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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

The

# HILDRENS RECORD.



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Go I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

## LIFE AND WORK IN TRINIDAD.

BY OUR MISSIONARY MISS BLACKADDER.

"MY school is a very large one," writes Miss Blackadder. "We have 123 Indian children in this one school at Tacarigua. Most of them are young and small, but they are such bright, pretty, intelligent little creatures. They have such lovely brown skins, beautiful eyes, and are very self-possessed and graceful. But they do not care to come to school any more than some white children do. They read English and Hindi well, can sew, write, do sums and do the same school work as children do at home.

Our Sunday-school is large. We have a class of 40 men, a class of 30 women and girls and 100 children. But we find it hard to get teachers.

The people here make houses out of mud, cover the top with grass or leaves, have a door, a small window, a fire place made of stones. The smoke can go in or out, they do not seem to mind.

They eat rice, pease, fish, but no beef or pork. They drink rum, and even little boys and girls drink too.

The children marry when they are very young, and often these marriages turn out well. Sometimes they turn out badly.

The people worship idols, stones, and even a bamboo and a red flag.

But some thousands of them are Christians and worship God. They will walk long distances in order to be at a meeting. And they give liberally to support their churches and do all they can to get others in the right way.

We have now in Trinidad five pretty churches, fifty schools, native ministers, teachers, and catechists. But we still have hard work. Sin, evil habits, are hard to get rid of, so we work, strive and pray for the time when all shall know the Lord.

We have our cool weather now. You would call it hot, I suppose, 80° in the shade. Flowers are blooming and birds flying about.

Next week the planters will commence grinding sugar cane, and then many of the children will run to suck the sweet juice of

the cane. As far as the eye can reach we see field after field of lovely green canes. These are cut down and ground into sugar.

Pray for these little children that they may be led to Jesus.

## "HE LIVES IN OUR ALLEY NOW."

"Where," said a teacher to his class of little, ragged boys, gathered from the crowded courts of the great city, "where is Jesus Christ?"

Quickly the answer came from a bright-eyed little fellow, in a tone of the utmost confidence, as though there were no manner of doubt about it:

"O, he lives in our alley now!"

What a revelation of faith and hope and love embodied in the daily life and work was wrapped up in this answer! The alley had been the abode of poverty, dirt and misery. The women quarrelled, the men drank, the children were neglected. But a lady came to reside in the neighborhood who offered her services as a district visitor to the vicar of the parish. In a sort of apotheotic way he said:

"I suppose I must not ask you to take — alley?"

"Why not?" said the lady.

"Well," he said, "it's not a very promising district."

She modestly replied:

"Then it must have the more need our sympathy."

So the lady began her work in — alley, not in her own strength, but in the power of God's Holy Spirit. By her sweet smile and kindly looks and loving words she soon won all hearts. The small rooms became cleaner and scolding women became more gentle, and the hard-earned money of the laborer was brought home to buy bread instead of its being spent at the gin palace. So evident was the transformation that even the children felt it; hence the touching reply, "O, he lives in our alley now!"—*Ec.*

## ONLY.

From "only" one word many quarrels begin. And "only this once" leads to many a sin.

"Only a penny" wastes many a pound;

"Only once more," and the diver is drowned;

"Only one drop" many drunkards has made;

"Only a play" many gamblers have said;

"Only a cold" opens many a grave;

"Only resist" many evils will save!

HOW IT BEGINS.

**D**E India, too, the mother early teaches her little children to worship what she worships. It may be that she falls down upon her face before an ugly idol of wood or stone; and if so, the child will do the same, without knowing the meaning of the act.

Is it any wonder that when many of the children in India grow up and they are asked why they worship idols or go to certain temples, their only answer is, "My father and mother did so, why should not I?"

I started this letter in order to tell you what takes place on a certain spot a few yards from our bungalow.

Every evening, just as the sun is going below the horizon, a Hindoo mother, with bright coloured clothes, and a small vessel in hand, accompanied by her little daughter of five or six years, goes to that particular spot on the side of the road and empties the contents of the vessel into the ant-holes. Then she steps back a few steps and removes her shoes from off her feet, then prostrates herself on the ground, touching the ant-hill three times with her forehead. No sooner has she done this than the little child does the same. Is it not sad to think of them being in such darkness that they worship the little ants?

This woman and child belong to a caste who think it a sin to take life of any kind, and will not take even drinking medicine from our hands for fear of breaking their caste. Yet, while they are so strict, they allow the dear little children in their homes to die by inches from neglect and indifference.

I was made very sad yesterday by hearing of the death of a dear little girl whom I knew well. She was so bright and happy a few weeks ago, but took ill with fever, and nothing was done for her, so she died. You, in your dear Canadian homes, who are so well taken care of, will you not pray earnestly for the

Give me a half-penny, and you may pitch one of these rings; and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you a three-pence."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him the half-penny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or three-pence?"

"Three-pence," was the answer; and the money was put into his hand. He stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman standing near him watched him, and before he had time to look about and rejoice his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder and said:

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your half-penny, and won six half-pence, did you not?"

"Yes, sir; I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you. You won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken your first lesson in their path. That man has gone through it, and you see the end. Now, I advice you to go and give his three-pence back, and ask him for your half-penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He hung his head, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honorable man.—*Morning Star.*

TRUE NOBILITY.

At a slave market in one of the Southern States, many years ago, a smart, active colored boy was put up for sale. A kind master who pitied his condition, not wishing him to have a cruel owner, went up to him and said:

"If I buy you, will you be honest?"

The boy, with a look that baffled description, replied:

"I will be honest whether you buy me or not."

My DEAR CHILDREN.

**W**OULD you like to hear some of our doings on Christmas day? Our new mission college is not yet finished. Scaffolding, brick, mortar, debris of all kinds, show that a building is under course of erection; but the eye of faith looks beyond and sees it complete.

This building, important as it is, does not compare in importance with that other building, which was suggested by the groups assembled within its walls. For their minds God's own truth is being laid, "Line upon line and precept upon precept" and we can look forward to the time when these precious souls will be "living stones" in Christ's Church, resting upon that sure foundation, Christ Jesus.

