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

The
HILDRENS
RECORD.



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

Sabbath School Lessons.

Nov. 12. THE GRACE OF LIBERALITY.

Lesson, 2 Cor. 8: 1-12 Gol. Text, 2 Cor. 8: 9.
Memory vs. 7-9. Catechism 60-62.

HOME READINGS.

- M. 1 Cor. 16: 1-21 The Collection for the Saints.
- T. 2 Cor. 7: 1-16 Paul's Confidence in the Corinthians
- W. 2 Cor. 8: 1-17 The Grace of Liberty.
- Th. 2 Cor. 8: 13-21 Mutual Aid and Supply.
- F. 2 Cor. 9: 1-15. A Cheerful Giver.
- S. Psalm 112: 1-10. A Good Man Sheweth Favor.
- S. Prov. 11: 24-31. Liberty Rewarded.

Helps in Studying—1. *Do you to wit--* "make known to you" the grace of God as shown in the giving of the Macedonian churches. 2. *Abounded* though persecuted and poor, they had given largely for others. See Mark 12: 43, 44; Luke 21: 3, 4. 3. *Of themselves* of their own accord, beyond their ability, and with many prayers they gave. 5. *Not as we hoped*—they went beyond our hopes. 7. *In this grace*—of liberal giving. 8. *Not by commandment*—not in the way of command. It was willing giving he wished. 6. *Rich*—in all the glories of heaven. *Poor*—despised, persecuted, and at last crucified. *Ye... might be rich* in the perfect bliss and holiness of heaven. 10. *I give advice*—"I advise you to make the collection, for this giving to the poor is profitable to you." 11. *Perform the doing*—"complete the doing."

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Giving out of Poverty*, vs. 1-6. What was the condition of the Macedonian Christians? How had they given out of their poverty?

II. *Giving Abundantly*, vs. 7-8.—What did Paul exhort the Corinthians to do? In what graces had they abounded? Meaning of *abound in this grace also*? What led Paul to give this advice? See ch. 9: 2-5.

III. *Giving as Christ Gave*, vs. 9-12.—By what example did Paul enforce his counsel? How had Christ given? How did he for our sakes become poor? How are we made rich by his poverty? What further advice did Paul give the Corinthians? In what measure should we give? With what spirit? What will render even the smallest gift acceptable?

1. We should be kind to all in distress?
2. We should show our kindness of feeling by kindness of acts in supplying their wants.
3. We should be cheerful, prompt and liberal in our giving.
4. Liberty in giving blesses the giver as well as the receiver.
5. We should give ourselves, our all, to Him who loved us and gave himself for us.

Nov. 19. IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Les., Eph. iv., 20-32. Gol. Text, Eph. iv. : 32.
Memory vs. 30-32. Catechism, 63-66.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Eph. 3: 1-1. The Love which Passeth Knowledge.
- T. Eph. 4: 1-9 Warning against the Sins of the Gen.
- W. Eph. 4: 26-21 Imitation of Christ. (files.)
- Th. Eph. 5: 1-3. Walk in Love, as Christ Loved Us.
- F. Phil. 2: 1-16. Christ our Example.
- S. John 13: 1-17. An Example of Humility.
- S. Matt. 18: 23-35. The Punishment of the Unforgiving.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Where was Ephesus? What have you learned of Paul's labors in that city? When and where did he last meet the elders of Ephesus? What farewell counsels did he give them? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Righteousness and Holiness*, vs. 20-24.—What cautions did Paul give in the verses preceding our lesson passage? What was the moral condition of other Gentiles? In what respect were those whom Paul addressed different? What did he exhort them to do? Meaning of the *old man*? What were they to put on? Meaning of the *new man*? How is the new man described? What does the apostle say in 2 Cor. 5: 17? What is effectual calling?

II. *Truth and Honesty*, vs. 25-28.—What is Paul's counsel about truthfulness? What reason does he give for speaking the truth? What is his counsel about anger and wrath? What must the one who has been dishonest do? What is forbidden in the eighth commandment?

III. *Kindness and Forgiveness*, vs. 29-32.—How are we to guard our words? What solemn caution is given in verse 30? How may the Holy Spirit be grieved? What work of the Holy Spirit is here mentioned? What practical duties enjoined in verses 31 and 32? By what example of forgiveness are they enforced? What do we pray for in the fifth petition of the Lord's Prayer?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Receive Christ as your teacher and learn of him.
2. Seek the renewing, sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit.
3. Live a new life of righteousness and holiness.
4. Be pure, truthful and honest in all your words and ways.
5. Be kind and tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God in Christ forgave you.

♦ ♦ THE ♦ ♦

Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

NOVEMBER.

NO. 11.

FOR THE YOUNG.

HOW can young people make the most of life for themselves and for God? By doing faithfully what each day gives them to do.

How can young people best fit themselves for doing their work as men and women?

By doing well what they have to do as boys and girls.

Young people often forget to-day's duties, and plan what they will do when they grow up, but if they forget now they will forget then. The habit will grow.

You are making yourselves for manhood and womanhood. If you are truthful now you will be truthful then. If you are industrious now, the habit will grow with you, and you will never be an idler. If you are faithful now you will be faithful then. If you serve God, now, He will be yours forever.

On the other hand if you are careless now, you will be careless when grown up. If indolent now, lazy then. If ill-tempered now, that temper will strengthen. If you neglect God your neglect will be likely to grow.

Whatever you want to be as men and women, be now, as boys and girls. The only way to reach the top is to climb from the bottom, and the time to start climbing for the best in life, is, Now.

There is a mischievous proverb which says that young people must sow their wild oats, but hear what the Bible says about that. "Whatsoever a man (or boy) soweth, that shall he also reap." If you don't want to reap wild oats don't sow them.

Then apart from the reaping altogether, there is far more pleasure sowing good oats than wild ones. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

LEAVING HOME.

There was one immense building at the World's Fair with more than seventy large rooms, wholly devoted to pictures. Some pictures were small, not larger than the page of a book. Some were very large, twenty by thirty feet. They were there from all nations, and among them were some of the finest paintings in the world.

