

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

The

HILDRENS RECORD.



CONTENTS

Two Cents a Week and A Daily Prayer..	82
A Cruel Mother.....	82
Our French Friends; Temperance.....	82
Two Blind Boys in Ujjain.....	84
Chinese Bible Women.....	85
Pleasant Jack; A Brave Young Man....	86
The Highland Soldier.....	88
The Aged Brahman Pilgrim.....	89
Are They Waiting for You.....	90
A Hindoo Girl Looking for Jesus.....	90
Travelling in Turkey.....	91
Look, My Child; Among the Serpents...	92
A Noble Boy.....	93
The Most Beautiful Bible.....	93
True Beauty; I've Tried Not to Get Angry	96
Children's Gifts; Hidden Carving.....	96
International S. S. Lessons.....	94

Lo I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

"TWO CENTS A WEEK AND A DAILY PRAYER."

"Two cents a week, and a daily prayer,"
A tiny gift may be,
But it helps to do a wonderful work
For our sisters across the sea.

"Two cents a week, and a daily prayer,"
From our abundant store,
It was never missed for its place was filled
By a Father's gift of more.

"Two cents a week, and a daily prayer,
'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,
'Twas the work has done and a blessing bought
The gift was so very small.

Two cents a week, and a daily prayer,
Freely and heartily given;
The treasures of earth will all melt away—
This is treasure laid up in heaven.

Heathen Woman's Friend.

A CRUEL MOTHER.

Mrs. Annand, one of our missionaries in Santo, the largest island in the New Hebrides, tells in a letter, an incident which shows the awful cruelty of heathenism, and which has two lessons for us.

A young married couple living quite near them had one child, their first born. One day the wife got angry with her husband and in her rage picked up her baby by the feet and swinging it like a club, dashed its head on the ground and killed it. Poor Child! Poor dark heathen mother.

The first lesson for us is to guard our temper. Hasty tempers are found in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, and the far West, just as well as in the New Hebrides; and sometimes if allowed to grow unchecked they lead to terrible consequences, sometimes to murder. The Good Book tells us that "Better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a child."

The second lesson is that we should hasten to these people the Gospel, which teaches them the evil of their doings and shows them a better way.

OUR FRENCH CANADIAN FRIENDS.

What strange ideas many of the French Roman Catholics have about Protestants. Their priests try to make them believe that we are all very bad, but when they come to know more about us they change their minds. One missionary writes as follows:

"M— was renowned for its hatred to French Protestants, when I was here eight years ago, but since the opening of the road from N— their is a great change. The people have been meeting with Protestants and there is a great change. They now begin to look at us as human beings, and sometimes take great interest in inquiring about our religion."

"Many of them are surprised to hear us praying the Lord's Prayer,"—writes another missionary—"As one woman said to her sister, when we arose from prayer, I did not think these Protestants prayed the "Notre Père" (Our Father). It is a revelation to them, because many of them think by what they hear from their priests that we do not pray at all."

"I met a man with two of his sons working in the field near the road"—writes a colporteur—"I offered the New Testament but the man said he could not touch it for anything. Then I told him that it was the real Holy Scriptures, written by the Apostles themselves, inspired by the Holy Spirit.

When I was speaking some others of his sort came and listened, and I read to them passages of Scripture showing how we are saved by our Lord Jesus Christ, the only Mediator between God and man.

The man was more polite on my leaving than when I arrived. He said to me that he never before had a conversation like this."

TEMPERANCE.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

WHEN we think of the future of the country and the Church, we at once think of the children and the young people. In them is our hope. They must take up the work which the old people will lay down, all too soon.

Thus we see at once the importance, the necessity, of having all our young people well trained for the work that must gradually fall into their hands.

Dear readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD, and most of you are young people, from among your ranks are to come the Christian men and women, who must bear the burdens of both Church and State.

Now, who among you are going to be Christian men and women? Surely every hand is up, and everyone eager to say, "I am!"

We are glad to see it and to hear it. Now is the time to begin. If you are Christian boys and girls now, then we are sure you will be Christian men and women on whom we can depend.

There is one part of Christian duty we want to emphasize just here. It is the duty of *temperance*. Now, as *intemperance* is a sin, and as drinking intoxicating liquors leads to this sin, we want you all to take the safest possible course, a course that is sure to save you from the sin of intemperance, and many other sins connected with intemperance, a course that will make it easier for you to live a good Christian life and increase your influence for all that is right.

This course is *total abstinence*. If you never take strong drink, you will never fall into the sin of intemperance, but if you do begin to drink, you may be drunkards, and it is quite certain that, if you drink, *some of you will be drunkards*. This is a terrible thing to think of, but does not need a prophet to say it is true.

Oh! that everyone of you, and all your teachers and your parents would think seriously of this matter, become pledged total abstainers, and, trusting in the grace of God, help, as true Christians ought to help, to build up a strong temperance army, that will soon be so strong that no power will be able to stand against it, for this battle is the Lord's, and the right must conquer.

Who among you that has not done so will now join this army? Who among you that has done so, will do something to get recruits?

The Church to which you belong has provided a way to help you in this work. Have you heard of it? Have you adopted it in your Sabbath School, or in your Young People's Society? If not, the writer will be glad, if any one will send him a post card, giving name and address, to send the needed information, and tell you what to do, and how to do it.

The time is passing. Do not wait, but write at once, and see if we cannot help one another in doing some good, in the name, and for the sake of Him who gave Himself for us.

