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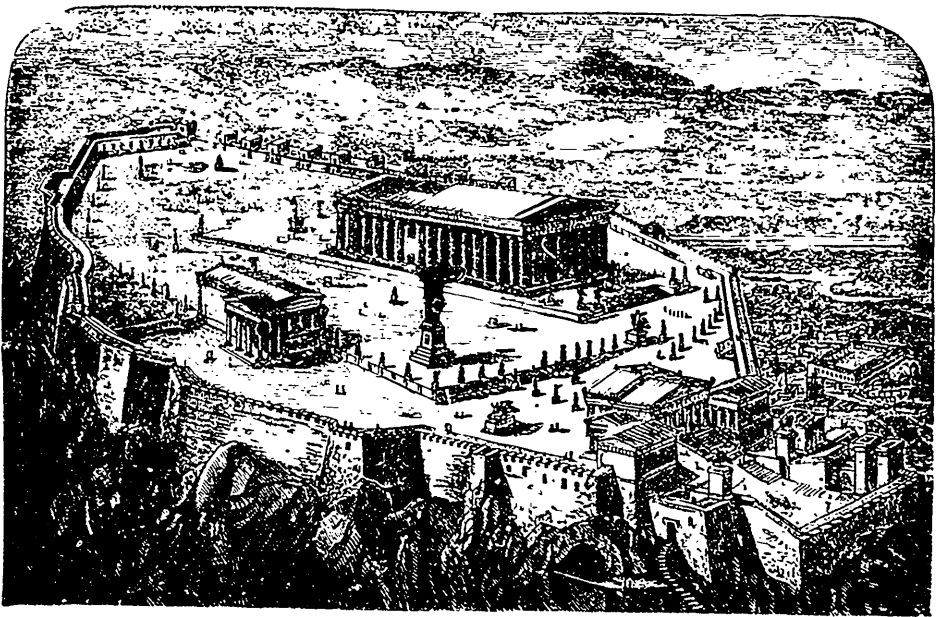
# CHILDREN'S RECORD

OF THE  
Presbyterian Church  
IN  
CANADA

VOL. XIII.

APRIL, 1898.

No. 4



The Acropolis at Athens

As it was when Paul preached on Mar's Hill.

## LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

(For the Children's Record.)

I have told you that I have a Bible class every day and a sewing class nearly every day in connection with the Tunapuna School. Some days I have 25 or 26 little girls sewing.

Of thirty who attend pretty regularly only five are the children of Christian parents. The rest are heathen; so you will not be surprised to learn that most of them are wild, rude, and very quarrelsome among themselves. A few are quiet and sweet.

I call the rude ones lions and bears. Sometimes they ask me "Am I a lion?" or "Am I a bear?"

Learning - about "Nebuchadnezzar-Shadrach-Meeshach, and Bednego" did not tame them, so now I am trying with somewhat better effect. "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," etc.

We begin the class with prayer; one day that I was kept a little late, when I entered the room I found them all kneeling quietly while Baccheeah, a heathen girl of about ten, was praying very nicely; I heard her ask that they might be kept from stealing and telling lies. Baccheeah is a smart, but troublesome girl.

One day I was telling them all to try to come clean to church; one and another said: "I have no clean dress;" "I have no dress but this one," holding up a skirt that was in most cases ragged as well as dirty. "Well," I said, "you can take a piece of soap, and wash them."

Then one said "Baccheeah has a clean dress at home." With an awful frown and a threat in her voice, Baccheeah answered: "That is for the horse-races, girl," appealing to me as to whether she was not right to reserve it for that, instead of wearing it to school.

Soon after, however, Baccheeah appeared in the hoarded dress.

On such occasions they are sure to say "Madame, don't I look clean?"

The children of Christian parents are nearly always neat. About 700 people have just arrived from India. It makes the missionaries very sad to see many thousands all around who do not yet know about Jesus.

## INDIAN BARBER AT WORK.

BY REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

What a strange barber-shop, only a grass mat on the side of the road!

It is not a shop after all, for in India the barber goes to his customers. Every morning he is to be seen making his way round the village, and carrying his little bag, containing razor, scissors, tweezers, ear-pick, mirror and strop.

Of course, if he does work for Europeans he will carry besides a little tin shaving mug, but for shaving the natives the barber never uses scap only water.

A man will be shaved probably once a week, and on special occasions, such as marriage and other festivals.

Seated on the grass mat in front of his house and stripped to the waist, the customer holding the glass to watch and direct operations, submits first to a shampoo, and then the barber seizing the head with one hand and wetting the skin with his thumb, scrapes away.

One would almost expect such a rude method to result in a good deal of carving as well as shaving, but whether it is the Indian barber's skilfulness, or whether the black skin does not show the cuts, certainly very few such signs are ever seen.

Shaving in India is a very important operation, and with different castes and people there are different ways of having it done. Some shave only the chin, some also the back of the forehead, some the whole crown of the head.

Others again shave under the arm-pits, and some men and even women have the whole head shaven on certain occasions.

The barber who shaves the Europeans is invariably called "Tom," and is usually very quiet, clever, and punctual. He will come

every morning and shave a man before he gets up, and stories are told of men getting so used to it as to sleep throughout the whole operation.

Several ludicrous tales are current in India of mistakes that have been made by the barber getting hold of the wrong person.

In India the barber takes the place of the morning newspaper, he is the news-monger and gossip, and if you are inclined to listen

he will always have some wonderful stories to tell.

Having access directly to all classes of personage, even the highest, barbers have been known to work their way into the closest confidence of kings and princes.

