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Children's Record

◀ AUGUST, 1897 ▶

A WISE SON

MAKETH

A GLAD FATHER.



LETTER FOR YOU FROM INDIA.

FROM MISS JESSIE WEIR.

UJJAIN CENTRAL INDIA.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

I am sure you would all like to hear about a little group of blind children who are taught in one of Miss Jamieson's schools in Ujjain. There are seven in all, one girl and six boys.

About a year and a half ago, a little girl brought a blind boy, a friend of hers, to school one morning. He was a very bright lad, for even that first day he learned all the commandments, part of a hymn, and that verse which is one of the first the boys and girls learn here, and which we all like so much, "For God so loved the world"

Miss Jamieson asked Yee-kim, for that was his name, to come to school again. That was the beginning of Miss Jamieson's work for the blind,—a work she enjoys so much, and which is doing a great deal to brighten the lives of some of these helpless, neglected children.

Yee-kim liked the school so well that at the end of three weeks, he brought another blind boy to school. This boy lives with his grandmother, a very old woman. She is called by the ignorant people of this land, a "holy woman." She spends most of her time in the temple, worshipping their gods, and begs for her living. This boy had been well taught about his own religion, so knows a great deal more about Hinduism than most boys of his age.

While Miss Jamieson was teaching the girls, Yee-kim took great delight in teaching the new boy the verses which he himself had been taught. Yee-kim says he wants to be a teacher, and I think he will be some day.

Now that Miss Jamieson had two blind scholars, she sent for books, printed in the type for the blind. She succeeded in getting the Gospels of Matthew and John. Both of the two boys now read quite readily. They seem to understand what

they read, and often have long talks about the Bible stories.

Yee-kim often sits in the shop in front of his home and reads from the Gospels to those who gather around to listen.

Besides reading, they have had lessons in geography, and they are very quick at mental arithmetic.

Both are very fond of memorizing. Yee-kim knows by heart the Sermon on the Mount, the story of the ten lepers, Christ feeding the five thousand, and many other Bible stories.

We believe that what he has learned is having an influence on his life. He tells Miss Jamieson that he never eats his food now without first giving thanks as Christ did. He says he prays every day and asks God to pardon his sins. When asked what some of his sins were, he said that he got angry with the other blind boy, and said bad words to some boys on the street who had vexed him.

The second lad is a very thoughtful boy. He is beginning to think that the gods of his people can do nothing to help him.

He had been told that if he prayed to Ram his blindness would be cured. One morning he came late to school. When Miss Jamieson asked him why he was so late he told her that he had been praying to Ram for a long time to cure his blindness, but that he had not done anything to help him yet, so he had cried so much the night before that when morning came he could not wake.

You may be sure that Miss Jamieson told him that their gods could never give him sight, but how glad she was to be able to tell him that although he would never be able to see in this world, yet if he loved and trusted Jesus he would some day be able to see in the beautiful home Jesus has prepared for those who love him. This was a great comfort to this poor blind boy, so now he loves to think and talk of heaven, where he will be able to see like other boys.

One day he came to school with a very happy face, as if he had good news to tell. It was this. The night before he had a dream. He dreamed he was in heaven. It was a beautiful place, and Jesus was there. But the strangest part of it was this,—he walked around and looked at all the beautiful sights, and no one told him to get out of the way. You know the poor blind children in India are not cared for so tenderly as in the country in which you live.

You have all heard about the famine in India and of the many children who cannot get enough to eat. A lady from another mission, some months ago, was passing through Ujjain with a large number of these children.

Among them was a little blind girl. The lady said she did not know what to do with this little girl, being blind she was a great care. Miss Jamieson offered to take her, so the lady gladly gave her over. So this little girl was the third to be added to the blind class. She is very happy in her new home.

Not long after the little girl came a missionary of the Friends' Mission, who had heard that Miss Jamieson taught blind children, wrote telling her that he had three blind boys, but no way of teaching them, and asked if she would not take charge of them.

Miss Jamieson thought that this was surely a call from the Master to care for and teach these helpless boys, so she decided to send for them and support them herself. She is now supporting four of the blind children,—these three boys and the little girl.

These boys seem very grateful for the kindness shown to them. After getting nicely settled in their new home, one of them suggested that a letter be sent to the mission from which they came. "Because," he said, "they were very kind to us there, and they will think we are very ungrateful

if we do not let them know how we are getting along now."

Just a short time ago a blind Brahmin boy living in Ujjain started to attend the mission school. He makes the seventh in our little group.

Another one is expected to attend soon and no doubt there are many more blind boys and girls in the city of Ujjain whose lives would be made much brighter could they hear of the Saviour, who loves blind children as well as others.

Are you not glad that this little group is being cared for and taught about Jesus? Will you not pray that each one of them may learn to love Jesus and trust in him instead of in idols of wood and stone?

Your friend,

Jessie Weir.



Miss Jessie Weir, of Ujjain, C.I.

A MISSIONARY STORY.

Robbie, Grace and Mrs. Arnot seated themselves in a circle around Mrs. Espeville, and the children cried as if in one voice: "Grandmother, we are all ready for the story."

"Let me tell you," said grandma, "about Krishna, a very popular god in India, and the cruel custom of child-marriage in that far-off country."

"India is the home of teeming millions who have never heard the story of the cross or felt the influence of the blessed gospel. The population of India is said to be ten times that of England, and one-fifth that of the entire globe."

"In the rich agricultural districts more than nine hundred people live to the square mile, and the general average for the whole country is said to be over five hundred inhabitants to the square mile. The land is very productive and the people raise almost all kinds of vegetables and fruits, wheat, rice, cotton, coffee and tea."

