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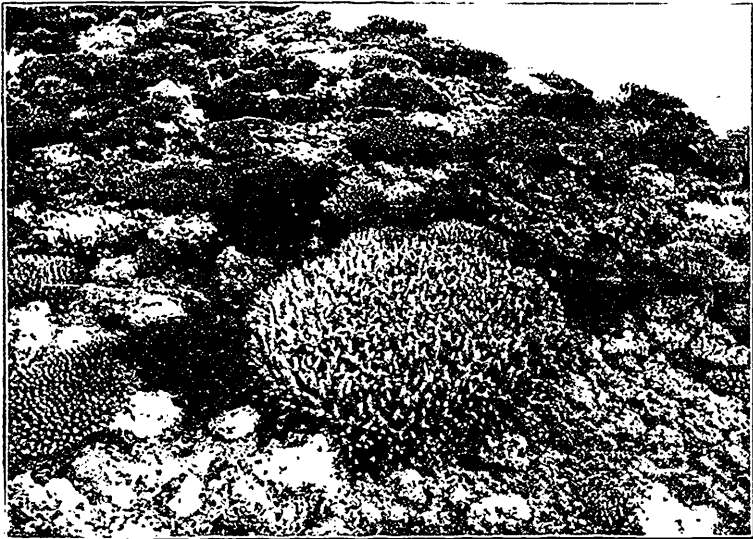
Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada

VOL. XII.

FEBBUARY, 1897.

No. 2.



A CORAL REEF IN THE SOUTH SEAS

THE CORAL REEF.

AND ITS LESSONS.

A missionary in the New Hebrides sent the picture on the front page for your Record. Look at it.

The coral rock seems in some ways like a plant. In its shape it looks more like a cactus plant than a rock. Then it is sometimes beautifully colored, and it grows as a plant does.

But a plant grows of itself, because it has life, while the growth of a coral rock is like that of a building. It is the beautiful masonry of the little coral insect.

Under the water not very far from shore, where the water is not too deep, millions of these little insects began long ago to build. They gathered particles of lime from the water and builded it around them, perhaps adding material from their own bodies.

At their work they died and other millions built on until at length the top of the water was reached, and to-day there is many a beautiful island in the Southern Seas that has a ring of coral rock all around it some distance from the shore, with a strip of always calm water between it and the land, while outside the reef the ocean smiles or storms.

In most of these coral reefs there are openings through which boats or vessels can pass to reach the shore.

The reefs make sailing among the islands very dangerous. A branch of coral may reach far above the surrounding rock and a boat or ship may run against it and be wrecked. Then again they are growing, and where once was deep water they may be coming near the surface and yet give no sign of their presence.

The new steamer "Dayspring" was wrecked in this way a few weeks ago. The sea was smooth. The vessel was steaming along. There was no thought of danger, when Crash! she had struck a coral rock, which broke a great hole in her, and then as she filled she fell off the rock on which she

had struck and sank in deep water to be seen no more, while the crew escaped in the boats.

Perhaps the coral insects will build upon her, and if in after ages the ocean could be emptied one might find a hole in the coral rock, the shape of a ship, where the salt water had rusted away the iron ship leaving the coral rock standing around where she once had been.

Two Lessons from the Coral Rock

1. These rocks quietly grow unnoticed, giving no warning of danger until perhaps they wreck some ship.

So bad habits grow, giving, it may be, no sign of danger until they wreck a life.

Young people may think there is no danger in many things that look safe and innocent and pleasant, such as playing marbles for keeps, staking five cents in a raffle, eating brandied sweetie drops, or taking a glass of beer, and they go merrily on until perhaps habits and tastes are formed which they cannot break.

Many a ruined gambler has begun by playing marbles for keeps, or taking part in a five cents raffle or wheel of fortune or a five cent lottery; and many a drunkard has begun the habit that ended in a drunkard's grave by sipping beer.

2. The second lesson is a more cheertful one. It is this. What great work little workers can do. The coral insect is so tiny that it can scarce be seen but it builds a reef that keeps the ocean back.

Boys and girls cannot do much but each one can do more than a coral insect, and if all do what they can in making the world better by trusting and following Jesus themselves and telling of Him to others the world will come to be good and beautiful by and by.

Little deeds of kindness
 Little words of love,
 Make this world a Paradise,
 Like to Heaven above.

THE BOY AND MISSIONS.

A little fellow was brushing up and fixing himself at a great rate and putting an extra shine on his shoes when another boy inquired:

"Why, where are you going?"

"To Exeter Hall," was the surprising reply.

"Exeter Hall! What's goin' on there?"

"Foreign Missions," came the quick answer with another rub at the toe of his left shoe.

"Oh, say! what d' you know about them Foreign Missions, eh? When did you become interested in 'em I'd like to know?"

"Why," said the lad as he gave the last polishing touch and stood upright, "I gave 'em a penny last year an' I'm goin' there to see what's become of it."

That's the way to get young folks and older folks too, interested in missions. Bring them into personal contact—get them to do something and give something and they will not be indifferent long.

GEORDIE'S SIXPENCE.

"Father, may I buy a helmet?" cried Geordie Wray, bursting into his father's study one afternoon.

He had seen one in a shop window whilst out with his nurse, and thought it would be very fine to strut about in it.

"It's a rare good one!" said he.

"What will it cost?" inquired his father, putting down his book.

Sixpence was the price.

"It's 'dirt' cheap, too," said Geordie eagerly; "and I've got that sixpence Mr. Adie gave me yesterday."

"I should think you would like to keep that a little longer before you parted with it," suggested Mr. Wray.

"Keep it!" exclaimed Geordie in astonishment. "Money's to spend not to keep."

"Money," said his father, "is to spend *rightly* and to keep *rightly*. A man who spends his money too fast is a spendthrift and one who keeps it too long is a miser. I shouldn't like my son to be either."

"It's right to spend it on a helmet," said Geordie decidedly.

"That determines the matter," replied his father. "The sixpence is your own. If next time you go out you still think right to spend it on a helmet you have my full permission to do so." And with these words he returned to his book and resumed his reading.

But somehow Geordie didn't seem quite satisfied. Instead of running off, well pleased with the permission, he stood there by his father's chair playing with a paper-knife he had picked up.