One wonders, of course, about how caste is affected by the barber. Often strange complications arise. I knew of a native regiment where the high-caste men refused to



Indian Barber at Work.

be shaved by the same barber who shaved the Christians in the regiment, though these same men would go to the bazaar and be shaved by a barber who worked not only for Christians, but for every kind of low caste men. And when asked for an explanation they could only say "It is not the custom in the regiment."

The ways of India's people are hard to understand. The barbers like many other artisans who receive their handicraft from many generations, show the great field of uncultivated genius there is in India, and the untold possibilities of this people if only they were converted to the Gospel of Christ.

## TWO BOYS IN TRINIDAD.

BY REV. S. A. FRASER.

For The Children's Record.

A few weeks ago I went out in the afternoon to visit one of our schools at a place called Hermitage, where one of our Indian young men, a graduate of our Training School is teaching. There was a goodly number of bright little children present.

At the close of the school a dear, bright, intelligent boy, about ten years of age, came forward and said:--

"Sahib, I want to be baptized."

"I am glad to hear it little man," I re-

pled, "but please tell me why you want to be baptized."

"For salvation," he answered.

"Will baptism save you?"

"No," said he.

"How then, can you be saved?"

He hesitated a moment, and replied, "We are to believe on Jesus Christ, and be baptized."

On examination I found he had a fair knowledge of Bible truth, being able to repeat in full the Ten Commandments. He was able to read in English and also Hindustani, which is his own tongue.

I inquired if his parents were willing for him to be baptized. He said "No."

"What caste are you?"

"Chamar," said he.

"If I baptize you, and your parents turn you out and refuse to recognize you, what will you do?"

"I will go into the paragrass gang and cut grass and earn a few pennies to get something to eat."

Standing near was another little fellow, reading the third Standard, whom the teacher told me wished also to be baptized.

But his parents are bitterly opposed. His father asks him when he goes home from school, "What did the teacher tell you to-day?" and if the fellow mentions that he was told about Jesus, the cruel father beats him with a strap. The boy does not wish to worship idols, but his father forces him to bow down to them every day. You know, boys and girls, that these poor ignorant people worship the sun, moon, stars, sticks, stones, and sinful Brahmins who are called Gurus.

I advised the boys to wait a little, and in the meantime learn more themselves, and try to instruct their parents that they may find Christ also.

The teacher told me that one of the little fellows was trying to teach his parents. How noble in the boy!

You can see from the case of these two boys how hard it is for them to become

Christians, and how little encouragement the poor boys and girls in heathen homes receive in doing what is right.

We see also what hatred there is in the hearts of some of the parents to Christianity. Although the father of the first boy was a Chamar, one of the lowest castes of India, whose shadow even falling across the food of a strict Brahmin would render it unfit to eat, still he was unwilling for his boy to become a Christian; showing that he regarded a Christian as lower than the lowest of India.

Dear boys and girls, contrast your privileges and blessings with those of these boys. Have you not reason to be thankful to God, your Heavenly Father, for your Gospel blessings for kind parents and Christian homes? And as you grow up will you not do all you can to give the heathen parents and children of this and other lands, the blessings you enjoy?

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#### SUKIA, THE SANTHAL GIRL.

Her father and mother died when she was very young. Her grand mother took her till she too died, and then poor little Sukia was taken by an aunt, who was very unkind to her.

About 13 years ago a famine came to this part of India, such as some of you heard about last summer. Food was very scarce. There was little to eat in the house, and at length she was driven out, and told not to come back. Her story is told by a missionary paper as follows:

"Crying, poor Sukia left the house. She did not know where to go; very thin were the few rags that covered her. Was there not one house open to the little maid? Father and mother were dead, the neighbors all struggling along, hardly knowing how to provide food for their own children. Poverty and starvation were everywhere. All doors were shut to the orphan; none wanted her.

Poor Sukia was ashamed to cry on the road any longer, and hid in a field where she

could not be seen by any one, but did not our heavenly Father notice her tears?

Night came on, and the child was afraid to stay any longer in the field, as the leopards and tigers prowled about the villages seeking their supper; so she quietly went up to the village, and seeing that all had retired; she laid down on the hard floor of a verandah to sleep.

During the night something touched her, whether it was a snake or a jackal, I do not know, but the child was frightened, and loudly and wildly she screamed for help. The men of the village were aroused by her screams, and soon surrounded her with clubs; they thought she had been dreaming, and drove her out of the village, and forbade her to return to it. She hid under a shed till the day dawned, and then turned her back upon the village.

The next day she walked here and there in the jungle, and hid in someone's verandah during the night. The second day she had to beg the women for a little rice, being very hungry. One kind-hearted woman pitied the little stranger and cooked all she had for her. This was the first meal she had had since she left her aunt's and it was eagerly devoured.

The third day she came to Dom Kata. The blacksmith's wife was in our village school, and urged her to go to us, so in the after-

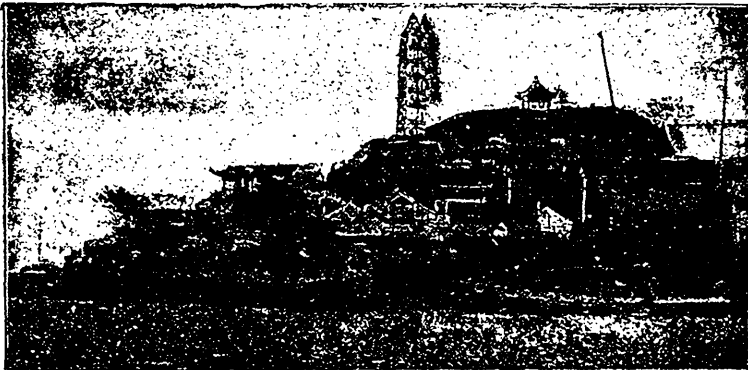
noon she arrived at our house, asking if Jesus lived there. She had probably heard of Jesus from the blacksmith's wife.