"Now, these people have a god for almost everything, and it is thought that they have more gods than any other heathen nation in the world. The people worship this or that god according to their various wants."

"Krishna is the favored god of the women and his divine favor is continually sought. He is also the god of the children, and the mothers tell their children many little incidents about his early childhood."

"Krishna, when a boy, was a very mischievous little fellow, and his mother is said to have lived on a farm and kept a large number of cows for butter-making. He was in the habit of going into the dairy and would meddle with the milk and butter. At last he became so annoying that his mother was compelled to lock the door of the dairy to keep him out."

"But one day she was very busy at work in the dairy and forgot to lock the door, and Krishna, her dear little son, crawled in unobserved and went into one of the compartments. After sticking his hand into the butter, he came out with a large quantity of it in his little hand, and, crawling on his hand and knees to his mother's side, he held up his hand and cried, 'See, mother, what I have got.' A little brass statue, representing this act of Krishna, has been cast."

"The children and women lead a wretched life, and the one hundred and forty mil-

lions of women in India have few rights and privileges. As soon as a girl is born she is betrothed by her parents to some man, and only remains at her own home until her espoused comes and claims her as his wife."

"If I were a native girl would I be compelled to marry and leave home?" interrupted Grace.

"Yes, my dear, and probably our little smiling Helen," replied their thoughtful Christian mother; "since they are often compelled to marry at the age of ten, and even younger."

Little Helen shuddered at the dreadful thought and tightened her hold upon grandmother as if for protection.

"But," continued grandmother, "the wise teachings and the noble example of Jesus of Nazareth have broken down the barriers of oppression and prejudice against women, and has placed her on her present level in the Christian world. Yes, children, we owe a great debt to Jesus."

After a few moments of silence in which all were busily engaged with their own thoughts, Robbie said, "Grandmother, please, don't stop!"

"When once married she becomes the property of her husband, and is under the direct control of her mother-in-law. If her husband should happen to die and she be left a childless widow, then she is looked upon as being cursed by the gods, and is forever disgraced in the sight of the people. Henceforth her life is fit only for abuses and persecutions."

"Sometimes the cruel parents shut these helpless child-widows in monasteries, or hire them out as servants for a paltry trifle, or sell them to wicked men. After they are broken down in health and will bring in no more revenue, they are often turned out in the streets to beg for their living, or starve to death. Such are the fruits of their religion."

"But, grandmother," said Robbie, "is there no help for these poor, unfortunate women?" "And is there nothing to change their condition in life?" anxiously asked Grace.

"I am glad to say there are hopes and a change is gradually coming over India," replied their grandmother. "Christianity is spreading and is doing a great work among the people in establishing schools and educating them. Our missionaries are pointing the people to the cross and the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."—*Pres. Banner.*

A LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

BY REV. DR. MORTON.

Tunapuna, Trinidad.

Dear young Friends:—

Some time ago I wrote a letter to the boys and girls of *The Presbyterian Witness*. What the boys and girls thought of it, I do not know; but I heard of two grandmothers who read it together with pleasure. This is encouraging. I will now therefore write to the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

The heathen have books called the Story of Ram, the Story of Krisn, etc., and we have an excellent book called the Story of Jesus. There are 105 pages of pictures in it, one for every page of print.

I lately examined a class of children at an out-station. The first picture was the Prodigal Son, and I will tell you some of the things they said. "That is the boy who ran away from his father." "He took everything he could get." "He behaved very badly," "yes, he at last eat pig's flesh," said a Mohammedan boy. "No," said another, "not pigs' flesh, but pigs' meat." "And he was so hungry. And he said, 'I will arise.'" "To whom was he speaking?" I asked. "To hisself. He said to hisself, 'Oh, how much to eat there is in my father's house, and I am so hungry.'" "What was the good of speaking to himself?" "It made him think and make up his mind." The chief speaker was a Mohammedan lad of about 12 years.

The new lesson was the Parable of the Excuses. As I told them of the land owner excusing himself because he must go to see his new piece of land, and the farmer because he must try his new oxen, and the young man because he had married a wife, the Mohammedan boy kept saying, "exactly—exactly—just so."

I then asked if people made excuses now when asked to come to Sunday-school or church. "Oh yes, plenty." Tell me some of these excuses. Here are some of them as given by the boys:—"I must get a bun-

dle of grass for the cow." "Don't you see I am going to the river to bathe?" "I must cook rice." "My feel is not good."

English is spreading with great rapidity among the young people, but it is not always quite correct.

Your friend,

John Morton.



Rev. Dr. Morton, Trinidad.

To make the missionary letters seem more real, you have in this Record not merely the names of the writers, but their pictures. As you read the letters try and fancy the pictures speaking to you. You can reply to them by doing more and praying more for the missions and missionaries. It cheers them much when they are discouraged to know that young people are praying for them.

WHAT I SAW IN FORMOSA.

BY A MISSIONARY.

One of our own mission fields is in the northern part of the large island of Formosa. The Presbyterian Church of England has a mission in the southern part of the island. The following story of what he saw is from one of their medical missionaries to the young people of his church, in the *Messenger for the Children*. In reading it remember that the people of whom he tells are just like those in our own mission field.

One day, after hospital work was done, a messenger came to the mission compound house to ask if the "foreign doctor" would go to see a man who was very ill. I started at once, and arrived at the house almost as soon as the messenger. It was a small Chinese cottage surrounded by a little garden plot through which a pathway led from the wicket gate to the door.