Your friend and well-wisher,

D. STILES FRASER.

Upper Stewiacke, N.S.

WHAT TOBACCO DOES.

BY EDWIN P. GLEASON, M.D.

1. Tobacco used to excess lessens the natural appetite. A great smoker is seldom a great eater.
 2. It impairs digestion, causes dyspepsia, besides other derangements of the digestive system
 3. It causes inflammation of the mouth and throat, destroying the purity of the voice. A smoker is rarely a good singer.
 4. It is a heart irritant, causing palpitation and "tobacco heart."
 5. It causes nervous depression, diminished strength, melancholy, and impaired memory.
 6. It injures the sight and hearing. This follows more from smoking than from chewing.
 7. It is hostile to the most perfect development of the body; an athlete in training is not allowed to use tobacco.
 8. Its most marked effects are in the young, in whom it arrests development of the highest nervous centres and stunts the growth.
 9. Its use is an expensive habit.
 10. It is offensive to many. Have we the right to make ourselves disagreeable?
 11. It creates a thirst which in some may be satisfied with alcoholic drinks.
- As this subject is in the direct line of my observation for several years, and as I have used tobacco for twelve years until recently I write what I know and have seen.—*Sel.*

TWO BLIND BOYS IN UJJAIN.

UJJAIN, CENTRAL INDIA,
12 March, 1896.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE,—Let me tell you of two blind boys that I am teaching. A year ago I saw many of you in Canada, and now we are at work in this ancient heathen city of Ujjain. The Hindus look upon it as a very holy city, which in India means that it is also very filthy.

Eight weeks since a boy ten years of age, totally blind, began to attend school. He is quite a help to his parents, as he does a great deal of grinding for them. They grind grain by turning one flat stone around on top of another, with grain between, like they used to grind in Bible times. They appear to be kind to him and give him enough to eat, for he is well and strong.

But a second blind boy came to us a couple of weeks ago, who is very differently treated. He is of the proud Brahmin caste.

His parents turned him out of their home, for they said he would never be any help to them.

His grandmother, an aged widow, finding that a blind boy would be of great assistance to her in her life as a beggar, has taken the boy to her wretched home at the entrance to the temple. He is now almost nine years of age, weak and sickly from want of proper food.

I am now trying to get this boy to adopt, but as he is a Brahmin I must be very careful how I proceed, for the Brahmins and other castes would certainly raise a great hue and cry if I were to do anything to break his caste at first. But I will not allow him to beg any more if I can prevent it. He is a very clever boy, in spite of having a poor, badly nourished body.

I have secured books in Hindi for teaching the blind, and both of these boys are now learning to read.

The elder boy is the brightest child I have ever seen, especially in committing to memory. The first day he came to school he learned perfectly an abridged form of the ten

commandments, John 3, 16, besides an oral Bible lesson.

Indeed, if he had a teacher with him all the time he is in school, he could learn an almost unlimited amount.

He is very earnest in applying the truths of Christianity to his daily life and conduct.

When the "hosee" holidays came and the people began their custom of abusing each other in the vile language indulged in at that time, this blind boy told me, without being asked, that he did not do any of the wicked things everybody was engaged in those days.

I asked how was that, when he answered, "Have you not told us it is a sin to do such things?" And so almost daily he speaks of something that he has done himself, or that the other children do, as sin.

He is learning to read very quickly, much to his own delight.

How often I wish our friends at home could see the joy this dear boy receives from learning our hymns, and verses of Scripture.

When asked about heaven, he never forgets to say that "there the blind shall see."

We had a magic lantern exhibition lately in my school-room. It was pitiful to see those boys, when the other children exclaimed as the pictures were thrown on to the canvas.

But when a Scripture picture was shown, and they got an idea of what it meant, they answered quite as well as any of the others, the older boy in his excitement, rising and walking into the middle of the room. Will you join us in praying that both of those boys may receive new, clean hearts, and become useful workers in the service of the Master?

Your friend,

MARGARET JAMIESON.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

The noblest characters are those who have steered the life-vessel through stormiest seas. A bed of down never nurtured a great soldier.

GIRLS IN INDIA.

All girls in India are very fond of pretty and bright-colored dresses. The dress is simply five yards of muslin. When only three or four years old a little girl begins to learn how to wind it gracefully around the body and over the shoulder. When she goes

often buried in the mud-floor of the woman's inner apartment. If you want to see their jewelry you must make an appointment beforehand, so that they can dig it up.

Once in eight days the girls and women wash and comb and oil their hair, and have it



Bible Women in China.

into the street she slips one end over the head as a veil. A little short-sleeved jacket is the only other garment she wears. This is a very cool and comfortable costume for the hot climate.

Every family has a jewel-box full of little "cubby-holes" for each ornament. This is

nicely braided. They also take off and brighten the jewelry at this time. They would rather starve than give up their jewelry, they are so fond of it. The poorest people make theirs of tin, brass, lead and glass, and sealing-wax and shells.—*Over Sea and Land.*

PLEASANT JACK.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night, Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast-rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister; and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened the damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterwards, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper. I am sure of that.

And I thought, Why isn't a disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest, or truthful, or industrious, or generous?—*Christian at Work*.

It was only a glad "good morning."

As she passed along the way;

But it spread the morning's glory

Over the livelong day.

A BRAVE YOUNG MAN.