Seeing that the child was hungry, the missionary's wife gave her at once something to eat, and spoke kindly to her. Our school girls took her and gave her a bath. Her dirty rags were thrown away.

It was a great change for Sukia to come to kind people and bright girls. When the girls carried her off after her first meal with Mrs. H., she asked them: "Is this lady God?" and "Is her little boy Jesus?" The girls had a good laugh at her, and told her that God was in heaven, and could not be seen with mortal eye, but that He loved us all, and cared for us all, and wished to do us good, and that He had sent Jesus to tell us of His love, and how much Jesus had suffered to save us, and that God pardons and blesses all who believe in His Son.

Since then Sukia has learned to sing beautiful hymns of praise to God. She prays so nicely and intelligently, and we sincerely trust she truly loves Jesus."

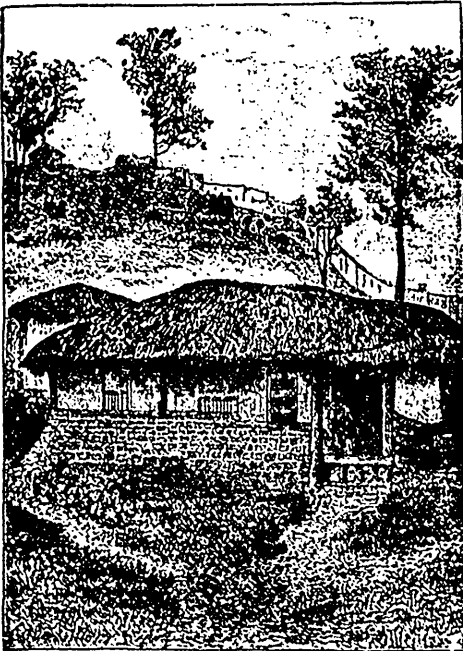
Dear young readers of the "Children's Record," one of the things that our missionaries in India are doing, is trying to feed and clothe and help and save such helpless little ones as Sukia, of whom there are many there, and in every other mission field, and the cents and dimes which go from your mission bands help in this good work.



Golden Island, Yang Tse River. China.

## SOMETHING ABOUT KOREA.

What about it? The most important thing for you to know about it is that our own church is beginning mission work there this year. It is just the time that some of you are beginning to take an interest in mission work, in your mission bands and Sabbath Schools, so that you and our Korean mission will grow together. Let us hope that both will grow healthy and successful.



Thatched House near Seoul.

But you would like to know something about Korea so we will listen to a lady missionary writing in a missionary paper called *Forward*. Some of the words are a little large, but you can ask your parents or older brothers or sisters their meaning. She says:

Hap-mun is the king's title in Korea. His Royal Highness wears a silken garment, and as the dragon is the emblem of kingly power, the silken robe of majesty is richly em-

brodered with dragons, and dragons are sculptured upon the throne.

The home of royalty is a castle, surrounded by a high wall, and by a ditch about fifty feet wide. This castle, known as the "Place of Government," has two divisions, the king occupying the East palace, and the Chinese ambassadors have been received in the West palace.

The king's family live in separate buildings, the royal harem, where the king keeps his wives, containing several hundreds of inmates.

The king lives in great privacy and rarely leaves the royal residence, and when he does, it is a most memorable occasion. His intention is made public, and great are the preparations. The roads are carefully swept and must also be well-guarded, for the royal cortege, while moving, must have the roads quite to itself.

Along the route of the procession doors must be shut, and all windows are required to be sealed with slips of paper. This demand is particularly urgent with regard to upper windows, for no one must look down upon his majesty. The procession, comprising bodyguard and train, is a long one, and altogether quite a grand affair to the natives.

Before the threshold of each door must kneel the head of the house holding in his hands a broom and dust-pan, in token of humble fidelity and obedience.

Seoul, the capital, is said to be Korea. Seoul is "the city," every other portion of the peninsula is "the country." Three thousand dignitaries live in Seoul, and only eight hundred in all the other cities and provinces.

Officials lay great stress upon the decrees of etiquette. The law decides what one may wear, and also the article of furniture which one may with propriety use as a seat. Only men above the third rank are allowed to wear silk, others must wear cotton.

Chairs are not in common use, but nobles are allowed to indulge in a finer order of

chair, while petty officials must resign themselves to occupying a bench of rope. Strict etiquette governs also in the matter of gates. Leading to the houses of men of rank are two, sometimes three, gates, and each gate must be used according to certain restrictions of etiquette.

Korea is the land of big hats. The wide-spreading official hat is declared to be big enough to shelter a whole family. A company is counted by hats, instead of by heads or noses. Marriage and mourning are denoted by the hat, and in a Korean assemblage it is bad form to remove one's hat. Koreans dress in white, and as they have little faith

rean laws are certainly somewhat meddlesome. The curfew law is, however, suspended upon certain holidays, and people are allowed to go out freely at night.

There are four classes of society: literary men or officials, farmers, artisans and traders. The nobles are usually serf-proprietors. Serfdom is one of the peculiar institutions of Korea, but the serfdom is said to be mild, and in a state of decline.