Over seven hundred children were present to receive rewards according to merit. An examining committee had gone through the school the week previous, and the results and prizes were made known on Christmas morning.

Each school was in a separate group seated on the ground floor of the large unfinished centre room of the college. There was no roof above, and India's sun never shown on a happier looking gathering of children and grown people than on that Christmas morning of '03.

The Christian girls in their white uniform, the Hindu girls in their bright colors, and the Mahratti girls in their own national costume added a charm to the gathering.

Boys were there of all ages, and the garments of some baffles description. The Christian boys like the Christian girls wear white to Church, and uncover their heads during service, while Parsee, Hindu and Mohammedan boys keep their heads covered. Some of the boys were nicely clothed, while many had merely a few tattered rags on their bodies, and on their heads immense turbans containing many yards of bright cloth.

front  
success-  
who had  
accordingly,  
each passed  
hand of a Brahmin, who was employed for the purpose, so that all castes might enjoy the treat. The whole cost of the prizes and sweetmeats (about twenty dollars) was met by the non-Christian community.

In the evening we had a—tea-meeting you would call it in Canada—but in India we say a "Khana." The proceedings began by singing, prayers and speeches. At 8 p.m. the benches were all removed, and on the floor were spread large leaves, something like Basswood leaves at home. On these the curry and rice were served. We sat on the floor beside them and ate our food with our fingers.

This done we had our hands washed by having water poured from a leathern bag which the waterman carries on his back. Next returned to the Church and had more hymns, speeches and prayer. When all was over we went to our houses feeling that, "Peace on earth, and good will to men," is for India as well as Canada.

MARGARET O'HARA.

### MANNERS.

Did you ever think what beautiful manners Christ had? What a charm his recorded conversations have! How courteous his greetings and his parting words! Surely if we try to copy him at all, we should try to copy his manners, for they are among the least of the beautiful examples which he sets us.

Now one root of a perfect manner is love. If you have a heart full of love, you can never be rude, for you will not wish to hurt people's feelings. You will long to please people, to help and comfort them, and to make them happier; and so your loving heart will be constantly teaching you how to pay little deferences and respect to those whom you should honor. It will prompt the sunny smile and the appreciative word. 'Those little kindnesses called courtesies will be unfailling; and if you have a heart like this, such living will become the habit of your life, and then, no matter into what company you may be thrown, you will be equally unembarrassed; for when one has a heart which is full of the spirit of Christ, one cannot do much that is amiss.—*Exc.*

## EARNEST QUESTIONS.

Have you a heart by faith made pure,  
And washed in Jesus' blood?  
Have you beneath the fountain knelt,  
And walked the paths He trod?

Have you the hands to work for Him,  
By night as well as day?  
Have you that Blessed Home in view  
Forever and for aye?

Have you a warm undying love,  
For every sin-sick soul?  
Have you a voice to gently say:  
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Have you beheld His lovely face,  
Lighted by love divine?  
Have you an interest in His cause  
To let your lamp's light shine?

Have you that peace which God can give,  
That no man takes away?  
Have you the lips to always sing  
"Jesus, my Life, my Way?"

—Sel.

## THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

There was kneeling one day in the church a poor collier lad, some ten or twelve years of age. His hair was rough, his clothes were torn and ragged; his feet were bare. His hands were clasped as in prayer, a sad, wistful look was on his face. I kneeled by his side.

"I want to be good," he said. "I want to belong to the Saviour, but I could trust him if only I could be sure that he loves me."

His had been a hard life in the world, poor heart, how shall I convince him of the fact of the love of God? I spoke to him of friends and playmates.

"Is there anyone you have ever known, who, if you had to die, would be willing to die in your stead to save you?"

A moment's silence, and then with a sweet smile he looked up and said:

"I believe my mother would."

In that brief pause he had looked back on life, and measured a mother's love. Perhaps there passed before his mind the vision of her toil late at night to mend his clothes, or earn to-morrow's bread, and convinced of the reality of a mother's love his heart told him it would be strong unto death.

"Then see what Jesus has done: and I spoke to him of the bleeding hands and feet of the Crucified. He bowed his face in his hands, as he said;

"I can love him back, and trust him, too."

Thus was the victory of the Crucified won in that young heart. So is it ever with us all.  
—*The Way of Life.*

## A SILENCER.

When Whitelock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in the year of 1655, he was very much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. A confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you are in it?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, and turning about, soon fell asleep.—*Ec.*

## IF I COULD ONLY SEE MY MOTHER.

"If I could only see my mother!" Again and again was that yearning cry repeated.

"If I could only see my mother!" The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes looked far away, and ever the anon broke forth that grieving cry:

"If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent above the young man and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother, whom he had willfully left.

"Oh, that's the reason!" he cried in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said to me:

"My son, when you come to die you will remember this!"

"Oh, if I could see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning cry upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him.

Boys, be good to your mother.—*Selected.*

## THE CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

The wise may bring their learning  
 The rich may bring their wealth,  
 And some may bring their greatness,  
 And some bring strength and health,  
 We, too, would bring our treasures  
 To offer to the King;  
 We have no wealth of learning—  
 What shall we children bring?

We'll bring him hearts that love Him  
 We'll bring Him thankful praise,  
 And young souls meekly striving  
 To walk in holy ways.  
 And these shall be the treasures  
 We offer to the King;  
 And these are gifts that even  
 The poorest child may bring.

We'll bring the little duties  
 We have to do each day;  
 We'll try our best to please Him  
 At home, at school, at play,  
 And better are these treasures  
 To offer to our King  
 Than richest gifts without them;  
 Yet these a child may bring.