As soon as I came to the door I knew that the people in the house were heathen; for on a couple of benches which had been placed just outside the doorway were rows of plates and bowls, each dish containing some kind of food—eggs, fish, pork, pig-skin, sharks' fins, and other Chinese delicacies. They were there as offerings to the spirits which the Chinese imagine are flying about in the air in great numbers. The food was to appease evil spirits who might be hovering about the house. The Chinese believe that there is nothing like a good meal for putting an evil spirit into a good humor and keeping him out of mischief. I had seen this often before.

Passing these tables of sacrifice, I went into the house. The first door opened directly in to the room in which lay the sick man. I had apparently come sooner than the friends expected, for to my great surprise I found another doctor at work. But his methods were very different from mine. If you were to meet him some day in the street you would never guess that he was a doctor.

To begin with, he was a Taoist priest—and a very dirty one. He was wearing a shabby old gown which hung from his shoulders to his heels. On his head there was a kind of skull-cap, which was very dirty, too, and through a hole in the top there cropped out a tuft of hair which was covered by a kind of light wicker frame, also very dirty. Altogether, he was not a pleasant doctor to look at, and had pro-

bably never used Pears' soap in his life. But in China, where there is so much dirt, these things are not noticed.

When I entered the room he was busy over the sick man trying to cure him. In China when a man becomes ill, his illness is often thought to be due to evil spirits which are supposed to have got inside him, and being very comfortable, are unwilling to come out, no matter how miserable they make the poor man. So the friends say: "Let us get a priest to drive out the evil spirits from our dear friend"—and they bargain with one of these priest-doctors until a sum is fixed for which the priest undertakes to drive out the evil spirits.

Some such arrangement had been made in the case of the sick man whom I had come to see, and the priest had just begun his work. The fact that I had come into the room did not disturb him one whit. Bending over the poor man who was lying so ill, all huddled up on a bed in the little dimly dark room, he began to mumble some jargon—very likely he did not himself understand what he was saying, for these priests often gabble away in an old language of which they cannot understand one single word.

Then, still mumbling, he took up a whip and with one end of the handle touched the patient's forehead, both his shoulders, and his chest. After doing this a few times he laid aside the whip and took up a hand-bell, and holding it in a peculiar way rang it three or four times, chanting the while in a very weird tone.

After a little he seemed to think that the bell had done its work, for he laid it down, and grasping an old pewter horn, with a bit of red rag hanging from it for good luck, he prepared to blow it. He put it to his lips in front, but didn't blow.

Then he screwed up his face until it looked as if his mouth and nose and eyes were all joining into one somewhere up near his cap. He then jerked the horn round until he got the mouthpiece to the right side of his lips, and blew. His object was to terrify the evil spirits.

I should think if there had been any within hearing of that horn they would most certainly have got away as speedily as possible, for he made a horrible noise. Our friend, however, wished to be very thorough in his work, for he continued to rattle and screw up his face and blow his horn until he had had enough of it, to say nothing of the poor sufferer in the bed.

Then came a curious scene. Once more he caught up his whip, and unfurling the lash he flung it out and began to use it with great energy—not, I am glad to say, on the sick man, but on the spirits which he pretended to see running about the room after they had come out of the patient. Up and down and round the room he went, peering into every dark nook and crannie, whip, whip, whipping as he went, scolding and growling at the spirits. At last he seemed satisfied that he had whipped them all to the door and out of the house, for he gradually disappeared from the room, and left me to have *my* turn.

It was little I could do for the fever-stricken, almost dying man; he was beyond all human help. Having done that little, I left him. I thought I had seen the last of the doctor-priest; but not so, for I found him in the garden near the gate sprinkling rice on a small fire which he had kindled. Again the mumbling and the jargon, and once more the whip. Along the fence to the right, along the fence to the left, down the pathway to the gate, round and round he went, whip, whip, whipping as before, chasing the imaginary evil spirits, and bidding them come no more near that spot.

Finally, he went back to the fire, and sprinkling thereon a last dole of rice, completed his rites.

For a moment we stood, he silently watching the fire, while I was watching him. Then he raised his eyelids, and our eyes met. I know what my thoughts were; I would have given a trifle to have known his.

Some months later I obtained from the collection of the late Mr. Thow—whom we all missed so keenly when he was taken from us and the work he loved so well—a complete set of the spirit-expelling apparatus. The old and much tattered and torn book gives instruction in the arts of magic, such as the art of choosing lucky sites for graves, of fortune-telling, of charm-choosing, and the like. Such books cannot be bought, and are difficult to obtain, as a magician would sooner lose all his other earthly possessions than part with his book of instructions. They are hand-written, and are transmitted from one generation to another. The whip has a long, plaited lash and a short handle, on which are carved mystic signs.

Can you remember any allusion to magic in the book of Acts? If you cannot, search until you find it. Ask God that He will

grant that what happened in Ephesus may speedily come to pass in China. But work as well as pray.

The poor sick man died a short time after the scene which I have described to you. He is now beyond your help. Are you doing anything for those whom you still *can* help?"

SAMPLE OF WORK DONE INSIDE.

One of my friends was one day passing a gin-shop in Manchester, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money had gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and, entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"O, you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

The sheet of paper was soon procured.

"Now, will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, whatever are you going to do,"

"You shall see presently."

He then quickly printed in large letters: "Specimen of the work done inside!" He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired to a short distance. In a few moments several passers-by stopped, and read aloud: "Specimen of the work done inside." In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and the laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice, "Who did this?"

"Which?" asked my friend, who had now joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the man, you did that! This morning, when he arose, he was sober; when he walked down the street, on his way to work, he was sober; when he went into your gin-shop he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?"—*Sel.*

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

WHAT HEATHEN CHILDREN SUFFER.

