

GO YE INTO
PREACH THE GOSPEL
TO EVERY CREATURE
AND
TEACH THEM TO OBSERVE ALL THINGS WHICH I HAVE COMMANDED YOU

The
**HILDRENS
RECORD.**



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Lo I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

LETTER FROM INDIA.

BY DR. MARGARET MACKELLAR.

Mission Hospital, Indore,
14 August, 1895.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

IN this letter I want to introduce you to Anniebai Kan Singh, who was graduated from the Women's Medical College at Agra, the first week in May. There were nineteen in her class, and she stood third highest of the twelve who were successful in their final examination. She has the honor of being the first in our mission, to take a full medical course. She is the daughter of Mr. Kan Singh, who has been so used of God in his preaching to the Mangs.

Anniebai was but four months old when her mother died, so that her father had all the care of bringing her up and of having her educated. While but a little girl, she attended, with her step-sister, Hannahbai, who has been Biolo woman for the little missionary society here, as a day scholar, in Dr. Wilson's Boarding School in Bombay. When her father moved to Sardarpore, a Colonel's daughter there taught her English for three years, after which time her father had the head master of the school come to the house to teach her for six years.

She certainly does credit to her teachers, for she reads and talks fluently in English, Urdu and Hindi, and had no trouble in passing the preliminary examination in general subjects required by the Medical College, before being admitted as a student for the study of medicine.

When I came to India, she was teaching in one of our mission schools for Miss Rodgers, and during her holidays helped me in the camp dispensary and attended a class, with two or three others, for instruction in Anatomy and Materia Medica.

She expressed a strong desire to study medicine, and I was glad to be able to send her to Agra. I wrote to a friend in Ingersoll about her and the outcome was that the Rev. J. Hunt and Mr. Foreman of that town under-

took the whole of her medical education, which amounted to \$155 for the four years. They may feel happy in the thought that they have enabled one of India's daughters to acquire such a knowledge of medicine as makes her a boon to her suffering sisters here.

She has been with us in the Hospital work, since May, and we find her assistance very valuable in healing the sick, but where her work is going to tell most is in preaching the Gospel. Being one of the people, she knows them as we foreigners can not, and therefore she can appeal to them as we never can.

Anniebai is one of the first fruits of "higher education" for women in India, and some of us feel, that the time has come in our mission, when it is better to spend the time in fitting and preparing such young women, who may be our successors in the work, than for us to attempt to do all the work ourselves.

Pray that we missionaries and all our co-workers in Christ's work here, may be baptized with the Holy Spirit.

A NEWSBOY'S GRATITUDE.

A physician who recently moved up town took an evening paper from a small newsboy, and dived into his pocket for the change.

"That's all right, doctor," remarked the little fellow. "I won't take no money. Don't you remember Jimmie you cured last winter with the fever?"

Then the physician recognized in the tall and sturdy boy a little lad whom he had pulled through a fever without any payment.

"But that's all right, Jimmie," he said, "and you must certainly let me pay you for the paper."

"No," said the boy, "I won't. Where are you living up here, doctor? I want to come to see you."

He hasn't yet turned up to see the doctor, but every morning and evening he slips a paper under the door, and, to have a proper understanding in the beginning, with the first paper he scribbled a little notice:

"Please, doctor, accept these papers allus, from Jimmie."—*N. Y. Herald.*

AN OBJECTIONABLE WINDOW.

LETTER FROM REV. J. GOFORTH.

Chang-te-Fu, Honan, 29th July, 1895.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—What do you think of people who object to my opening a window in the end of my house that I might be cheered by the morning sunshine and more fresh air? Well, my neighbors, on the street to the east, object. They regard the opening of this window as a very serious matter for them. Indeed I might just as well have pointed a cannon at them as open this window. It is not very near them, for a wheat field lies between. Neither is it one of those big plate glass windows which would cover the whole end of my house. It is only a small window. They need not be afraid that I will be constantly looking through it into their yards, for it is too high up for that. I have to stand on a chair in order to open it. I made it high on purpose to keep the thieves out.

The neighbors tell me the reason why my window is so offensive to them is that it will destroy all their wind and water luck (feng shui). They say that if that window isn't closed up, all their good fortune will forsake them, and entering through that opening will become the possession of the foreigner.

I am not anxious to become the possessor of their good fortune, for I do not think the Chinese ever had much of it.

Of course my window is not according to Chinese custom. They do not put windows all around the houses as we do in Canada. They say if you open windows on both sides of a house the wind would blow all the good influences away. I know what it would do. It would blow some of the bad, musty smells out of their houses, and they wouldn't be so liable to disease, as now. But such is the power of heathen superstition and folly that it causes them to shut out of their homes as much of heaven's sunshine and fresh air as possible.

The other evening I went over to see the god that these eastern neighbors of mine

worship. I had heard that he had met with some ill fortune during the floods last summer. It is a rather fine temple for these poor neighbors to build. It must have cost a good sum. A fine old cedar, sacred as the abode of fairies, fills the temple yard with its shady branches. What a scene of ruin met my eyes on looking into the house of the god! The floods sent last year by Jehovah, the rue God, did not respect this mud idol. The waters invaded his palace and rose over his throne and crept up his body. His foundation was mud, and down he came with a splash. The ruin was more complete than was the god Dagon's, after the Ark of the Lord had rested two nights in his temple.