Now glory to the Father,  
 And glory ever be  
 To Christ, the loving Saviour,  
 Who lived, a child, like me,  
 And glory to the Spirit;  
 O, Three in One—our King—  
 Accept, 'mid angels' praises,  
 The praise a child may bring.—*Sel*

## A PICTURE.

What is that moving along slowly, slowly, slowly? Two hours it takes to pass, and all day long it has been on the march. Were it a cavalry troop, or a herd of cattle or wild horses, it would pass more quickly, and blinding clouds of dust would rise. But as one watches it, the huge mass seems scarcely to move at all. Suddenly something dashes out of the black line, and leaves the road for the bush. Ah! it is a naked negro man, with blood on his back, and a heavy, broken chain hangs about his neck and rattles against his beaten and bruised body as he rushes into the forest. Thank God! one poor victim has escaped the cruel Arab slave dealer! But the others—! On, on they trudge, so hungry, so tired, so frightened. Beside the wretched caravan, crawling along in the dust, with a sight of their chained fathers and mothers, are scores of very little children, and all are oh! so weary!

This, dear readers, is a picture that the beautiful African sky looks down upon each day.—*Children's Work.*

## PUT OUT THE FIRE.

When our houses take fire, says Dr. Cuyler, the first impulse is to go after a bucket of water. But if temper takes fire, the first impulse is to throw on more fuel. Now the best bucket of water for a aroused temper is resolute silence. If, whenever an irritating act were done, or an injury struck us, we should firmly seal our lips for even ten minutes, we would save ourselves many a quarrel, many a heartburn; many a mortification, many a disgrace to our religious profession. Speech is often explosive and shattering. Silence is cooling. It cools us off and cools other people. One of the calmest men I ever knew told me that he used to be violently passionate, but he broke his temper by resolutely bridling his tongue until he cooled down.—*Ex.*

## ADVICE TO A BOY.

In one of the large railroad offices in this country is a comparatively young man, who is at the head of a large department. When he entered the service of the company, five years ago, he was green and awkward. He was given the poorest paid work in the department. The very first day of his employment by the company, a man who had been at work in the same room for six years approached him and gave him a little advice. "Young fellow, I want to put a few words in your ear that will help you. This company is a soulless corporation, that regards its employes as so many machines. It makes no difference how hard you work, or how well. So you want to do just as little as possible and retain your job. This is a slave pen, and the man who works overtime or does any specially fine work wastes his strength. Don't you do it."

The young man thought over the "advice," and after a quiet little struggle with himself he decided to do the best and most he knew how, whether he received any more pay from the company or not. At the end of a year the company raised his wages and advanced him to a more responsible position. In three years he was getting a third more salary than when he began, and in five years he was head clerk in the department; and the man who had condescended to give the "greenhorn" advice was working under him at the same figure that represented his salary eleven years before.

This is not a story of a goody-goody little boy who died early, but of a live young man who exists in flesh and blood to-day, and is ready to give "advice" to other young men just beginning to work their way into business. And here it is: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

## NONE OR ALL.

"Lord, I will follow Thee," I said  
 "And give to Thee my heart.  
 And for the world and self will keep  
 Only a little part;  
 A little part what time my soul  
 Grows weary, worn, and sad;  
 A little spot where earthly joys  
 May come to make me glad."  
 But on my ear it seemed to me,  
 I heard a whisper fall:  
 "I cannot halve thy heart with thee;  
 Give none to Me—or all."

"But, Lord, the world is fair," I said,  
 "I would not go astray;  
 Yet sometimes may I pluck a flower  
 Outside the narrow way?  
 Yet sometimes may I sit serene,  
 Nor spirit-conflicts share,  
 Just shifting for a space, the cross;  
 I am content to bear?"  
 Yet once again, it seemed to me,  
 I heard the whisper fall:  
 "I cannot halve thy heart with thee;  
 Give none to Me—or all."

"Ah, Lord, my very hope," I said,  
 "On Thee my soul doth rest,  
 And I am sure the very way  
 Thou readeest me is best;  
 And if I've thought too strait the path,  
 Too stern the hindering vows,  
 Teach me that naught of real bliss  
 Thy service disallows."  
 More softly still, it seemed to me,  
 I heard the whisper fall:  
 "I will not halve My heaven with thee,  
 Then give to Me thine all."

Sel.

## HIS MOTHER MADE HIM.



WEALTHY business man not long ago paid a short visit to his native town, a thriving little place, and while there was asked to address a Sabbath-school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a self-made man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early

struggles! You went into Mr. Wilson's office when you were only ten—"

"So I did—so I did! But my mother got me the place, and while I was there she did did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

"While you were there you educated yourself—"

"Oh no! not all. Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she did her work. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, ugly with pot-hooks and hangers, into the fire and she burned her hands in pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that, as soon as you had saved a little money, you bought some fruit, and began to sell it at the railway-station?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said, slowly; "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sabbath-school good. The second lot of apples I bought for sale were specked and wormy, I had been cheated by the man of whom I had bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down to the cellar and filled my basket as usual.

"They look very well on the outside.' I thought and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and as soon as they are gone I'll get some sound ones."

"Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"Ned,' said she in her clear voice, 'what are you going to do with those specked apples?'"

"Se—sell them,' stammered I, ashamed in advance.

"Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son," she said promptly. "Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!" Then she cried and I cried, and—I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles, but I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every Sabbath that their mothers are doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that their mothers may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for the children—for mine didn't."



### "THREE PENNY WORTH OF STRIP-ME-NAKED."

"A girl about twelve years of age," says T. J. Madden, "entered a public-house in one of the Manchester 'slums,' and throwing down her money on the counter, demanded—demanded in a voice that startled the men at the bar—to be served with 'three penn-eth of strip-me-naked.'"

"This strange request drew the eyes of the motley crowd upon the girl. There she stood with her jug flushed, angry-looking—evidently an unwilling messenger, and almost naked. Some laughed, some turned away muttering 'strip-me-naked, indeed.' One big, kind hearted navvy, seeing the child was distressed, said to her, 'Well, my lass, what ails thee?' The poor girl burst into tears, and told the men, as they gathered round her, how her father had been drinking on and off for months, and how the vicar had called and told him that he was stripping the family naked by his intemperate habits, and that his children had ceased to come to the Sunday-school and Band of Hope meeting, because they had 'no clothes.'"

