

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

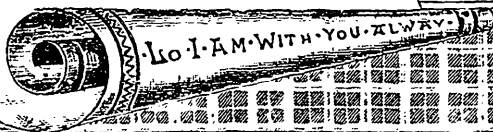
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

# The CHILDREN'S RECORD.



**CONTENTS**

A Formosa Story.....	82
A Letter from Trinidad.....	83
A Young Girl's Letter.....	84
Kidnapping Children.....	84
Jamie's Offering, — A Scotch Story.....	85
Man Overboard.....	87
How Roy Kept His Promise.....	88
George Lewis' Strange Dream.....	89
An Interesting Story from Brazil.....	90
Debt and Credit, — The Theatre.....	90
A Swarm of "Bees".....	92
Sins Blotted Out.....	93
The "Stop Awhile".....	96
If You Want to be Loved.....	96
Mother's Not to Blame.....	96
Sabbath School Lessons.....	94



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

## A FORMOSA STORY.

**M**Y DEAR CHILDREN:—Here is a story I heard from the lips of our own missionary, Rev. Dr. Mackay.

In the early days of the Formosa Mission the missionary and his little band of students spent a great part of their time travelling from village to village seeking to win the people to Jesus Christ.

They would travel along the west coast down to the south and back again to Tamsui, the missionary headquarters. Then off they would start again, around the north end, along the north-east coast, and then back to their starting point. It was all foot travel, and often bare foot at that.

The villages along the north and north-east coast particularly, hated and despised the "foreign devil" and his followers, especially this northernmost village of H— (I cannot pronounce its name, let alone spell it so we shall just call it H—).

One day, on one of these preaching tours, the missionary band came upon this village on what happened to be a great idol feast. Between two and three hundred pigs had been killed, and were all laid out in tempting array before the eyes of the hungry gods, each pig with a ripe orange in its open mouth, and a knife still stuck in its upturned throat.

The crowd was gathering fast, farmers and their families coming in from the surrounding country, but in all the bustling throng there seemed to be no ear for the message of love and peace proclaimed in turn by the missionary group. Words of hatred and looks of scorn were all the thanks they got. No, not quite all. One man in the crowd seems to have intended something more.

The missionary began to notice this man very busy going from group to group talking eagerly, looking occasionally at their corner, and acting quite as if he was trying to set something on foot. From the first, Dr. Mackay was conscious that his little company was the object of interest, but it was not long before he felt that the eyes of this mischief-maker were especially upon himself.

Then he saw the leader snatch a knife out

of the throat of a pig, and start straight out towards him. The crowd came too, cheering him on. The boys ran excitedly ahead of the rest. The missionary faced the man; the man bore straight down upon the missionary, the knife in his hand just ready for one quick plunge.

They met. The man with the knife paused when they were a pace apart. Their eyes met and his went down. The hand with the knife fell. He turned and slunk back into the crowd, moved off and put the knife into the throat of the pig from which he had taken it. The crowd did not cheer this time, and the boys were no longer conspicuous.

Then the missionary and his brave young men, with an empty table for their pulpit, took turns in preaching "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," the good news of "God so loved the world," but it did seem very much like casting the precious "pearls before swine"—not the dead but the living ones, whose very heart was to "trample them under their feet" and turn again and "rend the preachers limb from limb" if they only dared.

When the missionary band got back to Tamsui, the first thing they did was to go together into the little chapel and hold a prayer meeting. What do you suppose they were praying for? Anything special? Yes. They were praying for that village of H—, that God would touch their hearts of stone, and make a place for His salvation even among these scorners.

The next Sabbath there were three strangers in the little church. They waited after the service, and the missionary came down and talked to them. They were three men from the village of H—, and they had come to hear more about the Lord Jesus Christ. The next Sabbath there were fifteen, and they again waited for a little earnest talk after the service. Week after week it was the same. Sometimes as many as twenty walked over Sabbath morning from that place.

At last they said, "Missionary, come over to our village and preach to us, and we will build you a chapel." Missionary and students

were soon over at H—, preaching and building went on in earnest, not without difficulties, but with success. The village of H— has now its own chapel, native preacher and Christian congregation. God listened to that prayer meeting, and sent down an answer quickly and richly.

Remember that God hears and answers prayer. Have you ever truly prayed? You have heard the Gospel all your lives. Surely you will not be behind these poor heathen in accepting it.

ANNA ROSS.

Brucefield, 7th May, '94.

### A LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

SAN FERNANDO, April 16, 1894.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

**T**HIS morning I saw some little boys flying kites and the thought came to me that perhaps some of you would like to hear about them. They were poor children and not able to afford tissue paper and other fancy kinds like their richer neighbours. What do you think these kites were made of? They were dry leaves. One leaf about ten or twelve inches long made a kite. It had the long twine tied round about the middle of the largest vein of the leaf, and a wonderful "tail" of rags and twine and paper tied to the stem. It perhaps did not fly as high as some other kinds, but as it went over the tops of the houses, it was quite enough to delight the hearts of the little fellows.

We see a good many things in Trinidad put to uses which are not thought of in Canada. Some of them so simple and ingenious and so useful that we wonder we never thought of them before.

In our Sabbath school we have a nice infant class. Miss Kirkpatrick and I have taken it in charge. She teaches them one Sabbath and I the next, but both are present every day and hear them repeat their Golden Text and the little verse of a hymn. We, like you, are studying those beautiful lessons about Joseph, and the little ones seem to

enjoy them. God grant that the truths of the Bible may be early impressed on their minds.

Sometimes the children teach us too

I remember one Sabbath about a year ago, one little boy informed us that another one of our boys had been smoking during the week. We, of course, spoke kindly to the boy, trying to impress upon all present the evils of tobacco. What do you think was the remark when I had finished? It was nothing less than "Does *your* husband smoke ma'am"? How thankful I was that I could truthfully say "no." Now, boys, if he did smoke, what could I have said? Try to remember this, so that some day when you grow up to be big men and are married, your wives may be able to say the same.

Well,—about these boys of mine—I said to them "Do you know what I would do if I saw my little boy smoking—"No, ma'am," "Well, I'd wash out his mouth with soap and water."—Still they did not let me off. Their next question was "would you wash your husband's mouth with soap and water?" I had to laugh at that and told them we hoped it would not be necessary to try it, but, if it were, I would do it.

They seemed to think it a good joke and laughed heartily, probably picturing to themselves the performance. We have never had cause to speak again on the subject, as they seemed satisfied that we were in earnest. It was not the lesson in the book, but it was practical at all events.

It is about eight years since you had a letter from me, but perhaps it will not be so long before you get another, so I don't want to make this one too long or you won't want it.

God bless you all, young people.