The goddess Kali is worshipped by many in India. The people think her very cruel and try to please her by making themselves suffer.

This used to be done by hook-swinging. A long beam like a well pole had iron hooks fastened to it. These were thrust through the muscles of a man's back. The other end of the pole was pulled down. He was lifted high in the air by these hooks, and was then thought to be a very holy man.

The British Government has forbidden this practice in India, but a less cruel form of it is still carried on, and now men are swung by ropes fastened under their arms. The pole is fastened at the top of a carriage or car, built high, and while they are swinging in the air the car is dragged by a great rope round and round the temple. The noise and shouting the people make is something dreadful to hear.

A missionary who was at the place when this heathen ceremony was going on says, "But there is something worse. Whilst the men are swinging, the end of the long pole is lowered by the rope till the man touches the ground, and *infants* are placed in the man's hands, and man and child again swing away up in the air. The child is terrified in the air, and the mother equally frightened below, but the musicians beat the native drums, and the people shout, so that the child and mother cry in vain. All this is supposed to please the goddess. The time I was there about twenty children were swung; and as a heavy thunder-storm came on at the time, you can imagine how the babies must have been frightened.

Another practice is this. Children are taken and silver wires are run through the flesh below the arms (just as a surgeon fastens gaping wounds with stitches); the ends of the wires are then taken hold of by men, and the poor, suffering children are driven round and round the temple. The musicians and the shouting drown all their cries. Quite a number of children were thus being tortured when I was there. Sometimes the needles used for fastening in the wires break, and this adds much to the pain. Is it not terrible to think that all this should be done in the name of religion?

There was an ugly idol there presiding people kept coming and prostrating themselves over these horrible ceremonies, and the

selves before it and giving money to the priests. I am sure the children at home will not cease to pray that such idolatrous, cruel practices as these are may soon cease to exist, and that both the parents and the children may learn of the love and pity of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and who took them up in His arms and blessed them.

STORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Among the many stories now being circulated about Col. John Hay, the new American ambassador to England, is one of the time when he was secretary to President Lincoln.

At one time a public man of some note behaved himself very offensively toward the President. John Hay, his private secretary, was indignant about it. He said he would like to write the public man a letter giving him a piece of his mind.

"That's right," said Lincoln, "go ahead and write just what you think."

Hay went and wrote the letter. It was a masterpiece of sarcasm and sting. When he had finished it he felt better, much better. He carried the letter to the President.

"Good," said Mr. Lincoln, "that will fix him."

"It will get to him to-morrow morning," said Hay, "and then we will see what he will say in reply."

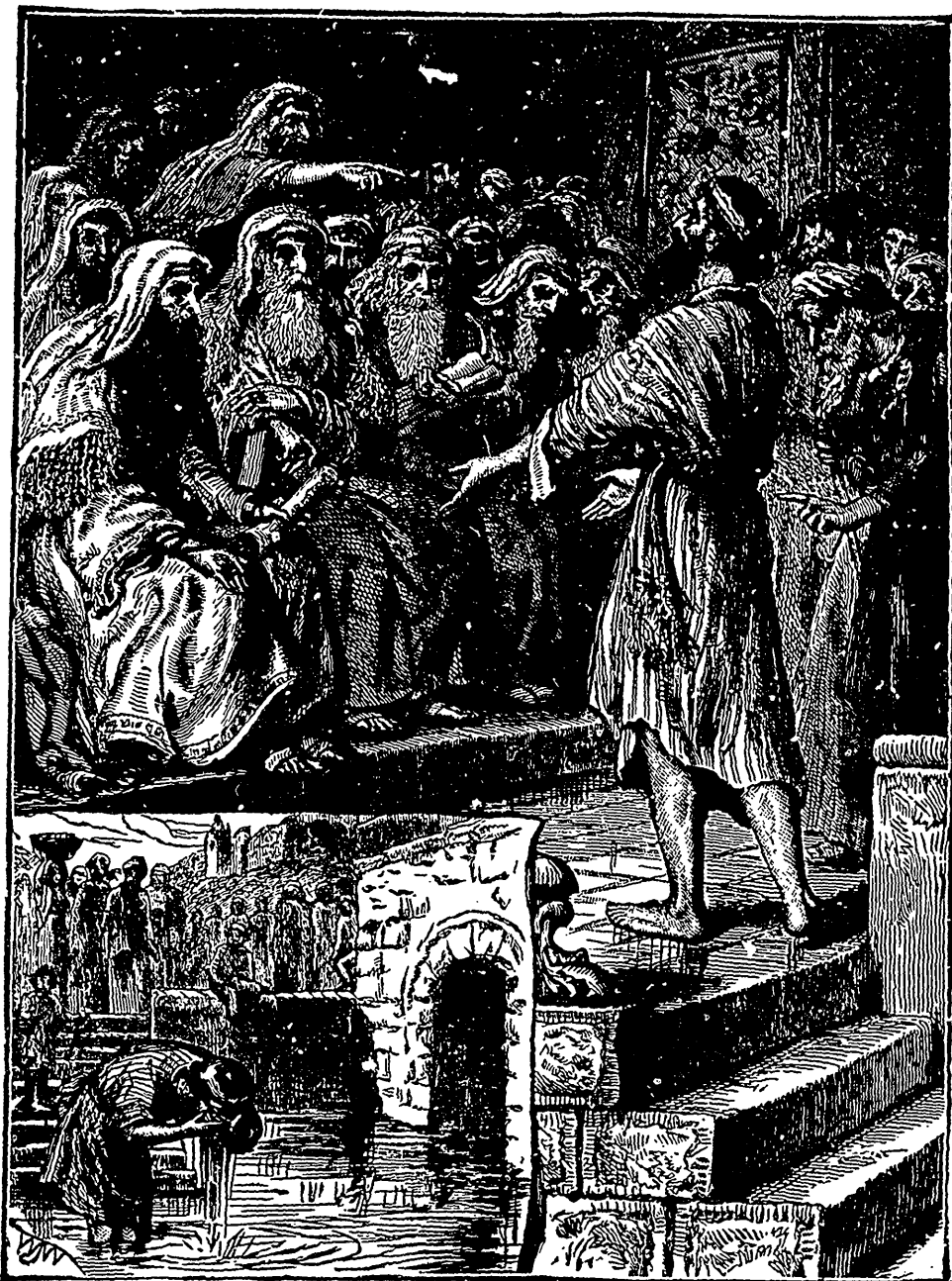
The President looked at him with a twinkle in his eye.