"That very evening the father had sent her to the pawn shop with some article of clothing, which realized threepence, and on her returning with the money, and in spite of the child's protest, he ordered her off to the public-house for *three pennyworth of beer!*"

"As the men listened to the tale which the girl had sobbed out bit by bit, some of them thought of their own children, and somehow or other there was a strong desire expressed to 'go home early' that night."

### BRUISING HIS HEAD.

In a book on India, written by a minister, is a snake story which pictured to the writer very clearly the meaning, the force, of the first promise in the Bible, Gen. III., 15. He says:—

"A man, armed with a long bamboo, gave chase to the cobra, which was gliding off towards an old wall, and, overtaking it, gave it a blow which broke the vertebra and arrested its progress. Two or three more well-directed blows injured it so seriously that it lay as if dead. We gathered round it, amazed at its immense size, when some one remarked: 'Take care, the air may get into its lungs and revive it. If it does, it may spring suddenly and bite some of us. *Bruise its head.*' Down went the bamboo again. Placing the end on its head, the man crushed it between the hard ground and his stick. The jaw-bone was broken, the muscles paralyzed, and the poison

glands destroyed. Notwithstanding, the snake coiled and twisted in the most lively fashion, but its power to work mischief was gone. Then I understood for the first time what the curse on the serpent meant: "He shall bruise thy head."

### THE COWBOY AND THE TRACT.

One day a little boy, belonging to a Sunday-school in Philadelphia, met one of his friends, to whom he mentioned his expectation of a visit to his relatives in the country.

"Well," said his friend, "and what are you going to do in the country?"

"Oh, I shall run about, and play in the fields, and enjoy myself very much."

"Well, so much you are going to do for yourself; what else do you expect to do?"

"Why, I can help the farmers, perhaps."

"Well, so much for yourself and the farmers; but what, my little friend, do you expect to do for your Heavenly Father?"

"What, me!" replied the child in astonishment; "what can such a child as I do for God?"

"You can do much. Now I'll give you a bundle of tracts; take these, and when you go into the country distribute them."

"Oh, to be sure sir; I can do that." And he received the tracts.

Now here was seed sown; let us see the result. The boy, thus armed, went into the country, as he anticipated. After being there a day or more, a boy living in the neighborhood asked if he would help him to gather the cows together, and bring them home.

"Ah!" thought the juvenile missionary. "here will be a good chance to give one of my tracts." So off they started for the cows.

The child took out one of his silent preachers, saying, "Here's something for you."

"What is it?" looking it over; "what is it?"

"It is something good to read," said the lad.

"But I cannot read. Never mind, I'll take it home; they can read it there."

Some days after the country boy met his city friend. "Well," said he, "that little book you gave me made a great stir at our house, I tell you."

"Did it, though? How do you mean?"

"Why," he replied, "they read the tract, and then they read the Bible, and when Sunday came, they made me get out the old carriage, and clean it up, and then we all got in that could, and the rest got on before and behind, and rode off to church. That tract's done great things, I tell you."

Subsequently it was ascertained that this one tract was the means of the conversion of twenty-four souls! Do you scatter tracts?" —Sel.



## HIST!

**T**HERE, now you've done it!" and Tom Reynolds gave his little sister a quick push which sent her crying to her mother, while he stooped to gather up the type which she had accidentally overturned.

"I didn't mean to do it," sobbed Bessie from the shelter of her mother's arm, while Mrs. Reynolds added reproachfully, "How could you be so unkind, my son?"

Already ashamed of his rash violence, the boy said, half-apologetically, "Of course, I needn't have got mad, but I'd such a time sorting over that type, and she came along so suddenly. I'm awful sorry, sis," he continued, "and I'll give you my new pencil, if you'll stop crying."

Accepting his offer, Bessie's tears soon ceased to flow and after she and her mother had left the room, Uncle Will, looking up from his newspaper, said, sympathetically, "That hasty temper of yours causes you considerable trouble, doesn't it, Tom?"

"It's just awful," responded Tom, "it's always making me do, or say, something to be sorry for. You don't know anything about it."

"Perhaps I know more than you think," continued Mr. Whetherby with a quiet smile.

"When I was about your age my temper was as much worse than yours as you can imagine."

"It hardly seems possible, uncle. How do you manage to keep it down?"

"Did you ever notice that when anything aggravating happens to me I keep perfectly still for a moment?"

"Yes, but I didn't suppose you were trying to do so. Do you stop and count a hundred?"

"No, I just listen."

"And what do you hear?"

"Before I give you my answer, I will tell you something that lies back of it, and which will perhaps impress it more firmly upon you:

"One day, when I was about as old as you, I was out in the yard setting a trap for some pigeons, and just as a regular beauty was stepping in, and was about to pull the string, my pet spaniel came running up, and, jumping upon me, twitched the cord from my hand. It was just a moment too soon, and as the startled bird flew swiftly away, I felt angry enough to kill the innocent cause of my disappointment. He was still frisking around me, and, in my passion, I seized a large stone, and raised my arm to hurl it with all my strength. But just then a sharp, half-whispered 'Hist!' attracted my attention, and pausing, with my hand still upraised, I turned to see our old gardener standing near, in a listening attitude.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, half startled by his manner and expression.

"Don't you hear something?" he asked.

"Why, no," I replied.

"Can't you hear a voice saying, 'Don't do it! don't do it?'" he continued.

"O, I know what you mean now," I said, hardly knowing whether to smile or to be vexed at his little ruse; but by this time my anger had abated, and stooping involuntarily to caress the little animal which was really so dear to me, I thought how easily I might have taken his life, and I said repentantly, "I'm glad you stopped me, Martin, and I wish you'd remind me whenever you see I'm so mad that I hardly know what I'm doing."

"All right, Master Will," he replied, "if you'll only stop a bit when you're angry and listen to what conscience says."

"The old man was faithful to his promise, and over and over again I heard that warning expression, until even when he was not near I came to listen involuntarily for the 'Hist! hist!' and the voice of conscience which was so sure to follow."

"Please, uncle," said Tom, with a half smile as Mr. Whetherby ceased speaking, "won't you say it to me a few times, and see if I can't get to hearing it for myself? It is such an encouragement to think what a success you have made of it."—*Morning Star*.