"Do you think it right, father?" asked he at last.

"It's not *my* sixpence," said his father without looking up. "I should make pretty sure first if it were."

So after hanging about a few minutes longer Geordie went his way and no more was said about the helmet that night.

Next day when Geordie came in from his walk he ran in to the study as before. "I'm going to spend my sixpence on a sword, father," proclaimed he. "It's a real beauty with a jewelled handle, and a scabbard and all. A sword is better than a helmet isn't it?"

"He that lives by the sword shall die by sword," quoted his father. "You will want a different kind of sword for the battle I should like you to fight."

"But I can practise with this one," said Geordie. "Besides, I *want* it."

"Oh, that decides the matter," said his father, "since the sixpence is your own." and he returned to his book.

But when Geordie came in next day he had neither helmet nor sword—nor sixpence.

"I can't have either of them now," said he, going to his father as before.

"How's that?" asked Mr. Wray.

"I haven't got a sixpence now," was the reply.

His father inquired how he had spent it.

"I haven't *spent* it," answered Geordie; "I've *given* it. You said it was mine."

"Quite right," nodded his father; "and I've no doubt you've done well with it."

"How do you know?" asked Geordie.

"Faces are like books," said his father, drawing him close to his knee. "You can often read the truth in them. Now let's hear."

So Geordie told how he had come across a little boy no older than himself crying with hunger and cold, and how he had taken him inside a cocoa-bar and spent the sixpence there for him. A mug of cocoa steaming hot: two pennywoth of sausages and potatoes and a penny roll. "And the other twopence I gave him for to-morrow," added he. "Nurse said I ought to ask you first but I *knew* I was right this time."

"Bless you, my son," his father answered with a fond hand on his curly head. "God has a sword and helmet for every one who fights the battles of the poor."—*Chil. Treas.*

A NEW KIND OF MISSION BAND.

Dr. Margaret O'Hara, our medical missionary in Dhar, tells, in the following letter, about a new kind of Mission Band, Dhar, Central India,
10 Dec., 1896.

Dear Young People :—

I want to tell you of a mission band here, some of them very young, the youngest member only eleven days old, but who are even now doing mission work by their pure, sweet winning ways. They are the children of our mission families in India.

THE JUNIOR MEMBER, ELEVEN DAYS OLD.

The first one I shall mention is little Margaret Heath Russell, who came to gladden the hearts and home of her parents on Nov. 29th. Although she is but eleven days old her influence is felt not only in the home but over the lives of many hard hearts, who cannot well understand that this little girl is as welcome and as much beloved as if she were a boy.

This little pearl of ours has the same birthday as her cousin Leonie Russell of Mhow and Halliday Woods of Neemuch who are one year older than she.

TWO MEMBERS FOUR MONTHS OLD.

August brought little daughters to the homes of Rev. and Mrs. Jamieson, Ujjain, and Rev. and Mrs. Ledingham, Indore.

THE SENIOR MEMBER, THREE YEARS OLD.

The oldest of the Band in India is little Norman Russell, son of Rev. and Mrs. Russell of Mhow. He is a bonnie good child in his third year whom many of you may see in Canada next summer as he and Leonie go home with their parents on furlough.

SOME MEMBERS ABROAD.

Add to those the children of Rev. and Mrs. Wilkie and Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, who are now in Canada and you have a "Band of India's Own Missionaries."

No missionaries are so beloved by the people as those little ones because "they belong to our country." These dear little treasures, quite unconscious of the power they wield, influence a large circle of people who care little for preaching. Will you not join me in praying "Our Father" to

abundantly bless all our dear missionaries' children and prepare them for this great work in the land of their birth?

A FAMINE IN INDIA.

There is a famine in India this year and many many little Indian children are cold and hungry at this season.

Central India is not directly affected but the grain is so scarce in other parts that prices have risen so much, that poor people can only afford to eat the coarsest grains and have no money to spend in clothes.

In order to help as many as possible we are making up little garments from all the old and new cloth we can spare.

Miss Dougan is the chief mover in this good work. She cuts out and prepares the garments, takes them to school, and in the sewing hour all her little girls help to make them.

In the evenings we bind the necks and sleeves with bright bits of cloth. The more colors there are and the brighter they are the more they will be appreciated.

SCHOOL GIRLS.

Miss Dougan's little school girls, native children, are such dear bright little tots. One day not long since Miss Dougan invited them all out to the bungalow. Most of them had never seen inside a European house, and they were much surprised at everything they saw. We had games, singing, and gave them sweets.

Before leaving one little girl came towards me carrying a large bundle which she presented: on opening it I found it was a very nice patchwork quilt which these little girls had made in school for me to use in our hospital.

My heart was very full of gratitude not only to the little girls but also to Miss Dougan for I know she had to exercise much patience with the little ones ere this quilt was ready to cover some poor sick one.

Miss Grier of Indore also gave me a very pretty quilt which her girls made.

As Xmas is coming and the mission boxes have not yet arrived Mrs. Russell has begun to prepare some things to give the little ones to make them glad on that happy day. Such pretty things as she has made. She has fourteen beautiful balls. Some newspaper is crushed in the hand to the proper size. This is wrapped in white cotton and the whole covered with an open pattern of crochet in bright variegated wools.

"Rattles" are made for the babies by putting some dry seeds in an empty match box and this is covered the same as the balls. Many little ones will thank her for her loving work.