The waters which wrought his ruin have long since passed out to the ocean, but the god without leg or arm still lies prone upon his face. His mouth, eyes, and nose, are filled with mud, and part of his brain is exposed. It is a brain that never planned for the people's good, for it is only the end of a wooden post, which served also for his spine.

The Chinese say that when they make their gods they put a lump of silver inside for the heart. Personally I don't believe it, for it would be too great a temptation for the thieves to dissect him. They may put in a lead heart, but even that I failed to find in this shattered god.

Is it any wonder that people who could be blind enough to worship such a god would object to my window? Their gods have cold, dead, hearts, which never can love. Oh, how greatly blessed we are in knowing a Saviour who loved us and gave Himself for us!

There is just one way to turn the heather from these idols and save them. It is by obeying Christ's command. Has he not commanded us to preach the gospel to every creature? This is His great cure.

When Jesus first gave this command, all peoples save the Jews worshipped just such silly gods as the Chinese do to-day. If we trace our history back far enough we will find our forefathers as blind and foolish as the Chinese or Hindoos. But good men came from distant lands in the times of Alfred the

Great, and earlier, and told our people of Jesus. This is how the Chinese millions are going to believe in God.

Some of us are here now, but we can't tell everybody. In this city of Chang-te-Fu there are half as many people as live in Toronto, and if we would run a circle around it reaching out fifteen miles on every side, we could enclose more people than live in Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and London, and out beyond the fifteen mile limit there still are cities and towns and thousands of villages.

I am the only one here at present, and perhaps next year there will be two or three others. But what are we among so many? The Presbyterian ministers of Toronto alone number almost thirty, to say nothing of the other denominations. I am confident that if Jesus came back He would divide the forces more evenly. Jesus wills the gospel to be preached to every creature. But some of the Chinese will have to wait a long time, at the present rate, before they get a chance to hear.

God does not respect persons or peoples. He so loved the world that He gave His Son to die for its millions. The fault lies with us, for Paul told Timothy that "God our Saviour will have all men to be saved and to come into the knowledge of the truth."

One Presbyterian minister in Canada for about every five hundred Presbyterians. One Presbyterian minister in Central India, or Honan, China, for about every million heathen, does not yet look as if we had obeyed Christ fully when He commands, "Freely ye have received freely give."

Now, my young friends, let us obey our Saviour—Jesus; give ourselves wholly to Him; trust only in His grace and do our best; then He will open the windows of heaven and pour out upon the heathen millions blessings so abundant that there won't be room to receive.

THE STORY OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Two boys were herding swine in Italy. They were evidently discussing some very important subject, for they were earnest at it.

A man approached and the boys separated, each for his own side of the pasture. The man was angry and was shaking his hand at them. The boys said nothing; they drove their swine in, and were quiet as a mouse about it. The man had said they should stay out until dark, and the sun had not even set yet.

After they had driven the swine to their respective places each crept to his room, took his clothes, and tied them in a bundle. This done, they both crept down, and ran to the road which led to Rome. One's name was Peter; the other, Michael Angelo. Both were poor boys. They tramped and tramped, and the first thing they did when they reached Rome was to go to church.

After they had rested and prayed they looked for employment. Peter received employment as the cook's boy in some cardinal's house; but Michael could find nothing to do, so he almost despaired. He went to his friend Peter, who gave him something to eat, and at night secretly let him into his room in the attic to sleep.

This went on for a long time. Peter content to let his friend do this, and Michael content also. Michael, when in church, had seen some fine pictures. One which fascinated him was "Christ Ascending to Heaven." Taking bits of charcoal he went to Peter's room and drew pictures on the white walls.

One day the cardinal had occasion to go to the room. Michael had, meanwhile, secured employment in the cardinal's kitchen. The cardinal, upon seeing all the pictures, was dumbfounded with their accurateness. He called Peter and Michael upstairs and asked who had drawn them. Michael confessed he had, but said he thought he could rub them out again. The cardinal explained to him that it was all right so far as the wall was concerned. He took Michael and sent him to a drawing-master, and gave Peter a better position. And Michael worked hard at his drawings, learned diligently, and became the renowned Michael Angelo, one of the greatest painters of his time.—*Harper's Young People.*

SOME FACTS ABOUT CHINA.

It is the oldest existing Empire, dating back to 2,989 B. C.

Its population is 403,250,000, or nearly one third of that of the entire globe.

Hundreds of thousands of the people live in their boats on the great rivers.

One tenth of the population subsist on fish. The chief duty of a woman is small feet; and though the bandaging is real torture they endure it quite willingly. It is considered almost a disgrace for a woman of high rank to be able to walk as other do.

A fan is a necessary part of the dress of either man or woman.—*Little Missionaries.*



CHINESE LADIES TAKING AN AIRING.

A GIRL'S NOBLE WORK.

A good many years ago a little girl was passing the old brick prison in Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning to her from a cell window, and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks afterward she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the poor prisoner each time a book from her father's library. At last, one day, she was called to his death-bed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul. Promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she has kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, visited and helped hundreds of prisoners, and from the great number whom she has helped, six hundred are now, to her knowledge, leading honest lives.