Your loving friend,

TISSIE GRANT.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—*Ruskin*.

A lady who teaches in one of our Mission Schools in Trinidad, says:—I am trying to persuade my little girls to earn the cents they bring to the collection and sometimes they do it. One of them, Daulatia, who is the child of heathen parents, and not baptized, came to me the other morning with a basket of fruit. I gave her a cent for bringing it and next day she came to S. School and with a very triumphant air dropped it into the box. Try and earn your own money for the Missionary collection, and it will be your own gift.

**Sunday egg Society.** This is a new Society, formed, not by the hens, but by the young people, helped by older ones, of a congregation in Chipman, New Brunswick. As the hens pay no attention to the Sabbath, but lay their eggs as on any other day, the people have turned this Sunday work to good account by devoting the Sunday eggs to missions, giving the Lord's Day eggs to the Lord. The last gift which the Sunday Egg Society made to missions was fifteen dollars. Here is a hint for young people.

**Two little workers.** It is not long since our church began a mission to the pagan Indians at Alberni, British Columbia. Miss Minnes, who teaches a school among them, tells a story of two of her little girls. The children are gathered from their heathen homes and live in the school, and, usually, they do the work of the house, thus learning house work while they learn other things at school. During their holidays not long since, the girls were nearly all off for a visit to their homes, all except two little tots, Susy and Hialth. The first morning that these little ones were alone with their teacher, they seemed to think that they must keep up the honor and work of the school; so, after breakfast they consulted together, and Hialth, who is only five years old, took the broom and dustpan and went upstairs to do the rooms, while Susy, a little six-year old, proceeded to wash the dishes. Simple as the incident was, it cheered the teacher, as it shows what the little Indian children are capable of with proper training.

**Naked and ye clothed me.** Miss Annie Cameron, writing from Prince Albert, in the *Leaflet*, thanks some kind friends of the Maitland Presbyterian Society for boxes of clothing sent for the Indians last winter. She says: "At Christmas I gave all the little boys new suits, and girls new dresses. It would have warmed the hearts of the kind friends who sent them if they could have seen the look of delight on the bright little faces. The supply of quilts is abundant, and they are a great blessing to the needy Indians here in protecting them from the cold north wind. The stockings and mittens also were much appreciated. I heartily thank all the kind Christian women who have exerted themselves so much for the comfort of the poor and destitute."

**Kidnapping children.** It is not pleasant to be lied about, but this is the thanks that our missionaries in Houan, China, sometimes get from those whom they have gone to help. One of them, Rev. Murdoch Mackenzie, went out one day to a village to visit a convert. When he had left, some enemies began to circulate the story that he had made a bargain with the convert by which the latter was to get thirty dollars each for every child he would catch for the missionary, and that when the missionary received the children he would scoop out their eyes to make medicine of them, and tear out their hearts, and they went telling this kind of thing far and near. Of course, people believed it and when the missionaries' wives would go out of their home they would be accused of prowling around to catch children, and when passing by the mission premises young people would rush past as if some wild beast lived there ready to destroy them. We should sympathize with the missionaries, for it is very unpleasant to be under suspicion in that way, and we should pray for the poor people that their hearts may be opened to receive the truth.

Can you tell the Scripture story of the picture on the 91st page?

## JAMIE'S OFFERING.

## A SCOTCH STORY.

JAMIE knew no other home than the thatched cottage in a nook on the hill-side, with the burn hurrying past the door to the waterfall, the sea far below, and away beyond the sea the wonderful mountain-peaks. He and Grannie had always lived there alone so far as he knew. Of course he had a daily peep into a bigger world, when he tramped on his bare feet to the school in the village below. He had no lack of company there, and no lack of fun in the playground; but always as he trudged home in the gloaming, he had a strange little feeling of triumph in leaving the last of his companions behind, and climbing alone the steep rough road to the wee home where Grannie and supper were waiting. When there was a fine sunset, he was usually late. "What's kept ye the night, laddie?" was always Grannie's question. "There were siccaun a bonnie sky," Jamie would say, and then fall upon his porridge with a healthy appetite.

The sunsets were his special joy. Best of all he loved them in winter, when the sun went down behind his dear mountain-peaks, and when on frosty nights the sky was a sea of gold, and the tiny still islands of cloud that often flecked it. Sometimes he thought it was Heaven—the sea of glass before God's Throne.

But sometimes it made him think of beautiful lands far away, where the sun shone more brightly than ever it did in Scotland: wonderful countries where wonderful sights were to be seen, and of which strange tales were told.

But the strangest of all these tales was the saddest. It was said that in those places the people knew nothing about God. They prayed to bits of stick and stone, as if that could do them any good. They thought nothing of killing little girl-babies, just because they weren't laddies, and when old folks got helpless and useless, they would put them outside and give them no meat till they died. Jamie's breath came quick and he clenched his fists as he thought what Grannie's fate might be in such a place. He was very tender to every thing that was weak.

But a great puzzle came into Jamie's life. They were going to have a self-denial collection at his Sunday School. All the boys and girls were to try to give money that was really their own, or to give up something that they might bring the money and give it to mis-

sion. What was Jamie to give? That was the puzzle! Other bairns often got pennies to buy sweets, but Jamie had none. Grannie was

too poor to afford that. She used sometimes to give him a halfpenny for the missionary box, and she always gave him one for the plate when he went to church; but that was not his own money, it would not do for a self-denial collection. And he would like to give something to help to make the people in his islands good and happy.

The weeks went by and Jamie could find no way out of his trouble. He knew one laddie who went out fishing and sold his fish, and was keeping the money for the collection; but Jamie had no lines, and besides, he lived too far from the sea, and Grannie liked him to come straight home from school. Some of the lassies too were getting money for carrying water or minding babies for their neighbours, but Jamie and Grannie were all alone upon the hill-side, they had no neighbours for whom he could work.

The burden lay very heavy upon him, and he could not share it with Grannie, lest she might think he was complaining because he got no pennies like other bairns. It was the first secret he had ever kept from the kind old heart which loved him so dearly, and the old woman was disturbed by his anxious look, and sometimes feared her bairn was ill.

The last week came, and the days passed, one by one, as other days had passed, and Jamie had found no offering for the self-denial collection. On Friday afternoon he climbed the hill on his homeward journey from school with very slow, unwilling feet. A rabbit ran across the road, but he took no notice, and it sat up and watched him as he passed. He came to the pool in the burn where he often stopped to play. He used to make boats of the long sedge-leaves and set them racing one with another, but his heart was too heavy for that. Then he reached the spot where he generally lay down to watch the sun set, and when he found himself there, he flung himself on the heather and sobbed. The days were long now. The sun was still high in the heavens, but he had the picture in his heart of the strange, half-real world where men and women were cruel and did not love God. And he wanted so much to do something to help them, but he had nothing to give—nothing!

