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

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.

Sabbath School Lessons.

April 16. JOB'S APPEAL TO GOD.

Lesson, Job 23 : 1-10. Golden Text, John 13 : 7.
Memory vs. 8-10. Catechism Q. 55.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Job 7 : 1-21. Job's Complaint.
T. Job 8 : 1-22. Bildad's First Address.
W. Job 9 : 1-35. Job's Reply.
Th. Job 14 : 1-22. Man Full of Trouble.
F. Job 19 : 1-29. My Redeemer Liveth.
S. Job 23 : 1-10. Job's Appeal to God.
S. John 13 : 1-17. "Thou Shalt Know Hereafter."

Our lesson passage to-day is the beginning of Job's reply to the words of Eliphaz in the preceding chapter. In it he justifies his complaints by the severity of his affliction, and declares that were he tried before God's tribunal, he would be justified by him (vs. 2-7); but God hides himself, though he knows Job's innocence, obedience and loving estimation of his word (vs. 8-16).

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Who is pronounced happy? What counsel is given? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Longing to find God*, vs. 1-5.—What did Job say of himself? How did he express his longing for God? Why did he thus long to find him? What would he then do? What did he wish to know?

II. *Confidence in God's Justice*, vs. 6, 7.—How did he express his confidence in God's justice? Who is meant by the *righteous* in vs. 7? What would follow God's decision in his favor?

III. *Assurance of God's Blessing*, vs. 8-10.—In what terms did Job describe his efforts to find God? How did he lament the failure of these efforts? Of what was he nevertheless assured?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Those who truly long to find God are diligent in searching after him.
2. Sometimes God hides himself from those who thus search after him.
3. But he is still their God and Saviour. Isa. 45 : 15.
4. In good time he will be found of all who truly seek him.
5. Trials purify piety and make it more bright and valuable, like gold tried in the fire.

JOB'S CONFESSION AND RESTORATION.

April 23.

Lesson, Job 42 : 1-10. Golden Text, Jas. 5 : 11
Memory vs. 5, 6. Catechism Q. 56.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Job 31 : 1-33. Elihu Reasons with Job.
T. Job 36 : 1-33. God Mighty.
W. Job 37 : 1-21. God Unsearchable.
Th. Job 38 : 1-41. The Lord out of the Whirlwind.
F. Job 4 : 1-14. Job Humbled.
S. Job 42 : 1-17. Job's Confession and Restoration.
S. James 5 : 1-20. The Patience of Job.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? How did Job express his longing to find God? What appeal did he desire to make to God? How did he declare his assurance of God's favor? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Job's Submission and Penitence*, vs. 1-6.—When the Lord had spoken, how did Job reply? What confession did he make? What prayer did he offer? How had he known God before? How did he know him now? In what terms did he declare his submission and penitence? How should a sense of sin affect us?

II. *Job's Friends Condemned*, vs. 7-9.—What did the Lord say to Eliphaz? Who were the three friends? Why was the Lord angry with them? What did he command them to do? Did they obey? What was the result? Meaning of the *Lord accepted Job*?

III. *Job's Restoration and Reward*, v. 10.—What did the Lord do for Job? Meaning of *turned the captivity of Job*? What did the Lord give him? What is said of his latter days? vs. 11-17. What does Paul say of God's providential care of those that love him? Rom. 8 : 28 ; 2 Cor. 4 : 17, 18.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The Lord is omnipotent, and we should be submissive when he puts forth his power.
2. We should be careful not to indulge in presumptuous thoughts and words about God.
3. We know nothing aright of God or ourselves until he makes it known to us.
4. Self-loathing is the companion of true repentance, Ezek. 6 : 9.
5. The Lord is a bountiful rewarder of his servants and a liberal repainer of their losses.

—
"Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee,—
Trust in God, and do the right."

+ + THE + +

Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

APRIL.

NO. 4.

LETTER FROM MISS KIRKPATRICK.

ONE OF OUR TEACHERS IN TRINIDAD.

San Fernando, 28th Dec, 1892.

DEAR Mrs. Clarke:—Just a year ago I was on the water bound for this Island.

On January 7th I landed and was ready to begin the school-work immediately after vacation which ended on the eighteenth.

Looking back, I wonder how I managed the work that day. One hundred and twenty-five pupils were present to see the "new teacher."

I remember that I undertook to write all the names, which I should certainly not do again, it being a task to spell them. I had then five assistants, all Indians with one exception, and of course these helped me out of my difficulties somewhat.

Each of these girls has had charge of one class and I have to oversee all, besides give particular instruction to two classes. We have two separate departments, the infants being downstairs and four classes above.

In the morning all assemble upstairs for drill and singing of hymns. We try to teach a new hymn every two weeks.

After singing we give a Bible lesson. But for this, two divisions are made and the head teacher in the Infant department takes hers to their own room, whilst I attend to all of the others.

We follow the Sabbath-school lessons; teaching all the text and having them read the lessons until they are familiar with the story.

On Monday morning all the older ones must have the lesson written in his own compo-

sition. This I find encourages them to attend and enables them to get clearer ideas of the subject. Many do not have Bibles in their own houses, and we have an idea of how clearly the truth has been presented by the manner of their writing.

Some of the children make good advance in their studies but some do not have a very good opportunity, being kept home too often. I have in mind, now, two brothers who are particularly bright at arithmetic (the general drawback with them) but who are regularly kept at home on Monday to *sell rum*. Now, they often get two days and a half each at their lessons, as they are kept more frequently as their usefulness increases. I often wonder at the interest they maintain in their studies notwithstanding the hindrances.

I am thankful they have no love for the business, but do it, as bidden. I wonder if a greater curse than rum exists on God's earth?

The number of girls in attendance at school is only about one-half that of the boys. Book learning is not considered necessary for them. Those who do attend receive instruction in sewing as well as from books.

The older girls made almost enough garments to clothe some poor children in one of our estate Sabbath-schools.