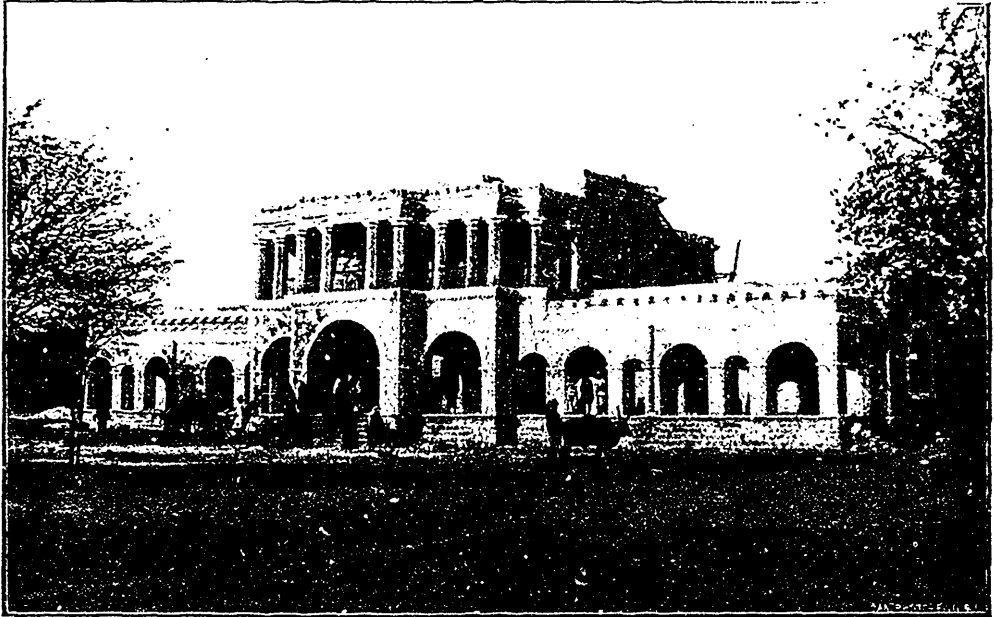
Soni and Hira, the child mother and her little one, who are with us are very much interested. Soni is busy preparing jackets for others. This is their first Xmas and

we want them to be happy by seeing others happy.

Hira is busy but hinders more than she helps. She is walking now and is very mischievous, but this does not hinder us from loving the little one.

Yours lovingly,

Margaret O'Hara.



Cur Mission Hospital at Indore, Central India.

In India the native women suffer very much because there are no doctors and when they are sick they are treated very carelessly and cruelly.

Many of our lady missionaries are studying medicine so that they can help these poor women, and when they help their bodies the people are more willing to listen to their teaching about Jesus.

Twelve years ago, when some of you young people were babies, medical mission work was begun at Indore, Central India, by Dr. Elizabeth Beatty, one of our missionaries. A few months later Dr. Marion Oliver joined her. Three small rooms were their hospital and there they cared for and taught the heathen Hindu women who came for healing.

A noble Hindu lady, the wife of a high

ruler, then gave some land, and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, West, put up a Hospital upon it, the picture of which is given above.

Dr. Beatty's health gave way and she had to retire in 1892. But who do you think is now Dr. Oliver's assistant? A native girl who was taught in our mission schools and then took a full course at a medical college in India.

Two other lady missionaries Drs. McKellar and Turnbull are doing medical work at Neemuch but they have as yet no hospital. Two small rooms have to answer the purpose.

At Dhar a new station, Dr. Margaret O'Hara, whose letter you see above, is beginning medical work and the ruler has given a site for a hospital.

NESTIE'S TALENT—HOW SHE USED IT.

In the cool, pleasant parlor Nestie sat alone singing softly to herself. Suddenly she broke off, while tears filled her eyes.

"It's no use pretending to be cheerful, I'm too utterly miserable. If I could only do something, some little thing; but to sit here day after day just a useless, helpless burden, it is too much."

Yet the girl's surroundings did not look as if others thought her of little consequence or regarded her in the light of a useless burden. The wheel chair in which she sat was beautified and softened to her suffering body by gay cushions. A lovely embroidered "couvre pied" concealed the tiny, useless feet. On one arm of the chair a pretty carved frame had been fastened to hold a book so that she could read at her ease. Leaning against the other arm was a pretty mandolin with its bright ribbon, a recent gift from a sympathizing friend who took great delight in her wonderful talent for music.

"Well, well, what's this, little one?"

"O, Dr. Saunders. I didn't hear you come in."

"No, you were sunk too many fathoms deep in blue melancholy. Any new trouble overwhelming my little friend to-day?"

"Nothing new, Doctor, only the same old story. I'm so anxious to be doing something for somebody for the Master's sake."

"You can manage that wheel-chair pretty cleverly now, can't you?"

"Yes sir," in a surprised tone. "I can go anywhere on level ground."

The Doctor stepped into the hall, took down Nestie's pretty shade hat from the rack, placed it on her head, laid her mandolin in her lap and then coolly pushed her chair to the front door.

"Where are you taking that child, Dr. Saunders?" cried out Mrs. Trent as they passed the dining-room door.

"I did not know you were here."

"O, Mrs. Trent I beg your pardon: I am simply about to try the effect of a new prescription. I will take good care of her."

"That is all right Doctor. I only hope you won't give yourself too much trouble; I know you have no time to waste."

"Well we'll hope this time won't be wasted."

Nestie said nothing. She was surprised of course but she had perfect confidence in her beloved Dr. Saunders. His buggy stood before the door but he did not turn towards it. Nor did he say any thing more

although he looked at her quizzically once or twice as they went down one street and up another until they reached a small house tucked in between two tall tenements which looked down loweringly upon it. As he opened the door and pushed her into the tiny, old-fashioned hall, the Doctor said:

"Mrs. Miller has just buried her two children, see if you can cheer her up a little. Nothing seems to rouse the poor woman!"

Before Nestie could answer a door on the right side of the hall opened, and a buxom, pleasant faced woman came out, quickly shutting it behind her.

"Well, Mary, how is your sister to-day?"

"O, Doctor, she's just the same, sitting there like a dead person except that she's breathing. I'm sorry to leave her but my husband is waiting for me at home and the children need me."

"Never mind for this time. I have brought a visitor you see. Miss Nestie is going to sing for Mrs. Miller."

"I doubt if she'll listen Miss, but it's very kind of you all the same."

"Is she so sad all the time?"

"Yes she hasn't spoken once, except to answer a question put a half dozen times over, since the baby died."

Nestie's eyes were full of tears as Dr. Saunders opened the door and pushed her chair in a low-ceiled, darkened room, where, in a large arm-chair, a white, wan-faced woman was rocking to and fro, her eyes fixed on the floor. She did not raise them when the Doctor spoke to her nor give any sign of having heard, except that when he asked for the third time if she felt better to-day she shook her head slightly.

"I've brought a little friend of mine to see you, perhaps you would like to hear her sing." There was no answer so he continued: "This room is so dark Miss Nestie can't see what she is doing so I'm going to open the window-shutters."