A very unpleasant picture is presented of social life in Korea. A woman is never man's companion or equal; she is an inferior being, and must submit to her lot with whatever resignation she can muster. Except in childhood, she has no distinctive name, but is known as "the sister" of such a person, or "the daughter" of so and so. After marriage she is quite nameless.

Below the middle class, farm labor and a variety of heavy work falls mainly upon the women. In the higher classes there is a strict separation of the sexes after the age of eight or ten years.

The boys live wholly in the men's apartment, and are taught that it is a disgrace to be caught in the section of the house set apart for the women, while the girls are rigidly shut up, and may not even be seen by men. Naturally, these customs make sad havoc of family life, although women are hedged about by an outward respect and addressed in language of honor.

Marriage negotiations are usually conducted by a middle-man or go-between. As every unmarried person, boy or girl, is considered a child, marriage is in a certain sense freedom. No matter how youthful, the married pair are immediately regarded as grown up people.

The marriage ceremony is simple. The happy pair salute each other before witnesses on the wedding-day and lo! they are married.

The manner of dressing the hair shows whether a person is married or single. The unmarried wear the hair in a single tress down the back, but married people wear the hair bound up on the top of the head.



A Korean Porter with his Basket.

in the virtues of water, their robes are not always spotless. The Korean type of costume is that of China under the Ming dynasty.

In the capital, the castle bell strikes at sunset, and woe betide the male member of a household who ventures to go forth after that hour, even to call upon a neighbor. Ko-



When a couple think of getting married, as an important preparatory step, each must invite a friend to "do up" the hair in the style for wedlock. Social customs mark Korea as a nation in sore need of the enlightening influences of the gospel, which alone can change the people.

The tiger is the royal beast of Korea. So often do villagers disappear, carried away by tigers, that a common way of escaping the law is to leave pieces of one's torn garments in the woods; and run away. A magistrate

their customs do not seem to agree with this. Besides the ordinary slavery, there exists a most terrible kind of government slavery, whereby the wives and children of a notorious criminal are included in his condemnation, and become the slaves of the judge.

In a general sense, the social condition of women does not seem to show very lofty ideals upon the subject of human brotherhood in Korea.

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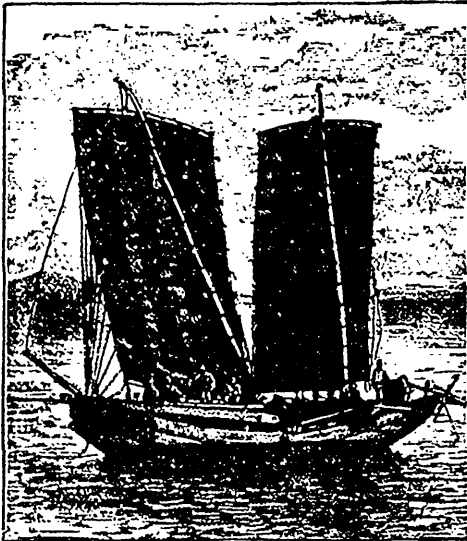
#### A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

Madeline Hurst's New Year's gift was the prize of one hundred dollars from the Danville Art School. She had completed the literary course in the same school the June previous, and on account of her standing in her class had won a scholarship in the art department, and now at the close of the six months' term had, to her great delight, won the first award of one hundred dollars for special excellence in her studies along this line.

For years she had been looking forward to a trip to California, where she might have the privilege of studying nature in all the glorious beauty of the Pacific coast. Now that excursion rates had made small the expense of travelling, she determined to use this prize money in gratifying her ambition to see all that was to be seen among the picture inspiring scenes of that fair, sunny State.

Madeline had been a close student during her entire college course, and all her friends rejoiced over the good fortune that would give her a much needed outing. No matter how much comfort the wise expenditure of that hundred dollars might have purchased for the family, no one thought of its being used in any way except for Madeline's own benefit.

What did it matter if the weary mother had tolled and pinched and economized in order to give this elder daughter the advantages of an education that she did not pos-



Two Masted Korean Vessel.

cannot be expected to trace a man who has been devoured by a tiger.

The Korean tiger-hunters are brave men, as drilled foreign troops have occasionally had reason to know. The cheeks and whiskers of the tiger ornament the caps of the king's bodyguard, with a view to create a wholesome dread in the breasts of all who see it.

It is said that one great virtue of the Koreans is their respect for and practice of the laws of human brotherhood; but some of

sess herself? What did it matter if she must go on doing double service and wearing faded apparel, provided this cultured daughter could seek the rest and recreation she had so richly earned?

Madeline had never been considered a selfish girl, but she had become so accustomed to accepting the sacrifice of others as a matter of course, that she did not realize how very thoughtless her decision was; and perhaps she would never have found out, had she not accidentally overheard a conversation that took place between her brother Ben and Stephen Laurence only two days before she was to start on her pleasure trip.

Ben was two years her senior, and at one time had been considered a model boy; but lately he had fallen in with questionable company, and, as he expressed it himself, "was going to the dogs." Stephen Laurence was a young man of good principle, and at this time was arguing against Ben's associating with a certain class of youth with whom he had lately been mingling.

"One must have a little recreation," Ben grumbled, "and as I am shut out from your kind, I must not be too choicé about choosing my companions. The evenings are desperately long without a congenial chap within speaking distance."

"I should think the evenings would be any thing but a drag in your home, especially now that your sister is at home to help enliven the family circle," Stephen insisted.