Of all the thousands, what picture, think you, attracted most attention? One of the two or three that always had about it the largest crowd was a painting of a young man leaving home. The little brothers and sisters scarce know what it means. The father looks on, calm without, but in heart he is praying for his boy. The mother and son stand with clasped hands, he with high hope and earnest purpose, confident in his strength, while she, with a yearning heart that a mother only can know, bids him farewell, giving him a last word, and commending him to God's care. How anxious she is! She knows how many boys have left home and gone astray. She knows his weakness and the temptations that he will meet better than he does, and she prays that God will keep her boy.

Young people, your home-leaving time will soon come. It is one of the testing points in life. Do not trust yourselves. Ask your mother's God to keep you, and then, and then only, you will be safe.

When away from home, do not forget how earnestly father and mother long and pray to hear of your well-doing. Whatever you do, so live, with God's help, that your lives may make them glad.

THE CHAMARS.

WHAT are they, fishes, beasts, or birds? They are a low caste people in India. Listen to Miss Jamieson, one of our missionaries in Neemuch, India, telling of her work among them. For the most part I use her own words:

WHERE THEY LIVE.

"At the entrance of the town quite apart from any other caste, there is a big hollow square with two deep wells in it, and some arge trees, and their wretched little houses are built around the sides of this square.

WHAT THEY DO.

Many of the men tan leather after a very poor fashion, and the smells about the place are very bad. The women, and boys and girls help to put gaudy little bits of trimming on the shoes made from the native leather.

During the cold weather they go in parties to the jungle to cut hay which they bring home for sale. This hinders our school work very much, for the boys and girls go with their parents on these tours and remain for weeks at a time.

WHAT THEY EAT.

When I tell you that these Chamars eat the flesh of any dead animal they can lay their hands upon, you will understand that they are not cleanly in their habits.

An Englishman here had a horse which died from snake bite and the Chamars wanted to carry it off for food, and would have been glad to get it, but he would not allow them to have it, and ordered it to be buried.

OUR SCHOOL.

Some of them are bright and clever, while others have diseased or weak bodies, the latter, however, are the exception.

For over two years we taught the children who came to us, under the trees in the ill-smelling court above mentioned. But the heat of the sun was most trying, and it was impossible to keep up the work in the rainy season.

About six months ago, therefore, the best house in the place was rented for forty cents a month. The walls are mud and are six feet high. The room is twenty-two feet long and ten feet wide. There is no window, and the only way that light and air can get in is by the door which is so low that we must stoop on entering.

The only furniture is a blackboard and two stools. The children seated around the walls nearly fill the room. The air, with the steam arising from their dirty clothes in wet weather, and no ventilation, is simply poisonous. But in spite of all this, many of the pupils are doing wonderfully well. Some are still at their letters, while some can read.

Some of the larger boys work at road making four miles away. We give them their lesson first, they take their books with them and go to their work, and employ their hours of rest in getting their lessons for early school next morning.

The Bible is taught daily. Many verses are learned by heart, and the older scholars know pretty well the life of Christ.

THE DEFORMED BOY.

There is a deformed boy whose spine was injured by a fall, so that he cannot sit upright. He lives only about one hundred yards from the school, and yet he requires nearly an hour to travel that distance, for he cannot walk, but crawls slowly and painfully along the ground.

When the boys, a few days ago, repeated the verse, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even to them," I asked them to practice that beautiful lesson by helping this poor boy to reach the school. But they have not yet done so.

The weak and suffering receive little help or pity among the heathen. It is only our gracious Saviour who teaches "Bear ye one another's burdens."

THE GIRLS.

The girls in this school take little interest in learning to read. It is difficult to get them to come at all, for their parents think it waste time to send them.

WHAT WE WANT.

To carry on the work and to preserve our health, we need most urgently a house to teach in. There is much to dishearten in working among these low caste people, but we are sowing, and there will be reaping bye and bye."

Now young people, when we see what our missionaries are doing and bearing, shall we not help them all we can by our gifts and prayers, and some of you will hope when you grow up, to go to help them.

LETTER FROM HONAN.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

I HAVE just read in the CHILDREN'S RECORD a very interesting account of Mr. Grant's Sabbath-school in San Fernando. The writer expresses the hope that ere long China might have such a Sabbath-school. How earnestly we second this hope!

Now, I wonder if some of the RECORD's young readers would like to know why we have not yet such a Sabbath-school in Honan as there is in San Fernando. I shall tell you.

First, it is because dreadful stories are being told about us, and are believed in by many of the people. I will tell you some of these stories and then you will be able to understand better why the Chinese fathers and mothers are so afraid to allow their children to come near us.

They say we have men hired to go through the towns and villages kidnapping children. They are supposed to bring these children to the foreigners, who at once put them to death, take out their eyes, and hearts, and put their blood into vessels for medicine, then bury their bodies under the board floors of the foreigner's houses. They say that under our floor is full of children's bones.

We are told that a man, a short time since, while passing through a strange village to the west of us, was stopped by the villagers and asked if he was not come to get children for the "foreign devils." He thought they were joking, and laughingly said, "Why, yes, bring them along." At this the villagers be-

came so enraged that they poured boiling water upon him until he died. Another man, living forty miles from here, says he saw with his own eyes over two hundred Chinese children in a foreigner's boat. His story is believed in by a great many.

Even the officials appear to believe in these stories. One official living in a town ten miles distant from us, has commanded that all parents in his district must keep their children in after dark, and must on no account allow them to go out alone into the fields. Can you wonder then, that the little Chinese boys and girls are afraid of us.

Another reason why we cannot hope just yet to have a Sunday-school here, is that the Chinese believe if their children were to learn the "Jesus doctrine" they would at once be bewitched. Bye and bye, when some of the grown up Chinese are converted and brought to know and follow Jesus, we shall be permitted to teach their children, and then we trust that gradually these bad stories will be forgotten and the people learn to trust us.

We have two very little missionaries at this station. One is named Paul and the other Florence. Paul is not yet three years old and Florence only eight months, yet I call them missionaries, because they help to show the Chinese that we are the same as they are; and that we love children. Paul has not had a foreign boy to play with for more than a year. How glad he would be if he could see some of you boys and play with you for a while. But I'm afraid you would not understand him, for he speaks almost all Chinese. Almost all the children who come in are very dirty and he does not like to see them so. I have seen him take a sponge and wash a little boy's face. At another time, when the children came in without any clothes on he told them to "Chuan i shang," put on clothes.