I enjoyed your letter very much. We hail letters with delight. I only regret that I cannot be more prompt in answering. Until one is actually into the work here you can scarcely imagine how many demands are made upon one's time.

Yours very truly

MARTHA KIRKPATRICK.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

Rutlam, 19th Jan., 1893.

DEAR MR. SCOTT,—

I HAVE come in from the city a little earlier this afternoon that I might get a letter off to the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

The marriage season, now upon us, with all its display and noise, you have had often described; you have heard too how their early marriages interfere with our school work.

Another thing that has been interfering with our girls' school here lately is an epidemic of measles. But we are likely to rally from the latter long before we shall from the former.

I am anxious to have as many of the little girls as possible learn to read and to have some knowledge of the gospel. Generally we have them for so short a time that there is little use attempting much more. When I find a Hindoo or Mohammedan woman or girl able to read I give her a copy of the New Testament, which I have been enabled to do through the gift of the Brookfield (N.S.) Mission band.

How the people here seem to delight in noise. This dreadful tom-tomming is enough to deafen one.

The other day I was in a house in which there was a parrot screeching, a puppy yelping, and two or three women indulging in very loud talking. After a while I succeeded in getting the yelping stopped, the parrot removed to another part of the room and the women quieted down. I then asked them why they spoke in such loud, almost screaming tones, that it was not pleasant to the ear, etc. (The people here, both men and women, generally speak this way.) They tried to defend it, saying among other things, "when you people are born you have not a big finger put down your throats by the nurse, hence you do not speak as we do!"

I am glad to say our native Christians generally are very different and speak in a quieter way.

A few weeks ago Mr. Campbell and I went out to a larger village or town of about 10,000,

some 16 or 18 miles from here, and had a very interesting time.

At our former visit about five years ago we had given in the Thakoor'e (Chief's) courtyard, a magic lantern exhibition to the women. Such a crowd of them we had and what a grand opportunity, in explaining the pictures, of going over to them some of the Bible stories and singing Bhajans (native hymns.)

During this last visit you can imagine how pleased we both were to find our former visit well remembered and to have the hymn singing, etc., again asked for. Our time was rather limited, but by their getting a number of women together in their own quarters, while Mr. Campbell had the men elsewhere, they greatly facilitated the work and enabled us to make known something of the gospel message to a goodly number of them, many of whom listened well.

The last days I was with them I had three such gatherings and found it hard to get away from them. They were anxious to know when we would come again, and seemed much pleased when I told them we hoped to before many weeks.

We have been much saddened and shocked at the death of the Rajah here, which occurred last Saturday morning. But of this you will hear more fully again. With our very kind regards and best wishes for the success of "THE CHILDREN'S RECORD,"

Yours sincerely, M. CAMPBELL.

Wasting Eggs. Mr. Annand writes.—Not long since the principal wife of one of our leading chiefs died. She was long ill. We used to send her eggs, of which she was fond. One day I saw her husband and asked him why they had not sent over for some more eggs. He replied, "What is the use Misi," she is going to die, it is only wasting your eggs. His idea was that her case was hopeless and it was wasting food to give it her as she would die anyway.

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of horrid cruelty." How much they need the Gospel to soften them.

BUYING BRIDES IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.

OUR missionary, Mr. Annand, writes that girls are betrothed and married very young in most of the islands. In some places the infant just beginning to toddle about, is spoken for. There are no old maids in the New Hebrides because none can refuse to marry there. The girls have no say in the matter.

What is the price of a girl? They are bought for so many pigs, and are passed over to the buyer, just as a horse or cow may be in Canada.

The selling price varies on different Islands. In Futuna where women are plentiful, even more numerous than men, they sell for one pig each, while on Santo, where pigs are plentiful and women scarce, a bride sells for as high as twenty pigs.

Should not the little girls of our Sabbath-schools and mission bands be thankful for the land they live in. Remember that it is the Gospel which has made our land free, and that same Gospel can raise these girls and women from being classed with pigs, and bought and sold like them, to their rightful place on earth and to heirship in heaven.

What are you doing to send the gospel to those who have it not.

A STORY FROM FORMOSA.

REV. Dr. Mackay, our senior missionary in Formosa, tells the following story to Mr. Hamilton Cassels, of Toronto, Convener of our F. M. Committee, showing wh the gospel did or one poor heathen woman. Scenes like this should encourage us in the work.—ED.

FORMOSA, TAMSUI, Dec., 1892.

MY DEAR MR. CASSELS,—

In 1872, twenty years ago, shortly after I first came here, a woman and two sons came from the country to my little Chinese dwelling, and heard and believed the Gospel.

In March, 1873, I established a chapel in their village and appointed A. Hoa, Rev. Giam Cheng Hoa, as preacher.

On 17th September, 1876, she was baptized,

being then hale and hearty though sixty-two years of age.

As time rolled on, from year to year she became a firm believer, consistent member and zealous worker, being indeed a true "mother in Israel."

Monday, 14th Nov., a little more than two weeks ago, I bade her farewell for the last time on this side of the river. On entering the room I inquired about her condition. She replied in a whisper, "We will meet in Heaven," then placed her hand to her heart and gazed upwards. Friends standing around sang

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes."

"Thank you, peace to you all" came softly from the dying Christian's lips as we retired.

Friday, four days later, a letter was handed to me from the Preacher there, containing seven words:—

"Last night 'Thah So' ascended to Heaven."

The next day I led the funeral procession a mile distant and saw her remains laid in the shallow house, as we sang

"For ever with the Lord."

A daughter, an elder's wife, told me, as follows, about her mother's departure from this land of sin and sorrow:—

"For two days she was quiet and silent, when, all at once the relatives were aroused by hearing the familiar voice in clear, strong tones sing

"I to the hills, etc.,"

and, immediately afterwards,

"For ever with the Lord"

to the verse beginning

"My Father's house on high."