## WHAT A LITTLE CHILD DID.

Not long ago a missionary on the great river Congo had pushed up on a little steamer into a part where no white man had ever been seen before. The anchor was let down and the steamer brought to. Food was needed for the men and firewood for the engines.

The natives came crowding to the bank to look at the wonderful boat; they were armed with arrows and big, ugly spears. The missionary talked to them, and made signs of peace, but nothing that he could do seemed to touch them. It was plain that they were partly angry, partly suspicious and partly afraid, and when the savages are in that state they are very dangerous.

What was to be done? A happy thought flashed across the missionary. He had a wife and a dear little baby on board. He got the baby, took it up on his arms, and showed it to the people. Now the baby seemed to understand the situation, and instead of crying, or pretending to be shy, it laughed and crowed as merrily as could be, and when the poor savages saw it they felt safe; they understood in a moment that no harm was meant, and so they laid down their arms and became quite friendly. Even in Africa we can say, "A little child shall lead them."—*ScL*.

## A STORY SERMON FOR THE YOUNG.

"We spend our years as a Tale that is Told."

—Ps. xc. 9.

**I**N the East, where books are scarce, and few people can read, telling stories is a profession by which many men earn a living. An Englishman who was travelling in Egypt encamped one evening, after suffering much during the day from flies and dust. When they had pitched their tents, he noticed a strange-looking Arab join his party. After the evening meal the chief seat in the centre of the group was given to this man, who turned out to be a teller of tales. The Englishman watched the scene. The story which the stranger told sometimes moved to tears, and at other times provoked a smile. At one point he was describing the conduct of a ruffian who first robbed and then tried to murder a man who had found him when he was a poor wanderer, and had taken him into his home and shown him the greatest kindness.

The dark eyes of the listening Arabs flashed with anger, and more than one felt for his dagger. The story was so real to them that they almost imagined the culprit was there.

The tale finished, it seemed to pass from their minds at once. Each man rolled himself up in his blanket and was soon fast asleep.

It is such a scene as this that is in the mind of the writer of this psalm, when he speaks of people spending their years "as a tale that is told." My young readers, as you look back on the year that is past, have you spent it "as a tale that is told"? In one sense I hope you have. I hope that you have been so anxious to do all your work well that, as you look back, you can say, "My lessons and task were not wearisome. I have been happier in my work than anyone could be in listening to the best story that ever was told." Young people who require to be driven to their work do not find it a happiness. Nor will you be happy if you are idle: Satan always finds some mischief for idle hands and idle minds to do; and after mischief comes pain. If the year has not passed pleasantly, you may be sure there is something wrong. And if in the coming year your duties seem hard and burdensome, do go to Him who can turn duty into delight, and make burdens easy by taking the heaviest parts of them upon His own shoulder.

In another sense I hope you do not look back upon the past year as spent like "a tale that is told." It was well enough for the Arabs, after the toil of the day, to sit round the camp fire listening to a thrilling story which helped them to forget the day's cares and weariness. But what if they had listened to tale after tale till far on into the next day! What

about the progress of their journey, and the food and water which could be obtained only by moving on? So to have spent the hours needed for sleep and for travelling would have been their ruin. And just so is it in our journey through life. It is a fatal mistake to treat life as a plaything, or an amusement, to spend its years as if engaged with a story or a song. Do not allow a single precious day, much less a whole year, to pass away, leaving behind it no more permanent results than a tale that is told.—*Rev. J. W. Miller in Pres. Messenger.*

## POOR "SOMEBODY ELSE!"

Perhaps we think we are pretty busy people, but we are idle compared with a poor slave, whose name is "Somebody Else." Whenever an awkward bit of work has to be done it is sure to be left for him.

At a meeting, if the speaker asks for a good collection, people hope that "Somebody Else" may be able to give more than they can afford to give at present.

If collecting cards or missionary-boxes are proposed, a hesitating voice says, "I am always glad to do what I can (I) but as for collecting, I must leave that for 'Somebody Else.'"

If a bit of practical self-denial is proposed, there are excellent reasons given why it should refer solely to "Somebody Else."

Now and then when a meeting is arranged for, so many persons stay at home "to leave a seat for 'Somebody Else,'" that the poor fellow would need a thousand bodies to fill all these "reserved seats."

If a ringing call to go to the perishing heathen is heard, ten to one "Somebody Else" is put forward promptly as the very one for the work.

Just sit down for five minutes and think. Can you expect this unfortunate "Somebody Else" to do everything? How can he give and collect, and deny himself, and attend meetings, and go to the heathen, for the hundreds of people who pass their duties on to him? What is the use of piling up work like that? Isn't it rather a shame?

Now, no matter what others do, you let "Somebody Else" have a rest. Give him his well-earned holiday, and every time you feel inclined to leave anything for him to do *do it yourself?*—*Awake.*

A legend is current in Ceylon, that once on a time five hundred bats lived in a cave where two monks daily recited the Buddha's law. These bats gained such merit by simply hearing the sound of the words, that, when they died, they were all reborn as men, and ultimately as gods.

## WORSHIPPERS AT INARI.



WRITER tells in *Mission Studies* of what he saw in a heathen temple in Japan. He says:

"Recently it was my good fortune to spend some three hours near the small temple dedicated to Inari the God of rice, in Yamuda, Ise, Japan.

A man came under the Torii at the approach to the little temple and before going directly before the temple, took off his hat and mufflers and laid them on the ground at one side. He then threw a coin on the canvas spread before the temple, kneeled and placed his hands together as if for prayer. Another stood further off and clapped his hands, petitioning in an indistinct tone. Without kneeling he bowed and passed on his way. Several little children approached and jingled the little bells suspended in front of the spread for coins. They did this apparently in sport and can be called embryo worshippers, if at all. A braid of red and white twisted cord hangs below the bells within easy reach of all, and the real idea of the bell seems to be to awaken the attention of the God, as does also the clapping of hands. Some of the believers do up their offerings of small coin in bits of paper, so that little wads appear all over the spread, besides the coins lying exposed to view. There is apparently not the slightest fear on the part of the temple-keepers that the money will be stolen from the spread. It lies exposed to all classes of people all day long and theft would be easy.