I don't think God ever puts it into people's hearts to want to do something for His sake without giving them a chance of doing it. If they really love Him, and have not very much opportunity of working for Him, then he sometimes makes them clever in inventing ways of helping.

By and bye Jamie remembered that Grannie was watching for him, so he rose up and climbed the last bit of the hill, and arrived at home with a very white face and heavy eyes. Grannie saw quite well that something was

far wrong, but she resolved that the laddie should have his supper first, and then maybe he would tell her all about it; so while he ate his supper she told him, as usual, what her adventures had been during the day.

By and bye she remarked, Geordie Allan's been cuttin' oor peats the day." Jamie sprang to his feet with a sudden light in his face—"Has he tho?" he cried, and then began to caper round the kitchen, much to Grannie's surprise. But the queerness of laddies knows no bounds!

Now you must know that Geordie Allan worked Grannie's little croft for her, and also that in her lease of the croft was a stipulation that she should have the privilege o' cutting peats on the moor on one day each year.

Jamie suddenly stopped his dance, and crouched down beside Grannie. "Grannie," he said, "I couldna tell ye afore, but they're gaun to hae a self denyin' collection this Sabbath in the Sabbath Schule, for sendin' Missionaries to yon islands whaur the folk doesna love God an' kills the weans. An' the laddies an' lassies hae a' been denyin' theirsels some-thing or another, an' I hadna naething that I could deny. Grannie, wull ye let's tak' the shovel an' a bag an' cut a wheen peats afore the day's ower, an' I can gie them? If I rut them mysel' they'll be my ain, wull they no?" he added wistfully.

Grannie was a wise and tender woman. She was not without a fear at her heart as she thought of the big holes in the "peat-hag," and knew that night was coming on, but her heart told her that the Lord had been calling the child, so she only cautioned him earnestly as to the part of the moor where he should go, and bade him lose no time; then she gave him the shovel and an old sack, and he went.

It was a good way to the peat-moss, but at last Jamie reached it and threw off his jacket and set to work. You have no idea how difficult it is to cut peats until you try, and a shovel is not the best tool for the work; but a loving heart and a stout purpose and strong little arms can work wonders; and before Jamie had paused to draw breath he had cut two funny-looking peats.

The sun had sunk, his dear sky had glowed and paled, and Jamie had been too busy to notice it; but he did notice the big white moon that was peeping at him from behind the hill. The moon might have wondered at what she saw—a wide hill-side, swept by a soft evening wind, a lonely peat-moss, and—the only living thing—a solitary child working hard to cut peats with a shovel.

At last he had cut half-a-dozen, and he knew he would need all the rest of his strength to carry them home, so he put them into the sack, put on his jacket, shouldered sack and shovel, and set off. He was very

tired, poor child; and many times he had to lay down his burden to regain his breath, but his heart was as light as a bird, and the great watching moon saw no tears and heard no sighs.

At last the anxious Grannie, who had climbed a little way up the hill to strain her eyes for her darling, was re-assured by a joyous shout, and in a few minutes the proud little peat-cutter laid his burden down by the fireside.

Then Grannie and Jamie had worship together. They sang:

"Ye gates, lift up your heads, ye doors,  
Doors that do last for aye,  
Be lifted up, that so the King  
Of Glory enter may."

And Jamie didn't quite know why, but he thought it had something to do with "his islands," and the self-denial collection, and he was very glad. Then Grannie read a chapter and prayed, and they both went to bed.

Jamie was very busy on Saturday drying his peats. Grannie allowed him to keep them near the fire all day, and he seemed to think the oftener he turned them the drier they would be. At any rate, by evening he was quite pleased with them.

To his delight Sunday morning was beautiful. "It's a real Sabbath mornin'," said Grannie with solemn joy. Grannie could not often go to church, it was such a long walk and she was growing frail; but on this fine day she would venture to go, especially as she wanted to be with her boy when he took his offering to present it to the Lord. Sunday School met before church, so they had to start very early, and Grannie had a few qualms of conscience as Jamie, in his Sunday's best, shouldered the sack with the peats. It certainly was "carrying a burden" on the Sabbath-day. But she was too sensible to say anything to spoil the child's happiness.

The road was very lonely, and for a long time they met no one; but when they turned on to the highroad they were overtaken by a whole family on their way to the village. "Preserve us a'," cried the mother, "what's the wean daein' wi' the sack the day? Div ye no ken whatna day it is?" "Ay, he kens fine," said Grannie, but she would say no more, and the flock of round eyed children had to hurry after their mother wondering at Jamie's sack.

When they got to the village itself it was really very hard. The people came to their doors and stared. The children ran after Jamie, and asked if he was taking a pig in a poke to the Sabbath School. But they tramped bravely on and into the church, and Jamie put his bundle under the seat, and waited quite happily.

The children and the teachers came in slowly. At last the minister arrived and the school began. Jamie felt as if the lesson was very long that day, and his teacher was a good deal disappointed by the answers he gave her. He could be so bright and quick when he liked.

But by-and-bye the lesson ended, and a hymn was sung, and then the missionary boxes were handed round for the self-denial collection. Jamie gave a sigh of contentment, and stooping down, pulled out his sack. He was sitting at the end of a pew, so he gathered up the sack in his arms and carried it to the minister. "Why, Jamie, what's this?" asked the minister. "Please, sir, I hadna naethin' an' I couldna deny mysel' naethin', but Geordie Allan was cuttin' oor peats on Friday, an' I askit at Grannie if I cut peats wad they be my ain, an' she said 'ay,' an' I cut them mysel' and carried them for my self-denyin' collecti'n."

The minister opened the sack and peeped in, then he felt in his pocket and said, "I shall give you this, Jamie, for the peats, and you can put it into the box?" and held up a whole bright shilling.

The minister was very proud of those peats, queer misshapen things as they were. He kept one of them in a corner of his study, and he wrote the words, "Jamie's peats" in his big study Bible, on the margin of this verse, "As he purposed in his heart, so let him give."—*The Helpmeet.*

#### MAN OVERBOARD.

**T**HERE is plenty of hypocrisy in the church, but there is a good deal more outside of it; and many an infidel when denouncing the hypocrisy of his neighbors, is himself the biggest hypocrite of the whole. Many a man curses God in health and prays to him in sickness; swears like a pirate in fair weather, and bellows like a calf in a storm. There is plenty of sham religion in the world, and a good deal of sham infidelity too.