The Chinese are fond of children and are always very kind to our little ones, although the common name for them among the Chinese is "Little foreign devils."

Your friend, F. ROSALIND GOFORTH.

Chu Wang, Honan, China, August 29th, 1893.

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 gift 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 I'll strive
To grow like Thee.

—Sel.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE PENNIES.

HEAR the complaint of the pennies in a little boy's missionary mite-box :
This is a fine place to be in and we like it very much. We know where we are going, too, and we are glad of that. We would rather be missionary pennies than anything else, for we know they are the best sort. We hope to help buy Bibles for those across the sea who need them, and have never had them.

We don't complain of our place nor our work, not a bit. But we do complain about our lonesomeness. Why are there so few of us? We want to know that!

And why don't the nickels and dimes come to keep us company and help on the work we are going to do by and by? That's what we want to know!

Pennies are very good things, especially if there are plenty of them. One penny may do much good. We've heard that over and over. But there are the nickels and dimes that go from our little boy's pocket into the toy-shop, and into the candy-shop, and never come back. How much good do they do? Why should our little boy spend nickels and dimes on himself, and only put us pennies in here to do good with? That is what puzzles us. In the little boy's pocket we kept company with nickels and dimes, but they do not keep us company here, and it is this that we complain about. Can anybody tell us why? Surely, surely, our little boy does not care more for eating good things than for doing good to those who need it!

And yet we jingle and jingle in here, a few of us, and we wonder where the nickels and dimes are, and why they don't come too!

Listen to the complaint of the pennies. Can any one who owns a mite-box, or who ought to have one, explain these puzzling things?
Children's Work.

HOW THE FATHER WAS LIED.

IN the city of Brocklyn, a gentleman reared in a Christian home, a member and regular attendant at church, became interested in politics, through which he was brought into contact with a celebrated infidel lecturer, the result being that he soon found himself an infidel. Church services ceased to have any attraction for him, and his seat in God's house was always vacant. Severe sickness overtook him, and while fond of the visits of his pastor, to whom he was personally warmly attached, yet they failed to cause a return to his former belief.

Recovering his health, he moved to the West with his wife and little boy, four years of age. The latter, becoming acquainted with other little fellows who talked so much of their Sunday-school, asked permission to attend also. A loving father, anxious to please his child, took him to the school, returning for him at its close.

This continued for a month, when one Sunday the question was put to him. "Papa, my teacher says that she would like to have our mamas and papas come to Sunday-school some time; won't you come in with me to-day?" He refused at first; but the importance of his little one made him yield, and he entered, taking a seat on the side.

At the earnest words of the teacher, memory brought vividly before him his early experience, and made him feel very uncomfortable.

The next Sunday came the same question from the child with the same result, and what followed? At the cordial words of welcome from the teacher he could not refrain from telling the story of his past life, and her words were the means of causing a complete surrender of himself to Christ. A few years after found that man the assistant superintendent of the school and an officer in the church. Surely, "a little child shall lead them."

If you are tempted to lose patience with your fellowmen, stop and think how patient God has been with you.

No sham can stand in God's presence. His eyes search all pretensions to their very heart and core.

DR. MACKAY'S VISIT HOME.

Two months ago, in your Record, you looked into the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, the latter now resting in her heavenly home, the former alone, with Jesus, among the natives of Efate, New Hebrides.

This month you have another missionary and his wife from another island, far away, the coast of China.

Formosa is a Latin word for, beautiful; and

the Island was so called by the early voyagers when they saw its beautiful green mountains from the sea.

But though every prospect was pleasing, man was vile, as Dr. Mackay found when he landed there alone twenty-one years ago.

He was hated by the people, who looked at him, laughed at him, mocked at him, sneered at him, and called him all the ugly names their language contained.

He could scarce hire a shelter and when he



REV. DR. MACKAY.



MRS. MACKAY.

did, it was only a shed with earthen floor such as you would scarcely keep your dog in.

But he loved the poor heathen who hated him and he began healing their diseases as they would allow him, for he was a Medical Doctor, and when he learned a little of their language and could get them to listen, he told them of the Great Physician who could heal their spiritual ills.

Time passed. God blessed his work very richly. After a number of years he married

a Chinese lady, a Formosan, who had become a Christian, and who has been a very worthy help meet in the mission.

About ten years ago Dr. and Mrs. Mackay visited Canada and people listened with wonder and thankfulness as he told of what God had wrought.

When they returned to Formosa, they reaped still richer harvests and now they have come to Canada again to place their children at school and to tell of their work. Many of

you will see and hear Dr. Mackay and perhaps Mrs. Mackay. You will hear of them from time to time and these pictures are given to introduce them to you.

Here is Dr. Mackay's description of his visit among them before leaving for Canada. He says :—

"Heathen and Christian, rich and poor, literary and unlearned, combined to show respect and wish us a safe journey and quick return. Bands of music greeted and escorted us from station to station, amid the firing of guns, displaying of banners and whizzing of squibs."

"A military mandarin called on me one morning at six o'clock, in a chapel, his body guard accompanying him. Another had a man along the road side with 100 lbs. of beef awaiting us. 'Wonderful, wonderful' the changes these eyes have seen in 21 years."

"As all classes treated me as they liked when making my first tour through Northern Formosa, I allowed converts and others to do just as they felt disposed in this last trip."

"Converts here raised about \$200 to give us presents and a send-off. \$100 was presented to me one evening lately, at worship, as they did not know what to purchase for us. I returned the money and asked them to open four more stations with it. Then the number of chapels in North Formosa will be sixty."

THE SPEAR AND THE BIBLE.

At a missionary meeting held in New Guinea a few months ago one of the speakers picked up a spear and said : "This used to be our constant companion. We dared not go out to our gardens without it ; we took it in our canoes ; we carried it in our journeys ; we slept with it at our side ; and we took our meals with it close at hand, but," he added, "we can now sleep safely because of this," holding up the Gospels, "This book has brought us peace and protection, and we no longer require the spear." *Missionary Link.*

"Thou will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed in Thee because he trusteth in Thee.

MR. SPURGEON'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

When I was just fifteen I believed in the Lord Jesus, was baptized and joined the Church of Christ. This is twenty-five years ago, and I have never been sorry for what I then did ; no, not even once.

