you," said the engineer. He took the young man to a machine, in which every wire, before it was twisted into the cable, was subjected to a strain three times as great as could possibly be brought upon it when it formed a part of the network of the bridge.

"Now, do you understand?" he asked. "We have left nothing to chance. There is no more chance about it than there is in the multiplication table."

That is the only safe method for any kind of building, whether it be physical or spiritual, suspension bridges, or character. Test everything before it goes into the great cables of habit and destiny. Leave nothing to chance.

Are we in doubt about this practice, or that notion of life and duty? Test it. Subject it to the remorseless strain of the highest and noblest conception of righteousness. Test it by prayer. If it stands this initial test, be sure it will never prove a weak strand in the cable of character.

If there is any pleasure or indulgence that we are doubtful about, let us not make it a part of our life until we have God's sanction for it, until we have tested it in sincerest meditation and prayer. Do not rest secure until every strand that goes into our bridge of life has been proved

beyond a peradventure, capable of sustaining the immortal issues that may depend upon it.—*Sel.*

GIRL LIFE IN CHINA.

HOW is your baby getting on?—"Puh tsai lias"—which means "no more;" a very common Chinese expression for the word "death."

"What!" we exclaimed, "your baby dead?" "Yes," she answered; "there was no one to take care of the child, so it was the best thing to do."

"You don't mean to say you killed your baby?" we asked. "Yes," was the answer, with her eyes on the ground. "How did you kill your baby?" The answer was that she had just put it in a bucket of water.

We felt like fainting away, and could not speak to her for a few minutes. There we stood face to face with a murderer of her own child, with no seeming shame or condemnation over what she had done. We felt inexpressibly sad, as she is a woman who has heard a good deal of the truth.

So we asked her to tell us openly the reason for staining her hands with the blood of her own baby. Her argument is that of thousands of unhappy heathen mothers in China.

When a girl is born, the husband is displeased, and thus this girl, who ought to be the center of home happiness and joy, is an object of dislike and derision.

When the girl is three or four years old the poor mother must begin to bind the child's feet. This is a most painful process, but the feet must be very small, or there is danger that they will not get the girl married to well-to-do people.

Then comes the time for her marriage. If they are not well off, nearly all they have will go with the girl for her outfit when she leaves her father's home to go and spend her life-time with an individual whom she has never seen before the day she is married; then, in very many cases, begins a most unhappy and cruel life, which generally ends in the wife shortening her life with opium poison.

Thus, from the very commencement of a Chinese girl's life is the danger of being an object of unhappiness and pain to the last moment of life. This is the way a poor mother argues at the birth of a girl. It is really awful to think of how many dear little baby girls "not wanted" are murdered in this land.—*Sel.*

CHARLIE'S INDECISION.



CHARLIE was in a state of uncertainty. He wanted a ball, and he had no money except what was in his mite box. He was now trying to decide whether to borrow or to wait, and he shoved his hands down deep into his pockets and looked very intently at the box.

Of course he could not wait ;

course, the box was really his until he gave it into the Sunday School. But still his hands remained in his pockets, and still the wrinkles of uncertainty remained on his forehead.

At last he turned abruptly and went outside. He could think best when lying at full length under the apple tree.

But he soon found that even his favorite position failed to bring what he wanted. Birds sang merrily above his head and insects chirped and hummed and buzzed in the grass around him. Bees were industriously gathering honey from



A Canal in China.

that was out of the question ; so all there was to do was bring himself into a state of mind to borrow.

It would only be five cents, and he could pay it back the next week when he would have his regular monthly allowance of ten cents ; and, of

clover blossoms a few feet away, and he idly watched them as they flew back and forth between the blossoms and their hives. He knew that they had an abundance of honeycomb stored away in their hives, and yet here they were working as industriously as though they had nothing ahead.

Then his gaze wandered down the slope to a small heap of stones beside a path, and he flushed impatiently. His father had told him several weeks before to carry them away, and had promised him five cents for doing the job. Oh, well, he would before long; it would only take a few minutes, anyhow.

A little girl came up the path and paused near him, inquiringly. She was poorly dressed, but had a bright, intelligent face. He recognized her as the daughter of the woman who did their washing.

"Is your papa home, Charlie?" she asked. (Charlie sprang to his feet.

"No, he's gone down to the store with a crate of strawberries," he answered politely. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Here's twenty cents for the setting of eggs mamma bought," she answered. "You might let your papa have it."