One evening, after the writer had spoken to some sailors about this matter, Captain Nickerson arose and told a little of his experience, as follows:

"About the year 1861, I was a sailor on board the *Heroine*, of Darien, Georgia, bound for Montevideo, South America. We were east of the Bermudas, running under single-reefed topsails. It was the dog-watch, in the evening, and a sailor named George, and myself, were on the watch on the topgallant forecastle, in the forward part of the ship. I was talking with him of my early life, and of the lessons of piety which I had learned at home. He ridiculed the whole, and declared that there was no God, and that all this talk was mere moonshine.

"Eight bells rang, and the watch was changed, and the men were called away to pump ship. George took a bucket to get some water to fetch the pump. As he flung it over the side of the vessel it caught in the water, and as we were going quite fast, George was drawn overboard. Instantly the cry was heard, 'Man overboard!' We were on the larboard tack; the mate shouted, 'Hard-a-starboard the wheel!' and the vessel came around, and stood on the starboard tack, and we could hear George crying in the darkness, 'Save me! Save me! Save me! Save me!'

"We immediately launched a boat, but it stove in launching, and began to fill with water. The steward came to our assistance with some blankets, which we stuffed in the hole to stop the water, and we hastened to the rescue. The night was dark, and the sea was rough. We pulled out into the darkness, and followed the sound as well as we could, until we came to the place where poor George was struggling with the waves. Being a good swimmer he had kept himself from sinking, and we found him about a quarter of a mile from the vessel, drew him on board, and pulled back to the ship with our boat half full of water. In thirty minutes from the time he fell overboard, we had him safe in his bunk.

"The next morning I said to George, 'Did you think that the ship was going to leave you, and that you were lost?'

"Yes, I did, said he."

"Now, George, what did you do then?"

"I prayed to God."

"But I thought you did not believe there was a God," said I.

"George replied, 'When a man is overboard, in a dark night, and the ship going away from him, and he expects to die, a man thinks different, and feels different, and talks different from what he does when he safe as is on the top-gallant forecastle spinning yarns.'

"We heard no more infidelity or blasphemy from poor George, but he did not recover from his terrible experience in the water. We left him at the hospital at Montevideo, where he afterward died."

Multitudes of infidels have found that their unbelief has failed them in the trying hour. "Hold on," said some infidels who had gathered around the sick-bed of one of their comrades. "But will you tell me what to hold on to?" was his question, which they could not answer.

'My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.  
On Christ the solid Rock I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.'

—H. L. Hastings.



## HOW ROY KEPT HIS PROMISE.

**H**ELLO, there, Roy!" called Hugh Barker, as he ran around the end of the wide verandah where Roy lay idly swinging in the hammock. "Here's for a fine time!"

"What is it?" asked Roy, sitting up with a jerk and hanging his feet over the side of the hammock.

"Oh," exclaimed Hugh, with shining eyes, "the 'Lady Bird' has come home at last, and I tell you she's a beauty; and father is going to take us all around the lake, and he said I might ask you to go to."

There was an unexpected pause as Roy leaned his elbows on his knees with his chin in his hands, and looked very miserable; then he said, "I can't go, Hugh."

"Why not?" asked the astonished Hugh, who could not understand how anyone could decline such an invitation.

"Because," replied Roy, "papa and mamma have gone to the city for two or three days, and they said I must not go on the water while they are gone. Oh, dear! I wish they hadn't said it!"

"I'd like to know what difference their being away makes!" said Hugh impatiently. "Anyhow, they didn't know about the 'Lady Bird.' They'd let you go with father if they were here; you know they would."

"Yes, but, oh, dear! oh, dear! they're not here—and I promised."

"Nonsense!" said Hugh; then after a moment's silence, he added, "I don't see, Roy, why you need to keep that promise when you know they would let you go if they were here. And anyhow"—this more slowly—"they need never know." Hugh felt very mean as he said it.

Roy looked off over beautiful Lake Geneva, on the sloping bank of which his lovely summer home lay. The dancing waves glistened in the morning sunlight in a most enticing manner. Why did papa and mamma have to go away just at this time? Why did the "Lady Bird," of whom he had heard so much, come home on that particular day? And, oh, why, when mamma kissed him good-bye, had she looked at him so lovingly and trustingly as she told him not to go on the water in her absence? What difference could it make? He looked up, and was just about to tell Hugh that he would go, when he remembered how mamma had said she could trust him; then suddenly he stood up very straight, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and said with a determined air, "No, Hugh, I can't go. I promised."

"Oh, very well, if you don't want to go," said Hugh, turning away. "I can ask Ned Stewart." And he ran off across the lawn;

but although his tone was very cold and cutting, somehow he never liked Roy Mason quite so much as he did then.

But Roy did not know this, and as he walked slowly into the house he only thought of Ned Stewart, whom he did not like, having the glorious trip on the beautiful yacht with Hugh and his father, whom he loved dearly. It was almost more than he could bear. He wandered listlessly about the house, feeling that it was very lonely and uninteresting. He got his toy boat, that he was so proud of, and sat in the deep window-seat examining it and wondering if the "Lady Bird" was anything like it. But this was only a toy, and the "Lady Bird" was so stately, and perfect, and real.

He laid the toy aside and looked out of the window over the shining waters of the lake, and his heart leaped into his throat and tears sprang to his eyes as he saw a beautiful yacht with white sails spread to the still breeze, skimming over the water. He knew it must be the "Lady Bird," and he leaned far out of the window watching her until he could see her no more. How like a living thing she was in all her pride and beauty as she fairly flew over the dashing waves! Oh, if he only could have gone he would have been so happy! But although he was sorely disappointed, deep down in his heart there was a comfortable sort of feeling that he did not altogether understand, but he knew that it kept him from being very unhappy. He did not know that it was the peace and strength that come, even to a small boy, from doing right at any cost.

He took one of his favorite books, and curled up in the deep window-seat he soon became absorbed in the story; and then before he knew it the book fell from his hand and he sank down among the cushions fast asleep.

How long he slept he did not know, but when he awoke he thought it must be night, it had grown so dark. He sat up and looked out of the window and saw the sky was overcast with heavy black clouds. The lake, that so short a time before had looked so bright and sparkling, was now tossing wildly in dark and angry waves. It was one of those sudden, fierce storms that in a very short time can change a small lake from a smiling friend to a dangerous foe.

Roy thought it looked grand as it dashed about, changing color at every moment as the heavy clouds roared nearer and nearer, and then a thought came to him that made his heart stand still.

The "Lady Bird!"—was she safe at home yet? and, if not, where was she?