I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had been deceived or had made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion.

I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to Jesus to be his servant, was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy ; then I found out the secret of living, and had a worthy object for life's exertions, and un-failing comfort for life's troubles.

Because I wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light head, a joyful heart and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will follow my example, for I speak from experience.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." *Ecc. xi : 1.*

A lady in Scotland, whose husband left her a competence, had two profligate sons, who wasted her substance with riotous living. When she saw that her property was being squandered she determined to make an offering to the Lord. She took twenty pounds (\$100) and gave it the *foreign Missionary Society*. Her sons were very angry at this, and told her that she might as well cast her money into the sea.

"I will cast it into the sea," she replied, "and it shall be my bread upon the waters."

The sons, having spent all they could get, enlisted in a regiment and were sent to India. Their positions were far apart, but God so ordered in his providence that both were stationed near the missionaries. The elder one was led to repent of sin and embrace Christ. He shortly afterwards died. Meanwhile the widowed mother was praying for her boys. One evening as she was taking down her family Bible to read, the door was softly opened and the younger son appeared to greet the aged mother. He told her he had turned to God, and Christ had blotted out all his sins. Then he narrated his past history in connection with the influence the missionaries of the Cross had on his own mind, while his mother, with tears of overflowing gratitude, exclaimed :

"O my twenty pounds ! my twenty pounds ! I have cast my bread upon the waters, and now I have found it after many days."

MOTHER'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE.

"BEEN to the store, Jim?"
 "Yes."
 "What y'got tied up?"
 "You go along and 'tend to your own business. I ain't a-going to tell."

"Well, it looks like a bottle, any way. If you don't tell me, I'll go and put the boys on to the bottle of ale."

"Well, then, you'll tell them a lie, for it ain't ale."

"Well, then I guess it's soda-water."

"No, it ain't soda-water."

"Then it's mineral water."

"No it ain't that."

"Then I guess it's cod-liver oil."

"No, there ain't no one to our house got consumption."

"Then I give it up."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. It's a bottle of Hair Preservative to keep mother's hair from turning gray and falling out. I don't believe I should mind having gray hairs half so much as she does, but I know I wouldn't want mine all to fall out and leave me bald-headed."

"Oh, oh!" called out the other boy. "What's making her get gray? I've heard that worry does it. Worrying over your badness, I'll bet."

"Huh! better take that to yourself."

Then the boys separated and went their ways.

But the boy who first spoke did take the first words of the other to himself. He couldn't help thinking to himself, as he went down street, what he had just remarked about worry making gray hairs, and wondering if some of these days he should have to be lugging home a bottle from the drug-store, containing hair preservative, to keep his mother's hair from growing gray.

"If I do," he said to himself with a shrug of his shoulder, "I don't want that Jim Ashton to catch me at it; for just as like as not he'd up and say, 'I told you so; worrying over your badness!'"

Then he walked a little farther, in a meditative sort of way, cutting the head off a daisy with his stick here, and jabbing it into the ground after a tumble-bug who was scrambling to get out of his way there, but thinking neither of the daisy nor the tumble-bug.

Finally he stopped, and squared his back around against the fence.

"I wonder," he quizzed himself, "if it is worry that makes people's hair grow gray? For if it is, then I know a way to keep mother's from getting so, that's better than anything in the drug-store."

He went home determined to keep his word.

And he did. He slipped around into the wood-shed, and split a whole armful of the nicest kind of kindling, finished the job by shaving off a handful of long feathery shavings, and this he tucked into one end of the wood-box, which he quickly filled with seasoned wood. Then he called his mother's attention to it.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she said. I was just going to worry about your forgetting it, as you usually do, and father finding it out after he came home; but now I'll have that off my mind."

Then the boy slipped around behind the woodshed door, and grinned and chuckled, and rubbed his hands together, as though he were enjoying something hugely. "Ha, ha!" he said to himself. "First dose of Mother's Hair Preservative. Shake up well and apply frequently." And then he went off to find his sister Susan.

"See, here, Sue," he called to her confidentially, "you aren't going to dilly-dally and poke around about those dishes this evening, --are you? -- and make mother come out to the kitchen half a dozen times, and ask you when you are going to get done?"

"What business is that of yours?" Susan answered, a little sharply.

"Because if you are?" said he, "I'm just a-going to --"

"Just a-going to what, I'd like to know?" Susan demanded, with a little more asperity in her tone.

"Why," said Tom, with the utmost good-nature, "I'm just a-going to come out and help you myself."

"You help wash the dishes? I'd like to see you!"

"Well, see if I don't, then."

If Susan was a little slower than usual that evening, it must have been just to test her brother's threat. And, sure enough, he did come, and helped her through so good-naturedly and so cleverly that she was surprised more than a little.

"Tom," she said, what kind of a joke is this you are playing on me?"

"The joke ain't on you," said Tom; "it's on mother."

"On mother?" repeated Susan.

"Yes," said Tom; "It's another dose of Mother's Hair Preservative. She doesn't know anything about it."

"Mother's Hair Preservative!" again exclaimed Susan. "What in the world is the boy talking about?"

Then Tom let her into the secret of the thing. Susan looked very thoughtful for a moment.

"Well, I declare!" she said at last. "Who ever would have thought of such a thing as that?"

"But it's a great deal better than the drug-store kind, isn't it?" Tom demanded.

"Yes," said Susan, thoughtfully.

"Then," said Tom, "let's give her another dose this evening. Shake up well, and use often. That's the direction."

Then Tom and Susan had a brief consultation together in low tones; and the result was that pretty soon they started into the sitting-room, where father and mother were, together with a couple of sleepy-eyed youngsters, whose bedtime was evidently not far away.

"Hello, Dicky!" said Tom to the elder of the two. "Want to see my new knife?"

"Yes!" said Dicky, opening his eyes wide for an instant.

"Come along with me and Susan, then," said Tom.

And Dicky was ready in a moment.

"And Susan will bring little Mary along to see it too," said the elder sister coaxingly, drawing the little one to her, and picking her up. And the four left the room.

The mother turned her eyes from her work to see what was going on; but, as she could read no signs of mischief in their faces, she let them go without a word.