Mrs. Miller shivered as if in sudden pain when the cheerful sunshine entered the room but she did not make any objection.

"Now child do your best: this is the Lord's own work binding up the bleeding heart."

Nestie could hardly control her voice at first but it grew stronger presently while the silvery notes of the mandolin tinkled softly in accompaniment. She sang hymn after hymn and when she was beginning to feel a little tired from the unaccustomed excitement and exertion Dr. Saunders whispered to her:

"Stop now, that is enough for the first time;" then aloud, "Miss Nestie must go now, have you enjoyed her singing?"

Nestie did not wait for the answer. Pushing her chair across the room she laid her hand upon Mrs. Miller's arm.

"Please let me come again; I am so sorry for you; may I?"

For one moment the sad, tearless eyes looked up into the sweet girl-face bending over them.

"Come to-morrow."

That was all but it was enough. The ice was breaking although it might not be melting as yet. Dr. Saunders was satisfied. He had gained all he expected because he had expected but little.

Nestie went the next day and the next, and continued going until her sweet singing and loving converse finally won the sad despairing soul from its depths of gloom, and Mrs. Miller's eyes were opened so that she could see the nail prints in the Hand which was guiding her tenderly through the darkness to Himself, and her ears were opened to hear the loving voice calling her to take up her life-work once more with His all-sufficient strength to sustain her. So grateful was the poor woman that she wished other afflicted ones to share her blessed experience. The Doctor encouraged her in this, and thus it was that Nestie's beautiful life-work began. She is still carrying it on, bringing comfort to sad hearts, peace to troubled souls, and quiet, happiness and content to her own dear little self.—*Phil. Pres.*

FOR THE OLDER CHILDREN.

Exert a careful good influence upon little children, especially upon any who live with you constantly.

To them you are old and wise: just old and wise enough. It is your setting of the time which they are willing admiringly to follow. Mother and father may preach and practise and persuade, but the big sister's style or the big brother's bigness may carry the day against them ten times out of a dozen.

So be careful. You are not thinking about the tots but they are thinking a great deal about you.

And why stop at merely setting them a good example? They are not formidable they will not laugh at you. Tell them what is right, coax them to do it. Go farther win them to your Saviour now while they would be so easy to win.—*E.r.*

ONE WOMAN'S PRAYER.

Some time in the last century, a poor woman in England, of whom the world knows but little, had a son, and she poured out her prayers and her tears for his conversion. But he grew up reckless and dissipated and profane. He engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa, and was perhaps as hopelessly abandoned as any pirate who ever trod the deck of a slave trader. But at last when all hope had nearly expired, his mother's ceaseless prayers were answered. He was converted, and finally became one of the most eminent ministers in London. That man was the celebrated John Newton.

John Newton, in turn, was the instrument in opening the eyes of that moralist and skeptic, Thomas Scott, afterwards the distinguished author of the commentary of the Bible.

Thomas Scott had in his parish a young man of the most delicate sensibilities, and whose soul was "touched with the finest issues," but he was dyspeptic, and sorrowful, and despairing. At times he believed there was no hope for him. After long and repeated efforts Dr. Scott persuaded him to change the course of his life. That young man was William Cowper, the household Christian poet, whose sweet, delightful hymns have allured hundreds of poor wanderers, and the most polluted, to the

"—fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

Among others whom he influenced to turn from the "broad road" was Wm. Wilberforce, a distinguished member of the British Parliament, the great philanthropist who gave the death blow to the slave trade in Great Britain.

Wilberforce brought Legh Richmond to see the "better way," who wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter," which has been read with the devoutest gratitude through blinding tears in many languages all over the earth.

All this indescribable amount of good, which will be redoubled and reduplicated through all time, can be traced back to the fidelity of the prayers of John Newton's mother, that humble, unheralded woman, whose history is almost unknown.

Young people, you can pray just as well as that woman could and God is just as willing to hear and answer you as her.



CHINESE IN CANADA.

A LETTER FROM RIV. JOHN A. LOGAN, of UNION, B.C.

Dear Young People :—

A few lines about our Chinese Mission at Union, British Columbia, may be of interest to the many young readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Union is a coal-mining town, on Vancouver Island. It has about 3000 inhabitants. Of these nearly 1000 are Chinese. Less than half of these are employed in the work. The others do laundry and other work or in some way live off those who labor.

Part of them have been in the country for a number of years and have a little English. The majority have more recently come from China and know little or nothing about our language. They live as is their custom in a part of the town by themselves, and as there are but four women among them, they do their own house work such as it is.

Right in their quarters we have a Mission house. It was built over a year ago and last summer it was painted and the inside finished, so that now it is a very pleasant and commodious building and suited for Mission work.

The Mission is in charge of Mr. L. Hall, a young man who has been more or less engaged in Chinese work for the last five years. He is well fitted for the work, has a fair knowledge of the Chinese language, and is a most active and devoted Christian. He has won the confidence and affection of those among whom he labors, a thing which is very necessary before one can do them any good.

He spends the greater part of each day in visiting from house to house, in talking with them, in visiting and waiting on the sick or those who have met with accidents in the mine.

Every evening he has a school in the Mission house which is attended by from 20 to 25 of "his boys," as Mr. Hall affectionally calls his Chinese young men. Here, by the use of English-China books, they get a knowledge of English which they learn very rapidly. This knowledge of English is useful to them in their work but especially does it open up a way by which they may become acquainted with the Gospel of Christ.

In the school Mr. Hall is assisted by a number of the young men and women of St. George's Presbyterian Church here,

and especially by Miss Orchard who is much devoted to the work. These helpers attend on alternate evenings.

Last August we had a visit from Rev. Prof. McLaren and Rev. R. P. McKay of Toronto. The evening we spent in the Mission house with them will long be remembered by the friends of the Mission. With them were Rev. A. B. Winchester, the missionary in charge of the Chinese work in our Synod, and Rev. R. Logan of California.