"You refer to Madeline, I presume; but when you come to know her as well as I do you will find out that she is not much of an entertainer--at least, where her own folks are concerned," Ben returned, bitterly.

"I have always found her remarkably pleasant and companionable," urged Stephen.

"But you see you are not her brother," and that makes all the difference in the world," Ben answered, sneeringly.

"I do not see how that is to change things in the least," Stephen remarked.

"O, it is just this way with Madeline, Stephen. She is all smiles and sunshine when

other girls' brothers are around, but when it comes to her own, any thing is good enough for him.

Our Madeline is a King's Daughter, you must know-- a genuine princess-- and you ought to see the royal airs she can put on. She belongs to the 'Lend a Hand Ten,' and it is wonderful to see the number of hands she has to lend to folks who have no claim upon her. She won the highest art prize you know, and now she is off in a day or two to spend it, having a good, jolly time, with congenial souls among the orange groves of California.

She does not seem to notice how old and thin mother has grown, tolling and saving to educate her, neither does she appear to realize that the dear woman wears very shabby garments considering that she is the mother of a princess, an out-and-out queen! I am a good-for-nothing, I know; but I actually expected something very different from Madeline. I am afraid the King she serves is rather a hard task-master; that is, if she is a fair sample of his loyal subjects."

"But she is not," Madeline gasped, moving away from the open window where she had been an unwilling listener to a conversation not intended for her ears. "I am selfish and unsisterly, and I have woefully neglected my parents, who have denied themselves so many comforts that I might be prepared for the position I longed to fill. Is it any wonder that Ben has grown skeptical concerning the religion of such an unfaithful Daughter of the King?"

If he only knew it, his own evil course has had something to do with the gray hairs in mother's head, but he does not profess to serve my King, and I have not lived so as to reflect Jesus in my daily life. It will be hard to give up all my cherished plans, but it must be done, no matter at what cost," she said as, locking herself in her own room she began the battle of her life. It was hours before she came out again, a victory won, her enemy--selfishness-- completely vanquished.

Before she ventured downstairs her trunk was unpacked and a letter written to a member of the excursion-crowd, withdrawing her promise to make one of the party.

Ben was surprised the next day to find the "princess" in the kitchen deep in the mysteries of bread making instead of waving a farewell from the car-window as she hurried away on a round of pleasure. The other members of the family were surprised too, but as day after day went by and Madeline kept her place in the kitchen while the tired mother rested, they concluded that they had all misjudged her, that they never knew before what a treasure they possessed in one every way worthy to be a princess.

Ben had no longer an excuse to seek companions out of the home circle, for Madeline proved a capital hand at entertaining the young people when she threw her whole soul into the work.

Part of that prize money was spent for interesting books, and a few dollars went for new music and entertaining games, and after a little the tired, overworked mother was provided with a new outfit and sent off on a visit to the home of her childhood--the dear old place that she had not looked upon for nearly a score of years.

The prematurely old father had a pleasant trip to the city out of that hundred dollars, too, and--well, Madeline expended very little of it on herself, but she got tenfold more pleasure out of it than if she had spent the whole month feasting her eyes on the beauties of the Golden State.

Kitty and the younger boys agreed that there was never such a darling sister as their own Madeline, and months afterwards, when Ben had found the princess' King and enlisted under His banner, he acknowledged to Stephen Laurence that this sister of his was a loyal subject of the best of masters--the Master who ever verified to His children that His "yoke was easy" and His "burden light."

Madeline was very happy in those busy days; but though her brothers often won-

dered why she treated them with even more courtesy than other girls' brothers, no one but her mother was admitted into the secret that had transformed her from a selfish, exacting girl into a genuine princess--a daughter of the King of Heaven.--Ex.

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#### FOR THE YOUNG TO LEARN.

- The Lord's Prayer (Matt. 6).
- The Commandments (Exod. 20).
- The Beatitudes (Matt. 5).
- Paul's Conversion (Acts 9).
- Christ's Great Prayer (John 17).
- The Prodigal Son (Luke 15).
- The Ten Virgins (Matt. 25).
- Parable of the Talents (Matt. 25).
- Abiding Chapter (John 15).
- Resurrection Chapter (1 Cor. 15).
- Shepherd Chapter (John 10).
- Love Chapter (1 Cor. 13).
- Tongue Chapter (Jas. 3).
- Armor Chapter (Eph. 6).
- Traveler's Psalm (Psa. 121).
- Bible-Study Psalm (Psa. 119).
- Greatest Verse (John 3: 16).
- Great Invitation (Rev. 22: 17; Isa. 55: 1).
- Rest Verse (Matt. 11: 28).
- Consecration Verse (Rom. 12: 1).
- Worker's Verse (2 Tim. 2: 15).
- Another Worker's Verse (Psa. 126: 6).
- How to be Saved (Acts 16: 31).
- Should I Confess Christ? (Rom. 10: 9).
- Teacher's Verse (Dan. 12: 3).
- The Great Commission (Mark 16: 15).
- Christ's Last Command (Acts 1: 8).

--S. S. Times. -

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#### THE TORCH THAT FAILS NOT.

A man who tried to do good went a distance of one or two miles into a neighborhood where few could read, to spend an evening reading the Bible to a company who were assembled to listen.

As he was about to return, by a narrow way through the woods, he was provided

with a torch of light wood or pitch pine.

"I objected," said he, "that it was too small, weighing not over half a pound.

"It will light you home," answered my host.

I said, "The wind may blow it out."

He said, "It will light you home."