In ten or fifteen minutes, Tom and Susan both slipped back into the room again; and, before mother had time to start, and exclaim, "What in the world have you done with those children? They'll catch their death of colds out there alone," Susan slipped up and whispered something into mother's ear.

The mother gave her a quick, pleased look, and then settled down to her work again with a sigh of relief, as though she had just escaped something she rather dreaded.

Then Susan sidled over to where Tom was by the fire, and nudged him, and pointed to mother; and Tom grinned, and rubbed his hands, and chuckled, and whispered to Susan: "The third dose since I came from school this evening. Shake well, and use often. Ha, ha! Mother's Hair Preservative! I guess I'll apply for a patent."

"H-sh-sh-sh!" said Susan; "she'll hear you. I believe I'll slip out into the kitchen, and set the buck-wheat batter for breakfast, and then tell her about it when I come back."

"Good!" said Tom. "Dose number four. Shake well, and use often. And I believe I'll get down my geography, and learn my lesson for to-morrow, before mother begins to wonder if I won't miss and get poor marks in my class. Heigh-ho! Never thought of that. Dose number five. Shake well, and use often. —Mother's Hair Preservative. Great scheme! Read our testimonials. Manufactured at home. Tom and Susan, proprietors. Not on sale at all drug-stores."

Tom got down his dog-eared geography,

and commenced to explore the continent of Europe for islands, rivers, mountains, cities, etc., so as to have them all ready on the end of his tongue to rattle off in class to-morrow.

But just as he was about to proceed, it struck him there was a curious contrast between the front part of book and the back part which he had gone over and the part which he had not. "If studying about the earth's surface was as hard on the surface as it is on the book, I guess it would have been pretty badly tumbled around, and some worn by this time," thought Tom to himself, "with all the boys and girls in the world that are at it. Wonder why I can't keep the rest of this book in better shape? I heard mother worrying about that just the other day, that I would have to have a new geography pretty soon, and there would be more expense." Then he got up and brought a newspaper from across the room to lay over the pages of the book he was not studying, so that if he forgot, and rested his elbows on it, or fingered it, the newspaper, and not the book, would get the wear.

"Capital!" he said to himself. Dose number six. Shake well and use often, Mother's Hair Preservative, manufactured by Susan and Tom." And he went at his study as though no geography lesson had ever been half so pleasant to learn as that one.

But when Susan came back from fixing the buckwheat batter, and whispered in mother's ear again, and they both saw the pleased and gratified look which came quickly, the geography lesson had to be interrupted by another little consultation and some more chuckles upon the part of Tom. They were very well pleased with the success of their scheme.

And it is my opinion that "Mother's Hair Preservative, manufactured by Susan and Tom," is going to be the most brilliant success of anything in its line that has ever been invented. It ought to become a very popular remedy. —REV. J. P. COWAN, in *S. S. Times*.

A SILVER DOLLAR.



UP on the prairie the sun shone down fiercely, and in its intense glow the vast expanse of grasses glistened and swayed like a myriad of tiny lances. The quivering heat hovered over the yellow buttes until they seemed to flash back a reflected light as from molten gold.

But down where a strip of woodland fringed the Heart River were coolness and shade. Here, under a grotesquely twisted cottonwood, was erected a human habitation of the most primitive order, a tent-like arrangement of poles and skins. It was in short, a genuine Indian tepee. Truthfully speaking, there is very little poetry about a tepee.

However, on this June afternoon, with the sun sending down a subdued, amber light through the veil of green leaves, changing the cover of dingy skins into richest amber, drawing up the smoke from the smoldering fire into an ethereal coil of palest blue, and bringing out in a sudden glory of color the scarlet shawl which the squaw had hung up to dry on one of the poles: it was a picture to delight an artist's eye. Perhaps, however, the artist would have found little to attract him in the squaw herself, a fat, greasy creature, slouching over her moccasin-sewing, or in the brawny "brave," her husband, snoring on a pile of skins in the corner.

It would have been pleasanter to have contemplated the children of this uninteresting pair, a boy of fourteen years, and a girl somewhat younger. The former wore a suit of tattered buckskin, while his sister was clad in a gay, pink calico gown, and braided in with her raven hair, was a profusion of azure-hued feathers. Blue Feather, for that was her name, was not lacking in the vanity of her sex and race. But as good may sometimes come from evil, so often vanity may be merely the beginning of a strife after better things, and as Blue Feather sat there, alternately sewing on a moccasin and casting glances at her gay image reflected in the river flowing near, there were many thoughts struggling in her untutored mind.

"Long-Bow," she said at last to her brother who was gravely pluming some arrows, "Long-Bow, do you ever wish that you were like the pale faces?"

A scowl overspread the young Indian's face. "That I may lie and cheat?" he asked bitterly.

"O, no! But there are good pale-faces. The missionary and his wife. She it was who gave me this dress, and she told me if I would come to her school she would teach me to read books 'talking leaves.' And she said you might come, too."

"The white squaw need not think that I am a fool!" with sudden dignity. "I can fish, hunt, ride like the wind, and who can make better bows than I do?"

"I know, brother, that these things are very fine. It would soon be easy for you to be as clever as the pale-faces. Certainly they are better off than we Indians, build great houses into which the rain never drips, not the cold creeps; and they have always so much to eat!"

There was a thoughtful look on the young Indian's face as he answered, "Well, to tell the truth, sister, I've sometimes hungered to know more than I do. When I look at that"

pointing with a disdainful gesture toward the prone figure of his drunken father asleep in the tepee: "I feel ashamed that I belong to a degraded and ignorant race. But, then, when I see the pale-face drunk, too, and

lying, cheating and false, then I say there is no good any where, and the great Spirit has hidden his face from us all. No, little sister, I cannot promise that I will go to the mission school: at least not yet."

Early on the following day, Long-Bow walked over to town to sell his bows and arrows, and there chanced to meet young Gilbert Ray, son of the missionary. Gilbert had long wanted a bow of genuine Indian make, and taking up one, he asked the price. Long-Bow gravely marked off the joints of his fore finger.

The white lad knew enough of Indian signs to understand him. "Twenty-five - fifty seventy-five one dollar," he said, calculating a quarter for every joint.

Long-bow nodded a solemn assent.