Quite a number of friends and about 125 Chinamen were present. A service was conducted by Mr. Winchester in which all the ministers present assisted. After the addresses, five of the Chinese young men were baptized, and they, with the Christians present, sat down at the Lord's Table to celebrate the Sacrament of the Supper. It was a most solemn and impressive occasion to all of us. It was the gathering of the first fruits of Mission work here. The large number of Chinamen looked on with deep interest at the service. I wonder what thoughts were passing through their minds!

A few months later the five converts sat with us in the church at Communion. It will be of interest to know that several others are now under instruction, which, it is expected, will lead up to their soon making a profession of faith.

On Sabbath evening Mr. Hall conducts a ed. After singing, reading, and prayer the ed. After singing, reading and prayer, the missionary gives an address. Then there are addresses by a number of the converts. The earnest expression on the faces of these young men as they speak to those who have not yet found the light assures one of the real change in their own hearts, and Mr. Hall is much encouraged by their devotion to the cause of Christ.

Thursday evening is their prayer meeting night. After school the tables are brought together and all are seated around them with Bible and hymn book, and for an hour they talk over some passage from the Scriptures which is explained to them and its lessons taught. Most interesting are these services.

Now I do not want to be too long with this letter but I want to tell you one way in which these "boys" shew how thankful they are for what has been done for them.

On New Year's eve the workers in the Mission, with others friendly to it, were invited to go down to the Mission house. There we found the room beautifully decorated with evergreen and with artificial

flowers made by the boys and illuminated by Chinese lanterns. A table along the whole length of the Hall was laden with good things in a manner that would have done credit to "old hands." We were the



KOI KAU.

The Chinese Student from Formosa who was in Canada with Dr. Mackay two years ago.

guests of "the boys," who did their best to entertain us and they did it in fine style.

After supper they sang hymns both in Chinese and English. Addresses were made by several of the invited guests and the exercises closed with prayer.

As you may easily imagine, we spent a very pleasant evening and none were happier than the Chinese young men who gladdened every heart by the interest they shewed and the progress they were making.

We would ask that you continue your prayers and offerings for the good work that is being done for the Chinese of British Columbia.

OUR MISSION BAND HYMN.

Afar across the ocean,
The heathen nations grope,
In darkness without Jesus,
No Christ in whom to hope.
Oh, bless each loving effort
That we shall make for Thee,
To send to them the tidings
Of glad salvation free.

CHORUS.

Then let us work with heart and hand,
For Jesus in our Mission Band,
All that we have and are we bring
To Thee, our Jesus, Saviour, King.

And may the Gospel trumpet
Sound through our own fair land,
Till each and all for Jesus
Shall follow His command.
Oh, shed Thy richest blessing
Upon our little Band,
And may we labor for Thee
With willing heart and hand.

Cho.—Then let us work, etc.

The sailors on the ocean,
Oh, bring, dear Christ, to Thee,
And may Thy loving mercy
About them ever be.
And when the tempests gather,
And storms about them lower,
Oh guide and bless and keep them
By Thy Almighty power.

Cho.—Then let us work, etc.

For all the poor and hungry,
Wherever they may be,
We ask Thy pitying mercy,
That they may come to Thee,
And find in Thee a shelter
In every time of need,
And learn that to the friendless
Thou art a Friend indeed.

Cho.—Then let us work, etc.
—Sel.

TWO STORIES, BOY AND GIRL.

At a great gathering of children in Edinburgh, not long since, a great and good man Major Whittle, told the following two stories, one shewing how a boy yielded to temptation, the other, how a girl conquered it.

HOW A BOY YIELDED: THE POISON IVY.

I knew of a little boy who lived near Lake Michigan, who was shown by his father the poison ivy that grows very profusely in that region. The father, told him that he was not to touch it, because it would poison his hands, and get on his face and make him sick.

"Do you think you know the plant now, my boy?" said the father. "Yes, father," was the reply. "Well, go over to that oak tree and see if you can pick it out." He went over and called out, "Here it is, father." "That's right," said his father. "Now go over and find some under that tree." "Here it is, father," said he, as he ran over to another tree and saw on the ground the green shiny leaf of the little ivy bush. "That is right," said the father. "Now you know what it is, remember about it, and be careful and not touch it."

It was only a few days after this that the boy was not well, and little red pimples come out all over his hands and face. "Why," said the father, "this is poison ivy! How in the world did this happen, my boy, after father warned you about it?"

The boy began to cry, and said very pitifully, "Me and Willie thought we would like to see if it would poison us, and so we picked some and rubbed it on."

Could there be anything more like what we read of the woman waiting to see if the fruit which God had forbidden would kill her? And so it seems inevitable that every boy and girl wants—oh, so much!—to do the very thing they are forbidden to do, and that Satan should still be permitted to come and tempt them to do it. This being so, we must be on our guard, and not think that because we very much want to do a thing, that it is right or best for us to do it.

A LITTLE GIRL'S VICTORY.

I read a story the other day that pleased me very much indeed. A mother brought home a package of sweets for her little girl, and after giving her as much as was good

for her to eat at one time, put the package on an upper shelf in the cupboard, and told her she was to have no more that day. The mother went upstairs and came back after some time to the open door of the room where the sweets were. What did she see but her little girl standing on a shelf, with the package of sweets opened, and a piece of it in her hand! The mother was about to call out to her; but observing that the child waited for a while, as if thinking of something, she paused to see what she would do. To her great happiness, the little girl put back the sweets, and climbing down from the shelf to a chair and from the chair to the floor, she looked up with a happy smile, and stamping her foot upon the floor, said, "Dere, Dod, I didn't eat it after all!"

That was a great victory! Oh, that every one of you children would think of God when you are tempted to sin, and you, too, would have many such victories.

The best time, however, to fight against Satan is when he *first suggests* an evil thought. It was very dangerous for the little girl to have come so near doing wrong.

It would have been much better if she had run right out of the room, saying in her heart, "No, no," and gone to her play, that she might think of something else when the desire came to have the sweets. One of the most useful prayers in the Bible is found in Psa. cxix., verse 37, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity."

Always make this prayer when an evil thought is suggested by what you are looking at, or thinking of, and Satan will not be able to go further with you.

WHOSE MONEY WAS IT?