And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.

LETTER FROM THE PRAIRIES.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, REV. G. W. LEWIS.

Mistawasis Indian Reserve.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE.—Let me tell you about the queer people we have out here. I don't know whether you have ever seen people with their faces and hands all covered with "molasses and ashes." In some cases their faces are clean: but my little sister thus accounted for their color the first time she saw an Indian.

In the summer time they live in tents made of duck or of green boughs; in winter they have small log houses with blazing fire-places. Into this one room are sometimes packed two or three families.

When they eat they put a piece of gunnysack on the floor, as a table cloth, and sit on their heels.

When some of the little girls get nice new dresses, they burn holes in them, by getting too near the fire; and the little boys wear the knees out of their pants. Of course white children never do such naughty things.

Some of the children go regularly to school; others go one day and stay home the next. They may come every day if they think I am going to give them any clothes from the goods sent from the East, and as soon as they get the things, they stay home for weeks, "what is the use of going to school when there is nothing more to be got by it for a while?" I fear some white scholars stay home, sometimes from school, when they ought to be earning something to make them more helpful to others.

Then sometimes the boys and girls get cross and almost fight one another. It is very sad to see this, Satan tries to get them to do such black bad things. One bright girl stopped coming to school the other day. The others said she stole some little things. I fear it was true. Then her conscience made her afraid to come. God puts that voice in all our hearts, to keep us from doing wrong; and if we do wrong, this voice makes us very unhappy. The only thing to do then is to ask God to forgive us, and if we are very sorry and try not to do it again, He does forgive us and makes us happy again.

I wish you knew our school-teacher, I know you would like her. She is a white lady; and I want you to remember her name—Miss McIntosh. Miss Lewis and I have been compelled to leave here on account of her ill-health and probably you will soon forget us, but I want you to remember Miss McIntosh and pray for her, that she may teach the children many good things. She teaches them from the Bible every day, and then has a Sunday School after the service in the morning on Sabbath. Although these little children are black, they are bright, nice little children, and their souls are just as precious as those of white children. Pray their souls may all be made white by the blood of Christ.

A YOUNG TRAVELLER.

The following story is true. And it shows how much kindness there is in human nature if we take the right way of getting at it.

Four years ago a poor laborer named Halletza left Hungary, and came to this country to prepare a home for his wife and boy. The wife soon died, leaving the baby.

Halletza worked hard and saved every penny; but three years passed before he could rent a little cabin and make it comfortable. He was hungry for the sight of the child, to hear it speak, to hold it in his arms; but he could not go after it to Hungary. He had not the money, and besides, to give up work last winter when work so scarce was to sentence him to idleness and starvation. All that he could do was to send money for the child's passage, asking that it should be sent to him in the care of some emigrants coming from Hungary to New York.

Its guardian was old and dull of wit. She did not know any emigrants who were coming to America; but she bought the ticket and tied it about the child's neck with a tag, on which was written its father's name and address, and a few words begging all good Christians for the love of God to give it food and drink.

The four-year-old boy, with his blue eyes and fair hair, his little bundle of clothes at his side, was found by the astonished guard sitting alone in an emigrant train leaving Pesh.

The man shared his own meals with him. Then the ragged, disorderly mob that crowded the car gathered round him in amazement and pity. They fought each other, but they spoke gently to this frightened little tot. The women made room for him beside their own children, and at night when he cried for home they rocked him to sleep in their arms.

In their care he crossed the Alps, and passed through Italy to Genoa, where they carried him on board the steamer for New York.

He was among strangers again, but the story of the friendless baby was told through the ship. After that somebody always was ready to feed him, to rock him to sleep, to hold him on the knee. The cabin-passengers made up a purse for him. The women in the steerage washed his little aprons and frocks, and mended them.

When he reached New York his friends bade him good-bye, and placed him on a Pennsylvania train. Some kind soul telegraphed his father, and that evening when the cars rolled up to the station of the hill town, a gaunt workman caught the child in his arms, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, carried him to his home.—*Selected.*

“WEEPING FOR HER CHILDREN.”

A lady missionary in the Sandwich Islands, tells that old natives would come in to see her school, and she often noticed them weeping as they looked upon her bright scholars. They had destroyed their own children when they were babies.

At a Sunday School celebration, when hundreds of children were present in holiday dress, and with flowers in their hands, an aged woman, in great distress, was beating her breast and wailing in agony. When asked the cause, she said: “These hands are stained with the blood of my twelve children, and not one remains of my flesh to rejoice here to-day.” And then she cried out, “Oh, why didn’t the missionaries come before.”

Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest.

A BOY'S GOOD LUCK.

THERE was a look of eager expectancy on Tom Amber's handsome face as he came into the half filled train that morning. Slipping into an empty seat just behind a quiet looking middle-aged man, he took a letter from his pocket, and in a deliberate way proceeded to open it. As soon as his eyes fell upon the printed form he unfolded his face clouded ominously, and crushing the offending missive in his hand he muttered “Just my luck! I might have known better than to put confidence in any thing Jake Mooney recommended.”

“*Something gone wrong, young man,*” asked a voice in front of him, and with a blush Tom glanced up into the kind eyes of the unpretending stranger he had noticed when he came in.