Bidding him wait there until he returned young Ray rushed home and into his father's study, where the latter sat busily writing. "Father," he breathlessly exclaimed, "you promised me a dollar for planting potatoes, and may I have it now?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Ray absent-mindedly, for he was deep in his sermon. "My purse is in my coat which is hanging up there on the wall."

An hour later, when the good missionary emerged from his meditative mood, he was somewhat aghast at examining his purse.

"Gilbert," he called to his son, who was out in the yard practicing with his new bow, "Gilbert, did you take a dollar bill or a silver dollar from my purse?"

"A silver dollar, sir," was the prompt answer.

"Dear me! That was a bogus one! Somebody palmed it off on me a few days ago. I didn't think about it being in my purse when I told you to get the money. That young Indian will be sure to think you meant to cheat him!"

Mr. Ray was right, for that was what Long Bow did think when he found out the worthlessness of the coin. "Look here, Blue Feather," he said on his return to the tepee, you see your good friends are traitors! It was the son of the missionary who thus deceived me. He got my best bow and arrows for nothing, the vile coyote!"

Two weeks after this, Gilbert Ray and his sister Elsie, in taking a ride on their ponies, were caught in one of those severe summer storms that sweep down so suddenly on the rolling plains and Dakota. Drenched by rain pelted by hailstones, buffeted here and there and there by the shrieking wind, little wonder that delicate Elsie became frightened and tearful.

"Cheer up, sister," said Gilbert, "these storms do not last long. In the meanwhile,

let us make for the woods by the river. They will afford us some protection."

Reaching the growth of cotton woods, they had found a better shelter than they had anticipated, for here was a tepee, and its shelter of skins was not to be despised. Dismounting, they tied their ponies, and hurriedly sought the tepee, the flap of which was drawn aside as they approached. Little Blue Feather, in her pink frock, peered out with timid curiosity, while back of her was her brother. Black as a thunder cloud was the face of the young Indian when he recognized Gilbert, and he made a gesture as if to refuse admittance, but the white lad sprang impetuously into the tepee, saying in joyous surprise, "Well, if this isn't lucky! I say, aren't you the chap who sold me a bow and arrows, not long ago?"

Long-Bow nodded grimly, with his eyes all ablaze.

"I thought you were," Gilbert continued, "and I've been hunting for you ever since. That dollar wasn't good!" here Gilbert paused, aghast at the wrathful face of the Indian. But Elsie came to the rescue, saying in her gentle way, "You see, my brother didn't know it was bad when he gave it to you, and we felt sorry, and father said we must try and find you and give you another."

Here Gilbert fumbled in his drenched pocket and drew forth a bright, silver dollar, at the sight of which the young Indian's face relaxed into something like a smile as he granted out an acknowledgment of his thanks.

The old Indian and his squaw being away the tepee was thus left to the four young folks, and as Gilbert and Elsie had picked up a little of the Sioux tongue, and the Indian's knew considerable English, they all managed to have a lively conversation. Blue-Feather shyly told of the pride she had in her new pink dress, and the little white girl showed her how she might sew up an ugly tear in the skirt. Long-Bow, with dignified condescension, explained to Gilbert how he twisted his bow strings. Thus the time passed away, and before they hardly knew it the sun shone out again. Casting many a smiling glance backward, Gilbert and Elsie rode away.

And as Long-Bow gazed after their retreating forms, there was a thoughtful look on his dusky face—a look full of suddenly awakened ambition, and turning to his sister, who was patiently trying to sew up the rent in her skirt, as Elsie had directed, he said earnestly: "Sister, the heart of the missionary's son is white, like his face! I believe I will go to their school after all."

Blue Feather clapped her brown hands in joy as she, replied: "Ah, my brother! you will never regret it."

Long-Bow never did regret it, and to-day,

were you to look in his dark face, all aglow with an intelligence that has been stimulated by kind and careful treatment, were you to hear him speak, aye, and read English, you could not deny that no matter how degraded a race may be, by dealing with it fairly and helpfully, ever keeping in mind the blessed Golden Rule, one may elevate that race and glorify its future by hopes and happiness. — *Christian Intelligencer.*

KILLING TIME.

SPARE a copper, sir; I'm starving," said a poor, half-clad man to a gentleman who was hastening homeward through the streets in the great city one bitter cold night. "Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you."

Struck with the poor fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman replied:

"You look as if you had seen better days. If you tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you money enough to pay for your lodging."

"I'm afraid I could hardly do that," the beggar answered with a mournful smile.

"Try, man, try," added the gentleman. "Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure to speak the truth."

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and after thinking for nearly a minute, said:

"To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to 'kill time.' When I was a youngster, I had kind, loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change that was in store for me. In the hope that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusements. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was one continued round of pleasure. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; and you can guess the rest. I soon wasted what little they left me; and now it is too late to combat my old habits. Yes, sir, idleness ruined me."

"I believe the story," replied the gentleman, "and when I get home I will tell it to my own boys as a warning. I am sorry for you; indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform. Come to my office to-morrow, and let me inspire you with new courage."

And giving the man another piece of money, and indicating where he could be found, he hurried away.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

THE following narrative is a true one, and told in the Sunday-school Times by a minister who says the incident is one of the saddest that ever came to his knowledge :

James Cayley was a bright, winsome lad, the joy of his mother and his father's "good angel," as folks said. The father was a drunkard of a most determined type, though master of a ship, and therefore in a responsible position. James Cayley's mother was a good woman, with a sad heart and delicate constitution, both owing to the thoughtless brutality of her husband. From his earliest years little James had imbibed a horror of drunkenness, from the careful instruction given him by his mother.

Years passed on, and young Cayley, having reached a vigorous manhood, full of rich promise, decided to become a mariner, and to this end he studied navigation with so much success, that though unusually youthful, he obtained a captain's certificate and joined his father's ship as second in command. On leaving home for the first time he was naturally proud, and though his good mother with anxious tears reminded him of his promise never to taste alcohol, and to be careful of his father, his sole thought on stepping aboard his ship was to be a brave and a gallant sailor. Though often tempted to drink, he always refused, and bravely followed the advice of his mother. He was very much ill-treated by his father during their early voyages together, but he never resented it in thought or word.