"Mary Owen Allen! *Mary Owen Allen!*" There was something in Guy's voice that made poor little Mary jump. She dropped her doll with a "Dear me! what have I done *now?*" and ran down stairs, where her brother was. He held one hand behind him, while the other, with a wrathful forefinger extended, was held toward her. "Stealer! stealer! *stealer!*" said he scornfully. Mary's face grew red. "I *never*, Guy Pease Allen!" and then she began to cry and wipe her eyes with a tiny handkerchief.

She knew Guy did not like to see tears, but now he did not mind the bit of muslin at all, but cried: "You did! you did! You stole the money out of my mite-box. There's a hole right in the bottom, and all my money's—*gone!*"

"I didn't take—but one single penny!" sobbed Mary. "The 'spressman came,—and mamma was gone. He was a waiting—and there wasn't but just—twenty-four cents—in the drawer."

"True's you live and breathe?" asked Guy solemnly.

"True as—true!" said Mary.

"You had no business to take even one; but *somebody's* taken every bit—thirty-one cents, for I kept count. Could it be a burglar?" And Guy turned his mite-box upside down as if he expected to see some sign of a big man with a dark lantern.

Mary twisted her little handkerchief, but did not answer.

"I'll bet Bridget took it," Guy whispered.

Mary shook her head. "Mamma says she'd trust Bridget with 'untold gold,' and I guess that's the best gold there is."

"Well, who *did* take it then? I guess nobody in this house is mean enough to take the 'Lord's money'."

Still Mary twisted her handkerchief in silence. Guy looked at her closely. "I'll bet you know. Now, if you don't tell me this minute I'll open the bird-cage and call the cat. One, two, three—"

Mary was alarmed, although she almost knew that Guy would hold the cat. She said hesitatingly, "I heard papa say he wanted some change for postage-stamps, and I think—I most know—he took it."

Guy dropped upon the sofa. He was so surprised he did not know what to say or do. His papa take the Lord's money? He lay down with his face hidden in both hands, and Mary went sadly back to her doll.

"Papa, did you take the money out of my mite-box?" Guy asked as soon as his father entered the hall that night, "did you, papa?"

"Mite-box? What, that little red box on the shelf? Why yes, you see I just borrowed your money to buy some stamps. How much was it?" asked Mr. Allen.

"It wasn't *my* money, papa,—it was 'Lord's money,' for missions, you know. We Juniors all have boxes, and when we put it in there it isn't ours any more."

"O yes, I remember now. Well, my boy—I'll give you fifty cents. Here, two bright quarters. Will that make it all right?" Guy held out his hand hesitatingly for the money. "I s'pose it'll be all right if you say so, papa, but it won't be the same. I never thought you'd take it. I wish a burglar had, 'stead of you."

Guy's honest black eyes were lifted to his father's face an instant, and then he went

to paste a new paper over his "broken bank" and drop into it the silver quarters.

After the children were in bed, Mr. Allen said to his wife, "I've learned my lesson, I hope. Poor little fellow! No wonder he was astonished. I'll go to the bank and draw some money to buy a postage-stamp before I'll ever take 'Lord's money' again."

—In *Children's Missionary Friend*.

"TWO MANY OF WE."

"Mamma, is there too many of we?"

The little girl asked with a sigh,

"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see, If a few of your child's would die."

She was only three years old—the one

Who spoke in that strange, sad way,

As she saw her mother's impatient frown

At the children's boisterous play.

There were half a dozen who around her

stood,

And the mother was sick and poor,

Worn out with the cares of the noisy

brood,

And the fight, with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place,

For the little one, least of all;

And the shadow that darkened the

mother's face

O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more

care,

And pondered in childhood's way

How to lighten the burden she could not

share,

Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Claire

In her tiny white trundle-bed

Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny

hair

Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were

low.

Feeling tears that she could not see—

"You won't have to work and be tired so

When there ain't so many of we".

But the dear little daughter who went

away

From the home that for once was

stilled,

Showed the mother's heart, from that

dreary day,

What a place she had always filled.

PICTURES FROM INDIA.

I wish I could make you see a village in India. It is difficult to imagine the place, so unlike anything you are used to.

They are often enclosed in a high brick wall, and when you see them at a distance, what you do see looks like a huge brick kiln. As you get nearer, you see that there is a great doorway, and when you go in through the doorway there are streets of small whitewashed houses.

The roofs all project a long way beyond the walls, and there is a covered space before each house where the people can sit in the shade, and where they mostly sleep in the very hot nights.

Almost all the work is done in the open air. The weaver sets up his loom and weaves his cloth in the street. the carpenter does all his sawing and planing, the blacksmith all his hammering, in the village street.

Outside the village, the potters sit making basins and pots of clay on their swiftly turning-wheel.

Near them stands a small square building, with a queerly-shaped stone or a rude image of wood, which is the village temple and the god whom these ignorant villagers worship.

I once saw in one of these villages what I have been told is a rare sight. I saw the village carpenter making a god. The whole scene is exactly described in the 44th chapter of Isaiah; so exactly, that the prophet must have seen in Palestine hundreds of years ago what I saw in India eight years ago.

The people had gone to the forest jungle, and selected a suitable tree, and sawn the stump the proper length, and hauled it to the village square. It had been roughly squared with an adze. The carpenter sat on the ground, a board of moist red clay beside him, and a pair of rude compasses in his hand.

He drew circles to represent the head, the upper and lower parts of the body, and the feet, using his finger dipped in the red clay for his pencil. The figure was like what I have seen small boys draw on their slates. Then he took his axe and began chipping at the wood.

The women came and gathered up the chips, and when the evening came they lit their fires and cooked their bread, using these wood chips as their fuel.

I saw some boys creep up and run off with some of the chips and splinters of

wood. They went to where the tall tamarind trees stood, and kindled little fires in the angles of the great roots. Then I saw all the village boys run across the square to the fires, and heard them shouting in Marathi, "Aha, I see a fire; I'll get warm" (it was during the rains, when the evenings are chilly).

Now, will you read the 44th chapter of Isaiah, and you will find all that described there. With part of the wood they baked bread, and with part they made a fire to warm themselves, and with the rest they made a god.



A god of India.

There are schools in most of these villages, but native schools are queer things and the education is always mixed with gross idolatry. When a small Hindu boy is first sent to school, the priest is asked to make a spell to find out the luckiest day. On that day he is taken with great pomp by his father.