Tom was not in the habit of making confidants of strangers, but there was something in his neighbor's face that disarmed suspicion, and he answered politely, “Well yes. An acquaintance persuaded me to invest in a little business concern out West, but instead of receiving the big check I have been expecting, I have drawn a blank.” Tom colored guiltily when he referred to the business concern, but without appearing to notice his embarrassment, the gentleman seized his hand and shaking it vigorously, said, “Allow me to congratulate you on your good luck.”

“O, you are mistaken,” exclaimed Tom. “I have nothing left from my last five dollar bill but this bit of worthless paper,” and he held out the printed form for the stranger's inspection.

“And your experience,” the man added as he took the paper offered.

“I would sell that very cheaply,” remarked Tom. “Such experience does not count for much, particularly when it leaves you with an empty pocketbook.”

“And yet it may prove the most valuable lesson of your life,” urged the stranger. “This is nothing more or nothing less than a lottery ticket, called by another name in order to cheat the Government, which has excluded all such fraudulent matter from passing

through the mails. In the eyes of the law it is a crime to take such matter from the post office as well as to put it into the mail."

"I fail to see why, when you have invested your last dollar in it," returned Tom. "I think I have paid dearly enough for the privilege of lifting that."

"You forget that you have only yourself to blame for the risk you took," replied the gentleman gravely. "You knew that you were running a risk when you invested the five dollars, and if you had chanced to draw what you call a lucky number, you would have become a party in defrauding others, who, like yourself, have drawn blanks."

"You know that it is only one in many hundreds who chance upon figures that count. The great army of investors must necessarily be disappointed. People do not run such schemes for the benefit of the many, but of the few, and their purpose always is to fill their own coffers."

"I congratulated you on your good luck in drawing a blank, and since you have been seized with the mania of wanting to make something for nothing, nothing except complete failure, would have effected a perfect cure. Had you been able to-day to have put a large sum of money in your pocket, you would have become so infatuated with your success that all honorable means of earning a livelihood would have been abandoned."

"If the lesson you have had teaches you to keep clear of all such swindling concerns in the future, you have received the worth of your money, notwithstanding the blank you have drawn. It is possible that this very bit of worthless paper may stand between you and the State prison. Success under such circumstances as you voluntarily placed yourself would naturally have opened up to you the highway to crime, and a conscience lulled to sleep in one so young, would not be apt to rouse itself in such a way as to assert its claims when greater temptations should be thrust in your path."

"It is always safe to do right, my boy, always; and God helps every one who helps himself, but nothing but danger lies in the way in which you cannot take God's blessing

with you. I acknowledge that this firm has cheated you out of your money, but you have no reason to complain as you became an accomplice in the disreputable business the moment you joined in the scheme of trying to defraud others by enriching yourself."

"Perhaps you are right," admitted Tom, looking confused. "But I never looked upon things in that light."

"I thought not: I thought not," said the stranger. "It was your first departure from the line of right, but if you had been successful, it would not have been the last. If you had found out that you could increase your earnings a hundred fold by chancing on a lucky number you would never have been content to go back to the slow, old-fashioned, but honest, way of earning your bread in the sweat of your face."

"I am afraid I should not," Tom admitted, and then as if to partially excuse the mistake he had made, he added, "I am only an errand boy in a firm that does not pay big wages and is slow in advancing its employees, and as I want to make something of myself, I thought I might get a lift in this affair as did my friend who advised me take the risk. He drew a five hundred dollar prize on the very first dollar he invested."

"So much the worse for him, poor fellow," returned the kind-faced man, shaking his head gravely. "There is nothing that pays so badly in the long run as dishonesty. Remember that. The way of the transgressor is always hard. There are snares and pitfalls all around him. Even if he chances to escape them, and get money and keep it, do you think he can have any true satisfaction in its possession?"

"No sir, I don't," Tom answered earnestly.

"I believe that you mean to live honestly, now, whatever happens, said the stranger. "And though we may never meet again, I wish you every success."

"I will keep the old way even if I starve," exclaimed Tom emphatically, and he has kept his word.—*Bella V. Chisholm, in Ex.*

The great deed is a thing of earth, but the good deed lives forever.—*Rutherford.*

THEN SHALL YE CALL UPON ME AND YE SHALL GO AND PRAY UNTO ME AND I WILL HEARKEN UNTO YOU, AND YE SHALL SEEK ME AND FIND ME WHEN YE SEARCH FOR ME WITH ALL YOUR HEART.'



"COME UNTO ME ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST. TAKE MY YOKE UPON YOU AND LEARN OF ME, FOR I AM MEEK AND LOWLY OF HEART AND YE SHALL FIND REST UNTO YOUR SOULS, FOR MY YOKE IS EASY AND MY BURDEN IS LIGHT."

A DESPOT'S WILL.

IT is only a few years since many English sailors were drowned because an admiral gave a wrong order, and another officer, who knew the order to be wrong, obeyed it. Admiral Bruix, of the French navy, was once in the English officer's position, and took a contrary course, although his orders came from no less a personage than Napoleon I. Both cases, it should be noted, occurred not in a battle, but on parade. At such a time, surely, a subordinate must be justified in saving the lives of his men, even at the cost of technical disobedience.