"My boy," said he, "you don't want to mail that letter. I wanted you to write that all out because it would ease your feelings, but there is no use in sending it. You will only make him mad and you won't do yourself or the Administration any good."

It happened on another occasion that some petty office-holder thought he could make himself famous by attacking the Government. Somebody asked Lincoln what he was going to do about it. Lincoln replied by a story:

"My father," said he, "had a little dog which used to go out every night and bark at the moon. And what do you think happened? Why, the moon just sailed right along."

And the petty little office-holder continued his bow-wowing and ki-yi-ing till he was tired. Lincoln sailed right along.—*Sci.*



What Scripture Story of a Blind Man is told in the two pictures on this page ?

THE "BOYS' BRIGADE" AND BILLY'S SPEECH.

All of the boys, with one exception, who belong to the "Boys' Brigade," of Englewood, had fine uniforms, of which they were justly proud. That one exception was William Duncan, familiarly called "Billy." Of course, it was poverty that prevented Billy from having a blue suit with brass buttons.

Billy's father was a drunkard. Billy's mother was a woman of strong character. It was a mystery to many how she could keep up her courage amidst such surroundings, but she realized that her children's future depended, in a great measure, upon their home and their mother. Consequently the home was as pleasant as it was possible to make any home where a drunkard lives. When the latter was absent as he was most of the time, mother and children had happy hours together.

Billy was his mother's right hand man. If it had not been for his industry and devotion the wolf would have entered their door long ago. He found many a paying job. He had been obliged to give up school to keep the domestic wheel moving.

Times were hard, so Billy had no regular work, but still earned many an honest penny. He cut kindlings for several families, getting the wood at a cheap rate from a lumber yard in the vicinity; selling it by the barrelful. He often delivered meat for the butchers and groceries for the dealers. Sometimes he carried papers, distributing them at the doors of subscribers. So in one way and another Billy provided for the dear ones at home, mother and sister Besie and baby Carl, aged three. Sometimes the father bought a few provisions for the family, but he could not be depended on.

When the Boys' Brigade met at Harry Thorin's house to talk over the proposed celebration, Billy was present.

"We might have a parade to begin with," Harry suggested, "we could show off our new uniforms."

All the boys thought a parade would be "just the thing," and all said so except Billy. He remarked, without a particle of envy:

"I'd like to see the parade, but of course I couldn't be in it, 'cause I haven't any suit."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Billy," said Harry. "I forgot about that. I'm real sorry; I wish my suit would stretch so as you and I could both get into it," and the boy laughed good-naturedly.

So did Billy.

Before the meeting closed, Billy had to leave to "clean an office" for a young lawyer. No sooner had he gone than Harry took the floor.

"There isn't a better or brighter boy in Englewood than Billy Duncan," he said, "and we must have him in our parade."

"How he'd look in his old clothes," exclaimed one boy.

"Besides, he wouldn't march," said another, "he'd think he'd spoil the looks of the procession, and he would, too."

"Not if he had on a new military suit." Harry spoke as if Billy already had one; "and that's what he must have."

"How's he going to get it?" asked Sam Weller.

"Let's give up buying all that trash we talked about, and have an entertainment. I'll get father to let us have the hall rent free. We can have speeches and music and tableaux."

"What's that got to do with Billy's suit?" called out one of the boys.

"Well," continued Harry, "I think I can get Mr. Lake to let us have a suit for Billy if we promise to pay for it. And we can charge an admission to our entertainment, you know; we can earn something that way."

A week passed by; the eventful day had come. The Boys' Brigade was in great excitement all day long, and when Mr. Lake's son, Jim, who belonged to the new band of Englewood said "the band would play for them without pay," it was difficult to keep their enthusiasm within bounds. In fact, a good many of them stood on their heads in their joy.

At seven o'clock in the evening the Boys' Brigade, bearing lighted torches, and headed by the new band, paraded through the streets of Englewood and on to "Thorn Hall," which they entered. Billy, clad in a beautiful new military suit, was in the parade. His fine blue eyes were glowing with delight, for he had never felt so proud and happy before.

At half-past seven the hall was filled. The families of the members of the "Boys' Brigade" and the "New Band" had free tickets, all the others paid. Billy Duncan's folks were all there, even the "drunkard" was seen, although Billy had not at first intended to invite his father. It had come about in this way: His father was sober that day, and when not under the influence of drink he was always kind.

He had stroked Bessie's hair, but Bessie had escaped from his touch and run to her mother. He had tried, too, to make friends with Baby Carl, but had failed, as the tender-hearted, timid child was afraid of him. Billy, looking on, pitied his father, so he sought in some way to speak a word of comfort.

"Father," said he, gently, "we're going to have an entertainment to-night at Thorn Hall; I'm going to take part, and I'd like to have you come and hear me. Will you?"