PHILIP McKAY was in a peculiarly trying position. Left early in life with the care of an invalid mother, he had succeeded by indomitable energy and perseverance in winning for himself a position of trust in a large mercantile concern, which enabled him to provide for "little mother"—as he delighted to call her—the comforts and many of the luxuries which she craved.

Moreover, he kept before him a shining vision of a home, quite away from the grime and bustle of the busy city—a tiny cottage where the roses clambered in riotous confusion, and the birds sang all day long in the great elm which shaded the windows of the cheerful sitting-room.

More than once he had boarded a car at the close of the day's work in the dingy office, and had ridden out into God's beautiful country—the country which lay so fair and still, with the rays of the setting sun resting like a benediction upon its peace and beauty. And always on such occasions he lingered at the bit of a house which realized his vision, fancying his mother's face, with its welcoming smile, at the window.

He meant to put on a fresh coat of paint—he knew the very shade—when he had completed arrangements for its purchase, a possibility which every day seemed to grow brighter and more desirable.

It was all to be a glad surprise to the little mother. He had planned it all, over and over again. He would ask her to ride with him some bright evening, and kissing away her protests against his extravagance, as he knew she would term the unwonted luxury of a carriage, he would drive slowly by, calling her attention to the cosy, home-like cottage; and when she had admired it to his heart's content, as admire it she must, he meant to lead her in through the tiny gateway, and, unlocking the door with an exultant sense of ownership, present her with the key to her *home*. Oh, yes, he had lived it all over so often that no minutest detail of the arrangement was forgotten.

In June he had hoped to realize his happy dream. It is April now, and in the quiet of his own room Philip McKay wrestles with the mighty problem of duty, and his strong spirit quails as he faces the result towards which his conscience unwaveringly points.

The young man was a Christian. Less than

three years before, standing before the altar in the quiet country church in the far-distant home of his childhood and youth, he had professed his love for the Lord Jesus Christ. In the solemn hours of that Sabbath afternoon he squarely faced the possibilities of the future, and recorded in his heart of hearts was the vow, that, come what might, with God's help he would use all the powers of his being to fight the demon of intemperance.

Full well he knew what had written those lines of care in his mother's patient face, and given to the curves of her lips their pathetic droop. Full well he knew that in yonder church-yard his father lay in a drunkard's grave. Oh, the horror of it! Oh, the shame of it! In that hour the boy became a man, with all a man's intense and determined purpose, and with all the inbred chivalry of a noble nature he resolved henceforth to throw about his mother's life that protecting care of which it had long been robbed.

Acting upon this resolution he sought and found employment in the great city. His straightforward manner and excellent recommendations at once impressed the head of the great firm to which he had been directed, and his capability speedily secured his advancement to the position in which we find him.

Long ago he had been able to send for the little mother, and to establish her comfortably in a tiny flat, with a little maid to look after her comfort in his absence.

And now, just as he seemed about to realize the dream of these years of toil, he was brought face to face with the question which his heart told him could have but one answer—an answer which meant the relinquishment of his hopes, the blighting of his brightest dreams.

Only that morning his employer had announced, evidently with no thought of opposition, that after the first of the month young McKay would be transferred to the office of the Phoenixville Brewery, a concern which, by the foreclosure of a mortgage, had recently become the property of the firm, and which they determine to operate under its old management, sending young McKay to exercise his judgment and ability in the office.

The young man's quiet "I cannot do it, sir," called forth a storm of invectives from the irascible senior partner, who concluded his reproaches by giving him until the following morning to make his final decision.

No hint of the struggle was given the little mother, whom he greeted with his usual cheery smile; but alone with his conscience, the storm broke in all its fury, and all through the night the brave soul battled with the tumultuous waves of temptation.

Some one may say that to a Christian there

should be no question where duty is at stake. But surely no one will put the stigma of cowardice upon this young man whose invalid mother was dearer to him than his own life, and who saw, as the result of his decision, the withdrawal of those comforts which made life endurable to the weary "shut-in."

Nay, rather let us look with reverence at the resolute expression in the brave eyes which looked straight into those of his employer, as he presented himself the following morning, saying simply, "I have come to tell your, sir, that I cannot enter the office at the brewery."

"Very well, McKay," was the cold reply "We are sorry to lose you, but you have made your own choice, and must abide by the consequences. We shall have no further need for your services."

All unconscious of the fact that a third party, standing within the shadow of the doorway, had overheard the brief conversation, Philip turned away with a heavy heart. All day long he tramped up and down the streets of the city, applying here and there for employment of any kind, only to be met everywhere with disappointment.

As the evening shadows lengthened, he turned his face homeward, determining to shield his mother as long as possible from a knowledge of the cruel truth.

Much to his surprise, however, he found a letter awaiting him, asking for an interview at an early hour the next morning at the office of a well-known down-town merchant.

It was with a strange feeling of expectancy that he presented himself at the appointed time and place, there to be met with an offer of a position in the office of the establishment, at a salary slightly in advance of that which he had declined on the preceding day.

Overhearing his curt dismissal from his former position, the merchant had inquired into the circumstances, and, receiving the most satisfactory account of his previous record from his former employer, who was honest enough to do him justice, he determined to offer him a position made vacant by the removal of an old and valued employee. Small wonder that the young man exclaimed, as he lifted his heart in gratitude: "Thy ways, Oh Lord, are higher than my ways!"