While Napoleon was at Boulogne, in 1804, he went out to ride one morning, leaving word that on his return he would review the fleet. During his absence, therefore, a message was sent to Admiral Bruix, that he might order the ship to weigh anchor and put out to sea. To the astonishment of the messenger, the admiral replied that he was very sorry, but the state of the weather would not permit the review to take place.

In due time the emperor returned, and inquired if every thing was ready. The admiral's response was communicated to him. At first he seemed not to understand, but on its being repeated he stamped his foot and ordered the admiral summoned into his presence.

The admiral came at once, but even so he was not quick enough for the emperor, who met him half-way. The emperor's staff followed, and stood ranged in silence about him.

"Sir Admiral," said Napoleon, in an angry voice, "why have you not obeyed my orders?"

"Sire," answered the admiral, with respectful firmness, "a fearful tempest is preparing. Your majesty can see it as well as I. You cannot wish to expose uselessly the lives of so many brave men."

Constant, the first *valet de chambre* of the emperor, and one of his firmest apologists, is constrained to admit, in relating the story, that the aspect of the sky at that very moment fully justified the fears of the admiral; but Napoleon was too much irritated to listen to reason.

"Sir," he said, "I have given orders. Once more why have you not executed them? Obey!"

"Sire, I shall not obey."

At that the emperor advanced, riding-whip in hand, as if to strike. The admiral recoiled a step and laid his hand upon his sword.

"Sire," he said, turning pale, "take care!"

The two men faced each other; then the emperor dropped his whip, and the admiral withdrew his grasp from the handle of his sword.

"Rear-admiral Magnon," said Napoleon, "you will execute instantly the order I have issued. As for you, sir," turning to Admiral Bruix, "you will leave Boulogne within twenty-four hours and retire into Holland. Go!"

The rear-admiral did as the emperor had bidden. The tempest broke, and more than two hundred Frenchmen were drowned before the emperor's eyes.—*Youth's Companion*.

'MR. TEN MINUTES.'

A touching story is told of the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horseback outside the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said, "We had better return. If we don't hasten we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the Prince, "let us stay here ten minutes and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish he lost his life.

His mother, when informed of the facts, in her anguish said, "That was his great mistake from babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to rise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his two little hands and spread out ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes more. On this account I sometimes called him 'Mr. Ten Minutes.'"

How many have lost not only their lives, but their precious, immortal souls by this sin of procrastination! When God calls we should promptly obey.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

HOW JIM WAS MADE SORRY.

HARRY Thorn was very fond of pets; and when his mother moved far up-town, she thought she would have a better chance to indulge her little boy's fancy in this matter, than when they hadn't, to use her own expression, "an inch of room."

But, alas! there is always some drawback. There was a nice long yard at the back of the house; but when Harry had his hen-house arranged at the lower end, and his doves and chickens all nicely settled, he one day espied a boy's eye peeping through a knot-hole in the fence.

A squirrel couldn't have climbed that fence much more nimbly than Harry did; and what was his disgust to discover, squatting on the other side, a dirty, tousle-headed, small urchin, whose eyes looked so sharp that Harry fancied they might see through the boards, even if there had been no hole at all.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the boy on the fence to the one on the ground.

"Nothin'," answered tatterdemalion from below.

"Yes, your are," returned the property-holder from above; "you're peeping at my doves and chickens."

"Well, I ain't a hurtin' 'em," replied the other.

"Next thing you'll be stealing them, or something; I know you will, so you just clear out," cried Harry.

"Shan't do nothin' o' the sort. That's your side o' the fence, an' this is mine, so clear out yourself," was the retort, accompanied by a certain flourish of arms and legs, and a horrible grimace.

Harry looked around. Sure enough, there was a row of small tenement houses at the back of their yard, and the sharp-eyed boy was on his own territory.

Straightway Harry ran to tell his mother the unwelcome news of disagreeable neighbors, and they both expressed their apprehensions of trouble from that quarter; nor were their fears groundless, for the very next morning one of Harry's pigeon's had a broken

leg, and a week later, a chicken was found dead in the yard.

After each of these mishaps, the owner of the unfortunate birds was in a state of towering indignation, and climbing to the top of that fence, he eased his mind, though no boy was visible, in this style:

"I know you're there, Jim (he had learned that the weasel-eyed boy was called Jim), and now, I tell you what it is, you had better let my things alone, or I'll make you sorry you touched them—you good-for-nothing ragamuffin, you," with much more such like defiance and exhortation.

Not long afterward, Harry had a new pet, a lovely white rabbit, and he spent the whole day succeeding its arrival in making its acquaintance and fondling it.

Imagine then his grief and chagrin on going the next morning to greet his new favorite, to find it dead—poisoned. This was too much, and though he was ten years old, he wept bitterly.

Two or three mornings later, Harry woke earlier than usual, and thinking of his pets, jumped out of bed, ran to the window and looked down the yard to see if Ellen had opened the hen-house. She had not, so the lad put on his clothes and went to do it himself; but as he reached the place he heard a strange sound on the other side of the fence. It was somebody crying, or rather sobbing, in a very odd manner; so again he mounted that paling to see what was there.

It was Jim, lying all in a heap between an old barrel and the fence, and he was shaking so that his teeth rattled as the sobs came through them.