"But if it should rain?" I again objected.

"It will light you home," he insisted.

Contrary to my fears, it gave abundant light to my path all the way home."

Just so will it be with every one who will take the Bible torch to lighten his feet along the narrow way.

Does some one attack the Bible?

Answer: "It will light you home."

Does another offer objections?

Urge again: "It will light you home."

To every argument of distrust or doubt, let your constant answer be, in the words of the man who furnished the torch: "It will light you home." Each honest reader will come to say: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."---Sel.

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### A GIRL HEROINE.

A story comes from Pennsylvania coal region of how a drunken miner wandered away and fell asleep upon the railroad track. His eight-year-old daughter found him there and tried to drag him away, but he was too heavy.

As the child bent over him she heard the ringing of the rails that tells of a coming train. She had seen the express pass her home every day, and knew what it meant for her father. She pulled frantically at his coat, calling to him with tears and sobs that the train was coming and he would be killed, but the man did not awake.

A red bandana handkerchief peeping from her father's pocket gave her an idea. She had seen trainmen stop a train by waving a red flag. Holding the handkerchief above her head she ran down the track.

The engineer had slowed down for a curve,

when he suddenly saw the child running to meet the train. He applied the air-brakes sharply and brought the train to a stand.

"Please," said the child, "my papa is asleep on the track up yonder, and I didn't want him run over."

The conductor sent a brakeman to remove the drunken sleeper, and the little heroine was praised by the trainmen and passengers.

Her father came along presently, thoroughly sobered by learning of his narrow escape. He and his little girl went away together, and the train proceeded on its way. Surely he had a lesson that ought to keep him sober forever.

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### IF I HAD KNOWN.

One showery day the queen, on foot and alone, entered the dwelling of an old Scotch woman. It is possible that the dame's sight was dim, for she did not recognize her royal visitor, whose face is so familiar to her people.

The queen had come to ask a trifling favor.

"Will you lend me an umbrella?" said the royal lady, who did not happen to have one with her.

"I hae twa umbrellas," said the dame; "ane is a beauty, t'other is vara old. Ye may tak this; I guess I'll never see it agen;" and so saying, she profered a ragged concern whose whalebone ribs might be seen here and there through the coarse, torn cover.

England's queen quietly took the umbrella---which was better than nothing---and went forth into the rain, not by one word betraying her rank. The next day one of Her Majesty's servants brought back the wretched umbrella, and then the cottager knew to whom she had lent it!

"Ay, ay! Had I but kenned wha it was that asked for the loan, she wad hae been welcome to my best---to a' that I hae i' the world," exclaimed the mortified old woman, shocked and grieved at having missed such an opportunity of winning a smile from the queen.

Do any of our young readers ever put their king off with what is small and poor and keep the best themselves, when all they have depends upon his bounty.

## HOW HE FIRST WENT ASTRAY.

A MURDERER was condemned to die. The good chaplain of the prison asked him how he came to go wrong in the first place. The poor man replied:

When I was a boy I was raised in the country, an' went to the town academy for a term or so. My mother was a good woman an' hard-working, too, God bless her!

"I wa'n't wild then, only full of sperits, an' bold, perhaps; always ready fur a good time. One day, I remember, we boys all got into a scrape. They all confessed to the teacher, and I lied out of it. After that my playfellows wouldn't go with me, an' all the friends I could get were two or three toughs, who were glad enough to have me drop down to them.

"I wa'n't much of a liar, an' only told the other one because I was scared; but now I had to lie to keep with the new lot, An' they taught me to steal from my mother.

"Instead of going home nights, we used to camp out in the woods an' play pirates, an' sometimes we played it purty strong an' natural. So it went on. All my friends had dropped me, an' I got to be known as a bad boy, an' people shook their heads. Then it became too hot fur me in school because I took something out of a feller's desk, an' I quit.

"I couldn't get no work, because nobody would trust me (an' I don't blame 'em, neither, as I look at it now; but then I thought 'twasn't fair). So me an' another mate took to the road. That settled it. I never could get back to be like the best boys I had been with, an' I never knew anybody better than a bartender. You're the first person, sir, that ever spoke a good word to me since I was a boy at home an' told that lie. I wish I'd known you sooner. Then I wouldn't be here."

How the first bad act often drives into bad company and begins one's ruin.

But if Christian friendship had helped

this erring boy to lift against the downward strain he brought upon himself, a good life might have been saved to society.

Try and help those who are going wrong whenever you can. You may help and save them.

A safe character, for time and eternity, is sometimes built on the first forgiven sin. — *Youth's Companion*.

## BEGIN JUST WHERE YOU ARE.

Kate and Jack stood at the window watching the people who passed. It had been a snowy day, but the sun coming out bright and clear in the afternoon made the streets wet and sloppy.

"See that poor little girl," exclaimed Katie; "how wet her feet must be! Her shoes are full of holes. If we were rich we might buy shoes for her."

"And for that boy just behind her; his shoes are worse than hers," added Jack.

"And if we were rich we might buy a shawl for that old peanut woman. She, she is trying to get those children to buy peanuts from her basket."

"How poor she looks! There comes a real old man; if I were a rich man I would just call him in and say: Here, old man, here's some dinner for you, and take what's left for the children."

"Now, if I were rich," exclaimed Katie, "that is the one I would help, that poor sickly woman with a baby in her arms."