In October, 1871, Captain Cayley's vessel was on her way from Barbadoes to Nova Scotia with a valuable West India cargo. Owing to a succession of calms and head winds, the voyage had been unusually protracted. The captain was nearly always intoxicated, and therefore quite unfit to command his vessel. A storm arose; the mate (James Cayley) wished to command, but was forbidden, the result being that the ship was dashed ashore on a lee coast and all hands were lost but young Cayley and one of the seamen. Strong marine currents and a dense fog were formidable foes to contend with, but a maddened drunkard wrecked his ship and plunged twenty seamen, including himself, into eternity.

Shortly after this terrible incident, James Cayley was appointed mate of a large East Indiaman, with the promise of succeeding to the chief position in the space of a year, as the captain, an old man, wished at that time to retire from active service. He did well in every respect, and won the esteem and

confidence as well of his superior as of his subordinates.

At the close of one of his voyages the mate married a lady of tender breeding and good character, but alas, he drank a glass of wine for the first time in his life. He took no more, however, for a time. Months passed on, but the mate was not himself. He was unpunctual in his appointments, irritable in manner, and unusually gay when ashore. The fact was, he was fast sinking into the degraded life of a drunkard, and this in spite of his early instruction, so wofully illustrated by the life of his father and by his tragic and awful death. Still he kept his position, and at the end of one more voyage he was to be placed in command of the splendid ship Sea Foam.

On the way home he drank too freely of wine and other liquors, and on being kindly spoken to by his old friend, the captain, he dealt him a savage blow, which stunned the old man and confined him to his cabin for many days. This sealed the young man's fate. When the vessel reached port he was discharged in disgrace, and he never recovered himself, though he tried. His wife left him, his friends forsook him, and for some years I lost sight of him myself. It is but a short time ago since I was told that James Cayley had died in an English poorhouse, and had been laid to rest in a pauper's grave.

If we have never before made the resolve to labor in behalf of the poor drunkard and against his sworn foe, let us at least do so now, remembering the over-true story of James Cayley. "Cursed is he that giveth his neighbor drink and putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken also," is a scriptural malediction to which we may well take heed.

POOR GIRLS.

The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them, they have been taught to despise labor, and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. If misfortune comes upon their friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless. The most forlorn and miserable women on earth belong to this class.

It belongs to parents to protect their daughter from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter ought to be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around—the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor, rich. Skill to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Well-to-do parents must educate their daughters to work; no reform is more imperative than this. *Ec.*

THE TREE AND THE POST.

I THINK any one can be just as good without being a Christian," said Harry Wood, with a confident air. "There's Tom; where will you find a more reliable fellow than he? I'm sure he is much more agreeable than John, who joined the church last week, and set himself up to be better than the rest of us."

"Is that quite fair, Harry?" asked Uncle Harvey, with a smile. "Did he set himself up to be better than the rest of you?"

"Well, he said he was going to try to be a Christian, anyway."

"Do you think he meant any thing by it?" asked Uncle Harvey.

"Oh! yes! he meant it. He will try to be good, I suppose, but Tom's good enough for me just as he is." And Harry walked off whistling a lively air.

"Do you remember when this maple was set out, Harry?" asked his uncle the next day, as they stood in the shade of a beautiful tree in the corner of the yard.

"No, but I've heard father say he planted it the spring we moved into this house, and that must have been ten years ago, for I was five then, and now I'm fifteen."

"I remember it quite well," said Uncle Harvey. "It was a mere stick without leaf or branch, and it was inclined to bend over to one side; so your father tied it to a stake to straighten it. It is a pretty good tree now."

"Yes, indeed," said Harry; "we would not part with it for anything."

"It seems to me this post by the gate needs a new coat of paint," continued Uncle Harvey.

"Oh! It is not worth painting. Father is going to put a new hitching-post there. This one is unsteady and is probably rotten at the base."

"Why, how happens that?" said Uncle Harvey. "It was put here at the same time the maple tree was planted. A good, strong, reliable post it seemed; a handsome post, too, in its day—smooth, of good shape, and nicely painted. In fact, it looked much better than the tree. I told your father so, but he only

said: 'Wait awhile.' I've waited ten years. There's the slender, awkward sapling that we all laughed at, and here's the reliable, handsome post." As Uncle Harvey shook it with his hand it cracked ominously. "What's the difference between the tree and the post, Harry?"

"Why, one's a tree and the other is only a post," said Harry.

"But both are wood," pursued his uncle. "Not so unlike, apparently, ten years ago; the difference being in favor of the post. They were planted in the same soil, only a few feet apart. Yet one has grown larger and more beautiful year by year; the other, after remaining outwardly about the same for years, now begins to show signs of weakness and decay."

"One had life and the other had not," said Harry. "A thing must have life in order to grow."

"Do you think your father will make the new hitching-post out of the maple-tree, Harry?"

"Why, of course not, uncle. He wouldn't cut down that tree for anything."

"But he needs a new post."

"O! he can get plenty of posts, but it takes a good many years to get a tree like that."

"You remind me of what the minister said last Sunday in speaking of the difference between a merely moral man and a Christian. His text was those words of Christ: 'In me ye have life'; and he said: 'You can make a post out of a tree, but you can never make a tree out of a post.' Suppose you give John and Tom ten years before you decide which is the better fellow."—*Sunday-school Times.*

Published by Authority of the General Assembly of
The Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The Children's Record.

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

Subscriptions 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.
No Commissions.

EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT,
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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Nov. 3. THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

Lesson, Col. 3 : 12-25. Gol. Text, Ps. 2.
Memory vs. 23-25. Catechism, 67-69.

HOME READING.

M. Col. 1 : 1-29 ... "Redemption through His Blood."
T. Col. 2 : 1-23 ... "So walk Ye in Him."
W. Col. 3 : 1-25 "The Christian Home."
Th. Col. 3 : 1-18 "Continue in Prayer."
F. Eph. 5 : 19-23 "Practical Duties."
S. Eph. 6 : 1-24 "Be Strong in the Lord."
S. Psalm 101 : 1-8 "I will Behave Myself Wisely."