It is June now, and the music of the birds is echoed in the heart of the bright-faced young man who stoops to greet the little mother in the tiny garden, where the roses breathe a fragrant welcome. But dearer to the heart of Philip McKay than all the beauty which lies everywhere about him, is the sweet look of contentment in his mother's face as he leads her through the open doorway into their peaceful, happy home.—*Pres. Messenger.*

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL was a soldier in the 93rd Highlanders, a regiment which performed deeds of heroic bravery at the Relief of Lucknow, under the leadership of one of England's greatest soldiers, Sir Henry Havelock. Born in the Highlands of Scotland, Duncan was brought up with care, being trained in the strict observance of the outward forms and duties of religion.

The regiment was quartered for a time at Dover, and in this town he had the benefit of the instructions of a lady who was unsparing in her efforts for the spiritual good of the soldiers. She took a deep interest in Duncan, and sought to win him to Christ, that he might become a true soldier of the cross. He listened to her instructions and appeals with attention, and was grateful for her kindness, but his heart was still closed against the gospel.

The regiment was ordered to India, and it was here, far away from his old home and all his kindred, that the great change took place in his heart and character. It was in 1857, the year of the Indian Mutiny. The 93rd was on its way up country, hastening to the scene of those terrible atrocities which took place.

While on the march, the accidental discharge of a pistol lodged a bullet in one of Duncan's legs. The poor fellow was most kindly tended by both officers and men, but the wound was serious—the bullet was lodged deeply in the flesh, and when evening came he was found too weak and feverish to proceed. A comrade was therefore left with him till the following morning, awaiting the arrival of the next detachment, which had a doctor in attendance. He was sent on to the nearest hospital in a doolie, a covered conveyance borne on the shoulders of coolies.

The journey was a painful one to him, and the uneasy motion of the doolie, the great heat of the weather, and the want of comforts so increased his sufferings that little hope was entertained of his life. He was in extreme pain, and unable to speak.

It was now, in this extremity of weakness and, as it was thought, at the point of death, that his mind began to open to those great truths of Holy Scripture which he had so long neglected. It pleased God to remove the veil from his heart, and to disclose to his view his awful position as a sinner before God. He felt he was about to enter into the presence of him who is the "Judge of the living and the dead," before whose eyes "all things are naked and open." He saw his sins as a crowd of witnesses against him, and he felt that his mouth was stopped and his soul "guilty before God."

Happily he was not without someone to direct him in his anxiety. A friend who visited him in the hospital was enabled to point him to Jesus, the sinner's substitute, the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." Light seemed suddenly to break upon his soul. He was enabled to look to Jesus, and as he looked to Him who died, "the just for the unjust," his heart melted and warmed with love to Him who in His love had shed His blood to save him.

The doctor was able to extract the ball, and as his fever abated he gradually recovered, though he remained for a long time weak.

His early training and knowledge of the Scriptures proved of great use to him. The Bible was not a strange book: he was familiar with its contents, only now they shone out in a new light, and were clothed with a living power such as he had never felt before. The grace he had received bore fruit in the praise of God. He embraced opportunities even in the hospital, of telling to others the salvation he had found, and commending the Saviour who had shown mercy to him.

In a few months he was sent to a neighbouring station for change of air, and in the spring or early summer he was ordered home to England.

But he was never to see his native land again. In the month of July, while on the homeward voyage, his health finally gave way, and in a few days the end came. His body found a resting place in the depths of the ocean, but his soul, calmly reposing on the merits of Jesus, went to join the spirits of the just.

THE AGED BRAHMAN PILGRIM.

BY JACOB CHAMBERLAIN, D.D.

IT was in February, 1861, that two of us missionaries were out on a preaching tour, in a part of the Telugu country lying on the edge of the Mysore kingdom, a region in which the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ had, so far never yet been proclaimed.

Our tent was pitched under a spreading banyan tree. We had been there for several days, and had preached in all the villages and hamlets within three miles of our camp. That morning we had left our tent before sunrise and gone several miles to preach in a cluster of villages nestled in among the hills. In each village, after the oral proclamation, we had offered gospels and tracts in their own tongue to the people who had listened; but only a few would receive them, so suspicious were they at that time of everything new.

We returned to our tent weary with our morning's work. The burden of our thoughts was, "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?"

As we came near we saw a venerable gray-haired Brahman engaged in his devotions on a large stone platform around the central trunk of a banyan tree, where there was a small shrine. Slowly, with beads in hand, he performed his circumambulations, keeping his face toward the shrine, reciting his *mantrams*, his prayers, his petitions. Each time that he came in front of the shrine he fell prostrate upon the ground, performing the *sashtaugam* of the Hindus, and then, sliding one bead on his rosary, he would slowly and reverently go around the tree again.

Much struck by his reverent demeanor and evident earnestness we watched him through the corded meshes of our tent window, and when he had finished his devotions and had sat down to rest, we went out, and, courteously addressing him, asked him what he sought by these prayers and circumambulations.

"O sirs," said he, in a tone that struck us as one of intense earnestness, "I am seeking to get rid of the burden of sin. All my life I have been seeking it, but each effort that I make is as unsuccessful as the one before, and still the burden is here. My pilgrimages and prayers and penances of sixty years have all been in vain. Alas! I know not how my desire can be accomplished."

Then, in answer to our inquiries, he gave us the story of his life. He told us how in early life he had been sorely troubled by the thoughts of his unexpiated sins; that his parents had both died when he was seventeen years of age, leaving him, an only child, sole heir of their wealth: that the priests whom

he consulted told him that if he would give all his property to endow a temple the burden of sin would be removed.