A moment's pause and the following was heard in tones that hardly seemed earthly:—
"Heaven's gate is opened, a large white sedan chair is coming for me. Daughter don't call me again. I'm going, I'm going."

Thus an aged Christian in North Formosa passed into everlasting glory.

No more at this time, save "Bless the Lord all ye who love His glorious name. Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Yours sincerely,

G. L. MACKAY.

MRS. MORTON'S HOME FOR INDIAN GIRLS.

A LETTER FOR THE GIRLS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

OF this Home, Mrs. Merriman, a Nova Scotia lady, visiting Trinidad writes:—

“While at Dr. Morton's we saw much of Mrs. Morton's Girls' Home. And all who visit it must feel that it is doing a good work. Most of the girls are bright and intelligent. They are being trained in house and garden work and cooking, as well as in English, writing, and Scripture truth. They are being educated with a view to the work they will do among their own country women, either as wives of teachers or catechists.

They cook their own food, each girl taking a day in turn. I often watched them from our window, cooking their rice and tarkari. They use a great deal of coconut oil, which they burn before putting in the food, and I can tell you from experience it tastes much better than it smells.

They occupy the ground floor of the Manse and have a large dormitory and dressing room, much the same as the college students do in Shady Grove.

Every morning about half past five they come upstairs to read Hindi. About 6.30 they come in to family worship which Dr. Morton conducts much like a Bible class, asking questions on what he reads. They are well up in Bible History.

After worship the girls get coffee and then are divided around to house, garden, and school work, till breakfast time, 11 a.m.

Immediately after breakfast, Mrs. Morton goes down and gives a Bible lesson of an hour or so, then Miss Morton takes her turn, teaching them sewing, arithmetic, &c.

The girls are carefully trained. When Mrs. Morton asked me if the home was what I expected to find it, I told her, yes, except that I did not realize how much time and labor both she and Miss Morton gave to it.

‘Madam’ has many applications for her girls. Two of them were married from the home just before our visit. I told her that

her Ladies College far surpassed the one in Halifax, inasmuch as it not only provides the training and education, but the wedding and the man.

A NEW HEBRIDES CHRISTIAN.

REV. J. H. Laurie, missionary in Aneityum, where our own Dr. Geddie labored, tells how the Gospel can make bright the last hours of converts in the mission field as well as at home. He says:—

Nasauwai had been ailing for some time. I visited, read, and prayed with him on the Friday, and on the Sabbath day he quietly passed away, trusting firmly in the Lord Jesus as his only Saviour. “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out” was one of his favourite texts.

This man's wife, who is a good Christian woman, told me that when her husband felt that the end was near, he asked her to read for him a portion of Scripture. She opened the Bible and read in the native language a portion of John xiv.—“Let not your heart be troubled,” &c.

He then said, “Have you got another portion for me?” at which the good woman turned to Heb. iv. 9—“There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.”

Getting still weaker, he asked for yet another portion, as a pillow for a dying man. When she turned to Psalm cxvi. 15, and read, “Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.”

“That will do,” said he, and this ripe Christian feebly commended himself to God in prayer, and shortly afterwards breathed his last breath, a redeemed soul.

Although with a coloured skin and frizzly hair, yet was not this woman truly a ministering angel to her husband in his hour of need?

The apt portions she selected may be explained from the fact that she is a Christian convert of 32 years standing, and her whole library consists of the Hymn Collection, the Catechism, the Pilgrim's Progress, and the Holy Bible. They were both converted in Dr. Geddie's time.

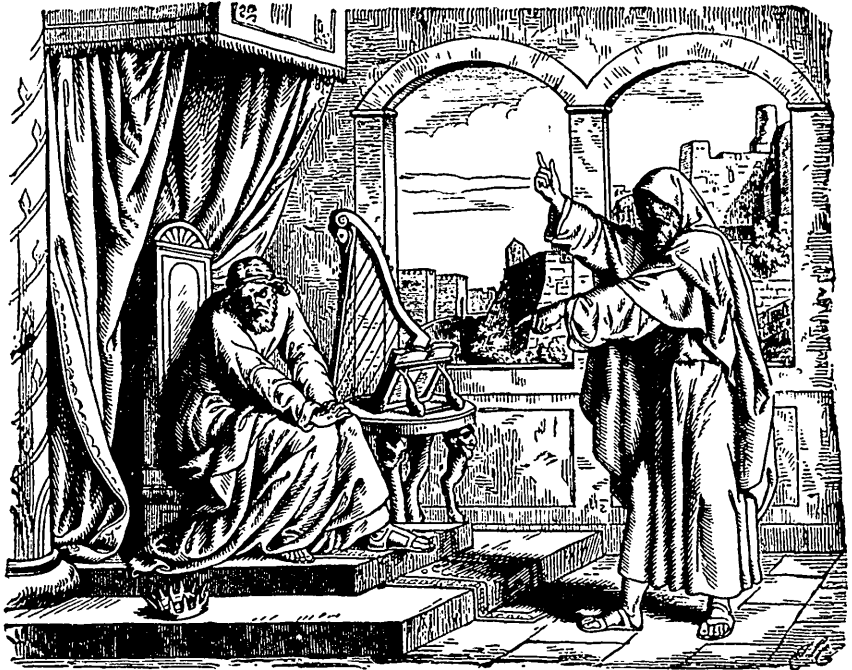
THOU ART THE MAN.

This picture tells a sad story. David the King, whom God had so highly favored, and who had done so much good, in earlier days, had fallen into great sin, and was living along in a self-satisfied way thinking little about it.

But God remembered it and sent the pro-

phet Nathan to bring the king to a sense of his guilt.

Note how carefully the prophet proceeds. He does not begin to storm at the king for his wrong-doing, but tells a story, picturing the wrong as if done by some other person, in order that the king may see the evil in its true light. David is indignant and pronounces



a heavy judgment upon the guilty one.

Now was the prophet's opportunity. "Thou art the man," said he. He did not need to condemn, the king had judged himself. His eyes are opened to see his guilt, and in the fifty-first psalm he cries for mercy.