Harry gazed a moment, then said: "Jim, what's the matter?"

No answer, and the sobbing ceased, but not the shaking, nor the chattering teeth.

Then Harry let himself down, went close to the little fellow, coiled up and looking like a galvanized bundle of rags, saying: "Jim, Jim, what ails you?"

"Got the ager," was the answer from Jim's rattling teeth.

"What are you out of doors for, then, at

this time of the morning?" was Harry's next question.

"Cause," and the boy stirred a little, so that he could see the other's face; and finding only wonder and pity there, added, as he removed the arm that concealed his own visage.

"Cause father put me out last night—been out all night."

Here Harry perceived that one side of Jim's face was swollen and livid, so he cried, "Why! what did that?"

"Father," was the sententious reply, as the poor boy again covered his face, and went on shaking and sobbing.

Harry forgot all about vengeance, hurried home, roused his mother, and before half an hour had elapsed, the miserable little Jim had been brought into Mrs. Thorn's house, and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. He did not say much for some hours, for when the ague ceased, the fever came on; and when this passed, he slept.

At last he awoke, looked around, and, seeing Harry, said, "Say, I am awful sorry I killed your chicken and your rabbit. I dunno what made me do it, but I guess I was mad 'cause I hadn't nothin'; an' father drinks, an' he beats me—an' you wouldn't let me look at 'em; but pra'aps I can get you another rabbit by 'm by."

It was now Harry's turn to be sorry—sorry he had been so selfish, so cross, and so ready to believe evil of that unfortunate child of poverty and sorrow; but both he and his mother made amends of their fault or mistake, whichever it might be; for they became good, helpful friends to the worse than orphan boy, and did not cease to care for him until he was able to support himself.—*Words of Life.*

THE FAMILY LIKENESS.

"It is very curious that my children should have finger nails like their great-grandfather," said a scientific man, the other day. "Do you see this queer little dip in the middle, and the outward curve? Mine are not like that, nor my father's but his father's were, and in several different branches this peculiarity has broken out."

"I know a family," said his listener, "a large family, one of which every single member has one feature in common, so that if one bearing that name should fail to have his family likeness, the others would know him for an impostor."

"Indeed!" cried the man of science. "What is the name of of this family?"

"It is the Christian family, of which its Founder said, 'If any man do my will, the same is my brother, and sister and mother,' from that hour, doing the will of God has been the family feature of the Christians."

The scientist held his peace, while conscience questioned him sharply, whether or not he could stand this test.

Reader, have you this family likeness to Christ? You cannot afford to do without it.—*Forward.*

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE.

Some strange thing the missionaries have to meet. A Medical missionary from China writes:—"A little old woman came to me one day who did not present a very pleasing appearance. Her eye was swollen up. I wondered whether her eyeball was injured, and did what I could, intending to examine it more fully afterward. Meanwhile my wife gave her a cup of tea and some bread and butter, all of which she disposed of, though she had never seen bread and butter before, or had milk and sugar in her tea.

The visit over, she went away and told the neighbours, 'They gave me medicine at the dispensary to make my head dizzy, and then the foreign teacher took my eye out.'

The next day she came back to us, this time with her brother, a barber, who was greatly enraged with us for having cut out his sister's eye.

The swelling having by this time somewhat abated, I was able to open the eyelids and show the brother that the eye was there all right enough, whereupon the old lady went back to her neighbours and informed them, 'My brother went with me to the foreign teacher and threatened him, and frightened him so much that he put my eye back again.'"

**"GOOD MORNING," ROUND THE
WORLD.**

Do you know how all people, from far and
from near,

Say their "good morning" each day of the
year?

For "How do you do?"

The right word for you

Is not said just the same from Ceylon to
Peru.

In the Mexican nation they're gallant and gay;
They shake hands with all in a courteous way;

And they bow and beguile

Their friends all the while,

And "May you be well now!" they say
with a smile.

But the savages down in the Southern Pacific,
Where corals abound and tornadoes terrific,

Who care not a feather

For wind or for weather,—

Salute by just rubbing their noses together.

And how do they do it in brilliant Japan—

In brilliant Nippon, the land of the fan?

Oh, they bow very low,

And then as they go

They say their "good morning," which is
"Ohayo."

But over in China the old mandarin

With a serious face does his bowing begin,

Then with palms closely pressed

In front of his breast,

"Have you eaten your rice?" he asks with
a zest.

While with hands together and lifted on high,
With a wish for the health of the one who
goes by,

The brown Siamese

Will fall on his knees,

Or bow down benignly with gracefulest ease.

Among the dark Hindoos that bide in Bengal,
In Bombay, the Punjaub, the Deccan, and all,

Where rules the Nizam,

Or in ancient Assam,

They all touch their foreheads, and cry out
"Salam!"

With his hand on his heart, the polite Persian
neighbor

His body inclines with the lightest of labor.

The greater his friends.

The lower he bends,

And "Peace be upon you!" the blessing he
sends.

With the Syrian greeter now how is it done?

Why, his finger-tips meet as he greets any one,

Then, with fanciful art,

Touches brow, lips, and heart,

And "May you be happy!" he says as they
part.

With the African men, then, what is the word

That after the sunrise is frequently heard?