He gave his property—all of it. He endowed a temple. But the burden of sin was no lighter. His mind was not at peace. Obedient to further advice from the priests, his counsellors, he made the pilgrimage on foot all the long way to Benares, the holy city of the Hindus, lying on the banks of the sacred Ganges. He spent two years in the precincts of the temples in worship. He spent two years in bathing in the holy river Ganges. "But," said he, "the Ganges water washed the foulness from my skin, but not the foulness from my soul. And still the old burden was there unceasing." He told us how he had gone from thence on foot, all the way to Kameshwaram, begging his food all the two thousand miles—for he had given all his money to the temple—and thence again to Sirangam, and thence to other holy places.

He told us how he had spent his whole life in these pilgrimages and penances and in desert wanderings, apart from his kind, living on roots and nuts and jungle fruits, remaining for years at a time in the forest jungles in the vain search for relief from the burden of sin.

"And now sirs," said he, "my life is almost gone; my hair is thin and white; my eyes are dim; my teeth are gone; my cheeks are sunken; my body is wasted; I am an old, old man; and yet, sirs, the burden of sin is just as heavy as when, a young man, I started in pursuit of deliverance. O, sirs, does your Veda tell how I can get rid of this burden and be at peace? Our Vedas have not shown me how."

How gladly did we tell him of our gracious "Burden-bearer," and of his loving call, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." How eagerly did he listen as we told him of Jesus-Christ, the Godman, the Saviour of the world, and told him what he had done for our salvation. How gladly did he pore over the gospels we gave him, and what earnest questions did he ask during the day as to points in their teachings which he did not quite understand. During that night he left and went upon his way, taking the gospels with him, and we never again saw him.

Though so many years have intervened, his earnest, reverent countenance remains photographed in my memory, and I shall look for him up there among the redeemed; for I believe he was in earnest in seeking deliverance from the burden of sin—in vain, indeed, as he said, through Hinduism: I trust not in vain through the Gospel of Jesus Christ; for that is "the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."—*Independent*.

ARE THEY WAITING FOR YOU ?

How long must the children wait
 Far over the purple sea,
 Pleading outside the gate,
 Our Christmas light to see ?
 Crying to you and me,
 Who idly hold the key ;
 Toiling in misery,
 Darkened by fear and hate ;
 Dying disconsolate,
 Knowing no God but fate,
 O ! let us haste, though late
 To open wide the gate
 In Christian charity,
 And Christ, compassionate,
 Will set the captives free.—*Selected.*

A HINDU GIRL LOOKING FOR JESUS.

STOLEN from her home, a Hindu girl was carried to Calcutta, where she was sold as a slave. A rich Mohammedan lady bought her, and, as she was very pretty, brought her up as a companion and plaything. She had a happy life for years, until one day it came into her mind that she was a sinner and needed to be saved from sin. Her kind mistress, to divert her mind, sent for the ropedancers, the jugglers, the serpent charmers, and all the amusements of which she was fond ; but the little girl was as sad as ever.

Since she had lived in Calcutta she had become a Mohammedan instead of a worshipper of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and so the lady brought a Mohammedan priest to comfort her. But though she recited long prayers in an unknown tongue five times a day, with her head bowed toward Mecca, her trouble was not removed. After three weary years of waiting the girl went to a Brahman for relief, hoping if she returned to the faith of her fathers to find peace.

At first the Brahman cursed her in the name of his god, but as she offered him money he promised to give her all the help he could. Every morning, he told her, she must bring to the temple an offering of fruit and flowers to Vishnu, and every week a kid of the goats for a bloody sacrifice.

In India every flower has its own meaning, and the flower that this poor girl brought to lay upon the altar meant a bleeding heart.

She was so worried and troubled that she became ill. Ah, if she had but known, as you and I do, of the One who came to bind up the broken spirit, and who alone could give her rest and pardon !

At last she happened to pass a beggar in the street one day. You would have thought he was a strange-looking beggar with his turban wound round with strings of beads, his ragged clothes, his pipe, and his wooden bowl. She had never seen just such a beggar before, and as she dropped a coin into his wooden bowl she said, almost as if thinking aloud, "Ah, if even you could but tell me where I might find salvation !"

The beggar started. "I have heard that word before," he said.

"Where, where?" she asked, "I am sick, and I am afraid that I am going to die, and what will become of me?"

The poor man told her of a place where rice was given to the poor.

"I have heard it there," he said, "and they tell of one Jesus Christ who can give salvation."

"He must be the one I want; take me to him," she urged.

"I do not know where Jesus Christ lives," answered the beggar, "but I can tell you of a man who does know;" and he told her of a Brahman who had given up his gods and was now a teacher of the new religion.

Weak and ill as she was the Hindu girl started on her journey that very evening. She went from house to house inquiring, "Where is the man who will tell me where to find Jesus Christ?"

No one knew until, as she was about to give it up, she was shown the house she sought, and met the teacher on the veranda. She burst into tears as she cried: "Are you the one who can lead me to Jesus? O take me to him, for I am going to die; and what shall I do if I die without salvation?"

The good man took her into the house and heard her sorrowful story.

"Now," she cried, "you know all, and where Jesus is, and I cannot wait longer to see him." And how do you think the teacher led her to the Saviour, who she hoped was waiting for her in that very house?

He knelt down beside her and besought the dear Lord to open her eyes that she might see and believe in him who was ready to give the salvation for which she longed. And as he prayed the truth was revealed. By faith she saw the Son of God; and the Shepherd, who for so long had sought his child, folded her to his bosom, and she was at rest.