He sprang from his seat and ran from the house, regardless of the fast approaching storm; he dashed down to the water's edge

and looked first up to Mr. Baker's landing, where he knew she ought to be moored. No, she was not there. Then he looked far down the lake, where the storm was already raging, and away off, a mere speck on the foaming water, he saw what looked like a white sail. Could it be the fragile "Lady Bird!" He clung to the railing of the boat landing as the fierce wind blew about him, and strained his eyes to see. Whatever it was it seemed to be trying in vain to make towards the land. Just as the big drops began to fall Roy thought he saw a small steam tug start from the opposite shore as if to rescue the unfortunate one but the rain beat down so thick and fast that he was obliged to run into the house.

The storm soon passed over, as such sudden summer storms do, and soon the lake was glistening in the sunlight as brightly as ever, although the waves still dashed rather wildly.

Roy ran once more down to the landing, and not far away he saw the sturdy little tug pulling up the lake towing the poor "Lady Bird" behind it. Her rigging was broken, her sails were torn, and her once happy crew looked very pale and sober as they finally stepped on their own home landing, from which they had sailed so proudly only a few hours before.

When Roy's mother and father returned home that evening, having finished their business a day sooner than they expected, Roy told them the whole story.

He felt very happy when mamma held him close in her loving arms, and said, —

"I did not feel at all anxious about my little boy when I saw the storm, for he had promised not to go on the water, and I knew could trust him." — *Young People's Weekly.*

#### GEORGE LEWIS AND HIS STRANGE DREAM.

**G**EORGE LEWIS was fifteen years old. Like many lads of his age he felt at times that the parental hand, which sought to guide him aright, drew the reins too often. He wished to do many things that his father disapproved, and when checked, often became impatient.

"My son," said Mr. Lewis one day, "there are two ways in life. At first they run almost side by side, and we may easily step from one to the other; but soon they part and never come in sight of each other again.

The path that leads to misery and destruction often looks more inviting to the young than the one that leads to happiness, and they are often inclined to walk in that way. But God has given them parents and friends to point them to the better way and lead them therein. I have told you that the way in which you wish to walk is not the right way.

I now leave you, let me earnestly entreat you to choose the path of safety."

His father's words impressed him and when he fell asleep that night he dreamed.

Suddenly he fancied himself standing on a plain with two roads leading from it. One looked very inviting, with bright flowers, beautiful trees and birds of gayest plumage. The other road was different. Its margin was nearly barren, and it began at once to ascend a steep rugged hill.

As George came to where these ways parted, he met a kind looking old man who said to him, "You see before you the Way of Life and the Road to Destruction. Choose now in which you will walk. The one looks inviting at its entrance, but the flowers you see have no perfume; the fruit of these trees is bitter, and the road which looks so smooth is really rough and stony and the farther you go in it the worse it is. But with every step in the Way of Life, the more beautiful will all appear. The one leads to death, the other to life. Choose now in which you will walk." "The boy paused. He looked at the ways. "The old man is mistaken," said he, "This is the Road to Happiness," and he entered it with hurrying steps.

The old man called and warned; but the boy heeded not.

In his eagerness to reach a spot in which was a beautiful arbor, with a pretty fountain, his foot struck a stone. He stumbled and fell and was so hurt that when he reached the arbor he could not enjoy it. With a groan he threw himself upon the green sward but soon sprang to his feet, for close to him was a poisonous snake about to strike him, and in terror he made his escape and travelled on. Coming to some bright flowers he stopped to gather them but their odour was so offensive that he threw them away in disgust. Another flower tempted him by its great beauty, but in pulling it, he tore his hands with thorns.

Looking back he wished that he had taken the other road, but remembering the serpent at the fountain he feared to return. Seeing before him what seemed to be a beautiful prospect he pressed on to enjoy it, but when he gained the spot the attraction had disappeared.

And now the road began to wind along the skirt of a forest. His heart grew faint. Suddenly a roar shook the earth; and a beast of prey rushed past him. Terror gave him speed to plunge deeper into the forest. Night came on. He could scarcely see his way. The path was so rough that he stumbled at almost every step. His feet were bruised and cut, and he walked on in pain.

"Oh that I had taken the other road!" he cried as he looked back. But the howl of a

wild beast arose in the direction from which he had come and again he moved on. Suddenly a meteor shot across the sky and by its light he saw himself on the very edge of a fearful precipice. Another step and he would have been over.

The shock startled him from his dream. All was dark in the chamber when George Lewis awoke, and it was some time before he could realize that he was safe in his father's house, with the two ways in life yet before him and he in freedom to choose the one in which he would walk.

Dear young friends: the way of obedience and trust is the way of safety. It may not look inviting at first, but when you have once entered it you will find that it grows more beautiful at every step, no serpents lurk amid the waving grass, no thorns are among its flowers; it leads through no dark forests with their beasts of prey, and it ends in Life and Peace everlasting.—*Anon.*

#### AN INTERESTING STORY FROM BRAZIL

**I**T was a Brazilian village, two or three hundred miles west of the Capital, Rio Janeiro.

The solitary Protestant in this Roman Catholic place, a man called Antonio, was one day reading his Bible in his own house, when a neighbor came in, a man noted for a quarrelsome temper. Antonio persuaded him to listen to a passage from one of the Gospels. When he stopped reading, his neighbor bade him go on. "That is a book," he said, "I ought to have heard long ago, and then I should have been a different man." He sat listening for hours.

Two missionaries of the American Presbyterian Mission, soon after visited Antonio, in the course of a mission tour, and he sent them to see this inquirer. When they went to his house he kept asking them questions the whole day about the gospel, and he told them that he had been like a man in a dense Brazilian forest, where the darkness was intense and a terrible tempest was raging, and he had to give himself up for lost, till that day when he first heard the Bible read, when the heavens seemed to open and the darkness cleared away, and he had great joy.

A friend of this man, Henrique by name, hearing that he was turning Protestant, said he was bad enough before, but that now he was going entirely to the devil. So he went to reason with him, and said: "What is this I hear about your becoming a Protestant?" The other answered: "I don't know what a Protestant is, but I will tell you what I have heard read in a book called the Bible."

The complete change in the man's manner, from passionate quarrelling to calmness and gentleness, so impressed Henrique that he

determined to know more about this wonderful book; so he went to the priest to inquire about it. When the priest told him it was the word of God, he said: "How is it, then, that I have never heard it before? Nor did my father, I suppose, for he never taught me. I will get one and read it." At this the *padre* laughed, for he knew that the man could not read, and told him so. "Then," said Henrique, "I will learn to read." At this the *padre* laughed still more.

But Henrique was determined, and, though he was even then advanced in years, he went at once and engaged a man to come and live with him and teach him and his sons to read. First the old man, and then, one by one, his whole family, gave their hearts to God; and from these three Christian houses the light spread, till now there is an earnest Protestant church where used to be popish darkness.