A woman came, kneeled, and said in a mumbling tone, a lot of Japanese lore with no understanding of its meaning herself. Given in a musical tone it was not offensive, but one must indeed pity her thinking of the "Vain repetitions of the Gentiles."

A man came and beside her kneeled a moment silent, throwing in his rice (about one-tenth of a cent) and departing, a man who came with him standing aside until he was through with his devotions as if the worship was of no interest at all and a hoax.

A stone trough of water, as at almost all temples, is near, and wooden ladles are there for the worshipper's use. They dip into it the hands, washing either alternately, and then from the hand take enough water to rinse the mouth thoroughly. They thus show respect to Inari and feel prepared to go before the temple.

Two very elegantly dressed gentlemen, clad in silk and furs, came and disrobed carefully outside the enclosure, removing hats and overcoats, and then going before the object of worship, kneeled, folded their hands, threw in their money and clapped

hands. It seemed too bad to see such apparently well-to-do and intelligent looking men worshipping so devoutly in such an insignificant looking place, when they might be worshipping the God of Wisdom, and love revealed by Christ.

One could but pity them sincerely, just to see them, and yet when you learn that this is a shrine whither business men quite largely go in the hope their business projects will succeed, praying that they may make money, that fires may not destroy their houses, that robbers may not trouble them and that crops may be plentiful, one feels besides pity a burning desire to teach them the true God and to drive away their false conception of religion.

Perhaps the chief form of worship at the temple of Inari consists in gifts of rice, Inari being strictly the god of rice. The worshipper approaches the keepers of the temple and lays down 2 sen (1½ cents) for Gozen (rice.) The keepers open a book, write down the man's name, upon enquiring the same, and his place of residence, also the amount of money given.

One living in the city may come often and offer, but a man several hundred miles distant, pays 20 sen, 50 sen, or as his heart prompts him, and trusts the keepers to carry his rice before the temple even while he is at his home, 2 sen worth on regular days until the money has been used. He receives a small envelope of dried rice, that has already been offered, and this he carries home to eat when ill disposed or sick, for restoration, or to give to some sick one who has commissioned him to worship in his or her stead and secure the rice for its healing powers. The keepers bring out two little cones of red rice on a small Dai (plate of wood) and attaching a paper tag, with the worshipper's name written, carry it down to the benches before the temple.

Some days the ground in front is covered with these plates of rice, the benches not being sufficient to hold them. People near can come at night and carry home the rice that has been offered and they eat it with real faith in its virtues, having been devoutly offered to the god. But some of it is said to be left for foxes that come at night and eat it.

I learned that the *Kumushu* (Shinto priest) comes every morning early to the temple to worship himself, but the whole care of the temple seems to be left to the laymen. Two men each day guard the place and assist worshippers as they need and they are succeeded by two others on the following day, there being this year ten men chosen to alternate in keeping the temple. It reminds one of the changes of priests going up from Jericho to Jerusalem.

The keepers of the little Inari temple sat

smoking, and their faces indicated the use of saki (Japanese wine) and from all I saw the place seemed to be "a place of merchandise," as our Saviour called the temple at Jerusalem. One can but long for the clear knowledge of the God of Love and wisdom to burst upon the nation and turn them all to the life of Christ. Pray that this may come.

#### DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

**T**HE Rev. Lyman Beecher was once engaged to preach, by way of exchange, for a country minister, and the day proved to be very cold and stormy. It was mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the Doctor urged his horse through the drifts till he reached the church, put his horse into a shed and went in.

As yet there was no person in the house, and, after looking about, he took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened and a single individual walked up the aisle and took a seat.

The hour came for opening the service, but there were no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not was only a momentary question with Lyman Beecher. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and that he had no right to refuse to do it because one man only could reap benefit, and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching and benediction, with one hearer. And when all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to the "congregation," but he had departed.

So rare a circumstance was, of course, occasionally referred to, but twenty years after a very delightful discovery came to light in connection with his service.

Dr. Beecher was travelling in Ohio, and on alighting from a stage, in a pleasant village, a gentleman stepped up to him and called him by name.

"I do not remember you," said Dr. Beecher.

"I suppose you don't," said the stranger, "but we spent two hours together in a house alone once in a storm."

"I do not recall it, sir," replied the old minister: "pray, where was it?"

"Do you remember preaching twenty years ago in such a place to a single person?"

"Yes, I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since."

"I am the man, sir, and that sermon made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio."

In telling the story, Dr. Beecher would add: "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had."—*Youth's Companion*.

#### JACK'S SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

**F**RIDAY night before Christmas a little boy who is a member of our Mission Band here in G—, S. D., called out from his bed to his mamma who was in the next room, "What day is it to-day?" She replied, "It is Friday."

As soon as he heard the answer, he said: "Well, that is what I thought, and to-morrow will be Saturday, and then you will owe me five cents for carrying the milk. Let's have a self-denial week this week."

A few days before his mamma had read him the article on "Hard Times," from the *Children's Work*, for December, and the paragraph about self-denial had made an impression upon Jack.

Now you may smile, as this was Friday night, and Jack already in bed, but his motive was a good one, as you will see.

When his mamma suggested that they wait till next week, he answered:

"No, then it will be after Christmas, and I won't mind giving my money a bit, but *now* I hate to give it."

You little folks who read this can imagine that very few pennies went into the mite-box those weeks before Christmas, for Jack was saving all he earned to buy Christmas gifts. But on Saturday morning when he came home with the milk and his mamma gave him a five cent piece, he ran and dropped it into his own little mite-box.

But this was not all, his mamma is a member of the Mission Band, too, and he said to her:

"Now you must have a self-denial week. What are you going to do?"

"Well, I don't know," she replied. "What shall I do?"

"How much money have you in your purse?"

"Just ten cents."

"What are you going to do with it?"