It mattered little now whether life or death were her portion. She had found Jesus, forgiveness, and peace; and henceforth all things were hers.—*Mission Dayspring.*

THE TWO WAYS.

Where two ways meet, the children stand,
A fair, broad road on either hand,
One leads to right and one to wrong,
So runs the song.

THE TWO WAYS.

Which will you choose, each lass and lad,
The right or left, the good or bad?
One leads to right and one to wrong,
So runs the song.—*Selected.*



Travelling in Turkey.

HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.

Whether you are rich or poor, have some useful employment. And let it be some fixed task which you cannot shirk at a moment's notice. Carlyle compares the work of this world to an immense handbarrow with innumerable handles, which there is one for every human being. "But there are some people," he says, "so lazy that they not only let go their handle, but they jump upon the barrow and increase the weight."—*For'd.*

"LOOK, MY CHILD."

"Look, my child," he said; "do you see these little empty vials? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they contain that gives them value.

Your daily work, the dishes washed or the floor swept, are homely things, and count for little in themselves; it is the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into your work that shall last. These make your life."—*Youth's Companion*.

AMONG THE SERPENTS.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

THE sun had not quite climbed up the shoulder of Humpback Mountain, but he was on the way. The sky knew it, and brightened at the thought. The birds knew it, and twittered and cheeped, and tuned their voices up and down the scale, to be ready for their part in the chorus.

In the small, sun-burnt cottage, halfway up the mountain, a little curly-headed child stirred and cheeped, too. She had gone to bed in the early twilight, and now she was tired of sleep, and ready for the new day.

"Mammy," said the little mountain maid, "kin I git up?"

"Yes, child, git up, and welcome," answered the mother. "I reckon I must be stirring my old bones, too."

With nimble fingers the child fastened the few scanty garments belonging to her, and ran out on bare brown feet to wash at the little stream below the spring. The intense cold of the water made her cheeks glow and her breath come quickly.

"Now," she said to herself, "I will gather the eggs for mammy, and surprise her. I won't go for no basket, I kin just git 'em in my dress."

Away she sped to the chicken house. It was a low roofed affair, flat on the ground, with so small an opening that nobody bigger than Jess herself could have gotten in and out. The child crept fearlessly in, but hardly had she put the first egg in her gathered-up lap when she saw a large mottled rattlesnake stretch himself across the little opening by which she had entered.

The snake did not seem angry, was not

looking at her, in fact, and even Jess' terrified scream did not rouse him. Fortunately she did not move, and in a moment her father ran to her help.

Peering in through a crack in the roof, the man saw not only the snake lying in front of the child, but a second one, its mate, stretched out behind her! It was impossible to kill them both at once; if he struck either, the other one would certainly bite the little prisoner. What a moment of horror?

"Jess," he said, hoarsely, "keep as still as the dead, and listen to me. I've got to take off the roof, and lift you out of this here coop. But if you move, you're gone. Can you hold still?"

The little face was white with terror, and at first no sound would come to her lips. Then she said faintly:

"All right, dad; I've thought of a way to keep still."

The man and his wife quickly unroofed the slight building, making as little noise as possible, and then, climbing out on the chestnut limb that overhung it, Jess' father let down a rope, and drew her up, like Jeremiah out his dungeon, by the arm-pits.

The snakes were promptly killed, and the child sat white and trembling on her mother's lap in the cabin door.

"You're a fust-rate soldier, Jess—that's what you be," said her father, proudly. How ever did you manage to keep still?"

"I jest shet my eyes," said the child, "and made out that God was holding my feet."

"Holding your feet!" exclaimed the man somewhat startled.

Jess nodded.

"They're teaching me some Bible verses at the chapel Sunday-school," she said, "and one of them says, 'He will not suffer thy foot to be moved.' That's what made me think of it."

The next Sunday, Jess found, to her delight that her father was going with her down the mountain to Zion Chapel.

"Are you afraid I'll meet up with more snakes, dad?" she asked.

"Not so much that, though you mougat, he answered. "I'm goin' to learn the rest of them verses 'bout God not lettin' your foot be moved."

And when he heard the very first verse of that beautiful Psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," the mountaineer nodded,

"Ezzactly," he said, "that's just the one for me."

But he has gone farther on now, and is learning the deeper, sweeter lesson of the next verse, "My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."—*Sunday School Times*.

A NOBLE BOY.

TWO lads with book-satchels strapped to their backs stood on the corner of a noisy, bustling street, waiting for a car, and meanwhile laughing and talking merrily. Suddenly one of them thoughtlessly sang out, "Come here and I'll pick you up," and the other looking to see what had called forth the rude remark, saw a poorly-dressed old woman just struggling up from the muddy crossing, where she had fallen, and watching anxiously and fearfully the whirling carts passing by. He was at her side in a moment. "Let me help you, madam," taking her arm, and lifting a basket that stood beside her.

She gave him a grateful look, but did not speak until they both stood safe on the sidewalk.

"Can I put you on a car, madam," the boy asked.

The woman's lips quivered. "You are very kind," she said, "and I thank you; but I'll just rest here a minute, and then I'll have to go back over that crossing," shivering at the thought of the tiresome confusion.

"You see," she continued, lifting the cover of the big basket, "some of the clothes slipped out and got muddy, so I must take them home and do them over."

She looked so weary and discouraged that the lad felt there was something else to do.