Now for some lessons from the picture :

1. Though we may pass over and forget our wrong-doing God sees and remembers it.

2. Human nature is the same now as in David's time. We are liable to look at the faults of others and forget our own. Let us try to see ourselves as others see us, or still better, as God sees us. Let our prayer be "Lord shew me myself." This will make us more humble as we think of our own unworthiness, and more charitable and forgiving with regard to the shortcomings of others.

PUTTING OUT THE FIRES.

A SHORT SERMON FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out.—Prov.—xxvi. 20.

SOLOMON said a great many wise things, and although this little sentence teaches such a simple truth, it is none the less wise on that account. You know very well that if coals were not put on your fires during those frosty winter evenings which we sometimes have, the fires would soon go out, and you would be left in the cold. If the stoker of a railway engine did not keep up the furnace, there would not be much work for the driver.

Very likely some of you will say, "We don't need anyone to prove to us that a fire won't burn without fuel; any child knows that." Agreed; I hope you will say the same when you have read this short paper. First of all we will look at those fires to which we should not add fuel, and which we should allow to die out.

The last part of the verse from which we have taken our text reads thus: "So where there is no talebearer the strife ceaseth." Talebearing is a mean habit, yet how often do boys and girls tell wicked tales about their companions; when they do this, trouble is sure to follow. Both young and old are apt to see the dark side of a person—all his faults and little failings—and so eager are we to find out something against him that we are quite blind to his bright side, all his kind deeds and loving words. We always see his frown—never see his smile.

If we want to avoid strife and quarrelling let us also avoid talebearing. Remember that "it takes two to make a quarrel," in other words, one is the fire and the other is the fuel. If the fuel won't feed the fire, the fire won't burn.

Then there another fire which greatly troubles some people, and at times it gets so fierce that one almost thinks that it needs a good many fire engines to put it out. I mean "temper." When a boy gets into a temper his schoolfellows often tease him, and make him ten times wroth. That is fanning the flame, and piling wood on fire. How much better to leave the boy alone until the fire has gone out!

Another fire is "selfishness," and we can "keep up" this ourselves, by giving way to selfish habits, by always trying to please ourselves, and by never thinking of the comforts of others.

Another fire is "story-telling." When a girl stoops to falsehoods, she will find the fire within her gives forth such a heat that her friends won't feel comfortable near her, but if she checks the falsehood as it rises to her lips, and forces it back, then the fire would go out for want of fuel.

There is, also, the fire of "covetousness." You know that Commandment which says that we are not to covet anything which is our neighbour's, don't you? Well, how often do you think that Commandment is broken? How often do you break it? Those who have not wealth wish they had. They covet the splendid parks, the high-stepping horses and grand carriages, which belong to other people. Each time this is done a block of wood is added to the fire of covetousness. The rich folks are not always the happiest.

Boys and girls who live in fine houses sometimes treat their companions with contempt. They are thus feeding the fire of "pride" and "vain-glory." There is nothing to be despised more than that feeling which causes some people to look down upon their fellows as "inferior kind of animals." If there is any pride of this kind in our hearts, let us pluck it up by the roots and cast it from us. The love of Christ teaches us that we are all alike in the sight of the Almighty, and if the King makes no difference, surely it must be altogether out of place for one subject to say to another, "I am better than thou."

No doubt you will be able to find many more fires which it would be wise to put out. You can discover them for yourselves. I will just name one or two. The fire of "revenge." A boy is vexed with another boy, and says, "I'll pay him out." "He shall suffer for this." Day by day the wood is piled on the fire, until it suddenly gives vent to its fury, and then—well, sometimes the results are so sad that we don't like to speak of them.

We have met a few girls who seem to live only for the display of their "fine cloth...g." Have you ever seen a peacock strutting about the grounds of a park or pleasure garden? How vain and conceited he looks; and you cannot help thinking what a poor, foolish bird he is after all. Don't you see girls look almost as foolish at times?

But there are fires which should be kept up and even increased. This is the other side of the question, and it is a bright side too.

There is the fire of "knowledge," which glows more brightly as it is fed. This applies also to the fires of "purity," "usefulness," "self-denial," and many more. We can add very much to the "happiness" of others—perhaps their fire is low—kind deeds, loving words, true sympathy, are all blocks of wood which we can cast on the fire to make it burn more cheerfully. Very cheap kind of fuel this—is it not? Yet money cannot buy it, and, oh, how much good it can do!

I hope that have the best fire of all burning right in your heart, "the constraining love of Christ." If you have, feed it by obeying the commands of the Saviour, and by reading of Him in the Holy Book of God. Have you received the promise which He gave to his

disciples, "another comforter, even the Holy Spirit"? Does he dwell in the innermost recesses of your heart?—*Sel.*

A STRANGE BOOK.

LATELY I have been reading a very strange book. It is the strangest book that was ever published. Wherever it goes, it does strange things, and it has already gone into more regions, and to more people, than any other book.

Strangest of all, it has done its most wonderful work when it has gone to people who could not read, and who did not even have a written language. But this strange book has given them an alphabet; it has made them a written language, and has had itself translated into that language, and printed with their new alphabet, and then these people have sat down to study this book, which had done this strange thing to their old language.

This book has perhaps doubled the number of written languages in the world during the past eighty years. Whole tribes of savages and cannibals, who lived like animals fifty years ago, now wear clothes, and read this book. Is it not strange that a book should push itself around the world in this way, using a written language where it found one, or else creating one, and all to get itself read by every person in the world? No other book ever did such a thing.

But it was more than eighty years ago that the Bible—for that is the name of the book as every one must know—began this work of making languages and clothing savages. Fifteen hundred years ago, our own fore-fathers were as barbarous and ignorant as many of the tribes that the Bible is visiting to-day. They lived in the woods in the northern part of Europe, and all their lives were spent in fighting with the climate, and with one another. But this book went to them much in the same way that it is going to-day into other parts of the world, and although it did not have the art of printing to help it, and although our fore-fathers were obstinate heathen, yet after many centuries, we see that we, their children, are quite different in our habits, our thoughts, and our advantages.