Now with so many questions to answer, Jack's mamma had to think fast, so she said:

"As papa is away to-day, suppose I send you down-town with it to buy some beefsteak for dinner."

"Ah! as we are alone we'll have toast and coffee for dinner and put the dime in the mite-box."

I hardly need tell you Jack enjoyed his dinner, for through him fifteen pennies found their way that morning into the mite-boxes.

I hope this story of the self-denial of one little six-year-old boy will help some others readers of *OVER SEA AND LAND* to make some self-denial for Jesus.—*Over Sea and Land*.

## International S. S. Lessons.

15th April.

### JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

Les. Gen. 37 : 23-36.  
Mem. vs. 26-28.

Gol. Text, Gen. 50 : 20.  
Catechism, Q. 97.

This story is something like that of the brothers in Eden, where hate led to murder. Hate, if indulged, always bears bitter fruit.

Jacob's home was in Hebron. Find it on the map. There he now lived, B. C. 1729, an old man of 109 years, with his still more aged father Isaac, aged 168 years.

Jacob's ten sons with their flocks were away sixty or seventy miles north, on the edge of the great Esdraelon plain. They went there partly for better pasture and perhaps partly to get away from their father's presence and Joseph's watchfulness, so that they might be more free to do wrong.

Jacob was anxious about them and he sent Joseph to see how they were getting along and to take to them some food. After three or four days travel he reaches them. They see him coming. He has on his fine coat, the mark of his father's favor. Their hate takes shape and they plan to kill him and to tell their father that some wild beast had torn him. Thus they think to get rid of him and his dreams.

Reuben does not wish to kill him, but he is afraid to speak out manfully in his behalf, so he proposes that instead of killing Joseph they shall throw him into a pit, intending to come afterwards and take him out and send him to his father.

These pits were for holding water. They were six to eight feet in diameter, and about ten feet deep, cut out of rock, and lined with smooth hard cement. The mouth of the pit was usually about two feet across, and the shape inside was something like a round bottomed bottle, and if one were inside, trying to get out, would be like trying to get out of a big bottle.

Joseph draws near. After the risk and loneliness of his three days journey, he is glad to meet his brothers and expects a warm welcome.

But what is the matter? They scowl at him. They seize him and tear off his coat. He struggles and cries, and prays for mercy, but in vain. Down into an empty water pit they throw him, and leaving him to perish, they go off and sit down to eat, perhaps to have a feast of the dainties he had brought them.

As they eat they see in the distance a line of camels swinging slowly along, for they are close by the way that caravans travel between Egypt and Persia. Reuben is away a little distance looking after the flocks.

And now a thought occurred to them; let us sell him for a slave. We will be clear of his blood and get some money as well. They came to the pit to take him out. His hopes revive. He thinks they only intended to scare him, and are now going to set him free. But soon these hopes are dashed to the ground. He hears the bargain. He appeals for mercy but in vain. He is tied so that he cannot escape. The caravan moves on and Joseph is carried with them as a slave.

They travel southward along the Mediterranean coast, passing some twenty miles or more from his home. He can see the hills not far from his father's tent.

Oh if his father only knew that his loved boy was passing not many miles away, carried off as a slave, what efforts he would make for his delivery! He would either buy him from the Ishmaelites, or arming all his servants would seize and rescue him.

But the father does not know. They pass on. The well known hills of Canaan fade from sight, and the poor Jewish lad turns to face the future, a slave in a strange and distant land.

He had lost all but one thing, but that was enough for him, his confidence in God. And that God guided him in safety. Young people when you leave home take God with you and all will be well.

Let us go back to the brothers. Reuben did not see the sale. He comes alone to the pit to get Joseph out and send him to his father, but Joseph is not there. Reuben is sorry that he did not take a bolder stand but that cannot help him now.

Then the brothers kill a kid, They dip Joseph's coat in the blood and bring it to Jacob with a lie to hide their crime, pretending that they had found it, and that some beast had killed the boy.

Then with black hypocrisy they try to comfort their father, and their wives join them, but the old man will not be comforted. He deceived his father years before about his brother Esau, and now his children are deceiving him about Joseph.

How one sin leads to another. Their selfishness made them envy Joseph. Their envy made them hate him. Their hate led them to seek to kill or sell him. That led to a lie to hide it. Better be innocent Joseph and God with him, than the guilty brothers.

April 22.

### JOSEPH RULER IN EGYPT.

Les. Gen. 41 : 38-48.  
Mem. vs. 38-40.

Gol. Text, 1 Sam. 2, 3.  
Catechism Q. 98, 90.

The last we saw of Joseph he was borne away by the Midianites as a slave and carried down into Egypt. Thirteen years have

passed. His grandfather Isaac has passed away, sorrowing for his grandson, who had often cheered him by his boyish talk and play. Jacob is an old man of 121 years. His life has been shadowed by grief since Joseph's death.

And what of the poor slave boy himself? We visit Egypt in this lesson. Shall we see Joseph? Where shall we look for him? Surely in some low and menial place. Nay, we find him next the throne, virtual ruler of Egypt.

What a checkered thirteen years! The first ten were spent in Potiphar's service; the second three in prison, and from that he vaulted to power.

Remember that while he was exalted by a miracle, God telling him how to interpret a dream, yet the reason that he was thus honored was because he was faithful to God, and truth, and right, in the lowly places which he had filled. Wherever he was he tried to be useful, hopeful, and true. His one aim was to please God, and every one who does that, though they may not rise to a high place among men, will be guided and cared for by God.

When he first went to Egypt, the Medianites sought a market for their slave, and as he was a handsome young man, they went to a high place to get a good price, and they sold him to Potiphar, a captain of the guard, a man of great power.

Joseph was so wise and faithful, while other servants were often deceitful, that he gradually trusted more and more into his hand until the servant had practically the whole management of his affairs.

All this seemed to show the favor of Providence, but now when all seemed bright he was suddenly and falsely charged with wrong doing, and cast into prison. It seemed a poor reward for his faithfulness, but this too was Providence. The hard trials as well as the bright times are from God's hand. His very imprisonment made him a better man.