When he gets to school he is made to sit on the floor, and a wooden board covered with fine red dust is placed before him. On the board is painted an image of the Hindu goddess of learning, and the small scholar is taught to worship the image.

The schoolmaster sits down beside him, and guiding the pupil's finger, shows him how to make the letters in the red dust.

But what letters is he first taught to make? Not A B C as you might suppose, but GANESA, the six letters which make the name of the god of learning. From beginning to end the teaching is full of idolatry.—*S. S. Missionary Leaflet.*

How helpful are the schools which our missionaries establish and which our boys and girls help support.

JUNG SEUNG.

Eleven years ago, in a certain province in China, lived a discontented lad. He was a bright boy over whose head had already rolled fifteen summers, and, because he gave evidence of more than usual ability, his father determined to send him to the High School.

Jung Seung, however, was more fond of money than of a Chinese education, and having heard that money was easily made in America he determined to run away from home.

Many and varied have been his experiences since he landed in America, eleven years ago, but he has become warmly attached to this country, which he likes even better than China. In a Sabbath-school in Kansas City he learned to speak English, and through the influence of one of our young men, whom he most fervently admires, he was converted.

To hear him say in his broken Chinese, "I am a Christian. I love Jesus now," is very touching. He has lately established a laundry in one of our small Western towns, where a "heathen Chinese" is a novelty, and greatly has he suffered from the pranks of mischievous boys who delight to annoy him.

The other evening, as he had just finished putting on the last touches to some fresh laundered clothes, something struck him on the back of his neck, and before he could collect himself, a number of "somethings" in the shape of eggs, which by the greatest possible stretch of imagination could never have been called "fresh," flew hard and fast all over the spotless clothes, over his neat little room and all over Jung Seung. For variety a dead mouse would come, too, sandwiched, as it were, among the eggs.

Poor Chinaman was by this time justly wrathful, and his wrath would not be appeased until the "Melican Man" should dispense justice, which he considered the

boys deserved. The result was the arrest of two now thoroughly frightened boys, and an interesting trial in the police court next day. Jung Seung watched all the proceedings with keen but long-faced interest, and his testimony on the witness stand was very amusing.

As the day wore away his face seemed to grow softer in its outlines as he watched the frightened, tearful boys—who really were not so wicked as they were mischievous—and gradually his face took on a far-away expression. He seemed to see the Christ and the shame and cruelty which He so quietly endured in the long ago. He almost thought he heard those marvelous words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

His heart began to grow very tender towards the boys arrayed like criminals before him, as emotion after emotion swept through his soul, and reached even to his queer almond eyes, when suddenly he sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Me lubbee Jesus, lettee Melican boy go." and rapidly left the court room and the more than astonished audience.

Next day, as he sat quietly in his little laundry, two very penitent boys walked timidly in, and, in words almost as broken as those of Jung Seung's, confessed their guilt, and handed over to him their small earnings to repair the damage done his work.

The big-hearted Chinese, in his funny way, soothed their boyish hearts with words of Chinese comfort, and would not so much as look at their money, but insisted that they "sabbe it" instead. It would be hard to find in all the town stauncher friends than this trio have become, and from this poor Chinese heart these boys have learned of Jesus's love and its power over even boyish hearts, as dropped in tender broken accents from the lips of Jung Seung.—*By Jessie F. Houser, Carthage, Mo., in Ex.*

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

One who has visited the mills where the paper is made for printing Bibles, says that hundreds of tons of old sail-cloth are used. He saw huge piles of the weather-worn canvas gathered in here after battling with breezes in all the seas under heaven.

They come in here to be torn to shreds, and beaten into pulp, and bleached, drawn out into beautiful white sheets, to be presently printed on and wafted on again to all the ends of the earth: wafted on again, to tell "this story."—*S. S. Visitor.*

International S. S. Lessons.

THE PRISON OPENED.

14th February.

Les. Acts 5: 17-32. Gol. Text. Acts, 5 1-29.
Mem. vs. 29-32. Catechism Q. 88

Time.—Uncertain; probably not long after last lesson.

Place.—Jerusalem.

1. Brought out of Prison. vs. 17-21.
2. Preaching in the Temple. vs. 22-26.
3. Obeying God rather than Men. vs. 27-32.

QUESTIONS.

What resulted from the preaching and work of the apostles?

How did the Jewish rulers feel about all this?

What did they do?

How were the apostles delivered?

What did they then do?

What was done to the apostles?

Of what did the high priest accuse them?

How did Peter reply?

LESSONS.

1. God's angels can open prisons.
2. God's ministers should preach wherever they go.
3. The world blames its troubles upon Christians.
4. No human command should close a Christian's mouth.
5. The Christ men despise we should ever exalt.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

21st February.

Les. Acts, 6: 8-15; 7: 54-60. Gol. Text.
Mem. vs. 57-60. Rev. 2: 10. Catechism Q. 89.

Time.—Probably A. D. 36.

Place.—Jerusalem.

1. Stephen's Life and Work. vs. 8-11.
2. Stephen before the Council. vs. 12-15.
3. Stephen's Death. vs. 54-60.

QUESTIONS.

To what office was Stephen ordained?

How is his character described?

What is said of his works?

What did certain Jews try to do?

With what result?

What did they then do?
What was the effect of Stephen's defence before the council?

What was done to him?

What were his last words?

Who stood by?

What did he do?

What did he afterward become?

LESSONS.

1. Faith gives power for Christian work, and for defence of the truth.
2. Faith transforms a believer's life and very face.
3. Faith looks up in the hour of danger.
4. Faith looks within heaven and sees Jesus Christ.
5. Faith makes a Christian's death glorious.

THE DISCIPLES DISPERSED.

28th February.

Les. Acts, 8: 1-17. Gol. Text. Acts, 8: 4.
Mem. vs. 5-8. Catechism Q. 90.

Time.—Probably A. D. 36.

Places.—Jerusalem, Samaria.

1. A Fierce Persecution. vs. 1-3.
2. The Scattering of the Disciples. vs. 4-11.
3. The Power of the Gospel. vs. 12-17.

QUESTIONS.

What happened after the killing of Stephen?

What was the result?