"May you flourish a way

Till your hair is all gray!"

Is about what they say when they bid one
good day.

In France, where they dance and they sing
and they play,

"Now, how do you carry yourself?" they all say.

Or if you don't choose

Their true sense to abuse,

Then "Comment vous portez-vous?" fitly
you'll use.

"How find you yourself?" they in Germany
go;

And "How do you fare?" the staid Dutch
wish to know;

And "How do you stand?"

Comes from Italy's band;

And "Be well!" they will tell you in
Russia's great land.

The Spanish "good morning"'s "*Buenos
dias*";

"*Bon dia*"'s the Portuguese wish as you pass;

And as over the sea

The daylight shall flee,

The same in Brazil its new welcome shall be.

So over the earth the good greeting shall fly,

And each in his own way shall speak and
reply:

But one thought is found,

Whatever the sound

And Good morning's Good morning the
whole world around. —*St. Nicholas.*

International S. S. Lessons.

(Adapted from the Westminster Ques. Book.)

Study the lesson help in the *Presbyterian Record*, and answer the questions in the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

SAUL REJECTED.

17 Nov.

Les. 1, Sam. 15: 10-23. Gol. Text. 1 Sam. 15: 22
Mem. vs. 10, 11. Catechism Q. 20-22.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—Who were the Amalekites? What had the Lord commanded Saul respecting them? What did Saul do? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *Saul's Rejection of God.* vs. 10-15.—What did the Lord say to Samuel? Meaning of *it repenteth me*? How was Samuel affected? What did he do? Why did he go to meet Saul? How did Saul receive him? What claim did Saul make? What was the Lord's command? What had Saul done? How was his sin detected? Upon whom did he cast the blame? For what purpose did he say they had spared the best of the spoils?

II. *Samuel's Accusation of Saul.* vs. 16-21.—By whose authority did Samuel now speak? Of what did he first remind Saul? Why did he thus remind him? To what Command of the Lord did he then refer? What question did he ask? What did Saul say? On whom did he again cast the blame of sparing the spoil?

III. *The Lord's Rejection of Saul.* vs. 22, 23.—What was Samuel's reply? What does God regard more than sacrifice? What sentence was pronounced upon Saul? For what sin was he rejected?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. God requires of us perfect obedience.
2. No service or sacrifice will excuse disobedience.
3. Good words and good intentions will not answer in place of good deeds.
4. God rejects no one who does not first reject him.
5. He will certainly punish every one who disobey him.
6. God is not deceived when men cast the blame of their evil deeds upon others.
7. We may deceive men with our excuses for wrong doing, but it is with God we have to do.

THE WOES OF INTEMPERANCE.

24 Nov.

Les. Is. 5: 11-23.
Mem. vs. 11-13.

Gol. Text. Is. 5: 11.
Catechism Q. 23-26.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—With what parable does this chapter begin? What did the parable mean? Against what sin is the first woe pronounced? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Drunkard's Captivity.* vs. 11-17.—What sin is denounced in verse 11? What two intoxicating drinks are here mentioned? By what is the attracting power of strong drink made more effective? Of what are those who indulge in these revels regardless? What will be their punishment? What will become of their glory and pomp and rejoicing? What classes of men will be thus humbled and enslaved? How will the Lord be exalted in judgment? What calamities will drunkards bring upon the nation?

II. *The Drunkard's Delusion.* vs. 18-21.—Upon whom is the woe pronounced in verse 18? Meaning of the terms here used? What are these blinded ones represented as saying? How do the devotees of drink show their blindness? Upon whom is a woe pronounced in verse 20? In verse 21? How do the slaves of drink show their delusion?

III. *The Drunkard's Dishonor.* vs. 22, 23.—Upon whom is a woe pronounced in verse 22? To what does intemperance in rulers and judges lead? How does the use of intoxicating drinks affect the body? The mind? The moral nature? What effect has intemperance on society? On the nation? What connection has it with other crimes? What is the remedy? What is your duty?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Intemperance is a debasing, enslaving sin.
2. It blinds the mind and hardens the conscience, and is thus the source of other soul-destroying sins.
3. It brings poverty, disgrace, and death upon its victims, and is the fruitful cause of crime and suffering in the community.
4. It will bring certain and severe punishment both in this life and in that which is to come.
5. Abstain therefore from the use of all intoxicating liquors, and discountenance their use by others.
6. The habit among boys of treating to syrups and drinks that are not intoxicating, often leads to doing the same thing with strong drink in later years.

DAVID ANOINTED KING.

1 Dec.

Les. 1. Sam. 16: 1-13. Gol. Text. 1. Sam. 16: 7
Mem. vs. 12, 13. Catechism Q. 27-29.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—Why was Saul rejected? What occurred after his rejection? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Finding a King. vs. 1-5.—What did the Lord say to Samuel? On what mission did he send him? What made this a dangerous and difficult work? What means of concealment was Samuel directed to use? Whom was he to call to the sacrifice? What did the Lord promise? What did Samuel then do? What effect had this visit on the elders of Bethlehem? What did they ask Samuel? What was his reply? What did he then do?