Although wrongfully imprisoned he did not fret or complain, but went to work to make the best of it, and made himself so useful that here, as in Potiphar's house, he came to be a trusted helper.

Then came Pharaoh's strange dream which none could interpret, until the king's butler remembered how Joseph had interpreted his dream in prison, and how unthankful he had been, and he told Pharaoh about him. Joseph was called. God revealed to him the meaning of the dream. He told the king and advised him what to do. Pharaoh rightly judged that no other man was so fitted to carry out the proposed plan, and appointed Joseph to the prison. From the prison he is raised next to the throne; and now at thirty

years of age, Joseph makes laws for Egypt, gathering up some of the rich harvest of the plenteous years to store it for the coming years of famine.

We might think it strange that some time in these years Joseph had not tried to let his father know where he was, as he was only 250 miles from home, but to do so would expose the sin of his brothers and make more trouble at home. Besides there were no mails in those days, and he could not go or send a messenger. He waited God's time, doing faithfully what God gave him to do. That he tenderly loved that home we see from the way in which he received his father and brethren in later years.

We learn from this lesson that the trials of youth often train for after life. The poor boy that is left to make his own way in the world sometimes makes the smartest, strongest man.

Another lesson:—If we do our duty where we are and trust God, He will lead us to the place, be it high or low, which he wants us to fill and to the work He wants us to do.

A still more precious lesson we learn, that God will never forsake those who put their trust in Him.

#### April 29.

#### JOSEPH FORGIVING HIS BRETHREN.

Les. Gen. 45: 1-15. Gol. Text, Luke 17: 3.  
Mem. vs. 3-5. Catechism Q. 100.

Nine years have passed since last lesson. That was at the beginning of the seven plenteous years. These have gone by. Much of their rich plenty has been saved by Joseph, in store cities in different parts of the kingdom. The famine has begun. It is now the second year of that awful time. The date is 1707 B.C. Twenty-two years have passed since he was sold to the Medianites. He is now thirty-nine years of age.

Jacob is still living, 130 years old. The famine is felt in Canaan as well as in Egypt. Jacob and his family are scarce of food and wonder what they shall do. News comes to them that there is plenty in Egypt. It is a long journey, more than 200 miles, but they must have food, and at length the ten sons, most of them in middle life, some from fifty to sixty years of age, start to Egypt to buy food.

One day the governor of Egypt is told that ten strange men wish to see him. They speak a foreign tongue. The court interpreter is called. They are brought into the presence of Joseph, and with astonishment that he can scarcely control he sees before him the brothers who had sold him into slavery. They come and bow themselves before him, and now is fulfilled those dreams of many years before.



But he is not thinking of his own greatness nor how completely he has them in his power. He is thinking of his father and Benjamin. He does not at once reveal himself. He does not know their characters and he wishes to test whether they have repented before he tells them who he is, and takes them back into his confidence. Read the story of the different trials, how he puts their money in their sack; how he makes them bring Benjamin; how he causes his drinking cup to be hidden in Benjamin's sack; how the brothers accuse themselves of what they had done 22 years before. They have spent many a wretched hour since that time, and now as their troubles thicken around them, they feel that it is because of their sin. When Joseph makes himself known they are so troubled. The memory of all the wrong they did to him comes crowding thick upon them.

But Joseph tells them not to fear, that God sent him before them to preserve life. How he returns good for evil, and sends for his father and all the family to come and share with him the good of the land of Egypt.

Learn from this lesson.

1. The misery of sin. Joseph's brethren brought more wretchedness upon themselves than they did upon him.

2. What a blessed thing to return good for evil as Joseph did. We may not have such grand opportunities as he, but we can all have the spirit of Christ and return good for evil.

3. The greatest victory the world ever saw is that which overcomes evil with good.

### May 6.

#### JOSEPH'S LAST DAYS.

Les. Gen. 50: 14-26      Gol. Text, Prov. 4: 18.  
Mem. vs. 24-26.      Catechism Q. 101.

In last lesson Joseph had sent for his father and soon had the joy of welcoming him to Egypt. Seventeen years the old patriarch lived there, a calm and peaceful sunset to his life after the years of sorrow over the loss of his beloved son.

With great pomp and ceremony the long funeral procession started for Canaan to lay the remains of Jacob beside his father.

This was the only visit of Joseph to Canaan since he had been sold into Egypt, more than 40 years before. With what strange feelings he would look upon the scenes of his boyhood days. Then he returned into Egypt, and though he lived for 53 years longer, we do not read that he ever visited his childhood's home again.

A guilty conscience gives no peace. Although it is now 17 years since Joseph forgave his brothers, they have lived in a measure of fear and distrust all that time, and now that their father is dead they fear

that he may still take vengeance upon them. Their small souls can scarcely understand the nobility of his generous forgiving love. They come to him, again acknowledge their sin, and plead for mercy.

Nobly he forgives them and still more shows them how God meant it for good and how it had turned out for good to himself and them, to all the land of Egypt and far beyond.

Fifty-three years longer Joseph lived in Egypt, a calm and happy, honored life, and at length at the good old age of 110 years he passed away.

But though he never went back to live in Canaan, he remembered the promises to his fathers. He knew that Egypt was not their home. He said, "God will come for you to take you out of this land and then you must take up my bones with you. So he died. They embalmed him with sweet spices, put him in a coffin, and kept the remains for 400 years till the time of the exodus.

How wretched the sin of these brothers made their lives. How calm and happy Joseph's later years. No memory of wrong doing to make them bitter. Young people if you wish to have a peaceful age, serve God when young.

How is Joseph a type of Christ?

### A HOUSE TO LET.

One day an old man met a business friend on the street and suddenly said to him, "John, you have a house to let."

"A house to let?" repeated the young man "who told you so I have no house to let."

"I think you have, John. You are not prepared to lie in it yourself, I see."

"What do you mean?" demanded John.

"Why, I mean your house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. You have not made arrangements to move in, have you? It's to let, then."

The young man walked away as though a hornet had stung him, and he did not let the sun go down on his head without taking steps to inhabit that house himself. *Morning Guide.*

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