"What can you do—a drunkard's son? And what would I do—a drunkard—in Thorn Hall?"

"I'm going to make a speech, father. As for you, I wouldn't want you to go as a drunkard; but you're sober. I'll cut your hair and brush up your clothes, and—and—father, you're nice-looking when you're sober. I wouldn't be ashamed of you anywhere."

Mr. Duncan's lips quivered, his heart being touched with the tenderness of Billy's words and tone. But he asked:

"What are you going to make a speech about, drunkenness? If you are, I won't go."

"Oh, no, father; I'm not going to say a word on that subject. I'm going to talk about George Washington."

"What do you know about him?" wonderingly.

"Harry Thorn lent me a book, 'Life of George Washington,' and I studied it up to please the boys, they've been so kind to me. They were kind enough to say I'm the best speaker in the Boys' Brigade. I hope I am, for mother's sake."

"Why?" with interest.

"Because there is a rich uncle of Harry Thorn's going to be there, and he's to give a prize to the boy who makes the best speech."

* * * * *

Thorn Hall was brilliantly illuminated, and all was expectation, although there were present the usual number of croakers, who prophesied, "the whole thing would be a failure," and said dismally: "What else can you expect when a lot of boys get up an entertainment?"

Presently the "New Band" struck up a grand march, a beautiful thing, and from behind a curtain the Boys' Brigade, in the full glory of blue broadcloth and gilt buttons, marched on the stage and took seats.

Next, Harry Thorn, as president of the society, made a pleasant address of welcome in his genial, winsome way.

This was followed by a cornet solo by Sam Weller, after which a bright paper on "Washington and '76," was read. The new band played again, and the curtain dropped. When the latter was raised again, a series of tableaux on the "Life of Washington," were given. Then the Brigade sung some stirring songs. It was now time for the prize contest.

Six boys took part, the best speakers of the Boys' Brigade. As it was announced that a cash prize would be given to the best speaker, great interest and close attention was given to the speeches. One after another of the competitors came forward, made a speech and retired, until all but one had spoken. Last of all came Billy.

Glancing downward upon the sea of faces, he caught his mother's eyes with their loving, proud look, and his father's expression of amusement. From that moment he seemed inspired. He had not a moment to linger, but although no words of prayer formed in his heart, the burden of his desire went up to God, as if he had said: "Oh, Lord, help me, for mother's sake!"

All eyes were upon him. He made a fine appearance—a beautiful boy, with earnest, glowing eyes and waving brown hair, and dressed in a new blue military suit. But his speech far outstripped his competitors, it was so bright, so earnest, so interesting that when it was over, the other speakers could not wait for the verdict of the committee, but rushed forward and lifted him to their shoulders amidst the clapping of the audience, while the band struck up the "March of the Victor."

I wish I could tell you of the speech made by Harry Thorn's uncle, the generous man who gave the "George Washington Prize," but it would take too long. The prize was fifty dollars in gold. Billy paid Mr. Lake for his own clothes after all, for he told the boys he would rather do so, and the rest of the money was given, with great joy, to "mother."

But I cannot stop without telling you of another great joy that came to faithful Billy. His father was so touched and stirred by Billy's appearance on the stage that eventful night, so proud of his bright speech and engaging ways, that he resolved, with God's help, to be worthy of such a son as Billy.—*Lutheran Evangelist.*

Even a child is known by his doings, whether they be pure and whether they be right.

WHAT ANY ONE CAN DO.

Deep down in Lillian Fargo's heart there was a longing to do something to make some one happy.

"If I only knew what I could do," she said softly to herself, one early spring morning, as she stood before a little bed of woodland violets, which occupied a sheltered corner of the flower-garden.

A little old woman came down the quiet village street and paused at the gate for a little chat with Miss Fargo.

"It's too bad about Dick Willard," she remarked. "You know he's been sick so long, an' he was took worse last night, an' the doctor says he can't last much longer. I'm jist goin' down to see if I can do any-thing."

"Wait just one minute, please," said Lillian, as she plucked a little bunch of the blue violets, the dew still sparkling on their petals, and their fresh, sweet odour breathing of mossy dells and purling brooks.

"Would he care for these, do you think, Mrs. Jones?"

"Why, of course, Miss Fargo. I'm sure he would. Yes, I'll take 'em to him."

Dick Willard's sad, wan face brightened with a smile, such as it had not worn for days, as his slender fingers clasped the lovely flowers. And when, a few hours later, the "Angel of Death" came to him, he still held the tender blossoms.

It was only a little deed—a little act such as you and I might do any day; but don't you think those bossoms carried a message of love to that dying boy?

Everything in this world has a mission to fulfil, and the mission of flowers should be to bring sunshine into the shadowed world of care, sorrow, and sickness, to lighten the heavily-burdened hearts of weary and discouraged humanity, and, by their purity and beauty, influence for good some life, which, it may be, could be reached in no other way.

All around us, whether in noisy, bustling city, or quiet country village, lie golden opportunities for doing good. There is always some one in need of help, and there are always so many little ways in which you can supply that help—a cheerful word, a simple little song for those of you who can sing, and for the sisters who have "flower-gardens" a few sweet blossoms.

The little deeds of kindness in our everyday life are Home Mission work by which we can help in winning the "world for Christ."—*Sel.*

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS.

The things which seem hardly worth the doing or considering are oftentimes the most important duties life holds. A little flaw in the foundation of a building will cause the whole structure to be faulty, and bring disaster sooner or later.