II. Rejecting Man's Choice. vs. 6-10.—Who was Eliab? What was Samuel's thought when he saw him? What did the Lord say? What reason did the Lord give for refusing Eliab? How many sons of Jesse passed before Samuel? What did Samuel say of them all? How did he know this? How do God's choice and man's choice differ?

III. Anointing God's Choice. vs. 11-13.—What did Samuel then ask Jesse? What was Jesse's reply? What did Samuel then say? What was David's appearance? What did the Lord tell Samuel to do? In whose presence was David anointed? What followed the anointing? Where did Samuel then go?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Sin destroys the brightest prospects.
2. It is a mistake to judge people by their outward appearance.
3. God knows just what is in man, and judges according to man's real character.
4. God sometimes calls very young people to important places.
5. He fits his servants for the work to which he calls them.

"I wish I had only had your chances," said a poor man to a rich friend. "I picked them up after you had passed them by," answered the friend.

If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect providence to make it palatable. Neither, if through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best.—*Ruskin.*

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

8 Dec.

Les. 1. Sam. 17: 38-51. Gol. Text. 1. Sam. 17: 47.
Mem. vs. 44, 45. Catechism Q. 30-32.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—Why was Saul rejected? Who was anointed to be king in his stead? For what purpose was David called to the palace? What effect had David's harp playing on Saul? Who made war upon Israel? Who challenged the army of Israel? How came David to be with the army? What did he offer to do? Who opposed his purpose? What led to the acceptance of his offer? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. David's Preparation. 38-40.—How did Saul arm David? Why did he thus arm him? Why did David put off his armor? What armor did he take? What were the *script* and the *sling*? What famous slingers are mentioned in Judg. 20: 15, 16?

II. The Giant's Defiance. vs. 41-44.—What did Goliath then do? Why did he *disdain* David? In what terms did he curse him? What defiant threats did he utter?

III. The Shepherd Boy's Confidence. vs. 45-47.—What was David's reply? In what did the giant trust? What was David's confidence? What did he say the Lord would do? What would all men know from this? Why was David so sure the Lord would deliver him?

IV. The Champion's Defeat. vs. 48-51.—What did David then do? Describe the battle. What sword did David use? What afterward became of the sword? 1 Sam. 21: 9. What became of the Philistines after their champion's defeat? What giants have we to meet? How should we prepare to meet them? Eph. 6: 10-18. How may we overcome them?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Boastful words are vain and foolish.
2. Trust in God gives courage and strength.
3. With God's help even a boy can perform difficult duties.
4. There are many strong giants which we must overcome, or they will overcome us—our besetting sins, the allurements of the world, the temptation of Satan who goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.
5. If we would be victorious we must meet our enemies in the name and strength of the Lord, clad in the armor he gives, and with dependence on him; then we shall prevail, for the battle is his.

TWO SCENES.

It was only one of the usual signs to be frequently seen in front of a saloon, a specimen of the work done within and turned out upon the street as lost art—a poor, intoxicated man, with money gone, brains muddled, and the drunken stupor on. He had fallen down upon the sidewalk in a lump, like a huge piece of inanimate clay, but managed, after a few minutes, to draw himself into a doorway where he could lean against the side of the building. Soon his head drooped forward, and presently some boys coming from school with their books under their arms, espied him.

"Hello, here's a drunk," shouted one, as he crept up and gave him a sly, cruel kick. The man moved slightly, but soon fell back into the inebriate's temporary unconsciousness. A few jeers and gibes were uttered by the boys and then one, the same who had administered a kick to the helpless man, knocked off his hat, when, shouting loudly, they all ran away.

The hat rolled into the gutter, and the hot sun beat full upon the man's aching head and flushed face, now unprotected.

Two little girls came slowly along. One, the youngest, a wee mite of a child, evidently not more than four years old, hesitated, stopped, looked shyly around, picked up the hat, cautiously approached the man, and standing on tip-toe, reached out her tiny arm as far as possible so as not to approach too near, placed the hat quickly upon the man's head, and with a frightened glance backward, ran hastily off.

I wanted to take her into my arms and kiss her. "God bless her," I prayed; then said softly to myself: "Of such is the Kingdom of heaven." "Their angels do always behold the face of the Father which is in heaven."

—Bible Reader.

Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

THE BOY WAS "CHUCK FULL."

"I never think of what the Bible is to a man," says Rev. Sam Jones, "but what I think of a little boy. He was the good boy of the town, and all of the boys recognized him as a good, upright youth, and set their trap to get him drunk. They sent one of the shrewdest of the bad boys to him, and he met him on the street and said: 'Johnny, come into the saloon and have a mint ju'ep.' Johnny said, 'Oh no, I can't go in there.' 'Well, why?' 'Well my book says, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red,' much less drink it.'

The bad boy said: "I know the book says that, but come in and take one drink."

He replied, "I cannot do that."

"Well, why?"

"Because my book says, 'at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'"

"Yes I know the Bible says that, but come in and take one drink."

"No," he said, "my Bible says, 'When sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'"

The bad boy turned off and left, and went over to his companions, and they said: Did you see him?

"Yes."

"Did you get him to drink?"

"No, I could not get him into the saloon."

"Why?"

"Because," replied the bad boy, "that fellow was just as chuck full of the Bible as he could be, and I could not do anything with him."—*Sel.*

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