"Our friend Henrique," writes a missionary who visited the place two or three months ago, "who once, when he heard of the missionaries, declared that if they came inside his gate he would set his dogs at them, is now an elder of the church, and known by all to be a man who walks with God. It would be difficult to find a more charming old Christian. His prayer that Sunday evening, at family worship in that crowded room, I shall never forget—it was such a fervent pouring forth of thanks to God for the gift of our Saviour, and such an earnest petition for the presence of his Holy Spirit."—*The Presbyterian.*

#### DEBIT AND CREDIT.

In the fall of 1889 a theatrical company from New York engaged our hall for the season. To increase their popularity they invited our young people to take part in many of their plays. "Perfectly innocent," they said. So the crowds attended, even church-members taking part, regardless of the warning of wiser ones. But the vacant chairs at prayer meeting soon showed who the regular theatre-goers were, and an increasing coldness on religious subjects told of a leech at the heart, sapping the spiritual strength.

At the end of the six months' lease of the hall the balance sheet stood like this: Hall rental, \$400; presents to local helpers, \$50; while opposite, this stood: Loss to village of intellectual growth from the usual lecture course, now omitted; loss of spiritual strengthening from customary revivals, now neglected; the loss of two of our bright young ladies, who left leading places in young people's societies for the stage; a dissatisfied feeling among our young men over the slow country ways, and a longing for the exciting city life depicted on the stage; and, lastly, a falling off of many dollars from the church receipts.—*The Golden Rule.*



## A SWARM OF BEES.

**R**EV. C. C. Harvey had been settled over the church at Belmont nearly five years. In that time not only had his parishioners learned to love and trust him but the villagers generally had come to claim the youthful pastor as their friend and champion. To him children referred their disputes for settlement; of him young people sought advice in their ambitious and perplexities, and in him, not unfrequently, the aged confided their trials and their longings, imparting, in return, many lessons of wisdom which experience alone can teach.

Quiet and content, the good people were settling down in the belief that the gifted young clergyman was theirs for life, and theirs alone, when rumors began to reach their ears that Mr Harvey was soon to belong to some one else, and that some one else would soon belong to them as "pastor's wife."

The vine covered cottage, nestling beside the pretty church, began to take on signs of quickened life. The old housekeeper looked wise, and suddenly became quite too busy to gossip with her neighbors. There was more to be done now than "tidying" two or three rooms and preparing the minister's frugal meals. Preparations were in hand for an event of great importance—an event which not only worked wonders in the quiet manse, but which was destined to bring an added joy and blessing to Belmont.

One un-*un* day, at set of sun, the pastor stood upon the threshold of his home beside a fair young girl, caressing the little hand that lay within his own, and gazing fondly into the bright, upturned face with joyous voice.

"This is our little manse" he said, "Now look with both your curious eyes around, above and overhead, and seeing all things, realize that they are ours and we are wed."

Fine as the congregation had thought it to have the minister all to themselves, and to feel at liberty to call upon him in his study whenever they felt inclined, not many weeks had passed before a unanimous vote would have been given in favor of the improved order of things. Their pastor, kind and good before, was kinder and more cheerful now. The cozy house had taken on an air of welcome that made it irresistibly attractive.

The little "Mistress of the Manse" was no spoiled child. When she left her city home, a pastor's wife, it was with a full determination to live less for self and more for the Master whom she would now have larger opportunities to serve.

This wise little woman knew right well how to prepare dainties for the invalid, and

to soothe and entertain the fretful children of an overworked, discouraged mother, to whom her smile, as much as her words, brought hope and comfort.

But very naturally, it was among the young people, especially the bright young girls, she found her chief delight.

It was not enough for this zealous worker to spend an hour with her class each Sabbath; she gave a general invitation to the village girls to meet once a week in her little home, and while their nimble fingers fashioned garments for the needy, she brought out for their diversion and instruction the varied treasures of her well-stored mind.

One afternoon of each month, the girls remained to tea at the parsonage, and the pastor's class of boys spent the evening with them. This gave them a particularly delightful time, as both Mr. and Mrs. Harvey understood the difficult art of entertaining young people. The first evening was devoted to several large portfolios, the contents of which gave rise to endless questions and remarks. Another evening was passed with innocent games and pleasant conversation, in which all were interested.

Occasionally the time was devoted almost entirely to music, of which nearly all young people are passionately fond. Light refreshments were always served, and the evening hymn sung, then the pastor commended the dear young people to the watchful care of the Great Shepherd, and the little party returned to their homes, not only greatly pleased, but benefited to a degree that none could then appreciate.

At the close of one such gathering, M<sup>s</sup>. Harvey, whose brief experience proved that "new duties bring new powers to birth," suggested that as their next meeting would be on a Saturday evening, their exercises should be of a scriptural character. As the pastor could not be with them at that time, she had been thinking a great deal about what would be most likely to interest them, and had decided upon something very useful, and, at the same time, *very lively*.

"A Swarm of Bees," Startling exclamations and merry laughing followed this announcement, and several minutes elapsed before the teacher could make the necessary explanation. "Do not be frightened, my dear young friends, you need not apprehend any injury, but I am going to ask as many of you as can conveniently bring, next Saturday evening, a verse of Scripture, in which the little word *Be* is used imperatively, as, be kind, be wise, be patient, &c. I think that with several such passages at hand, we can spend a pleasant and profitable hour."

The appointed evening brought together a goodly company.

Seating her guests as near as possible to the table on which stood a box with an opening in the lid, she informed them that it was the "hive," and as each one read a verse, the slip of paper on which it was written was to be deposited in it.

"Now," she continued, "as I sit at the head of the table, suppose I commence, and each one, in turn, will read a verse." Then in musical tones she read:

"Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that trust in the Lord;" remarking, while the paper lingered in her fingers, "I hope all these dear young friends are trusting in the Lord; if so the command is ringing out to even the most timid and distrustful, 'Be of good courage.'"

"Galatians vi. 7," came in deep tones from a large boy at Mrs. Harvey's right. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that, shall he also reap."

"Well chosen, John;" said the teacher, laying her hand quietly on the lad's shoulder. "Let us all heed this note of warning, and be careful what seed we sow—what example we set for others to follow."

"But if thou do evil, Be afraid," recited Willie Ray, as his paper disappeared from sight.

"My verse said, 'Be of good courage.' Willie's reads, 'Be afraid.' When are we to be afraid?" inquired the lady.

"When we do evil," responded several voices.

"Yes, let us all remember Willie's verse, and try to avoid the evil."

Mary Clark, one of the most faithful workers, repeated, in languid tones; "Be not weary in well doing."

Mrs. Harvey could not repress a smile as she said, "Mary, dear that must have been selected for your own encouragement; we all know the promise annexed to your 'Be,' and the condition on which it can be realized; persevere in your labors of love, and the reward will surely follow."