But it does not take the whole Bible to do these strange things. The Bible is a big book, and so when it starts on its travels, it does not always go as a whole, but sometimes sends little parts of itself, and these do what is as wonderful as that which is done by the whole book.

What a wonderful book, how much it has done for our own and other nations.—*From a Leaflet.*

"WHAT IS PRAYING?"

CONVERSATION between two pupils in Wilmina Girls' School, Japan.

A (who came in as a boarder the day before, to B, who has been in school some months): "What kind of girls are those room-mates of mine? They seem to be just a little—well—queer! Are they not different from the other girls?"

B. "No, I think not. They are very nice girls. Why do you think they are queer?"

A. "Why, they are so strange. Last evening, just before we went to bed, suddenly they stopped talking, and, as if they had quarrelled, turned their backs to each other, and began to talk the strangest kind of words I ever heard. I tried to understand, but I could make nothing out of it. I began to think they were not just like other girls, so I did not ask anything about it. Now, I would like to know why they do that. Is it some kind of a study, or what is it?"

B. "Why, they were praying; that is all."

A. *Praying! What is praying?*"

B. (Not being a Christian herself, was a little puzzled by this straightforward question). "Praying is just—just talking to God and telling Him all about yourself."

A. "Well, I don't understand quite. I think I will just go and ask C.: she must know all about it, for she seems to be quite skilful in it."

(Goes back to her own room).

A. "Will you please tell me what you and D. were doing yesterday evening and this morning? B. calls it 'praying,' but I can't quite make out just what 'praying' is. I don't think B. knows much about it herself. You must *understand*, for you *do* it."

Then follows a long explanation of prayer.

A., listening intently, finally decides that prayer is a desirable accomplishment, and concludes by asking earnestly: "When I finish the preparatory class, may I pray too?"

Being assured that she may pray that very minute if she likes, she is delighted, and after that, morning and evening, in her child-like way, she prays to God of whom she never heard until a few days ago, and who will surely reveal Himself to her as He does not to the worldly-wise.

Do not think this story is imaginary. I assure you it all happened. The girl is not much more than a child in years, is indeed a very babe in worldly wisdom. She knows a great many things, but about God her mind is surely a blank. Pray that on it may soon be found an image of the true God.—*Missionary Record.*

AN EVENING SONG.

Through the pleasures of the day,
When I work or when I play,
Let me ever keep in view,
God is seeing all I do.
When the sun withdraws his light,
And I go to rest at night,
Let me never lay my head
On my soft and easy bed
Till I lift my heart in prayer
For my Heavenly Father's care;
Thanking him for all His love
Sent me from His throne above;
Praying Him, in love, to make
Me his child for Jesus' sake;
Safe to lead me through life's way
To the realms of endless day.

Child's Companion.

SHOPPING IN CHINA.



MISSIONARY in China tells how they do shopping in that far away land. Just opposite the missionary's house is a shop having the sign "Righteous Prosperity."

"The shopman sits straight and stiff behind the counter, just as if he does not want to sell anything; but then that is only their custom, because they fear to seem eager to do business, lest the customer should want to get things cheaper than usual.

"Have you any good locks? says the countryman.

"Come inside and see," is the reply, and in walks Mr. Plowman. A smart, obliging lad brings a cup of tea and a water-pipe to the guest, while some one hunts up the locks which have been asked for.

While drinking his tea the man asks the shopman, "How's business this year?"

"Ai yah! ai yah! there's no trade at all" — an answer one usually gets, because a Chinaman is loth to confess that he is doing well. But now the locks are handed out.

"Those are number one locks," says the discreet shopman. "Good locks."

"Ai yah! Why, I can get better than these anywhere," says the artful countryman.

"Now, what is the price of such a lock?"

"For that?" says the shopman; "now, I'll speak honest words. I can't take a cash less than two hundred for that lock."

"Two hundred *two hundred cash!* Why, I won't give you a half. Look here, I'll give you eighty cash."

"Eighty cash! says the shopman, with a sneer; "eighty cash! Ai yah! Why, it cost more than that to make it in Canton, and then it has to be brought all the way here. Come now, you must add a little: say a hundred and eighty," he says, in a coaxing tone.

"No," says Mr. Plowman. "I'll say ninety-

five and no more;" and with this, see, he begins to back out of the shop.

Now the shopman gets earnest. "Don't go; just add some more cash. You don't offer sufficient; give me a hundred and twenty."

"No," says he, in reply, "ninety-five;" and with that he steps into the street and begins to walk away. He goes, perhaps, ten yards, and then shouts, "I'll give you a hundred cash."

"No," shouts the reply; "one hundred and ten." To this offer there is no reply, and the countryman walks slowly away, half-listening for a further offer from the shopman.

Presently, when he is almost beyond hearing, the shopman shouts "Lai! lai!" (come, come), and the purchaser comes back all smiles; and the shopman bows politely, saying, "I am selling this lock at a dead loss;" but Mr. Countryman says, "Ai yah! you're getting rich fast," pays his hundred cash, takes the lock, and see how pleased he looks going away, thinking what a bargain he has made, while the artful shopman is rubbing his hands with glee because he has gotten five cash more out of Mr. Plowman than he could get from a city man.

Such trading as that needs the Gospel whether in China or Canada.

DISCHARGED FOR WILLIE'S SAKE.

A REAL STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

"At the armoury, yesterday morning," so says a Chicago paper, "when Justice Lyon opened his mail, he found the following letter written in a boyish hand:

"Jan. 21, 1893.—Judge Lyon—Kind Sir,—If my papa's case comes before you, will you please be easy with him, as my sister Lelia and I have no one to care for us. He is kind and good at all times. His only fault is drinking. Please oblige.—Willie Jordon."