"I heard papa say he could spare your mother that other setting she wanted," he said. "Shall I get them?"

"N-no, not just now. Mamma says she may want them next week. She—hasn't got the change right now."

"Oh, that don't matter." Charlie hastened to assure her; "She can pay any time she gets ready."

But the little girl drew back.

"Mamma never gets trusted," she said, quickly. "She thinks other people ought not to borrow or get in debt unless they are really obliged to."

Charlie flushed a little, self consciously. But as the flush left his face, the indecision left it also. After the little girl's departure, he went sturdily to work to clear away the stone heap. Then he weeded the onions, and hoed around his lettuce plants. When he could not think of anything else that he had neglected, he went into the house.


"Here are twenty cents that Nelly Jones brought for the eggs, mamma," he said, as he placed the money on the table beside her.

"Very well, I will tell papa." Then she looked at him approvingly. "I see you have been cleaning away the stones, Charlie. Didn't papa promise you five cents for the job?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, here it is. I think you have earned it," and then she wondered at the odd expression which came into his face, and at the promptness with which he bounded down the steps and along the path that led toward the store.—Living Church.

AN IDEAL YOUNG MAN.

E were talking of a new inmate of her home, my friend and I, and most flatteringly did she speak of the young man's many good qualities.

Still, I could see that she was keeping something back, which led me to say:

"Hardly up to your ideal, after all, is he?"

"Why, he is, all but for one thing," was the hesitating reply, "his lack of order. Of course, the annoyance of putting his room to rights is nothing to what it would be to have it scented up with tobacco, or have him out late nights; but, after all, it is a trial of my patience."

Now, I know that the young man who is so lacking in order, would be deeply pained if he realized the annoyance he is to the one who "wouldn't have him to know it for the world," and I am sure, too, that being the soul of honor, he would feel guilty, indeed, did he dream that he was unduly taxing her patience, as well as stealing her time, in leaving her to put to rights what he carelessly strews about.

"Oh, well, you cannot expect anything better of boys!" said another one, who listened to what my friend had to say. "I know all about it, for none of mine had any order."

But it seems to me, the trouble lies just here in too many homes. The mothers pick up after the sons, and then when they go into other homes, they give no thought to the fact that strangers count it a trial to do what "mother" did.

I take exception to the statement that all boys are disorderly. I can testify that many are the reverse. My message is not to the orderly ones, but to those who, like the young man referred to, unthinkingly are unnecessary burdens to the one who has no claim upon them by the ties of nature.

Boys, cultivate order, not only for the sake of those who may be tried by your lack of it, but for your own sake.

Once had under my roof a guest, who had more "irons in the fire" than anyone I ever saw, and yet her room was always in the most perfect order.

One day I expressed my surprise that one so taxed could take time to have a place for everything, when her stay was only temporary, and this was her reply:

"I cannot afford to be anything but orderly, my time is so precious!"

Think of her words, young people, and begin now to cultivate order.—S. S. Visitor.

THE BOY'S "ADVENTURE."



MOTHER," cried Harvey, excitedly, rushing into the house, "you should have seen the adventure the fellows had on the way from school. It would just make your hair stand on end. They got on the track where the switches are, and they stood talking—three of them there were—and the engine was com-

ing along at full speed, just terribly fast, and us fellows up on the bank we ran toward them and yelled like fury, and they got off just in time. The engine was almost on them. In another minute they'd have been killed.

"Old Granny Mitchell, that lives up by the track, was so scared she could hardly walk, but she called us fellows to the gate and gave us all the cookies we could eat and—"

"Wait a minute, Harvey," said his mother. A troubled look had been growing in her face during the whole speech. Harvey knew what it meant, and paused suddenly with a shamed look on his face. "Are you quite sure that everything was just as you have told me?" said his mother, very gravely.

If Harvey hadn't been eleven years old, you might have thought he was going to cry. He kept silent for a moment and then faltered out:

"I am sorry, mother, but I guess I didn't tell it quite right."

"You may tell it to me again, Harvey, very slowly and just right," said Mrs. Pierson.

He did so, and it developed that the engine was not so very close; that the boys on the bank only called once, and the boys on the track got off in plenty of time; that Granny Mitchell only said it was careless to walk on the track, and they shouldn't do it again, and that she gave them just one cookie apiece.

"It's quite a different story, isn't it, dear?" said his mother gently when he had finished. She knew how hard this all was for the little boy.

"Yes, mamma," said Harvey, still looking ashamed.