What did Saul now do?

What did the scattered disciples do?

What "Philip" is meant in verse 5?

Where did he go?

What did he do there?

What was the effect of his work?

Who was sent to Samaria by the Apostles?

What was the result of their visit?

LESSONS.

1. Hatred of Christ leads to bitter hatred of his disciples.
2. Persecution only sends believers out to carry the word.
3. The gospel carries rich blessings, and produces great joy.
4. Those who believe on Christ should publicly confess him.
5. Those who truly believe receive the Holy Spirit.

THE ETHIOPIAN CONVERT.**7th March.**

Les. Acts, 8: 26-40. Gol. Text. Acts, 8: 35.
Mem. vs. 29-31. Catechism Q. 91.

Time.--Probably A.D. 36, closely following last lesson.

Place.--On the road from Jerusalem to Gaza.

1. An Earnest Inquirer. vs. 26-31.
2. A Helpful Teacher. vs. 32-35.
3. A Prompt Confession. vs. 36-40.

QUESTIONS.

What message came to Philip in Samaria?
Whom did he meet?
What was he doing?
What did Philip do?
What did the Ethiopian say?
What did he invite Philip to do?
What words was he reading?
What did he ask about them?
What did Philip then do?
What then happened?

LESSONS.

1. We should be ready to run wherever God sends us.
2. God sends help to those who are seeking it.
3. We often need to have the Bible explained to us.
4. Christ is found in the Old Testament.
5. He who believes in Christ should confess him.

SAUL, THE PERSECUTOR, CONVERTED.**14th March.**

Les. Acts, 9: 1-12 17-20. Gol. Text. 1 Tim. 1:15.
Mem. vs. 17-20. Catechism Q. 92, 93.

Time.--About A.D. 36.

Place.--On the road to Damascus; later, at Damascus.

1. Face to Face with Jesus. vs. 1-7.
2. Led into the Light. vs. 8-12.
3. Preaching Christ. vs. 17-20.

QUESTIONS.

In what faith was Saul brought up?
Where does he first appear in the Scriptures?

Upon what errand did he go to Damascus?

Describe what happened as he was nearing the city. What time of day was it?

Acts 22: 6. How were those who were with him affected?

Where was Saul then led?

Why did Ananias visit him?

What did he do to Saul, and what then happened?

LESSONS.

1. No case is too hard for the grace of Christ.
2. Those who persecute Christians persecute Christ.
3. We should surrender to Christ and ask for his will.
4. Christ uses his disciples to help men into his kingdom.
5. As soon as we believe on Christ we should tell others.

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature.

Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your own self and no other boy can drag you down.—*Exchange.*

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THE BRAKEMAN'S "NO."

A fine young fellow was Tom Jeffreys; strong, pleasant, and good-looking. He was but eighteen years of age when he began "railroading," but he could set a brake with the best. When his clear, deep voice announced the stations, people listened and made no mistake. Old ladies caught the gleam of his pleasant eye, and let him help them on and off with grateful surprise. Mothers with more children than they could manage, tired women bundle-laden, and old men, recognized a friend and made use of him. Nor were the railroad officials blind to the young man's helpfulness and popularity, and, although Tom did not dream of it, his was one on the list of names that meant promotion.

The young brakeman's easy-going good-nature, however, was a drawback in one direction. He disliked to say "No." When the train reached Boston he always had two hours to spare. In that time some one of the boys was sure to say, "Come, Tom, let's go to the barber's." Now this sounded very innocent, but in the barber's back room was a green door which opened on a stairway leading down into a drinking-saloon. Here the men used to gather, a few at a time, to take "a little something."

Tom usually said his good-humored "No," that meant a reluctant "Yes," and ended by going. He never felt wholly at ease when taking his beer. He would not have gone for it alone. Over and over again he acknowledged to himself that it was the laughter of his chums that took his courage away, and so things went on. A year slipped by, and beer had become an almost every-day drink with him, when one afternoon he was summoned from the "barber's shop" to the office.

"Jeffreys," said the superintendent, when he entered, "I have been very much pleased with the way in which your duties have been performed in the past, and I find we need another conductor." The gentleman suddenly stopped, and then the pleasant smile was gone. "Mr. Jeffreys, your breath tells me that you have been drinking."

"Only a little beer, sir," said poor Tom, flushing crimson.

"I am very sorry," replied the superintendent, "but that will be all to-day; you may go."

The young man left the office downcast, disheartened. What he had been wishing for, what he had so nearly gained, had been lost through his own misconduct. As he

thought of it the good-natured lips took on a firmer curve. The next day one of the boys said:

"Comin' over to the barber's?"

"No," replied Tom.

"Oh! come on; what struck yer?"

"That barber has shaved me all he ever will!" was the answer.

Although Tom's "No" seemed very determined in its sound, there was yet something wanting in it. He felt it, and when after a few days the real longing for a glass of liquor made itself felt, it seemed as if the "No" would be "Yes" in spite of himself.

"No use in lockin' the barn door now," said his chum; "the hoss is stole, the 'super' knows you've taken a 'smile' now and then, and he'll never forget it. Better be young while you can." Tom still said "No," but the little negative grew weaker and weaker; the next thing it would be "Yes."

When this was almost accomplished, spurred by his danger, and remembering his early training in the right, he went into a empty car, and, kneeling on the bare floor, prayed for strength to resist. "And then," he said, "I learnt to speak a 'No' that all the men on the road couldn't turn into a 'Yes'!"—*The Interior.*

"THE BOY IS FATHER OF THE MAN."

When John Coleridge Patterson, who became the devoted bishop, was a lad at school, he was one of the cricket eleven. At the suppers after the matches the boys became, unhappily, accustomed to indulge in rather coarse mirth; silly, harmless jokes were circulated, and the talk sometimes became bad. Patterson at last could stand it no longer. He rose up from his place one night, and said clearly and decidedly, with boyish frankness and determination:—

"I must leave the eleven if this conversation is to go on; I will not share in it, and I cannot listen to it. If you persist in it, nothing is left me but to go."

His companions did not want to lose one of their best players, and the hurtful talk was stopped. Patterson, when he grew to be a man, showed only too well that he could be physically brave. He died heroically on one of the islands of the Pacific.