"You were on your way to deliver them?" he questioned.

"Yes; to Judge Monroe's."

"Ah, said he, "that's near where I live. I'll deliver the clean things for you, if you like, and you can carry the others back home and do them over."

Her poor old eyes brightened, but still it did not seem possible that the handsome, well-dressed lad would do this service for her, a poor old washerwoman.

"Where do you live," he asked.

"On the corner of Quays street—a long ways from here."

"Yes," says he, "I know."

And presently she found herself in a street car, passage paid to Quay street, and a silver dollar in her hand, "to pay for the bother of doing the clothes over," the lad had whispered. Her eyes were full of tears, but she had not been so happy in a good while. When the conductor passed her she said, "Do you know who that boy is that put me on the car?"

"O, yes," he replied, "that's Dr. Seymour's son. He's, always doing a helpful turn to some one."

"Bless him!" the old woman said to herself. "Bless him! He's a kind laddie, and he'll be a grand man some day."

Meanwhile the lad was in another street car with the basket of clothes, which he delivered with a merry smile and low bow to Mrs. Monroe, who laughed as she said, "Why, Frank, dear, what does this mean! Are you running a laundry?"

He told her of the misfortune of the poor old landress, and made a graphic picture of her fear of muddy crossings, the result of which was that Mrs. Monroe resolved that henceforth she would pay car fare back and forth for the poor old soul.

"To think that a boy should be more thoughtful than a woman of my age," was her regretful thought. "Bless the laddie! He's laying the foundation of a noble manhood."

The worn old laundress and the aristocratic Mrs. Monroe, you see, were both making the same prophecy.—*Christian World*.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BIBLE.

The most beautiful volume among the half million in the Congressional Library, at Washington, is a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched to-day in the best printing office in the world.

The parchment is in perfect preservation. Every one of its thousand pages is a study. The general lettering is in German text, each letter perfect, as is every one, in coal-black ink, without scratch or blot from lid to lid.

At the beginning of each chapter the first letter is very large, usually two or three inches long, and is brightly illuminated in red and blue ink. Within the center of these capitals is drawn the figure of some saint; some incident of which the chapter tells is illustrated.

There are two columns on a page, and nowhere is traceable the slightest irregularity of line, space, or formation of the letters. Even under a magnifying glass they seem flawless. This precious volume is kept under a glass case, which is sometimes lifted to show that all the pages are as perfect as the two which lie open.

A legend relates that a young man who had sinned deeply became a monk, and resolved to do penance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible, that he might learn every letter of the divine commands which he had violated. Every day for many years he patiently pursued his task.

When the last touch was given to the last letter, the old man reverently kissed the page and folded the sheets together. The illustrated initials, in perfection of form and brilliancy of color, surpass anything produced in the present day. With all our boasted progress, nothing either in Europe or America equals it.—*Forward*.

International S. S. Lessons.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

14 June.

Les. Luke 23 : 33-46. Gol. Text, 1 Cor. 15 : 3.
Mem. vs. 44-46. Catechism, Q. 63.

Time—A. D. 30, Friday, April 7, from nine to three o'clock.

Place—Calvary (Golgotha), just outside the city of Jerusalem. The exact site is unknown.

QUESTIONS.

- Where was Jesus arrested?
When?
By whom was he tried?
What sentence was pronounced upon him?
To whom did the council take him?
For what purpose?
To whom did Pilate send him?
How did Herod treat him?
What did Pilate try in vain to do?
What did the Jews demand?
What did Pilate finally do?
What prayer did Jesus offer as he was being crucified?
What superscription was placed on the cross?
What did Jesus promise the penitent robber?
What took place while he was on the cross?
What were his last words?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Jesus went down to the lowest depths to save us.
1. Jesus teaches us to pray for those who spitefully use us.
3. Sinners may be saved even at the last if they truly come.
4. Sinners may be lost close to the cross of Christ.
5. Jesus died to redeem us from eternal death.

THE RISEN LORD.

21 June.

Les. Luke 24 : 36-53. Gol. Text, Lu. 24 : 34.
Mem. vs. 45-48. Catechism Q. 64.

Time—A. D. 30, Sunday evening, April 9, as to verses 36-49; Thursday, May 18, as to verses 50-53.

Places.—Of verses 36-49, Jerusalem; of verses 50-53, the Mount of Olives, near Bethany.

QUESTIONS.

- When was Jesus buried?
When did he rise from the dead?
How long was he upon earth after this?

- How many times did he appear?
Name his appearances in order?
To which appearance do verses 36-49 of our lesson relate?
When did it occur?
How did he prove to them that he was not a spirit?
What did he explain?
What did he commission them to do?
What did he promise?
To what appearance do verses 50-53 relate?
When did it take place?
Where did he lead them?
What then happened?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Jesus proved his resurrection to all his disciples.
2. The words of Jesus about himself were all fulfilled.
3. The Scriptures about the Messiah were all fulfilled.
4. Every disciple of Christ is to be a witness of him.
5. Jesus is now in heaven as our Saviour and friend.

REVIEW.

28 June.

Review Lesson, Luke, Chapters 13-24.
Gol. Text, Luke 24 : 17. Catechism Review.

REVIEW EXAMINATION.