"Be ye angry, and sin not."

"Be not wise in thine own eyes."

"Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."

"Does that mean, be not intemperate in the use of spirituous liquors?" asked James Keen, the inn-keeper's son.

"The Bible regards intemperance as a sin, and all the precepts of the Bible are against it, James, but I am inclined to think that 'sober' in this passage means thoughtful, serious, not giddy and frivolous, as some young people are; you notice it is coupled with the injunction 'watch unto prayer.'"

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," repeated Ruth Mason, the youngest girl in the class, saying, innocently, as she hurried her paper in the box, "Brother

Tom wrote that for me; he told me that bee stung him not long ago."

Mrs. Harvey's quick eye read a bit of romance in the drooping head and burning cheek of a very pretty young lady, whom her companions delighted to call "Saint Agnes," and at once replied to the child:

"Little Ruth, ask brother Tom, what would become of the honey without the sting?" Then fearing that the smiles which beamed upon the faces of some of the older girls would become audible, she added quickly:

"Our bees must fly a little faster; I have ordered an extra treat for this evening, and if we have time, I think an extra hymn or two would be very nice. Just a few moments more! Who will give us another verse?"

"Be kindly affectionate one to another."

"Be thankful unto Him, and bless his name."

"Be strong, fear not, behold your God."

After these honey-bees, laden with their precious freight, had found their way into the hive, a young lady, at the leader's left hand, repeated in clear, earnest tones:

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."

"An injunction we should all conscientiously obey," said Mrs. Harvey seriously. Unless we are doers of the Word, the hearing only adds to our condemnation. The greater our privileges, dear young friends, the greater our responsibility. Let us, after this evening's lesson, strive perseveringly to serve our Master with greater devotion and from purer motives, each one bearing in mind, as an incentive, his gracious message: "Bethou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—*J. A. R. in Presbyterian*

### SINS BLOTTED OUT.

A little boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said: "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they, then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone," said Charlie.

"Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—remembered no more."

"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us."

A man who was sad heard two boys laughing. He asked them, "What makes you so happy?"

"Happy?" said the elder of the two, "why, I make Jim glad and get glad myself."

This is the true secret of a happy life—to live so that by our kind words and deeds we may help some one else.

## International S. S. Lessons.

June 17.

### A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Les. Prov. 23; 29-35. Gol. Text, Prov. 23: 31. Mem. vs. 29-32. Catechism Q. 107.

"The drunkard's looking glass," this lesson has been called. Let us look into it and see what it shows of the drunkard's life. O what a picture! Not much pleasure about it.

What do I see? *Woe!* Sorrow! The real meaning is *Who hath Oh!* who hath *Alas!* Woes of body, mind, family, estate. All kinds of woes; pain, disease, poverty, eternal ruin; come to the drunkard.

Then in this glass I see "*contentions.*" How quarrelsome men become when drunk. "*Complaining*"—Everything goes wrong. Then I see "*wounds without cause.*" How often the drunkard, bruised and battered, shows wounds without cause. His clothes are torn and dirty, his face bruised and bleeding, perhaps from falls, perhaps from drunken brawls.

Remember that all the drunkards were once innocent boys. The only sure way to avoid living such a picture is never to touch or taste strong drink. Remember that "wine is a mocker." It deceives, and all young people need to be guarded against it. Not one of the tens of thousands who every year go down to drunkards graves ever intended to go there. They were deceived by the drink.

A story is told of a party of sailors who visited the Zoological Gardens. One of them had taken some liquor. It made him excited and foolhardy. In bravado he took hold of a deadly serpent, holding it up by the nape of the neck, in such a way that it could not bite him. As he held it, the snake, unnoticed, coiled itself around his arm, winding more and more tightly, and he could not loose it. As its pressure grew harder he had to let go the neck of the reptile, when it turned, bit him and he died.

That is the way with strong drink. The lesson says, "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

A lad takes up his glass. He has no fear that it will hurt him, and he thinks it shows him a man. If warned, he laughs. Time passes, again and again he is warned, and as often laughs at the thought of danger. Habit coils more and more firmly around him, and, ere he is aware, it is too strong for him to break.

I have seen a man under the power of the appetite, longing to be free, but he could not break the bonds that held him, and he would not give himself up to Christ to be made free.

And now young people let me mention just two or three of the many facts about strong drink.

1. In countries such as Britain and America, there is several times as much money spent in strong drink as in bread. What a waste, when so many are hungry.

2. Tens of thousands of people, every year, die a drunkard's death; which means, that tens of thousands of boys every year are deceived by strong drink, and begin to be drunkards though they do not mean to be such.

3. Strong drink ruins men not only for time but for eternity, for the Bible says, "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

4. The only safety for young men is never to taste strong drink, and then they will never be deceived by it. He who never begins will never be a drunkard.

5. The awful fact still remains that the drunkards of a few years hence, be they many or few, are the happy innocent lads of to-day. O why will they not keep clear of it! Will you? Will you?

June 24.

### REVIEW.

Les. Gen. 32—Ex. 14. Gol. Text, Deut. 32: 9. ANOTHER LONG BRIDGE.

The review of last quarter's lessons was likened to a long bridge of 2,222 years, spanning the stream of time that flows between Eden and Jacob's ladder at Bethel.

The lessons of this quarter may be likened to another bridge of about 250 years, or, perhaps better, the same bridge continued, to the passage of the Red Sea.

Our review is of thirteen lessons, reaching from the wonderful dealing of God, in the form of a man with Jacob at the crossing of the brook, Jabbok, to His more wonderful dealing with the descendants of Jacob at the greater crossing of the Red Sea.

In the first lesson of the quarter, the family of Jacob, numbering only a few, are coming out of Haran to the land of Canaan. In the last lesson of the quarter, the family of Jacob, or Israel, numbering hundreds of thousands, are coming out of Egypt to the same Canaan.

Describe each of the following scenes and learn their lessons, and you will have a good review.

1. Jacob wrestling with the Angel.
2. Joseph's dreams.
3. Joseph's coat, and the pit at Dothan.
4. Joseph as Potiphar's slave.
5. Joseph in prison.
6. Joseph telling Pharaoh's dreams.
7. Joseph's brethren in Egypt.
8. Joseph's work in Egypt.
9. Moses in the cradle of reeds.
10. Moses fleeing to Midian.
11. The plagues of Egypt.
12. The Passover.
13. Crossing the Red Sea.

July 1.

## THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

Les. Luke 2 : 1-16. Col. Text, Luke 2 : 11.  
Mem. vs. 10-14. Catechism Q. 82.

The lessons of the last half year were from the beginnings of Old Testament history; those for the coming six months are from the beginnings of the New Testament, lessons from the life of Jesus.