When the case of O. S. Jordon, charged with disorderly conduct, was called, a bright-faced sunny-haired boy, not more than ten years old, who had been watching the faces of the prisoners as they were led into the dock, gave a cry of joy and rushed into the arms of the prisoner. Child and man wept, and there was a suspicion of moisture in other eyes when Justice Lyon inquired in a subdued tone what the defendant had been doing. "It was a simple case of drunk," replied Sergeant Ward. "Well, he's discharged this time for Willie's sake," said his honour, and Willie led his father from the dock. At the door leading from the court room the two were joined by the golden-haired Lelia, who wept for joy.

Did you ever thank God, young people, that your father was a sober man.

Let this touching story lead us to do what we can to put down the liquor traffic that makes so many young lives dark and sad.

A CHINESE BARROWMAN.

Look at him, with his intense earnest look, as though his whole soul as well as body were in the work, as, with a sail to help him, he dashes along. Remember this picture, and

you will be able the better to understand the letters from our missionaries when they tell us about going out on their journeys, sometimes for many days, preaching among the



villages, towns, and cities of China, taking with them a barrowman to carry food, clothing, tracts, books, etc.

The barrow is also often used for a carriage,

but its horse does not always trot or run as this one is doing. As horses with us, sometimes trot, sometimes walk, so do the barrowmen in China.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.



missionary in China tells of a Christian Chinaman whose wife was very bitterly opposed to the Gospel. He tried by every means to win her, but in vain. She refused to believe.

About two years ago, their little daughter, about twelve years old, went to school, where she learned to read the difficult Chinese character. When she came home in vacation she taught her younger sister, Lan-mei, to read and also taught her the catechism. While they were busy with their books, their mother was a silent listener and wondered to hear her own little girls reading and understanding those mysterious characters, which, she thought, no woman could ever learn. Finally she became intensely interested herself, and when her oldest daughter went back to school, she learned the catechism from Lan-mei. Her heart was won for Christ.

But all this was done on the sly. Her husband knew nothing of it. His prayers were already answered, but he knew it not. She was, perhaps, ashamed to tell him, because she had formerly opposed him so bitterly when he became a Christian. But she continued to learn from her little daughter, Lan-mei, for nearly a year before her husband knew it. Imagine, if you can, his joy when he learned that his wife would unite with him in attending service and worshipping the true God.

Says the missionary: "I arrived here last evening, and Lan-mei heard that I had come. I should have said that *Lan-mei* means 'beautiful lily.' She will surely be a beautiful flower in the Garden of the Lord. She has been the means of bringing her mother to Jesus."

"The process which I have described above is now going on in hundreds of families in this part of China. Chinese mothers are being brought to Christ by their little sons and daughters, who have been in our schools and studied Christian books and go home to tell what they have learned. How true and how beautiful are those precious words of Scripture, 'A little child shall lead them.'"

"GOD SO LOVED."

A woman in India, an old woman, hearing for the first time the blessed words in St. John's Gospel (iii: 16), said earnestly: "Put my finger on that and read it again, and read it slow." Then she said: "O, bring me a book like that and teach me how to read it. 'God so loved!' O, I will say it all the time until you come again."

Suppose we had lived, as that heathen woman, through a life of hard, cold toil and pain, without a glimmer of knowledge that

such a being as a loving God exists. Then suppose the message should come to us for the first time, that there is one God, a person; that he is good; that he cares for us, and truly loves us; loves us so much that he willingly gave his only Son to die that we might be lifted from the life of toil and pain, and from the sin which caused our misery, into a life of comfort, rest and purity. How wonderful the message would seem! It would be so exceedingly precious that we would linger over it, repeat it over and over again, and hold it to our hearts until its mighty comfort should be poured like oil and wine into every wound and want of our souls.

Then why not take the comfort of it now? Why should the sweet old story lose its power to cheer, to fill us with courage and patient faith, and incite us to faithful service in return for the great love wherewith he has loved us?

Let us "put our finger" on the words and read them slowly; let us pray the divine Teacher, the Holy Spirit, to teach us *how* to read, "*God so loved*," and then we may join in the Apostle's jubilant song: "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—*ScL*.

MORE FOOLISH THAN FISH.

When we were boys on the old farm we learned from a laborer how to capture fish without hook, spear, or net. We added to flour a certain production of India and made a dough; then we went to a neighboring creek, and following its course for half a mile or so, we threw, as we went along, small pieces of the dough into the places where we supposed there might be fish. The fish eagerly seized the adulterated stuff, but they soon found that it did not agree with them. By the time we returned from our tramp down stream, they had become perfectly crazy, darting wildly about on the surface of the water, or even rushing out of it on the land; in either case we had only to take them with our hands.

Now the brains of those fish were small, their intelligence of a low order. The food thrown to them had no suspicious appearance; they could not know that it would affect them injuriously, and make them act as if possessed by evil spirits. But what shall we say about some men? They claim to be intelligent beings, sound in mind; yet they indulge in drinks which are admitted to be harmful, which craze the brain, and lead to the commission of all sorts of folly and wickedness. Alas! for the weakness of human nature—*ScL*.

THE NEGLECTED LETTER.

The importance of present hours and present opportunities is often but little felt. To-morrow shall be as this day, and more abundant," is the fond dream of the idle, the indifferent, and the pleasure seeking soul. But how often sad surprises break in upon our mirth and ease, and blast our cherished hopes.

Many years ago, a Greek nobleman made a feast for his friends. In the midst of the festivities, a messenger entered in great haste with a letter. It was from a distance, and was sent to inform him that a plot had been formed by his enemies to *kill him that night.*

"My Lord," said the messenger, "my master desired me to say, that you must *read the letter without delay*; for it is about serious things."

"Serious things to-morrow," said the nobleman, as he threw the letter aside, and took up his cup of wine. The delay was fatal. Before the feast was at an end, his enemies rushed into the hall and slew him.