- What question was asked Jesus about the number that are saved?
What did he reply?
Whom did he then describe?
How will all such be received?
With whom did Jesus dine?
What parable did he then speak?
What did the guests do who were first invited.
What did the Master of the house then do?
What was this meant to teach?
What parable in Lesson III?
What did the younger son ask of his father?
What did he do when he received it?
When all was gone and he came to himself what did he do?
How did his father receive him?
What does this parable teach?
What is said of a certain rich man?
Of a certain beggar?
What happened when the beggar died?
When the rich man died?
What appeal did the rich man make to Abraham?
What was Abraham's reply?
What did the man then ask?

What was Abraham's answer?
 Who asked to have their faith increased?
 What did Jesus reply?
 Who met Jesus as he was entering a certain village?
 What did they say?
 How many were healed?
 How many returned to thank Jesus?
 What two men went to the temple to pray?
 What was the Pharisee's prayer?
 The publican's?
 Which was accepted?
 Why?
 As he was leaving Zaccheus' house what parable did Jesus speak?
 What did the nobleman represent?
 The servants?
 The pounds?
 What does the parable teach us?
 How did Jesus represent the advantages of the Jews?
 What were the fruits of the vineyard meant to represent?
 To whom did the Jews owe these fruits?
 What had they done!
 What would be their punishment?
 What is the lesson for us?
 Of what city did Jesus foretell the destruction?
 When did this come true?
 What feast did Jesus keep in Jerusalem with his disciples?
 What strife took place among them?
 How did Jesus rebuke it?
 What did he now institute?
 Upon what charge did the Sanhedrin condemn Jesus to death?
 Of what did they accuse him to Pilate?
 What did Pilate say after he had examined Jesus?
 What did the Jews demand?
 What did Pilate finally do?
 Upon what day was Jesus crucified?
 When was he buried?
 When did he rise from the dead?
 How many times did he appear thereafter?
 What happened forty days after his resurrection?

DAVID KING OF JUDAH.

5 July.

Les. 2 Sam. 2 : 1-11. Gol. Text, Ps. 97 : 1.
 Mem. vs. 5-7. Catechism Q. 65.

Time—B.C. 1055, seven years after the exile of David.

Place—Hebron, twenty miles south of Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

What became of David after he parted

from Jonathan? Lesson XI, December 15, 1895.

How long was he in exile?
 How did he show great forbearance toward Saul?
 Who made war upon the Israelites?
 What was the result of the battle at Gilboa?
 What did David do when he heard of Saul's death?
 What tribe at once made David king?
 Who was proclaimed king of all Israel?
 Where and how long did Ishbosheth reign?
 How long did David reign in Hebron?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. We should inquire of the Lord at every step in life.
2. When we know God's will we should go straight on to do it.
3. We should forget injuries, and honor even those who have harmed us.
4. Christ is our king; we should be loyal to him first of all.
5. It is a sin to set up any king against Christ.

Westminster Question Book.

SO SHOULD WE.

A blind man, being lead one day
 Where fragrant roses blossomed gay,
 Said to his guide; "Here roses bloom:
 I know them by their sweet perfume."
 Oh! when blind souls around us go,
 Led by the eyes that watch us so,
 Blessed the Christian life that throws
 The sweet perfume of Sharon's rose.

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TRUE BEAUTY.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindest ministries to and fro,
Down lowliest way, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

"I'VE TRIED NOT TO GET ANGRY."

At the close of the lesson one Sabbath morning, I said to the members of my class, 'Let us each try this week and see if we can do any good, or get any good.'

The following Sabbath morning, at the hour for Sunday-school, we were in our places. The lesson was read and discussed, when recalling the parting words of the previous week, I asked the question 'Have we?'

And a sweet child voice from the corner, answered 'I think I have.'

'What have you done Lottie?'

Lifting her tender blue eyes to mine, she answered in a timid, gentle voice, 'I've tried not to be angry.'

Dear little motherless one, struggling with her daily temptations and besetments, recognizing, possibly, her hastiness as one of her sins, she had been trying to overcome, and learn the true meaning of the Christ Spirit. Little did she dream that her teacher was gaining a lesson that would never be forgotten. These six words, dropped from tender lips long years ago, have been to me a daily sermon.

Ah! impatient ones, ye who indulge in unkind words, in harsh rebukes, in hot tempers and unruly passions, take the six words into your soul: as a warning bell let them chime day by day: 'I've tried not to get angry.'—*The Christian at Work.*

CHILDREN'S GIFTS.

In token that I owe
All that I have to Thee,
I drop my little gift
Into Thy treasury.

In token that the world
Needs some of what is mine,
The sad, the rich, the poor, I own
The gift is Thine.

In token that Thy name
Makes all men's needs Thine own,
Father, I give my gifts for them
To Thee alone.

In token that I think
That Thou art pleased by
This gift, I give it Thee, though small,
Father on high.

In token that I wish
Thy happy child to be,
By loving-kindness will I strive
To grow like Thee.

—*The Little Worker.*

HIDDEN CARVING.

That is an old story of a Grecian sculptor who, charged with adorning a lofty temple, was chided by his employers because he fashioned the upper surface of the capitals which surmounted his pillars with the same exquisite handiwork and elaborate care which he bestowed on the carvings within reach of every visitor who might stand on the pavement.

They said to him, "Why do you waste your skill where no human eye can ever behold it? Only the birds in the air can perch in such a place."

The sculptor raised his eyes, lifted for a moment his chisel from the stone, replied, "The gods will see it," and resumed his task.

Old story as it is, it carries a lesson to those who are beginning their life work. Not only is God's eye watching your hidden carving; some day it may—yes, it *will*—stand forth in full light to your honor or confusion.