"The children's mother had been listening to what they said. She sat sewing near the window. "I am glad," she said, "to hear my children express such kind wishes, but wishing is not giving. Just to say, 'Be ye warmed and be ye fed,' will not make these poor people any less cold or any less hungry. You say that if you were rich you would help this or that one. God does not ask you to give as if you were rich, but He does ask you to give according to your means. Now let us see what you have to give, and then we can tell how your good wishes will help these poor people."

### HOW A MOTHER SAVED HER SON.

There is an old Christian woman, named Moita, living in Tokyo, Japan who is very zealous in her efforts to bring others to love and obey her Lord and Master.

She had a son who was very dissolute, and wasted his mother's property in debauchery; and his wickedness went to such an extent that in the course of ten years he was sent to prison seven times.

So bad and disgraceful was his conduct that all his other relations and friends forsook him, and only his good and patient mother was left to pity and care for him in his wretched condition.

Her faith in God did not waver; and whenever she saw him she told him of Christ, and endeavored to persuade him to forsake his sins, and walk in the ways of righteousness and peace.

But he was so hardened in sin that he turned a deaf ear to all her loving entreaties. He only said in reply, "Dear mother, it is all right for you to be good, and to go to heaven, but I am so addicted to evil ways that I cannot stop, and it is my purpose to live on in this same course, and to go to hell." Still his mother did not give him up, and prayed for him day and night.

About one year ago he was sent to prison once more, and while thus in confinement his wife died of the cholera, leaving four children, of whom the youngest was only a baby.

The grandmother was at first much troubled, and said: "There is surely no other way than for these little ones to die of starvation." Then, after awhile, she said, "Oh, no, it is a great mistake to doubt the power and goodness of God, and He who has created us is also able to supply all our needs." She took the little ones to her home and cared for them tenderly.

In the month of November last the son and father was released, and when he came to his home and found the motherless

children thus cared for by the old grandmother, his hard heart was melted, and he became a truly penitent and humble seeker after that religion which had strengthened and comforted his mother's heart. From that time his house was opened as a place for preaching, and frequent services were held there for his own benefit, and also to lead others to a knowledge of Christ and His salvation.

One day he read the second chapter of Ephesians and was deeply moved by its fitness to his own case. He has been received into the Church, and is working diligently to extend the blessings of the Gospel among all his associates and friends.  
—*Gospel in all Lands.*

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### THANK GOD FOR MOTHER.

After one of the hard-fought battles of the war, a Confederate chaplain was called hastily to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand, he said, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

He supposed of course, the young fellow would want to cry to God for help in his extremity; but it was not so.

"Chaplain," said he, "I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me."

"For what?" asked the chaplain.

"For giving me such a mother. Oh, she is a good mother. Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian? And thank Him for giving me dying grace. He has made this hard bed feel 'soft as down pillows are.' And, O chaplain, thank Him for the promised home in glory. I'll soon be there!"

"And so," said the chaplain, "I knelt by his bed with not a petition to utter, only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace, and an eternal home in glory."—*The Presbyterian Banner.*

### A SHOCKING LITTLE BEGGAR.

Madge Howe was skipping gaily down the street, clad in her lovely new cardinal cloak and jaunty plumed hat (which were things to have made any little girl's heart glad), when suddenly, looking over her shoulder, she spied a weazen-faced lad standing upon the corner.

"O, what a shocking little beggar!" she exclaimed, under her breath, catching a glimpse of his thin and bepatched coat wildly waving in the piercing wind.

Madge herself did not notice the wind. Indeed, no one would have supposed that there was the least possibility of her feeling it. Her hands were snugly tucked into a cozy muff, and the "sweetest little boa, just to match," encircled her neck; and her feet were clad in a pair of such regularly splendid walking boots that they defied the fiercest blasts that old Boreas could send down. Her cheeks glowed like two great, rosy apples, and short brown curls added a genial warmth to her whole appearance.

The car which she had designed taking was just vanishing around the corner as she approached, and Madge was obliged to await the arrival of another. As she waited, she observed that the boy's hands were bare and blue, and one of his old shoes had a yawning aperture in the toe. The coat and the too brief trousers were covered with patches of every size and color. Indeed, it would have been difficult to ascertain what the original material really was.

"My gracious! I'm sure I should freeze to death tricked out like that!" ejaculated Madge to herself. "And I'm sure I wouldn't be seen on the street in such an outrageous rig. I wonder that boy's mother don't look after him!" Stepping about quite briskly--"just to keep up circulation"--she made two further observations, viz., that the lad's face was exceedingly thin and white; and that, during the six or eight minutes while she waited, no one had re-

sponded to his untiring invitation of "A shine, mister? Have a shine?"

"Goody! There's the car!" exclaimed the little lady, and away she flew.

"The shocking little beggar" had not been blind to the pretty picture just departed, and he, too, had been making mental comments. They were, however, quite the opposite from Madge's, being simply of admiration, mingled with a regret that the little sister at his meagre home might not be warmly and beautifully clad.

Poor little fellow! His own needs were quite out of the question. Perhaps it had not occurred to him that he really suffered, for Tommy McKee had "made his own living almost ever since he was a baby."

He blew on his fingers to keep them warm, and waited patiently for a customer. It grew late--the gas was being lighted--but as yet none had applied.

It was Saturday. Everybody seemed in unwonted haste, and it was beginning to sleet. Just a little, to be sure, but the tiny icy pebbles descended with such force that they pierced Tommy's thin face and hands.

"A shine, mister? A shine?" he kept calling out; but no one heeded.

At length another car stopped, and a host of people rushed out. The last passenger was a little girl in a cardinal cloak.