He neglected his last chance, and perished through his own folly. And are there not thousands who to-day are neglecting opportunities and disregarding warnings, who will mourn at last, when they are lost beyond remedy? To-day God sends his message to us. Oh, *read the letter to-day*, for "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

LETTING THE LIGHT SHINE.

A chaplain in the army during the American civil war, was passing over the field, when he saw a poor fellow that had been wounded, lying upon the ground. He happened to have his Bible under his arm, and he stooped down and said to the man: "Would you like me to read you something that is in the Bible?"

The wounded man said: "I am so thirsty, I would rather have a drink of water." The chaplain hurried off, and, as quickly as possible, brought the water.

After the man had drank the water, he said: "Could you lift my head and put something under it?" The chaplain removed his light overcoat, rolled it up, and tenderly lifting the head, put it as a pillow for the tired head to rest on.

"Now," said the man, "if I only had something over me. I am so cold." There was only one thing the chaplain could do, and that was to take off his coat and cover the cold man.

As he did so, the wounded man looked up in his face and said: "Oh, if there is any-

thing in that Book that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, let me hear it." There is a world of meaning in this incident. The need of to-day is the acting of object lessons the Book teaches. Young people you can love the Gospel and thus lead others to it.

SNAKE CATCHING IN INDIA.

A new industry has sprung up in Delhi, India. Some enterprising natives are taking advantage of the government offer of two annas for every snake killed, to trade on the old traditional tree and serpent worship. August 4th is the great serpent worshipping day, and every Tuesday the pipal tree is worshipped by Hindoo women. Taking advantage of the reverence paid to snakes, a large number of men have set to work catching these reptiles.

Then, taking them into the streets where pious Hindoos most abound, they announce that they are on their way to claim the reward, but that they are quite willing, for a *piece* or two more, to release the reptiles, and so save themselves from the sin of snake murder which their poverty would otherwise drive them to commit. The appeal is invariably successful.—*Selected.*

"GET AWAY FROM THE CROWD."

The following from Robert Burdette has been a source of help to some. I give it, thinking, perhaps, some other young man may get some good from it:—"Get away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain, from original sources, if you are really the manner of man people say you are; and if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at 11 o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday-School picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of a man your father hopes you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out from one of those private interviews, you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Tele-machus, and it will do you good."

WORK FOR LITTLE FOLLOWERS.

There's always work in plenty for little hands to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you ;
Little burdens you may lift, happy steps that you can take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort for the blessed Saviour's sake.

There's room for children's service in this busy world of ours ;
We need them as we need the birds and need the summer flowers ;
And their help at task and toiling, the Church of God may claim,
And gather little followers in Jesus' holy name.

There are words for little lips, sweetest words of hope and cheer—
They will have the spell of music for many a tired ear ;
Don't you wish your gentle words might lead souls to look above,
Finding rest and peace and guidance in the dear Redeemer's love?

There are orders meant for you,—swift and jubilant they ring.
O the bliss of being trusted on the errands of the King !
Fearless march in royal service : not an evil can befall
Those who do the gracious bidding, hasting at the Master's call.

There are songs which children only are glad enough to sing, —
Songs that are as full of sunshine as the sunniest hours of spring ;
Won't you sing them till our sorrows seem the easier to bear,
As we see how safe we're sheltered in our blessed Saviour's care?

Yes, there's always work in plenty for little ones to do,
Something waiting every day that none may try but you ;
Little burdens you may lift, little steps that you may take,
Heavy hearts that you may comfort, doing it for Jesus' sake.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SOMETHING THAT COULD NOT BE TOLD.



LITTLE Boy was born blind. At last an operation was performed; the light was let in slowly. When one day his mother led him out-of-doors, and uncovered his eyes, and for the first time he saw the sky and earth, 'O! mother!' he cried, 'Why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?'

"She burst into tears, and said, 'I *tried* to tell you, dear, but you could not understand me.'"

There are certain things which it is impossible to tell to certain people. We cannot explain music to a deaf man, and we cannot describe a landscape to a blind man; so we could not explain the higher mathematics to an uncultured savage who knew not how to count. Before any man can see he must have eyes, he must have the power of sight. All the light of heaven would be wasted on a blind man.

So the Apostle Paul, when commissioned for his work, was sent forth to the heathen world "to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." First, they must have eye sight; second they must have light, and then they must be persuaded to follow it and turn to God. Multitudes of people to-day fail to perceive, to understand, and to appreciate Divine truth, simply because they need *sight*.

There was One who could open the eyes of a man who was born blind, and He can open all blind eyes if we will but yield ourselves to Him, and pray as did the Psalmist, "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." He will give us sight, and then He will give us light. How many there are groping in darkness, and unable to see many things which are plainly written in the Word of God.

Let us pray God that we may have our eyes opened to see, our ears opened to hear, our understanding opened to comprehend, and our hearts opened to receive the wondrous words of grace which God has spoken.

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

April 30. WISDOM ; WARNING.

Lesson, Prov. 1:20-23. Golden Text. Heb. 12:25
Memory vs. 20-23. Catechism Q. 57.

HOME READINGS.

M. Proverbs 1:1-33....Wisdom's Warning.
T. Proverbs 2:1-22....The Giver of Wisdom.
W. 1 Cor. 1:18-31..... Christ the Wisdom of God.
Th. Proverbs 9:1-12....The Beginning of Wisdom.
F. Job 28:12-28.....The Value of Wisdom.
S. Matt. 7:13-27.....The Wise Builder.
S. Heb. 12:14-29.....Refuse not Him that Speaketh

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—Who wrote the book of Proverbs? What is meant by “wisdom” in this book? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Call of Wisdom*, vs. 20-23.—Where does wisdom utter her call? Why so publicly? Whom does she address? What does she call upon them to do? What promise is given to those who turn?

II. *The Rejection of Wisdom*, vs. 24-30 — What charge does wisdom bring against those whom she had called? What will be the punishment of those who thus reject the call of wisdom? How have we been called? What will be our punishment if we reject these calls?