This first lesson shows a picture of a Roman Emperor who wants to have a list of all the people in his Empire. He does not send men around to the people to find out their names, but gives an order that everybody must come to the towns and villages where his officers are.

There is an honest couple, a carpenter and his young wife living in Nazareth, in Palestine, which was at this time a part of his Empire. Though poor, this lowly workman is of royal race, a descendant of David, and he and his wife must go away to Bethlehem, David's city, several days journey south, to enrol his name on the list.

One bright morning they start, she riding a donkey, he walking beside. The third day they come in sight of Jerusalem, the Holy City, but they must not stop there now. They pass close by, looking with pride and joy at the beautiful dome of the temple, and thinking of the glad time when Jerusalem and Israel will again be free. They travel on until they reach, about six miles south of Jerusalem, the town of Bethlehem, where they were to enroll their names.

They are weary with their journey. They seek an enclosure where travellers sometimes stay, but many others have come on the same errand and the place is full. They have to take refuge where the cattle and donkeys are, and there, that night, the child Jesus was born.

Just outside the town among the hills, shepherds were keeping watch over their flock. The sheep lay calmly sleeping. The shepherds watched lest robbers or wild beasts should steal or kill them. Thus God watches over us when we are unable to care for ourselves.

Perhaps some of the shepherds were singing softly to themselves some of the songs or psalms of David, and thinking of the time when he as a shepherd boy used to watch his sheep on these same hills.

Suddenly the purest light they ever saw shines around them. A glorious being stands before them. They are sore afraid.

But that sweet voice says to them: Fear not. I have glad news for you. The Messiah, the Saviour, the King, for whom my people have looked and waited so long, is come. He is born to-night in Bethlehem.

Then appeared a great throng of shining ones singing a sweet song, the sweetest

earth ever heard, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Then the song ceased; the angels went away; the shepherds stood awhile in silent wonder, and then went into the town to see the wondrous child. And they found Him.

That Saviour is near to you. Have you sought and found Him? You may if you will.

July 8.

## PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

Les. Luke 2 : 25-38. Col. Text, Luke 2 : 32.  
Mem. vs. 27-32. Catechism Q. 83.

Forty days have passed since the angels sang their beautiful song to the shepherds. Joseph and Mary had spent these days in Bethlehem, only a few miles away, and now they came to the Holy City to present the child there, and to offer an offering to God such as was commanded at times like this.

The offering required was a lamb and a dove, but if people were too poor to offer a lamb, they might put another dove or pigeon in place of it. These people were poor. They could not get a lamb and so they offered two pigeons, one for a sin offering and one for a burnt offering.

If we are poor God accepts our little offering just as he does the larger offering of the rich; and if we are rich he accepts our larger offering if given aright, just as he does the smaller offering of the poor.

But now a strange thing happened. An old man, a prophet, named Simeon, who had long lived at Jerusalem, and whom God told that he was to see the Messiah, came into the temple when Joseph and Mary and Jesus were there. In some way he knew that this was the One for whom he had waited. He went and took the baby in his arms and said a beautiful hymn or prayer which has been sung in every age since that time.

The idea of the song was as follows. Now Lord I have seen what I was waiting for. I wish to live no longer. Now I am satisfied. I have seen my Saviour, and not only my Saviour, but the Saviour of the world. I die in peace.

The mother listened with eager heart to the old prophet, and now he spoke to her telling her of the wonderful child and the strange things that were to come to Him.

As Simeon was speaking an aged woman came in, a prophetess. She knew that this was her Saviour, and she gave thanks for his coming.

That same Saviour has been very near to you both in your own homes and in the House of God, the Church, your temple. Have you ever thanked God for His coming. Remember that the only way in which you can "depart in peace" is to embrace this Saviour with your whole heart as Simeon did.



## THE "STOP AWHILE."

When Dr. David Livingstone was traveling through Africa he was shown by the natives a queer-looking "horn that was known by the name of "stop awhile." The name had been given it because it was of such a formation that when a person had become entangled in it he could not escape without having his clothes torn to shreds. So thick, so sharp and strong were its spines that the more one would try to get free the more firmly he would be held.

How many of you, boys, are being entangled and held by something a hundred times worse? Nay, do not look so astonished. Is it not true?

The first evening you went to that place—I won't say what place (for you know)—against the wishes of your parents, and with that crowd of bad boys, you were finding your way into the entanglements of something far more dreadful than this.

When you lingered, "for just a moment," to enjoy the sinful pleasure, was not the thorn taking hold on you? And did you not find it harder after that first participation to break from it?

The time to keep one's self from being entangled in sin is to keep out of reach of it.

## IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED.

## FOR GIRLS (AND BOYS TOO.)

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't get into the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentle woman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Sel.

## MOTHER NOT TO BLAME.

Tom had been an idle, careless, mischievous boy in school. He did not mean to be a bad boy, but he wanted to do about as he liked, without seeming to care how much he troubled others by it. He had a seatmate who was quite unlike him, in that he was careful to try to please his teachers.

One day Tom heard his teachers talking about some of their pupils; he heard his own name mentioned, and then that of his seatmate.

"Jamie must have a lovely mother, I think," said one, "for he is always so polite and agreeable, and tries very hard to please all who are around him."

"I have heard that Tom Dunn's mother is a good woman," said another, "but I don't see how it is that she has such an unpleasant boy. I think he has a generous nature, and when he likes can show fine manners. It is my opinion that his mother tries to teach him just what is right, but he will not listen to her teaching. You know there is many a boy that will go on to destruction in spite of his mother."

Tom had heard enough to make him miserable for the rest of the day; and he had not put conscience away so far but that he could hear a whisper: "You've been a mean boy, and they've laid it all to your mother."

Now he did really love his mother, and could not bear the thought that he had brought discredit upon her. After school that night he lingered until the others had passed out, and going up to his teacher he said slowly, and as if he hardly knew how to say it:

"I want to tell you—that—that mother isn't a bit to blame. Don't lay it to my mother—all my bad ways, I mean."

Tom did not think at all of what a brave thing he was doing; he thought of nothing but the wish to defend his mother. But when the teacher took his hand and said, "Your mother must be a brave lady, Tom, for her boy has shown himself brave to-night, and I shall expect good things from him in the future," he thought, "I wonder if the other boys know that all they do, good or bad, is laid to their mothers?"—Pres. Journal.

## The Children's Record.

30c. yearly, in advance. In parcels of 5 or more, 15c.

Subscriptions, for part of the year, may begin at any time, but must not run beyond December.

Please order direct from this office, and remit by P.O. order or registered letter.

EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT.  
Office, Y.M.C.A. Building, Montreal.