Helps in Studying. - 12. *Bowels of mercy* - a heart of compassion; 13. *A quarrel* - a complaint. *Christ* - who had infinitely greater cause of complaint against us. 14. *Charity love.* *The bond of perfectness* as binding together all other graces. 15. *The peace of God* - Rev. Ver., "the peace of Christ." John 14 : 27. 16. *The word of Christ* - which he has spoken and caused to be proclaimed. *By him* - "through him," as the channel of his grace to us. 20. *Unto the Lord* - Rev. Ver., "in the Lord." 22. *In all things* - unless they command you to do wrong.

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Spirit of Love*, vs. 12-14. - What spirit must we exercise towards one another? How are we to feel towards those against whom we have cause of complaint? With what crowning grace are we to be clothed? How is love the *bond of perfectness*?

II. *The Spirit of Peace*, vs. 15, 19. - What counsel is given in verse 15? What parting legacy did Christ give his disciples? John 14 : 27. In whose name are we to do all things? For what are we to give thanks? Through whom? What duty is required of wives? Of husbands?

III. *The Spirit of Obedience*, vs. 20-25. - What duty is required of children? Why? Which is the first commandment with promise? What is the reason annexed to the fifth commandment? What duty is required of fathers? How should they bring up their children? Eph. 6 : 4. What duty is required of servants? How should this service be rendered? How are we to do everything? Who will reward faithful service? How shall he that doeth wrong be treated? What is said of God's impartiality?

1. All our life should be governed by love - love to God and love to man.

2. Children should love, honor and obey their parents.

3. Parents should rule their children with loving authority.

4. Servants must obey their masters, and masters must treat their servants justly.

Dec. 3. GRATEFUL OBEDIENCE.

Les., James 1 : 16-27. Gol. Text, 1 Jno., 4-19.
Memory vs. 26-27. Catechism, 70-72.

HOME READINGS.

M. James 1 : 1-15. Wisdom Sought and i Given.
T. James 1 : 16-27. Grateful Obedience.
W. Matt. 7 : 21-29. The Wise and the Unwise Hearer.
Th. Matt. 13 : 9-18. 23A Lesson on Hearing.
F. Psalm 19 : 1-14 Making Wise the Simple.
S. Rom. 10 : 13-21. Faith by Hearing.
S. Psalm 65 : 1-5. Practical Piety.

The author of the epistle from which this lesson is taken was probably the James who presided at the conference at Jerusalem (Acts 15 : 13), who is called by Paul (Gal. 1 : 19) "the Lord's brother," and (Gal. 2 : 9) a pillar of the church. It was addressed to Christians scattered throughout the Roman empire.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory. - Who was the author of this epistle? What do you know about James? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Receiving the Word*, vs. 16-21. - With what caution does the lesson begin? From whom does every good come? Of what is light a symbol? How is God the *Father of light*? From whom is spiritual life received? By what means? How are we to receive the word?

II. *Hearing the Word*, vs. 22-24. - What is the duty of the hearer? Whom is the "not-doer" like? How is the perfect law a law of liberty? Who use it aright? How is the right use blessed? What did our Saviour say of the doers of his word? Matt. 7 : 24, 25. Of the not-doers? Matt. 7 : 26, 27.

III. *Doing the Word*, vs. 25-27. - How will the right receiving and hearing of the word affect our lives? Meaning of *bridleth not his tongue*? How does such a man deceive his own heart? Why is his religion vain? What is pure and undefiled religion?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God's word is the source of spiritual life.
2. It is our duty to hear, to read and to study God's word.

3. We must receive it with a meek and teachable disposition.

4. We must be doers of the word, and not hearers only.

5. We must bridle our tongues and set a guard over our words.

6. We must be kind and helpful to those in trouble, and pure in all our words and ways.
- *Westminster Question Book.*

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

CONVERSION OF A RABBI.

THE following is reported by the Mildmay Mission to the Jews as having occurred in the provinces of Courland, Russia :

Pastor Gourland writes: In the month of June, 1892, my colporteur was ill-treated by some fanatic Jews and robbed of fifty New Testaments, which they took to the rabbi for him to destroy. The colporteur wished to prosecute, but I advised him to leave the matter in the Lord's hands. He was not satisfied, but still wished to prosecute. "Be perfectly quiet," I said to him: "the word of God needs no protection." He agreed with me and let the matter rest.

Six weeks elapsed, when one evening two Nicodemus souls called on me one a gray-haired man, the other younger. The old man began thus: "My name is Moses Levi; I am a business man, and president of the synagogue of B—. About six weeks ago, in my blind zeal, I beat your colporteur and robbed him of fifty New Testaments, thinking that I did a meritorious act; but I have been severely punished for it, and on the other hand, blessed by it. When I brought the books to the rabbi (who like myself knew nothing of the contents), we rejoiced together and fixed the day for their destruction. We had a long talk and got angry over the missionaries and their misleading books. In the meantime it became dark. Leaving the rabbi's house, I stumbled and fell over the parcel of New Testaments, and received such a blow that I could not lift myself up again. A doctor was sent for, who declared that I had broken my leg, and I had to be carried home. The doctor was a Christian, and said: 'My dear Moses, this is the finger of God. In the book you intended to destroy you will find the best medicine for body and soul.' His words reached my heart, and I had no rest. Next day I sent for the books, but they had been destroyed. After a while the good doctor brought me a copy he had received from you. This was great joy to me. I read it repeatedly. My eyes were opened. I saw a new world. I did not recognize myself. I began now to see the true covenant God of Israel in Jesus Christ, the promised Saviour, and I said to him, 'My Lord and my God! I will pay fourfold the value of the books and will confess publicly the Lord Jesus Christ before friend and foe.' "Amen." I responded, embracing the dear old man to my heart, "Amen." This is of the Lord, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Serenity of spirit is an element of power in all forms of work.

TOM'S BATTLE.

THERE isn't any use in trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter on Sabbath afternoon. "I've tried this week so hard, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time I never will again, but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts."

"Now your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you; but if, like David, you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again tomorrow, Tom; ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Tom, "I'll try; but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until play hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser, but the angry words died on his lips.

His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom that night; "but my giant isn't dead if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother; "but every victory makes you stronger and him weaker, and when the warfare is over there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

Do right if the heavens fall but there is no danger of their falling.

Tell the truth if it kills you but there is no danger of its killing you.

The greater your troubles, the greater is your opportunity to show yourself a man.

Candor will lose you some friends, but not as many as deceit.