III. *The Loss of Wisdom*, 31-33.—What four statements are made in verses 31 and 32? What solemn question is asked in Matthew 16:26? What two blessings are promised those who hear wisdom's call?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The Lord calls upon us all to forsake evil ways and walk in right paths.
2. Those who refuse his calls are foolish as well as wicked.
3. The time will come when he will no longer call.
4. Those who turn away from God destroy their own souls.
5. Those who hearken to his calls shall be quiet from the fear of evil.

“O sir,” said a mother in China, who was telling the missionary of the happy death of her Christian daughter, “O sir, the grave has become a new place since Jesus came to our village.” Many more are still without that blessed hope.

May 7. THE VALUE OF WISDOM.

Lesson, Prov. 3; 11-24. Golden Text Prov. 3:5.
Memory vs. 13-17. Catechism Q. 58.

HOME READINGS.

M. Proverbs 3:1-24....The Value of Wisdom.
T. Proverbs 6:6-22....Honest Industry.
W. Proverbs 8:1-21....The Excellency of Wisdom.
Th. Proverbs 8:22-36....The Eternity of Wisdom.
F. Psalm 1:1-6 The Wise and the Foolish Contrasted.
S. Psalm 119:1-16....The Reward of Uprightness.
S. Matt. 13:44-52....The Pearl of Great Price.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? What call did wisdom make? What did she promise to those who hearkened to her warning? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Riches and Honor*, vs. 11-15.—How are we to receive affliction? Of what is correction or chastening an evidence? Why does God afflict his children? Heb. 12:11. Who is pronounced happy? Why is wisdom or true piety better than earthly riches?

II. *Ways of Pleasantness*, vs. 16-20.—What blessings does true wisdom give? How do sinful causes often shorten life? How do they affect character and property? How are wisdom's ways described? What is said of wisdom in verse 18? Explain verses 19 and 20.

III. *Life to the Soul*, vs. 21-24.—What counsel is given in verse 21? What do you understand by *wisdom* and *discretion*? What blessings will they secure? What is promised in verse 23? In verse 24? What does the apostle say of godliness? 1 Tim. 4:8; 6:6.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should be submissive and patient under trials.
2. Religion is more to be desired than any earthly good.
3. Without it, though we may be rich in worldly goods, we will be found poor at last.
4. We should seek this best of all possessions in the very morning of life.
5. Ask of God, and he will give you heavenly wisdom.—*Westminster Question Book.*

A chaplain once asked the Duke of Wellington whether we ought to take the gospel to the Hindoos. The old duke, every inch a soldier, asked, “What are your marching orders?” The chaplain replied, “Go ye into all the world and make disciples of all nations.” “Then,” said the duke, “obey your orders.”

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING.



On a bright day, not long ago, two men who, forty years before had been friends and classmates at Harvard, met under the elms of Boston Common, and passed each other without recognition.

Mr. A — went down Beacon Street, and entered a stately house in which a famous literary club met that afternoon. They discussed the hackneyed question, "Is life worth living?" Mr. A— read a paper, which, in a cynical, indifferent way, proved to the satisfaction of his hearers that it was not worth anything.

He was a slight man, with a keen, intellectual face. In his native State he was well known for his wealth, his learning, and his high social position. All the resources from which affluence and brilliancy and power can be forced into a man's career had been within his reach since boyhood; but his face bore no other record than that of a sickly refinement and weary discontent, and when he pronounced human life a failure, his hearers knew that he gave the honest verdict of his sixty years.

It did not occur to them that they had been sixty useless years; sixty years in which the intellect had grown diseased from self-absorption, and the heart had withered like an unfruitful plant.

The other old man, in his patched shoes and coarse coat, crossed the Common with a swift, energetic step, and entered Tremont Temple. There was a meeting there of delegates from the mission fields of the far West.

He came to report the progress of civilization and Christianity along the wonderful Columbia River, on Puget Sound, in the valleys of the Frazer, whose mountain walls rival the Alps, in the ports of Alaska, and in the fog bound islands of the Pacific.

He was a tall, powerfully built man, his hair as white as snow. His rugged face bore marks left by self denial and severe privations, but through it shone the light of a lofty purpose and a high faith.

"That man," said a by-stander, "chose,

forty years ago, to give up the agreeable associations which he would have enjoyed in New England, to do God's work on the Western frontier. His salary has never been more than three hundred dollars a year. But he understands the importance of his work.

"The political future of our nation lies largely in the development of the great Western empire, and he with hundreds of other obscure martyrs, has given his life to found the new towns and future cities of our Western world upon Christian principles."

When the perils which he had met, and the hardships which had ground down his life from youth to old age, were described by one of the speakers who introduced him to the audience, he answered cheerfully that they had only fitted him the better for his work. His voice rose like a trumpet as he told of great provinces yet to be civilized, and of masses of men, Indians, Chinese, negroes, and corrupt whites, but all his brothers, needing, and some of them waiting, to be told of Christ.

That evening a friend met him hurrying to the station. "What going back to your work again?" he exclaimed. "After forty years' absence you ought to give a few days to your friends, and to rest in your native New England."

"I have not time," he said, smiling, "I am an old man, and there is so much to do!"

An hour later he sat in the train, rushing toward the setting sun. As he thought of the vast provinces in the West, filled with tribes of men from every quarter of the globe, waiting to hear the message of hope and cheer which he had to bring, the blood throbbed in his old body, and his eyes glowed with joy.

"Dear Saviour!" he whispered, "I thank thee that I have still a little more life for this work which thou hast given me to do."

So these two men went each his way. One was like a noble ship aground on a desert coast, its sails hanging idle in the sun, its hull crumbling to dust, unused and worthless.

The other was happy and eager in his work, his influence a blessing and a benison in every community in which he had lived.

Can the story of these men help the young to decide whether life is worth living?—Sel.