"Well, it means no supper for poor Bessie, that's all," soliloquised Tommy, with sinking heart. "Don't mind for myself, I'm getting used to it. But Bess"--he stopped short. The little girl in the cardinal cloak had slipped and fallen; at least Tommy thought so. But, in truth, as she stepped from the car and started to cross the track, one of the tiny boots had caught, somehow, in the rails, and, losing her equilibrium, Madge had fallen in an ignominious heap. In vain she tried to extricate the unfortunate boot. She was a brave little girl, and did not cry out; but no one seemed to notice her. The host of passengers had hurried on; and, O! another car was approaching? What should she do? She saw it be-

gln to slacken speed, but knew that the distance was too short to permit it to come to a standstill before reaching her.

She grew dizzy and sick! Then there flashed before her vision a glimpse of a small figure in mottled coat and trousers. It was the "shocking little beggar!" He dashed toward her, and with one almost rude jerk, had the unfortunate boot unfastened from top to toe, brought her to her feet, and thrust her out of reach of the approaching car.

"Well done!" shouted a gentleman from the platform.

When the car passed on, there set the little boot, upright and quite unharmed, but looking much out of its sphere out in the middle of the street. Tommy ran to recover it, and put it on its little owner's foot with such chivalrous gentleness that that small individual wondered how "such a nice boy could be so dreadfully shabby."

The boot restored, she ran on, forgetting in her fright to thank the boy. She thought of it, however, as she entered the next car, but there was a sharp pain in her ankle, and she dared not return. By the time Madge left the car, the "skipping" had simmered into the most painful presence of a walk. Mrs. Howe saw her little daughter limping up the steps, and met her at the door.

"What has happened, Madge, dear?" she asked.

But for answer the child threw herself into her mother's arms and wept violently. Not that she was so much hurt, as that the sight of that dear face made her realize more fully how narrowly she had escaped.

When Mrs. Howe unfastened the boot, she found a much swollen ankle. She wrapped it in a towel wet in very hot water, and telephoned for the doctor. Then the whole story came out. On hearing of his daughter's timely rescue, tears came to Mr. Howe's eyes as he exclaimed:

"Why, Madge, my child, I was on the platform myself, and saw the whole affair; but I had no idea that the little girl was my own."

"No, papa, it's no wonder you didn't recognise me. You see, I had on my new cloak and hat, and I'm afraid, perhaps, I was

thinking too much about how they looked (for you know they are very, very pretty); and I'm sure I was a little vain about the walking boots; and they got me into trouble. But I will never be so unkind as to call anyone names. I think that poor little boy heard what I said, and then---helped me as if---as if---I were his friend."

"Well, Madge, your father will see that that little lad doesn't appear at his post in such a plight hereafter," and fondly kissing her, the father abruptly left the house.

It was late when Mr. Howe reached the corner where the accident had occurred, but Tommy was still there, calling out plaintively, "Shine, mister? Have a shine;" his voice betraying the utter faithlessness of the appeal, as by twos and threes the men surged on, giving no heed.

"I'm your man, my lad!" said Mr. Howe, extending a shoe somewhat the worse for recent contact with the elements.

Tommy looked up in blank amazement, then fell to putting a "shine" on the shoe that did no small credit to his profession.

When he had finished, Mr. Howe said, "Now, my lad, if business isn't too pressing, we will cross over to the coffee-house and get a lunch, as I have something to say to you."

Tommy opened his eyes very wide at this, and asked, "You're not a policeman, are you? I haven't done anything, have I?"

"Afraid you have, my boy. Didn't you snatch a little girl almost from beneath the wheels of a car this afternoon? That little girl was my daughter. Now will you come with me? You see, I have neither a star nor a billy," answered the gentleman, with a twinkle in his eye.

Tommy complied gracefully, and the lunch-room proved amply satisfactory. It was observed that he abandoned the "boot-blackening profession," and became cash boy in Mr. Howe's store.

Little Bessie was placed in care of a kind lady, at whose cottage Tommy also found a pleasant home.

And Madge---after having made due apology for her unkind words, and expressing her unbounded thanks for Tommy's timely assistance---set about becoming a more generally considerate little maiden, and many hearts were made glad thereby.---Northern Christian Advocate.



## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### DIED FOR HER SON.

A Scotch minister one Sunday was trying to illustrate the love of Jesus Christ, and told the story of the mother who took her little boy and went one night over one of those Scotch hills. The snow came, she lost her way, and finally lay down exhausted, covering the baby with her shawl. The next morning she was found stiff in death, but the baby was alive.

"Now," said the minister, "if that little boy is alive to-day he is a man thirty or forty years old. I have not seen him for thirty years, but if he is living and thinks of that story, don't you think his heart goes out with love to that mother? He would be the most miserable scoundrel if he did not love the memory of that mother, and every time he thought of her he would unconsciously thank God. You, friend,

are worse than that ungrateful son, if you do not love Christ," and he pleaded with them to give their hearts to Christ.

Soon after that day, he received word to come to a certain quarter of Glasgow and see a poor dying man. When he got there, the sick man said to him, "I am the boy you told of in the sermon. I have been a poor, miserable wandering wretch, but I came home to Glasgow and went in and heard you tell that story about me.

I did love that mother, but when you added that I was treating Christ in that way, I couldn't get away from it. I am dying, but I want to ask you if you honestly think it is so? Will Jesus Christ receive me who has been treating him like this all my life? Do you think he will receive and forgive me?" The minister assured him of Christ's forgiveness and the man died with a sweet hope in Jesus.—*Dr. Kneeland.*

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