"This habit is growing on you, my boy," his mother went on. "You wouldn't like to be a person whose word is worth nothing, I know, and yet this habit of exaggerating in little things will lead you to telling falsehoods about great things,

and some day no one will trust you. We must begin to try harder than ever to break this off at once."

"I will, mother," said Harvey, and he meant it, for he knew how an untruthful person is despised. He had fallen into that very bad habit that so many children have, of giving fancy touches of his own to things that he told. He did not mean to be untruthful; he never invented malicious stories about any one; he never told a lie to shield himself; but he did love to improve on the little details of the story he had to tell.

His mother noticed this habit with great sorrow. She knew it would undermine his ideas of truth, and in time make him deceitful. She explained the danger to Harvey, and he promised to do better. He really did try, but of late several careless stories had been told again, and he was forgetting to weigh his words. He left his mother, resolving in his heart that he never would tell a careless story again.—Christian Standard.

FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

In the twilight of a Sunday evening, as the family was gathered, waiting for the evening service, it was proposed to mention names and places in the Bible as an exercise.

The plan was for the first person to mention a name or place, and the next to take the last letter of that given and mention one commencing with that letter.

For instance, if Adam was mentioned, it ends with M, so the next person mentioned some place or person commencing with M, and so on, as: Adam, Marah, Hannah, Hosea, Absalom, etc., etc. It was found to be exceedingly interesting and instructive. Suppose you try it.—Ex.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY.

- For living a pure life.
- For doing your level best.
- For being kind to the poor.
- For locking before leaping.
- For hearing before judging.
- For thinking before speaking.
- For harboring clean thoughts.
- For standing by your principles.
- For asking pardon when in error.
- For being generous to an enemy.
- For being square in business dealings.
- For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
- For doing what you can to make others happy.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT.

One boy or girl can sometimes help another toward Christ more than the minister can.

There is one thing greater than making a living, and that is making a life. What kind of a life are you making?

A loving heart will always find good manners easy to learn and practice. Rudeness means an ugly temper or a selfish soul.

The girl whose best chum is her mother is the sort of girl that other girls like to have for a chum. She is a wise girl who makes her mother her confidential friend.

We are all familiar with the childish word "dad" for father, but it is not generally known that it is a pure Welsh word, the Lord's Prayer in Welsh beginning "Ein Dad."

"I resolved, when I was a child," says a great man, "never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman.

Courtesy wins a path straight to people's hearts. The boy who is sincerely and always courteous has the best passport to success. Gentle consideration for the welfare of others is a habit of life to be earnestly cultivated.

Many man has been saved from ruin by his hatred of strong drink, learned in childhood. We are getting ready for the temptations that are sure to come to us if we are learning to hate and loathe strong drink, and to dread to touch it or to enter the place where it is sold. Liquor is a curse, an absolute evil, and the greatest source of danger to a life and to a community.

The noblest traits of character can be owned by the humblest boy or girl.

Take modesty, one of the most attractive of graces. Anybody can be modest who is willing to think less about himself. The poorest and brightest boy that ever lived can yet be the most modest.

Or take truth. We all can be true. No one has a copyright on truth; it is possible to everybody.

So through all the virtues that make up the sum of a noble life. Though we may not be rich in name or purse, even the least of us can be rich in the higher wealth of character.

MY DUTY TO MY CHURCH.

To pray for her pastor;
Attend her services;
Practice her teachings;
Pray for her prosperity;
Give to her support;
Work for her success;
Cordially greet her members;
Invite others to her services;
Send her missionaries into all the world.

Selected.

YOU TOO, MOTHER.

A little girl of three Summers was kneeling at her mother's knee, saying her infant prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," which she concluded by adding, "God bless papa and mamma, and make me a good girl!"

When the little prayer was finished and as she looked up into her mother's face for her good-night kiss, she said, "Now, mamma, why don't you ask God to make you a good mamma?"—
Child's Gem.

TWO WAYS OF GETTING UP.

When we tumble out of the right side of the bed
How bright the sun shines overhead!
How good our breakfast tastes—and, O!
How happily to school we go!
And o'er the day what peace is shed—
When we tumble out of the right side of the bed.

When we tumble out of the wrong side of the bed,
How dark the sky frowns overhead!
How dull the lessons, how cross our mothers,
How perfectly horrid our sisters and brothers!
(And they all say, too, it's our fault instead!)
When we tumble out of the wrong side of the bed.
—The Outlook.

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