How much more important is this building which is not made with hands, the building of character which goes on day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, nay, not so much by long periods as by those of shorter duration. Minute by minute we build the character that shall stand the storms of life or be swept away with the flood when it comes and finds the weak spot, the place where we failed to do the trivial thing and do it thoroughly.

Even the greatest lives are made up of little things, and no great deed was ever done, that its doing was not preceded by many little and seemingly insignificant things, but these all done faithfully, worked together towards the perfecting and the finishing of the one great deed that the world saw and applauded.

There are many who will never win the applause of the world, but these are the ones may be who are doing just as good work, just as noble, as those who find the great opportunity.

We may not shirk the little duty because it is small, it must be done just as faithfully as though it were a larger one. Remember always that he who is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.

"YE DID IT UNTO ME."

A woman styled Sister Dora gave up her life to nursing sick people. At the head of her bed a bell was fixed by which sufferers could summon her at any hour of the night. As she rose at the sound of the signal she used to murmur these words, as if they were a charm: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

It was as if the sick sufferer faded away, and in the couch she saw the face that was once marred with the world's anguish. Christ's face across her fancy came, and gave the battle to her hands.

O name above every name, be not only the burden of our song, but the inspiration of our life!

"Every work I do below, I do it to the Lord;
End of my every action—Thou!"—*E.r.*

THE ANGELS WE MEET TO-DAY.

Two ladies were going along a city street. One of them stopped and spoke a word or two to a dull, tired-looking woman who had a fretful-looking baby on one arm and a basket on the other, in which she had a few bananas and apples and some cheap candy for sale.

"Why, Helen," said the other lady, "what made you stop and speak to that woman? What did you say to her?"

"Why, Helen, how could you be so familiar with that shop girl? What were you saying to her?"

"Oh, not much of anything. It was just a word or two by the way. I thought that she looked tired and a little ill, and she said that she did have a severe headache. Did you notice how she brightened up when I gave her the violets?"

A word by the way! A kindly deed by the way! How many burdens would be



Abraham and the Angels.

"Oh! nothing much. It was just a word or two by the way; that was all. She looked so tired and discouraged, and I stopped to give her a few pennies and say a word or two to her."

A few minutes later the two ladies were in one of the great stores of the city, where they made some purchases, and while they waited for their change the lady who had spoken to the apple woman entered into conversation with a sales-girl, and gave her half of a bunch of violets.

When the two ladies were on the street, one of them said:

lightened, how many heavy hearts would be gladdened, how much weariness would be forgotten, how many smiles would take the place of frowns, how much more beautiful and how infinitely better the world would be if every man and woman, every boy and girl, lost no opportunity of speaking a kindly word or doing a good deed by the way! Try it for a single day, and see if it is not one of the happiest days of your lives. It must be so, because it will have the mark of God's approval upon it. He takes heed of every good thing said or done in his name.

International S.S. Lessons.

GENTILE GIVING FOR JEWISH CHRISTIANS.

5th September.

Les. II. Cor. 9: 1-11. Gol. Text. II. Cor. 8: 9.
Mem. vs. Catechism Q. 91.

1. The duty of Generous Giving. vs 1-5.
2. The Manner of Right Giving. vs 6, 7.
3. The Reward of Liberal Giving. vs. 8-11.

QUESTIONS.

Who wrote our lesson passage?
What previous instructions had been given to the Corinthians?

What had been the result?
For what purpose did Paul now write?
Of what does he remind them in verse 2?
Why did he now send messengers to them?

Vs. 3, 4.

What were the messengers exhorted to do?
What is the teaching of verse 6?
What must be the spirit of acceptable giving?

What does Paul promise to those who give acceptably?

LESSONS.

1. Those who have plenty should give to those who lack.
2. Liberty in one influences others to be liberal.
3. We should give with love, cheerfully, thoughtfully.
4. God will give to those who are generous to others.
5. Spiritual blessing is given to minister to the wants of others.

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

12th September.

Les. Rom. 12: 9-21. Gol. Text, Rom. 12: 21.
Mem. vs. 16-18. Catechism Q. 92, 93.

1. The Spirit of Love. vs. 9-12.
2. The Spirit of Sympathy. vs. 13-17.
3. The Spirit of Forgiveness. vs. 18-21.

QUESTIONS.

To what subject is the lesson passage devoted?

What does "without dissimulation" mean?
What is the meaning of "abhor?" "Cleave to?"

How should Christians regard each other?
V. 10; Phil. 2: 3.

What are the teachings of verse 11?

What is said about tribulation?

How should we pray?

What virtue is enjoined in verse 13?

How are we to act toward our enemies?
Vs. 14, 19-21. How are we to show our sympathy?

Against what are we warned in verse 16?
What is the meaning of "recompense to no man evil for evil?"

What else are we taught in verse 17?

What duty do we find in verse 18?

LESSONS.

1. Our love should be sincere, generous, full of kindness.

2. We should be diligent in all business, earnest energetic, and reverent.

3. We should be always ready to minister to those in need.

4. We should be sympathetic, entering into others' joy or sorrow.

5. We should never be quarrelsome, but should return good for evil.

PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE EPHESIANS.

19th September.

Les. Acts 20: 22-35. Gol. Text, Acts 20: 35.
Mem. vs. 22-24. Catechism Q. 94.

1. Kindness on the Way. vs. 1-7.

2. Danger Ahead Foretold. vs. 8-11.

3. Paul's Heroic Answer. vs. 12-15.

QUESTIONS.

From whom did Paul now depart?

V. 1 and Lesson XII. last quarter.

Describe his journey to Tyre.

Whom did he find there?

What did these friends do?

What happened at the end of seven days?

Describe Paul's travel across Caesarea.

With whom there did they stay?

What happened?

How were all Paul's friends affected?

What did Paul say to them?

LESSONS.

1. We get much help and cheer from good people we meet.

2. We should always try to encourage others on their way.

3. We must often endure trouble in being true to Christ.

4. Friends sometimes try to keep us back from hard tasks.

5. We should let nothing keep us from doing God's will.

REVIEW IN ACTS AND EPISTLES.

26:b September.

Les. Review in Acts Gol. Text. Matt. 5: 16.
and Epistles. Catechism Review.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

After the conference at Jerusalem, where did Paul and Barnabas go?

What dispute arose between them?

Who accompanied Paul?

What happened to Paul at Troas?

Where was the gospel first proclaimed in Europe?

Who was the first convert?

What miracle did Paul perform at Philippi?

What was done to Paul and Silas on account of it?

How did they spend their time in prison?

What happened at midnight?

Who was converted at this time?

Where did Paul and Silas next go?

How long were they there?

What was the result of their labors?

What did the Thessalonian Jews do?

Where did the church send Paul and Silas?

What is said of the Jews at Berea?

Where did Paul go from Berea?

What aroused his indignation at Athens?

Before whom did he make an address?

How were his words received?

Where did he next go?

With whom did he live there?

How did he support himself?

To whom did he first preach at Corinth?

Where did Paul go from Corinth?

Who accompanied him?

Who stirred up the Ephesians against him?

What letter did Paul write from Ephesus?

What are we cautioned against in our lesson on I. Cor. 8?

What is the meaning of "charity" as used in I. Cor. 13?

How is the necessity for such charity shown?

What are some of its works?

What are the three great virtues?

Which is the chief?

Why is it the chief?

Where did Paul go from Macedonia?

Where did Paul go from Corinth?

Describe his visit to Miletus.

Whom did he call to meet him there?

Where did he say he was going?

What did he say awaited him there?

What sad announcement did he make?

Of what did he warn them?

To what did he exhort them?

What were his last words to them?

—Westminster Question Book.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR ROOM.

A look into the chamber of a boy or girl will give one an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothing hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is always neat, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort as well as that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or book anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and not be long wanted in any position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner—and she should always do it herself rather than have a servant do it—and throws her dress or bonnet down on a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing-room, many unhappy marriages would be saved.—*Christian Work*.

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

ONLY A PENNY.

"Only a penny," I heard them say,
A penny for Jesus, if given each day,
Would send the Gospel to every soul
Now sitting in darkness, from pole to pole.

Only a penny from every one
Who bears the name of God's own Son.

Only a penny! How small a sum,
By the side of millions that go for rum
To ruin the bodies and souls of men,
Or the millions that end in smoke—and then!!

A penny apiece from every one
Who is saved by the death of God's own Son!

Only a penny from young and old,
From the little lambs within the fold;
From the orphaned and widowed ones
who share
With all God's poor, in the Shepherd's care.

Only a penny from every one
Who prays in the name of God's own Son.

Only a penny to show our love
To Him who left His home above
For this very work; and Whose last command

Left this mission to Christians in every land;

To send the Gospel of God's own Son.
Only a penny from every one

TEDDY'S ERRAND FOR JESUS.

Teddy took the place of papa's errand boy, who was at home that week with a severe cold. He had many errands to do. Up and down the streets he travelled with many a bundle till his small limbs ached, and he was glad when the last errand was done and he could start for home. There had been a cold, drizzling rainstorm all day, and the thought of the cheery wood fire in the grate at home and the new magazine he had not read caused him to quicken his steps a little, I presume.

He had not gone far when he overtook Tommy Lane. Tommy was crying, and seemed to be in trouble. The sidewalk was strewn with potatoes, and a broken paper bag told the story.

Now Tommy is a boy whom Teddy doesn't especially like—indeed, he considers him one of the most disagreeable he knows.

Tommy is one of those boys who would rather cry when things go wrong than try to find a way to set them right; but that didn't hinder Teddy from trying to help him in this emergency.

His first plan was to fill their pockets with the potatoes, but the pockets proved unequal to the demand made upon them; so Ted very ingeniously made a basket of his umbrella, and walked all the way home with Tommy, whose home is in quite a different direction from his own.

And he did it all with a cheeriness that was beautiful to see. When the potatoes were safely deposited at Tommy's house, and Ted had started again for his home, it seemed wonderful how really pleasant even the rain seemed, and there was a kind of song in his heart that kept time with the patter of the raindrops.

"I did that little bit of an errand for Christ's sake," said Teddy to himself, as he turned in at his own gate, "and it was pleasant."—*Christian Observer.*

THE SAFE SIDE OF THE STREET.

In January, 1896, the city of Pittsburg, Pa., was startled by the sudden fall of the Willey building on Wood street. A few moments after the catastrophe occurred, a stranger who was gazing at the wrecked structures from the opposite side of Wood street entered into a conversation with a *Despatch* reporter. He looked a good deal agitated, and said:

"For about five years on every week-day I have passed along that side of Wood street at about the hour this terrible disaster occurred. To-day I was on my way to Fifth Avenue, and had reached the Chamber of Commerce building, when a sudden impulse came upon me to *take the other side of the street*. I crossed over, and before I reached the sidewalk the crash came. Had I kept along as I was going I would have been in front of the Willey building just in time to be crushed by bricks and falling timber. I can no more account for the action which probably saved my life than you can; I simply felt that *I must do it*, and I do not know that I felt even a premonition of danger."

"The Lord shall guide thee continually," Isa. lviii. 11. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," Ps. xxxvii. 23. "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord," Ps. cvii. 23.